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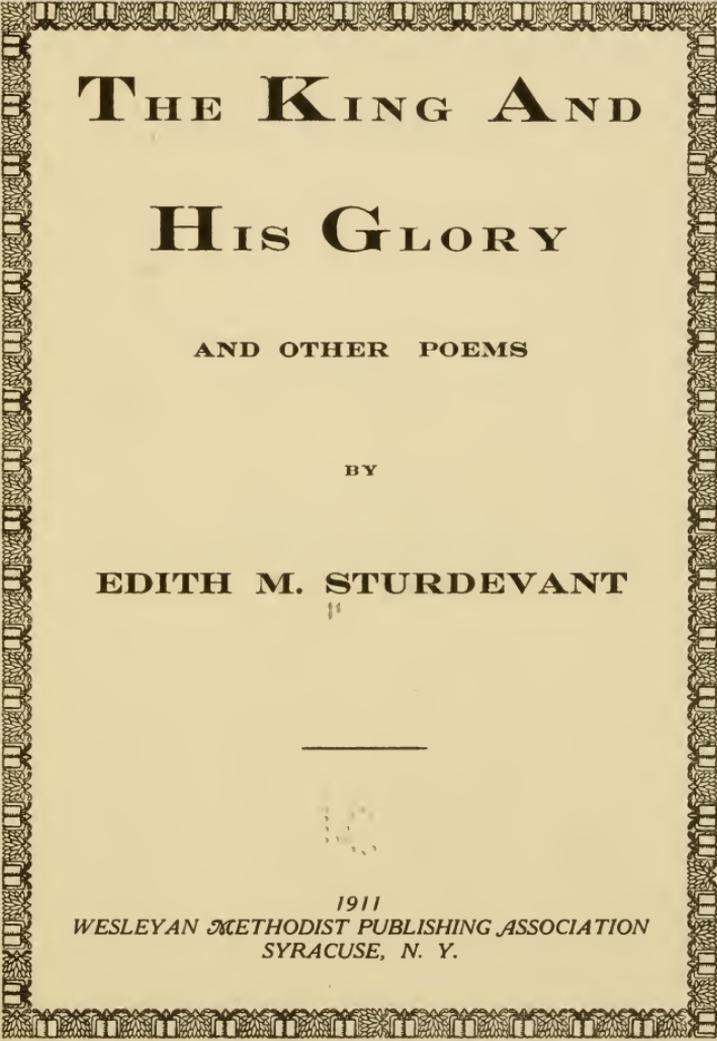
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**THE KING AND
HIS GLORY**

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EDITH M. STURDEVANT

1911

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CONTENTS.

The King and His Glory.....	7
Look Up! Lift Up!.....	10
Wasted Advice	11
The Dawn	14
Father's Nerves	16
The American Flag's Question	18
When Kenneth Gets Something Ahead.....	19
My Old Home	21
The Interested (?) Congregation.....	23
In Memory of Reginald	25
How Marjorie Got Rid of Great-Aunt Lucretia.....	27
Nasturtiums	30
The Kitten's Resolution	32
Then, and Only Then	33
A Clear (?) Conscience	35
The Baby's Mission	36
A Retort	38
Memorial Day	40
When Women Vote	41
My Little Boy	43
Getting Even With Mother.....	45
Kenneth Lauren	46
The Would-Be Poet's Dream.....	48
When the Asters Bloom In Autumn.....	51
The Flatterer and the Critic.....	52
Four Pansies	56

Hard Times (?)	57
Lullaby	59
When Eddie Proposed	60
A Tribute to America and her Flag.....	61
The Child Who Has to Look Just So.....	62
Music	63
The Way it Usually Turns Out.....	67
In Memory of Lawrence.....	68
When Father Gets up in the Morning.....	70
The Old Tumbled-Down House	72
Theory and Practice	73
Waiting	74
The Preacher Has an Easy Job (?).....	74
The Nation's Hope	75
The Critic's Dream	77
Little Son	80
A Man Who Changed His Mind.....	82
Three Little Faces	83
The Preacher Doesn't Mind the Heat (?).....	85
Here and Beyond	86
The Day that Mother Read Browning.....	88
When the Summer Days are Gone.....	93
The Last Straw.....	94
Day and Night	96

INTRODUCTION

If you, perchance, should feel inclined
To criticise this book—to say
Its sentiments force not their way
In a strong manner to the mind ;

If you feel that a childish note
Is heard distinctly, through the whole,
Which sorely vexes all your soul,
I pray that you will not devote

Much time to criticism, stern,
For there are future years, you know,
And, if you watch, as those years go,
Perhaps improvement you'll discern.

EDITH M. STURDEVANT

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The cross and crown have glory,
Thro' all the ages that roll,
Their story is ever thrilling
The poor benighted soul.
They're not as the tales which created
By man are born to die;
But anew as the eyes scan their wonders
They merit the tear and the sigh.

The child in the humble manger,
The mighty and glorious King,
Did He hear the raptures of glory?
Did He hear the angels sing?
Though a babe in the place so lowly,
His work had already begun:
The work which shall end in triumph,
And the will of Himself be done.

The boy in the mighty temple
Dared mingle His voice with the wise,
Obeying His Father in Heaven,
Looking down on His Son from the skies.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And the parents their child were seeking
Over valley and plain and hill;
Nor understood they His mission,
That He did His Father's will.

The Savior with His disciples
In humbleness walked by the sea,
And people forsook their possessions,
The friends of the Christ to be.
But ah! in their human weakness,
Their hearts from the Master turned;
Yet His heart was filled with yearning,
And the spirit within Him burned.

Cruel nation, why did they reject Him,
And turn their Savior away?
They will long for His blessed presence
In the fear of the Judgment Day.
Ah; yes, on the cross of Calvary
They placed Him with mocking and scorn,
Weary with taunts and anguish,
Sorrowful, bleeding and worn.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

But the cross 'twas a cross of glory;
It brightened His crown above—
The crown with the jewels of mercy
That tell of a Savior's love,
Abiding forever and ever
As deep as the depths of the sea;
And let us remember with gladness
'Tis given to you and to me.

Yes, the cross and the crown have glory
Forever; it cannot die,
But richer and grander and nobler
'Twill be as the days go by,
When up in Heaven we gather
To tell of the precious story,
We shall see Him and dwell with Him ever,
The beautiful King in His glory.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

LOOK UP! LIFT UP!

Look up! lift up! while life's day shall last,
Ere the ev'ning cometh, and thy chance is past.
Jesus' voice is sounding, cheerfully and strong:
"Look up! lift up! all the way along."

Look up! lift up! others' burdens share,
Like thy Lord and Master, pain and sorrow bear.
Let no disappointments make thy courage fail.
Look up! lift up! and thou shalt prevail.

Look up! lift up! while the day is bright.
Praying that thy Master guide the work aright.
Others will behold thee,—join thy happy band.
Look up! lift up! at thy Lord's command.

Look up! lift up! soon will life be o'er,
Faithful souls be gathered Home forevermore.
Thy reward shall fully all thy toil repay.
Look up! lift up! till that blessed day."

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

WASTED ADVICE

My dear pastor, your attention
Please to give, for I would mention
A few faults I see in you.
'Tis a kindly thing to do,
And I'm sure you ought to thank me,
Nor with common critics rank me.

Firstly, rise, my brother, early,
When the dew is bright and pearly,
I have heard you sleep till five,
And the church will never thrive
Unless you quit your bed at three,
An hour when you should surely be
Engaged in study—learning how
To preach more sense than you do now.

