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THE FOUR GATES

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.



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THE FOUR GATES

THE
FOUR GATES

BY

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.



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NEW YORK

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

1913

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TO
THE MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE,
AND OF FEAR, AND OF KNOWL-
EDGE, AND OF HOLY HOPE;
THE MOST MERCIFUL; THE
MOST LOVING AND SWEET
VIRGIN MARY

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THE FOUR GATES

*Four are the gates
To the splendors immortal,
Which the slow Hours swing
Open, and close.*

*'Tis Heaven that waits
Just past the portal
Of Summer and Spring
Of Autumn and Snows.*

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SPRING

The Four Gates

GRATITUDE

THE lordly sun looked kindly on a
wave,
A tiny wave that ran upon the sea;
And, lo! the wavelet brake with joy, and gave
A very shower of grateful brilliancy,
A thousand timid sparkles, every one
An image of the sun!

The Four Gates

AT SUNRISE

'TWAS at the dawn's consummate flower,
—a morn,
Wondrous with dew-drops, and its
vigorous air

Fresh with a various-scented soul of Spring.
Saint Francis, early on his outward way,
Called to the wakening lark, and bade the sun—
His brother Sun—to haste his lazy light
Out of the East.

A village hid near by;
An eager, tousel-headed urchin shrilled,
Knowing the voice: " 'Tis Francis, haste and
hear!"

Then slow from sleepy morning tasks they come,
The smiling folk—their brown arms bared for
toil,

The stains of labor on their roughened palms;
And open-eyed and open-hearted too,
They gather round to drink the holy word.
Quick Francis blessed them—dear he loved the
poor—

And laughed as merry as the merry morn,

The Four Gates

Then cried in gladness: "Lo! Another day!
How much God gives us, brothers, when He sends
Another day! Ah, see the faithful sun
Come shouldering through the mists to bring us
all,

Each lowliest waif among us, twelve bright hours,
Paid one by one, in plenteous-pouring light,
To live and love in,—live, and love our God!

"This morning wind that mutters in the leaves,
The babbling of the birds, that murmurous song
That twitters from the blinking, new-waked fields,
Cry: 'Love the Blesséd God!' The blossoms wee
That twinkle in the grass, with all their bells,
Nod in strong concord; every spark of dew
Glints gentle exhortation, and the clouds
That flock like rosy doves across the dawn
Sing silently together: 'Love our God!'
O simple song of all the various world!
O myriad tones in one strong, sweet refrain!
O sermon of the sunrise, speaking still
Of one fair text of love: 'Love God! Our
God!'

The Four Gates

“Now, brothers, mourn not we are simple men,
Unlearned, in devious turns of Art and Lore
So we can hear this preaching of the morn,
So we can breathe this reverential air,
And feel the spirit of the adoring dawn,
And while the tide of glorious day pours on
Through all the radiant hours, to dash and drain
On yonder ruddiest western sands of night,
So we can bid our simple hearts sing on
This morning canticle of praise and love,
We have enough of Art, enough of Lore.

“Oh, all the spangled flowers that dot the mead,
Yon quivering wood and all the dewy wold
And odorous air, and generous-pouring light
That floods in benison across the world,
Have but one heavenly, holy unison
Which who hath heard, hath heard a great
enough;
‘Love God!’—’Tis all, as all are from His love!

“Then, brothers, as ye delve the mellow soil
These misty mornings, or beneath the noon
Drowse in the chestnut’s shade, or weary plod
Through the gray evening toward the lights of
home;

The Four Gates

Whether ye trim the tangle of the vine,
Or follow moving flocks,—in sweaty toil
Or twilight peace, or when the lavish night
Hath decked the widowed heavens with golden
stars,—

Let not your hearts forget this one refrain
Nor let your souls this heaven-writ teaching lose,
This sermon of the sunrise, but for e'er
Live it in all your hours—'Love God! Love
God!' "

He ceased, and in th' expectant East brimmed full
The day's wide glory; and the lowly throng,
Their faces lit with morning lights of faith
And dewy tears of love, dispersed to ply
Their gladdened tasks, each sweetly murmuring
Beneath his breath: "Love God!"

And Francis, glad
As the glad daylight, sang upon his way
Across the dripping fields, and in his song
Called clear to every hill and wood and wold;
And every wood and hill sang clear again
The burden of the sunrise: "God! Love God!"

The Four Gates

TO A MINOR POET

THOUGH the song-sparrow cannot sing
As the thrush and mocker do,
Living melodies, a-wing,
Hymning God the woodlands through;
Shall the mocker's cunning flute
Bid the sparrow's pipe be mute?

Though thou canst not sing as they,
Poets of a mightier song,
Skilled to sound their splendid lay
All the wondering years along—
Shall their grand, harmonious skill
Bid thy lesser praise be still?

The Four Gates

TO A BABE

THOU eager, wee epitome of man !
So curious, so apt for any lore
Of words, or faces never known be-
fore ;
Groping, with tiny hands, for life's great plan !

Scarce can thy lips the stubborn words compel,
To lisp conjectures of that waking mind ;
But loving eyes thy looks a language find
Where clouds and smiles thy little passions tell.

Thou snowy page, new-opened to the light
Fresh, babbling joy, in thy first blush of days !
Lord, save these tiny feet in holy ways,
Till this pink morn hath weary waned to night !

The Four Gates

GOD'S TENDERNESS

LORD, Thy glory it is good to guess,
Good to dream Thy Power's vast excess
Even o'er the marvels that we see,
Yet forever sweeter far to me
Is Thy hidden, holy tenderness!

Winter hath a wild and lonely air,
Like a world outworn, abandoned there.
Yet beneath the desolation rude
Of that stark and wailing solitude,
Tender Spring's surprises dost prepare!

Spring, with fairy blossoms fleeting-bright,
Fades too soon from our enraptured sight,
But the blossoms, melting in perfume,
Die to yield the rosy apples room—
And Thy love hath planned the Summer's warm
delight!

The Four Gates

AT SEVEN YEARS OLD

COULD little Jesus call the sun
When skies were dark and dreary,
And make the rain-clouds flee, and run
And play till He was weary?
If we were playmates now, would He
Chase off this tiresome rain for me?

And all the scary little birds
That won't let me caress them,
Would they come flocking at His words
And chirp for Him to bless them?
My mother says they would; from me
They fly, and scold me from the tree.

And all the nicest flowers that grow
Too high for me to take them,
They'd bend their tallest branches low,
If Jesus would but make them.
Oh, what a pleasant thing 'twould be
To have Him here to play with me!

The Four Gates

But mother says that long ago
He's grown and gone to heaven.
I s'pose it can't be helped,—but, oh,
If He were only seven,
And sometimes, with His Mother, He
Could come from heaven and play with me!

The Four Gates

THE GIVER

WHATEVER good God sendeth thee,
Lo! 'tis a gift of gifts most free!—
Thyself, in love benign
At first He gave, then gave thee grace,
And loved the image of His face
Reflected faint in thine!

He gave His Son, the Mother-Maid,
The Holy Spirit's mighty aid,
And all His bounties seven;—
Then, hosts of Saints to plead and pray
For further gifts;—and one bright day
He waits—to give thee heaven!

The Four Gates

THY WILL BE DONE

THY will be done!" A sweet refrain
To pagan lips unknown!
How should they cry it in their pain
To gods of clay and stone?
Dark fate appalled them, every one,—
They never dreamed: "Thy will be done!"

O Blessed Lord, from Thee we heard
This saying of the blest!
A boon from heaven this holy word,
To cherish in our breast;
It echoes now from sun to sun
In tender prayer—"Thy will be done!"

The Four Gates

A BOY

CHANGEFUL as March, as April gay;
Strange, unsure as the young Year's
weather!

Rude as the winds of a Springtide day,
Loving and plaguing by turns and together;
Rollocking, petulant, impudent, coy,—
Bless me! a marvelous mixture's a boy.

The Four Gates

TO A HOLY INNOCENT

SUDDEN to felicity,
Heaven's herald summoned thee—
Barely hadst begun to be!

What a gulf, from shore to shore,
Thou didst flee in safety o'er—
Nothingness, to Heaven's door!

Wrench and wound and toils and woe,
Thou wilt never come to know
All thou 'scapest here below!

Nay—but guess it all, and pray
For us others who delay
Coming by a longer way!

The Four Gates

IN EVERY HEART

IN every heart God soweth seed—
Some bloometh fair as day;
Some groweth wild with meadow-weed,
Or clambering vines, that wanton o'er,
'Til fruit and flowers can spring no more
But faint and fall away.

Yet sun and showers were there at need—
Blame we the tillage, not the seed.

