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Shells
from
Life—Love—God

Julia Seton Sears, M. D.



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Life—Love—God

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Julia Seton

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CENTRE PUBLISHING CO.

110 WEST 34TH STREET,

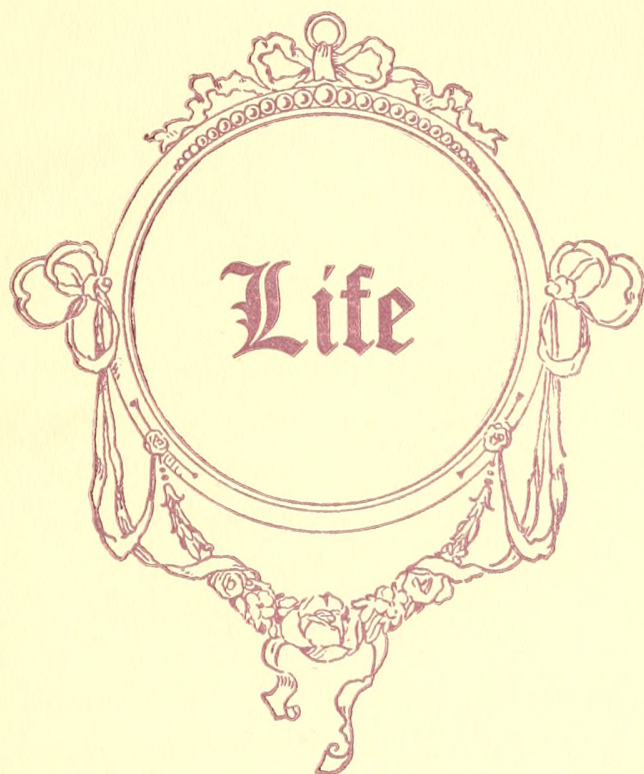
NEW YORK

L. N. FOWLER & CO.

LONDON, ENGLAND

Are you looking for poetry?
These are only Shells.
Not alone to one life, but also
To the one life in all and
Through all, I dedicate the
Unfolding illumination of my pen.

Julia Seton Sears, M. D.



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LIFE

There is a game called Life, which all men know;
Some play it with wide open, dauntless eyes;
And others risk their all upon one throw,
And throwing, lack the craft to load the dice.

Still others play the game with pomp and pride;
And while they play hope dies within their heart;
But turning from the world's hard face aside,
They conquer only while they play the part.

Again, some hearts grow weary of the game;
They've played it through in failure and despair;
They find the answer always the same,
They've played it out;—the game was never fair.

Some lives are led to slaughter, hour by hour;
Strive as they will, they may not miss the call;
Caught close in some resistless, unknown power,
They're ground to dust and ashes, all in all.

Oh, human hearts: high stakes are hard to win;
The play called Life, is not a coward's best;
He only wins, who plunges in and in,—
And prays,—the while he bares his naked breast.

QUESTIONING?

Could I but know why we were called to life;
If I could read the purpose in the plan;
Then might my pen with wondrous words of **might**,
Pour forth its message to unfolding man.

No matter where we question in our grief,
No answer ever comes to check our call.
The sun—the stars—go on in silence deep;
The earth—the waters—silence—silence—all.

ANSWERED

The key of life, dear heart, is in the living;
Why should we seek behind a curtained door?
To live each day, with its own store of being,
This—this is life; why should we ask for **more**.

Man asks and answers his own questions;
Life solves its problems only as it goes;
Each day is proved by its own pain or pleasure;
Is measured by its treasures or its woes.

The whole of Life may be in one hour's passing,
Or it may drag through endless years of **strife**;
Oh, not in asking, Heart, but in the living,
We find the pathway to the larger life.

BELIEF

Life is not a weary way,
If the soul that seeks each day,
 Only knows it.

Things may seem forever fixed,
Life be full of gloomy tricks;
But there'll be an open way,
Leading to a brighter day,
 If we know it.

You may miss the prize you sought,
And in clouds of doubt be caught,
 Way below it.

But if you are true and brave,
Time will cash the check you gave,
 And bestow it.

Life is bound to pay in full,
This is God's own golden rule,
 And I know it.

So just wait with smiling face,
You may hate the slow old pace,
 But don't show it.

THE CLEARER SIGHT

If it were given me to ask one blessing,
To crave one gift from the great power above;
I would bend low, and in a deep appealing,
Beg for full consciousness of Universal Love.

