

HIDDEN SPRINGS

JENNY O'HARA PINCOCK

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JENNY O'HARA PINCOCK

HIDDEN SPRINGS

A Narrative Poem Of Old Upper Canada

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JENNY O'HARA PINCOCK

author of

"TRAILS OF TRUTH"

(PUBLISHED POSTHUMOUSLY, 1949)

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DEDICATED *to* NEWTON

FOREWORD

This brief Foreword is in affectionate remembrance of Newton and Jenny Pincock. Newton's father and my father were Newfoundland clergymen, sometimes occupying adjoining circuits, so I had every opportunity to know the son in a companionship, which continued to ripen after he came to Canada and right through to the time of his passing. Following his marriage to Jenny O'Hara of Madoc, Ontario, I was very frequently a guest at their home in St. Catharines. They had worked out for themselves a philosophy of life which brought serenity in the midst of unabated illness. They spent many hours relating to me their spiritual experiences, and I could not but admire the way they bulwarked themselves against suffering by the steadfastness of their faith.

These poems, written by Jenny in the years following Newton's departure, are songs and exultations deeply transcendental, somewhat in the manner of George Russell with the recurrent *motif* of the Oversoul in Nature and Life. Newton became as real to her as in physical existence, and, when she joined him a year or so ago, the journey was like going from one room to another in the same family dwelling.

Hidden Springs is a story told with tenderness and simplicity. The reader must assume a belief in psychic manifestations to overcome any sense of incredibility. With that assumption the tale becomes not just an account of a dream, but a description as natural as that of a search in daytime told by a friend in whose sincerity and truthfulness one absolutely believes. This effect is deepened by the absence of any laboured attempt to prove a point. It is like hearing the voice of your friend when you are certain that he is within hail for an answer.

E. J. Pratt

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The following story is authentic and based upon psychic manifestations of prophetic symbol, materialization (two), North American Indian prophecy, and visions of sleep.

J. O'H. P.

HIDDEN SPRINGS

HIDDEN SPRINGS

by

Jenny O'Hara Pincock

Canada West it was called, Ontario province - - -
Candle-light and oxen, flint-spark flashing,
Hemp and wool homespun, and the hum of the spinning,
The crack of the musket's aim, and the hardy heaving
Of hand against the mighty stump and stone.

Dim against the forest gloom the starlight
Cross-stitched a rail fence, the clearing
A quilt, cut from out the wilderness
Whom time had wedded down unbroken ages.
Forests there partook of bosoms flowing
With rivers, of hills that paced the sky in vastness,
High filled with glory where the hardwood flamed.

Against the darkening hemlock, spruce and pine-tree
Prophetic lay the clearing. An infant cycle - - -
The coming of the white man and the dooming
Of forest folk and the wilderness - - -
Bore heavy down, and little low-filled moanings
Of frightened things were echoing mother-cries
Deep in the primal heart of Canada.

.

Upon a leathern hinge the door flung to
And let the starlight in. "I think me, James
The frost is growing fast upon the air.
'Tis well the corn is harvested, and grain
Fills the new log shelter in yon gloom
To overflowing. Shall we draw the chair
And pile the corn husks high - - of other year - -
Upon the stone? ^[1]Saleratus is low
Within the box. I deem it well we'll need

Corn bread before the coming of the cold.”
Gently the door closed out the stars but held
Within the warm reflections of the hearth;
Shadows with arms outstretched caressed the walls
Of log, and drew both James and Mary close.

And when the cobs upon the stone burned low,
Piled criss-cross at their feet, and turned to ash,
She caught the raising up and stored it dry
Within a wooden box, for cake and bread.
“Perhaps”, she said aloud—though it was her wont
More often to impart her thought to James
Unspoken - - “Perhaps some news will come to bear
Of all our children. Harriet, you know,
Loved the corn bread. You remember, James?”

For long the squire - - for so was he appointed
By government a justice of the peace,
His court within the four walls of his cabin
Revered by wandering white and Indian,
By redmen deeply loved, for justice there
Upheld them equal to the white intruder - -

For long the squire held fast his gaze within
The great log’s burning. “Mary wife”, he said
At last, so low the very shadows ceased
To play their sunset game upon his hair,
Silver against the fire light’s ruddy glow,
“Mary my wife, the wilderness we know
Is like the restless ocean, calling, calling - -
Yet locks like death the continents apart
Until, like death, men learn the laws of God;
Thought-principles both hold and loose the chain!

Far Vermont was my home, yet save by skiff
And horse when I returned to link the years
(And birch canoe between the forest portage),
And save by visions in the night, vouchsafed

By gifts such as St. Paul described, I heard
No news. Hold fast to dreams and symbols given
To men by angels since the dawn of time
When dire distressed. Our God He changeth not,
To Him a thousand years are but a day!

Four falls of leaf have passed since Harriet
Loved bride, our daughter, westward rode away
With Thomas Wood, her man. The wilderness
Is vast between Wisconsin where they dwell
And our low door. To-day - - -"
He paused and strove to blow to warmer gleam
The embers. Dark, too dark, the room; as if
His mood already boded ill and caused
The fire to numb the flame before it flicked
The air.

“Today were signs as truly given
As were to Samuel before anointing Saul,
Or to Ezekiel, Daniel or Job,
Elijah or Elisha. The seers of Pharaoh
Interpreted such signs as heaven sent,
Even to common folk like you and me,
To whom a sign from the Invisible
Is as a violet in the Spring’s first blushing,
Beautiful! a thought of God revealing.
And so my faith holds firm.

Thrice today
A phantom stood where no man ever trod,
Upon the marsh’s trailing treachery,
A lure of blooming! One would never dream
Death lurked beneath the bog! The oxen started
And would to run had I not held the yoke.
Thrice a raven circled like a sign
About the moon when veils portend the storm,
And thrice it croaked its vulgar omens
Until its passing in the afterglow.”