Secondly, you should make more calls
On your church people. It appalls
Me to remember, brother dear,
You've called on me but thrice, this year.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Thirdly, you should be more grave—
It takes a fellow that is brave
To talk to you so plainly, brother.
I don't believe there is another
In all the church would dare to come
And tell you this—I'm not like some.
Be grave, be serious, I repeat,
For life's hard burdens we all meet,
And you should show a tender heart,
Nor, smiling, stand from us apart.

Fourthly, don't mention Prohibition,
Or it will have to be our mission
To tell you (though it break each heart),
The time has come when we must part.
Strong drink is a bad thing, I own,
But, brother, leave the theme alone.

Fifthly, we hear that your wife spends
A lot of coin for odds and ends
Like ribbons, laces, beads, and such.
Now such things don't amount to much,
And never ought a place to find
In a preacher's wife's unworldly mind.
Just speak to her, brother, if you will,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And tell her our hearts with joy would thrill
To hear her say she would resign
These follies, and spend her precious time
Reading her Bible, and doing good,
As one in her position should.

Alas! I must leave, with much untold.
More to you I would fain unfold.
Plainly I see your duties, brother.
They come to me, one after another.
But at my work I'm due—Good-bye.
I hope with all my heart you'll try
To follow out the plan I've made,
I'm sure 'twill be of greatest aid
To you. Some other time I'll come
And feed you wisdom, crumb by crumb.

He vanished—Did the preacher faint?
Ah, no! He uttered no complaint.
He did not fall upon the floor,
He only smiled, and shut the door
And said: "I've heard all that before."

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

THE DAWN

Across the beauty of the sky
The first faint tints of morning lie;
No brilliant sun appears as yet,
But gone the night's dull robe of jet;
With thanks to God for bright days gone
I greet the dawn, I greet the dawn.

Among the trees the birds awake,
As the first rays of morning break;
Their notes sound full upon the air,
And gladly in their joy I share;
With thanks to God for blessings great,
The fuller charms of dawn I wait.

The dazzling sun in triumph rises,
No cloud his smiling face disguises;
The birds strike cords of harmony,
O, God's great wonders silence me;
I cannot find words to portray
The beauty of the dawning day.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The people soon will be astir,
O I regret the joys that were;
The quiet dawning of the day
When half the people sleeping lay;
The world seems crowded—down the street
Men haste, the day's cares soon to meet.

But through the day my heart is glad,
Why should earth's changes make me sad?
The birds another morn will sing,
God will a message to me bring,
He'll give me joys through all the years,
He'll give me smiles amid my tears.

Sometime my weary aching eye
Again shall see those faint tints lie
Across the sky,—of Heaven, fair,—
And One shall bring my spirit there;
With thanks to God for his love given,
I'll greet the glorious Dawn of Heaven.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

FATHER'S NERVES

I shiver, as my mind recalls
The days of father's nerves.
I would that I could do the tale
The justice it deserves.

He died so many, many times
In fancy, that indeed,
Like cats, he must possess nine lives,
For he's alive to read.

These lines, and although asthma makes
Him sometimes puff and wheeze,
He rests assured he suffers from
No desperate disease.

'Twas strange he thought that he would die,
For really, I must say,
He ate full half a dozen eggs,
And other food, each day.

He kept his poor wife busy
Arranging couch and bed,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And straight'ning out the bunches,
Till she was nearly dead.

The doctor did not see the joke
Of all this nervousness.
He was so angry that his rage
He could not well express.

He said, "There's nothing ails you.
You'd find it hard to die.
You couldn't leave this dreary world
My friend, if you should try."

But father smiled a lofty smile.
Superior his expression.
He knew far more than all the men
Of the medical profession.

Ah, sad those days of father's nerves!
They make me shiver yet,
For all the notions that he had,
I cannot well forget.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And I've a plan I cherish fond,
That, when I'm older grown,
Should I, perchance, a few pence gain
Which I may call my own.

I'll build a monument somewhere,
As high as a church steeple,
In honor of all those who have
To deal with nervous people.

THE AMERICAN FLAG'S QUESTION

You call me a beautiful banner,
And gaze on me proudly today,
Recalling the heroes who saved me,
And are now in their graves laid away.
You're full of a pride overwhelming,
But I, too, have something to say.

Do you think that I gaze on **you** proudly,
Recalling how pure are your deeds,
And trusting myself to you fully,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Assured you will meet all my needs?
Or, think you for hearts that are truer
And better, your fair banner pleads?

You're proud of Me, but just a question,
I've thought of it many years through,
When you have been proudly displaying
My glorious red, white and blue,—
And I ask now of all those who love me:
Do you think I should be proud of YOU?

WHEN KENNETH GETS SOMETHING AHEAD

(1)

I'm fond of my Kenneth, I own,
And I long that we two may be wed,
But the boy does not know how to save,
And he can't get a penny ahead.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

CHORUS

When Kenneth gets something ahead,
Oh, then we soon shall be wed.
So, laddie, just try, a wee bit to lay by,
Oh, try to get something ahead!

(2)

I'm sorry my Kenneth can't save,
And I mourn that we two may not wed,
But how foolish to have the knot tied
Till the dear boy gets something ahead.

(3)

I'm sure that my Kenneth tries oft
To be saving, but still we're unwed,
For the money slips out of his hands,
And he can't get a penny ahead.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

MY OLD HOME

I see the old house standing
 Among the maple trees,
And I feel again the sweetness
 Of Spring and Summer breeze.

Before my eyes, the lilac
 Appears once more to view.
While down in the grass is hiding
 The violet's head of blue.

And yonder is the smoke tree,
 With syringa bush near by.
While over there, in their bed of green,
 The pretty myrtles lie.

And by the fence, sweet-williams
 Are blooming, as of yore,
But I am in the city,
 And I see my flow'rs no more.

Wild roses are by the window,
 Whose thorns my fingers prick'd,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And perennial peas, which Grandma
Never wanted pick'd.

The ribbon grass and the trumpet vine
I remember with regret,
For the city has not charms enough
To make my heart forget.

And often comes a longing
To see my flow'rs once more,
And to wander with little playmates
As in days forever o'er.

So, though I grow accustomed
To the city's noisy ways,
I love to think of the country,
My home of other days.

And I see the old house standing
Among the maple trees,
While the flowers' faces are enshrined
As my sweetest memories.

THE INTERESTED (?) CONGREGATION

The church was brightly lighted, and the shining
window panes
Glittered in the stormy evening 'mid the dreary,
pattering rain.
Reverend Lee, the solemn preacher, chose his text
from Matthew third,
But 'twas little of the sermon that the congregation
heard.

Mrs. Gray, a forward member, thought of canning
cherries soon,
While her neighbor, Mrs. Clinton, counted cost of
silver spoons,
Which she hoped would grace the table when the
pastor came to dine,
But with fairly rapt attention, of their thoughts.
they gave no sign.

"O, repent!" the preacher uttered, but his words.
not one heart stirred,
For in all the congregation but a few had even
heard.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Mrs. White must needs be thinking of a gown she
needed sore,
And her chum and friend, Miss Mason, looked in
longing at the door.

Mr. Black must drive some cattle to a distant town
next day,

Mr. Alden was to visit friends a hundred miles
away.

While the wife of Deacon Harris nudged him as
she whispered low,

“If he preaches any longer I shall really have to
go.”

“Will ye never heed the Savior?” cried the pastor,
tired and worn,

Mrs. Johnson asked her husband if the rain would
hurt the corn.

