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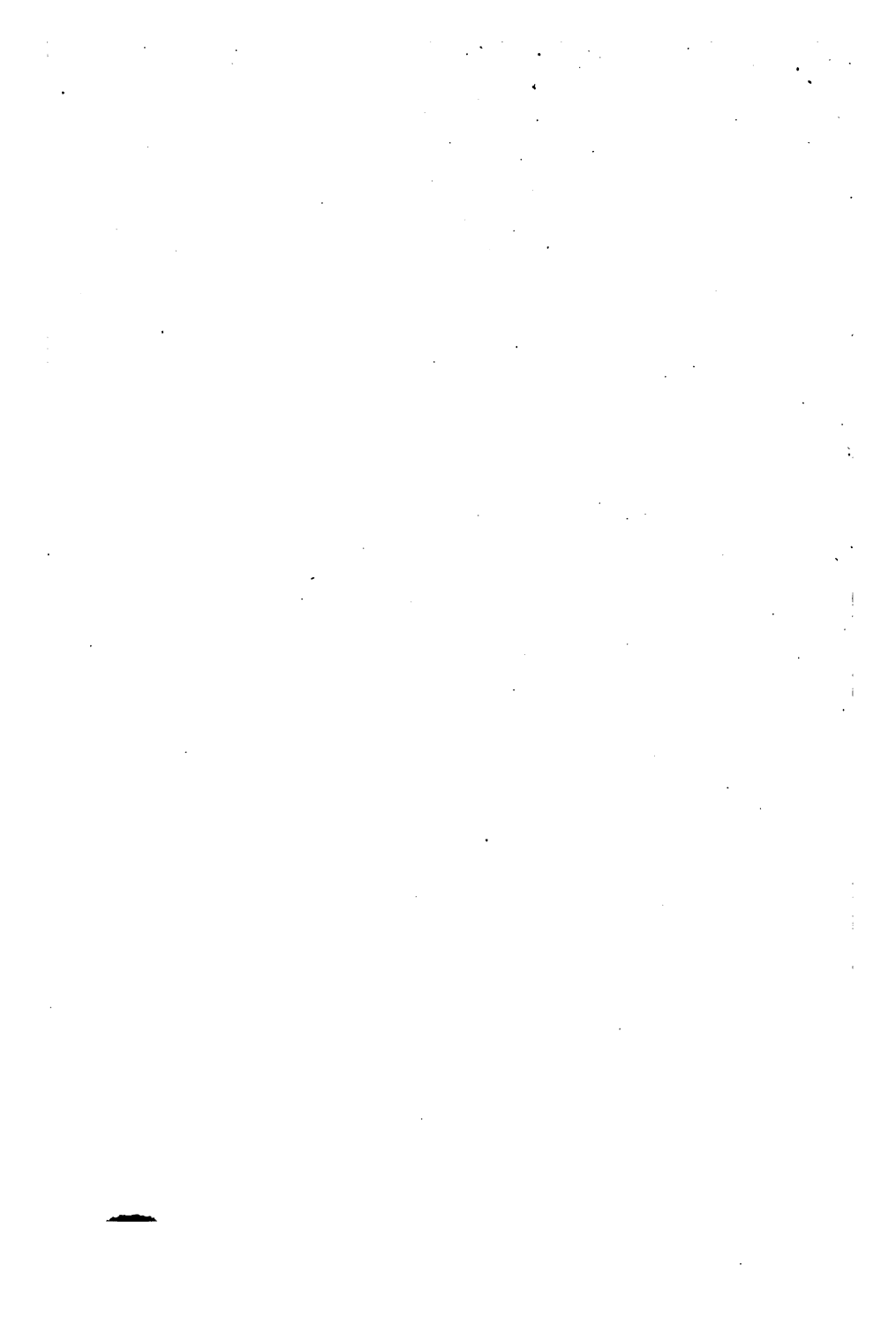
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Poetry, American

NBI
Plan







MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ

FOR HOURS

BY
EDWIN PLASTZ



WISCONSIN BOOK CONCERN
CINCINNATI



MEGA GOODWIN

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

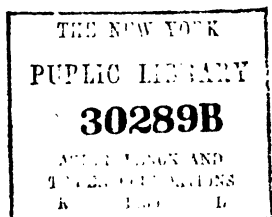
BY
MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ

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NEW YORK CINCINNATI

*217
1918*



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IN MEMORIAM

A PASTOR'S TRIBUTE

ON July 25, 1914, at Epworth Heights, Michigan, Myra Goodwin Plantz entered into life immortal. After a heroic struggle for health, her frail body yielded, but her indomitable spirit lives. One cannot think of her as dead. She was too high and strong and good to die.

She was born at Brookville, Indiana, July 22, 1856. Her father, Rev. Thomas A. Goodwin, D.D., was a very prominent minister, author, and reformer. She was educated in the Indianapolis high school and in Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C. She taught in De Pauw University, and later engaged in W. C. T. U. evangelistic work.

On September 16, 1885, she was married to Dr. Samuel Plantz, now president of Lawrence College. She was a model pastor's wife, endearing herself to all by her sweetness and kindness.

A great part of President Plantz's success in building up Lawrence College is due to his wife's efforts.

