

under heaven's blue canopy, and with such surroundings, they would fall upon his ear like sounds from another world, to which the prolonged threefold blasts from the silver trumpets of the priests would seem to waken him. And they were sounds from another world; for, as his father would tell him, all that he saw was after the exact pattern of heavenly things which God had shown to Moses on Mount Sinai; all that he heard was God-uttered, spoken by Jehovah Himself through the mouth of His servant David, and of the other sweet singers of Israel."<sup>84</sup>

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A WOMAN FREE.

*A Woman Free and Other Poems*<sup>1</sup> is a collection of verses by Ruth Le Prade with an introduction by no less a personage than Edwin Markham, and indeed the verses before us do not lack poetic inspiration and originality. Perhaps it is characteristic for the authoress that she seeks for freedom and does not know what freedom means. She declares her freedom saying:

"I am a woman free. Too long  
I was held captive in the dust. Too long  
My soul was surfeited with toil or ease  
And rotted as the plaything of a slave.  
I am a woman free at last  
After the crumbling centuries of time.  
Free to achieve and understand;  
Free to become and live."

This is perhaps the historical explanation of the development of woman and she now becomes typical of "the free woman." Further down she joyfully exclaims:

"I am the free woman,  
No longer a slave to man,  
Or any thing in all the universe—  
Not even to myself.  
I am the free woman.  
I hold and seek that which is mine:  
Strength is mine and purity;  
World work and cosmic love;  
The glory and joy of Motherhood."

What is the woman free? Her sympathy is broad. She says:

"I have loved winds that wander, tossing the trees, tossing the silver leaves;  
Touching my body softly or with rude strength;  
Blowing thru my hair; saluting me and passing on.

<sup>84</sup> A. Edersheim, *In the Days of Christ*, pp. 108-109.

<sup>1</sup> *A Woman Free and Other Poems*. By Ruth. Published by J. F. Rowny Press, 937 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

"I have loved flowers that blow :  
Silver lilies, purple poppies, orange flowers, honeysuckles, pansies, lilacs,  
geraniums, violets.

"I have loved winds that wander—  
But I have loved men more.  
I have passionately loved the flowers : poppies, orange flowers, geraniums,  
violets—

"But more passionately have I loved the human flowers :  
The babies, the little children, the schoolboy and the schoolgirl, the young  
lovers, the old lovers, the mother, the father, the worker.

"Because I have clasped hands with nature I can clasp hands more know-  
ingly with man.

.....  
"Oh more than everything have I loved man.  
I have loved man more than God—  
For man is God made manifest."

"I am a woman and I love :  
I am a woman and I love—  
Not one man only, but all men ;  
Not one child only, but all children ;  
And not one nation, but the world."

One poem ends with the italicized lines :

*"There is no price too great to pay for love.  
It is not possible to love too much!"*

Her patron saint is Whitman :

"Dear Father, you called for those who were to justify you.  
Behold they appear!

"Oh why did you ask to be justified?  
To the understanding you are already justified ;  
And to the rest you can never be.

"Does the earth need to be justified? or the sun?  
Wise men once said the earth was flat.  
The earth in its greatness was silent.  
And if I, gazing at the sun,  
Contend it gives no light—  
I merely prove myself a fool."

Our authoress is rather hard on the dry professor and devotes these lines  
to him :

"I said to the dry professor,  
In the midst of his dust and cobwebs :  
'There is something higher than reason.'  
He laughed, thinking me a fool.

"Oh these exalters of reason, of the cold intellect ;  
These worshippers at the tombs of the dead ;  
These men of petty vision and of rules !

With dead languages, dead philosophies, dead thoughts  
 They shut themselves from the sunlight,  
 And demand that others do likewise.

“They are but ghouls  
 Feasting on the dead.”

Possibly the professor praises reason as the best methods to argue about the truth, but he may after all know that life is worth more than an argument about life, and the health of the body better than an essay on health.

Formerly the body was regarded as the seat of sin; the “free woman” praises it saying:

“I sing the beauty of the body;  
 The body of the man, of the woman, of the child,  
 The body of youth, maturity, old age.  
 I sing the beauty of the body,  
 The human body strong and potent,  
 The human body marvelous and strange!”

There are more poems containing the touch of true poetry such as lines on the caged bird and the caged tiger (pp. 45-46), the serpent in the grass (p. 54); on “the pane of glass” between the hungry man and food (p. 61), or “the man and the mirror” (p. 62), or “the flower of love” (p. 68); but we must leave them to the reader to find out that the free woman has a heart as good and womanly as ever a woman had. We will conclude by quoting the last poem, “Out of Chaos,” which refers to the European war from the standpoint of internationalism:

*Out of Chaos.*

“I sit alone and gaze over the world,  
 I see Europe ravaged by the Fiend of War.  
 I see the whole world tremble 'neath its feet.

“I see the men of Germany hating the men of England.  
 I see the men of England hating the men of Germany.  
 I see them butchering each other upon the bloody fields;  
 Dropping bombs upon each other;  
 Killing each other with poisonous gases.  
 I see the men in the submarines sinking the huge vessels.  
 I see the people leap into the black water—and disappear.

“I see the race warring against itself  
 With all the hellish cruelty of civilization.

“Each nation prays unto its God for victory.

“I see the harvest of the thing called Patriotism  
 Which was planted in the human heart as good—  
 But which yields only race hatred, murder, cruelty, bestiality, ignorance.

“I see the harvest of the thing called Nationalism  
 Which sets the nations at each other's throats.

“I sit alone and gaze over the world,  
 Filled with unutterable anguish, dumb with pain.

"I sit alone and gaze over the world.  
And then my soul is lifted in a mighty shout  
Prophetic of the unity of man.

"I am a child of the world.  
I owe allegiance to no country more than another country;  
To no flag more than another flag;  
The boundary of no nation hems me in;  
And I love no race of people more than another race of people.  
All humanity to me is sacred,  
And all humanity is one.

"(Shall the head be at war with the feet;  
And the hands seek to tear out the heart;  
And the organism through ignorance destroy itself?)

"Oh a man is a man!  
He is sacred and marvelous.  
It matters not where he was born;  
Or the language that he speaks.  
His blood is precious.  
His flesh is wonderful.  
He is the child of God.

"I refuse to be robbed of my sanity.  
I refuse to murder my brother—who is part of myself.  
I extend my hands to him saying,  
'You are my comrade and I love you.'"

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MYSTICISM AND MODERN LIFE. By *John Wright Buckham*. New York: Abingdon Press, 1915. Pp. 256. Price \$1.00 net.

Dr. Buckham, for many years professor of Christian theology at Pacific Theological Seminary, has contributed largely to the modern literature and thought relating to mysticism in the religious life. He says at the start that this volume would not be so forbidding to the casual reader if he had substituted "religious experience" for the much abused term "mysticism," but he uses the latter because he wishes to write of exactly that intense and significant type of religious experience. He defines mysticism as "spiritual enlightenment," and quotes among others Pepper's definition, "the realization of one's self with God." He says it is very near being synonymous with what is known as personal religion. "Any one who has, or believes he has, a direct experience of God is to that extent a mystic." Dr. Buckham is doubtless justified in saying that it is by confounding mysticism as a whole with its exaggerated forms that certain popular misconceptions have become widespread and are not easily uprooted. A mystic is not a mere visionary. "Don Quixote is too far from genuine mysticism to be even a parody of it." In a chapter on "health mysticism," Dr. Buckham calls attention to certain inconsistencies of Christian Science and similar mystical cults that over-emphasize the physical and material.