

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE WANDERLURE.

BY LOUISE MALLINCKRODT KUEFFNER.

O for the aches and joys of the wanderlure!

A law is held deep in the core of things  
That the "God" would be "I," that the "I" would be "God";  
That all things urge and flow and seek,  
That the world evolves to greater and greater growths.

The birds and the streams and the tireless wind—  
They are wanderers all,  
I hail the buoyancy, strength, and joy of these wandering things.  
I too am of you, and drink the rich red wine in your love.

All things lift wings for the heaven-blue faraway,  
Where dwell the Ideal, and bliss, and love, and "God"—  
But man, strayed stranger, with eyelight blurred, too often lifts but  
listless uncertain wings—

O Heart, rekindle the Light that we lost as we grew to be Man!  
Help us to find—Self's vision—the kingdom within—  
So may we find the homeward way and the far homestrand we have  
left!

Ah, blame men not, that, yielding to the homewoe's ceaseless urge,  
They yearn from land to land, from fruit to fruit,  
Seeking ever the golden shores of desire;  
For the lore which they learn: that no fruit can fill—  
Is proof of our birth as the sons of infinite God.

And some of us feel the urge as a vague unrest in the marrow and  
blood,  
And follow the thousand voices of flowers and birds and streams and  
men,  
(And oh, they are fair)—  
Now hither, now thither, and live the vagabond's restless life.

And some of us give the seeking a shape.  
As gold or fame, as wife and home and child, as life's labor loved, as  
the Grail's red heart;

And anon, grown weary of change, or the stranger's cool or bland or  
bitter words,  
Hearing the still insistent voice of mere four walls and soil become  
dear.

Feeling the pull of yearning roots scant-earthed,  
We long for rest—ah rest—and think we have found what we sought—  
(But deep deep in the soul the urge still lives).

Ah, let not me ever be fain to lie still and dream the dream of the  
lotus-land;

Nor, though I live not the vagabond's careless fevered life,  
Let me ever forego the joys of the wanderlure!

Through all life let me be the Wanderer still, and follow the soul's  
faint gleam to the end;

Through all life let me keep my faith

In the deep blue distances of dreams and desires and beauties not  
known, and the old old trail of the homeward quest!

A Wanderer? Yes; and yet,

With the great Form of the Whole close-clasped in my heart,

Let me feel at every moment, too, God's breath the One and the All,

The great world-breath in which is held all time and space,

And in which the wanderlure is at rest.