The Four Gates

GOD IS FULL OF PITY

GOD is full of pity
And of tenderness
From His Holy City
Low He leans to bless!
Soon thy time of labor o'er
He will glad thee evermore!

Men are all deceiving,
God is ever kind,
Meek His grace receiving
Bend thee to His mind;
Soon, thy sweat and sorrow past,
Thou shalt see His smile at last!

The Four Gates

GOD'S HOME

MOTHER, where does Jesus dwell?"
Child, He dwelleth everywhere,
In the earth, and in the air,
In the wide, unending blue—
Even on the farthest star,
Where Creation's limits are,
Past all ken of me and you!

"Mother, hath He any home?"
First, His home's in Heaven bright,
Wondrous mansions, built of light;
Then, the Tabernacle blest;
But the home He loveth most,
More than Heaven or Sacred Host,
Is thy sinless, loving breast!

The Four Gates

SOLACE

SOMEWHERE in the skies,
Far and far above thee,
Saints with tender eyes
Look for thee, to love thee.
Somewhere in the shine
Of the light Elysian
Some bright throne is thine,
Some ecstatic Vision;
Some exulting song
'Mid the Choirs Immortal,
Place amid the throng
Past the Heaven's portal!
With some tender Name
Jesus will receive thee,
Some especial fame
Mary's hands will weave thee.
Send thy thoughts away
Some sweet solace borrow;
Flee the dull to-day
In that fair to-morrow!

The Four Gates

OPPORTUNITY

O F deeds, not days, a life is made.
Yon watchers in the skies
Must peer into our mortal shade
With sadly-wondering eyes,
And grieve our slothful hours are spent
So foolish far from Heaven's intent!

Each angel moment as it flies
Brings hope of Heavenly gain;
We stare with unregardful eyes,
It leaps to Heaven amain,
And bears too oft to Him above
No lisp of prayer, no cry of love.

The Four Gates

THE AFTERGLOW

MILD sister to the silvery-vestured Dawn,
Solace the widowed West with tran-
quil gold.

The Day from heaven hath rolled
And all the flamings of his state are gone.

Dark dreams the circle of dim shores before
And daughters of the wave-enamored Moon,
With silver-sparkling shoon
Dance on the light lake's ever-twinkling floor.

Soft on the headlands thievish shadows creep.
Oh, still in tremulous glory shine and glow!
Thy parting step be slow,
Ere all the shadowy world is lost in sleep!

The Four Gates

PROVING

EASY with breaths of duty fair
To pay a wordy gift to God;
To weave the wish and speed the prayer
While stays the storm and spares the rod.

Not this that proves thy metal true
But courage in the bitter day,
When clouds have swallowed all the blue
And pain stalks threatening in the way.

Forbid thy craven heart to weep,
Compel thy soul to greet the pain;
And bear unblenching up the steep,
To drive thy stumbling heart and brain!

Rudely, as who a sword would feel
Doth wrench its blade, its spring doth scan
To test the temper of the steel,—
God proves the metal of a man!

The Four Gates

IN HIS LIGHT

I AM a mote in the beam
 Of the Infinite One.
I am a glint in the stream
 He shineth upon.
Fair, but with borrowed light,
 The light that He gave
When He approved with His sight
 The mote and the wave.

Like a planet I shine from afar
 With the grace that He gives.
I live as the wandering star
 By the sunlight lives.
This is my pride and my bliss
 While my hours shall run
To shine e'en as dimly as this
 The praise of the Sun.

The Four Gates

THE TRILLIUM

(Wake-Robin)

HERE'S a flower of wondrous kind
Waving in the April wind,
All in threes its parts combined;
Three the dappled leaflets spread,
Three the sepals arch o'erhead,
And the petals, orderly,
And the stigmas small, unrolled
And the seed-pod,—all threefold!
Must it not an emblem be,
Three in one and one in three,
Of the Blessed Trinity?

The Four Gates

FORTUNE WAS A FLOWER

FORTUNE was a flower,
Youth and Joy together
Sought it hour on hour
Through the sunny weather.

Youth hath twined it, weary,
Round his silvered head,
But he weepeth dreary
Gentle Joy is dead.

The Four Gates

STRIKE HOME

IN the fresh-scented forest, dotted round
With purple-clustered bloom, the woodman
swung

His rhythmic axe. And ever as it hung
Poised still in air,—then bit with eager sound
Into the sapwood,—it was joy to see
How sure his aim, how true his arm uprose
And drove unerring blows on sturdy blows
Till groaned the trunk, and crashed the towering
tree

So in each worthy enterprise, no less
Firm be our hand—our patient effort still
That blow may follow tireless blow, and fill
The careful meed of toil. So shall our stress
And sweat and panting, by a constant will,
Gain rest, and joy, and merit,—with success!

The Four Gates

ST. JOSEPH'S MORNING

SWEET on the listening airs of silent morn,
To lonely streets the solemn church-bells
sing.

And every echo lends its mellow horn
The long, slow clamor far and far to fling,
His children, near and wide, 'round Joseph's
shrine to bring.

From square to square, from spire to spire they
sound,

While spreads the ruddy morning in the sky;
Slow wind the early folk the church doors round,
With gently thoughtful mien, and reverent eye;
And dot the twilight aisles in prayerful modesty.

Smile, Father mine, at this Thy festal morn,
On these few toilers, faithful, lowly, pure.
Thy dearest praise, as weary hours wear on,
Shall rise from patient spirits of the poor.
And in their humble tasks, Thine own meek toils
endure!

The Four Gates

JOSEPH'S GLORIES

WHAT golden goodness shone in thee
That Mary chose thy bride to be,
And Christ thy foster-child;
That angels, forth from Heaven sent,
Woke oft thy love and wonderment,
Thy grief and care beguiled!

Take heart, ye lowly and ye poor;
For Joseph's glories more endure
Than wits and counsels keen.

He from a cottage knew to rise
Above the natives of the skies,
The consort of their Queen!

The Four Gates

ST. JOSEPH'S ELOQUENCE

SO oft thou did'st with angels speak,
And send thy heart on high,
A silent man, of aspect meek
Thou seemedst to mortal eye.

But lords angelic at thy prayer
To thee from Heaven were sent!
Thy heart,—to men so silent e'er,
With God was eloquent!

The Four Gates

“LAST OF THE PATRIARCHS”

LAST of the Patriarchs, with thee
 Bloomed the fair flower, virginity,
 From God's own gardens given.

Threefold the snowy blossoms twine
 Round Jesu', Mary's heart, and thine,
 Nor miss the airs of heaven!

Last Lord of David's House, alone
 Of Mary's self and Mary's Son,
 Guardian and lover true;
Thou hadst His touch upon thy cheek,
 Thou heardst His baby wisdom speak,
 Whom but in dreams men knew.

Last of the Prophets? Nay! for thee
 Life was a breathless ecstasy,
 To which no voice was given.
Some rapturous years thy spirit spent,
 Silent with love and wonderment,
 Then fled—and spake in heaven!

The Four Gates

JOSEPH'S THOUGHTS

JESUS' words and Mary's
Oft the Gospels tell.
Glad we read them over,
Pondering them well.
Sweetnesses of Heaven
In the pages dwell.

Then we gently wonder:
"All the pages through
Never word from Joseph?"
Hark, the answer due:
Jesus' thoughts, and Mary's,
They were Joseph's, too.

The Four Gates

A LITTLE CHILD TO ST. JOSEPH

WITH Jesus and with Mary
 'Twas very sweet to bide,—
 Nay, in thy cottage lowly
 A very Heaven did hide!

For e'en in Heaven's glory
 By yonder gleaming tide,
 With Jesus' light and Mary's,
 What canst thou see beside!

SUMMER

The Four Gates

A SONG OF THE SUMMER

SUN and shower, shadow and shine;
Breath of the meadow and scent of the
vine:

The fields new sown, and the grass new grown,
And over the hills he comes, alone!
Straight his form as a sapling sheer;
Light his tread as the gracile deer;
His tresses fair as the tasseled corn;
His brow as bright as the blush of Morn;
His eyes as blue as the lakes, that lie
And smile in the gleam of the cloudless sky!
And lo! the winter is all forgot
With its wrack and its ruin,—it mattereth not!
For the Sun smiles clear through the sobbing rain,
And the Summer—the Summer hath come again!

The Four Gates

THE WREN

HOW can I praise so slight a thing as thou,
O merry atom of the rolling song!
As brisk thou rangest all the paths
along,

To lift huge twig-beams to thy hollow bough.
Dost build a cozy nest within? And how
Wilt feed thy young, small father? Nay, I
wrong

Such patient cheer; thy little heart is strong,
To hope great things from toil, nor fears allow.

