

Twixt Beulah Land and the Celestial Country

By a river bank I stand, gazing at the land on t'other side,
Then looking at the land, where present time I stand
And all is fresh and free.
In this place there I abide, e'en to the river side
'Tis full of woods and meadows all of beauty,
But as I gaze across, my soul is at a loss
To decide which should be my home.
On this side Liberty, ever should I be free
To sow and reap what I have sown,
To toil and struggle e'er, though I should get nowhere—
All things I can here call my own.
But should I cross this stream, strange as it might seem,
I'd be a slave forever and a day,
A slave to God and love, and heart and life and truth.
The beauty there is not of trees and fields,
But all aglow in white, an indescribable ~~(this last word not clear)
Bathed in eternal light.
My soul says, "Thither, go! There all that you may know
And do, 'tis the Lord's!
The wind there is Inspiration,
The work one calls 'Salvation,'
The food is Revelation, Love and Truth.
No more you bathe in rivers, but in God's love forever,
And purified forever thou shalt be,
Unless like Lot's wife thou turn,
And for this land you yearn,
Remember Orpheus and Eurydice."

This land is called the Mind, whatever here thou find
Is all thine own.
Sow and thou shalt reap, sin and thou shalt weep,
Learn that this is not thy home.
Yes, whatever its beauty, and all that thou lovest best,
These it cannot give you: Peace and rest.

Go! God calls you over! World thou another lover?
Be His slave, and you will be more free,

There stand Job and Moses, Elijah reposes,
Go! Where could'st thou better company!

Oh my soul forever! Cross then now this river!
Your true home is on the other side
Fear not now nor turn thee! Forget thy past and learn thee,
God is there—His arms are open wide!

Written as I awoke January 14, 1925