Then Mary took his hand and held it firm
Where gnarled the knots of muscle and of vein,
“James, my James, let us once more to rest
Between the homespuns. Deep the feather bed
And grateful are we to partake of these;
Our God hath given angels charge of us
You know, in all our ways. Let faith be strong
And He will make His willing clear in time.”

The sand upon the mantle dropped the hours
That breathed beneath the banking of the fire,
And tired oblivion held in deep repose
The cabin

“Mary!” Soft it fell from James,
Soft as petal falling on the frond tip
Of fern, or snowflakes on dried meadow grasses
When breath of morning stirs. Then her eyelids
Broke their trance-like slumber. James was upright
Off his pillow, gazing in the gloaming,
No further signal passed between them, save
The press of hands beneath the counterpane
To hold awareness close

There before them

Swayed a form gently, like white birches
Against the cedars when the moon goes out,
Building by its will and silent longing
Pregnant with necessity. Then
Within its arms a child lay cradled, lifted
Toward them now, beseeching as it faded.
James had risen, donning heavy clothing;
“Lo! a summons, Mary, sent by heaven,
Harriet has child and needs us sorely,
I cannot sleep me longer. Let us rise
For I must go and seek her in Wisconsin!”

Soon the hearth was blazing. Mary’s fingers
Flew to grasp the things of James’ needing,

All the winter lay ahead in journey,
Many months of travel through the forest,
Who would know when once he trod ^[2]Wisconsin
The time of search and waiting ere he found her?
Indians said as vast a wilderness
Stretched unbroken as in Canada West,
Untrodden save by trails the redmen knew!

Dried venison and cakes of maple sugar,
Herb for flavouring heated broth, and plants
Medicinal, their uses gleaned from Indians;
Corn just dried above on hearth stone rack,
Homespun blankets, powder-horn and flint-stone,
All were placed within the basket woven
By Blacksnake's squaw when she attended Mary
In her first travail, never realizing
Posterity would mark the date and naming
Of James' namesake, the first white male-child born
In all the country north of Moira's waters
Lapping in the shadows of her ledges,
Where Indian wigwams sentinelled the approaches.

When the time had come for parting, Mary
Smiled up at him leaning from the saddle,
Smiled up at him peering down upon her
To search her face intently; then the candle-light
Touched the tears that glistened through her lashes
Softly, gleaming like twin stars of Gemini.
"Be not concerned about me, James, this winter,
Blacksnake will provide meat from the forest
When he returns before the winter's storming;
James and Jane dwell but a few miles northward,
Wheat and corn are ready ground for baking,
Wool in plenty carded for the spinning,
Wood is cut and piled high for the fireside,
What need I but your thoughts winging toward me?
Night and day I shall be praying for thee!"

Upon her head he pressed a hand in blessing,
‘Naught shall harm thee. He hath given His angels
Charge to keep thee safe in all thy ways.’
Then his horse led outward through the clearing
Toward Orion fading in the gloaming,
Leaving morning crimson on the ledges.

.

Many moons of travel heading westward
The squire was guided by the dials of heaven
And by his knowledge of the moods of storm
And sunlight, wind and frozen crevices,
Of animals and birds.

The towering heads
Of hemlock pointed always toward the east,
And moss grew on the north-west side of pine,
And when the beaver builded high his house
It proved fore-knowledge of the degrees of cold
To come, lest frost should fasten firm the latch
Of his front door beneath the ice’s clamping.
An open winter was not presaged for
The nuts hung heavy on the hickory.
These signs to him were chartings of the pulse
Of Universal Life, its rugged heart-beats
Upon the records of the wilderness,
Leavening subconsciously his thought
Throughout the years, as much himself a part
As sight or sinew; senses by necessity
Developed and by observation strong,
And truly welded

So was he at last
Guided to an Indian encampment,
The stars foretelling at the time the nearness
Of the Christ Child’s anniversary.
There it was he told the white man’s tale
Of Bethlehem, and of three medicine-men

Who followed a star until they found, within
A bed of dried grass, a papoose who grew
Both kind and fearless, blazing straight a trail
To the Great Spirit's tepee.

Solemnly before

The camp-fire's glowing rose a Chippewa chief
And nodded gravely. Upon his beaded forehead
Pointed his white prayer-feather, to the Manitou
High in supplication, for prophecy
To be proclaimed must prove its power and fill
The white man's heart with peace - much peace - for so
He sensed the stranger's need upon his way.
Then in Chippewa tongue the chieftain spoke,
Dulcet was its tones as mourning dove
And to the squire familiar, for its music
He learned to love when often redmen frequented
His cabin home within the wilderness.

“Always the mighty Manitou guides the mocassin
Of the white father. Blazed are his tortuous trails
And led by ministrations of the spirits;
As waters seek their home within the hillsides
So shall his white papoose, like Bethlehem's,
At last be found.” Slowly intoning he pointed
The feather down, in faith of the fulfilment.

Then the night wind played upon the pine trees
A song of murmuring and slumber crept
Upon the fading twilight, and they slept.

[1] Process of making soda for baking.

[2] A state of the Great Lakes region.

PART 2

September held wild festival with fields silver at sunrise

And molten gold at setting in the clearings of Wisconsin.
Flocks of Canada-geese high, too high, winged southward,
Honking their fluid flights through funnels spilling over;
Skyways were blotted out with blankets of passenger pigeons
Painting monastic shadows on purple forests trailing
Beneath them. Many a pioneer rested with anxious gaze
Upward, forecasting a winter clamped desperate in arctic fastness.