O little wren, brave builder all the day,
And pausing but to lift thy voice and sing;
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see so small a thing
So large in hope; with firm assurance gay,
That present needs a present aid shall bring,
And He who sends the want, will send the way.

The Four Gates

THE SWALLOWS

SWIFT searcher of gray skies, at even-hour,
When the broad West brims full with
ebbing light;
Far ranging in the blue, the easy power
Of thy keen wing can tire the baffled sight,
Thou restless hunter on the coasts of Night!

And earliest Dawning swings thee forth again,
That first comes tinting all the expectant sky,
With the clear floods of day, the tinkling rain
Of thy sharp song, comes dropping from on
high,
As thou dost dart, and swerve; nor seem'st to
fly.

No labor of the flapping wing is thine,
Thy dipping speed doth lord it o'er the air;
And in the skies, trace wide thine easy line
Of changing flight, nor find resistance there;
As one the fickle breeze is charged to bear!

The Four Gates

Unwearied atoms! fed of cloud and wind,
Ye dot the farthest deeps with specks of life;
And weave wide mazes with your lonely kind
In the high air, above the tuneful strife
Of social song, in fields and woodlands rife!

The Four Gates

THE VOICE OF THE WOODS

THE world is very green and good,
The skies are very fair;
Where late the wintry forest stood,
A pomp of green is there;
The murmur of the lisping wood
Is like a thankful prayer.

Poor soul-less trees—how sing they clear
With such a grateful sound?
'Tis as some pitying angel near
Hath stooped him to the ground;
And hiding in the freshness here
Spreads thankfulness around!

The Four Gates

THE MULLEIN

NOW hail, thou cheery, bright-eyed sentinel!

Thou guard of many a grassy pasture dell,

Above the clover;

Straight-stemmed and tall, as peering from afar
To see where yon the browsing cattle are
And spy the rover.

The wand'ring pathways bristle with thy bloom,
Where mint-banks blow, and spread a sharp perfume

Across the hedges;

And where the powdered highroad glaring runs,
Thou dar'st the brilliance of the summer suns
At meadows' edges!

Dull eyes are pained, and blast thee as a weed,
But still grow tall, and bloom, and cast thy seed
As He hath told thee,
Who set e'en weeds a time and place to grow,
And keeps thee spite of man, that man may know
Whose Hand doth hold thee!

The Four Gates

AT THE LEAP OF THE WATERS

HOW the swift river runs bright to its
doom,
Placid and shining, and smooth-flow-
ing by,

Blue with the gleam of the heavenly room,
Smiling and calm, with the calm of the sky!

Ah! but the plunge! and the shock and the roar,
The spray of vast waters that hurl to the deep,
The churn of its foam, as the measureless pour
Of that wide-brimming torrent leaps sheer from
the steep!

Look ye; it reaches small fingers of spray
To clutch at the brink, as unwilling to go
Through the perilous air, and be fretted away
In the tumult of vapor that boileth below.

List ye! The voice of the huge undertone
That murmurs in pain from the cataract's
breast,

Where the bruised, shattered waters perpetual
moan,
And wander and toss in a weary unrest.

The Four Gates

Feel ye the breath of the cool-spraying mist,
Cloudy and gray from the depth of its pain;
Not as when sunbeams the waters have kissed,
Rising in vapor to gather in rain,
But fiercely and madly flung forth on the air,
A shroud for this river that leaps to its death,
A veil o'er the throes of the cataract there,
And rolling and rent with its agonized breath!
Wild torrent! God put thee to thunder His name!
With the roar of thy waters to call to the sky
Of His might, who hath set thee forever the same,
To topple in foam to thy gulfs from on high.
Loud hymn of the lake-lands! from shore unto
shore,
Still clamor His praises who called thee to be,
Till the ears of the nations are tuned to thy roar,
And they hear the vast message He trusted to
thee!

The Four Gates

THE VINE

THY heart is fond, and it will cling
To some beloved, endearing thing,
Whether thou wilt or no.

'Tis as a soft embracing vine;
Round a strong stem it yearns to twine
And leaneth to and fro.

Thy Lord is as a sturdy tree;
His strong support He offers thee,
To lift thee toward the sky.
And all the lesser goods of earth
Lure, with slim props of little worth,
Along the ground to lie.

Twine round thy God and climb in air,
And bloom and ripe thy fruitage fair,
Safe in the sunny height.
But if along the ground thou stray,
Poor tangled vine! To waste away
In snarled and evil plight.

The Four Gates

THEN!

GENTLE sun or shower,
When the fields are fair,
Rarely have the power
To persuade to prayer.

But when droughts are burning
Or the floods are poured;
Then, devoutly turning,
How we pray the Lord!

The Four Gates

BURN, BURN, SWEET FIRE

BURN, burn, sweet Fire, O Flame Divine,
Thine oil my life, my soul thy shrine!
Bright increase, immortal Love,
Dart keen Thy splendors from above!

Burn, burn, strong Flame, nor spare, nor cease!
With every blast take bright increase,
Till all my heart enkindled be—
Alive with Fire, ablaze with Thee!

The Four Gates

ONWARD

CREATION waves thee onward, cries "Not here!"

The glory of the summer's afternoon
Points to the gilded even; evening's gold
Wanes to the solemn night, o'erlit with stars.
The brooding hosts of night, with silver beams,
Beckon thy heart from earth, and bid thee raise
Thy holy thoughts to Heaven. Heaven's array,
The Thrones, the Dominations and the Powers,
And all the souls that smile in glory, wave
Thee onward still, forever cry;—"Not here!"
Cast free thy struggling heart, and it will soar
Past the clear halls of Heaven, and find its peace
On the calm bosom of its Father, God.

The Four Gates

THE MEADOW OF PRAYER

P RAYER is a pleasant meadow,
Where, for sunniest hours,
Wide thou may'st wander, or linger
Over the heavenly flowers.

Life is a care-haunted city,
Noisy with hurrying feet.
Town-waif, who know'st not the meadows,
Lovest thou thy turbulent street?

Nay—but betimes from the tumult—
Weary with passion and care,
Turn from thy city of Babel—
Come to the meadows of prayer!

The Four Gates

WHY WOULD'ST THOU REST?

WHY would'st thou rest? The time is
very brief
Thy task to ply.

These sunlight hours, when thou canst bind the
sheaf,

Run swiftly by;

Soon must thou sink full weary to the breast
Of gentle death,—why now dost sigh to rest?

Why would'st thou rest when every golden hour
Doth promise gain?

Brief, brief the span thou holdest in thy power—
Few days remain.

Haply full soon thou shalt be sore distressed
When that calm Voice of God shall bid thee rest!

The Four Gates

THE MIRROR

IS the world so fair?
'Tis a mirror solely
Lo, in-imaged there
God, the good and holy.

Earth and sun and sea
Lakes and streams and fountains;—
Who hath wrought but He
O'er the shaggy mountains?

On the world of dawn
Smiles His sun awaking,
Through the twilight wan
Beams His sunset breaking.

All the flowers that shine
Dappling o'er the lawn
'Tis a Hand divine
Lays their colors on.

Well He knows them all,
How they ope and close
Not a flower doth fall
But the Maker knows.

The Four Gates

All the busy day
Yon from Heaven high
Looks His sun alway
Watching from the sky.

All the weary night
Stars that peer unsleeping
Signal with their light
God His watch is keeping!

All they serve Him well
Children good are they—
Of their Father tell
Through the night and day.

Father dear and kind
Through my life's few hours
Bend me to Thy mind
Like the stars and flowers.

Help me labor on
Good and mighty One
Cheerful as the dawn
Constant as the sun.

The Four Gates

HIS POWER

I

LORDS rule by largess; kings endow
Their counts with gold, to serve awhile.
But Thou, Rabboni,—only Thou
Sway'st by the pleading of a smile.

II

Levi from all his gold departs,
And Simon quits his nets, for Thee!
What plea hath won their leaping hearts?
Two words' sweet music—"Follow Me!"

The Four Gates

TELL IT TO MOTHER

TELL it to mother,"—so we were told
When we were lads, in the dear days
of old.

Then we would hearken, and tenderly creep
Close to her side, at that soft: "Do not weep!
Tell it to mother!"

"Tell it to mother!" Babes still are we,
Wayward and wild in our grief and our glee.
Mary's our Mother. Oh, tenderly still
Creep to her side when the world treats you ill!
"Tell it to Mother!"

The Four Gates

FIGURES OF MARY

DEAR shrine of mercy, lowly home of love,
Clear mortal lamp, where that immortal Light

Deigned for a precious while to stay and shine,
Whereat thy beauty grew so dazzling bright
It rapt in wonder all the choirs divine—
They hovered near to feed their glorious flame at
thine!