How little can bare biographical facts tell of the life of a soul! Myra Plantz was a wonderful woman. Royally endowed by nature, highly cultured by the schools, developed by lifelong study,

gifted and brilliant, yet simple and loving, she was an ideal wife and mother.

Abreast of modern thought and in full sympathy with the movement for woman's emancipation, she still found in home duties and fellowship the chief joy of her existence. To be literary and to be interested in public affairs and at the same time thoroughly happy in home joys is a rare combination. To Dr. Plantz she was wife, comrade, and friend in the highest and holiest sense. She merged herself in his interests, yet retained a striking originality and independence which set her apart from the average person. She copied no one, yet learned from everyone.

Her sense of humor stood her in good stead, especially in the closing years of struggle with disease. No trial could long depress her gay and buoyant spirit. When others despaired of her recovery, she smiled and proceeded to get better. No gloomy ascetic was she, but a live, happy, natural woman enjoying everything worth while. Her unfailing courage and optimism after her severe operation were a tonic to faith. To her God was always good.

She wrote as birds wing and sing. It was her nature. Four hundred helpful and interesting stories, eleven serial stories, two hundred deeply religious and inspiring poems, three books, and thousands of letters hint at her ceaseless literary activity. Yet all these were produced by one engrossed by many cares. Doubtless her excep-

tional gifts of humor, pathos, and imagination would have made her one of our foremost writers had she given herself wholly to literary activities. But this she could not do; like Frances Willard, her life was a vow. She wrote and lived for one purpose only—to help others. From all parts of the country came letters assuring her of the uplift received from her writings.

To her religion was all in all. The sense of God penetrated her whole life, dominated her activities, inspired her writings, intensified her joys, sanctified her sufferings, purified her heart, and exalted her character. The deepest things of Christian experience were uppermost with her. Faith was her normal attitude. To the last she was growing in grace. Her high purpose for 1914 was to bring sunshine to all whom she met.

If her religion was mystical, it was also intensely practical. From her deep experiences she came to serve in every possible way. In church and in college she sought out individuals and made life happier for them. With her husband she did great things in establishing Lawrence on secure foundations, but she did far more: to the students she gave herself in unstinted devotion.

It is beautiful to think of Myra Plantz entering on her "adventure brave and new" in the unknown land. Her poetic spirit, attuned to God and filled with love, will at once be at home in heaven. Nothing there will be alien to her. In earth's school she was ever learning the one lesson

we are set to learn, "Life is our chance o' the prize of learning love." She will know what to do in paradise.

All the longings which breathe in her poems, all the desires voiced in her prayers will be fully satisfied. Always was she aspiring after the image of Christ. Now she sees him face to face. Her soul will grow radiant and Godlike as she waits for the loved ones who were dearer to her than life. Heaven will be thrice heaven to her, when they land upon its shores to join with her in the unpicturable and unimaginable service of spiritual beings who are in perfect harmony with infinite love.

WILLIAM D. MARSH.

POEMS OF DEVOTION

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Vertical line on the right edge.

Small dark mark at the bottom left.

Vertical line on the right edge.

MY REST

FATHER, I am so weak and weary,
So oft I wander far astray;
With shadows dark the path is dreary,
My tear-dimmed eyes see not the way;
Like some lost bird at night returning,
Seeking with trembling wing her nest,
My troubled soul is longing, yearning
To fly to thee and be at rest.

There ever in thy love abiding,
My feeble faith would stronger grow,
And safe within thy dear arms hiding,
Thy perfect love I more would know.

E'en now I hear thy sweet voice calling,
"O, weary one, fly to my breast,"

And while on me thy love is falling,
I come! I come! and am at rest.



MY OASIS

I WATCH the desert ships go slowly by,
Between the yellow sands and burnished sky,
And dream of cargoes rich which once were mine,
With joy of bearing frankincense and wine.
I asked but for the toiler's night of rest
While life was beating strong within my breast.

14 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

The desert lure is on me as I lie,
And see the distant caravans go by.

For when I fainted in the desert sands,
And vanished soon my comrades to far lands,
I woke to find before my burning eyes
This cooling shade detached from Paradise.
The fruit hung low, the spring was flowing clear,
Refreshed I longed for travelers to draw near,
Yet wait I must. O heart, be still and pray,
For see, God walks here in the cool of day.



ANSWERED PRAYER

I ASKED for bread; God gave a stone instead.
Yet while I pillowed there my weary head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upward to celestial mountains led,
And when I woke, beneath the morning's beams,
Around my resting place fresh manna lay;
And, praising God, I went upon my way,
For I was fed.

I asked for strength; for with the noontide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
Went forward with ripe sheaves I could not
bear.
Then came the Master, with his bloodstained feet,
And lifted me with sympathetic care.

Then on his arm I leaned till all was done,
And stood I with the rest at set of sun,
My task complete.

I asked for light; around me closed the night,
Nor guiding star met my bewildered sight,
For storm clouds gathered in a tempest near.
Yet, in the lightning's blazing, roaring flight,
I saw the way before me straight and clear.
What though his leading pillar was of fire,
And not the sunbeam of my heart's desire?
My path was bright.

God answers prayer; sometimes when hearts are
weak
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when he does not speak;
For, he whose name is Love will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
But God is true, his promises are sure
To those who seek.