Clumps of low log-cabins lay cluttered within a valley
In the midst of stumps and rampikes charred and stark of foliage
And feeling. Fluttering wings avoided the desolation
Of cross-saw and canthook, pike-pole and jamdog,
Broad-axe and jackscrew, knock-downs and boomchain - - -
Save the owl, and the croaking of the northern vulture and shrike - - -
As if the harrowing life had tempered a hardness there
In the hearts of the inhabitants, who measured their own morals
Like their great-grandfathers in Salem, by hide-bound creeds and dogmas
Reeking of righteous virtue.

Apart in the fading forest

With Herodian zeal and a clergyman - - to give it the sign of the Cross
And lay the ghost for the living - - a group of men were filling
A harlot's grave. Much care must needs be taken for sign,
Sight or vestige of the vampire must be harrowed and raked to oblivion.
"The child be a nuisance, no respectin' person would house it with
youngsters,"
And another; "Let the settlement give it for its keep to a wandering redman!"

Swift was their duty performed, and fitting to the faithful,
While yet the child clung close to the coatsleeve of a stranger
Inviting himself and his wife to partake of the meagre refreshments
Within the deserted hut. "And whose child can this be?"
He asked his wife. Then she drew her skirts about her, rudely
Pushing the clinging hand from its grasp upon her husband,
"'Tis the nameless child of the woman, what say you will become of it?
How old are ye, brat?" she asked, and the child made answer, "Mary."
"I said how old are ye? You have no name with no father!
Don't ye know your age?" And the child replied, "I'm three."

“Three? Ha! Now listen ye, brat of a harlot, you’re five
If you’re a day, with them knowing eyes, too knowing like your mother!”
Frightened the child held her kitten more firmly, hiding her face
In its fur. A parley was held in the hut and her fate decided,
The stranger would keep her (and later, if he wished, give her to Indians)
For the heifer that once was the harlot’s.

Then high on a horse and away
They rode. The world was most wonderful up where the wind caught the
clouds
And chased them, waving the grasses as if they too were on horseback
Gallop - - ing, gallop - - ing, gallop - - ing!

.

It was after the yule log’s burning. Above in the loft frost fingers
Crept across the floor, a plank each day toward the heat-hole
Above the kitchen fireplace. Annie, the hired girl, below
Was clearing the trenchers of leavings of the wild turkey and stuffing
Of butternuts. Little ribbons of maple still were shining
On top of the snow in the noggin, crinkled and temptingly
Clinking to the stab of the mistress, curling about her fork,
The colour of the copper kettle that hung on the crane in the firelight.

Now that the dinner was over Annie warily lifted
Her eyes toward the hole in the ceiling, a warning finger poised
Mid-air. Then the mistress’ footsteps were heard approaching the fireplace,
And Annie started to sing the beautiful words, pretending
She never tip-toed up the ladder toward the trap-door
With a crust beneath her apron, nor slyly stuck her head
In the loft with a laugh, and a wave of her hardened hands, perhaps
Just in time to exchange a whisper before disappearing below.

“Yes, we’ll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows from the throne of God”.

Once Annie said the kitten was with mother Over the River,

Why couldn't one go visiting close to the throne of God?
It sounded comfortable. The tick in the loft was straw-filled
And hard, and every night the wolves howled in the wilderness
Just beyond the logs. Annie was lifting the trap-door
Now, "Ye poor little foundlin', eat! Ye have eyes like an owlet
And ye grab each morsel of food like a vixen without manners!
See! I'll pull the straw-tick nearer the hole, but I warn ye -
Sleep! No more whimpering or the mistress will come and whale ye!"
Annie disappeared and locked the trap from the outside;
How then did grandfather, without disturbing the hinges
Stand at the foot of the tick? He was smiling, white hair all over
His face, as mother described him. "I knew you would come for me
grandpa!"
Down below the mistress heard the cry from the darkness
And thrust a stick through the hole and rattled it horribly,
But it wasn't so lonesome now. Grandfather was coming.

.....

Still another two moons moved across the twilights
Of winter in Wisconsin before the squire had woven
Meagre information. From settlement to settlement
He wandered always asking, "Have you heard of a woman and child,
Perchance a motherless child, of my daughter from Canada West?"

At last he was led to the cabin wherein above there was shrieking;
A woman answered his knocking excusing the noise by declaring
The child was taking molasses and sulphur distasteful to her.
Bending, the squire crossed the threshold. Then above him a cry rent the
cabin
Loosing within him emotions from hidden springs deep and primordial,
Welling unbidden. "I knew! I knew you would come for me, grandpa!
It's Mary!" He leapt to the ladder, and the child through the open trap-door
Sprang to his waiting arms, and he knelt with them closed round about her.

PART 3

Fourteen summers now was Mary, mirroring

All the thoughts of life that coursed about her,
Love of night and starlit silences
Laving her in mystic radiance,
Child of soul and soil was she, and calm
As Moira's waters imaging deep the moods
Of cloud and sky. Like the forest foxglove
Stately, yet withal a twinkling laughter
Born from song of birds and rhythm of trees.

Sometimes when the night had wrapped the westwind
All about in purple dusk and dreamings,
She would stand alone beneath the starless
Canopy and sense the urge of wings
Above her, pulsing errless in migration,
Following the thoughts of the Great Spirit
Flowering on the unblazed trails of air;
Why had not her father thus been guided?
Why the tears of Harriet, her mother?

Sometimes, too, she pondered on the possible
Coming of her father; if returning
Would he claim her as his own, and she
Be to him a daughter, forced to leave
The loved abode, the lapping of the waters
And Moira's meadows? Then would the squire reply,
"Child directed to me by the angels,
Fasten always faith upon the future - - -
Faith in the fulfilment of their planning!"

.....

The Fall had garnered well with flaming wings
The children of all the trees deciduous,
And carpeted the far-flung wilderness
With tapestries of gold and bronze and blazing
Crimsons, sun-flecked where the shadows dance
Among the temples of the evergreens.