Tired, discouraged, feeling failure in the air, the
pastor stood.

Mrs. Burns asked Mrs. Roberts if she liked her
baby’s hood.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

When, the sermon o'er, the pastor walked among
the congregation,
All those "interested" (?) people, out of every rank
and station,
Told with smiling, cordial faces of the help his
sermon gave,
And they wondered as they left him why his face
should be so grave.

IN MEMORY OF REGINALD

He is not here, mother's dear little boy,
Her darling child, and her heart's sweet joy.
We cannot know why he went away,
But we shall meet him, and know some day.

We'll know why his voice was stilled so soon,
When we join in the song of Heavenly tune.
We miss his mischief and pattering feet,
But he treadeth now on the Golden Street.

God called his name, and said: "Reggie, come,
I want you to live in my happy Home;"

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

So the little head drooped, and the blue eyes closed,
But the spirit was free, and to Heaven arose.

When he lay asleep with the flowers in his hands,
We felt it a token of Christ's command:
"Suffer the children to come unto Me,"
And, Oh Savior, we knew that his soul was with
Thee.

He looked like an angel, not like the dead,
For earth was past, and the last word said.
His face was fair as a summer flower,
Which had bloomed so sweet for a fleeting hour.

Though the time may be long ere we meet again,
'Twill be forever, no partings then.
We'll look in his sweet blue eyes once more,
When we meet little Reggie on yonder Shore.

The years are bearing us toward that Home,
And soon we shall hear the summons: "Come."
We'll cross the tide, and Reggie'll be there,
And we'll part no more in that country fair.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Yes, mother will meet her dear little boy,
And have forever her heart's sweet joy,
And father, and sister, and brother, shall dwell
In Heaven, for God doeth all things well.

HOW MARJORIE GOT RID OF GREAT-AUNT LUCRETIA

Great-aunt Lucretia was a bore.
She'd come and stay six months or more
With relatives who wished her home,
And wept whene'er they saw her come.
She had great wealth, but loved to hoard it,
So she would go around and "board it"
With people poorer than herself,
And let preserves spoil on her shelf.
No matter if her kin looked glum,
Great-aunt Lucretia still would come.

And idly sit in easy chair,
And eat of food more than her share.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Her relatives were too polite
To turn her out, but little bright
Miss Marjorie, the bore's grand-niece,
Said: "I can make these visits cease."
So in each relative's glad ear,
She whispered low a word of cheer,
And all looked hopeful and relieved,
As if their weary hearts believed

They'd found the way to rest and peace,
And knew their torture soon would cease.
Now Marjorie was twelve years old,
With long bright curls, and eyes which told
Of innocence. All trusted her,
Nor knew her thoughts mischievous were.
Next time Great-aunt Lucretia came
Sweet Marjorie—Ah, who could blame?—
Said: "Auntie, dear, mother's away,
And will not be at home today.

"She left me lots of work to do,
And now you've come, I know that you
Will help me rake up the back yard,
For mother makes me work so hard,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

You can't imagine how I trot
About each day, from spot to spot."
Poor Great-aunt 'Cretia hated work,
And knew quite well the way to shirk,
But Marjorie was too much for her,
And laboring hard the two soon were.

They raked the yard, they cleaned the stairs,
They swept the rooms, they dusted chairs,
They shook the rugs, they canned some fruit,
Till Auntie said: "Your Ma's a brute
To make you work so hard, I say,
You'll break down, dear Niece, some fine day."
And after that they mopped and ironed.
The entire house they overturned,
And into every nook they crept,
Dusted and cleaned, and shook and swept,

Until Great-aunt Lucretia said:
"Your poor Ma must have lost her head
Since last I came here. Never more
I'll visit her, as oft before."
So home she went, but soon made haste
Her nephew Harry's food to taste,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

But there, and everywhere she went,
Her every moment must be spent
In hardest toil. They worked her so,
To a hospital she had to go.

When she recovered, she stayed at home,
Nor visiting about did roam.
And there's a little twelve-year-old
Who wears a locket made of gold,
Given her by the admiring aunts
And uncles, who, with wild joy dance,
Because dear Marjorie did cease the
Unwelcome visits of Great-aunt Lucretia.

NASTURTIUMS

Nasturtiums, red and golden,
Smile up with faces gay,
And make the garden cheerful
Through sunny August day.
They do their best to brighten
The sad world, while they stay,
Nor mourn that they're not roses—
Contented flowers, they.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Nasturtiums, red and golden,
They droop not with despair,
Though the sweet Easter lily's
More delicate and fair.
"We care not," say they bravely,
"God likes the dress we wear,
And so we smile contented,
His wisdom we declare."

Nasturtiums, red and golden,
Smile on, and teach us all
We have on earth a mission,
Although our work seem small.
We may not be the "roses,"
So brilliant, we may fall
Short of the "lilies'" glory,
We may not hear a call

To greatness, and to honor,
We may think, with a sigh,
That others gain the blessings

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Which always pass us by.
But if we are contented,
If, with God's help, we try
To just smile and be cheerful,
We'll please Him—you and I.

THE KITTEN'S RESOLUTION

One day I scampered out the door,
And ran away a mile or more.
I thought I'd tease my mistresses,
And cause them sorrow and distress.

I met the crossest kind of cat,
And with his paw he knocked me flat,
He scratched me till I wildly yowed,
And called for help, in accents loud.

He bit my ears, he chewed my tail,
He battered me with tooth and nail;
He rolled me in the dust awhile,
And then he chased me for a mile.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

When I reached home I took my pen
And bottle of black ink, and then
I wrote within my diary,
How good, in future, I would be.

And closed with these words: "I'll distress
No more my gentle mistresses.
I'll stay at home and drink my milk,
And wash with care my coat of silk.

"I'll ne'er again run out the door,
To scamper off a mile or more.
I'll knock the rats and mice all flat,
And grow into a model cat."

THEN, AND ONLY THEN

When, at night I seek my slumber,
When is shining soft the star;
Then, among the Dreamland number,
Robed in white, I find you are.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And I clasp you, heart wild beating,
Forgetting pain that's been.
In my dreams you're mine, though fleeting,
Then, and only then.

When I lie upon my pillow,
Then you bend o'er me, and smile.
But some mad and cruel billow
Steals you in a little while.
Just when I am dreaming, dearie,
Forgetting what has been,
I have you, for a moment, near me,
Then, and only then.

When I sleep, my lot is best, dear,
For I clasp you to my heart,
And in sweet content I rest, dear,
Till the waking tears apart.
How my heart sings when I'm sleeping,
Forgetting all that's been,
For I have you in my keeping
Then, and only then.

When I lie beneath the sod, dear,
Through the years that come and go,
When my spirit is with God, dear,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And no longer pain I know ;
I shall dream a long, long while, dear,
Forgetting grief that's been.
I shall clasp you close, and smile, dear,
Then, and only then.

A CLEAR (?) CONSCIENCE

Three quarters of a penny,
Each day I lay aside,
To be an aid in spreading
The gospel far and wide.
I have considered fully,
How much I can afford
To put by for the heathen,
That they may know the Lord.
I used to think 'twas better
To give the penny all,
But found it far too painful,
And countless tears would fall.
So now I take the penny—
Three quarters sever off,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And send them to the heathen,
Across the ocean rough.
The other quarter that I keep,
Is balm unto the pain
It costs me to give anything—
My tears I will restrain.
Nor, as in past days will I grieve
O'er a reluctant gift;
I'll send three quarters of a cent,
The heathen to uplift.
And if, in all the foreign lands,
Full soon, there does not shine
A brighter and a better day,
The fault will not be mine.