**HE UNDERSTANDS**

I do not know why Marah's waters flow
Before the place where Elim's palm trees grow,
To cool the desert sands,

Nor why when Canaan looks so sweet and fair,
Strong deadly foes are waiting everywhere,
But then *He* understands.

I cannot see why Jacob, all night long,
Must put his feeble arm against the Strong
To get his high demands,
Nor why e'en now some souls in anguish plead
When God is waiting to supply each need,
But then *He* understands.

We can but wonder why some lives are bound
With chains of steel, nor hear a sweeter sound
Than toil's severe commands,
While time makes melody for other ears,
As perfect as the music of the spheres,
But then *He* understands.

There is a purpose in our pain and strife,
And when rue mingles with the wine of life,
For these are from His hands,
So when I cannot conquer with the strong,
I do not with the vanquished suffer long,
Because *He* understands.

Sometimes I look upon the glowing west,
And think I see some shining mountain crest
In distant Eden lands,
And grateful for the ways my feet have trod,
I do not fear the path that leads to God,
Because *He* understands.

SATISFIED

WHAT means this longing and unrest?
The earth is beautiful and fair,
And gives the smallest bird its nest,
And of its wealth of food a share.
At life's great banquet few have more
Of earthly treasures than have I;
With love's red wine my cup runs o'er,
And why do these not satisfy?

As plants will stony pavements burst,
If otherwise no light is found,
As harts will pant for streams athirst,
I yearn for something just beyond.
As bird within a cage of gold,
Will still lift wings toward the blue,
My soul grows restless to unfold
Its pinions that are prisoned too.

It is not more of earthly bliss
I need to still this inward strife,
My inmost soul but longs for this,
A truer and diviner life.
O soul, the sun shines over all.
The sky is thine more than the clod,
My spirit finds this earth too small,
For nothing satisfies but God.

RENUNCIATION

I LAID it down at His dear feet,
The thing so precious and so sweet,
The thing that seemed to me the best,
Yet which had brought my heart unrest.
Then turned to take my work again,
And soothed my deep heartbreaking pain
With "Now my Lord has all."

Long afterward I heard my name
And gladly to his side I came,
Expecting then some new command,
Or gift of love from his dear hand,
And heard, "Take this your life to crown."
It was the joy I had laid down,
And still my Lord had all.



HIS COMING

I THINK I would not care to be
Waiting in great expectancy
For my dear King,
For if I kept my eager eyes
Always uplifted to the skies,
Some little thing
Beneath my feet might dying be
That needed tender care from me.

I would not dare be listening
With bated breath for echoing
Of angel song,

BE STRONG

19

For I might lose the feeble cry
Of some lost child that only I
 Could lead along.
Enough for me each setting sun
Brings nearer the Beloved One.

How sweet to labor some day long,
With busy hand and cheerful song,
 And then to see
His presence turn the evening gloam
Into a golden pathway home
 As he draws near.
Not by my merit, but his grace,
My King will find my lowly place.



BE STRONG

Be *strong*, my heart, no need repining,
Above the clouds the sun is shining,
Their dark folds have a silver lining,
 Which thou shalt see erelong.
It is no time for idle grieving,
Too many sad hearts need relieving,
In God's sure promises believing,
 Be strong, my heart, be strong.

Be *true*, my heart; nature discloses
Her time for snow, her time for roses,
Nor ever on our faith imposes,
 As rolls the seasons through.

20 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Be true to self, to those who love thee,
Be true as are the stars above thee,
Be true to God, who oft will prove thee,
Be true, my heart, be true.

Be *glad*, my heart; what need to borrow
The care belonging to the morrow?
There are more smiles than tears of sorrow,
More happy days than sad.
While angels heaven are nearer bringing
Join in their happy praises ringing,
Like them, of peace and joy be singing,
Be glad, my heart, be glad.



THE WAY THITHER

"Does the road wind uphill *all* the way?" "Yes, to
the *very end*."

SWEETHEART, the way is *up* that leads to God,
And feet that gain the far-off shining height
Must nobly strive, not as the eagle's flight
Which soars with pinions strong toward the light,
But step by step the long rough way is trod.

Ah! once, sweetheart, the path was dark as night
And clung upon the mountain's rugged side,
No covert near where might the fainting hide,
No angel came when hearts in anguish cried
While long the pilgrims watched for morning
light.

ETCHING

21

But One saw all, sweetheart, and he a king
Was moved by love to leave his shining throne
And walk this weary, weary way alone,
And crown his brow with thorns without a moan,
That he might take from life and death their
sting.

Since he went up life's pathway, why complain?
The ladder built by constant, trustful prayer
Is still the way to upper regions fair,
And each weak pilgrim finds a welcome there,
And no one seeks the golden stair in vain.

O! then press on, sweetheart, with courage strong,
For nevermore from us can darkness hide
The footprints that he left our steps to guide,
And God's own angels walk our way beside;
The way but leads to *joy* and is not long.



ETCHING

I stood entranced beside a picture fair
As poet's dream before it turns to song
And cried, "What pencil held by mortal dare
Reveal us secrets which to gods belong?
Such tender depths of shadow and of light,
Such mellowness of tone, not true to art,
But lifting art to supernatural height;
What used this artist to translate his heart?"

The master said, "The poet traced his thought
With needle point on metal carefully;
And then the burning, biting acid wrought
The miracle of beauty that we see."