When one night a frost hung in the gloaming,
The gate in Squire O'Hara's garden opened
(Fragrant-filled before the falling leaf
With apple and wild plum trees hanging laden)
To a stranger's faltering footsteps, heavy
With fatigue and limping nigh to fainting.
Seeing his distress the squire ran to him;
"In God's name, Thomas, where in all the years
Have you lingered? Mary! Haste! The Spring!"

Flashing on her errand like a fawn
Affrighted, knowing only that a turmoil
Trembled within her at the name of "Thomas",
Mary soon returned, the dropping dipper
Overflowing as the surge within her.
Then the stranger caught her mother's likeness
And sank upon a stone to fortify
His failing strength.

For long a silence fell,
The elder Mary directing all their labours,
Bathing hands and face and stimulating
Circulation as the Indians taught them
Long ago.

When the wanderer woke
From exhaustion and partook of food,
He told of how he joined a company
Faring onward for new fields to furrow,
Planning to return first fall of snow,
And in the spring with Harriet trek westward.

But a fever fell upon him, leaving
(After many weeks in Indian encampment)
Blank his mind of all the past, his memory
Numbed and gone. Years of wandering followed,
Goldfields in the south, and Mexico,
One night in a dream a face appeared,
The face of Harriet. Like a trap

Recoiling from a tautness terrifying
His memory returned, the tenseness falling
Full away, but leaving an awareness
Of agony for Harriet, his bride.

Not one day he lingered after the vision,
Often failing strength would hold him prisoner
Until his faith revived the flickering spark
Of life. In all Wisconsin he could find
No trace of Harriet, and so had turned
Eastward into Canada West, praying
God would blaze the trails of his wandering.

James and Mary then, before the firelight
Took his hands, worn with weariness,
“Thomas, bide ye here with us and welcome,
Harriet would have it so - - - at last.”

.....

The sands had dropped a century of years,
Lacking but seven, upon the shores of time,
When Mary the child told the tale of Harriet,
Her mother. Stately still was she and calm,
Though on occasions in the telling, impassioned,
A light as of a shekinah playing upon
Her face, perhaps for only eyes to see
With gift of comprehension. Then she said:

“For many years I sought my mother’s grave
In vain, that I might mark it with a stone.”
Rather let this story be your heritage
From Harriet. Write thee well the words
Within and at its close. “He shall give
His angels charge to keep thee to the end.”

PHILOSOPHY

YOU BROKE THE TRAIL

You broke the trail when deep the forest hung
In matted boughs, through gnarled, untrodden ways,
You always broke the trail. Those summer days
The blazer that you wore flashed bright, and flung
A deeper blue than bird of indigo
Through wilderness of green. It often lost
Itself in winding maze. Then I would call
And pause to catch the cadence that would fall
In stillness only northern forests know.
Far ahead would come your answer, tossed
As if the forest folk were listening too,
But nearer to the cove where waiting lay
The cabin low, and little birch canoe,
“This way to home, love - - can you hear? - - - this way!”

Now you have left to break the Greater Trail
And vast the blue that wraps you round. The night
Can hold no fear nor faltering footsteps fail.
Sometimes I hear, O soft! though out of sight,
Your loved voice calling, gentle as on sail
A breeze might blow to tint a tender light,
“This way to home! this way - - the trail is bright!”

FOOTHILLS

“In those days men will seek death,
But will not find it.” Revelation.

The valleys of all the new and yester-years
Stretched endless toward the foothills of the dawn,
Onward and up. Beyond, each minute and hour
That pulsed between the Infinite and Now,
Was spaced by seconds ten thousand years apart;
Our span of earth spread low, a vale of fears,
Though over life, even bird and tree and fawn,
Flamed love, unfolding fragrance as a flower.

Time's varied trails led on beyond our ken,
Numberless as stars that strewed the greater vast,
And each trail's length a living soul's progress
From worlds that were to all the worlds to be;
Each willed his way, a self-determined path,
But where love was denied, there trails of men
Grew dark to eternal plan, and lurid cast
Lowering clouds of sorrow and duress.

Law undenied - - relentless Cause and Effect - -
Flowed freely down from deeds men willed to be,
And frequent flung its fruits to men unborn
Who in their day the fevered course must break.
“Does Infinite Love the innocent life take?”
High rose the cry above the ancient storm,
Not knowing men progress when men are free
To recreate the world that men have wrecked.

Then veils that hid the future's secret awe
Rolled back their portals' purple tapestries,
As if by silent yielding to a thought
From some Arch-angel's concentrated peace;
There moved mankind, both saint and criminal,
In splendid robes of ecstasy *self-bought*,

And in that gloried breath I grew to see
The plan sublime of life and love and law.

THEY HAVE NOT DIED

A voice from the unseen sang low,
And stilled in ecstasy, I heard
Sweet fragrant tones, as of a bird
Singing, hidden, drawing high
My winged thoughts unto its sky.

A beloved voice that bade me know
Of light, of majesty and gain,
Of life not lost, in soft refrain
Calling across the veil, of peace
And hope, of heaven and blest release;

Of soldier souls that smiling go,
And how immortal minds take wing,
On transcendental thoughts and fling
Aside the low, of love between
Two worlds spanning the unseen;

Of sacrificial mounds we know
That hold no soul, our fancied time
A second sounding out a chime
Celestial, our fortunes free
And glorious immortality!

O souls that sink low-winged in woe,
O hearts that hold no hallowed light,
Who hunger, craving clearer sight
Attainable yet self-denied,
O World! our warrior loved draw near,
They live and laugh, unconquerable - - here,
They are not gone, they have not died!