Thou'rt the white dovecote, where the Heavenly
Dove,

Folding His snowy wing, found stainless place,
That oasis where God Himself took rest
From the dry desert of our blasted race,
And in the garden of thy stainless breast
Made a new Heaven that paled the glories of the
blest!

The Four Gates

MOTHER OF SORROWS

THOU hear'st the crying of all flesh to thee,
Like to the sobbing of a far off sea,
A sea of sorrow! Oh, remember, thou
Most tender mother, how those waves of woe
Once overwhelmed thee, closed above thy brow.
How thy heart wept with anguish! Even so
Suffer the hearts forlorn that hail thee now.
Ah, Queen of sorrow, bid their sorrows cease,
Kneel to thy gentle Son and win them peace!

The Four Gates

HER MEMORIES

WHEN the little child,
Innocent and lowly,
Prays the Mother mild,
“Make me pure and holy!”
Then she seems to see
Jesus at her knee.

When the manly breast
Groans in anguish, crying,
“Thou of mothers best,
Help, for I am dying!”
Then—oh, gain in loss!—
Then she sees the Cross.

X

The Four Gates

A SON'S PETITION

MARY, true 'twas ever known
Sons should like their mothers be:
Thou dost count me all thine own,
Mother! If for that alone
Mend me, make me like to thee!

The Four Gates

MARY'S THOUGHTS

WHEN hand in hand they wandered forth,
 His mighty world to see,
What marvels Christ could tell to her
 Of sky and flower and tree,
For though He was a tiny Child,
 All lore remembered He!

Yet not the world His power had made
 Was Mary's thought and pride;
Her little Son walked loving near
 Tender and trustful eyed!
What recked she of Earth's fair array
 When Heaven was by her side!

The Four Gates

HER LESSONS

THY virgin flesh, more fruitful far
Than all the tribes of mortals are,
Made the reluctant ages see
What glory hath virginity!

Thy lowliness, in mighty wise,
Hath drawn a Savior from the skies!
How could the world, untutored, guess
Such power is hid in lowliness?

The Four Gates

TURN THINE EYES UPON US

TURN thine eyes upon us!
Mother's eyes, that shine
With the light they borrowed
From the Babe Divine,
While He lay and, loving,
Fed His gaze on thine!

Turn thine eyes upon us!
Gleaming bright with tears,
Born with Jesus' weeping,
In His griefs and fears,
As His dying vision
Searched the thankless years!

AUTUMN

The Four Gates

THE PASSING DAYS

SWIFTLY the seasons come and go;
We greet them as they rise,
And idly watch the hours flow,
With unastonished eyes.

Ah, dream we that our life's brief day
Runs with those hours as swift away?

We watch the springtime bloom and pass,
Without a start of fear;
Nay, but its blossoms are a glass
That show our dwelling here,—
Our silly lives, our blossom day
Fleet with the flowers, as swift away!

We drink delight from Summer's shine
And Autumn's rich perfume;
But swift their sunny hours decline
To Winter's barren gloom.
Think how thy dear life's fruitful day
To Death's dark hour so wanes away!

The Four Gates

PEACE!

TOO keen, too keen thy hurry and thy care;
Thy brain is weary with the whirl of
things;

The world hath stolen thy heart all unaware.
Thine eager thought in feverish circles swings.

Peace! of the many goods thou cravest sore
Which shall endure or which shall bring thee
rest?

Life's draught, too sweet, but makes thee thirsty
more;

Life's swift burnt joys but leave a colder
breast.

Why love most dearly what doth least endure?
Who loves the least of earth the most is blest.
Thou art too rich of heart—"Blest are the poor!"
Drink that sweet wisdom from the Savior's
breast.

The Four Gates

OUR ANGEL'S SOLACE

The Soul asketh:

ART thou not weary, who dost keep
Such long and loving ward,
And while I wake and while I sleep
Art ever near to guard;
While reckless and ungrateful I
So seldom dream that thou art by?

Art thou not fain, betimes, to leave
Thy thankless task and flee?
Thou hast so much to vex and grieve,
So little joy in me!
So oft I've made thee veil thine eyes,
So little good behind me lies!

The Angel replieth:

Not so! I gaze beyond the years
To where thy days shall cease,
And glory drown thy faults and fears,
Thy woes be lost in peace.
Then, freed of all mortality,
Thou'l be an age-long friend to me!

The Four Gates

AS ANGELS SEE

I

A LITTLE deed, a little prayer,
So slight we scarcely heed the while;
A moment's love,—and what is there
To make an angel smile?

II

A little guile, a little sin,
So brief our hearts no memory keep;
A moment's hate,—ah, what is there
To make an angel weep!

The Four Gates

THE ANGELS OF THE SANCTUARY

YE linger here the livelong day,
For 'tis your heaven to love and pray;
But I must toil afar.

O brothers, give this solace sweet,
That ye, my proxies at His feet,
My friends and pleaders are!

The Four Gates

THE BRAVE OF GOD

NOT plumèd War,
With galloping charge and far-flung
threat of steel,
And thunderous, soul-appalling cannon peal;
And clamorous blows, and sickening din of strife
Where crush the frantic lines, and sway and strive
for life.

Not plumèd War doth show the brave!

There is a madness in the battle-ire
Amid yon crimson hells of marshaled fire,
That stirs and sweeps the heady valor on
Through passes, that, traversed, it scarce dares
think upon!

Not maddening War can boast the Brave.

Not mortal Fame,
With the long lists of lauding History
Of men, who by all gallant ways that be
Won thronging honors in their little days,
And sleep in conscious stone, all fretted o'er with
praise;

Not mortal Fame can boast the Brave.

The Four Gates

There is a frenzy in the touch of Power—
A joy to fill men's thoughts one fading hour,
That stings the soul to spend its utmost breath,
Till all its tinsel gauds are filched by thievish
Death:

Not worldly Fame, can boast the Brave.

God's eye alone,
In quiet ways, where wars of bloodless kind
Pale the firm lip, and tire the dauntless mind;
Where Faith is constant in the storms of Hell,
And angels wondering praise, that flesh can strive
so well.

God's eye alone doth mark His Brave.

No maddening shouts of war, no crowd's acclaim
Stir Christ's meek champions to the lists of fame;
But with calm soul, they meet the utter pain,
Court every pang, who strive for Love—their ut-
most gain!—

God's eye alone doth know the Brave!

The Four Gates

THE FIRST MASS

TIS o'er!—the waiting-time is past!
That train of years that sped so fast,
Has brought thee to the feast,—at last!

That virgin Bread,—the fragrant Wine,
Thy soul's desire, at last are thine.
Thou tremblest at the board Divine!

At last those words in rapture said,
Can break the Heavens o'er thy head
And bid thy God to be thy bread!

He quits the splendors of the skies,
Oh, moving love!—in meek disguise
How lowly on thy hands He lies!

But Mary's self, in days of old,
So close His holy limbs could fold,
So, in her bosom keep from cold;

Tho' all the world is wintry drear,
Through all thy days of service here
Warm in thy heart that guest so dear!

The Four Gates

Oft let Him feel thy bosom glow
With sudden fire,—that He may know
Seraphic flamings, here below.

Oft for the tribes of men beseech,—
Thou hast a charge for all and each,
Strive with thy Lord in loving speech.

And, Priest for all Eternity,
Whene'er that spotless Host dost see,
Plead for us all, who honor thee!

The Four Gates

THE YOUNG PRIEST

HE stands before the altar of his God,
Clad in symbolic vesture, and his hands
Are raised in intercession; candid youth
Is on his brow, and in his eyes there glow
Propitiatory fires of strong love
And supplication,—eagerness, yet fear,
Commixt of awe and longing. And he seems—
Lit by the flaming tapers, and so pure
Of garb and aspect,—not of earthly mold,
Nor framed of clay, but as a spirit free,
Stooped from his lofty choir, awhile to pray
Before the dwelling of his Prisoned Lord!

The Four Gates

TO ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA

A SWEET intemperance of holy love,
And the keen flaming of that chaste
desire

Which wore thy flesh like inly-burning fire,
Took thee untimely, thou celestial dove!

Untimely? Nay, thou never lived'st in time!

Thy soul, impatient of his dull delays
O'erleapt his weary bars of hours and days,
Rushed for its Goal, and won a sudden prime.

The Four Gates

BEFORE A PICTURE OF ST. STANISLAUS

The Gazer saith:

HOW fair the painter's hand hath shown
Yon blest, untutored child!—
His brow as bright as marble stone,
His smile so angel-mild;
Those gentle eyes, upturned fore'er
In virgin ecstasies of prayer.
He 'scaped the evil ways of life,
Nor knew the peril nor the strife.