O soul, impatient with the pain and fret,
The daily discipline of brain and heart,
The time will come when thou canst well forget
The preparation for thy blissful part.
Let pain and sorrow do their etching till
God's mirrored beauty shows the Master's skill.



RECONCILED

We stood together at the brink
Of Death's dark sea of mystery.
I cried aloud, you did not shrink,
But turned a smiling face from me.
I saw through tears a wave of light,
And then you vanished from my sight.

But, Oh, the wealth of memory!
The happy past is still my own,
And that great love that sheltered me,
Were joy had I but it alone.
If in your bliss you should forget,
Soul of my soul, I have you yet.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS

23

SOMETHING FOR JESUS

Oh, to be something for Jesus,
Though lowest of those who serve,
This is my highest ambition,
And more than my gifts deserve.

Oh, to be always found waiting,
Eager for every command,
To haste at his gracious bidding,
Or patiently near him stand.

Oh, to be something for Jesus,
With hands that are true and strong,
And feet that are swift in leading
The weak from the paths of wrong;
With eyes that can see for others
The stars that illumine the night,
God's promises for his children,
Our pillar of guiding light.

Oh, to be something for Jesus,
A voice that can sing his praise
And tell his sorrowful children
The Lord directeth their ways.
"Something for Jesus" is better
Than all the world has to give;
It drives away care and trouble,
And makes it a joy to live.

Oh, to be something for Jesus,
He has such riches for me,
A life of lowliest service
Would all insufficient be;

24 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

But happiest thought of heaven,
With ministering angels blest,
I can be something for Jesus,
Through all eternity's rest.



THE ANOINTING

I SEEM to see her standing fair and sweet,
Forgetting all but her absorbing love,
While on his holy head and weary feet
The ointment gushes from the cruse above.

'Tis said that ever after in that room,
Where love thus spent itself at such a cost,
There was a perfume as of flowers in bloom.
The fragrance of good deeds is never lost.

"She brake the cruse," true love brooks no delay.
Perhaps she let the lovely fragments fall
Lest they should tempt her pride a later day.
Are we so eager to give Christ our all?

No service was too lowly; with her hair
She wiped his feet with costly spikenard wet.
Alas! that honored work should have our care,
While humble, hidden service we forget.

Oh, gracious Master, keep us at thy feet,
Until we let each cherished treasure fall;
And though we have no ointment rich and sweet,
Thy loving heart will know we give our all.

PATIENCE

I **would** be patient, Father, lest I miss
Some wondrous lesson thou wouldst kindly
teach,

Or some sweet taste of unexpected bliss
Which only in the depths my soul could reach.
I would not flinch when fast the flames increase,
For fear thy tender heart could not endure
My anguish keen, and thou wouldst bid it cease
Before the dross was burned and I made pure.

I would be patient and not like a child
Leave the hard lessons for some future years;
E'en let the upward way be dark and wild,
The stars above be dimly seen through tears,
But never spare a sorrow, pain, or loss,
Where joy will not develop and refine.
I would be patient since a painful cross
Was borne, that I might have but peace with
mine.



THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
But while we give and pray
For those in heathen darkness,
Some near us go astray.
They need the gospel message,
The lost ones at our door;
God left them in our keeping,
The outcast and the poor.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
 In lands of heathen gloom,
 Let some one tell the story,
 Till all the deserts bloom;
 But let no erring brother
 Away from mercy roam,
 Where God has left his children
 To lead the lost ones home.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
 Out where no signals burn
 Some ships drift with the tempest,
 And never more return;
 But sadder far the wrecking
 Beneath the harbor light,
 Forgive us, Lord, for letting
 Souls perish in our sight.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
 Not long may we proclaim
 To those who need the Saviour
 Salvation in his name.
 The harvest is around us,
 And we must faithful be,
 If we would hear the welcome,
 "Ye did it unto me."



TOWARD JERUSALEM

Toward Jerusalem, to keep deep burning
 The love of country through the long delay,
 A promise of their certain home returning,
 God's exiled people turned each day to pray.

Toward Jerusalem, the prophet pleaded
With windows open to the sacred hills,
And angels left their shining thrones when needed
To make the lions harmless, meek and still.

Toward Jerusalem, the Bride of Heaven,
I lift the windows of my soul to-day,
While so much thought to life must now be given,
I needs must close each earthward door and
pray.

Toward Jerusalem I look believing
The joys it holds are more than can be told,
Yet wait content with giving and receiving
All the sweet blessing that this life can hold.

Toward Jerusalem, as pilgrims tarry
An hour beneath the palm trees' gracious shade,
Then on fresh fruit and crystal water carry,
I pause before the desert march is made.

Toward Jerusalem ; some cross may greet me,
Some lions crouch before me in the way,
But burdens cannot tire nor foes defeat me,
While I look upward every day and pray.

Toward Jerusalem ; Oh ! Hearts repining
With earth-made crosses that have heavy
grown,
Throw open wide the window where is shining,
The light no earthly sun has ever known.

Toward Jerusalem; each day still nearer,
 We well may smile o'er trifling pain we bear,
 And go on singing, heaven growing dearer,
 Each time we turn away from earth in prayer.



MELODY

He sat within the busy hum,
 The beating of a city's heart,
 With blinded eyes and fingers dumb,
 And all unskilled in tuneful art,
 He drew the bow, nor seemed to care,
 How discord beat the heavy air.