WHEN I PASS ON

When I pass on what I have hoped will be,
For hope is but the budding of a morn,
A promise, threshold, subtle inner key
To all attainment. Acts are hopes thought-born,
And thoughts creators of reality,
We are inspired, like birds on upward wings,
We visualize, and lo - - material things!
Reflections of the real we fain would see.

For ere these purpose-pictures of the will
Are flashed across horizons incarnate,
They were fulfilled in worlds invisible,
Wherein is fed a flame insatiate;
And there a voice, "Be strong," it quickens, "we
Are one, strive on to infinite mastery!"

CONSCIOUSNESS IS SPACE AND TIME
NO EMPIRE HAS

Consciousness is space and time no empire has,
Within eternal frequencies we move
Self-sentient slaves to waves of sight and sound,
Clay-cumbered, manacled, and call it 'time',
Sleeping within life's womb and knowing not.

There is a birth that blossoms on the wind,
That frees as fancies flung from deep desire,
And souls that tremble in time's womb shall find
A larger sun-lit way for goal and mind,
Shall leap to catch its warmth, as flame to fire.

Time, a cocoon, is for our passing woven,
A dream whose waking plumbs a deeper vast,
We *thought* before mortality was chosen,
Back of a pre-born past.

Though sense and time cry, "Why the Hun and hate,
Why the agony, and where the goal?"
I cannot doubt my mastership of fate,
Nor bind my boundless soul.

I will not start nor stumble 'neath the wrong,
Nor drink the draughts that lurk in mud and mire,
Fingering with faltering touch a broken lyre,
Forgetting heights majestic, mind and song.

I hold it true free-will is God's revealing,
Arch-angelship the goal, our bodies dust
(But for our time the mystery concealing),
That God is love, that love is law - - and just.

For I am Will, and I the master; time
Craves no empire save by thought winged free,
I ride victorious winds of day and hour,

And claim the triumph of eternity!

THE RETURN

This was tomorrow once and tomorrow is always,
All yesterdays are today and will be forever,
Though the sun rise only in Egypt or Alaska
Or backwards circle through the cosmic blue.
Life like a mosaic glows, infinity
Breathed in beauty. We view only in part
Our earth, nor circumscribe its radiance,
Nor call complete its planning. How can birth
Begin that which always has been? How death end
That which always shall be?

Fools we are!
Remembering not our decision at conception
To circumvolve our souls with laws called physical,
To beat against still another dimension - -
The earth - - our souls for nobler mellowing!
Remembering not the smiling farewells flooding
Our departure upon the magnetic streams
Of love's desiring!

Even as we swirled in vortex
We called back: "Angels be to me
Until as victor I return! My mission
Fortify, that fear of death be shattered
With the accursed creed of sleep until a future
Resurrection, and the creed of hateful hell,
Though mercy endureth forever and forever!"

This I called back, and more I feel I called,
"Let light break the mysteries through ages accumulated
By dogmas preached in error, with ignorance wed
By false loyalty to a written word.
Man has no language even untranslated
That can express the subtleties of *all*
Of spirit and of truth, though inspiration

Flows directly from the throne of God.
I shall return though life on earth be called
A span of three score years, I shall return,
I shall return - - - *Today.*”

January 1945
Written after Myrtle's passing.

WEIRD IS THE SPELL

Where the old barns loom in the north light
Once there were cattle, and callings
Of men at milking, and whinnying
Of horses listening for footfalls,
Waiting the hand of the master
Who always kept faith in the gloaming
On warm flanks, with low voice and soothing.

When the old barns melt in the north light
Darkness and silence and loneliness
Press like a pall, and the present
Drifts into dream. Realities
Other than earth rise for utterance,
Surge as on bird wings uplifted.
Vast as the caves whose creating
Thundered and boomed to the sea waves
Ten thousand eons in making.

Weird is the spell of the north light,
Space and time are illusions,
Cosmic seconds whose fingers
Flash on the face of eternity.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Dim shadows on far shores, through mists of rain
A light of love serene I sense again,
I fling to you in triumph
Love-gladdened days,
Jewel-crowned, aurora-tinted
Memories.

Dim shadows on far shores, the veil is thin,
I see your faces smiling through again;
The light is breaking - - breaking
Across the sea,
And now your loved hands beckon
Back - - to me.

Sun-drenched, O golden glorious living Love!
Grey veiled mists are gone,
Below - - above,
For truth, tolled long, has burst the bonds of night,
There are no dead,
O world - - - -
Let there be light!

PAEAN OF ETERNAL PLAN

Little Butterfly,
Frail flower on wings,
Thy golden flutterings
Flash like fevered hopes and dreams to be,
Fade not upon the shadowed frieze
Of memory!

Stay - -
Wee galleon of life, and free,
Art drunk with thy new birth
Whose reality
Drowns the dull dream of grovelling worm
And grubbing form?
Hast thou memory
Of silent shroud that bore thee liberty?

Speak - -
Paeon of Eternal Plan!
Thy passing, like a mighty span
Lifts doubt from dark and lowering sea
To mountain peak!
O Emblem of Immortality,
Can Law that clothes thy gloried ecstasy
Fashion me?

BITTERSWEET

Like the bittersweet some women are beautiful,
Sparkle and nod,
Swing free in the sun
Certain of admiration,
While the arms they choke and twine about
Bend to lift,
Heavy with weariness,
Their prayers etched in rhythmic monotonous
Across the sky.
“Strength! Strength! The burden!”
And the wind blows,
While the bittersweet lolls
Languidly.

Some women are like the bittersweet,
Parasite with red blood,
Certain of admiration,
Though roots deep down
Hidden, abiding,
Suck for sap
To support them.

I'd rather be
A thorn tree,
Alone - - -
On a hill,
Stark and warped,
Chiselled in silver moonlight
Like frozen wind
Against the night.