The Seer replieth:

Ah, say not so! Thou ill hast read
The legend of his days:
His heart with anguished sorrow bled,
He fought through weary ways.
No grief his lovely look doth hold,
Nor trace of fires the chastened gold.
For 'tis a gift to virgins given,
To guard on earth this smile of heaven.

The Four Gates

SAINT MAURICE TO THE THEBAN LEGION

SIX thousand and six hundred strong, they
stood
Untrembling; and with one unmoved ac-
cord

Spake to the threatening Maximilian thus:
“We are Christ’s soldiers first—yours afterward.
Command what He forbids not, and we rush
Through very hells of battle at your word.
But offer incense to your demon-gods
We will not. Hence it is we stand apart
Nor join your pagan sacrifice. Our arms
We will not raise against you; it were joy
To die for Christ as He hath died for all.”

Then spake the loud imperial herald thus:
“This is the will of Cæsar:—Ye refuse
To do his bidding,—mutineers ye die!
Twice shall each tenth man in your legion fall,
As the lot falls. And know—if this avail
No whit to move ye,—then the army comes
To slay you where ye stand. Obey, or die!”
And grim he strode away.

The Four Gates

Then Maurice spake—

Their saintly leader—on their shields upraised.

“Men of Christ’s Theban Legion, hearts of gold,

I speak not to confirm your dauntless souls.

I know ye, brothers; never battle-morn

Saw braver, gladder lightnings in your eyes

Than flash at thought of yonder threatening swords

That make us martyrs. Blither ne’er ye were

To grapple bloody death, than when he comes

To crown you Christ’s forever. Nay, I speak

Not to confirm but purify. ’Tis well

Being so near to heaven, we make our hearts

Most heavenly, lest any earthly fire—

Some spark of sudden anger, unawares

Struck out by taunting word, or slaughterous sword;

Some leaping of revenge, some hot desire

To answer curse with curse and blow with blow—

Taint with the smoke of earthly passion, this

Our martyr-holocaust to Christ our Lamb.

“For ye are warriors,—ye have learned to pay
Thrust with quick thrust, and bloody wounds for
wounds;

The Four Gates

To make a bulwark of your whirling swords
And meet the maddest fury of the foe
With iron resolution, stabbing back
For each fierce stroke a fiercer recompense;
And counting every death a welcomer fate,
Than meek submission. But Christ's warriors
 know

A higher, holier valor. Look ye all
Where He doth hang on Calvary! O God!
O Wounded Love! O brave, to be so mild!
The Lord of Might!—The Lamb of Sacrifice!
One gesture of yon wounded Hand would spin
The universe to chaos: and It rests
Meek on the blood-stained wood! The slightest
 sound

Of that sweet voice would start the fires of Hell
Up through the craggy earth to scorch and sear
His puny torturers;—and list! 'Forgive!
Father, forgive!—they know not what they do!'
O patient Conqueror! O noble wounds!
O Model of all heroes! How He bids
To suffer and repay not,—for His Love!
Then let no man uplift a threatening sword,
Then let no heart repay hot words with hate,
Nor any eye flame up with angry fires,
But for yon darkened emperor and his host,

The Four Gates

Pray we, as Christ for us;—and die like lambs
As He, our Lamb, died meek on Calvary!—
Men of the Theban Legion! Loose your arms!”

The clamor of their crashing steel uprose,
A thunderous hymn, to Heaven,—shields and
swords

They flung them down, and all that glorious band
Gave each his dauntless bosom to the thrust—
All meek and brave like Him of Calvary!

The Four Gates

GLIMPSES

VAINLY, Lord, the mind of man
Frets to trace Thy great design;
Hid is all the perfect plan,—
Not a gleam and not a line!
Then, betimes, and all undue,
Comes a flash the darkness through,
And the tiny part we see
Hints Thy finished harmony!

The Four Gates

PHANTOMS

A LAS, that phantom-hopes and phantom-fears
And phantom-love stir most the heart of man,
Through all the changes of his foolish years,
Through all the yearnings of his narrow span—
Then, as it is, the hollow world appears,
Only when Grief hath washed our eyes with tears.

The Four Gates

TRACES OF GOD

ALL that's fine and rare
Pure and true and kind,
Gentle hearts that love us,
Skies that smile above us,
In them all we find
Savior dear and true,
Tender hints of You.

You are strong and fair,
You are kind and holy;
Far beyond their measure,
Yet we find a pleasure
From these traces lowly
Yet so fair—to guess
Your all-loveliness.

The Four Gates

TO-MORROW

WH0 hath ever seen to-morrow?
Life is but a long to-day;

What your thievish dreamings borrow
They can never more repay,
Seeking vain surcease of sorrow
In the cloudy far-away.

All your empty, fond foreseeing
Is a frail and fruitless flower!
Past and future—lost and fleeing—
Now's the sum of all your power,
And the focused lights of being
Blaze upon the present hour!

In the Now that God bestoweth
Spend, nor spare, your best endeavor.
Swift Time's mighty breaker floweth,
On the crest you're swept forever
Naught the misty future oweth,
And thy past returneth never!

The Four Gates

SOME LITTLE THOUGHT

SOME little thought that steals to God away
When all thy other thoughts are busy
here,
And saves one moment from the fretful day
To spend in pleading at thy Father's ear,—
Some loving thought may bring thee riches more
Than all the weary hours that went before.

The Four Gates

IF THOU ART PURE

IF thou art pure, like lilies from the slime,
Fair thoughts shall greet thee from the pools
of time;

Where sordid eyes but sordid mire can see,
A thousand gracious joys shall flower for thee!

The Four Gates

THE COMPASS

THE sailor's slender guide of steel,
Looks constant to the pole.
Though winds may rave, and breakers
reel,
And ships go shuddering to their keel,
It ever keeps the goal.

One thrill of fire hath taught it so!
Oh touch with charity
My heart—and then, though billows rise
And storms go clamoring to the skies,
A steadfast guide 'twill be.

The Four Gates

THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATA¹

HERE is a shaggy hill that struggles free
From the swart city's peopled wilderness,
A little nearer God, a little high
Above the stress and clamor of the world,
And on the bold hill's brow, a temple stands,
Serene and simple, rising from the earth,
As though itself were earthly, yet fore'er
Stretching to heaven. Its door is open wide,
And lowly folk are there, who whisper prayers
Or sob awhile, or smile at Mary's face
Wrought tenderly in marble. All within

¹ There stands on the brow of Mt. Adams in Cincinnati, a stone church dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. Its position on a commanding height, which rises suddenly from the smoky river bank, makes it a striking feature of the city front, while there cluster around it some remarkable customs and traditions. It is said that the statesman Adams, for whom the hill is named, declared, at the dedication of an astronomical observatory there, that here at least the cross should never come to domineer over science. Two cross-tipped spires now top the hill. There is a devout custom among the Catholics thereabouts of ascending very slowly the long stairs which lead to the church, and with a prayer at every step, to commemorate the Passion on Good Friday. The sight is a remarkable evidence of simple faith and devotion.

The Four Gates

Is twilight reverence, and the tender thrill
More eloquent than tongues, that shakes the heart
From yonder Hidden Presence. 'Tis the throb
Of that great Heart, still leaping 'neath the veil
That hides, not stills it. Unregarded love!
Unthought of, yet unending—lonely Christ
Because Thy love hath distanced all our thought!

About, above, the wild air hath its way.
The winter's gale, careering livelier here,
Raves round the spire, the fingers of the rain
Pick at its crannied stones, the summer's heat
Makes the strong sunshine quiver on its walls—
But still that peace within, heart's ease, surcease!
Beneath, the city lies, begrimed with toil,
Seen through the rollings of its vaporous shroud,
Filling the vale with dust and din of trade,
Wailings, and shouts of merry lads at play,
The harsh, quick breath of engines, and the roar
Of laboring factories, sounds that blended rise,
Like a hoarse litany, to where Mary stands
Carven in stone, on the roof's topmost verge,
Watching o'er all her world, unwearying,
Mother of men. And oft the red-eyed morn
Hath waked the dim hill and the slumbering town
With unregarded splendor, gorgeous noon

The Four Gates

Hath touched the smoke-drifts with unvalued gold,
And oft the thickening mantle of the night
Shrouded the sable city, till the lights
Brake from a thousand windows, and the gloom,
Sparkling all diamonded with sudden stars,
Out-stared the midnight heavens—more black
than they,
More thickly sown with fiery brilliancies,
Till the wan morn crept weary from the east
And bid them pale their beams—but still she stands,
And still sweet Mary watches all the world,
Uplifted, unregarded, merciful
Most, where her mercy finds no gratefulness—
Pleading for good and evil. And above
Gleams the sweet emblem of the Crucified
Bright on the darkened heavens.