There chanced to pass that summer day
 One who was famous through the land
 For stirring hearts with melody,
 Who gently begged to rest the hand
 That tortured thus what seemed his own.
 He touched the strings, a spirit strong
 Woke with a sigh, a sob, a moan,
 Then made the air one pulsing song.

Now such a whisper of delight
 The fountains hushed their rippling flow,
 While roses blushed a deeper glow,
 And in the dew of sound grew bright.

Then such a joyful pæan rose,
 The sky that lay in soft repose,

Seemed to bend lovingly and near,
That angels listening might hear,
Tones like celestial music fine.
While weary sons of toil stood still
And wept or laughed, as was the will
Of this great Master who could thrill
A common thing with life divine.

Thus we like players all untaught
And blind and dumb, but jar the strings
With painful discord, finding naught
That will repay heart quiverings,
Until we yield the instrument,
This life with longings never still—
Back to its maker whose intent
Was melody with his own will.

Then take my life, O Master Hand,
Still all desires that are not best,
My weak hands do not understand
The way of harmony and rest,
Then make my deepest heart tones thrill
In melody with thy sweet will.



AT ANCHOR

THE ships go sailing down the bay,
Like carrier birds, each white wing spread,
And I, so restless in delay,
Look at the fair sky overhead,

30 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

My sails stretched out like eager hands,
Saluting distant beckoning lands.

Yet not for me the breezes kind
 Dimple the sea and drive the mast,
I watch with eyes the tears make blind,
 The ships with freight like mine go past.
I who once dared the fiercest blast,
Am anchored in the bay at last.

And why? By his command whose will
 It is my sweetest joy to know;
Be still, O, eager heart, be still,
 Nor heed the tempting winds that blow;
He surely knows what service best,
The tireless haste, or patient rest.

Perhaps my vessel needs repair,
 Some storm may wait to test its strength,
Some place need special watchful care,
 Some cable need a greater length.
Perhaps some precious freight I dare
Not hope for, will be mine to bear.

Forgive these questions; I but ask
 My King, the love that always knows
Obedience in the hardest task,
 Obedience in enforced repose;
Then send me when appoints thy will,
When not, keep me at anchor still.

LONELINESS

31

LONELINESS

EACH soul must have its lonely hours,
No greater proof doth God reveal
Of its divine, immortal powers.
Does its Creator ever feel
The joy, that he, the wise, the good,
Is ever fully understood?

He trod alone the wine press, dyed
With crimson fruitage of our sin,
The Christ, the faithless crucified.
The loneliness that hedged him in,
That weight no human heart could share,
Was hardest of his lot to bear.

The stars, we call twin sisters, shine,
Though age on age of space apart,
As near as that soul next to thine,
So starlike act thy noble part.
Across earth's sin-cursed, groaning sod,
Throw strong pure light, and wait for God.



THY WILL BE DONE

THY will, O Lord, be done;
Here at thy feet,
Let me, O blessed One,
This prayer repeat.

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Thou dost the sparrows feed,
Thou dost the lilies heed,
As thou dost see my need,
Thy will be done.

Thy will, O Lord, be done;
When through the day,
Under a cloudless sun,
I take my way.
Give songs my heart may sing,
Choose gifts my hands may bring,
When joys around me spring;
Thy will be done.

Thy will, O Lord, be done;
E'en though with pain
My crown of life be won,
Thou wilt sustain.
When thou dost try thine own
I shall not be alone;
Thou too hast sorrow known;
Thy will be done.

Thy will, O Lord, be done;
When I shall be
At rest, a ransomed one,
In bliss with thee.
Whether it be to-day,
Or if I long must stay
In this sweet pilgrim way,
Thy will be done.

COMING

33

COMING

COMING! Oh, the depth of meaning
In that word, my spirit, leaning
Toward thy spirit, as the flower
Sunward turns each passing hour,
Keeps repeating, softly, slowly,
As some saint his vespers holy,
"Life is but one happy song,
For he cometh now erelong."

Coming! All the hours before me
Shine with that sweet hope that o'er me
Hangs as some resplendent star,
That at first shone dim and far,
But from cloud mists groweth clearer
As thy presence draweth nearer,
And each hour hath golden wings,
Borrowed from the love it brings.

Coming! Sunbeams shining brightly
Kiss the drooping rosebuds lightly.
With wet eyes the pansies glisten,
And all nature seems to listen,
While the west wind ceases sobbing,
Just to hear my glad heart throbbing,
"Coming, coming, can it be,
He is coming now to me?"

"God of love," I whisper softly,
With a heart too full for lofty

34 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Orisons, and grateful song.
"All my joys to thee belong.
Shrive me if more thought is given
To my love than thy far heaven.
Sweet and pure its bliss must be,
But it cometh now to me."



HIS UNCEASING BOUNTY

"He giveth unto his beloved in sleep."—Psa. 127. 2.
Revised Version (margin).

How rich his bounty is! While sleeping,
Buried so deep in graves of rest
We might be in death's silent keeping,
E'en then are his beloved blest.

"He gives in sleep." Where we were sowing
His warm rains fall, his dews descend.
We wake to find our harvest growing,
Cared for and guarded by a Friend.

