

HEART LINES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649302727

Heart Lines by F. A. Van Denburg

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

F. A. VAN DENBURG

HEART LINES

*Not in }
L
4.29.05*

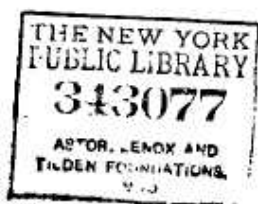
HEART LINES

FRANK }
AUGUST }
BY }
F. A. VAN DENBURG



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press
1904
O.F.

Copyright 1904 by F. A. VAN DENBURG
All Rights Reserved



Printed at
THE GORHAM PRESS
Boston, U. S. A.

TO MY MOTHER

Now passed to her reward, the best earthly friend and confidanté I ever knew, who shared in and encouraged my good ambitions, who guided my youthful footsteps in the paths of that virtue of which she was a powerful exemplar, whose blessing still rests with me as a halo over my head, and whose memory still lingers with me with an invigorating influence, is this volume of "Heart Lines" dedicated.

PREFACE

In presenting this my first volume of "Heart-Lines" to the public, I do so rather reluctantly, for I know that the throbs which come to one's heart when filled with an overwhelming emotion, cannot be fully realized by the reader in the lines which are presented for attention. But I trust you will bear with me when I say that these lines were written from the deeper feelings and impressions of my heart, and I trust they will reach the reader in the same spirit.

"Oh heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

There are reveries which come to each of our hearts when alone. Sometimes they come from what we have heard which has impressed us, sometimes from what we have seen, and sometimes from our own meditations of things in our own heart, so that we can understand Jean Ingelow when she says:—

"When I do sit apart
And commune with my heart,
She brings me forth the treasures once my own;
Shows me a happy place
Where leaf-buds swelled apace,
And wasting rims of snow in sunlight shone."

If we will but meditate upon lofty thoughts when presented to us, they will lead us out of ourselves and into a higher plane of thinking, and we can truly say with Tennyson:—

“And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit’s inner deep,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows.”

With a full appreciation of all help received by me, I would acknowledge the aid in inspiration, theme and suggestion received from my friend and pastor, Rev. George Wood Anderson, (unknown to him) in writing some of these poems. This is especially so regarding “The Autumn of our Lives.” I had been trying for three years to write this poem but seemed to lack the inspiration to complete it. My dormant energies were aroused by his lecture on “Autumn,” new thoughts came to me, and with an energy which seemed irresistible, it was completed.

It may be that no great thoughts are expressed in this volume, that there is nothing which will lift the reader higher, that no one will receive comfort or cheer, but these lines will express my thought in publishing it:—

"Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine,
Though earth's old story could be told anew,
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine—
Though God did never man, in words benign,
With sense of His great Fatherhood endue,—
Though the life immortal were a dream untrue,
And He that promised it were not divine—
Though soul, though spirit were not, and all hope
Reaching beyond the bourn, melted away;
Though virtue had no goal and good no scope,
But both were doomed to end with this our clay—
Though all these were not,—to the ungraced heir
Would this remain,—to live, as though they were."
Jean Ingelow.

That these lines will drag no one lower down if
they do not lift them higher, is the earnest wish of
the author

Frank A. Van Denburg.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1904.