Sometimes the wrongs of earth seem so appalling;
The curse of birth almost makes death a bliss;
Hearts ache and break, and life seems hopeless striving;
And Right, and Love, are hid in human mists.

We need a sense of Universal justice,
To lift our heart to where it soars and sings;
We need a consciousness as high as Heaven,
To see *all life* as LOVE; all men as kings.

UNANSWERED

I cannot tell why the almighty power
Should send us through this human land of pain;
I do not know why life's brief fleeting hour
Should pass forever between loss and gain.

I cannot answer all this human thought,
That winds and winds, and keeps the soul from God;
But after all, I know there still is wrought
A path far greater than we yet have trod.

And over all the tangled maze of things,
There shines a faith that shoots life through and through;
And, knowing this, I have a heart that sings;
I cannot answer, but I can be true.

THE GREAT SECRET

No life can reach its fullest consecration,
While pain and sickness make its day a dread;
Freedom from pain, the body's limitation,
Must be the signal for the gifts ahead.

No life can scatter free the golden harvest
Of loving care, unto its fellow-men,
Until its own life bears the mark of conquest,
Which puts all lack of wealth beyond its ken.

We may be strong and rich and full of promise,
Of peace, of power, of plenty, gold and lands;
But, lacking Love, the measure still is empty;
Love, all must have to meet the life's demands.

We watch the weary hearts go on in seeking;
They sail the sea and cross the desert lands;
Unanswered yet, they turn away in sadness,
While just within themselves the vision stands.

Within the Self there is the land elysian;
Within the Self all things begin and end.
Health, Wealth and Love is but the quickening spirit
Which after while we feel and comprehend.

FREEDOM

Let those who will, believe the old world Law
That men were born to suffer length on length.
It is a lie! The God within us speaks;
We lift our thoughts and feel a new-born strength.

Our human life is but a part of each,
And life was given to use for truth and right;
Each man may claim the freedom of his speech;
He is a king, and rules with power and might.

We are the lords of all this lower world;
We make the laws by which our life has might;
And as the thoughts of freedom forth are hurled,
We build a world of peace and truth and right.

Oh man, a kingdom is within your soul!
A king enthroned with scepter in his hand!
Why slumber on in grief and tears untold?
Awake! God calls you; rise and understand.

LAW ETERNAL

The weary worker toils from sun to sun;
He sees the day begin and darkness fall;
His weary form goes listless to its rest;
Oh, what is life to him—for he must work.

Another sits alone at close of day,
And mends and sings a patient cradle song;
To-morrow has no hope, for hope is dead,
And life is naught to her—for she must work.

Another sits with weary aching head,
The heavy hours are racing with their load;
The fields, the flowers are calling to her soul;
But life is death to her—for she must work.

Dear God! when we look out o'er all this toil,
Our hearts will break if we do not find TRUTH;
For toil and pain and wretchedness and woe,
O'er brims the cup of half the struggling world.

What can we do to break the galling chains?
What can we say to ease the aching head?
How can we make the cradle song more glad?
Dear God, reveal: how shall our steps be led?



Oh, child, be still and hush your sad complaint;
God gave a world in which all men could thrive;
If out of this they fashion only pain,
Then God is God, and man must toil and strive.

Sometime, from out this maddening strife with things,
Man's soul will open wide its inner eyes,
And then the race will see, with vision keen,
That each alone is master of his life.

Then will the man arise, a king of toil;
The saddened wife come forth, a queen in power;
The aching head be pillowed deep in peace;
And man be lord of every passing hour.

COURAGE

What is it that the people need?
Is it dogma, form, and creed?
Is it pleasure, work, or play?
Is it an eight-hour day?

No, indeed.

It's courage—courage.

Is it for love the world is dying?
Is it for gold that hearts are sighing?
Is it wisdom lives are seeking?
Is it into truth they're keeking?

No, I tell you, no, ah, no,

They're hunting courage.

Human lives are weak and puny,
They are sad instead of sunny;
And as soon as troubles come,
They just turn their heads and run;

And the word they need to hear

Is courage—courage.

If mankind could only know
That the things which scare it so,
Are not really here to stay;
Time will chase them all away,

And the greatest bluff on earth

Is courage—courage.

Courage makes the skies turn blue,
Courage makes our dreams come true;
Courage makes us staunch and brave,
And we dare life's highest wave;

Oh, the conjuring word of words

Is courage—courage.

