



The
Sweet-Brier Rose
and
Other Poems

By

Gertrude Woodcock Seibert



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AS A THANK OFFERING
TO
JEHOVAH GOD,
THROUGH WHOSE TENDER
PROVIDENCES
THE VERSES HEREIN CONTAINED
WERE MADE POSSIBLE,
THIS VOLUME
IS
DEDICATED

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by
GERTRUDE WOODCOCK SEIBERT

THE SWEET-BRIER ROSE

Beside my cottage door it grows,
The loveliest, daintiest flower that blows,
A sweet-brier rose.

At dewy morn or twilight's close,
The rarest perfume from it flows,—
This strange, wild rose.

But when the raindrops on it beat,
Ah, then its odors grow more sweet
About my feet!

Ofttimes with loving tenderness
Its soft green leaves I gently press
In sweet caress,—

A still more wondrous fragrance flows,
The more my fingers firmly close,
And crush the rose!

* * *

Dear Lord, Oh, let my life be so,—
Its perfume when the tempests blow,
The sweeter flow!

And should it be Thy blessed will
With crushing grief my soul to fill,
Press harder still,

And while its dying fragrance flows,
I'll whisper low, "He loves and knows
His crushed brier-rose."

January 26, 1909

KEEP SWEET

Soul, let nothing make thee fretful,
Nothing bitter or regretful.
Heart, keep sweet, keep sweet!
And all day long
E'en from the moment of thy waking,
Let a song
Keep welling from a heart that's breaking,
Soul, keep sweet, keep sweet!

February 10, 1915

THE HIDDEN CROSS

The multitude saw but the cross of olive-wood
The Man of Sorrows bore, nor knew how underneath,
Close-pressed upon His heart, a hidden cross He
wore,—

A dark and bleeding weight of sin and human woe,
Made heavier with the sentence of God's broken law,
And crowned with thorns of scornful and malicious
hate,—

A cross the world's Redeemer found on Jordan's
brink,
Nor laid it down until He came to Calvary.

Ofttimes it seemed He almost craved some human
aid,

Some sympathizing heart to share that cruel cross.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known

What time that cross bore heaviest on the yearning
heart

Of Him, thy King!—And yet, O, slow of faith and
hard

Of heart, "Ye would not,"—and the King passed on
His way;

And of the people, there was none with Him, He trod
Alone the winepress of this dark world's shame and
woe!

O, chosen three, had ye but watched with Him "one
hour,"

That awful night in dark Gethsemane, ye might
Have lightened some the cruel weight of that dread
cross,

Have known and shared with Him that agonizing
woe,—

Alas! Alas! Your eyes were heavy, and ye slept.
So now, "sleep on and take your rest," ye weary ones,
A holy angel's wing hath eased the hidden cross,—
Your Master, strengthened, waits that other cross to
bear!

Which cross bore heavier on the way to Calvary,—
The cross the cruel Roman soldiers laid upon
That Blessed One? Ah! no, it was the unseen cross
That crushed Him to the earth, that wrung from
those pale lips

The agonizing cry, "My God, My God, Oh, why
Hast Thou forsaken me?" In grief Earth rent her
breast,
The sun grew dark. 'Tis finished, and the price is
paid,—
The hidden cross had pierced that loving, tender heart!
"Take up thy cross and follow Me", the Master said.
Ah, yes, His faithful Bride must also bear a cross,—
The hidden cross, made not of life's vicissitudes
Alone, its ills and pain, its loss and poverty,—
The outward signs the multitude behold;
Ah! no, we follow in His steps, who went before
Us in the narrow way. We, too, must bear the woe,
Be touched with feeling of the world's infirmity,—
Its weary weight of sin and curse of broken law.
Let us, therefore, go forth to Him, "without the gate,"
Lay down our lives in sacrifice, spend and be spent,
And, while we clasp this cross more closely to our
breast,
Press on toward Calvary, for there our Bridegroom
waits
To take the cross of woe, and give the Crown of Joy!
March, 1902

"INSTANT IN SEASON"

If while I walk the busy mart,
I find there one whose fainting heart
By some kind, sympathetic word
To new life might be stirred,
Lord, help me say it now!

Or, if upon the thorny road
I meet another 'neath a load
Of sorrow, which my tears might share,
And thus the burden bear,
Lord, help me shed them now!

If any ointment, rare and sweet,
I long to pour upon "His feet,"
To rest and soothe them by the way
My hand let nothing stay,
Lord, help me bring it now!

December, 1905

"BE OF GOOD CHEER"

Matt. 14:27

When tempest-tossed on life's wild sea,
And fair skies disappear,
Above the storm He calls to thee,
" 'Tis I, be of good cheer!"

Though Satan's darts be fiercely hurled,
Beloved, help is near,
Trust Him who overcame the world,
And be thou of good cheer.

In tribulation's darkest hour,
Yield not to doubt or fear,
But calmly rest in His all-power,
Who saith, "Be of good cheer."

Press on, beloved, in the race,
The goal is very near,
Faint not, thou soon shalt see His face,—
Then, be thou of good cheer!

1900

✓ CONSOLATION

When thy pathway straitened lies, beloved,
Call on Me;
Ever fix on Me thine eyes, beloved,
Follow Me;
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,
Lean on Me!

When with trials sore beset, beloved,
Come to Me;
Calvary's hour do not forget, beloved,
Think on Me;
I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,
Trust in Me!

When the dark night darker grows, beloved,
Cry to Me;
When the cold stream colder flows, beloved,
Cling to Me;
I will never leave thee, but will take thee
Home with Me!

1900

IN THE WILDERNESS

Be still, and murmur not, poor heart,
When God shall lead thee to a "desert place,"
And bid thee dwell apart;

If ravens in the wilderness
Did feed the servant of the Lord, will He
For thee, His child, do less?

Nor fear, sad heart, its loneliness,—
Hath He not said, "I never will forsake
Nor leave thee comfortless?"

Have faith, thy Master may design
To fit thee thus for Kingdom work and bliss,—
And wilt thou then repine?

Be patient, let His will be done;
Be calm, be strong, that He may finish there
The work He hath begun.

"A little while," He soon will come,
And say to thee, "It is enough, my child,
My faithful one, come home!"

March 12, 1905

SWEET DAY OF REST

I know some day my Lord will come,
And stand within my humble home,—
His glorious presence in the room
Will make it like a rose in bloom.

His voice, like music on mine ear,
Will banish every thought of fear,
He'll fold me closely to His breast
And there in peace I'll sweetly rest.

And, Oh, my Lord, on that sweet day
I know the words that Thou wilt say,
"It is enough my child, come home,
Thy work is done, beloved, come."

Then I'll arise and go with Thee
Across the shining, crystal sea,
Until we reach that blissful shore
Where we shall dwell for evermore.

July 30, 1908

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

To grasp the two-edged sword, and forward rush up-
on the foe,
To hear the Captain's cry, to see the flash of answer-
ing eyes,
To feel the throbbing hearts of battling comrades in
the ranks,—
That rapturous inspiration know, of warring for the
Right,
The holy joy of following Him who points and leads
the way!

Ah! yes, 'tis glorious thus to fight the goodly fight,
and yet,
Methinks, beyond the firing line, beneath those snowy
tents,
A fiercer conflict rages night and day, where tremb-
ling hands,
Wan lips and fever-lighted eyes do battle with a host
Of deadly foes,—grim giants, Doubt and Disappoint-
ment, fierce
Despair,—before whose fiery darts the bravest well
might quail!

They also hear the call, and hoarsely cry, "Lord here
am I!"
They strive to reach their swords, to struggle to their
feet, but back
In helpless agony of weakness on their pallets fall,
With brain afire, and reason tottering on its throne,
their tears
Of anguish flow! Sometimes the noise of battle
sweeps beyond
The range of those poor, straining ears, and then
the spectre Fear
Stalks through the room, and lays an icy hand upon
each heart:
The awful thought, Our Captain hath forsaken and
forgot,
Our comrades forge ahead, they leave us here alone
to die!

But no! the Lord of Battles is most merciful, He sends

A swift-winged messenger: "Yea, though a mother
may forget
Her sucking child, yet will I not forget!" Then like
the calm
That cometh after storm, sweet peace and quiet reign
within
Those troubled breasts, and so He giveth His beloved
sleep.

Ah, then, true-hearted comrades in the forefront of
the fight,
Remember that the wounded to God's army still be-
long,
And send betimes to them a white-winged messenger
of cheer.
Oh, give Love's roses now, nor keep them for the
coffin's lid,
(A single flower is sweeter far than thousands by
and by);
Take time to speak a tender word, to shed a pitying
tear,
Or breathe, at least, a prayer throughout the watches
of the night,
And thus prove more than conquerors through the
power of deathless love!

January 25, 1909

✓ EVENING PRAYER

Father, now the day is over,
Weary, worn, myself I bring;
My defenseless head, Oh, cover
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Pardon all the day's transgressing,
Cleanse from every stain of sin;
Lord, I come, my need confessing,
Make and keep me pure within.

Wipe away my tears of sorrow,
Take me to Thy loving breast,
Make me stronger for the morrow,
Give me peace and holy rest.

August, 1905

THE ANGEL OF GETHSEMANE

"Twas midnight, and the Man of Sorrows took His
chosen three,
And sought with weary step the shelter of Gethse-
mane
To pray, His soul exceeding sorrowful, e'en unto
death,
And heavy laden with the sin and woe of all the
world.
In agony of bloody sweat He fell upon His face,
And cried, with tears, "My God, My Father, if it be
Thy will,
Oh, let this cup of shame and numbering with trans-
gressors pass,—
If it be possible! Yet not My will, but Thine be
done!"
And then His thoughts turned to the sacrifice,—a fear
bore down
With agonizing weight upon His heart, lest to
comply
With every jot and tittle of the Law, He might have
failed!
He saw the priestly type, He knew eternal death
awaited,
Should He seek to pass the second veil unworthily.
Eternal death! Oh, anguish inexpressible, to see
No more His Father's face! He sought His well-
beloved three,
Perchance they might refresh His fainting heart with
some sure word
Of prophecy. Alas! Their eyes were heavy and they
slept.
Three times He sought them, and three times in vain!
Yet He was heard
In that He feared. The Father sent a heavenly com-
forter
To touch with tender, strengthening hand that dear,
devoted head,
And whisper, "I, the LORD, in righteousness have
called Thee, I
Will hold Thine hand, and keep Thee.' Neither shalt
Thou 'fail nor be

Discouraged.' Lo, Thou art 'a Priest forever, and a
King
Upon Thy throne, like to Melchizedec.' And Thou
shalt see
The travail of Thy soul, and shalt be satisfied." His
heart
Revived, He knew His Father's faithful Word could
never fail;
He knew it would accomplish that whereunto it was
sent.
He rose, and from that hour went forth to trial and
to death,
In peace,—a calmness born of perfect confidence in
God.

* * *

How oft, throughout the many-centuried "night" of
this dark Age,
The Father's "little ones" have knelt in sad Gethse-
mane
To pray! E'en now the Garden's shade re-echoes
with the cry
Of God's elect, "How long, Oh, Lord, how long until
we see
The travail of our soul? How long until Thou shalt
avenge
Thine own elect, who cry to Thee, with tears, both
night and day?"
Dear Lord, Oh, use me as the Angel in Gethsemane!
Oh, fill me with Thy holy Spirit of Divinest love!
Oh, make me sympathetic, wise, that every anguished
heart
May come, nor seek in vain for consolation from Thy
Word,
And strengthened, comforted, go forth to prison or
to death,
To suffer patiently the cruel mockings of the tongue;
To bear the cross unto the bitter end, then calmly
say,
" 'Tis finished," and with faith unwavering pass be-
neath "the veil!"

May 6, 1906

NEARING THE GOAL

With eyes aflame, with panting breath, they come,—
The runners,—every nerve and muscle tense,—
Urged forward by a thousand deafening cries,
On, on, they rush, when one, close to the goal,
For but one moment glances back in pride
To note how far he hath outrun the rest.
Alas! tripped by a pebble on the course,
He stumbles, falls, arises, but too late,—
Another sweeps ahead with blood-flecked lips
And bursting heart! One final, awful strain,
With superhuman effort, grand, supreme,
He leaps into the air,—and falls in death
Across the line,—a victor, but at what
A fearful cost!—he gave his life, his all!

I ponder o'er this tragedy of days
When Greece was mistress of the world, and say,
"Hast not thou also entered on a race,
My soul, in contest for a 'Crown of Life,'
A prize thou canst not win except thine all
Thou givest! Then, be wise, and watch and pray,
Turn not thine eyes one instant from 'the mark,'
For fear thou dash thy foot against some small,
Well-rounded truth, which in thy pride thou hast
O'erlooked, and thus thou stumble, fall, and though
Thou shouldst arise, 'twould be too late to win!"

"Ah, then, consider thy 'forerunner,' Christ,
Yea, call to mind the 'cloud of witnesses'
Around,—those noble, faithful ones of old,—
And strip thyself, my soul, of every weight;
Gird up thy loins, make straight paths for thy feet;
Breathe deeply of the Spirit's conquering power,
And run with patient, meek, enduring zeal!
Almost thou hast attained, my soul, my soul!
Shall angels, principalities, or powers,
Or height, or depth, or other creature, draw
Thee from the goal so near? Ah! yes, so near,
The glory-light streams through the parting veil;
Have faith, press on, one effort, grand, supreme,—
And thou hast won in death Love's blood bought
crown!"

December 8, 1909

THE ROSE

Within my hand I gently hold the Garden's Queen, a
rose,—
The softly-sighing summer wind about it faintly
blows,
And wafts its wondrous fragrance out upon the
evening air.
And as I gaze upon the rose, so perfect and so fair,
In memory's halls there wakes, the while, a legend,
quaint and old,
How once upon a time, one day, a sage picked up,
we're told,
A lump of common clay, so redolent with perfume
rare,
He marveled, and the question wondering asked,
"Whence dost thou bear
Such fragrance, O, thou lump of clay?" In tones of
deep repose
There came the sweet reply, "I have been dwelling
with the rose."