NATURE

PRAYER OF A PINE TREE

Presence that bathes the purple twilight hour,
I droop my weary ruggedness before
Thy golden rifts of love that linger long,
Even as echoes when the lonely loon
Calls to crimson sunset, lake and hill,
Tremble and are still.

Might of wind and Mind of Majesty!
Sway my arms tomorrow at Thy call,
I, who dwell apart on this bare rock
Of limpid umber and of burnished shade,
Lift my head at dawn to sentinel
The lone canoe upon its portaged way,
To shelter tender wings their wanderings
Each new day.

Then when fleeting shadows fade and fall,
When night drops low, and yonder cabin fast
Becomes a memory laden with a song,
Let my vigil long a solace be,
For there two souls have seeking, found at last,
Love and laughter, peace - - - and mystery.

FOREST THOUGHTS

Stalwart souls that silent stand, and bend and bless,
Free me of my fears and all unworthiness,
Pervading power, breathe on me a perfect peace,
Your poignant thoughts unloose, like love
That seeks release.

Fashion me by your thousand prayers that fan the skies,
As stars of twilight, whispering, hush the day that dies;
And when at night the storm clouds gather, guard my way
Dim shadows, sentinels against
The coming day.

For trees like angels bless and whisper, bending low,
“Clay-bound your eyes if you would falter, trembling so,
Blazed are life’s trails, and lo - - there we stand by
Within the shadows, smiling, beckoning
Toward the sky!”

LIKE FALLING STREAMS

Like falling streams freshening
Soft shadowed farmlands,
Up where the mountain mists
Fade - - and are still,

Like forests green waving,
Fanned by some Over-Lord
Breathing on mortals
Deep in the lowlands,

So are the thoughts
From the Infinite flowing,
Who would not dwell there,
High, where the light streams?

Lone though the glory,
Deep the desiring
For creedless companions,
Conventions and dogmas
Unregimented!

Who would not dwell there
Alone, where the light streams?

LAUGHTER ACROSS SUNLIT WATERS

Laughter across sunlit waters,
The fragrance of song in the moonlight,
Thoughts, unrevealed, of red roses full blown
And wafted on dreams of the west wind;
Such tune our souls to the Infinite,
Sharpen to subtle awareness
The senses of spirit within us.

Lo, in the twilight about us
Pulsates an exquisite presence,
Down through the dream-laden, hushed filled darkness
Voices melodious are vibrating,
Majestic, eternal, triumphant,
Bridging the inexorable silence,
Calling in tones loved and loving,
Caressing souls shadowed in sorrow.

Listen who faint by the wayside,
Listen to song and to laughter!
Limitless life flames symphonic about us
Fashioned by love never ending,
Lyrics of law sway about us,
Living, etheric, enduring,
Fear not, nor falter, beloved,
Listen! - - - God's Angels are near us.

STORM TRYST
(To Margaret Fairfull)

I long to drift in the lea of land
Where the strong hills left the sky,
To will my canoe over mirrored tips
With my paddle idling by.

But the Lord of the water, the Lord of the hills,
The Lord of the air and the deep,
The Over-Soul Lord of the great Everywhere
Has willed me a storm tryst to keep.

So I laugh at the wind when it beats and it breaks,
And the green waves snarl and snap
At my little canoe as it dips and it banks
Each cavernous green-frothed gap.

I laugh at the echoing cries of the loon,
At the storm's craven cadence ascending
To souls long lost on the last portage
(Mountains and moons without ending).

I laugh - - for beyond the last turn there's a trail
That keeps tryst with the shore and the sea,
Where the Over-Soul Lord of the great Everywhere
With my Love will keep tryst with me.

MILLBROOK MEADOWS

It's June in Millbrook Meadows,
And down the old farm lane
A tumbling Bob-o-link high trills
Through glancing bows of rain
Above the lush of lapping,
Where watercress and stone
Melt in mist-wrapped dreamboats,
Lulling low-toned dreamboats,
Shifting, drifting dreamboats,
Calling home.

The little brook holds magic
Reflecting flight and song
Where pixies lilt in laughter
Astride each dreamboat thong,
They tinkle tiny thought-bells,
And dapple them in blue,
Then tune them low in tonics
To dreams come true!
They dart about in dreamboats,
Swishing, swaying dreamboats,
Linking happy memories
With dreams come true!



MILLBROOK MEADOWS

THE HILLS OF HASTINGS

^[3]I know a place where breathe the silences,
Where streams hold converse with the pine tree's reach,
With broken bracken and with towering trails,
Where float the milkweed folk on eager wing
To catch the fairy wanderings of a cloud,
Up where the wide world's arms, encircling
The hills of Hastings, veil the door of Heaven.

I know a place where forests flame in heartbeats
Of hills - - - the Hastings hills! Where muted dreams
Lift like fountains shattering silver thoughts
Deep in the blue, to touch the Gown of God.

^[3] County of Hastings, Ontario, Canada, which lies on the fringe of the Laurentian Hills.

DO SHADOWS CREEP THROUGH
SOULS OF PINE?

Do shadows creep through souls of pine
That sweep a little cabin's air,
I wonder? Miss they silent tread
Where moon-mist streams on forest bed,
A hand upon their weathered bark
When thrush is still and trails grow dark?
In melting dawn, or high-noon glare?

Do shadows creep through souls of pine?
The present there in passing - - - seems,
Like drifting petal have I caught
A tremor, as of forest thought,
For shadows creep through souls of pine,
And peace unfolds a realm of dreams.

HYMN OF ALGONQUIN PARK

God of all living creatures
Guarding the vast everywhere,
Bless Thou Thy fox in his hill home,
Bless Thou Thy beaver and bear,
Bless all Thy wild-weary children,
Expressions of Thee, every one,
Soon may humanity's concept
Transcend the trap line and the gun.