THE BABY'S MISSION

She lay in her little crib so white,
And her golden hair o'er her head fell bright;
She was fast asleep, all tired from play,
And a thought stole o'er me as she lay

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

So pure and innocent, free from stain,
Knowing no sorrow yet, nor pain;
The thought, it came as a whisper from Heaven,
"Why was this child to the cruel world given?"

And my heart answered, with joy and love,
"This child was given, from God above,
To live as a flower in a world of sin,
Her lisping voice in a land of din.

To touch the hearts of a hardened race,
By the prattling words and the baby face."
"What has the baby done today?"
I thought and looked at her as she lay.

"She opened the day with a kiss for mother,
A smile for father, and sister, and brother,
And through the day she laughed and smiled,
Like a summer sunbeam, this little child."

"What is the baby's reward for this?
A mother's smile, and a mother's kiss,
A good-night hug, and a cozy nest,
And angels to soothe my darling to rest."

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

God gave your darling child to you,
As a light from Heaven, to lead you through
The paths of life, to cheer you on,
When clouds hang dark, and hope is gone.

And he bade you train her for God and Heaven,
'Twas for this purpose that she was given,
So mother honor your baby fair,
Your little one with the golden hair.

Though the years of her life have numbered but
few,
She has been a blessing, dear mother, to you,
For she has gladdened a little place
Of this dreary earth with her baby face.

A RETORT

You say that women can't keep still,
Their tongues just have to go.
I don't deny some are like that,
But 'tis not always so.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Besides, I know there are some men,
Whose tongues appear to be
In running order, but, of course,
They can't their own faults see.

Just get the men all going
On politics, some day.
Then try to get a word in—
'Tis vain, try as you may.

While they are praising this one,
And running that one down,
If 'twere in pioneer days,
Indians might burn the town.

And these men be oblivious,
Discussing problems great—
Whether such a man was wise
To slur the trusts at such a rate;

Or perhaps the labor question
Is brought up, and argued on,
Each man ending up by thinking
As he did when he begun.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Women may have long discussions,
And form tongue-wagging cliques,
But that's no worse, let me tell you,
Than men talking politics.

MEMORIAL DAY

The glorious day once more appears,
When we, in mem'ry of the brave,
Make beautiful the soldier's grave,
And laud the hero, who, to save
His flag and country, gladly gave
His life, in darker, sadder years.

Well may we place the flowers there!
Above the noble ones, at rest,
But also bring the loveliest
Of tokens, for which they express'd
Their love, by dying—stood the test.
Bring to them, now, the colors fair.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Bring them their banners—theirs and ours,
And, as it waves in all its pride,
Above its faithful ones, who died,
That it, through all the country wide,
Might wave, and freedom e'er abide,
To give the Nation greater pow'rs.

Remember all the past, and those
Who saved the flag you love today,
As they loved, who have passed away.
To them, your sincere tribute pay,
And for your flag and country pray:
“God keep them from their foes!”

WHEN WOMEN VOTE

All things will prosper in the land,
And Good will rule, with gentle hand.
All Evil and Iniquity
Will, in a moment wildly flee,
And what a change our eyes will note,
When women vote.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

How happy will that day be, when
Women have equal rights with men!
All things that are not pure and good
Will pass away—that's understood.
Smooth, down life's stream, will glide our boat,
When women vote.

The pleasant day—may it soon dawn!
And woman's powerless hours be gone.
Then, tranquilly, our lives will pass,
Influenced by this gentle Class.
The cheers will burst from many a throat,
When women vote.

May women, ere long, have their rights!
And bring peace after our hard fights.
Then, flowerlike, our days will go.
The nettles no more shall we know,
And, on rose-stem, no thorn we'll note,
When women vote.

MY LITTLE BOY

I marked the red and dimpled cheeks
Of my wee boy, and said:
"So healthy—never sick a day."
But now the child is dead.

I go about the silent house,
All dazed in heart, and faint.
I never lift my voice to God
To utter a complaint.

I know 'tis vain for me to say
The child should not have died,
For all is done past changing now,
And though I oft have sighed

While my beloved lived, lest he
Might pass away to Heav'n,
Now that he's gone no sigh nor tear
Unto his mem'ry's giv'n.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

There is a calm o'er all the earth,
And voices speak like dreams.
Ah, surely I shall soon awake
To morning's early beams.

But no. This is not a mere dream.
The rosy cheeks are white.
The little boy has passed away
Who made the home so bright.

Ah, often, in the years to be,
We'll pause, as fancy sweet
Makes us believe we hear once more
The patter of his feet.

But not now, nor in years to come,
Shall he return again.
The days shall bring us weariness,
And bitter longing, vain.

Yet we know we shall meet once more
The little boy we love,
Among the angels and the saints,
In God's bright Home Above.

GETTING EVEN WITH MOTHER

“Cut off my curls,” the big boy plead,
“D’ you think I am a girl?”
But mother wept, and shook her head,
“You shall not lose a curl!”

Then father took in his strong arms
His little daughter fair.
The loveliest of all her charms
Was her long curling hair.

The scissors in his steady hand,
Her father clipped away
The ringlets. Then her head he scanned,
And shook with feelings gay.

He led her to her mother’s side,
And, as the short-haired child
The mother gazed upon, wild-eyed,
How father sweetly smiled.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

“My dear, you’ll not cut Edward’s curls,
Though jest his pride annoys,
So long’s his hair looks like a girl’s,
Maude’s shall look like a boy’s.”

KENNETH LAUREN

(1)

No need to sit down and fret,
No time to spare for regret.
There’s some pleasure in life yet,
For there’s blue-eyed Kenneth Lauren,

And if there’s naught else to do,
I am sure that I know who
Will give me a welcome true.
It is little Kenneth Lauren.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

CHORUS

Kenneth Lauren's always ready,
Always ready for a ride.
When the sun is shining bright and gay,
'Long the streets he loves to glide,
Gazing with eyes blue and wide,
At the wonders he beholds upon his way.

(2)

Never need I idly say:
"There's no sunshine in the day.
All my joy has passed away,"
For there's smiling Kenneth Lauren,
And he's ready for a ride,
Any time that I decide,
So my heart is pacified
By sweet thoughts of Kenneth Lauren.

THE WOULD-BE POET'S DREAM

I dreamed I wrote a sonnet
Which gained me greatest fame,
And people looked respectful
Whene'er they heard my name.
I heard my praises loudly sung
By all the wise and great.
Success came daily unto me,
I never had to wait.

My picture was requested
By papers far and near,
And sketches of my noble life
Full often did appear.
Each reader sent me letters—
"A genius," so they said.
I grew proud and conceited,
And nearly lost my head.

I fancied that I was as great
As people made me out,
And, if one moment ceased their praise,
I would sit down and pout.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

I soon became most miserable.
I scanned the papers all,
I nearly died at critic's word,
And bitter tears would fall.

I kept on writing sonnets
And odes, while people cheered.
More pictures of me were required,
More sketches, grand, appeared.
And yet I was not happy,
Praise did not always last,
And I felt worse than ever
When flatt'ring people passed

By, after saying silly
And tiresome things to me.
I found that fame's less pleasant
Than it's made out to be.
I often penned my poems
With swiftly falling tears,
While longing almost killed me
For my less famous years.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Then, t'ling! I heard the door bell.