The while the legend stirs my soul, within my hand
still lie
The petals of the rose, and from my heart of hearts
I cry,
"Thou lovely Rose of Sharon, may I ever dwell with
Thee,
So closely that the fragrance of Thy love shall cling
to me.
Oh, fill me with the spirit of Thy sweet humility,
Then all shall see and know, dear Lord, that I have
learned of Thee;
And let mine earthly pilgrimage, until its blessed
close,
Each day and hour bear witness, I've been dwelling
with the Rose."

1908

OUR HEAVENLY HOME

To little children "home" is that dear place where
 mother is,
Where every wound doth ever find the healing kiss
 of love,
And little sobbing hearts are soothed to rest upon her
 breast.
In later years that dear word "home" awakes the
 precious thought
Of loving wife and happy little ones, and peace and
 rest,—
A refuge sweet where outside cares and worries can-
 not come.
And when the sun of life is sinking in the west we
 dream
Of "home" as that blest gathering place where often
 through the year
Our children, and their children, come with wealth of
 grateful love,
That makes our hearts forget the pain and toil of
 former years.

But to the Christian, though the earthly loves be near
 and dear,
The thought of "home" belongs to that most heavenly
 place where God,
And Christ, and all the holy angels are, where sor-
 row finds
No place, and every longing heart is fully satisfied;
Where we shall love and serve Him perfectly, and
 meet again,
Nor ever part from fellow-pilgrims on "the narrow
 way;"
Where we shall sit with Christ upon His throne, and
 bless with peace
And joy the whole creation, groaning now in pain
 and tears!

And year by year the golden chain grows longer, that
 doth draw
Us closer to our heavenly home, as one by one, "the
 priests"
In silence pass beneath "the veil"—each one an added
 link.

Ah! then, to gain an entrance to that blest abode
 shall we
 Not count the present things but "loss and dross,"
 and lightly touch
 Each object that might hold our heart's affections to
 this earth,—
 For where our treasure is, e'en there our hearts will
 also be!

October 26, 1906

SOMETIMES I ALMOST WONDER x

Sometimes I almost wonder if my Lord doth really
 know
 About the many, many things that wound my poor
 heart so!
 I can but wonder if He knows the anguish of my
 soul,
 When tempests beat upon my head, and surging bil-
 lows roll;
 I wonder if He hears at night my weary, longing
 sighs,
 I wonder if He sees the tears that tremble in mine
 eyes!
 I wonder if my burdens weigh upon His tender heart,
 And in my many sorrows, if His great love shares
 a part!

* * *

Ah! no, I will not wonder, I will silence every fear,
 I've read that "in His bottle He doth treasure up
 each tear;"
 I know that He who heeds the smallest sparrow when
 it falls,
 Will surely, surely hearken when His own child feeb-
 ly calls;
 I know that He who stilled the waves on Galilee's
 dark sea,
 Will bid the storms of life, "Be still," that rudely
 threaten me.
 Ah! no, I do not wonder, I am sure my Lord doth
 know
 About the many, many things that wound my poor
 heart so!

February 27, 1908

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD"

The Feast was spread at Simon's house, and as they
sat at meat,
A woman came and silent stood within the open
door—
Close pressed against her throbbing heart an ala-
baster box
Of purest spikenard, costly, rare, she held. With
modest fear,
She dreaded to attract the curious gaze of those
within,
And yet her well-beloved Friend was there, her
Master, Lord.
With wondrous intuition she divined that this might
be
Her last, her only opportunity to show her love;
She thought of all that He had done for her, the
holy hours
She spent enraptured at His feet, unmindful of all
else,
If only she might hear those words of Truth, those
words of Life.
She thought of that dark hour when Lazarus lay
within the tomb
And how He turned her night to day, her weeping
into joy.
Her fair face flushed, with deepening gratitude her
pure eyes shone;
With swift, light step she crossed the crowded room.
She bravely met
Those questioning eyes (for Love will find its way
through paths where lions
Fear to tread); with trembling hands she broke the
seal and poured
The precious contents of the box upon her Savior's
feet,
And all the house was filled with fragrance wonder-
ful and sweet.
She could not speak, her heart's devotion was too
deep, her tears
Fell softly, while she took her chiefest ornament,
her long
And silken hair and wiped His sacred feet—when
suddenly

A rude voice broke the golden silence with, "What
 waste! this might
 Have sold for much, to feed the poor!" She lower
 bent her head—
 To her it seemed so mean a gift for love so great to
 make!
 Again a voice re-echoed through the room, her
 blessed Lord's,
 (He half arose and gently laid His hand upon her
 hair)—
 And how it thrilled her fainting heart to hear Him
 sweetly say,
 "Rebuke her not, for she hath wrought a good work,
 what she could;
 Aforehand, to anoint Me for my burying, she hath
 come,
 And this her deed of love throughout the ages shall
 be told!"

* * *

How oft since first I read the story of this saint of
 old,
 My own poor heart hath burned with fervent, long-
 ing, deep desire,
 That I might thus have ministered unto my Lord and
 King—
 "The chiefest of ten thousand, altogether lovely
 One."
 And now to learn—Oh! precious thought, 'tis not too
 late, I still
 May pour Love's priceless ointment on "the members"
 of His Feet!
 Dear Lord, I pray, Oh! help me break with sacrificial
 hand
 The seal of Self, and pour the pent-up odors of my
 heart
 Upon Thy "Feet!" Oh! let me spend my days and
 nights in toil,
 That I, perchance, may save from needless wander-
 ing, and help
 To keep them in the narrow way that leads to light
 and life.
 Oh! let me lay within their trembling hands a rose
 of love,
 A lily's pure and holy inspiration on their breast!

Dear Master, let me kneel with them in dark Geth-
 semane;
 Oh! help me boldly stand and meekly bear the scoffs
 and jeers
 Of cruel, mocking tongues! Oh! may I count no cost,
 e'en life
 Itself, too great to serve, to bless, to comfort Thy
 dear "Feet."
 And when the last drop of my heart's devotion hath
 been shed,
 Oh, may I hear Thy sweet voice say, "She hath done
 what she could!"

April 30, 1908

JESUS

The gentle sighing of the wind among the pines,
 The joyous singing of the lark at break of day,
 The rippling of the water-brooks through cooling
 shade,
 The patter of the softly falling rain at night,
 Are sounds less sweet by far than His most precious
 name.

No Art can show a form so gracious and so fair,
 No Master's hand hath drawn a smile so wondrous
 sweet,
 Nor could depict the majesty of that pure brow;
 No canvas ever glowed with such a holy light
 As shines from His most radiant image in my heart.

The dearest earthly friend may fail in time of need,
 The sweetest and the loveliest grow cold at heart,
 The nearest may not heed the throbbing heart's sad
 cry,
 The gayest throng may hold the loneliest solitude,
 But Jesus, Jesus never fails my call to hear.

Oh, may the music of Thy name more clearly fall
 Upon my ears attuned to catch that sweetest sound!
 Oh, may Thine image in my heart so bright become
 That I by gazing may be changed into the same;
 Oh, blessed Jesus, let Thy presence ne'er depart,
 Oh, come and reign forevermore within my heart!

December 22, 1905

✓
"IN DUE TIME"

In Thy due time, our Heavenly Father, shall be
known
Thy gracious plan, which now is hid,
Except unto Thy saints alone.
O, glorious day, when Thine all-wisdom, justice,
power and love,
The whole creation shall approve!

In His due time, O, blessed Jesus, Thou shalt see
The travail of Thy soul, and shalt
Be satisfied eternally;
Thine agony on Calvary—the price that Thou didst
give,
Shall cause the dead again to live!

In God's due time, O, pilgrim on the "narrow way,"
Thy painful journey ended, darkest
Night shall turn to brightest day;
Thine every trial, then, thine every tear, shall prove
a gem
To beautify thy diadem!

In His due time, O, weary, groaning, sin-cursed
Earth,
The Lord will wipe away thy tears,
And bring the promised "second birth;"
And there shall be no pain, nor any death in that
blest day
When sin and sorrow flee away!

In His due time, angelic choirs shall sing again
In grander strain that heavenly message,
"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"
And every knee shall bow, and every loving heart
confess
The Christ who comes to reign and bless!

January 25, 1906

THE NARROW WAY

"Dear Lord, the way seems very dark,
I cannot see."

"Yes, child, I know, but I will be thy Light—
Come, follow Me!"

"Dear Lord, so lonely is this way—
Where are my friends?"

"My child, dost thou forget how far from Me
Their pathway tends?"

"Dear Master, I am growing weak,
I scarce can stand."

"O, foolish child, trust not in thine own strength,
Come, take My hand;

"For I have trod this way before,
So dark to thee.

"I know each step, its weariness and pain,
Wilt trust in Me?"

"Yea, Lord, though friendless, lonely, dark,
This way may be,

I will be strong, Beloved Guide, lead on,
I follow Thee!"

November, 1899



HE KNOWS

He knows the way I take,—
What matter then if dark it be,
Or rough, or hedged about,—
His staff shall comfort me.

And should His love withhold
What seems so near, so dear, so sweet,
I'll humbly take this thing
And lay it at His feet.

How sweet to know He knows,
And cares, and holds me by the hand,—
Will safely guide until
I reach the Heavenly Land!

July, 1903

WAITING

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Behold
me here,
Dear Lord! With eager, watchful eye and quick at-
tentive ear,
I stand, and if a message Thou wouldst send o'er land
or sea—
(Today, tomorrow, night or day), **Lord, here am I,
send me!**
But, if in Thine all-wisdom, Thou shouldst choose
another one,
My heart in swift submission shall respond, **Thy will
be done!**
Let me learn well the lesson that Thy blessed Word
doth teach,
To rest in humble silence, not to murmur, nor to
reach
For what **appears** my service, with an over-confident
zeal,
But watch and pray until Thy will for me Thou shalt
reveal;
Thus patient, waiting ever, keeping **very close** to
Thee,
Perhaps, dear Lord, some wondrous day Thou wilt
have need of me!

September 21, 1909

O, SOUL OF MINE

O, soul of mine, be calm, be still,
Submit thyself to God,
In all thy ways yield to His will,
Nor faint beneath the rod.
O, soul of mine, like potter's clay
Within the Master's hand,
O, let Him mould thee day by day,
Till faultless thou shalt stand.
O, soul of mine, have faith, believe,
Nor count the cost of strife,
Fight on, faint not, thou shalt receive
At last the Crown of Life!

1900

IN THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

Last night I dreamed the Master came to me and
gently said,
"Beloved, lay thy cross aside, and come with me
awhile,
For I would have thee rest within the garden of the
Lord."
And then He took my trembling hand and led me
through the gloom
Until we came to where a massive gateway barred
our path,—
The gates were closed, but opened at the Master's
sweet command.
We entered, and the shadows fled before His radiant
smile,—
Oh, vision rapturous, can words be found to tell how
fair!
Ten thousand roses beckoned with Love's crimson
hue, and round
About our feet the violets nestled in their purple
grief;
A passion-flower, sad symbol of His dying agony,
Entwined itself with orchids rare, frail children of
the air;
While velvet pansies, clothed in royalty, together
grew
With lovely, clinging, pink and white sweet peas, and
close beside,
The lilies of the valley bent in sweet humility,—
And everywhere, the tender grass, a carpet soft and
cool.

And often as we passed, the Master's hand with lov-
ing touch
Did rest upon some drooping flower, and lo! at once
it seemed
Refreshed. At last we came to where a stately lily
stood,
Its snowy crown uplifted like a chime of silvery bells,
Whose swaying filled the garden with a fragrance
sweet and rare.
We closer drew, and then I saw, alas! how here and
there

A petal fair was torn and brown, as though by some
rude wind
Or scorching heat. I wondered greatly at the sight,
then turned,
The question on my lips,—when suddenly there rose
a storm
So fierce that every flower in the garden bent its
head;
And then a shower of flaming arrows, hurled by
shadowy forms
Outside the garden's ivy-covered walls, rained down
upon
The lilies, while I clung in terror to my Heavenly
Guide.
A moment only did the storm prevail, and then I
heard
The Master's "Peace, be still!" The tempest ceased,
and there was calm.
The wondrous light grew dim, the garden vanished,
—and I woke.

The Master had not spoken thus, and yet I seemed
to know
The fair dream-garden was a picture of His "little
ones,"
(He neither sleeps nor slumbers in His watch-care
over these),
And then the thought,—if in this garden I might
choose my place,
Would I be like the rose? Ah! no, lest in my pas-
sionate zeal
To show by works my heart of love, I should forget
the thorns,
Dear Lord, and wound Thy loving hand! Ah! then,
perhaps I would
The lily be, and sound Thy blessed Truth o'er land
and sea
In clear-toned eloquence. Ah! no, I might not bear
the storms
That beat upon the one whose head Thou hast up-
lifted far
Above his fellows,—and a shining mark for Satan's
darts!
And thus I thought on each and all that garden's
lovely ones,

Then cried, "My blessed Lord, if I might choose, Oh,
let me be
The tender grass, that I may rest and soothe Thy
weariness,—
A lowly place, safe-sheltered from the wind and fiery
dart,—
What rapture this,—to lay down life itself beneath
Thy feet!"
September 30, 1905

PATIENCE

The purple grape must be crushed
To make the sweet, red wine,
And furnace fires must fiercely burn,
The drossy gold to refine;
The wheel must cruelly grind,
Else where the jewel's light?
And the steel submit to the polishing,
Or how would the sword grow bright?

How then, my soul, wilt thou
The Spirit's fruits possess,
Except thou lovingly yield thyself
To the Hand that wounds to bless?
Then patiently let the fire
Consume all earthly dross—
Thou canst not hope to wear the Crown,
If thou refuse the Cross!

