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EDITORIAL ON ALEX POSEY

A correspondent writing from Eufaula to the Kansas City Star says that Alex. Posey did not believe in God, or in the existence of the soul. This is too much. The editor of Free Lance is in a position to know something about Mr. Posey's belief, and the statement that Posey did not believe in God is an error. There is a more or less well founded belief that he was skeptical about orthodox religion, but he did believe in God, and in the existence of a soul.

Amongst his poems there is one little waif that was published some years ago, and he wrote it in our scrap book. It is there in his own characteristic chirography any one doubting it may come and see. The lines breathe a sweet message back from the dead. They whisper back from the gloom of eternal silence

and give hope to the friends of the poet. The lines are:

"When death has shut the blue skies out from
me, sweet daffodil,
And years roll on without my memory,
Thou 'ilt reach thy tender fingers down to mine
of clay a true friend, still,
Although I'll never know thee till the judgment
day."

Death "has shut the blue skies out" from him. The years will come and go, but his memory will be kept green. What daffodils in other lands will "reach their fingers down" in silent friendship for the heart that loved them, will never be known. He has gone to mingle with the elements and the Spring flowers will bloom above his nameless dust for a thousand years; yet that part of the man that his friends knew and loved is alive today, and will forever live. That soul that reveled in the beauties and spotless purity of the humble flowers of the wildwood, that soul that heard the voice of God in the wind, or listened to the pulsing throb of the world's great heart in the stillness of a summer evening, is a part of eternity and can never die. Posey loved the best and purest of God's creation. He loved the mocking bird that caroled him to sleep in the old home at Bald Hill.

He loved the shining reaches of Limbo creek that winds its way through the Tulledegan hills, but above all he loved to lie under the whispering pines of the mountains and listen, in rapt silence, to the crooning melody of the forest.

To him the sighing branches told tales of wonderous mystery. They touched his poet-soul with the magic of the wild, and lingered in his memory forever. They told him tales of ages past and gone, and lulled his soul to rest amid the Sylvan solitudes of the hills. He seemed to be on friendly terms with all the gentle spirits of the woods. He never felt alone when out in the pathless forest or seated on a bolder, feasting his eyes on the long stretches of yellow sand and limpid water of North Canadian. He was a child of nature, and had a soul attuned to all the sweet and varied harmonies of the universe.

He was gentle and kind to all, but most especially the helpless. He would not kill a bird or a rabbit. The shy creatures of the woods were safe from his hand. His name will live long on the lips, and his songs will live long in the hearts of men.