TRANSMUTATION

Like dew, which does not pass to showers,
But falls upon the radiance of the half-blown rose,
And touches it into a glorious beauty,
Are the silent tears which gather in the heart;
They do not fall upon the outward cheek,
But take their place in the unfolding soul.

Just as the eager seeking glances of the throng
See only perfect beauty in the rose,
And ask not how it came to smile on them;
So does the crowd of clinging, needy lives
Grasp after the ideals a great life holds,
Unthinking of the price it pays to know.

A rose—that's all the human life can see,
And yet in it is LOVE and LIFE and GOD;
A LIFE SERENE—that's all the human crowd can feel;
Yet it is ALL IN ALL, for it has passed
The great transmuting rod,
And lives and glories in the thing it is.

THE DEEP OF NEED

If I could dip my pen in living fire,
And write a message that could never die,
I would write one so full, so strong in feeling,
That every heart would answer to its cry.

I would not write of opulence or healing,
I'd leave these themes for others who had time;
But I would pour the very passion of my genius
Into a plea for justice for mankind.

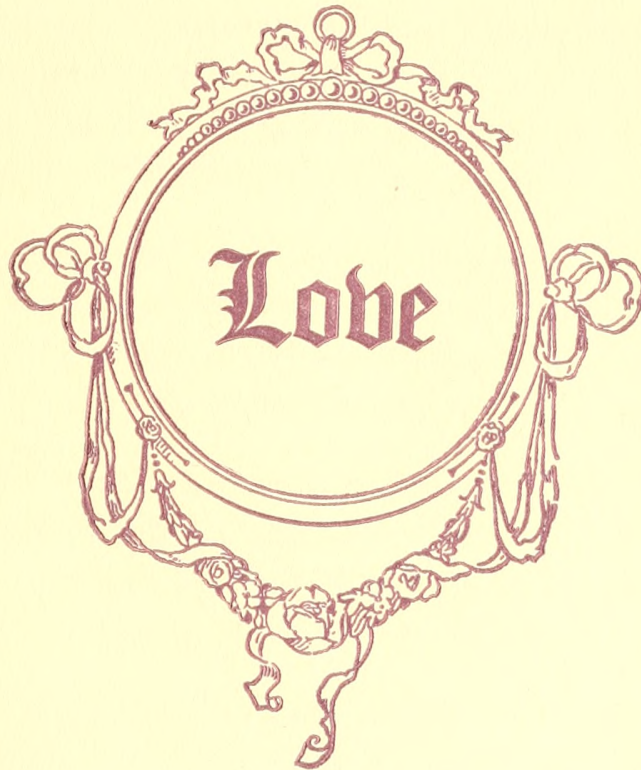
I'd write to teach each race its own dominion;
Teach it to know its own Divine decree;
King of itself—Lord of its own expression,
White, Black, Cast, Creed, or Color—free.

The races owe allegiance to one Father,
We all pass on under the *one law* of life;
No race is born forever in oppression,
Each life declares for its own peace or strife.

Justice is man's immortal birthright,
Whether he be of low or kingly birth.
Each Life has rights and in the great adjustment
There is no *high* nor *low* upon the earth.

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EVOLUTION

We have lived in a star in the solemn sky
Where the blue shut out the smiling earth;
Don't you remember, dear, you and I,
And we held the key to our soul's rebirth.

Up there your eyes have looked into mine,
Up there you have spoken your soul's deep truth;
Though you have forgotten that vow sublime,
It lives in the conscious Cosmic proof.

To-day there are pathways all unknown
Which have their birth in those dear dead days;
But here in the reaping we walk alone
And gather our harvest through winding ways.

There are ages between the past and now,
There are mighty cycles to come and go;
But between our souls is that deathless vow,
It calls to us and we hear and know.

We close our minds to the call of sense,
We open our lives to the voice sublime;
To feel, to recall, this is recompense,
And our *now* is alive with a thrill divine.

Across the ages you call to me,
From the heart of the NOW I answer your cry;
From the star-world lost to the one to be,
Living—loving—you and I.

PROVING

You said, "I love you, dear," with eyes aglow;
I said, "You think you do, ah, no, ah, no,"
For love is not a thing to take or give,
It knows no law, no plan, it only IS.

And looking at your smiling care-free face,
I know that love, in truth, has not yet come;
For LOVE has earnestness as its first grace,
It smiles, ah, yes, but through it shadows run.