"He gives in sleep." The world forsaking,
The soul forgets its ache and care.
While rich and crimson currents making,
The heart can life's demands repair.

We are so frail. Could we be letting
Our thoughts a constant toiling keep?
O blessed time for sweet forgetting
When his beloved are asleep!

"He gives in sleep." Perhaps above us
Bright angels watch the night away;
Perhaps departed ones who love us
Leave blessings for the coming day.

"He gives in sleep." O sweet unfolding!
When our weak faith has turned to sight,
One of our joys may be beholding
The unseen mercies of the night.



PRAYER

I ASK this gift, dear Father,
It seemeth good;
Yet if my sight were clearer,
All understood,
I might not wish this answer won,
If so hear but, "Thy will be done."

This eager pleading, Father,
Is but a song
My foolish heart is making
While deep and strong
In melody life's currents run,
And this the strain, "Thy will be done."

Thus to desire it, Father,
Cannot be sin,
Yet as a restless ocean
Is calm within,

36 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Beneath fond hopes that one by one
Rise wavelike is, "Thy will be done."

I long so for it, Father,
And yet I will
Ask thee not overboldly
This cup to fill;
Thou knowest best, O, loving one,
My prayer still is, "Thy will be done."



ONLY ONE TALENT

"ONLY one talent," the servant said,
"What can I do with a thing so small;
If I could have had the ten instead,
I should have toiled till the Master's call.
But this little thing I will bury deep,
And save for the King what is his own";
So he turned to business, or idle sleep,
Or wandered where flowers of ease had grown

"Only one talent," another said,
"I take it with thankful, trusting heart,
For the loaves were few that thousands fed,
When the Master's blessing formed a part.
Others more gifted may stop and rest,
But such a small store needs constant care,"
So he labored on with earnest zest,
And increase was gathered everywhere.

BURDENS

37

In the gloaming time the Master came,
And buried treasures were brought to light,
And the slothful servant heard with shame,
"Depart forever from out my sight."
The other came with the talent one,
All laden with sheaves an hundredfold,
And the Master called him his own dear son,
As he opened wide the gates of gold.

Only one talent and it so small!
Yet that is the Master's gift to me,
And he does not ask great things of all,
If only we serve him faithfully.
Only one talent, a precious store,
And if I labor my very best,
The Master will make it more and more,
And the smallest effort will be blest.



BURDENS

We all must bear them. Vain regret,
Love's longing for some dear lost face
Which even sleep cannot forget,
Or yet the coming years replace;
The disappointment all must know,
When hope's mirage proves but a dream,
The finding Marah's waters flow
Where tempting wayside fountains gleam.

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

We all must bear them. Some may smile,
And hide their burden in a song;
And others may be silent, while
They learn to suffer and grow strong.
We find no balm in Gilead's vale,
No recompense for pain and loss,
And oft our weary efforts fail
To lift the pressure of the cross.

We all must bear them. Why despair?
The winepress is not trod alone.
The promise is, that He will care,
As doth a father, for his own.
Our burdens may become our wings,
For underneath, his arms will be;
And through our sighing sweetly rings,
"Sufficient is my grace for thee."



LITTLE THINGS

Not for great things, dear Lord, I ask,
Mine is no heavy cross,
Thou hast not given some mighty task,
Nor crushed my soul with loss.
No martyr's fire kindles my heart,
With its enduring flame;
Nor need I fear pride's subtle dart,
No praises sound my name.

HUMILITY

39

Yet little thorns beneath my feet,
Wound oft in brightest hours,
Temptations small, yet seeming sweet,
Lurk in the fairest flowers;
But need I speak of pain and care,
That thou alone dost know?
Only in ground thou dost prepare
Can fruit immortal grow.

I ask these little trying things,
I cannot understand,
May be unto my soul as wings,
Beneath thy guiding hand;
And every moment, all my days,
Keep evil passions still,
That I may live a life of praise,
Fulfilling thy sweet will.



HUMILITY

THE lowest place is far too high,
For one so little worth as I—
I would still lower be;
For when I bring my perfume sweet,
I would not stoop to kiss those feet,
That walked o'er thorns for me.

Dear Lord, I would still lower be—
So low my vain eyes could not see
The places of the great;

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

But looking upward unto thee,
 Thy loveliness and majesty
 Would more than compensate.

O! holy One, so lowly, meek,
 No higher gift than this I seek—
 Thy own humility.
 If I were high I might forget
 The place was thine, and sometimes let
 The world keep me from thee.

O! make me low, but let no pride
 Of meekness thy own glory hide;
 But let my whole life be,
 Humility like thine which wore
 A servant's garb, and sweetly bore
 A heavy cross for me.



WAITING

THE heart that dares to wait will know
 The sweet fulfillment of its dreams,
 What matter if days come and go,
 The brave wheat grows beneath the snow,
 Though utter loss the waiting seems.

Some, like impatient children, look
 For freedom ere the task is done,
 Nor needful disappointment brook,
 And blur with tears life's unlearned book
 And die the victory unwon.

A HEART'S DESIRE

41

While others read God's thought aright
In patient earth and ages past,
That time is nothing in his sight,
Endurance is the power of might,
And he who waits is crowned at last.