1900

"THREE GATES OF GOLD"

Let every thought thy lips would utter pass three
gates of gold,—
But, if through these it fails to pass, then let it not
be told;
And o'er each gate in silver letters written thou wilt
find,
Above the first one, "Is it true?" the second, "Is it
kind?"
And "Is it necessary?" o'er the third one and the
last.
Then guard thy thoughts, let none escape, save
those these gates have passed!

1911

LORD, HERE I BRING MYSELF

Lord, here I bring myself,
'Tis all I have to give,
My heart's desire is wholly thi.,
Henceforth for Thee to live;

To own no will but Thine,
To suffer loss or shame,
All things to bear, if only I
May glorify Thy name;

Henceforth mine every power
Each day for Thee to use,
My hands, my feet, my lips, mine all,
As Thou, my Lord, shalt choose.

Dear Lord, my constant prayer
Is for increase of grace,
That I by faith may walk with Thee,
Till I behold Thy face.

1899

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING x

If we could always feel each little thing
We do, each hour we spend
Within the sacred presence of the King,
What dignity 'twould lend!

If we could realize our every thought
Is known to Him, our King,
With how great carefulness would it be fraught,
And what a blessing bring!

If, when some sharp word leaves a cruel sting,
Our faith could know and feel
'Twas heard within the presence of the King,
How soon the wound would heal!

Oh, when the song of life seems hard to sing,
And darker grows the way—
Draw nearer to the presence of the King,
And night shall turn to day!

July, 1907

THE ONE LOAF

I Cor. 10:17

The twilight hour, when all the world doth dream, I
stand amid
The ripening grain, that ripples, like the bosom of a
lake
Beneath the evening breeze. I pluck, and idly hold
within
My hand, one golden ear, the while in swift succes-
sion pass
Strange visions of the olden time: I see a threshing-
floor—
The wheat by wooden flail bereft of chaff and shining
husk.
The scene is changed; I see a woman grinding at a
mill—
Between the upper and the nether stones the grain
is crushed
Until no semblance of its former state remains, but
each
Is merged into one common whole—a coarse and
homely meal.
Another picture—mixed with water and with salt a
loaf,
Or flattened cake, is formed and laid upon the glow-
ing coals.

And as I gaze, my thoughts are lifted to a higher
plane;
I see "the members of His body," like the golden
grain,
Denuded of their glittering robes of earthly pride
and fame;
The upper and the nether stones of life's vicissitudes
Are slowly, surely, grinding rich and poor, the high,
the low,
Into one common-union—heart and mind, and zeal
and love;
With purifying salt, life-giving water of the Word,
The mass is being drawn and held and moulded in
"one loaf."

Ah, then, beloved, when we drink of that memorial
cup,

And eat the symbol of His flesh, let us partake with
joy,
Nor marvel if we need that strange, transforming
power of fire,
Ere we are counted worthy to be like our Lord and
Head,
And "broken" that a hungry, fainting, dying world
be fed!

February 25, 1908

"COME UNTO ME"

Matt. 11:28, 30

Come to Me, all ye that labor,
Come, and I will give you rest.
Come to Me, ye heavy laden,
Come, and lean upon My breast!

Take Mine easy yoke upon you,
For My burden, it is light,
And My heart is meek and lowly,
Ever pleasing in His sight.

Come to Me, ye broken-hearted,
Let Me all your sorrows bear,
Faithful be till life is ended,
Then My glory ye shall share.

1900

THIS TOO WILL PASS

Poor heart, break not, though cruel be thy wound,—
This too will pass!

The weariest day will end in sunset light,
And dawn must follow e'en the darkest night!

Nor drink too deeply of joy's honeyed cup,—
This too will pass!

Caressing hands will lose their loving touch,
And words mean nothing, that once meant so much.

Ah, then, whate'er thy state, seek thou content,—
This will not pass!

Thy rest in God, He only knows and cares,
His heart of love thine every sorrow shares!

May 15, 1916

LOVING SUBMISSION

I may not understand just why the clouds obscure
the sun,

But I can trust Him still, and feebly say, "Thy will
be done."

I know not why each door of service He sees fit to
close,

But I rejoice to find my will would ne'er His way
oppose.

I can but wonder why it seemeth to my Father best,
To loosen from its resting place upon my throbbing
breast

The priceless jewel fastened there by His own hand
—but then,

I joy to feel the mother-heart can still respond,
Amen!

I do not always clearly see the lesson I should learn,
But hour by hour I'll strive to let the hallowed
incense burn.

I know not why the sweet must turn to bitter in the
cup,

But still I press it to my lips, and through my tears
look up

To Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be un-
kind,"

Assured that, when the cup is drained, a blessing
there I'll find.

Press hard, then, Master Workman, and refrain not,
if I weep—

The marble's fairest beauty grows beneath the chise-
ling deep—

Yea, Lord, let skies be overcast, as seemeth best to
Thee,

Take from my arms the dearest thing Thy love hath
given me;

Let sweet or bitter fill my cup, according to Thy will,
I'll closer clasp Thy hand in mine and in the flame
hold still.

And thus, although Thou slay me, I will praise Thee
night and day,

I'll lay each burden at Thy feet, and bear a song
away!

August 2, 1908

"YOUR FATHER KNOWETH WHAT THINGS YE HAVE NEED OF"

Matt. 6:8

Our Father knows what things we need
Each step along the way,
His eye of love doth never sleep—
He watches night and day.

He knows sometimes, like ripening grain,
We need the sunshine bright,
Again He sends the peace that comes
With shadows of the night.

Sometimes our pride would fain unfurl
Ambition's flaunting sail—
Ah! then He knows we need to walk
Humiliation's vale.

Sometimes He takes our eager hands
And folds them on our breast,
He gently lays our work aside—
He knows we need to rest.

Sometimes we need companionship,
Sometimes, "the wilderness,"—
How sweet to feel He'll know and give
The state that most will bless!

Then let us leave it all with Him,
Assured that, come what may,
Our Father knows just what we need
Upon our pilgrim-way.

May, 1907

COME NOT, DEAR HEART

Come not, dear heart, when I am dead,
To weave thy garlands round my head,
But while I live send me a rose,
Or e'en the humblest flower that blows,
'Twill serve to tell me of thy love,
Pure love that comes from Heaven above.

April, 1917

THE WORD OF TRUTH

The Word of Truth is like a stained-glass window
rare,
We stand outside and gaze, but see no beauty there,
No fair design, naught but confusion we behold;
'Tis only from within the glory will unfold,
And he who would drink in the rapture of the view
Must climb the winding stair, the portal enter
through.
The sacred door of Truth's cathedral is most low,
And all who fain would enter there the knee must
bow
In deep humility. But once inside, the light
Of day streams through and makes each color heav-
enly bright,
The Master's great design we see, our hands we
raise
In reverent ecstasy of wonder, love and praise!

January 30, 1906

NOT NOW, MY CHILD

"Father, I long to spread Thy blessed Truth o'er
land and sea!"
I listen, and there comes to me
His answer, tender, loving, mild,
"Not now, My child."
"Father, my heart is sad, I fain would leave this
wilderness,
Go forth, earth's groaning ones to bless!"
I hear again His answer mild,
"Not now, My child."
"Father, I yearn to break these fleshly fetters and
be free,
As pants the hart, I pant for Thee!"
His voice, how sweet, how tender, mild,
"Not now, My child."
"Father, Thy will be done, I humbly leave it all with
Thee,
Thou knowest what is best for me!"
I hear His voice, so low, so mild,
"Come now, My child."

January 28, 1906

THIS IS MY WILL FOR THEE

Just to hear my dear Master say,
"This is my will for thee;"
Then to whisper the dark night through,
"This is His will for me."
Just to keep in the narrow way,
Painful howe'er it be,
Just to follow Him day by day—
All shall be well with me.
Just to joyfully bear the pain,
All that He sendeth me,
Just to suffer the scorn and shame—
Trust where I cannot see.
Just to hear, when the day seems long,
"This is My will for thee;"
Then shall my faith and love grow strong,
Knowing His will for me.
Oh, to hear, when the work is done,
"This is My will for thee—
Faith and Patience and love have won—
Sit in My throne with Me!"

October 12, 1910

THE SOLITARY WAY

Alas! how few may know the grace it takes
To tread the solitary way! Alone!
Ah, yes, alone! No other human heart
Can understand the nameless sorrows there—
The nights in weeping spent, and yet, when dawns
The day, to greet the world with radiant smile,
And scatter sunshine while you whisper low
To your poor heart, "Canst bear a little more?"
Alone! Poor heart, and dost thou question, Why?
Dost think it strange that thou must walk this way?
Ah, no! Thou dost but follow in His steps
Who went before, and of the people there
Was none with Him! Alone? Yet not alone—
Hath not thy blessed Lord and Master said,
"My presence shall go with thee?" Ah, my soul,
No longer, then, a solitary way!

December 24, 1913

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS"

- We thank Thee, Lord, for raiment, and we thank
Thee for our food,
We thank Thee for our shelter, O, Thou Giver of
All Good;
We thank Thee for the day on which our eyes first
saw the light,
We give Thee thanks for every sense, for hearing
and for sight.
- We thank Thee for the sunshine, and we thank Thee
for the rain,
We thank Thee for the pleasure and we thank Thee
for the pain.
We thank Thee for the friends we've won, and for
the friends we've lost,
We thank Thee for the heart-aches which these sep-
arations cost.
- We thank Thee for the tender love which makes us
clearly see
That every severed heart-string hath but drawn us
nearer Thee.
We thank Thee for forgiveness when we fail in
word or deed,
We praise Thee for sufficient grace in every time
of need.
- We thank Thee, blessed Father, for the gift of Thy
dear Son,
We thank Thee and we praise Thee for the victory
He won.
We thank Thee for His righteousness, His robe so
pure and white,
We praise Thee that, when clothed in it, we're blame-
less in Thy sight.
- We thank Thee, Oh, we praise Thee for Thy good
and precious Word,
We bless Thee for the wondrous faith its promises
have stirred.
We thank Thee for the glorious Hope of Immor-
tality—
Our hearts are longing, Lord, with Thee to dwell
eternally!

We thank Thee for "That Servant," for the love of
each dear Saint,
We bless Thee for their fellowship when heart and
strength grow faint.
And thus we give Thee thanks, dear Lord, for each
and every thing,
And pray that Thou wilt keep us safe beneath Thy
sheltering wing!

October, 1914

GETHSEMANE

Gethsemane! The Garden's lonely shade the world's
Redeemer sought that night. He went alone to pray
For grace and strength to drink the last drop in His
Cup.

Great souls crave solitude in sorrow's hour. Not e'en
His well-beloved three might share the sacredness
Of that deep woe—He bade them tarry, while He
went
A little farther on, and fell upon His face.

* * * * *

Gethsemane! A solitary place, apart,
No mortal feet may press in sympathy that dark,
Encrimsoned earth. No human hand the fevered
brow
May cool, no other heart can share its agony,
No voice but God's may break the solemn silence
there—
A place where every soul must drink *alone* the Cup
The Father's hand hath poured, and given to His
child.

Gethsemane! A desert place, alone, apart?
Ah, no! The anguished heart doth never cry in vain
To Him who marks the smallest sparrow when it
falls,
For He shall send His Angel with the message, "Fear
Thou not, for I am with thee! I will ne'er forsake
Nor let thee fail! My right hand shall uphold, My
love,
My power shall keep thee, even to the bitter end!"

February 8, 1913

A PRAYER

Heavenly Father, Holy One,
May Thy will in us be done;
Make our hearts submissive, meek,
Let us ne'er our own way seek.
Loving Savior, we would be
Ever more and more like Thee,
Free from pride and self-desire,
Fervent with a holy fire.

Jesus, Master, we would bear
In Thy sufferings a share;
Help us, Lord, to follow Thee,
Heavy though the cross may be.
Fill us with Divinest love,
With Thy spirit from above,
May we patiently endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure.

Blessed Lord, Thy saints defend,
Watching o'er them to the end;
Day by day their faith increase,
Keep them in Thy perfect peace;
Comfort, strengthen, guide and bless
Lead them through the wilderness,
And when Thy due time shall come,
Gather all Thy loved ones home.

1900

"IF"

If I can warm with Love some lonely heart,
Hope's lustre to some listless eye impart;
If I can make a straight path for the lame,
Or fan some smoldering Faith to fervent flame;
If I may help some faltering foot to keep
The painful, narrow way, though rough and steep;
If Thou, dear Lord, wilt use me, even me,
To draw some trembling soul more close to Thee;
If, when the end of all things is at hand,
My feeble efforts may help one to stand;
If I may live to make Truth's message plain,
Ah! then, 'twill ne'er be said, my life was vain.

April 16, 1918

"THINK IT NOT STRANGE"

I Pet. 4:12

Think it not strange, beloved,
When fiercely burns the fiery flame!
Think it not strange, but praise His name,
Who counts thee worthy to partake
Of painful sufferings for His sake.

Nor think it strange
When loved ones scornful from thee turn,
The Truth reject, the message spurn;
Consider Him who thus endured,
And Immortality secured!

Think it not strange, beloved,
If sometimes every door seem closed,
And all thine efforts be opposed,
But calmly wait in patience till
The Master shall reveal His will.

Nor think it strange
When darker grows the "narrow way"—
Press on, thy Master soon shall say,
"Enough, My child, thou hast well done,
Come, enter in, the Prize is won!"

1900

IF WE COULD BUT KNOW

Would tasks ever seem too hard,
If we knew that tomorrow's sun
Would arise upon hands that were folded at rest
With their life-work forever done?

Dost think we would ever wear
An impatient look on the face,
If we knew that our loved ones ere close of the day
Would lie clasped in death's cold embrace?

Ah me! would we ever fear
Or grow faint in the darkening way,
If we only could know how short that blest while
Till the night should be turned to day?

Ah then! let our faith be strong!
Hour by hour live as though we knew,
Let us fight the good fight, let us love to the end,
Should our days be many or few!