Runs the tale.

Or true or false I know not, yet I know
That in its inner meaning it is true,
That one, far-famed for wit and eloquence,
Speaking one morn to festive multitudes,
Who gathered round a new-built dome where men
Nightly should turn their lenses to the stars,

The Four Gates

Gleaning the golden harvests of the sky,
Spake boastful, "Here upon this windy height
Is Science free! No bigot's frown shall here
Check her sublime outwanderings—never here
Shall flame the slavish emblem of the Cross!"

O frantic boast! and that was long ago!
Where now the dome? Two churches rule that hill,
Crowned each with Christ's meek emblem, humbly high!
Proud Science! still God's mighty fanes must come
To crown thy dearest summits. Time tries all,
All works and toils he tries, for false and true.
The false, his own, he crumbleth, truth hath naught
From Time, nor Time can take from truth,
And so thy truth shall stay, a mountain heaved
To lift aloft the higher truths of God—
To higher bear the emblem of the Cross!
So thy dross crumbleth, but thy gold remains
To honor goodness—all truth praiseth Truth—
God's Church fears but thine error, that shall die,
Then she will love thee wholly!

The Four Gates

Lo! the fane

Heaves its gray walls against the western sky,
An emblem of the changeless cares of God!
Its walls are builded of a shelly stone,
The hardened ooze of ages. In what blank
Primordial night, or from the sobbing breast
Of what primeval and forgotten wave
Rose up its massy ridges, or how long
Fell the soft shells in showers to make the stone,
God knoweth only! Then He built for now,
Now builds for undreamed ages, ever thus
With long prevision, through the gaps of time,
Worketh His prescient Will, nor swift nor slow,
Building eternal temples. Trust Him yet!
How did the blind worms, in their limy beds
Dream they were building high a fane to God!
He wills the slight deeds of our petty days—
Each trifling as a shell—shall fall in showers
To the dark fathoms of forgetful pasts,
Till Time's deep sea shall heave, and from its
breast
Cast up the treasured merits of our lives
Grown to pure, gleaming marbles, fit to build
The Heavens' city. Now we cannot dream
Those bright, eternal mansions. Trust and wait!

The Four Gates

Gaze toward the shaggy summit—yonder stair
That trails its dark way down the rude hill's
flank

Is that the stair of penance? There at noon
That sweet, sad day on which our Savior died,
Throng the devout and simple, every one
Intent on his own purpose, wisely bent
On his own cure, and scorning curious eyes,
Climbs painful up this summit, step by step,
As Christ went up to Pilate, moving slow,
And at each tedious moment breathes a prayer,
Craving his sins' forgiveness—touching scene!
Is this the age of scoffers? Gentle God
Still live Thy lowly martyrs—witnesses
Who in the proud front of the sneering world
Bear Thy sweet shame, and lift Thy holy cross,
One time the joy of princes. Tenderly
Thy prescient eyes forever blessed the poor—
Thy poor shall never leave Thee!

Slow from the city's breast upbreathes a night
Of noxious vapors, and the smoky veil,
Ere yet the pitying skies beam forth their stars
To cheer the dusk—whelms roof and tapering
spire

The Four Gates

And wraps the church in shadow. Fare thee well
Dear guardian of the hill; keep well the world
Through the dim night, till smiles thy tower with
dawn!

The Four Gates

FORETHOUGHT AND AFTERTHOUGHT

WHEN golden morrow greets thee bright,
Shake off the slumbers of the night,
Look o'er the hours glad before,
And with a cheery spirit say:
“Due service to my Lord I'll pay
Ere darkness stay my hand once more!”

When sober even bids thee cease,
Look backward o'er the day's increase,
Weep for the hours that sped in vain,
Cry: “Well-a-day my Lord! I'll try
A busier hand for Thee to ply
When morrow gilds the skies again!”

The Four Gates

THANKFULNESS

WHEN souls are groaning 'neath some
great distress,
What fluent prayers the hurrying lips
express!

Ah! but the Lord our stammering words must
guess,
When the dull heart turns slow to thankfulness.

The Four Gates

DAILY CHEER

THOU pitiest thy friend's distress,
When sore thou see'st him fall,
But of his daily weariness
Thou thinkest not at all!

Cheer for his lesser woes and needs
In gentle pity keep—
Those thousand kindly little deeds
That make the heart to leap!

The Four Gates

HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS is not without thee,
Not in hoarding nor in spending—
Not in pomp of friends about thee.
Though the world should jeer and flout thee,
All its wrath in clamor ending,
Ere it reach thy heart's strong portal
All may die in sound and shouting,
And thy gladness be immortal.

'Tis the heart's repose and peace,
Strong in greed's and hate's surcease,
Dowered with the graces seven,
Joyous in its sin's release,
Glad of earth and sure of heaven !

The Four Gates

REVIRESCO

CEASE, bitter tears, or be ye turned to sweet!

She must away, her toilsome days complete,

And rest a while at her dear Master's feet.

Long hath she sown beneath the sun and rain,
Long hath she flung abroad the generous grain,
And now must home, to wait her golden gain.

For who hath labored in the fields of grace,
Hath fed the poor, and found the orphan place,
Death only calls apart, to bide a space.

He steals not on her, shuddering in the haze—
With eyes of tender hope she walks his ways,
Toward the rich promise of her holy days!

The seed is sown! Ah, at the dawn of doom,
In what green glories, what celestial bloom,
Shalt thou spring up, dear heart, from out the tomb!

The Four Gates

THE KING'S BANQUET

DOWN in the golden valleys
The ripe wheat nods and sways
Unto the winds of Summer,
Through all the dreamy days.

Far on the vine-clad hillside
The purpling clusters swing,—
The grateful Earth doth furnish
The table of her King!

WINTER

The Four Gates

NOT EVERY MORN

NOT every morn the East shall bring thee
cheer,
And hopeful earnest of another day.
Coin the bright hours, for all thy holding here
Doth fleet away!

Not every even shall the parting sun
Calm thee with promise of another dawn,—
Some eve thy friends shall whisper one to one,
Lo, he is gone!

For dawn and morning fade to twilight's rest,
To winter sleep these summer woodlands nod;
The stream runs swiftly to the ocean's breast,
And thou to God!

The Four Gates

TRUANT SNOWFLAKES

MOTHER WINTER called them home,
But the little flakes of snow,
Longing with the clouds to roam,
Didn't want to go.

"Let us bide till Spring," they say;
"See the bluebirds come again,
With the little blossoms play,
And the laughing rain."

So they went unwillingly;
And a naughty northern wind
Whispered, "Hasten back with me,"—
Falsely seeming kind.

And the little snowflakes came,
Floated down among the flowers,
Whitened on the tulip-flame,
Scared the sunny hours;

The Four Gates

Melted on the greening grass,
Fainted in the languid weather;
'Neath the beaming sun, alas!
Vanished altogether.

See the warning written here?
'Mongst Oh, many, many others!
Little children, this is clear,
Better mind their mothers!

The Four Gates

OVER THEE, JERUSALEM

I

OVER thee, Jerusalem
Lo, the Lord doth rise!
Glory shines from Bethlehem
There thy Savior lies.
Waken thee, Jerusalem,
Dawn is in the skies.

II

Over thee, Jerusalem,
Pale the heavens are;
Lo, from little Bethlehem
Cometh up a star.
Hearken thee, Jerusalem,
Haste the Kings afar!

III

Over thee, Jerusalem,
Angels gather bright,
Faring on to Bethlehem
Toward the rising light.
Sleepest still, Jerusalem?
'Tis the Holy Night!

The Four Gates

IV

Over thee, Jerusalem,
Heaven's banners blow.
Yonder into Bethlehem
Simple shepherds go,
More than thou, Jerusalem,
They their Maker know.

V

Near to thee, Jerusalem,
Stripped of Heaven's state,
In the grot of Bethlehem,
Near thy haughty gate,
Meek He bides, Jerusalem,
Meek thy Lord doth wait.

VI

Over Him, Jerusalem,
Now the shepherds weep,
Ox and ass in Bethlehem
Mute their vigils keep.—
Proud and dark Jerusalem
Thou art drunk with sleep!

105

The Four Gates

CHRIST'S CHOICE

THY breast is very bleak and bare,
A narrow place and poor;—
How should thy Lord find lodgment
there?
Its coldness how endure?

But ah! Christ loveth very dear
The poor and bitter part!—
He hastes to fill with angel-cheer
The stable of thy heart!