Thy wandering canoe and portager
Who roam Thy broad valleys and streams,
Who glide over lakelands in sunlight
Or skim them mist-laden, like dreams,
Who sing with the pines and the hardwoods,
Who leap in the health giving spray,
Watch over each wanderer's sojourn
Throughout all Thy playgrounds, we pray.

God of the living in uplands,
God of the life in the air,
God of the lake and the forest,
God of the great everywhere - -
May Canada's beckoning northlands
Inspire all who long to be free,
Seekers of truth, may their labours
Turn earth into heaven's sacristy!

THE SOULS OF THREE TREES

The souls of three trees went soaring aloft
To seek lone shelter from storm and strife,
The first found hold in a field at night,
Among green growing things, and soft,
And tall it grew, and dark and still,
A sepulchral emblem on a tear-drenched hill.

Down the misting lanes of a melting moon
The March wind blew on softening wing,
And morning broke, and a living thing
Lay mute and quivering, and about to swoon,
And white it grew, and slim, and fine,
In the cradled arms of a sun-drenched pine.

Then the Spirit of Night, in a silver gown
Of shimmering dreams and silent prayer,
With a little lost seed swept low, and where
A mountain shadowed a starveling town
It grew, love-drenched, an angel's throne
Where God keeps watch above His own.

SONGS

[4] I BEHELD THE BLOOM OF A
THOUSAND BLOSSOMS

I beheld the bloom of a thousand blossoms
Banked against a burning sky,
I saw the tender elm tips tinting
The flame of a cloud, as I passed by.

O Soul of mine, unfettered, smiling,
When the glorious gold of the night is past,
And the din of the day has died - - - in the doing,
Will you take me home, at last?

[4] Set to music by Aileen O'Hara Vanderwater.

PRAYER AT DAYBREAK

Reach out, O seeking soul of mine, reach out
Far in thought-forests of infinity,
Touch thou some secret spring of spirit fire,
Then through the awful silence - - - tenderly,
Prayerfully, fearlessly,
Implant another tiny seed of truth
Within this templed clay of mine - - - today.

HARP ON A HILL

My heart is a harp on a hill,
The soul of the world is a song,
The hum of a million thoughts thrum low
In the hush of a waiting dawn.

My heart is a harp on a hill,
The cry of the world rings long
Down the ether streams, and night's dark dreams
Pluck on the strings - - - and are gone.

[5] A HEALING HYMN FOR HOSPITALS

God of all lands, we humbly seek Thy blessing,
Grant us Thy presence everywhere this hour,
Breathe through each life Thy fire divine, O freely
Quicken our faith in Love, Thy healing power!

Space there is none, for thought, Thy force supernal,
Faster than voice doth pierce the ether night,
Love-laden power! each healing thought a magnet,
Potent, triumphant, glorious in Thy sight!

Bless all who seek Thy help in meditation,
Far-flung though many flaming altars be,
Lead them to know that even as the sunlight,
So may their thoughts light up that silent sea.

Radiant we come, a happy human family,
Thy healing ministry goes forth from Thee,
Hearing Thy call we go upon Thy wayside,
Bless Thou our works for Thy humanity.

[5] May be sung to tune 'Peek'

THE PICTURE

I saw a tree look up to God,
I felt it quiver in the sod,
A bird of gold on tallest tip
Sang to the blue enframing it.

Then deep within the eye of mind
I placed the picture, there to find
On darkest days, when clouds ride low,
The glory of that summer glow.

And now I often, like the bird,
Sing in my heart the song I heard,
And O! the rapture of the frame
That trusts, until it shines again!

A SONG

We heard an angel sing one night
When the world was hushed, and a holy light
Of love was hung in the hovering gloom
Of doubt and death.

And now we know that angels smile
When souls faith free (creed-crushed the while),
Go laughing, winging, soaring, singing
Up to God!

NEW YORK NIGHT
(From a Fourteenth Floor)

I stand in a dreamland of God,
In the tumbling heart of a town,
Where rumbling roar and restless feet
Surge ceaselessly up and down - - -
Surge ceaselessly up and down
A mile or so, at my feet,
And a window'd world of a million fires
Fling their labyrinth lights to a million stars,
Like quivering codes of a million prayers,
Where Heaven and earth - - - - meet.

I move in a thoughtland of God,
Monuments molten by mind,
Materialized visions, swung through the blue,
Vitalized, vivid, recaptured anew!
Skyscrapers, they call them, man-made alone,
But to me they are dreams, jewelled in stone,
Symphonies, dramas, flashed from God's thoughtlands - - -
Magically sown.

FOR CHILDREN OF THE SUNRISE
AND SUNSET



STORY HOUR WITH JENNY O'HARA PINCOCK
and her Story Book Children

RADIO

A little angel in the realms of light
Had been very good, so God said,
“I shall find you a teacher all shining and bright
Who will take you down to earth to play
A radio game with your little sister - - -
All day.”

Now, this little angel slipped from sight
On earth one night,
Before she had heard a singing bird,
Or the soft rain patter, like laughter and chatter,
On a shingle roof.

But very soon she learned to dial
Her little earth-sister, the sweetest thoughts
Tuned to a smile,
Like a radio game of hide and seek,
Though not quite the same
In heaven.

Sometimes the little earth-sister would cry
To her chum, Margaret, “O my!
I’ve the grandest idea! Let’s play heaven!
You be an angel and I’ll be me,
And we’ll go sailing, trailing, sailing,
Trailing, sailing over a sea - - - -
A blue, blue sea - - - - to a far, far shore
That veils the sky from our front door,
And never get wet, not even the tip
Of the top of our toes - - - -
One bit!”

OUT OF THE DAWN

(To Little Colleen)

Little One, Little One out of the dawn,
Why skip you thus over the lawn
Like fleeting dream or fairy fawn?