May, 1915

ALMOST HOME

My frail barque rudely tosses on the sea,
In terror, Lord, I feebly cry to Thee,
"Increase my faith, as darker grows the night,
Oh, make me strong in Thee and in Thy might!"
He hears my prayer, He answers, with a smile,
"We're almost home, have faith a little while!"

Nor sun nor moon nor any star is seen,
Not e'en the faintest rift of blue between;
The chilling waters deeper, darker flow,
The storm-clouds lower, the winds more wildly
blow—

Yet hark! Above the strife His voice, so mild,
"Be brave, be strong, we're almost home, My child!"

Do eager hands lie folded on thy breast,
And hath the Lord of Harvest bid thee rest?
Dost see the happy laborers go by,
Nor canst refrain a tear or longing sigh?
Be calm, poor heart, and sink into His will—
"We're almost home, dear child, lean harder still!"

April 19, 1914

A LITTLE WHILE

How long, O, Lord, till I am meet
To hold with Thee communion sweet?
How long until Thine eyes shall see
The Spirit's fruits **complete in me?**

When shall I come to Thee, my Lord,
As promised in Thy blessed Word?
When shall I see Thee as Thou art,
And satisfy my longing heart?

Ah, then, how mean will seem these toys,
These transitory, earthly joys!
How short appear this dreary way,
When night hath turned to endless day!

Then, peace, my soul, be strong, my heart,
And bravely strive to do thy part,
"A little while," He soon shall come,
And say, "Enough, my child, come home!"

November 22, 1914

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

If He the holy, harmless, sinless One,
Must needs be perfected through suffering,
Wouldst thou then seek to tread a path less steep
To reach Heaven's goal and win thy Father's smile?
Ah, no! My soul, when pain and sorrow cross
Thy threshold, be thou swift to welcome them,
Then whisper low within thy heart of hearts,
"Another opportunity to show
My King how much I love, what I can bear
For Him!" And as the weary days go by,
Cling closer to the hand that wounds thee so,
Lean harder on the breast of Him who loves
Thee, even as He loved His only Son;
And pray, "Lord, spare me not, burn out all dross,
Let nothing but the purest gold remain,
And help me in the hottest fire hold still.
Do Thou, great Lapidist, grind on, that I
May perfectly reflect the glorious light
Of Love Divine! Oh, fit me for some place
Within Thy royal diadem to shine!"

January 28, 1918

GONE HOME

(In Memory of My Beloved Pastor)

Gone home! To be forever with the Lord,
White-robed and clothed with Immortality,
Beholding face to face Jehovah God.
Gone home! All sorrow, tears and anguish left
Behind. 'Tis finished, all the sacrifice,
And, faithful unto death, he hears, "Well done,
Come, enter thou into the promised joy!"

What message would "our shepherd" send to us,
To us who wait this side the parting veil?
"Be brave, be strong, weep not, have faith in God,
The fields are white to harvest, go ye forth,
And, even as our Master said, 'Lo, I
Am with you always, even to the end,'
So shall my loving presence go with you,
Until ye too shall hear His sweet 'Well done!'
Then there shall be one Shepherd and one flock,
And all rejoice together with the Lord."

November 1, 1916

MY PRAYER

Almighty God, the Lord of being throned afar, the
Source
And Center of each sphere, hear Thou in Heaven,
Thy dwelling place,
A humble suppliant's prayer! Oh, bless and keep
and guard and guide
The "man in linen with the writer's inkhorn by his
side;"
Oh, hold him closely to Thy heart, beneath Thy shel-
tering wing,
And set him, Heavenly Father, as a seal upon Thine
arm!

Oh, cleanse from secret faults, from sins presump-
tuous keep back,
And make his heart as pure as that sweet flower of
Eastertide.
Oh, keep him meek and lowly, humbly lying at Thy
feet,
A broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's use
made meet.
Oh, touch his lips with coal of fire from off Thine
altar, Lord,
As he shall seek Thy Truth to speak and honor Thy
dear name.

O, blessed Jesus, stretch in wondrous love Thy pity-
ing hand,
And gently lead the "man that is Thy fellow" in the
way
Thine own dear feet have trod. Oh, make him more
and more like Thee,
Thou chiefest of ten thousand, altogether lovely One!
Fulfil to him Thy promise, if he suffer, he shall
reign,
And when his course is finished, may he hear Thy
sweet "Well Done!"

As yearns the mother's heart to shield from every ill
her child,
So fain would I, but I am weak, my Father, do Thou
keep

His eyes from tears, his feet from falling and his
soul from death!

Be Thou to him a Sun and Shield in Satan's darkest
hour,

Let angel hosts encamp about his going out and in,
By day, by night, today, tomorrow and forevermore,
In Jesus' name. Amen!

May, 1907

“HOW LONG, OH, LORD, HOW LONG?”

How long, Oh, Lord, how long
Shall weakness serve the strong?
How long shall **Might make Right**,
And darkness hate the light?

How long, Oh, Lord, how long
Till Truth shall crush the wrong,
Till darkness turn to day,
And sorrow flee away?

How long till wars shall cease,
This turmoil end in peace?
How long the sin-cursed Earth
Await her **second birth**?

How long, Lord, must I feel
The proud oppressor's heel—
I'm weary of the night,
I long for morning light!

I long to see Thy face,
I long for Thine embrace—
How long, Lord, till I come
To my long-promised home?

* * * * *

Not long, my child, not long,
Be brave, be true, be strong!
The Day-star doth appear,
The Kingdom draweth near!

Look up, my child, look up,
The **last drop's in thy Cup!**
Trust where thou canst not see—
I soon will call for thee!

January 19, 1913

"O, THOU OF LITTLE FAITH!"

O, thou of little faith, why dost thou fear?
The tempest hath no power when I am near;
Will not the angry waves be still at My command?

Step out, I'll hold thy hand,
Then, wherefore dost thou fear?

O, thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?
Doth not Mine Angel compass thee about?
Are not My Father's promises as sure to thee
As they have proved to Me?

Then, wherefore dost thou doubt?

O, thou of little faith, what dost thou dread?
Are not the lilies clothed, the sparrows fed?
Heed not the world, nor marvel that it hateth thee,
For so it hated Me—

What, therefore, dost thou dread?

O, thou of little faith, why dost thou shrink?
Why dost thou tremble at the river's brink?
Oh, hark! Above its tumult sweetly sounds my "Come,

Thou art not far from home,
Then, wherefore wouldst thou shrink?"

January 20, 1906

REST

The rest of faith! How wondrous sweet,
Each trial and each grief to meet,
Upheld by that sufficient grace,
That trusts Him where it cannot trace.

The rest of peace! With mind so stayed,
That as the sea-birds, unafraid,
Upon the stormy deep do sleep,
My soul an inmost calm doth keep.

The rest of love! What holy bliss,
That He is mine, and I am His!
It sweetens every bitter cup,
It bids my tear-dimmed eyes look up;

It satisfies my hungry heart,
And makes this life of Heaven a part.
Oh! blessed rest of faith and peace,
Oh! rest of love that ne'er shall cease.

May, 1916

"ARE YE ABLE?"

Are ye able to walk in the narrow, strait way,
With no friend by your side, and no arm for your
stay?

Can ye bravely go on through the darkening night?
Can ye patiently wait till the Lord sends the Light?

Are ye able to crush your soul's longing for Love,
Will ye seek for no friendship save that from above?
Can ye pass through this world, lone, unnoticed, un-
known,

While your faith faintly whispers, "He knoweth His
own?"

Where the feet of the Blessed One stood, can ye
stand?

Can ye follow His steps to a wilderness land?

Are ye able to cast aside pleasure and fame?

Can ye live but to glorify His precious name?

Can ye smile as His dear voice says tenderly "No,"
When "the field is so white," and your heart yearns
to go?

Can ye rest then in silence, contented and still,
Till your Lord, the Chief Reaper, revealeth His will?

Are ye able to lay on the Altar's pure flame
That most treasured possession, your priceless good
name?

Can ye ask of your Father a blessing for those,
Who see naught in your life but to scorn and oppose?

When the conflict twixt Error and Truth fiercer
grows,

Can ye yield the strong "Sword" against unnumber-
ed foes?

Can ye lift up the "Standard" e'en higher and higher,
While His praises ye sing in the midst of the fire?

When ye see the Lord's cause going down to defeat,
Will your courage endure in the seven-fold heat?

Will your faith keep you steadfast, though heart and
flesh fail

As the New Creature passes beneath the last "Veil?"

Ah, if thus ye can drink of the Cup He shall pour,
And if never the Banner of Truth ye would lower,
His Beloved ye are, and His crown ye shall wear,
In His Thone ye shall sit, and His Glory shall share!

February 5, 1912

"THERE WAS ALSO A STRIFE AMONG THEM"

Luke 23:24

Alas! that in His last, sad sacred hours on earth,
There should be strife among the Master's chosen
twelve,

A strife to be the greatest, seeking selfish ends,
Ignoring their sweet privilege to minister
Unto their Lord, in this, His time of saddest need.
Ah, me! that He, the Alpha and Omega, First
And Last, in lowliness must wash their dust-stained
feet,

To show that he who serveth most is chief of all!

Ah, then! shall we not daily watch and humbly pray
That no defiling "root of bitterness" spring up!
Shall we seek selfish honours here, or rather wait
Until we reach the other side, where He, our King,
Shall seat us in His throne, exalt His lowly Bride!
Dear Lord, Oh, make us gentle, merciful and wise,
Help us in honour each the other to prefer,
Fulfilling thus the law of Christ, the law of Love!

August 8, 1917

THY WILL BE DONE

My Lord, Thy will not mine be done;
Whatever path Thy love shall choose for me,
Through desert sands, or if beside the sea,—
Thy will be done!

Oh, may Thy will in me be done:
Should "harvest" labor be for me Thy will,
Or if I may but suffer and be still,—
Thy will be done!

My Father, let Thy will be done:
If sweet the cup Thou pourest for me to drink,
I'll praise Thee, but if bitter, I'll not shrink,—
Thy will be done!

Forever may Thy will be done:
I would not choose, I leave it all with Thee,—
The pilgrimage, if short or long it be,—
Thy will be done!

THE TIME, MY SOUL, IS SHORT

No time to linger by the way,
No time for ease, no time for play;
No time for earthly loves or joys,
No time for worldly cares or toys,
 The time, my soul, is short!

No time to murmur or complain,
No time to heed the heart's dull pain;
No time for tears or mournful song,
No time to ask, How far? How long?—
 The time, my soul, is short!

Ah, yes, 'tis short—just time enough
To run thy course, so steep and rough,
Just time to reap "the fields," so white,
Before the coming of the "night,"
 Just time, my soul, just time!

Just time to make thy heart more pure,
Just time to make thy "calling" sure,
Just time to enter through "the door,"
To reign with Christ for evermore—
 Just time, my soul, just time!

October 28, 1912

THE GOLDEN AGE

The Golden Age of Prophecy, by holy men foretold,
When Right shall triumph o'er the Wrong of centuries grown old;
When in the desert springs break forth, wastes blossom as the rose,
And health and happiness are borne on every breeze that blows;
When Sin and Death shall pass away and every human heart
Be filled with Love until this Earth shall seem of Heaven a part.

* * *

Ah! then, poor World, come dry your tears and banish every fear,
Lift up your heads, rejoice and sing—the Golden Age is here!

September 7, 1919

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH"

Faithful when with tears thine eyes are dim,
Faithful when Joy's cup o'erflows its brim;
Faithful when God seems to veil His face,
Faithful when He crowns thy work with grace.
Faithful, though thy loved ones turn aside,
Lips that praised thee once, in harshness chide;
Faithful, though success enwreathes thy brow,
Faithful, should the world before thee bow.
Faithful till hath fled life's fleeting breath,
Eager hands lie folded still in death.

"Faithful unto death!" Lord, day by day,
Help me thus to keep the narrow way!
Strengthen me to bear the scorn and shame—
Portion of all those who take Thy name.
"Faithful unto death!" When all is done,
Cross is changed to Crown, the victory won,
Let me hear Thee say, O, blessed Lord,
"Child, come enter into thy reward!
Faithful thou hast been, come share with Me
Glory, Honor, Immortality!"

October 10, 1912

FAITH

To follow where an unseen Captain leads,
To heed commands unheard by mortal ear,
To battle with a known, yet unseen foe—
Ah! This is faith.

To choose the right when others think you wrong,
To stand for Truth while Error laughs in scorn,
To tread the lonely way unto the end—
Yes! This takes faith.

To wear a smile where you receive but frowns,
To kiss the hand that wounds your poor heart so,
And pray for those who fain your life would take—
Ah! This is faith.

To fix your eyes on that within the veil,
Your heart's devotion set on things above,
To wait with patience till God calls you home—
Faith's victory won!

May 1, 1917

"LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH"

The night is so dark, and the way seems so long,
As we sadly and wearily struggle along,
So often we stumble, so frequently fall,
And the fear oft assails, "Shall we fail, after all?"

Poor hearts! we forget that the Master above
Ever watcheth each step in His infinite love,
And like as a father doth pity, the Lord
Ever pities all those who do trust in His Word.

No tear ever falls, when the heart's wound is sore,
But the Lord's tender heart keenly suffered the more;
No cup His hand pours, which He fills to the brim,
But His own loving lips were pressed first to its rim.

No night can be darker than that which He knew,
And no waters be deeper than those He passed
through.

Ah! then, when thy cross seems too heavy to bear,
Oh, remember thy Lord doth know, pity and care!

October 23, 1914

TO ARMS!

To arms! To arms! The enemy approaches!

To arms! To arms! Our wily foe is near.

To arms! Not ignorant of his devices,

To arms! To arms! Advance without a fear!

To arms! To arms! But not with carnal weapons!

To arms! Take up the Spirit's Two-edged Sword!

To arms! Put on the Helmet of Salvation,

To arms! To fight for Truth and for the Lord!

To arms! To arms! Take every piece of armor!

To arms! To arms! Lay every weight aside!

To arms! To arms! Our Captain goes before us,

We'll follow Him, whatever may betide!

