

Unto the west, and with the amber brightness,
Which shines like sapphire on the golden floor,
Where day is sinking in her dying splendor
Upon the threshold of night's dusky door,
They mix and mingle, veiling her with beauty,
And then, like pallid mourners, steal away,
While gently night, with her star-jeweled fingers,
Closes the eyelids of departed day.

Los Angeles, California.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

No. 6.

THE HOME OF ART.

There is an old poetic land
Of purple vales and violet heights,
Where sculptors worked and marble breathed
And thought took wildest, widest flights.
A sea-girt land whose crystal airs
Intoxicated unawares:
Where mountain gates fenced out the world,
And lonely tribes immortal grew:
Where freedom kissed the budding soul
And let the light of genius through.
O, land of art! O, land of Greece!
One picture of a race confined
To God and nature, till it snatched
Joy and despair for all mankind.

Along the fair Pacific slope
A chain of sea-kissed, sun-kissed lands—
Green orchards bend with endless bloom,
Bright rivers roll o'er golden sands.
Like sentinels the white peaks rise
That guard this new world paradise.
Deep in her valleys genius waits
To nurse awhile her tropic bloom,
That yet shall burst and bear abroad
Immortal cycles of perfumance.
Sierra's heights, Willamette's vales,
Thy inland seas and southland sun,
As fairer yet shall yet surpass
Old Delphi's fount and Halicon.

Oregon City, Oregon.

EVA EMERY DYE.

No. 7.

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

The words that are spoken but shadow
The thoughts that are never expressed,
And back of life's turmoil there lieth
The infinite rapture of rest.

From over the mountains unshadowed
There flasheth the glory of dawn:
Gethsemane's gateway but clasped
The way that a Saviour hath gone.

Through avenue cypress-embowered
Love walketh with radiant crown:
From cross-tipped summits of anguish
The pitying Christ looketh down.

We turn from the hands that are offered
To those that we never can grasp,
And faint in our terrible longing
For forms that we never may clasp.

From the arms held out to embrace us
We shrink with a moaning, to pray
For the pressure of arms that are folded
Forever and ever away.

O, what does it mean, all this yearning
For something forever beyond,
This passionate cry of the spirit,
This waiting for days undawned?

O, fathomless ocean of longing,
That breaks on a glittering strand,
Beyond where our thought-shafts may quiver,
The shore of an unseen land!

You bear on your bosom forever
Our shallops of hope, pain-born,
Sent out from our long nights of anguish
To seek for the harbor of morn.

San Jose, California.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

No. 8.

THE HEART OF MY LOVE.

There are mysteries deep that lie hid in the stars,
There are secrets that green billows keep,
But not greater than those in a true woman's heart,
Filled with love that is holy and deep.
There are pages whose writing I never can read,
In the heart of my love, true and sweet,
For its secrets are deep as those of the stars,
Or those hid in the waves at my feet.

But the heart of my darling at last shall unfold,
In the light of a passion like mine:
'Tis a beautiful volume I yearn so to read,
That the key to the clasp I shall find.

We know the mistake that our hearts once had made
Are borne out on the stream of the years,
And the dross of a love we once thought to be true
Is now gone, with its doubts and its fears.

Now, I know in the dreamy, soft afterglow, sweet,
When the heart's wildest passions all rest,
Is the time when my soul hath the need of you most,
When our love is the truest and best:
We have learned the saddest of lessons in life,
While the years have been drifting away:
We realize now all that lesson hath cost,
As we stand here at the close of the day.

The dark night of the past hath been filled with unrest,
But the sunlight of morning now breaks,
While the glory of hope fills my life with its wine,
And my spirit a new purpose takes.
See, my love, the dark clouds from the mountains now roll,
And the mist shall soon rise from the sea,
While the arrow that clouded my heart is dispelled
In the sunshine my soul finds in thee.

Salem, Oregon.

OLIVE S. ENGLAND.

No. 9.

UNDER THE PINES.

Before the grate in the firelight,
On the night when the year grows old,
Watching the smokes curl phantom-like
And the coals turn to living gold,

I sit and dream, as I listen
To sweet clamor of new year chimes,
And whisper low the vows I made
In the moonlight, under the pines.

I have left music and dancing,
The soft perfumed, tropical air,
The eyes and voices that told me
"The rose of the mountains" is fair.

Once more I am Helena, daughter
Of "Old Ben," of "the blue bird claim";
I hear my boy lover asking,
"Wild rose, will you love me the same

When you go with your father's sister
To the city so far away?
Will my blue bird of the mountains
Come back to the home nest some day?"

Upon our sure-footed ponies,
Up the zigzag canyon wild,
We had wandered to gather flowers,
In the twilight of springtime mild.

The giant peaks in the gloaming
Seemed touching the shining stars;
The moonlight upon the pine trees
Turned their branches to golden bars.

I answered, with hand uplifted,
"Just as long as the north star shines,
I will keep the vows I made you
In the moonlight, under the pines."

So I've left the dazzling ball room,
Decked in jewels that brightly gleam
In my dress of pearl white satin,
I have come to my room to dream.

I kneel in the glowing firelight,
As I listen to new year chimes,
And whisper low the vows I made
In the moonlight, under the pines.

San Francisco, California.

GRACE HIBBARD.

No. 10.

FAILURE.

Failure! The word is written on my heart;
It rules my life, has ruled it from the start.
The fame that other poets gain with ease
Eludes my grasp; my verses never please.
Am I mistaken? Is bright poetry
A star whose radiance ne'er will shine for me?
And have I hoped for ten long years in vain?
Were I no poet could I feel such pain?
No poet; just a dreaming, foolish girl,
A useless shell art thou, no gleaming pearl.
O, world of dreams, which I must live without!
Dear gift of song! How can I live and doubt
That it is mine? What is my life to me
Without my dreams? Hope, if I banish thee,
My heart will break. Well, broken hearts bring death
And rest and peace, instead of troubled breath.
The life of dreams that with my life has grown,
Crush it, and reason totters on her throne.
And yet, how can I hope; each effort brings
But added weight to those weak wings,
That strive to soar, and madly beat and strain,
With feeble strength, against an iron chain.

Blackfoot, Idaho.

IDA C. WRITTER.