I woke, and dressed in haste,
Not sorry it was but a dream,
So bitter was the taste
Of fame. I gave a lecture
To myself, sharp and plain.
I said: "NOW will you ever dare
To wish for fame again?"

Oh, I felt natural indeed,
When to the door I went.
(A little while before, a "pome"
To a kind firm I'd sent.)

I read the letter postman dear
Had thrown in at the door.
"Your poem we return, with thanks,
Don't send us any more."

WHEN THE ASTERS BLOOM, IN AUTUMN

(1)

When the asters bloom, in Autumn,
Think of me, so far away.
Kiss the blossoms for me, gently
And for your beloved pray.
Think how, some day, we, together,
Shall to God sing praises sweet,
Think not of this separation,
But of time when we shall meet.

CHORUS

When the asters bloom, in Autumn,
Pink and white and purple hue,
Think of me, far off and lonely,
Longing for a glimpse of you.
Think of me, as 'mong the blossoms,
You are passing to and fro.
When the asters bloom, in Autumn,
Think of one who loves you so.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

(2)

When the asters bloom, in Autumn,
Think of me, so far from you,
Think how my heart will be longing
To behold your eyes of blue.
Think of me, my heart's beloved,
When I'm far from you away.
When the asters bloom, in Autumn,
For your darling softly pray.

THE FLATTERER AND THE CRITIC

The Flatterer and the Critic
Came to my home one day,
And begged me to rent each a room,
Though little they could pay.
The Flatterer wore a smiling face,
As if naught e'er went wrong.
The Critic looked so stern, I said:
"I shall not keep you long!"

Yet he was not offended,
But sought his room, and there
Sat, thinking out long comments
On volumes great and rare.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The Flatterer was always
About, it seemed to me.
She tagged me like a little dog,
And talked incessantly.

She had no days of sadness,
She never sulked nor wept,
But always ran her busy tongue,
As at my side she kept,
With flattery most wearisome.
Whether I sewed or cooked,
She had to say how well 'twas done,
How fine my garments looked.

At last I grasped her firmly,
And threw her out the door,
And dared her feet, so giddy,
To cross my threshold more.
I told her, other lodgings
Than mine, she'd have to seek,
For I would not keep her longer,
For a peck of gold per week.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And then I got acquainted
With the Critic, and found that he
Was a good and truthful fellow,
And worth a lot to me.
He did not praise me wildly,
Ere he knew what I had done,
Nor tell me, of all earth's honored,
I was the greatest one.

No, he told me what was faulty,
And showed me what was right;
While, whether I sinned, or purely walked,
The Flatterer spoke her delight.
Ah yes, the Critic and I became
The closest friends, for he
Spoke words, both true and helpful,
And he would not flatter me.

He sits in his corner, quiet,
Nor tags me to and fro,
Yet, when I need his wisdom,
He'll be on hand, I know.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The Flatterer wanders here and there,
And some she fascinates;
And, by her weak and childish smile,
Gains shelter within their gates.

But, though she be deserted
By all who think her sweet,
Though, weary of her praising voice,
All turn her in the street;
Though she may, sad, remember
The home she had, with me,
She will not dare to enter
My home, though lone she be.

A warning to you, Flatterer;—
Although the world seem pleased
With your sweet voice, one moment,
The next it will be seized
With deep respect and rev'ence
For truth, yon Critic tells,
And, at your seeming triumph,
Will toll your funeral bells!

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

FOUR PANSIES

The first was a deep, dark red,
And held its head
Up, smiling bravely.
The second was purple and white,
And faced me bright,
But somewhat gravely.

The third had a drooping head,
Of strange pink-red,
And purple center ;
While the fourth was pure and white
As the saints, bright,
Who Heaven enter.

Ah, some of our thoughts are brave,
And others grave.
Some droop, with sighs, down ;
While the sweetest are pure and white
As angel, bright,
Who, from Heav'n flies down.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

All mingle into one
As time goes on,
Glad thoughts, and serious ;
While sad, grey thoughts, and white,
When linked aright,
Form chain mysterious.

Each pansy wore, with grace,
A diff'rent face,
And thus, before us,
Pass changing visions, one
Sad, one like sun ;
But all are glorious.

HARD TIMES (?)

With dismal face he passed along,
And said : "This world is going wrong."
He grumbled, as he kicked a pup,
Who for a pat had dared sneak up,
"My wages are so low," he muttered ;
But scarcely had the words been uttered
When a saloon he chanced to pass,
And he turned back to have a glass.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

He went home and abused his wife
And said: "Mine is a wretched life."
He knocked his children left and right,
And then went out to pick a fight
With any who were of his kind.
Then, when the day was left behind,
He threw himself upon his bed,
And longed to shoot all rich men dead.

If he would save the coin he earns,
And quit "fire water,"—but he spurns
Such good advice, and kicks the pup,
And drains, with eagerness, the cup.
He makes his wife wish she were dead,
And whacks his children on the head;
Hopes he will get his pay raised soon,
And spends his time in the saloon.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

LULLABY

Dark eyes are closing in sleep,
Dark eyes soft and deep.
Baby is drifting away
To the land where the fairies play.
Drifting away, away
To the land where the fairies play.

Dark eyes are smiling so bright,
'Neath their lids of white.
Baby is drifting away
To the land where the fairies play.
Drifting away, away
To the land where the fairies play.

Dark eyes are op'ning so wide,
While the sweet dreams glide
Slowly and softly away
To the land where the fairies play.
Gliding away, away
To the land where the fairies play.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

WHEN EDDIE PROPOSED.

Eddie proposed to his darling Grace,
They'd been together for years,
But Grace's mother hid her face,
And shed a quart of tears.
"Oh wait awhile, oh wait awhile,
Oh wait awhile, my dears!"

Eddie enraged, said: "Farewell, Oh Grace."
And tramped away from the spot.
Then selfish mother raised her face,
And smiled, for she forgot
Her own young days, her glad young days,
And happy wedded lot.

Eddie heard, with a hard heart, unmoved,
The mother's plea that he'd wait
For her daughter, whom he truly loved,
Until some future date;
And so poor Grace, and so poor Grace
Dwells on, in single state.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA AND HER FLAG

(Independence Day)

There is no other land
So beautiful and grand
As our America—our pride—our love.
There are no other flow'rs
In all the world like ours,
And never elsewhere skies like those which smile
above
This country of the free,
This home of liberty,
Whose glorious banner is afloat today.
Oh, when the colors rise,
Our ev'ry sorrow dies,
And all our hearts, with rapturous beating, say:

“Oh flag, thou art our pride!
Stainless may thou abide!
Let nothing touch thy glory, which can mar:
And may the whole world see
That perfect purity
Forever is express'd by ev'ry stripe and star!
Oh banner of our land,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Most beautiful and grand,
Our pray'rs arise to God upon this joyous day,
That thou, for whom men died,
Our nation's love and pride,
May'st wave in glorious triumph, forever and for
aye.

THE CHILD WHO HAS TO LOOK JUST SO

I'm sorry for you, little one,
With days of torture just begun.
Your hair must always smoothly lie,
Let common children pass you by,
For they might muss your locks, you know.
Oh child who has to look just so.

I'm sorry for you little lass,
Don't dare to tumble on the grass,
For you might stain your dress, my dear,
You'd get a whipping then, I fear,
Your mother's very strict you know,
Oh child who has to look just so.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

I'm sorry for you little lad,
I really think it is too bad,
But with those boys you must not play,
They're dirty—so come right away.
You're very clean and neat, you know.
Oh child who has to look just so.