To arms! To arms! Ten thousand 'round thee falling!

To arms! Have faith in God, and watch and pray!

To arms! To arms! To him that overcometh,

A Crown of Life that fadeth not away!

August 24, 1915

THE HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM

That He is mine and I am His, Oh! wondrous thought.
I am so poor, so weak, so lowly, can there aught
Of worthiness in me be found that He should love
And seek me for His Bride? I hear His voice, "My
Dove,
Thou art all fair, My Spouse, there is no spot in
thee;
Thy speech is comely, better is thy love to Me
Than wine. Thine eyes as Heshbon's fish-pools, and
like flocks
Upon Mount Gilead are thy spiced and flower-decked
locks.
The winter's past, My Dove, come, come with Me
away!
Far spent the night, make ready for thy nuptial day!"
My heart responds, "Throughout the many-centuried
night
I've longed for Thee, I've waited for the dawning
light;
And I have laid Thee like sweet myrrh upon my
breast,
Thine arm beneath my weary head hath brought me
rest.
Thou whom my soul doth love, Thy countenance is
fair
To see within the secret places of the stair;
Thy head is like fine gold, how beautiful Thy feet!
Thine eyes as doves' eyes, and Thy lips with honey
sweet.
I rise, my Lord, I leave my father's house, behold
My robe of righteousness, my raiment of wrought
gold!
Oh! wealth of love Divine, that claims me for Thine
own,
Oh! miracle of grace, to seat me on Thy throne.
Oh, glorious future hopes, Oh! bliss beyond compare,
Through all eternity Thy love and work to share!"

June 25, 1917

"WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD?"

Psa. 116:12-14

What shall I render, Lord, to Thee,
For all Thy benefits toward me?
For life and every earthly good,
For raiment, shelter, daily food;
For light and truth, for peace and love,
For heavenly wisdom from above?
How great Thy bounties unto me!
What have I that is not from Thee?

For all these benefits toward me,
What shall I render, Lord, to Thee?
The Cup Thy hand of love hath poured,
I'll humbly take, most gracious Lord,
And call upon Thy holy name
To help me Thy great Plan proclaim;
I'll spend my days in ceaseless praise,
And tell abroad Thy wondrous ways!

"Salvation's Cup"—of suffering, too—
Of suffering with God's chosen few,
Dear Lord, I'll drink of this, Thy Cup,
And smiling through my tears, look up—
A mingled Cup of grief and joy,
Of blessedness without alloy,
Of love and fellowship divine,
A foretaste of the Kingdom-wine.

That all, dear Lord, may know and see
Thy countless benefits toward me,
Before Thy congregation, now,
I'll pay my consecration Vow;
And in Thy strength, supplied each day,
I'll strive to walk the narrow way
That leads to rest and God and Thee,
And blissful immortality!

January 10, 1913

THE SANDAL-WOOD

How strange the story of the Sandal-wood,
That grows in distant lands, beyond the Sea!
'Tis said this curious tree perfumes the axe
That lays it low, and from its riven heart
There flows a wondrous fragrance, sweet and rare;
Ofttimes to incense ground, and powdered fine,
Its burning fills with languorous scent the room.
And yet, for centuries the tree might stand,
But yield no perfume on the tropic air;
It needs must fall, its very heart be crushed,
The sweetness of its odours to reveal.

Dear Lord, Oh! make me like the Sandal-wood,
Oh! may I pour Love's fragrance on the hand
That wounds me so, and help me realize
Without a bruised and humbled heart I'd be
Unfitted for the Master Workman's use!
As Sandal-wood oft cools the fevered brow,
Let me refresh and soothe the anguished mind;
When fires burn fiercest, may my presence be
Like sweetest incense on the evening breeze,
Or like God's angel in Gethsemane,
To comfort, strengthen, calm, inspire and bless!

July 7, 1917

"MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE AND I SHALL GIVE THEE REST"

Almighty God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
O, Thou, the Source and Center of each sphere,
The Lord of Being, throned afar, Whose hand
Upholds the weight of worlds, yet, wondrous thought!
Nor day nor night too occupied to note
E'en when a sparrow falls to earth, Whose eyes
A watch-care keep o'er every child of Thine;
Whose guardian angels daily shape the course
Of those who love Thee more than life itself;
Whose chastening rod doth guide them in the way
That leads to endless life!—how sweet to feel
Thy presence ever near, to know that Thou
Dost never sleep nor slumber while Thy child
In time of need doth feebly cry to Thee.

O, Thou, in Whom no shade of turning lies,
Thou changeless and unvariable One!
Though all unfaithful prove, yea, though the earth
And heavens depart, by faith we clasp Thy hand.
We calmly rest our weary hearts on Thee,
Assured that Thou will ne'er forsake, that we
Shall be forever precious in Thy sight!

October 19, 1914

"I'VE DONE MY BIT"

'Twas but a "Red Cross" card of blue—I found it in
my path—
So very small it was, I fain had passed it by, yet
stooped
To pick it up, and read in crimson lettering, "I've
Done
My Bit." Ah, me! what thoughts these words
awakened in my soul—
The blue suggesting faithfulness, the crimson, sacri-
fice.
"Oh! God," I cried, "have I been faithful to my cov-
enant?
Oh! can I truly say, dear Lord, that I have 'done my
bit'
To help some Soldier of the Cross to stand in armor
clad—
Salvation's helmet on his head, for breastplate, right-
eousness;
Protected by the shield of faith, and grasping in his
hand
The Spirit's sword, the Word of God, his eager feet
well-shod
With sandals of the preparation for the Prince of
Peace?"

* * *

And so each morn I pray, "Oh! help me do my bit
today,
That when the field of blood is past, the glorious
victory's won,
My blest reward shall be, dear Lord, to hear Thy
sweet 'Well Done!'"

April 5, 1918

MY HEART'S DESIRE

Dear Master, long I've sought
A grain of "wheat" to find,
My heart's desire has been,
Just one with truth to bind!

Perhaps Thou canst not trust
Thy servant with this work,
Because some earth-born pride
Within my breast doth lurk.

If Thou dost find this, Lord,
Oh, send affliction's fire,
Burn out the dross, the gold refine,
And grant my heart's desire!

Perhaps I've sought a path,
Thou hast not marked for me—
Forgive, I only thought
Some work to do for Thee!

I own no will of mine,
The place I would not choose,
But simply give mine all
To Thee as thou canst use.

My thoughts, my words, my deeds,
Dear Lord, make pure by fire—
Ah, then, I know that Thou
Canst grant my heart's desire!

1900

"OH, WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?"

A nameless chill pervaded all the air,
On that gray morn, long centuries ago,
As through the city's narrow streets there crept
Two women on their way to Calvary.
The fragrant odors of sweet spices told
Of their sad errand to the tomb of Him
They loved. And as they neared the garden where
Their blessed Lord was laid, a sudden fear
Took hold upon their eager, loving hearts—
(The sepulchre was hewn from solid rock,

A great stone had been rolled before the door,
And sealed with Pilate's royal signature)—
They felt their weakness, and in anguish cried,
"Oh, who shall roll for us the stone away?"
But faith grew bold, they urged their faltering
steps—

When lo! They found an Angel from the Lord
Had rolled away the stone, and sat thereon!

Thus often, when with loving zeal we seek
To serve the Lord, a great fear chills our hearts,
The door of opportunity seems closed,
And in our weakness and distress we cry,
"Oh, who shall roll for us the stone away?"
But when with faith and courage we press on,
We find the Angel of the Lord hath gone
Before, and lo! the stone is rolled away!

May 27, 1910

"ASLEEP IN JESUS"

(In memory of my beloved husband)

"Asleep in Jesus." Blessed God, Thy love
And mercy, Oh, how great! That Thou shouldst hide
My loved one in the grave until Thy wrath
Be overpast!—Ah, yes, dear heart, sleep well,
Sleep well, no dreams disturb thy deep repose.

"Asleep in Jesus." Undisturbed, the while
Earth's breast is rent by "Armageddon's" strife,
And all creation travails in the pangs
That must precede her glorious "second birth."
Sleep well beneath His overshadowing wings.

Sleep well, sleep well, until His Kingdom comes.
"The ransomed of the Lord shall then return,"
And He shall bid thee waken out of sleep.
A Highway shall be there, a Way of Life,
And thou, dear heart, with joy shalt walk thereon,
Up, up, until perfection's goal is won,
When there shall be no pain, nor any death,
When God's dear hand shall wipe all tears away.
In this blest hope I lay thee down to rest;
Good night, dear heart, 'twill not be long, sleep well!

May 23, 1913

SERVICE

Oh, my soul is filled with its yearning,
Dear Lord, and my heart is sad,
I long, how I long, to be spreading
The Truth that hath made me glad!

And the fields are white to the Harvest,
The daylight is almost spent,
I see all about me the reapers,
On their holy mission sent;

But mine eager hands Thou hast folded,
In weakness upon my breast;
Thou hast whispered, "I know thy longings,
My will for thee is to rest."

Then alone with Thee in the twilight,
My poor, throbbing heart grows still—
Since Thou closest my door of service,
I bow to Thy sovereign will.

I know "to obey and to hearken"
Ofttimes proves the greater test—
At Thy feet would I lie forever,
If thus I might serve Thee best!

September 18, 1909

RESURRECTION

Dear Lord, I pray for courage, strength and love,
For that pure wisdom, promised from above,
That I may faithful be and worthy found
To stand "that day" beside the grass-grown mound
Of my beloved dead, and say, "Arise!
Come forth to light and life, lift up thine eyes!
Awake and burst the prison bands of death!
Stand up, the God of Heaven restores thy breath!
Return unto the land that gave thee birth—
No longer, as of old, a sin-cursed earth—
The desert places blossom as the rose,
With fragrance laden, every breeze that blows!
A highway thou shalt find, a way to life,

No pride, no selfishness, no envy, strife,
Shall prosper there; the ransomed of the Lord
Shall walk thereon, obedient to His Word;
No longer shall the 'lion' or 'ravenous beast'
Upon the poor, the weak, the innocent feast;
There God shall wipe all tears from every eye,
No grief shall touch thine heart, not e'en a sigh,
And there shall be no death, nor any pain!
Awake! Rejoice and join the glad refrain—
'Hosanna, peace on earth, good will toward men,
All honor to the Lamb. Amen! Amen! "

November 16, 1914

BEYOND THE VEIL

These stammering lips, that now
So vainly strive to speak Thy praise,
 Beyond the veil
Shall make the heaven of heavens resound
 Through endless days.

These yearning eyes, that strain
To catch by faith a glimpse of Thee,
 Beyond the veil
Shall see Thee as Thou art
 Through all Eternity.

These trembling hands, these feet,
That seek to serve so earnestly,
 Beyond the veil
Shall for Thy Kingdom's glorious work
 Empowered be.

And this poor, throbbing heart,
That cannot now unfold its love,
 Beyond the veil
Shall bloom and shower its fragrance through
 The heaven above.

My soul, that neither seeks,
Nor findeth here its perfect rest,
 Beyond the veil
Shall in Thy likeness wake and be
 Forever blest!

February 28, 1904

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known
Thy day of visitation, hadst thou recognized
Messiah in thy midst, would not thy Pharisees,
With scoffing priests and populace, have vied to do
Him homage! Dost thou think the Master e'er had
been

Footsore and weary! Would there not have stood
by day,

By night, full threescore chariots ready at His call!
Ah, me! If they had only known, dost think the
Feast

At Simon's house had been the only one thus spread;
Or would He e'er have need to say, "The birds have
nests,

The foxes of the earth have holes, but I, the Son
Of Man, no place to lay My Head!" Jerusalem,
Would not thy palace gates have opened wide to Him,
The Alpha and Omega, Prophet, Priest and King!

Ah, me! Had they but known, in all the centuries
since,

The chosen few who bravely followed in His steps,
Dost think Earth's great ones would have left them
lonely, poor,

Despised? Would they have driven proudly by in
state,

The while "His feet" pressed wearily the wayside
dust?

All ye who often long, like Mary, to have poured
The precious ointment on His head, remember this:
His words are true to-day as then, that "Inasmuch
As ye have done it unto one of these, the least
Of Mine, it hath been done to Me!" Ah, yes! and e'en
A cup of water shall not fail of its reward,
Because 'twas given in the name of Christ, the Lord.
Then, let us ever seek to find and humbly serve
His "little ones," for thus we do it unto Him.

July 17, 1917

LORD, HELP ME TO FORGET

Lord, help me to forget the things behind,
The many fond ambitions that would bind
The human heart to earthly hopes and joys,
And fix its cravings on mere worthless toys.

Help me forget the cruel words that bring
Into my lonely heart their bitter sting;
Let me greet those that hate me with a smile,
And help me, Lord, to pray for them the while.

Help me forget, Oh, Lord, how oft I stray,
The sad mistakes I make from day to day,
Yet let me ne'er forget the Mercy Seat,
Where Thou dost bless me with forgiveness sweet.

Lord, give me grace sufficient for the way,
Oh, let me ne'er forget to watch and pray!
And when Thy precious jewels Thou shalt set,
This little one, Dear Lord, do not forget!

November 22, 1919

MY FATHER'S WAY IS BEST!

Whate'er of sunshine or of rain,
Whate'er of losses or of gain,
Whate'er of pleasure or of pain—
My Father's way is best!

Although the heartaches start the tear,
Although the darkness wake the fear,
Although the lesson be not clear—
I know God's way is best!

I know he knows and loves and cares,
I know my every wound He shares,
I know my heaviest load He bears—
My Father's way is best!

Content, Ah! then, with every thing,
Content, whate'er the days may bring,
Content am I, the while I sing,
His way is always best!

September 18, 1920

"A LITTLE WHILE"

A little while with weary feet to tread the narrow
way,
A little while, the time will not be long,
A little while the Sinless One to follow day by day,
A little while to suffer and be strong.

A little while with faltering tongue to testify for
God,
A little while to suffer scorn and shame;
A little while with voice and pen to speak the Truth
abroad,
A little while to glorify His name.