The Four Gates

A STAR, A FLOWER, A SPRING

WHEN Jesus like a lovely star
 On Mary's bosom lay,
Then all earth's shadows fled afar,—
For her 'twas always day.

When Jesus like a tender flower
 Bloomed fair in Nazareth,
She never saw the wintry hour,—
Spring lingered on His breath.

Which of the ages fled away
 Hath dreamed so strange a thing?—
One Star to make perpetual day!
 One Flower to breathe a Spring!

The Four Gates

CHRIST'S CRADLE

THE Maid hath lulled her Babe to rest,—
 O holy Babe, O Maiden blest!—
 Upon the cradle of her breast!

The purest couch in earth or sky,
 Ah dearest bed, with veiled eye
 Upon His Mother's heart to lie!

It rocks Him soft while every beat
 A tale of love doth low repeat,
 Or heaveth now with sighs more sweet!

God lists the tender lullaby,—
 Nor all the choirs of heaven high
 Dare with that song in sweetness vie!

The Four Gates

BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY

THE weary eve is falling now,
Oh, where shall Jesus rest?
Full sweetly sinks His baby brow
And lies on Mary's breast.
His aching Heart forgets its care,
And balmy slumbers soothe Him there.

Again the sun is in the west
Again His weary brow
Leans from the cross. Oh, gentle rest,
Where shall He find thee now?
Peace, bleeding brow, thy tortures o'er
On Mary's breast thou'l sink once more!

The Four Gates

WHEN MARY LOOKED ON JESUS

WHEN Mary looked on Jesus,
Ah, ne'er so sweet and mild
Looked such a loving Mother
Upon so blest a Child;
Nor on her God and Brother
A Maid so undefiled!

When Jesus looked on Mary,
His gaze was ne'er so kind,
Omnipotence had made Him
This Mother to His mind;
And far from Heaven He'd wandered
This Queen for Heaven to find!

The Four Gates

JESUS IS SLEEPING

JESUS is sleeping!
Clamors the gale,
Wild waves are sweeping
High as the sail,—
But Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
The mad waters rave,
Dashing and leaping;
Who is to save
When Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
Cower we here,
Wailing and weeping,
Heartsick with fear,—
For Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
Why do ye weep?
Is He not keeping
Watch in His sleep?
Sleep, cares and weeping,—
Jesus is sleeping!

The Four Gates

GRATEFULNESS

T'WAS weary even. All the glaring day
The patient Lord had healed the multi-
tude;

No depth of sickening wound,—no mortal ill,
No pang of heart or frame,—of suffering mind
Or tortured limb, but Jesus' loving hand
Had soothed with healing, and the sinners heard:
“Go thou in peace, thy sins are pardoned thee.”
At last the weary shadows stretched along,
And all the world was tinted to a glow
From western fires, and the throng was gone.
Then He Whose touch upholds the cumbrous stars
Sighed wearily and sate Him on a bank,
His own around Him, and He rested there.
But one, from his full heart, spake bold and said:
“Are they all gone!—all thou didst heal! for
shame!
All day they bided in the burning glare
And moaned to Thee,—and when Thou laidst
Thy Touch
On their sore, tortured limbs, and madest them
whole,

The Four Gates

They should have spent the utter night in praise.
Yea, followed all Thy ways, and chanted hymns
Of burning thankfulness,—nay, used the years
Thy Hand hath purged from torments, for Thy
praise.”

Then spake another: “O Thou Bounteous Lord,
If Thou hadst given to me as unto these,
Hadst cleansed me, leprous, from that scaly death,
Cleared me of haunting devils, bade the life
Course through my withered arm,—unbound the
ties

Of eager speech, or bade the longed-for light
Pour thy glad world into my quickened eyes,
I would have made the universal earth
A witness to my healing; would have cried
In every city of the tribes of men,—
Yea, given Thy Holy Name to solitudes,
And with the echoes of my thankful voice
Bade the waked deserts praise Thee!” Then they
all

Stood sponsors to his thought. “And I!—And
I!”

And Jesus turning, looked upon them all:
“Which one hath more of Me—he whom My
Hand

Hath healed of leprous sores, and piteous limbs,

The Four Gates

Freed of Hell's sieges, giv'n the light of noon,
After long days of darkness, anguish, shame;—
Or you, My Own, whom that same Hand hath
kept

From every haunting evil, all your hours;
Owe ye less thankfulness, that ye are spared,
Than if I healed you, stricken?—let us on!"
Then, pensive-browed, with eyes all misty-wet,
They followed in His steps, their hearts a-storm
With sudden shame, and bursting gratitude.

The Four Gates

AVE VERUM CORPUS

(A Translation)

HAIL, true Body, truly born
Of the Virgin, Mary mild!
Truly offered, racked and torn,
On the Cross, for man defiled;
From Whose love-pierced, sacred Side,
Flowed Thy true Blood's saving tide,—
Be a foretaste sweet to me
In my death's great agony,
O Thou loving, gentle One,
Sweetest Jesus, Mary's Son!

The Four Gates

THE TREASURE OF HIS BLOOD

EACH moment Thou art crucified,
They nail Thy dear Hands to the wood,
They spill the treasure of Thy Blood,
They pierce Thy Heart ere Thou hast died.

More cruel than the Jews are these;
They hated Thee, but knew Thee not;
These mock Thy Heart's kind agonies,
Thine age-long benefits forgot.

When shall the Resurrection be?
O bid Thy glory rend the tomb!—
When shall Thy slayers dread their doom?
When shall Thy just be saved and free?

The Four Gates

FORESHADOWINGS

BUT once the gentle Savior died,
Yet all His days were Passontide:
The dawning, dewy-eyed and dim,
Foreshowed that awful day to Him;
The withered noon's untempered power
Foretold the Cross and marked the hour;
And in the glooms of veiling night,
He saw those shadows quench the light,
On Calvary's predestined height.

The Four Gates

WHAT DOES JESUS PRIZE?

WHAT does Jesus prize?
Gifts of gilded treasure,
Where the dazzled eyes
Dream with dancing pleasure?
Towers that touch the skies,
Domes of mighty measure,
These doth Jesus prize?

Nay, but He doth love
Words in kindness spoken,
Thoughts that dwell above,
Holy vows unbroken,
Meekness like the dove,—
More than fane or token,
These doth Jesus prize!

The Four Gates

BUT ONE

WHAT angel would outwait the years,
'Mid cold neglect and heartless jeers,
To gain some love and tender tears?

There is but one, there is but one,
That hath the dreadful gauntlet run,—
No angel He: God's very Son!

The Four Gates

HIS LONELINESS

THE sons of men keep cheerful company,
And ease their hearts with converse
kind and free,
While social earth and friendly skies give cheer.
The woodland, clear and long
Singeth its mingled song,
And busy murmurs lull the city's ear.

One only, sad and lone,
Maketh His gentle moan
In the still twilight of His lowly shrine;
Few friends to comfort Him,
Where, in His chapels dim,
On empty aisles the flickering tapers shine!

Alas! what folly this!
Shall we, in heaven's bright bliss,
That soul-enthralling smile forever see,
If in His vigils here
We, bent on selfish cheer,
Will bear our lonely Lord no company?

The Four Gates

CHRIST'S COMFORT

H EART of hearts, where leaps the fire
 Of a constant, fond desire
 For the wayward loves of men;
 Now our tinsel trifles hold us,
 Now the mist of flesh enfolds us,—
 Blurs and clouds our feeble ken.

Nay, but sometime, gentle Lover,
 Death will drive them, and discover
 All Thy charms, that angels see!—
 Then, the gauds of life forgetting,—
 Through the Suns that know no setting,
 All our love, is all for Thee!

The Four Gates

CHRIST'S SILENCE

THOU wast silent, Savior—why?
“Ah, My love had willed to die,
Had I spake, My slightest plea
Would have gained Me liberty—
Left eternal chains for thee!”

Thou wast silent, Savior—why?
“Lo, I could not make reply.”
“Thy disciples,” Pilate said,
“Are they faithless all, or fled?”
Jesus, silent, hung His head.

Thou wast silent, Savior—why?
“Teaching thee to not reply
To the speech of ill-intent.
Words are vain, and vainly spent—
Silence most is eloquent.”

The Four Gates

HOLY SHAME

L ORD, who in the garden's shade
All my debt of anguish paid,
Dared and bore the Roman's doom,
God, who on the bloody tree
Hung a victim slain for me,
God, whose glory split the tomb!
All Your painful works and ways
Slow I ponder, drinking long
Of the love Your life displays,
Till a holy tender shame
Wakes at whisper of Your Name,
That, for all Your love, I still
Love so little, love so ill,
Grieve You through forgetful days!