Before we promise aught for love's dear sake,
We must know deeps of deepest truth divine;
For love is God, and God alone can take
Our human life and lead to heights sublime.

LIFE—LOVE—and GOD, is *all* there is on earth;
He who knows this has learned his lessons well;
Then when he speaks of love, in pain or mirth,
The soul will earnestly its message tell.

YOU

One day you came from out the misty past;
You spoke my name, I trembled at your gaze;
My sky grew bright that had been overcast,
I followed blindly, tangled in a maze.

My life had always struck a minor key;
I lived within the deeps of self and sight;
But when I touched the glory of your day,
There dawned within my soul a new delight.

And now my days are radiant as the spring,
And all my hours are full of joy untold;
Within my very being you are king,
Your call has made my inmost self unfold.

Together—after years of wandering!
Heart speaks to heart so each can understand!
Such rapturous hours as only love can bring!
We dwell in an illumined, peace-crowned land.

LOSS

I sit beside the silent stream of life
And see you drifting strangely far away;
Your life's frail bark can never stem the strife,
And yet no word of mine can bid you stay.

Your life is free to do with as you will,
I must believe this is the truth, I know;
Yet strange as it may seem, I'm clinging still,
My soul will not consent to let you go.

Dear God! what strange unwritten law is this,
That hearts may touch and love, then drift apart!
Is love a lie? Is there no human bliss?
What depth of hell is in the human heart.

I'm mad with misery of unanswered words;
I'm blind and dumb and deaf to life's true call;
If love is naught, where is the strength to gird
The staggering, blinded life against its fall.

AT-ONE-MENT

Long, long ago, in ages that are past,
Your life touched mine and Fate was ushered in;
We did not see that skies were overcast,
We only felt the mystic tie within.

We met, and looking in each other's eyes,
We read the message time could not bedim;
We spoke once more the language of the skies,
We sang again the soul's immortal hymn.

And then there came the lowering clouds of pain,
Our hearts were torn with misery and with strife;
We lost the path to peace and power, again
We wandered sad and aimlessly through life.

And then one day a clearer vision burst,
Our souls looked up with glowing eyes unveiled;
We saw the path wind upward from the dust,
You took my hand and led to steeps unscaled.

And now our way is overspread with light,
The Law Eternal holds unfaltering sway;
The Fate that held our life in shades of night
Is broken by the sun of Destiny.

SEPARATION

Oh, love of mine, when I behold your face,
My heart leaps up and all my pulses sing;
And, oh, that nameless "something" in your gaze,
It stirs the depths as rain-drops wake the spring.

So long this life has led our paths apart;
So long my heart has hungered for your smile;
And I have dreamed for aye this happy dream,
My life must find the love it lost erstwhile.

I look with glowing eyes into your eyes;
You do not see or hear my life's mad call;
You are asleep, while I have waked in pain;
I am as naught, while you are all in all.

Where did I lose you in that dear dead past;
What law eternal led your life from mine.
What mad wild choice; what darkening of my soul,
Has set for me this cup of bitter wine.

Ah—I have wandered back from my wild choice,
To-day the last great price has all been paid;
The drops of blood my tortured heart has shed
Have turned to gems that at your feet are laid.

Oh, love of mine; go on your way; be blind;
You are a burst of rapture through my strife;
You must awake some day and call your own,
Then I will answer you—life of your life.

INSPIRATION

There's a wonder of love in the world around us,
I hear its note in the wild bird's songs;
A hint of the joy that somehow surrounds us,
And all of life's glory to us belongs.

We are never alone in this world of beauty,
All joy, all pleasure is bounded by thought;
The ALL-LIFE bestoweth with boundless measure,
With the fulness of loving our life is fraught.

All earth is aglow with the wealth of loving,
It is scattered over the world's wide way;
It reaches the edges of human night-time—
It spans the gateway of endless day.

RECOMPENSE

I know not where, I know not when
My life shall meet that love sublime,
That fills the soul with rapture dreams,
That makes the human half divine.

I only know that never yet
My life has found what others find,
The human love that speaks to peace
The fretful fibres of the mind.

It may be I shall never know
The thrilling clasp, the clinging kiss,
And wake to life's compelling power
Along the paths of human bliss.

But standing in the eternal NOW,
I do not dread the years to come,
For this I know, I hold the power
To make the Cosmic Love my own.

What matters then the gain or loss,
A few short years and all is told;
The human love is but the dream
That helps the inner life unfold.