A little while with humble faith to wage a goodly
fight,
A little while, grasp firm the Two-edged Sword;
A little while, Satanic hosts shall all be put to flight,
A little while, then trust thou in the Lord.

A little while, a little while, Oh, let this be our song,
A little while, lay not the armor down;
A little while, a little while, the strife will not be
long,
A little while and we shall wear the Crown.

January, 1900

"HE KNOWS, HE LOVES, HE CARES"

How sweet to feel that God doth always know
About the things that wound my poor heart so;
That He hath planned each path my feet must trace,
And will supply His all-sufficient grace!
How strange that He should heed my faintest cry,
And keep me as the apple of His eye;
That He should love me as He loves His Son,
The altogether lovely, perfect One!
How precious is the thought He still doth care
When clouds hang heavy, as when skies are fair;
That He will never let me lose my way,
Nor from His tender watch-care ever stray!

"He knows, He loves, He cares," is always near
To bless and keep. Ah, then, why should I fear?
And Oh, the glorious hope! I soon shall rest
My weary head upon His loving breast.

January 1, 1919

"COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME
ONE HOUR?"

Gethsemane! Gethsemane! the Savior's last dark
hours!

In agony of soul he sought to know his Father's will;
Three times he prayed, and thrice he came unto his
chosen three

For some sweet word of comfort from the lips of
those he loved.

Alas! with weariness their eyes were heavy and they
slept.

Ah, me! did e'er the Man of Sorrows utter sadder
words

Than these: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?"
And then in tones

Of tenderest, sympathetic love, "Sleep on and take
your rest."

He knew their frame, remembered they were dust,
and hushed the cry

Of longing in his breaking heart. But He who never
sleeps

Nor slumbers heard His well-beloved Son in that he
feared,

And sent His holy angel to assure him all was well.

* * *

Dear Lord, Oh! let me ne'er grow weary or lie down
to sleep

While Thy dear "feet" are glowing like fine brass in
crucible!

Oh! help me watch with them "one hour"—this last
sad, darksome one,

Oh! touch my lips with coals of fire from off thine
altar, Lord,

That I may strengthen, calm, inspire and bless thy
faithful ones,

Until together we shall hear, "It is enough, come
home!"

July 27, 1918

"AS PANTS THE HART"

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul for Thee.
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
When wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn mine eyes
Towards my heavenly home,
And long for that blest time when Thou,
My Lord, shalt bid me, "Come!"

And yet I know that only those
Thy blessed face shall see,
Whose hearts from every stain of sin
Are purified and free.

And Oh, my Master and my Lord,
I know I'm far from meet
With all Thy blessed saints in light
To hold communion sweet.

I know that those who share Thy throne
Must in Thy likeness be,
And all the Spirit's precious fruits
In them the Father see.

Lord, grant me grace more patiently
To strive with my poor heart,
And bide Thy time to be with Thee
And see Thee as Thou art!

1903

FOR LOVE OF THEE

For love of Thee, for love of Thee, with every friend
I'd part,
If only Thou, my blessed Lord, wilt dwell within my
heart.

I'm willing, Lord, for love of Thee, to be misunder-
stood,

Accept whate'er Thou dost permit of evil or of good.

For love of Thee, for love of Thee, I'll dread no scorn
nor shame,

But seek each day, for love of Thee, to honor Thy
dear name.

Content, my Lord, for love of Thee, to be ignored,
unknown,
No joy to know in any love save only Thine alone.
For love of Thee I'll strive, dear Lord, to keep the
narrow way,
For love of Thee, I'll watch and pray and trust Thee,
come what may.
For love of Thee, of Thee, dear Lord, the heaviest
cross I'll bear,
Assured that, through Thy love for me, Thy glory I
shall share.

August 10, 1918

"YET WILL I REJOICE IN THE LORD"

Though the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Though the olive's labor fail,
Though a murrain, sore and grievous,
Smite the herd on hill and dale—
Yet my soul shall bless and praise Him,
And my faith shall still prevail!

Though the earth be filled with violence,
And the Dove of Peace hath fled,
While the land and sea are groaning
'Neath the burden of their dead—
Yet, amid the awful tumult,
I rejoice and lift my head!

Though the vision seem to tarry,
And the waiting time prolong,
Though my faith be strangely tested
In the conflict fierce and strong,
Yet His grace shall be sufficient,
And the burden of my song!

Though He slay me, I will trust Him,
Though my very heart He break,
For I know with loving wisdom
He hath planned the way I take—
Thus my dying breath shall bless Him,
And I'll praise Him when I wake!

November 26, 1914

MISUNDERSTOOD

Misunderstood! Ah, yes! Misunderstood ofttimes by
those
We loved the most and strove our best to serve, our
good intent
Construed as evil by life-long and trusted friends.
Alas!
That deepest wounds should come from those we hold
so near, so dear.
(O, God forbid that ever I should thus misunderstand
And rudely crush the burdened heart of any child of
Thine!)
And yet, my soul! my soul! why dost thou think it
strange that thou
Art thus misunderstood? Six thousand years Jehovah
God,
Creator of the wondrous Universe, all-good, all-wise,
All-loving, merciful, hath been misunderstood, His
name
Blasphemed, His gracious plan ignored, His holy
prophets stoned;
And He, the holy, harmless, Perfect One, the Christ
of God,
Was perfected through sufferings, and not the least
of these,
Methinks, it was to be misunderstood by those for
whom
He laid down life itself! "Take up thy cross and
follow me,"
The Master said. Ah! then, my soul, how canst thou
hope to win
Thy Crown by any crossless way? Misunderstood?
Poor heart,
Dost thou forget there's One who always under-
stands, Who knows
Thy faults, thy weaknesses, yet notwithstanding
loves thee still?
Ah! then, my soul, what reckest thou of all the world
beside!

August 27, 1919

HAVE FAITH IN GOD

In days gone by I said, "My soul,
'Another year, or more or less,
And we have crossed the wilderness'—
Wilt falter now, so near the goal?"

And so I pressed along the way
With heart aglow and step so light,
'Twas scarce by faith, 'twas almost sight—
Our coming King could not delay!

But now the days and years go by,
And life seems but a mournful song.
"The vision tarries, Lord, how long?
Increase my faith, Oh, God," I cry!

He hears my prayer, He calms my fears,
He bids my restless soul be still.
My heart responds, "If 'tis Thy will,
Lord, I can wait a thousand years!"

October 10, 1916

JEHOVAH GOD

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
Who ruled ere aught that is was framed,
When all was shaped unto Thy will,
"He rules!" Creation's voice proclaimed.
Unimaged and beyond compare,
From chance, from change, forever free;
Through endless ages be adored
Thy Power, Thine Infinite Majesty!
My God, my Saviour, Thou, mine All,
My Rock, my Tower, when woes befall,
My Standard high, my Refuge nigh,
Thou ever hearest when I call!
Into Thine hand my soul I trust,
And sleeping, waking, know Thee near,
And e'en in Death itself, Thou, Lord,
Art with me—naught shall make me fear!

January 27, 1917

"IN MEMORIAM"

(C. T. R.)

Beloved one!
Beyond earth's sunshine and its rain,
Beyond all weariness and pain,
Thou art at rest.
E'en though we mourn our loss, we joy to feel
Thou art so blest.

O, faithful one!
Now privileged to see unfoiled
God's purpose in the scroll unrolled
By Christ's own hand;
And thou hast made report: "I've done as Thou,
Lord, didst command."

O, radiant one!
Along the dark and narrow way
Thy faithfulness casts back a ray
Of hope and cheer;
For thou so joyously thy cross didst bear,
With scarce a tear.

O, blessed one!
We pray for strength to do God's will,
To wait and suffer and be still,
As thou hast done,
Nor faint, nor fear, but still run on until
The prize is won.

September 16, 1918

"THE WHITE STONE"

In the twilight hour, as I sit alone,
I press my lips to the pure "white stone,"
And my heart responds with a tender thrill,
As though an "Angel" with unseen wing
Had touched a trembling, hidden string,
And gently whispered in his song,
"Why wert thou silent, my dove, so long?"

1905

PILGRIMS OF THE MORNING

Pilgrims of the Morning, blessed pilgrims of the
Light,
Go ye forth to banish the "gross darkness" of the
night;
Ev'ry heart enkindled with "a flame of sacred love,"
Ev'ry face illumined with "a radiance from above."
Blow "the silver trumpets" over land and o'er the
sea,
Publish on the mountains the great "Year of Jubilee,"
Sing it thro' the valleys, shout aloud upon the plains,
Tell the whole creation that the Lord Jehovah reigns!
Angel hosts surround you, strength is promised from
on high,
Lift your heads rejoicing, "your redemption draweth
nigh,"
Courage yet a little while, and then the battle won,
Sweet will be your sure reward in your dear Lord's
"well done."

1904

HIS WAY IS BEST

How sweet to feel God's will is best,
And in this precious thought to rest;
To know, whatever may betide,
'Tis best, for He is by our side!

Oh, how it helps us bear the pain,
Oh, how it makes us strong again!
The cold and gloom of darkest night
It fills with warmth and heavenly light!

To those who take His will as best,
He grants His perfect peace and rest,
And ever gives them day by day
His grace sufficient on the way.

Then why should hearts grow weak or faint,
Why should we ever make complaint?
Let us press on with upturned face,
And follow where we cannot trace!

1906

THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND

A little bird with broken wing,
I lie within the hollow of God's hand;
I cannot fly, but I can sing
And sing within the hollow of His hand.

I would not wish to fly away,
For 'tis so sweet to nestle in His hand;
He closer holds me day by day
Within the blessed hollow of His hand.

And when the tempests rage without,
O'er me He gently lays His covering hand;
I do not fear, I cannot doubt—
So safe am I beneath that sheltering hand.

Some day, perhaps, He'll mend the wing,
And bid me take my flight from out His hand;
Ah! then I'll fly and fly, and sing
And sing about the hollow of God's hand.

Sydney, Australia, March 13, 1921

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS

A little talk with Jesus,
At the closing of the day—
How it quiets every anxious fear,
And drives our doubts away!

A little talk with Jesus,
How it soothes the aching brain—
How it rests the weary, fainting heart,
And makes us strong again!

A little talk with Jesus,
How it lights the darkest hour—
How it keeps us "watching unto prayer,"
And foils the Tempter's power!

A little talk with Jesus,
There can nothing take its place—
How we long to reach our heavenly home,
And see Him face to face!

May, 1905

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The night is dark, nor moon nor stars appear, upon
the sea
The storm-tossed fishing-boats reel to and fro, the
mariners
With fearful hearts and straining eyes seek vainly
to discern
Their course. Which way lies safety? Where the
channel long mapped-out?
A rockbound coast! 'Twould seem that all must
perish, when behold!
A sudden gleam across the waves! "Trabolgan Light!
Thank God!"
They cry. Trabolgan Light, full many a year stead-
fast and true—
No lashing tempest e'er could dim that far-flung ray
serene.

* * *

Dear Lord, I pray, Oh, like the lighthouse may I
ever stand,
Fast-anchored on the Rock of Ages, may my light
shine out
Upon the stormy deep, to guide and cheer through-
out the night
Some struggling soul! With pure and steady ray,
Oh, may my life
Show where the danger or where safety lies, reveal
to all
Truth's chartered channel leading to the haven of
our peace
And rest eternal in that Heavenly Home beyond the
veil!

South Camp Road Hotel, Kingston, Jamaica, May 9, 1922

THE WATER LILY

(German, Wasser-Rose—Water Rose)

Lily with the Rose combined,
Purity with Love entwined.

CHANGED FROM GLORY TO GLORY

Long years ago, 'tis said, a wondrous statue stood
Within a city's walls, placed there by one whose hand
Had wrought this miracle in stone, and furthermore,
The Master Sculptor, so the legend runs, would give
A bag of golden florins to the one who found
A living face and form to match the sculptured one.

A little lad was seen, one day, to come and stand
Intently gazing up into that marble face.
Day after day he came and stood enraptured there,
And day by day he sought among the passing throng
For one whose face might possibly conform unto
The statue's lines. And thus the years fled by, the
lad,

To man's estate had grown, and as he stood one day
Before the statue, Lo! the Master Sculptor came
And paused to look upon his work. With startled
gaze

He turned and said: "Oh! stranger, whosoe'er thou
art,

To thee belongs the bag of gold, thy face reflects
Each chiseled line—a masterpiece of living art!"

The lad, beholding day by day, year after year,
In time had grown like to the image he admired.
And thus may we, who seek the promised Heavenly
prize,

Beholding in a glass the beauty of the Lord,
Be changed into the same, and go from grace to
grace,

From glory unto glory, till at last transformed
Into His likeness we shall hear His sweet "Well
done!

Thou hast been faithful, enter into thy reward."

July 17, 1920

"SHOSHANNAH"—THE LILY

("I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys."
Song of Solomon, 2:1)

Like "flocks upon Mount Gilead," my beloved, is thy
hair,

And like "the snow in Salmon," pure and white thy
forehead fair—

Thine eyebrows like an Eagle's wings when soaring
toward the skies,
And like the "Pools of Heshbon" are thy dark, love-
lighted eyes;
As "Lebanon's Tower, that looketh toward Damas-
cus" is thy nose,
Thy fragrant lips, I long to kiss, are like a sweet
red rose;
Thy stature's like the Palm tree and thy step is
swift and light,
And like a "Tower of Ivory" is thy neck so smooth
and white;
And when thine arms enfold me, Oh, what bliss will
then be mine,
And Oh, the rapture of the thought—in Heavenly
Love I'm thine!

1905

"AND SITTING DOWN, THEY WATCHED HIM THERE"

Matthew 27:36

Sitting down, they watched Him there,
Watched Him, fairest of the fair,
Gazed with cold, un pitying eye,
While the jeering crowd passed by;
For His vesture cast a lot
(Seamless robe, without a spot)—
Watched the "Man of Sorrows" there,
Who the world's great sin must bear,
Watched while darkness veiled the sun,
Watched until He cried, "Tis done!"