The Four Gates

HE WAITS

WHO, in thine hours of grief,
Who brings thy soul relief?
Thy gentle Lord with loving look
and kind,—

Thou needst not 'plain to Him
Thy sores and sorrows grim,
Thy deepest wound those tender eyes can find!

So in thy hours of glee
Christ smiles and waits for thee,
He waits to make thine every joy more fine.
At Cana's wedding bright
Who gave the last delight,
Fills thy heart's cup with stronger, ruddier
wine!

The Four Gates

ST. JOHN AT EPHESUS

ON Easter morn at Ephesus, the air
Smelled quick with spring-tide, and the
flooding sun

Lit the wet land to sudden loveliness.

In the broad civic square, a changing crowd

Ebbed on its way, still draining, still renewed.

Then on the sudden spying from afar

A dear-loved form, one bright-eyed girl made
pause

With pointing hand, and her clear childish tone

Shrilled through the din: "'Tis John, he comes,
'tis John."

As when a rock, upheaving 'mid the stream,

Parts the quick waters,—so to either hand

Turned the dividing throng. The Christians glad

Swept to the accustomed corner where the Saint

Was wont to teach.—The Pagans, careless, pass,

With but a curious glance to see him come.

He walked, a man all lovely with the charm

Of youth-in-age.—His locks were snowed with
years,

But the mild eye, the blessing of his look,

The Four Gates

Told that his heart was young,—was young as Heaven.

And as he came he called his own by name,
And with a glance lit gladness in their eyes.
And last, upmounted in his favorite chair,
Blessed them all wide and smiling thus began:
“My little children! When I see you stand
So dutiful, all listening round my chair,
I am content. He bids me stay so long,
(When all the rest are gone) and feed His sheep—
Aye, and His little lambs, like Aeneas there.
Come hither, child, and sit between my feet!—
And thou, poor mother, give thy little son
Into mine arms awhile, thou art o'erworn—
So!—When I sit among you thus, and see
Your eager looks and think what best may feed
The flames of Faith, and Hope and brightest Love
In your dear hearts, of all that Jesus said,
One sentence ever murmurs in my mind,
One echoes on my lips.—Ye weary grow
Perchance of hearing: ‘Little children mine,
Love one another’—ah, the height and depth,
The strength, the light, the sweetness that doth lie
In those brief words! They are the mighty half
Of all His law, the whole of all your debt
Towards all your brothers. By this simple word

The Four Gates

Ye are a people set apart,—the world,
The poor, dark, pagan world—doth gape and stare
Upon your mutual love, and murmureth oft
'How they love one another' in amaze—
Not fathoming the fountains of your love,
Not having known Love Crucified! How oft
Hath this great blazing radiance, Charity,
Been as a beacon shining 'midst the dark,
To lead some wandering sheep into the fold,
All cold and starved for Christian lovingness.
Then be not, ye so rich in charity,
As niggards with your bounty; spread afar
This fire of love, this flame, this warming light,
Which He hath lit for the whole world's consum-
ing—

'Fire I came to cast upon the earth
And will I not that it be kindled?' Still
Hear pleading in your hearts that gentle voice,
And fling abroad the flaming brand of love,
A light unto the Gentiles beckoning on
The darkened world. For fire is not consumed
By kindling other fires, nor loseth light
By shining; rather 'tis the starving fire,
Which hath no more to kindle, that doth die.
So shall your love grow greater when you love
All men in Christ, your light shall lovelier shine

The Four Gates

When it doth beam to all the shadowed world
Which He hath died for. Love and love and
love

Is all the law! Love God in all, and all
Alone in Him. Thus shall your lives and deeds
Be fuel unto that heavenly fire that burns
Through all the damps of death and leaps and
glows

Renewed eternal at the look of God."

The Four Gates

DEEP WOUNDS

WHEN tender limbs are rudely torn,
A many friends there be
To soothe the hapless wight forlorn
With gentle sympathy.

But, ah, the wounds the heart that tear
Nor any hurt appears,
One Friend—but one—can heal thee there
Beneath the springs of tears!

The Four Gates

I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK

I STAND at the door and knock,
And there comes, to My listening ears,
Sometimes revel and song,
And sometimes a murmur of tears,
But never they bid Me in,
As I wait through the weary years.

Do they scorn Me, or do they forget?
Ah, to forget Me is scorn!
The world and the flesh enter free,
But I am left waiting forlorn!
Yet here I bide through the night,
Even till judgment morn!

The Four Gates

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

The Soul crieth to Jesus:

THIS day I've not received Thee,
 Sad day of all the year,
An evil chance bereaved me,—
 I miss Thy presence dear !
Oft towards Thy distant altar
My pleading accents falter
 To beg Thee hasten here !

Then, from Thy far-off dwelling
 Thou leapest like a fire !
Thy love—O all-compelling !—
 Hath heard my heart aspire.
Ill-chance hath not bereaved me,—
This day I've oft received Thee
 In unions of desire !

The Four Gates

GIVE IT ME!

I HEARD a child,—'twas pleading low,
For what wee boon I do not know,
But ever and again I heard
A sweet refrain repeated o'er,
Like lap of wavelets on the shore,
Or warble of a teasing bird;—
“Now, dearest Father, give it me,
’Tis but a little thing to thee!”
Till father pledged his word.

I took a lesson,—now, when I
Would plead, with many a longing sigh,
For somewhat from the skies;
These words I whisper, like a child,
Upturning to my Savior mild
The prayer of pleading eyes:—
“ ’Tis but a little thing for Thee!
O gentle Jesus, give it me!”
And kind my Lord replies!

The Four Gates

JESUS, MIGHTY LOVER

JESUS, mighty Lover,
Victor all sublime,
Bright Thine armies cover
All the coasts of Time!
Lords of earthly empery
Rule not, nor are loved like Thee.

Throngs of martyrs, dying
In Thy dearest name,
For the tortures sighing,
Flying to the flame,—
Prove the fire's most fierce excess
Than their eager love is less.

Hosts of virgins, living
Angel lives for Thee,
Rich in utter giving,
In Thy bonds most free,
Join Thy sinless choirs above
In their ecstasies of love.

The Four Gates

Jesus, patient Lover,
Bid us love Thee more;
All Thy charms discover,
All Thy grace outpour,
Till our utmost heart's desires
Kindle with Thy love's sweet fires!

The Four Gates

DAWN AND EVEN

IN the morning rise and say,
“Jesus, on the altar lying,
For the tardy peep of day
Tenderly is sighing,
Till I come and pray!”

When the waning, fainting light
Tells thee soon the day is going,
Crown thy toils aright,
Say: “My Lord, His peace bestowing,
Waits to say good-night!”

The Four Gates

THE STARRY MELODIES

WHEN Even, on the skies,
Doth write God's harmonies,
And one by one pricks forth the golden
bars,

Then, from those linkèd fires,
Loud hymn th' angelic choirs,
Reading the flaming music of the stars.

Our ears the music miss,
Too gross for so much bliss,
That else would wake a heaven in sinful man !
And all their skyey book
A starry maze doth look,
When our dim eyes the golden numbers scan.

Unchanged those numbers bright
Beam forth from night to night,
Full clear hath writ the Heavenly Master's hand,
His music's rapturous range
Hath need of growth nor change,—
Eternal-fair the starry concords stand !

The Four Gates

Alas! we cannot read
How runs the sacred screed,
Of orbèd songs that thrall the seraph's eye!
If we but learned to spell
That mazy music well!—
Of such sweet harmonies our soul would die,
And melting to angelic strains of love,
Leap up and mingle with the choirs above!

The Four Gates

THY VOICE

THY voice is in my ears the livelong day.
The world speaks for Thee, all the
golden hours

There is a wistful music, from the flowers,
And o'er the rainy grass
A whispering plea doth pass
That calls, calls, calls me from the world away.

Thou pleadest from the throngs that move and
wait;

Men's faces speak a questing, peer they on
Yearning for distant joys beyond the dawn:
Above the stars and sun
They bid my musings run,
Soar up, and seek Thee at the heaven's gate.

My own heart speaks for Thee! It hears Thy
call,

'Tis pining ever for Thy coming joy.
Naught can its restless ardors long employ—
'Tis struggling to be free
Leap up and rest in Thee
Beyond the gyves of time, and chance and all!

The Four Gates

OUR YEARS

OUR years like a gleam of light,
Fleet past to the eyes of God;
They are nothing in His sight,
Who hath seen the ages plod,
Wearing the vales away and humbling the hills
from their height.

Our days but glance and are gone,
To the Ancient of Days who knows
All the summers and snows
That have been since the primal dawn.
What are the years of a man?—like the wind that
wavers and goes!