Up to my face her soul blue eyes
She lifted, in wondering surprise,
Then shaking the curls from their golden bed,
And nodding her child-wise little head,
“I might step on the dandelions!” she said.

DID YOU EVER?

(To Little Colleen)

Did you ever see the music waves
That play a summer shower?
Did you ever smell a happy smile
Or hear a crimson flower?

Did you ever touch the fairy flutes
In a fountain's magic light,
Or catch the dream-thoughts drifting
Through a garden - - - Sunday night?

Did you ever follow flights of love
In rainbow streams ascending,
Or sense the songs the elms sing
With radiant sunset blending?

I'm sure - - aren't you? - - the things we hear,
And think, and do, and see,
Will someday all together play
Our spirit's symphony!

NORTHERN LIGHTS

On the tippiest, tippiest top of a Tamarac tree
I spied a little elf, and he spied me,
For the moon was riding low, and the summer night afar
Was filled with northern lights, and a great white star.

I tip-toed to the Tamarac and I tapped the trunk of tan,
And whispered to its shadow, just before it jumped and ran,
“It’s only me, dear shadow, can you tell me, please, just why
I cannot reach that elf that swings against the midnight sky?”

The shadow dipped and curtsied, so I melted close beside,
Its arms so soft about me that I just leaned hard - - - and cried,
Then I felt the Tamarac tremble and I heard a voice cry, “Hop!”
And there was I beside the elf, on the tippiest tip top!

The world up there was crystal bathed, and sparkling like a sea
Of dancing, flashing rainbows, and I felt all hushed and wee,
“Shall I forget, O little elf, this magic spell was spun?
I’m sure ’twill seem quite silly when the world is bright with sun!”

The elfin voice was tingly as he tripped an elfin lay,
And he turned ten elfin somersaults before he paused to say,
“We never war in elfland, we’ve no money here, you see,
Your world looks just plain crazy from my tippiest Tamarac tree!”

LITTLE FAIRY OF GLENGORRA

There was a little fairy, little fairy of Glengorra,
Fashioned in a glowing gown of webs and diamond dew,
That sparkled with a thousand thoughts of laughing, dancing lily-bells,
And tinkled as she tripped beneath the tree-tops where they grew.

I've never been to fairyland, Glengorra's smiling fairyland,
Except in dreams when drowsy elves delight a fairy dell,
They sprinkle you with a star-mist and purple lights of flower-glow,
So you can learn their language, if you promise not to tell!

One night the little fairy, little fairy of Glengorra
Brought twenty million moonbeam sprites to lighten up my way,
They led me down a portage of forgotten songs and poetry,
And tied them fast with dream-bows in my hair, so they would stay!

And then we sang them over, all Glengorra's lovely poetry
Of dreams forgotten, danced them on a waving moonlit sea,
And when I woke to find the sun was peeping through the branches
The fairies and the songs had fled - - - and left just only me!

GLOSSARY

BOOMCHAIN

A chain attached to floating logs to intercept or confine timbers, saw-logs, etc.

CHIPPEWA

A tribe of Indians of the Algonquin stock that hunted between Lake Erie and Lake Superior.

CRANE

A support for kettles in a fireplace.

JAMDOG, PIKE-POLE, CANT-HOOK and JACKSCREW

Lumbermen's tools used in handling logs.

MANITOU

Among the Chippewa Indians the word for Great Spirit or God.

MOIRA

A lake of two basins just south of Madoc village, in Hastings County, Ontario, Canada. Moira river drains into the Bay of Quinte.

NOGGIN

A wooden vessel, mug or tub.

PRAYER-FEATHER

The position of a feather in the head-dress of an Indian was symbolic. Erect on the forehead the feather indicated a prayer for strength, insight or truth; pointing down from the back of the neck a petition for peace, or an acknowledgement of its acceptance.

RAMPIKE

A dead tree of great height and prominence which may, or may not, have fallen.

SALEM (Massachusetts)

The following appears beneath an old oil painting hanging in the Senate Chamber of Independence Square, Philadelphia. "Belief in witches was common in Europe at the time of early settlement at New England and soon spread to America. The first was at Boston in 1648 . . . Any excuse might condemn a person, and to ye witch finders any blemish such as a mole on any part of ye body served as proof of guilt. In 1692, 360 persons had been hanged, tortured, or named for arrest by full sanction of ye clergy. The excesses of this year, however, aroused at last the intelligent minority who then put an end to ye whole inhuman business."

SALERATUS

Pioneer women used this term for the cooking soda which they made from the ashes of corn cobs, and sometimes from a gray lichen or moss. The latter made a darker bread.

SHEKINAH

A radiance symbolizing the light of the divine presence. Artists have depicted it above the heads of saints and the Christ.

SUGARING OFF

A custom in eastern Canada called "sugaring off" is the boiling down of maple syrup until it may be poured in crackling ribbons on a pan of heaped snow. This syrup may also be stirred in a saucer until it forms a creamy cake of maple sugar. The making of maple sugar was taught the white man by the Indians.

TRENCHER

A wooden plate for use at the table.

THE WILDERNESS

The unbroken, primeval forests wherein no sun could penetrate--except in beaver meadows or on elevations overlooking an expanse of water--was so called by the pioneers.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The speech of some pioneers who came to Canada West, now the province of Ontario, was touched with a quaintness born of the Quaker movement further south. This simplicity of language was not a dialect nor did it in the remotest degree suggest illiteracy. Some Ontario pioneers were children of officers of the finest British stock who were unable to return to their motherland after the War of Independence and who passed on to their children, born in the new world, their own culture and education. These children, many who became the first pioneers of Ontario, brought their books into Canada West, donated the first school sites, hewed the first school houses and boarded free the first school masters--historic facts well worth preserving.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Hidden Springs* by Jenny O'Hara Pincock]