God of Heaven! forbid that I
Thus should gaze with pitiless eye
On a suffering child of Thine,
Watch him while his foes malign,
Watch him while his life-blood flows,
Watch until the dark day's close!
Grant me, Lord, a heart of love,
Make me like a tender dove,
Let me bring him strength and peace
Until death shall send release!

December 3, 1914

SO GLAD GOD UNDERSTANDS

When daily, hourly, we're misunderstood,
When those we love, and who loved us, grow cold,
And oft forsake us in our direst need,
How sweet and precious is the thought that there
Is One who never fails to understand!
Ah, yes! He always fully understands,
He knows our frame, remembers we are dust;
No need to make our hidden motives clear,
He reads our hearts, discerns our inmost thoughts,
Forgives our sad mistakes and loves us still.

* * *

Dear Lord, I pray, oh, fill me more and more
With love and wisdom from above! Oh, help
Me understand the look, the word, that frets
Me so, may be the soul's unconscious sign
The heart is breaking in its loneliness—
Perhaps the outward token that it gives
Of fierce internal conflict with a foe,
Whose glance would fill my soul with dumb despair.
Incline Thine ear and hear the prayer I make,
Help me to let the fragrance of my love
Be shed upon the evil and the good,
That I may love and understand like Thee!

Miami, Florida, March 3, 1922

BE PATIENT, THEN, MY DOVE

Dear Lord, I am so weary, and with tears
My eyes o'erflow, my heart is filled with fears.
I ne'er had thought so long would be this way,
Oh, hold my hand more closely, lest I stray!

The mountain peak more distant seems than e'en
The day I left "my father's house," the scene
About me grows more strange and wild each hour,
The wind blows fiercely and the storm-clouds lower!

The friends of youth have left me, till there's none
Who walk with me this way, I am alone,
Alone, Dear Lord, I long to come to Thee,
How long, how long, till Thou wilt call for me?

"My Dove, lift up those tearful eyes of thine,
And see the lovelight streaming down from Mine,
My precious one, dost thou forget that I
Will never leave thee, I am ever nigh?

"My heart responds to every thought of thine,
The thorns that tear thy feet have wounded Mine!
And come, lean hard, beloved, on My arm,
Thus close to Me, thou can'st not suffer harm.

"Be brave a little while, and thou shalt come
To dwell with Me forever in that Home
Where Peace eternal reigns, and Joy and Love
Fill every heart. Be patient, then, My Dove!"

Los Angeles, August 27, 1920

"YE ARE DEAD"

Colossians 3:3

Ah! yes, so "dead," the sharpest word will leave no
sting,
Nor e'en the slightest quiver to my heartstrings
bring;
So "dead," that when reviled, I'll calmly hold my
peace,
And bid revengeful thoughts within my soul to cease.
So "dead," that no alluring love or hope or joy
Will ever prove unmixed with some of earth's alloy.
So "dead," I care not though unloved, unsought, un-
known,
My best, my truest friend I find in God alone.
Content, where'er He leads, through sunshine or
through rain,
Whate'er my portion be, of pleasure or of pain.
So "dead," the life I live is "hid with Christ in God,"
My chief delight to follow where the Master trod.
So "dead," I'll neither murmur nor repine, though
long
The time, but only strive to suffer and be strong,
Assured some day, some where, He'll claim me for
His own,
His bride, then crowned with life, He'll share with me
His throne.

January 28, 1919

"NEVERTHELESS"

The fields are white to harvest, and I'd love
To serve a little longer, Lord, I long
To spread Thy blessed Truth from pole to pole,
And fill the earth with knowledge, ocean deep—
And yet, if not Thy will now, I'm content.

I long for strength to go throughout the land,
And witness for "the Kingdom and the King,"
Tell all the world that "millions living now
Will never die," if God's law they obey—
If not Thy will, Lord, help me to endure!

I'd love to wipe the tears from every face,
And set a smile instead, I'd love to cheer
Each burdened, breaking heart, and "beauty give
For ashes," and their dead bring from the grave,
And yet for Thy "due time," Lord, I can wait.

I long to open all the blinded eyes,
And every deafened ear unstop, I long
To see the deserts blossom as the rose,
And hear the whole creation sing God's praise—
And wondrous thought, Thy will shall soon be done!

Miami, Florida, February 16, 1924

MORE LIKE THEE

Jesus, Thou my perfect pattern,
I would gladly follow Thee,
Gladly leave all earthly pleasure,
If I may be more like Thee!

Jesus, Thou my great Refiner,
Thou, I know art watching me;
Thou wilt leave me in the furnace
Only till I'm pure like Thee.

Jesus, Thou my prize and glory,
Thro' eternity shalt be;
Unto death, Oh, keep me faithful,
Then I'll ever live with Thee.

OH, WHAT WILL IT MEAN TO BE THERE!

Oh, what will it mean to be there,
In that City so wondrously fair,
All a gleam in its golden light,
In a realm where there is no night,
No loneliness, anguish or fear.
No heartache, not even a tear;
Oh, what will it mean to be there,
Oh, what must it mean to be there!

Oh, what will it mean to be there,
With Him who has gone to prepare
A place in those Mansions above,
The Home of our Father of Love,
Where all who are found pure of heart
Shall meet again, never to part;
Oh, what will it mean to be there,
Oh, what must it mean to be there!

To worship our God every hour,
To serve Him with perfected power,
To lift up the poor fallen race,
To wipe away tears from each face,
To fill the whole earth with delight,
To change its gross darkness to light;
Oh, what will it mean to be there,
Oh, what must it mean to be there!

What reck then of grief or of shame,
If thus we may bear the dear name
Of that Bridegroom beyond compare,
The fairest of all that are fair,
And reign with our Lord in that throne,
Reserved for His true Bride alone;
Oh, how our hearts long to be there!
Oh, what must it mean to be there!

September 18, 1923

HOMESICKNESS

Dear Master, in Thy wanderings to and fro upon
this dark
And sin-cursed earth, did not Thine eyes turn long-
ingly toward
Thy heavenly home? Were not Thine ears ofttimes
attuned to catch
Again the angelic strains that praised Thy first
creative work?
And when alas! Thy chosen ones, ah, yes, Thy
nearest and
Thy dearest, could not know the bitter anguish of
Thine heart,
It seems Thou must have yearned for that sweet
fellowship divine!

MY HYMN

O, gracious Father, look with pity on Thy child,
Grant me Thy blessing, make me meek and mild.
Pardon, heav'nly Father, all Thou seest in me
amiss,
Let Thy sweet forgiveness fill my heart with bliss

Help me, O, Father, to fulfill Thy holy will,
Into this cold heart Heav'nly warmth instill.
Give me, blessed Father, strength sufficient for
each day,
From Thy way appointed, let me never stray.

O, blessed Father, when the way grows dark and
steep,
My hand so trembling, gently take and keep;
Through the cloud and shadow, make Thy gracious
face to shine,
Let Thy blessed presence bring me peace divine.

“Ointment of Spikenard”

“Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.” John 12:3.



OINTMENT OF SPIKENARD

The Lord, my Shepherd, feed thee,
And no want let thee know;
In greenest pastures lead thee,
By streams that gently flow.
His goodness never leave thee,
His mercy ever guide,
Till God's House shall receive thee,
Forever to abide!

* * *

Lord, hear Thy humble servant's prayer,
Oh, keep him in Thy love and care!

* * *

Oh, bless and keep and guard and guide—
The man with the inkhorn by his side!

* * *

Set him as a seal upon Thine Arm,
Guard Thy well-beloved from all harm!

* * *

Abide with him, Thou Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above!

* * *

Throughout this dark and evil hour,
Lord, keep Thy loved one by Thy power!

* * *

Oh, touch his lips with coal of fire,
His every word and thought inspire!

* * *

Let Angel hosts encamp about
His going in, his going out!

* * *

Where'er his path, on land or sea,
Oh, let him never stray from Thee!

* * *

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from Thy Father's eyes!

* * *

Oh, fill him with the sweetness
That alone doth flow from Thee,
The fragrance of Thine own
Most deep humility!

Let every word and every thought
With sweetness carefulness be fraught!

* * *

Grant him Thy wisdom, peace and love,
To fit him for Thy courts above!

* * *

Lord, let Thine Angel compass him about
Oh, never let him fear, or let him doubt!

* * *

Because his love is set on Thee,
From anxious care, Lord, make him free!

* * *

Let neither angel hosts, nor powers,
Nor principalities above,
Nor height, nor depth, nor other creature,
Separate him from Thy love!

* * *

For the weariest day and the darkest night,
Be Thou, O Lord, his strength and light!

* * *

Lord, keep his feet from falling and
his eyes from tears,
His soul from death! Oh, hear his cry in
that he fears!

* * *

Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make him in spirit, Lord, a dove!

* * *

And when Thine own "due time" shall come,
Oh, gently call Thy loved one Home!

* * *

Heavenly Father, Holy One,
May Thy will in him be done!

* * *

Pure and holy, let him be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!

* * *

Free from pride and self-desire,
Fervent with a holy fire!

* * *

When in trial, let him rest,
Sweetly on Thy loving breast!

Let him patiently endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure!

* * *

Fold him to Thy loving breast,
Give him peace and holy rest!

* * *

Hold him 'neath Thy sheltering wings,
Shield him from all evil things!

* * *

Give Thy loved one day by day,
Grace sufficient for the way!

* * *

Fill his heart with Heavenly Love,
With Thy Spirit from above!

* * *

Make his heart submissive, meek,
Let him ne'er his own way seek!

* * *

Loving Savior, let him be
Ever more and more like Thee!

* * *

Keep him holy, fragrant, sweet,
Like the lilies 'neath Thy feet!

* * *

Cleanse from every stain of sin,
Make and keep him pure within!

* * *

Jesus, Master, help him bear
In Thy sufferings a share!

* * *

Comfort, strengthen, guide and bless,
Lead him through this wilderness!

* * *

Fold him closely to Thy heart,
Let him ne'er from Thee depart!

* * *

Help him, Lord, to follow Thee,
Heavy though his cross may be!

* * *

Day by day his faith increase,
Keep him in Thy perfect peace!

Give Thy well-beloved sleep,
Sweet and restful, calm and deep!

* * *

Wipe away each tear of sorrow,
Make him stronger for the morrow!

* * *

Lord, Thy faithful one defend,
Watching o'er him to the end!

* * *

When at last the Victory's won,
May he hear Thy sweet "Well Done!"

THE CLOSING SCENE

United Cemeterics, Allegheny, Pa., November 6, 1916

Upon a hillside sloping towards the North,
We gathered 'round upon that hallowed ground,
To pay our last sad tribute to the one we loved,
The greatest man on earth in these last days,
And great because he was approved of God!

Ineffable the beauty of the scene!
So peaceful and so still. The gently rolling hills,
Far as the eye can reach, remind us
That, "As the mountains 'round about Jerusalem,
So is the Lord about His own, from henceforth,
Even forevermore!" A violet mist
Creeps softly through the valley at our feet,
And faintly dims the City's distant lights,

The sacred silence, broken only by the singing of our
choir,
Like Angel voices floating out upon the evening air:
"How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this!"

Above the purple haze and low within the western
sky,
The last faint crimson glow of sunset slowly pales
Into the silvery whiteness that precedes the night,

And Lo! the evening Star! How like a star
Was our beloved! How he shed the rays of Truth
Divine into the darkness of our minds
And changed that darkness to "His Marvelous
light!"

"The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour!"

How exquisitely expressive of all about us!
The withered grass beneath our feet,
The fading flowers upon the upturned earth,
And here and there the bare brown trees,
A few crisp leaves still faintly fluttering on their
boughs!

Their fruit has all been gathered, and they speak
To us of, "Harvest" soon to end!

"In this is my Father glorified, that ye bear much
fruit!

Did our beloved bear "much fruit?" Ah, yes!
How much, he now may know, as he has never known
before!

"But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter age now nigh,
Beyond the reach of care and pain!"

And standing there our hearts rejoiced
With joy unspeakable, that in His infinite love,
The Lord had not permitted that most precious clay
To suffer violence, but

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord
Doth pity them that fear Him!" And He saved
Us from the anguish greater than perhaps we could
have borne.

And yet He suffered, Yes, how greatly God alone
Doth know. He never murmured or complained.
We rendered thanks to God in that He suffered not
at hands of wicked men!

"Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears,
Since God is ours we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears!"

With eyelids closed and mourning hearts
We bowed our heads in final prayer
With one who also loved and labored with him to the
end.

In silent little groups the friends departed from the
scene,

And as we climbed the hill to reach the road
The moon shone full upon us. Yes! the full moon
Of God's favor, and our hearts cried out
"How long, O God, until the night shall come,
That night wherein no man can work?"

One last and lingering look upon the scene
Recalled to mind a picture, "The Return from
Calvary,"

The three black crosses faintly lined upon the even-
ing sky,

The broken-hearted women on their way towards
Jerusalem.

And now it had grown strangely dark,
No object was discernible on either side the road,
As we, the Lord's still faithful followers of these
later days,

Were swiftly borne towards the City of our leader's
birth.

How marvelously appropriate all had been!
The wonderful suggestion of the Harvest soon to end,
The ingathering of the ripened fruits, the twilight
Softly falling, like a curtain dropped upon the scene,
And then the darkness and the loneliness
That pressed upon the little flock whose shepherd
had been "smitten" of the Lord!

How necessary now to walk still more by faith
In that "Great Shepherd" of us all, Who is
"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind;"
"Who doeth all things well!"

Be brave, be strong, weep not, have faith in God!

"It is the Lord, then let Him do what seemeth Him
good!"

Thus, "Faith can firmly trust Him.
Come what may!"

Printed in Memorial Watch Tower, December 1, 1916



To My Friends



HALLOWED GROUND

I know a little room, with faded rug
Upon the floor, the furniture is worn,
The scanty window-draperies limp and drab,
And yet, the hours seem minutes while I wait
In that poor shabby room, and all the place
Is hallowed ground, for one I love toils there.