And knowing this I touch the deeps;
My soul sings loud its rapture songs,
The great God Love has blessed my life—
The great God Peace to me belongs.

TRUTH

Yes, it is so; I gave my life to you
And gladly said, "for all Eternity."
And you; you took the gift I gave so free
And said in thoughtless tones, "Eternity."

And now—I take my life from out your life
And put it back into the great within;
Yes, you have failed to keep the test of love;
You lost your chance, as men oft lose who win.

A woman's love, it is not much to gain;
But it is all in all to have and hold;
A soul paid down is worth another soul,
And less than this is grief and loss and pain.

God gave a precious gem into your hand,
Not to be worn as beggars wear a crown;
A woman's living, loving, giving heart—
It was too much—how could you understand!

To give for all Eternity means to believe
Life for a life the higher compact is;
Not one to give, the other to receive,
But equal in the union angels live.

"Eternity"—'tis easy to repeat—
But, ah, the price—you reckoned without cost;
But now the debt my spirit owed is paid;
I own my soul; and love cannot be lost.

POSSESSION

There is within my very heart of hearts,
A shrine so sacred that its presence there
Is never known, except to God and me,
And hidden deep within that silent spot
There lives naught else except thy smile and thee.

Thy face—it comes before me now;
I see the rapt sweet dreaming of thine eyes;
I see thy smile—I hear thy whispered word—
I touch thy lips—and heaven about me lies.

Oh, deep within the heart of deepest being,
And folded far from touch of human sight,
This gem of love forever holds its gleaming,
It shines, clear, radiant, full of burning light.

FULFILLMENT

I think, dear heart, of long ago,
When you and I stood face to face;
We knew not then the future years;
We guessed not then the coming days.

Oh, what is love, we eager asked;
No answer then our senses blessed;
We guessed not then the tangled way,
The living lie—the endless quest.

The years have passed since that dear day,
And we have slaked our soul's fierce thirst;
But life is still a jungle way;
Unanswered yet;—what is it worth.

But after all our cup is full—
For love has led us all the way;
And through its tear-stained burdened leaves
Love's book has still its golden ray.

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GOD

There is an essence; a triumphant power
That trembles wildly through the human mind;
A fragrance touching every passing hour,
Which every hungering life may seek and find.

It touches grief and bids it pass to joy;
It breathes its breath upon the lips of pain;
It radiates a peace without alloy;
It makes each tragic loss seem greater gain.

It is a sweet, exalting, rapturous thing,
Unseen by human eyes or held by hands;
Its gleaming heights with wondrous music ring;
Our very Self has reached the glory lands.

There flows through all, this essence from above;
Men touch its heights while walking on the sod;
And human hearts so touched have called it LOVE,
And loving human hearts have called it GOD.

SATISFIED

Life was a barren sea, bitter and deep;
The emptiness of years lay on my soul;
An awful loneliness, a pathway steep,
And haunting shadows kept me from my goal.

Ah! strife and pain and loss were all I knew—
I could not see nor hear my Father's will;
And darker grew each hour my whole day through—
I staggered on in blindness—hushed and still.

And then—you came—and all my world grew sweet;
In your great self I saw the way, the life—
Across my life's deep chasm Love could meet;
It bridged the past—it set me free from strife.

God spoke to me again in your dear tone;
I heard the message only He can send;
And now—I am alone—yet not alone—
For GOD and *you* are with me to the end.

POWER

There is a consciousness of greater being
Which comes to every soul that seeks the light,
And through this higher tide of conscious seeing
Is born the glory of Divine delight.

Then up we look with calm and perfect vision,
We see earth's trials and know its wild despair;
But through it all we read the wise decision,
The guiding power, that leads to heights so fair.

There is no need of effort or resistance;
Each life is in its own appointed place;
And in this consciousness of God's assistance,
We find new power, and see Him face to face.

HOPE

Life may be born anew in realms of power,
The past be hidden deep by golden gleams,
The future glow with promises anew,
And life be glad and ever what it seems.

Life may be long and love a seeming dream,
But God has set His signal on our way;
And following Him, we ford the wildest stream;
We find at last a peace-crowned, perfect day.

Oh, blissful hours when God speaks to the soul!
Oh, rapturous days when love has gained its own!
The record of ourselves is on the scroll;
We gather up the harvest we have sown.

So sing, oh soul, in maddest notes of joy!
Oh, tremble, heart, in ecstasy complete!
There is a peace which time cannot destroy;
There is an hour when life and God may meet.