I'm sorry for you, little one,
Your torture has but just begun.
Your mother hasn't any sense,
I'll say no word in her defense,
I prophesy you days of woe,
Oh child who has to look just so.

MUSIC

When on my ear the sound of music falls,
The past days, sad, and bright, so strongly it recalls,
That I scarce hear the tune out given by the keys,
Because of other music—that of my memories.
I hear again the laughter of one who, blue of eye,
Lived on this earth, a transient, in happy days gone
by.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

I hear his voice, an echo, it soundeth in my ear,
From other hours of sunshine, which smile no
longer here,
But when the Sunshine spreadeth its glory o'er
yon Heav'n,
That child, with added beauty, will back to me be
giv'n,
For, in the music's sweetness, I hear a triumph
tone,
That promises the mourner shall find again his own.

I see bright eyes and laughing—they're clos'd now
in their sleep,
But in our hearts, forever, their shining light they
keep,
The music seems to whisper of days that are to be,
When, after earth's few mementos, spreads all
Eternity.
Then, if we e'er recall the past, to us it will appear
But as one overshadowed day, within a sunny year,
And though we count our lives as full of agony and
grief,
We find a comfort in the thought that they are
very brief,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Oh music, we believe thy note of promise, clear and
sweet,
And wait to see fulfillment, when once again we
meet
The fair, the pure, the beautiful, within the Land
of light,
Where it is always Morning, and no lips say: "Good
night."

There also is a prophesy within thy throbbing
voice,
That makes my heart, wild beating, to wonderf'ly
rejoice.
The years before me seem a land of glory shining
forth,
And I no longer feel myself a cumb'rer of the earth.
Not that I hope for any place upon the heights—ah
no!
But voices speak a message, in serious tones and
low.
This prophesy remains with me, and songs sound
in my ear,
From some far land of sunshine, I seek in vain for
here.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Perhaps, upon this earth, will fail these hopes and
dreams of mine,
But one thing cannot change—the light that on my
path doth shine.
The music ceases, and, lo! down the visions sink
to naught;
But some day, what is dreamed of now, in beauty
shall be wrought.

The music sighs, and falters, then rings out strong
again,
To tell of yonder Heaven, and end of sin and pain.
No more the blissful hope crushed out by cruel
years that teach
We may not have our great desire, altho' we long
beseech.
No more the mourners bearing their loved ones to
the tomb,
No more the children falling asleep within the
gloom,
For there the snow has melted, the cold has passed
away,
And buds unfold to blossoms, within a summer day.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The Lord God lets no evil take root, to mar His
own,
But watches o'er the City, high seated on His
throne.
And there, sweet music of this earth, the prelude
of yon Heaven,
Fulfillment of thy promises, to all men shall be
given.

THE WAY IT USUALLY TURNS OUT

Mildred and Marion, two maidens fair,
Discussed their futures, as young girls will;
With gravity and important air,
"I hope that my future will fulfill
All of my fancies," Mildred said,
As she tucked behind her ear a curl.
"A nice young preacher I fain would wed,
And I want my first child to be a girl."

Marion sighed, that her friend's desires
Were so commonplace and quaint.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

“To something better my heart aspires,”
She said, “and I can paint
A fairer scene. The man I wed
Shall be a professor, wise,
My first child, a boy, with noble head,
Black hair and midnight eyes.”

Mildred and Marion are married now,
Are happy none can doubt.
Friend, would it please you to learn how
Their hopes and plans turned out?
Well, Mildred wed Professor E——,
And has a boy named Earl,
And Marion's tied to Rev. B——
And has a little girl!

IN MEMORY OF LAWRENCE

God and the angels came for our Darling,—
Carried him over the river of night
Unto the joys of that glorious City.
Truly they've taken him far from our sight.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Yet as we look up and think of him Yonder,
Wonderously robed now in garments of white,
We may well thank God that He keeps forever
Our dear little one in His mansions of light.

Beautiful though his life was in its Springtime,
Sad though it seems that the bud did not bloom
Down on this earth,—our eyes look up to Heaven—
(For our beloved is not in the tomb.)
See that the blossom will be but the fairer
That it was snatched from earth's darkness and
 gloom,
Gently transplanted to Gardens above us,
One more bright flower, Heaven's streets to illumine.

God has united the two little brothers,
Reggie and Lawrence, and now in one fold
Together they wait till their loved ones pass Hither
To meet them once more on the Pavements of gold.
Then shall we see why so soon they were taken.
Many still live who are feeble and old,
Longing to go Hence, but oft 'tis the children
Who leave the earth first,—why it is we're not told.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Yet happier are they in Heaven, and reason
Enough that must be, till God wills to explain.
Sometime He'll reveal why He carried our Darling
Up unto His mansions, while we must remain
Awhile here, without him. Yes, we'll know the
 meaning
Of all of our sorrow, and feel no more pain.
Thou God lead us all in Thy good ways forever,
And bring us at last unto Lawrence again.

WHEN FATHER GETS UP IN THE MORNING

When father gets up in the morning
 He falls o'er a dozen chairs.
He steps on the cat, and makes it yell,
 Yet he tries to be still, he declares.

He splits some wood in the cellar,
 And shovels coal by the ton,
While we, groaning on our pillows,
 Know that the day has begun.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

He builds the fire with clamor
Enough for a soldier band,
And then he shrieks for mother,
Because he has burned his hand.

I hear a moan beside me,
And mother jumps out of bed.
She searches for her hairpins,
And twists up her hair on her head.

I hear her getting breakfast,
While father stumbles about,
And the cat seeks a distant corner,
Feeling it's best to look out.

Then father eats, and vanishes
To business, for the day,
Thinking he's surely favored us,
Getting up in so quiet a way.

The cat comes out of the corner,
And purrs complacently,
Thinking, if father would stay away,
How happy the home would be.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

We all respect poor father,
Who earns our food and clothes,
But what we suffer from his noise,
I tell you, no one knows!

THE OLD TUMBLED-DOWN HOUSE

Once it stood, in its pride,
Surrounded by maple trees;
And children with azure eyes,
And yellow locks were born
Within; and there one died,
And solved the mysteries
Of the Beyond. He lies
Near the old house forlorn.

The others have hither gone,
Into the world afar.
No child's laugh breaks the hush,
Only the slumb'erer to guard
The desolate ruin. Comes dawn,
And noontime, evening star,
The rose blooms, leaves its bush,
But no foot crosses the yard.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

I frowned upon my neighbor's child.
"A bold and saucy youngster, he.
His father is, by far, too mild,
His mother spoils him. Give to me
A child, if you would see how well
I'd bring him up. He'd be so good,
His modest manner would compel
The praise of all the neighborhood."

Alas! My theory was fine,
But practice is a harder thing.
A boy of three years now is mine.
Two little arms about me cling;
And somehow he has "brought up" me,
While I have all-submissive stood.
At present, he is said to be
The worst child in the neighborhood.

WAITING

My Beautiful, my Glorious, my Dearest!
Are thine eyes like the mid-October skies?
Perhaps the midnight shadow in them lies.
I wait, with throbbing heart, till thou appearest!
At eventide, perchance, a voice thou hearest,
Broken with sadness, breathing tender sighs;
And lo! the dew of longing fills thine eyes,
While thou art half in bliss, and half thou fearest.
Ah, my Beloved, King and Conqueror
Of my sad heart, haste hither unto me,
In all thy radiant beauty, for thy throne
Awaits thee! From my soul I cry: "Defer
No longer thy blest coming, for in thee
I live; for thee I wait, and love thee, thee alone."