I know another room, 'tis cheerless, cold,
And bare of things that people most desire,
And yet, my heart beats most tumultuously,
Through all the hours I wait, I feel no chill,
A Paradise, it seems, and all the place
Is hallowed ground, for one I love dwelt there.

There is a chapel where ofttimes I kneel,
The sunlight streaming through the tinted pane
Upon my head, bowed low in humble prayer,
And there I dream of sacred days gone by.
Its silence and its beauty make this place
All hallowed ground, for one I love taught there.

Within my heart I keep a secret room,
Whose walls are hung with Memory's tapestries,
The scenes of long ago, some sad, some sweet,
The warp and woof illumined with the gold
Of Love divine, and all this wondrous place
Is hallowed ground, for those I've loved sleep there!

March 1, 1926

TO "L. E. O."

Oh, Leo mio, Leo, precious friend,
The very thought of thee doth ever lend
A deeper fragrance to the wayside rose,
A purer freshness to each breeze that blows.
It seems thou art so much of me a part,
That thinking of thee always rests my heart,
When weary with the sorrows of the way,
Ah, yes! too weary oftentimes to pray.
Thou hast thy mission, Leo, I have mine,
Although so small is mine compared with thine.
Alas! our paths should lie so far apart,
That we may ne'er again speak heart to heart,
And yet, how wondrous, Leo, and how sweet,
That we may meet before the Mercy Seat,
And there beneath His wings He keeps us, dear.
One sheltering wing o'er each, thus are we near!
Oh, may this blest relation never end,
Be thou through all Eternity—My Friend!

December 17, 1919

"BLUE"

I gaze on the ocean, the ocean so blue,
And think my beloved, of you, of you,
For Blue, my beloved, reminds me of you,
Of you, my beloved, so tender and true!

I lift up my eyes to the sky, so blue,
And dream, my beloved, of you, of you,
For Blue, my beloved, reminds me of you,
Of you, my beloved, so loving and true!

The Violet is blue, dear, so blue, so blue,
The Blue of the Violet means, "faithful and true,"
Ah, then, my beloved, I pray, may you
Forever prove faithful and loving and true!

February 15, 1926

ODE TO "THE NURSE"

Who, when that dreaded journey nears,
With blessed "Hypo" calms our fears?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who, when the operation's done,
Her patient work hath just begun?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who, by our bed doth sweetly stand,
Like visitant from Heavenly land?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who, when the room is blinding bright,
Doth deftly veil the electric light?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who, when the pillow starts to burn,
Its cooler side doth gently turn?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who brings hot broths or ices cold,
With countless dainties, all untold?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who always knows just what we need,
When we ourselves know not indeed?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Who should be numbered with the saints,
Whom Holy Writ with us acquaints?

The Nurse, God bless her!

Jackson Memorial Hospital, Miami, Florida, February 4, 1925

TO "CLARICE"

The night winds are calling, Clarice, Clarice,
The pine trees are sighing, Clarice, Clarice,
The star-flowers are breathing thy name, Clarice,
My poor moaning heart doth give me no peace.

Clarice, my Clarice, my precious Clarice,
Oh, when shall I see thy fair face, Clarice?

Oh, when shall I touch thy dear hand, Clarice,
Or hear thy sweet voice, like music, Clarice?

Alas! I fear never again, Clarice,

Clarice, my Clarice, my precious Clarice!

September 18, 1924

TO MY BELOVED "S. P."

Pink and white and lavender blue,
Sweet peas always remind me of you,
Of you, my beloved, of you, of you,
Of you, my beloved, so tender and true!

Sweet peas fragrant with morning dew,
Sweet peas always remind me of you,
Of you, my beloved, of you, of you,
Of you, my beloved, so loving and true!

Friends may forsake me, become untrue,
But you, my beloved, not you, not you,
I know, my beloved, I know that you,
Forever will prove to be faithful and true!

September 30, 1925

THE WHITE ROSE

There rests on my bosom a wondrous rose,
As pure and as white as the Alpine snows.
While I lovingly gaze on the rose, it seems
That my soul drifts out on the River of Dreams,
Afar and away my frail barque sets sail,
Afar and away where the nightingale
Doth plaintively sing in the moon's pale light,
And sing and sing to the White Rose all night.
Then a sadness creeps into my poor lonely heart,
With the fear from that Rose, I forever must part.
"Dear Father," I pray, "Keep the White Rose and me
Pure, holy and lovely and fragrant like Thee,
Through time and throughout all Eternity!"

June 29, 1924

THE GARDEN IN MY HEART

I keep a secret Garden in my heart,
And there I love to sit alone, apart,
And dream until all things about me seem
To change into the things of which I dream.
Within that sacred Garden of my heart
There stands a wondrous Rose, alone, apart,
Its presence banishes the gloom of night,
Its fragrance makes my every burden light,
It cools my brow, it eases all my pain,
And strengthens me to bear life's daily strain.
O! wondrous Rose, O! lovely pure White Rose,
And sweeter far than any flower that blows.
Dear Lord, I thank Thee for my precious Rose,
And wilt Thou bless the garden where it grows!

January 17, 1926

TO "L. O."

"Least One," most precious friend, thou gavest thy-
self this name!
And yet, in very sooth, the sobriquet became
Thee not, for through the passing years thou hast
proved great,
In faith, in service, love, in short in every state!
A comfort to my heart in time of direst need,
The Lord Himself will surely give thee thy due
meed!
The shadow of a rock in a most weary land,
Thy love hath been to me, it strengthened me to
stand.
Ofttimes, when I would fain have fallen by the way,
Thy faith, thy courage and thy zeal, day after day,
Inspired me to press bravely on toward the prize,
That doth await God's faithful ones beyond the skies.
"Least One," let us so strive to live that we may
praise,
And love and serve and worship Him through end-
less days!

June 15, 1926

TO MY GOLDFISH

Companions of my sad and lonely hours,
How sweet to feel you need me, that upon
My daily care your very lives depend!
At earliest dawn your silent S O S
Attracts and rouses me from drowsy sleep—
Those curving, golden flashes plainly say
"Please, Please, we want our breakfast, Muddie
dear!"
No words have you, your gratitude to speak,
But in those wild, ecstatic gleams of light,
I read your, "Thank you, Thank you, 'twas so good!"

* * *

Ofttimes I sit and gaze upon their home,
And see beyond the things that do appear.
The water represents the "Word of Truth,"
So necessary to the Child of God,
If we would live and grow in Christ our Lord.
Again, though now we see but darkly through
A glass, "we then shall know as we are known."
The gold reminds me of that life Divine,
Which we shall share, if faithful to the end,—
Their "Castle," of "The Palace of the King,"
Where we shall dwell with Christ forevermore.
Dear Lord, I pray, increase my faith and love,
That I may see Thee face to face, and serve
Thee perfectly through ages without end!

June 6th, 1926.

"CARISSA"

Carissa, the sweetest flower that grows,
And sweeter far than any rose;
My star-flower, Carissa, my wonderful love,
Carissa, my angel from Heaven above!
Carissa, as pure as the fresh-fallen snow,
The depths of thy sweetness I never shall know.
Carrissa, Carissa, farewell my sweet love,
Carissa, my angel from Heaven above!
Forget not the love that thy White Rose doth send,
That time cannot wither, that death cannot end!
Carissa, the sweetest flower that grows,
Farewell, with love from thine own White Rose!

April 12, 1925

Earlier Poems



A WASTED LIFE

(Written When Nine Years Old)

I missed the goal I sought to win,
I fell below in error's sin;
A silent spectre at the door,
A waiting Pilgrim on the shore,—
Waiting for the breeze to come
That, filling my sails shall waft me home!
Forgotten I'll be, when I'm gone to that clime,
Where, though aged on Earth, I'll be in my prime.

EMILY

(First Published Poem)

In the darkened room 'mid the flowers' perfume,
She is lying so still, so fair,
With the selfsame smile on the quiet mouth
And the silken sheen on her hair.

Like a tired child fallen asleep at play,
She is lying so quietly there;
The sweet, proud spirit stilled at last,
And the warm heart free from care.

No bitterest tears on the calm, pure brow
Can disturb thy deep repose,
Thou sweet, brave soul, so dearly beloved—
How dearly God only knows!

Earth shall receive its own again—
Refined as by fire,
But the spirit singeth its Maker's praise
From depths of the heavenly choir.

If only some word she might send to us
From that dread unvisited land.
Pray God at His call we as bravely may go,
Upheld by His unseen hand.

June 15, 1889

THE BUTTERFLY

Oh, butterfly, flutterby, soft, brown and gold,
Oh, butterfly, flutterby, have you been told
That the secret of life is the secret of love,
And love is of God, and God is above!

1887

COLORADO

When Poesy her fair writ parchment shreds,
And Art impatient flings her brush aside
With vain attempt the witchery of this land,
In some half measure to portray, how then
Shall I, rash worldling, hope or dare describe
How rosy dawn climbs up the eastern sky,
How round about, the treasure-burdened hills
The amethystine sky within their jagged
Fingers hold, like some fair jewel, set
In antique silver, flecked with burnished gold;
How day, like ruddy amber'd wine doth slip
Into the star-gemmed, silvery cup of night.

Mark where, against the opalescent sky,
The Spanish peaks, twin giants hoary, lie,
And where from snowy Pike's peak's distant crest,
The Erl-king flaunts his banner 'cross the sky!
Full soon his rumbling chariot wheels are heard,
Then swift the king, majestic, gloomy, grand,
Wrapt in his dazzling robe of whirling sand,
Sweeps by, while close behind, Hygeia glides
And notes how noisome things and foul lie hid
Beneath the tramplings of her consort's steeds.
Her locks ambrosial sweeten all the air,
And nature springs refreshed beneath her feet.

Now turns the wearied sun unto his couch,
Low spread within the western sky, and decked
With draperies glaucous, Tyrian-hued, and red,
While softly shining Hesper watch doth keep,
A night-lamp to day's monarch while he sleeps.
December 22, 1891

A HEART-THROE

Away from the world's temptations,
Away from its strife and hate,
I will go and leave my task,
And the weary world shall wait.

I will blind mine eyes to the sight
Of the suffering round my feet,
I will deafen mine ears and hear,
See naught save the pure, the sweet.
* * * * *

The golden-rod swinging and swaying,
Bends over me where I lie
Amid the tall, cool grasses,
With face upturned to the sky.

While dragon flies circling o'er me
With ruby and emerald gleam,
Winged gems that borrow their splendour
From the dying sun's last beam.

The sunset glow is fading,
And the sky grows darkly blue,
Save here and there where a star
Lets the glory of Heaven shine through.

Mine earthly eyes may not pierce
To the regions beyond the star,
But the eye of faith sees a vision
Surpassing description far.

Alone with God and with nature
My rebellious soul grows still,—
"Father, forgive, forgive,
And help me to do Thy will!"

Then my feet retrace their steps
To the earth's dull cares again,
But I bear in my heart new love
For the sorrowing children of men.

LA CREPUSCULE

(Twilight)

The witching hour when all the world doth dream,
When care and sorrow seem to take their flight
 Into oblivion's night,
And like a lily's perfume through the gloom,
 Peace broods within the room.

Faint violet mists creep warmly through the wold,
A solitary night bird's lonely note
 Up from the earth doth float,
While toiling day's harsh discord softly dies
 Away in silent harmonies.

Ah, thus may Peace my trembling soul enfold,
When pales upon my cheek life's sunset glow,
 And heavenly voices low
Lull me to rest within Death's narrow bourn,
 To wait the Resurrection morn!

January 15, 1892

SOUL SOLITUDE

Poor fools, we fondly gaze at one another,
 Dreaming we see, we know, and fail
To mark how darkness thicker than black night
 Each from other's soul doth veil.

Hopes, fears, ambitions, heart's desires,
 Our pale lips tell—vain words, they fall
On ears too dull, they cannot understand!
 A dead wall parts us each from all.

Mysteriously as pass the winds of Heaven,
 Each separate soul its way doth take,
Seeing and seen, as in a glass, darkly—
 Till in His likeness all shall wake.

June 5, 1891

WEDDED

Fair as twin-lilies on one stem,
They sweetly grew,
Their shy, half-hidden loveliness,
Few ever knew.

The perfume of their lives from earth
To Heaven arose
Like some sweet incense, burned at morn
And even's close.

* * *

Alas! At dawn of day, one dying
Hung his head,
The other pined, and in the evening
Both lay dead.

July 2, 1892

THE TWIN SOUL

Earth hath its companion, Heaven;
Labor wearied finds sweet Rest;
Thus doth joy each sorrow leaven,
Ordered by Divine behest.

Nothing in the world is single;
Love was meant with love to plight;
Heart with heart must needs commingle,
Soul to soul reflect its light.

Grieve not then if vain thy sighing
For thy Twin-soul's coming bright,
Know that soul shall after dying,
Meet thee in the World of Light.

January 13, 1893

HER PICTURE

I gaze upon the brow so fair,
The silken sheen of soft brown hair,
 The dusky eyes
 Like evening skies,
The velvet cheek of damask hue,
The lips as if with kisses wet,
 'Tis perfect art—and yet, and yet
 It is not you, not you!

I miss the radiant, soulful glance,
E'en heaven itself could scarce enhance,
 No painter's skill
 Nor poet's will
Can ever make it live anew!
 Within my heart of hearts alone,
 Deep graven as upon a stone,
 I find your image true.

January 28, 1892

ISRAFIL

O, Israfil, thou messenger of Death,
 How strange that once I should have feared thee
 so,
That once thy hand I thought felt cold and dread,
 That thou thyself did'st seem my deadliest foe!

Yet now, that thou hast borne my loved ones far
 Beyond this weary world's dark woe and strife,
I gladly follow where thy footsteps lead,
 O, Israfil, thou messenger of Life!

April 12, 1893

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