UNFOLDMENT

There is a deep sweet sense of inward power
That somehow seems to gather in the soul;
It seems so strange and vibrant, like a flower,
As one by one its petals sweet unfold.

At times there is the vastness of the Silence,
And often it is calm and just and great;
And then again it glows in fierce defiance,
And dares all dangers that it may lie in wait.

I wonder when the mind will learn the secrets
Of that strange something deep within the breast;
I wonder when the longing soul within us
Will find the words its purpose to express.

A PRAYER

Dear God, it seemeth such a dreary pathway
O'er which Thy children pass with unshod feet;
Grant us who wear the white cross of Thy healing,
A balm to soothe their bruises—and the heat.

Teach us to lay all life against Thy bosom;
Teach us to pluck the thorns from crowns that press;
To speak the word and give the touch of healing,
And light the lamps that lead to paths of rest.

We ask Thee now for that Divine unveiling
That sees all life serene and strong and free;
Oh, touch our hearts to heights of love unfailing,
And make our human life the path to Thee.

WISDOM

Sometimes life's gloom lies heavy on the heart,
Sometimes we cannot hear the guiding voice,
For bitter tears have blurred the human sight,
The path is lost—we wander through the night.

Ah, life is hard and God seems far away,
No answer comes to lead us to the light;
We walk alone through hours of senseless pain,
The heart is numb and all is empty gain.

Then through the gloom there breaks a radiant light,
We see the path again to heights afar;
We follow—strangely led o'er broken steeps,
God holds our hand, our steps He knows and keeps.

In the God-life there is no loss, no gain,
But every step our human feet have trod
Is but the echo of the Cosmic call;
Oh, dry your tears, you are a part of all.

OSCAWANA-ON-THE-HUDSON

There's a gleam of blue in the sky above me,
A whispering sigh to the trees belong;
There's a droning bee in the blossoms near me,
A note of joy in the wild bird's song.

All life is clasped in the arms of pleasure;
All things respond to the earth's warm fold;
It gives of itself in the wildest measure,
And love's sweet story is ever told.

My own life throbs with a beat of glory,
It answers madly to every call;
Oh, the joy of living—the rapturous story,
The sense of at-one-ment, all in all.

I reach out my arms to Life, the lover;
I sink my soul in a perfect bliss;
Nothing can part us—nothing can sever,
Was there ever a moment as sweet as this?

Oh bird! oh bee! oh beautiful flower!
Oh sky, with your cover of light Divine!
You are only a picture of Heavenly power;
You are only the link of God's life with mine.

EXALTATION

Sometimes the soul is stirred with a deep joy,
So still, so wonderful, it has no word;
A power which earthly things cannot destroy,
A hushed sweet rapture, where no breath is stirred

There is a shrine within the heart so still,
That silence trembles lest it wake a sound;
A place of peace that knows no law, no will—
It only IS—a holiness profound.

Oh, God, Thy temple is so great, so high,
Thy spirit leadeth ever from the deep;
And my fond heart forever hears Thy cry,
Lead on, dear God, I follow steep on steep.

DEATH

Sometimes I think of that great world beyond,
And I grow timid and my heart is faint;
For looking forward to that hour to come,
I wonder what there is in store for me.
I know I have a record close and fine,
And all my life is rightly written there;
And I must stand and open one by one
The fast-sealed leaves and read them, false or fair.
And then I grow so reckless at the thought ;
I'm not afraid of any hidden law ;
I made them all and read them here on earth ;
Why should I fear, they are the things I sought.
I know God's law, and when I touch the shore
And swing ajar the bolted door of death,
I'll find within the threshold still,
A justice land ; a fairy paradise—
And all the records I have written there,
Will seem as naught to my enraptured eyes.

DREAMS

I dreamed a dream, that on some quiet day
When I had paused within my world of strife,
That God would send His holy angels down
And teach me Truth of God and Love and Life.

And one day, in the silent hours apart,
There came into my mind a strange wild strain;
It played on all the chords of soul and heart;
It seemed like dreams of peace in nights of rain.

It seemed a chorus from celestial spheres;
Yet through its strain the human cry was sent;
I listened, dumb with rapture and with tears,
All heaven and earth in wondrous chords were blent.

I tried to tell the message God had sent,
To show *all life* as ONE—no right, no wrong;
But, ah, the veil between is not yet rent.
I wander dumb with wonder at the song.