THE PREACHER HAS AN EASY JOB (?)

The preacher has an easy job.
No heart, with pity, needs to throb
For him.—He lies around all day,
Trying to pass the time away,
And out of the hours, twenty-four,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

He works but twice twelve,—never more.
And so, you see, his tasks are light.
He's never tired a bit at night;
And oft his people hear him say
That he's ashamed to take his pay
Because the work he does is such,
He feels he has not earned so much.
Oh heart, with pity, cease to throb!
The preacher has an easy job.

THE NATION'S HOPE

'Tis blessed, this day, to remember
The heroes who fought for this land,
To make it a free, glorious Nation,
Unfettered by tyrant's command.
'Tis well to pay tribute of mem'ry
To those who have won in the fight,
And lie in the sleep of the faithful,
Till Dawn breaketh, after the night.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

But even more blessed, the promise
We have in our children today.
Their glory is slowly unfolding.
For them, let us all hope and pray.
The young men and women are standing
In view of the Nation, this hour,
And not in the mem'ry of heroes,
But in these young lives is its pow'r.

May the God who reigns yonder in Heaven,
So guard all our children and youth,
So lead them in paths of His making,
So teach them all honor and truth,
That, when those who now are our leaders,
Surrender their trust, and depart
From the scene of their struggle and labor—
When still'd is the throb of each heart,

The young may be fitted for burdens
Which then on their shoulders must fall,
May be able to take up the duties,
And good account render of all.
So, though we would honor our heroes

For all the grand work they have done,
We anchor our hopes in the children
Who will guard what our soldiers have won.

THE CRITIC'S DREAM

I sat within my cosy pew,
And yawned, one Sabbath morn ;
I viewed the preacher with an air
Of great contempt and scorn.
"That fellow thinks that he can preach,"
I sneered, within my heart ;
"He'd look much better loading goods
Into a grocer's cart."

"He stands humped over, clasps the desk
For fear 'twill get away ;
He knows no more than would a cow
The proper thing to say.
I'd like to show the people once
Some preaching to the mark ;
I'd make that fellow pack his trunk
And seek the forest dark."

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And thus I criticised, with scorn,
But, when the shadows fell,
I dreamed a dream so terrible
I shudder as I tell.
I thought a Sabbath morning came
And to the church I went,
And there received the following word
The preacher to me sent.

He said: "Tell Brother M—— to preach
For me this Sabbath morn.
I'm sure with grace and silv'ry words
The pulpit he'll adorn."
I turned five times as cold as ice,
Then hotter far than fire;
I surely thought the awful shock
Would cause me to expire.

I gained the pulpit, looked around,
And felt more ill at ease
Than would a polar bear sent out
To gather some sweet peas.
The sermon that I preached was short,
I know not what I said.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

I only knew, when it was done,
I wished that I were dead.

Then rose a member of the board,
And said: "Next Sabbath morn,
We hope our own lov'd pastor's face
The pulpit will adorn.
For if such green and awkward men
Supply his place two weeks,
The news will get about the town
That our church dotes on freaks."

I fainted then,—and I awoke,
The sweat stood on my brow;
Humility was in my heart,
I was not scornful now.
I said: "Old fellow, you've received
A lesson and a half;
For you have learned that you can preach
No better than a calf."

I criticise no more—oh, no!
So humble is my heart;
I would not scorn to be the horse
That drags the grocer's cart.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

My lesson's learned, and in my pew,
With meekest air I sit;
For I've been in the preacher's place
And I remember it.

LITTLE SON

Fast asleep, beneath this stone,
Lies a wee boy, all alone.
The blue sky is far above him,
Far away are those who love him.
But did not two hearts break for him?
Did not two stand weeping o'er him?
Just a little life begun—
Quickly ended.—Little son,
Tell us all the tale of sadness,
Tell us all your mother's gladness,
Tell us all the hopes she had,
Had for you, my little lad.
Tell us all her musings o'er you,
When to smile she would implore you,
Saw you sweep the world before you,
Little son.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Fast asleep he lies, and hidden
Are the hopes, which came, unbidden,
To the mother's heart, now lonely.
Only one she had, one only.
Just one child to her was given,
And that one went swift to Heaven.
Were it but the babe, who died.
But the babe, they sad did hide
In the tomb, they might grieve less;
But the future manliness,
All he might have been, is o'er;
Closed his future's Promise Door.
Not the little one alone,
Lies asleep, beneath this stone,
But the man, to be, is gone,
 Little son.

Fast asleep beneath this stone,
Lies a wee boy, all alone.
Shall we question God? He knoweth
How attached the fond heart groweth
To its little child, yet kindly
Calls it Home, and, as we blindly
Try to understand such dealing,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Soft He sends His tender healing.
If you have a wee boy sleeping
Where the shadows dark are creeping;
Just remember, though his way
Now is ended, and his day
Closed on earth, God knew the years
Might bring to him bitter tears,
So He took beyond all fears,
Little son.

A MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

There was a man who longed to own
A cow, and each day he would moan:
“If I but had a bossy cow,
I’d be a gayer man than now.”
He sighed and wailed, until, at last,
His dream of “bossy” came to pass.

He was presented with a cow,
And said: “My heart is happy now.”
But milking time arrived—Alas!
The bossy cow kicked hard and fast;
And milk and pail and master flew—
Cruel “bossy!” such a thing to do.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

There is a man who longs to sell
A cow. He's learned his lesson well;
And thinks that life will be more bright
When bossy cow is out of sight.
He wipes the sweat drops from his brow,
And longs to lose that "bossy" now.

Thus do we wail for this and that,
And, when we get what we wish, flat
The whole thing falls. Can we not learn
That things for which we madly yearn
Will, like the bossy cow, "kick out,"
And cause us sorrow, without doubt?

THREE LITTLE FACES

When I entered that home, long ago,
Three little faces, bright, I saw.
Still I see the healthy, rosebud glow
On the face of him, who, 'neath the snow,
Years past was hidden. Now, with awe,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

He is counted one among the happy band
In the Lord's fair land.
He is safe forever there, we know.

One other little face is missing,
One other little smile has fled;
And the winter snow will soon be pressing
O'er his grave, with sweet caressing,
For the second and the last dear boy is dead;
God has taken him unto his brother,
Leaving one child only with her mother,
To be her comfort, cheer, and blessing.

Two little faces shining up in Heaven,
No more seen when to that home I go.
No further history will be given
Of their lives, below, but quiet even
Soon will come, and all things we shall know.
We shall see once more those little faces,
Though our eyes behold, now, vacant places,
And the sunshine from that home seems driven.

Three little faces once again will smile,
When the Golden Gate is opened unto me.
It will not be long—a little while,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

And we'll reach that blessed, sunny isle,
Where all, as it has been, once again will be;
Only far more glorious the scene,
When is torn away the veil between,
And joy makes amends for all the trial.

THE PREACHER DOESN'T MIND THE HEAT

The preacher doesn't mind the heat.
He seeks the church with willing feet.
He speaks to those who come to hear,
And fills their hearts with joyful cheer.
He makes his calls on boiling days,
When blazing sun shines on his ways.
He doesn't understand the reason
His flock detest the July season.
He treads the hot and dusty street,
Because he doesn't mind the heat.