A HEART'S DESIRE

I WOULD not pray for earthly bliss,
Though it is dear to me;
For I have learned joy comes amiss,
When not a gift from thee.
I know how human fathers plan
To give some glad surprise,
And thou, who lovest more than man,
Must be more kind and wise.
Yet may I ask each joy to share
With some one who has less?
My bread may save hearts from despair
If thou wilt break and bless.
But if I suffer pain and loss,
Let no one sadder be;
May none be shadowed by the cross
That thou wouldst bear with me!



MY CROSS

I TAKE this cross, dear Jesus,
Enough for me
That all its pain and burden
Was borne by thee,

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

And that thy love is choosing,
What is the best,
The shortest, sweetest leading
To perfect rest.

If there are tears, dear Jesus,
Thou, too, hast wept;
Thy heart with grief o'erflowing,
Where Lazarus slept.
If long I for a desert
By man untrod,
Thou, too, hid when most weary,
Alone with God.

I know this cross was given
But for my joy,
To make my heart thy treasure
Free from alloy.
And when my eyes are lifted
To thee for strength and grace,
I see above my burden
Thy gentle, smiling face.



THOU DOST ABIDE WITH ME

OUTSIDE the night is dark, the winds are wailing,
The storm is sobbing at my chamber door,
And tempests beat with efforts unavailing
To break the lock and cross the threshold o'er;

THOU DOST ABIDE WITH ME 43

It matters not the leafless world is dreary
And storms are sweeping over land and sea,
That this frail dust is worn with travel weary,
Dear Lord, thou dost abide with me.

I hear afar the sound of bitter weeping
From those who shut on thee their household
door,
And now through every room the flood is creeping
And all their treasures swept the waves before,
But I like some blest child so sweetly sleeping
Through wildest storm upon its mother's knee,
I in my room am golden sunlight keeping,
For, Lord, thou dost abide with me.

I know not where my pilgrim staff will take me,
Through pleasant paths, or dark and barren
land,
I only know that thou will not forsake me,
I still will feel the pressure of thy hand.
If through the desert thou wilt go before me,
And still support me on the troubled sea,
No bitter waves of trouble can go o'er me,
For, Lord, thou dost abide with me.

Oh, shelter from the storm, Oh, priceless blessing,
To entertain a guest so sweet and fair,
To him the wealth of heaven and earth possessing
I surely can my richest chamber spare,

44 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

But that is not enough where all is owing,
My soul throws open every door to thee,
And sings, my cup of life with joy o'erflowing,
Dear Lord, thou dost abide with me.



PEACE

HUMAN hearts are like an ocean,
Ever with a troubled motion,
Throbbing with the wild wind's breath,
Weary with the ceaseless wailing,
And the efforts unavailing
To find rest in life or death.

God's sweet peace is like a river,
Flowing from the throne forever,
And reflecting Heaven serene,
With a gladness in its singing,
And such beauty with it bringing
That it leaves its pathway green.

Ah! the sea is sad and lonely,
Beating on the gray rocks only,
With no blossoms on its breast;
But the river calm is flowing
Where the forests green are growing
And the water lilies rest.

There are hearts that like the ocean
Struggle in a wild commotion,
Vainly sighing for release;

There are those that like the river
Find God's path and sing forever
His sweet melody of peace.



THE LACE MAKER

THE sunshine on the convent floor
Fell first upon the patient face
Of Sister Mercy bending o'er
Her cushion with its matchless lace.
Long had she toiled, from matin bell
Till vesper songs rang through the night,
Unmindful of her lonely cell,
Unheeding pain and failing sight.

A pattern delicate and rare,
Too difficult for hands unskilled,
She wove into the texture fair,
And thus her daily task fulfilled.
One joy she had beside her prayer:
This fleecy gossamer-like thing
They said the noble bride would wear
Within the palace of the king.

"I can but do a little part,
Who work with me I cannot see,
I may not know with all my art
How beautiful the whole will be.

46 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

But it is for the king," she said,
 "And love for him makes toiling sweet."
One day they found the toiler dead,
 Her work of beauty all complete.

We too are given, day by day,
 A pattern for our King to trace,
Some in dark colors meek and gray,
 Weave pain with all its patient grace,
While others work with richest hues,
 And flowers beneath their fingers spring.
What matter, so our work be true,
 And "Well done," greets us from our King?



BETHEL

UNDER the starlight, sad, weary, and lone,
Rested the pilgrim, his pillow a stone,
 Yet through his dreaming
Saw he the angels God's children attend
On a bright ladder ascend and descend,
 With glory beaming.

Heard he God speaking as speaks friend to
 friend,
"I will be with thee, fear not, to the end."
 This promise given,
"This is a Bethel," the wanderer said,
"This stone is holy that pillowed my head,
 I have seen heaven."

GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE 47

Stars shine in darkness, the weary and lone,
See shining pathways which angels have known,
Ladders of prayer,
Out of some sorrow a Bethel they raise,
Where idle grieving was turned into praise,
For God met them there.



GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—1 Cor. 3. 7.

I SOWED my seed in the morning,
And watered it oft with tears,
And prayed that I might be gleaning
Rich grain through the future years.
But I waited, with heart despairing,
O'er barren, unfruitful sod,
Till I heard the sweet assurance,
"The increase cometh from God."

I broke my bread with thanksgiving,
Rejoiced that my little store
Could help God's suffering children,
And prayed that I might give more.
But I heard the cry of hunger
From those who around me trod;
For a loaf to feed a thousand,
The increase must come from God.