The preacher keeps the church a-going,
When others lazily are throwing
Themselves in hammocks, in complete
Exhaustion, from the cruel heat.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

The preacher smiles in spite of sun,
'Most hot enough to cook him done,
His pleasant words flow on, nor cease,
Though days their gentle warmth increase,
His temper ever grows more sweet,
Because he doesn't mind the heat.

The preacher doesn't quit his job
When other people sigh and sob
With anguish, caused by sun's hot ray.
He calmly goes his wonted way,
And, lifting the church on his shoulder,
He carries it till days grow colder,
And some of his flock help once more
To bear the burden, as before.
Oh, sun, upon him fiercely beat!
The preacher doesn't mind the heat.

HERE AND BEYOND

Others can give you much, my sweet,
But I have so little, so little to give.
I can only pray, through the days I live,
That God will bless you, guard your feet

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

From the ways of sorrow—this alone,
Can I do, yet, who knows? It may be
Of all your joy (sweet thought to me!)
I am laying thus the foundation stone.

Others can win your loving smile,
But I stand, unnoticed, far away;
Yet I think, at some future time, you may
Turn unto me. In a little while
We'll meet in a glorious place, above,
And then perhaps you will understand,
With a wisdom learned in that other land—
Perhaps you will understand my love.

It may be that you will wonder then,
Why you did not sooner read my tale,
Why you did not see that my cheek grew pale,
And my smile was sadder than it had been,
When first we met. I shall not blame
You, dearest, for aught of my agony.
I only hope you, at last, will see,
In all its brightness, my strong love's flame.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Do I say I have little, little to give?
That others can give you much, my sweet?
Do I say "Perhaps when Beyond we meet,
You will understand?" Ah, let me live
To say that I give you more than all,
Love-gift, such as none other can bring,
And I know you will understand everything,
And love me at last, when the Shadows fall.

THE DAY THAT MOTHER READ BROWNING

"Kathryn dear—" began the mother.
Interrupting, Daughter cried,
As she threw her book aside:
"Every day some task or other
Takes my time. I was just reading
Robert Browning's poems, grand,
And you burst in, and command
Me to stoop to raisin seeding,
Making beds, or washing dishes;
And with heart all torn and bleeding,
Humble tasks I must perform,
Till I would I had been born

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Without any high flown wishes.—
But your ears hear not my pleading.

“Mrs. Lynn, our neighbor, says:
‘Every one should study Browning.’
But your face is always frowning
When I read his poems. Days
Of our lives should be devoted
To the thorough cultivation
Of our minds, for education
Is a thing to be promoted.
On her front porch, dressed in white,
Mrs. Lynn sits, book in hand—
But you cannot understand,—
Cannot rise to such a height.
House work is your sole delight.
What care you for poems grand?”

Mother's eyes were twinkling bright,
As her daughter, head held high,
Helped to make some cake and pie,
Looking cross enough to bite.
Father came home wearily.
Mother met him at the door,
Mischievous the smile she wore,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

For she had a plan, you see,
Which she felt assured would be
Quite successful. Father smiled
When she all her tale confided,
Told the remedy decided.
“Kitty Cat’s a foolish child!”
He remarked—his manner mild.

Next morn Kathryn rose, but found
Breakfast missing. Not a crumb
Was in sight; so, looking glum,
She, for mother hunted ’round.
After long search, she discovered
That the culprit, dressed in white,
Sat upon the front porch. Quite
Calmly o’er a book she hovered;
Would not find a bit of food
For her daughter. “Education
Is today my occupation,”
Said she quietly—her mood
Tranquil in extreme. Then rude
Kathryn was, in her vexation.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Yet her mother read on, on,
Only pausing, now and then,
To laud Browning. "Must have been
Noble man indeed," she sighed,
In her feigned delight. Pale, wan,
Kathryn looked, and hollow-eyed,
Breakfastless and dinnerless,
In her misery she sat.
Unto Pussy, on the mat,
Humbly thus did she confess:
"I hate Browning, hate, hate, hate
All his poems—every one!"
Then, at last, the day was done.
Father found her desolate.

"Mother will not get a thing,
Not a thing to eat today."
Father, smiling, turned away,
To his hungry child did bring
All her poem books. "Now read,
Kitty Cat," he said, voice kind,
"Lack of food you will not mind.
Poetry is all you need."
Kathryn turned a look of scorn

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

On him—made him tremble quite;
Threw the books with all her might;
Wept, and felt herself forlorn;
Hated dresses that were white;
Wished she never had been born.

Then she ran to mother's side,
Snatched poor Browning, with a jerk.
"Mother, get at your house work!"
In a maddened tone, she cried.
Mother looked up, heavy-eyed.
Browning was no easy job.
How she pitied Kathryn, tossed
On the waves of education!
"House work's the best occupation!"
Said the girl—her airs all lost.
Mother's heart did joyous throb;
And she sought the kitchen, while,
To that now enchanted isle,
Kathryn followed, with a smile.

WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE

Soon the flowers will be dying,
And the birds away be flying.
Leaves will change from red to brown,
Ere the winter settles down.
Summer's beauty must decay,
Summer's glory pass away,
Yet our joy may linger on
When the summer days are gone.

Soon our youth will flee forever,
And our feet return hence never.
Threads of gray will touch bright tresses,
Truly God the aged blesses ;
But death cometh on so fast
When the hours of strength are past.
Still our peace may linger on
When life's summer days are gone.

Soon the beauty summer brought
Fades away—becomes as naught.
Dead leaves rustle wildly by,
Which smiled green 'neath summer sky.
Feeble hands stretch out, in vain,

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

Old time vigor to regain.
Yet God's peace may linger on
When the summer days are gone.

Soon the summer will be past,
And the door locked on it fast.
Shall we look back with regret?
Vainly trying to forget
How we idly spent the hours?
Or shall mem'ries sweet as flow'rs
Cause our joy to linger on,
When the summer days are gone?

THE LAST STRAW

I had been hard at work all day,
But when sun set in west,
I said: "I'll turn from toil away,
Go home, and take a rest."

So, wearily, I hobbled down
The street, to my abode.
The autumn leaves were falling brown.
I kicked them from my road.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

I felt no wild desire to pen
An ode to Autumn, dreary,
I left that job to other men,
For I was far too weary.

I reached my home; my wife was gone,
Out shopping, without doubt.
That woman would start forth at dawn,
And shop till stars came out.

“Ah, well,” I said, “what matters it,
If her ‘brain works’ are wrong?”
And so I yawned a little bit,
And sang a scrap of song.

I lay down on my couch to take
A short nap—when in walked
My precious wife, and cried: “Awake!”
As up to me she stalked.

I jumped up lively—looked her o’er—
And then I fell down flat.
Why so? I’ll tell you friends. She wore
A lovely new Fall hat!

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

DAY AND NIGHT

The last rays of the sunlight rested on a field,
Reluctant yet to yield
Unto the impatient night.
It seemed the gloom had conquered for a time,
But once again those brave, bright rays would shine
With still more lovely light.

At last the night was master, and with pride
He, with his cloak, the sunshine's face did hide.
Then peacefully
He waited for the morn, when he must yield
Up unto day once more the disputed field,
Where both could not agree.

The last rays of life's sunlight rested on a face
With all their grace,
Reluctant to surrender unto death.
It seemed the angel triumphed, but once more
The face would, with life's beauty, brighten o'er,
And the lips yield another breath.

THE KING AND HIS GLORY

At last death was master, and with pride
 He thrust life aside.
 Then peacefully
He waited for the morn, when he must yield
Up unto life once more the disputed field,
 For all eternity.

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