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

I spoke some words to the sinful,
Pleading with quivering breath,
For I would have died in anguish
To have saved a soul from death;
Yet they passed the truth unheeding,
And cared not for love or rod;
But I said, "Mine was the message,
The increase can come from God."

I rest on this blessed promise,
Nor grieve when I see no sign
Of fruit where my hands are toiling,
Or life from some word of mine.
No effort will be forgotten,
Though I rest beneath the sod,
And others gather the harvest,
The increase will come from God.



SUCCESS

WILT thou succeed? Some cross the heights
And leave red footprints on the snow.
Count well the cost of Alpine lights,
Or dream where valley lilies grow.
The pelican will feed her own,
Though earth and sea refuse their part,
And he who is with heroes known,
Must give the world his living heart.

MY HARVEST

49

The One who conquered death with love,
Alone the ruddy wine press trod,
But thou canst reach the goal above,
In close companionship with God.



MY HARVEST

OFTEN think I of the harvest,
Lying ripening in the sun,
Of the work, that for the Master,
By his reapers must be done,
Of the hearts that faint and weary,
Know not of the Saviour's love,
Know not of the heavenly mansions
In our Father's home above.

And sometimes my heart grows weary,
As alone in pain I lie,
Doing nothing for the Master
While the summer days pass by.
Only listening to the echoes
Of the busy hurrying feet,
Only thinking of the reapers,
Toiling on in storm and heat.

Then I seem to hear a whisper,
Like sweet music, soft and low:
"Child, thy Father hears thee pleading,
All thy longings he doth know,

Yet thy seedtime must be suffering,
 In thy heart thy work must be;
 Thou must take the work of trusting,
 Thou must leave all else to me.

“I would have thy harvest patience,
 Waiting I would teach to thee,
 Faith and love must be thy lessons,
 Thou must come and learn of me.
 Do not faint and do not murmur,
 That thy work can be no more;
 Thy reward the Father’s keeping
 Till the harvest here is o’er.”

So I’ll try to make my harvest
 Patience, faith, and trusting love,
 When a sympathetic Father
 Sends my work from heaven above,
 Knowing when among the reapers,
 He of my poor help hath need,
 He will give me strength to labor,
 He will then my footsteps lead.



JUST FOR TO-DAY

“As thy day so shall thy strength be.”

JUST for to-day; to-morrow is not mine,
 And may be spent where days unclouded shine.
 This cross is heavy for an upward way,
 My weak hands tremble; give me strength to-day.

Just for to-day; the poorest child am I
That heavenward looks, yet ravens when they cry
Receive thy bounty though despised are they;
Remember, then, this lowly heart to-day.

Just for to-day; thy manna food I ask
That I may go rejoicing on my task,
And if from cooling streams my feet should stray,
Let some rock prove a fountain for to-day.

Just for to-day; it is much better so;
I might grow arrogant did I not know
My poverty, yet find it sweet to say,
"It is thy gift, the blessings of to-day."

Just for to-day; what more can heart demand
From One who will each longing understand?
Thy love withholds no treasure, so I pray:
"Choose what may come, but give me strength
to-day."



THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY

Down in a lonely valley,
A dark, forbidding place,
I see the fairest vision
Of my Redeemer's face;
For self here casts no shadow,
To make his presence dim.
Thus with my eyes unclouded
I gaze alone on him.

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Hushed in its holy quiet,
My spirit soon forgets
The world with its temptation,
The care that jars and frets.
The pride I hate yet cherish
Lies humbled in the dust,
While in its place are springing
New blooms of hope and trust.

Why shun this lowly valley?
Ah, it is reached with pain,
And self-love crucifixion
Alone its peace will gain.
Yet not from shining mountain
Do I such visions see,
As from this lonely valley
Of deep humility.



WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE MASTER?

WHAT can I do for the Master,
As the bright-eyed stars grow pale,
While the east is flushing crimson,
And the birds the dawning hail?
I can ask for wondrous blessing
On seeds that will fall to-day;
To hasten the Master's coming
At daybreak my soul can pray.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR THE MASTER? 53

What can I do for the Master,
While the morn is fresh and fair,
For I cannot leave the garden,
That now is my special care?
I can give a smile to the reapers
As they haste to the harvest white,
While I tenderly lift some blossom,
That has fallen from the light.

What can I do for the Master,
While dazzling the noonheat glows,
And pausing amid their labors,
The weary ones seek repose?
I can tell of the loaves and fishes
Which a hungry multitude fed,
And One who is lovingly waiting
To give to us all heaven's bread.

What can I do for the Master
In the long bright afternoon?
I now must hasten my labors,
For the nighttime cometh soon.
I can glean where the busy reapers
Have forgotten the golden grain,
And where under quick feet trodden
The delicate flowers have lain.

What can I do for the Master
Now that the twilight lifts
The edge of night's heavy curtain,
And down the first starlight drifts?

I can sing a sweet song softly
 Of the Shepherd who seeks his own,
 It may reach the little children,
 Or some heart that has weary grown.

What can I do for the Master
 Before I join those who know
 The sleep he giveth his children
 When the stars above them glow?
 I can praise him with heart o'erflowing,
 For using my talent small,
 For the weakest can be his servant,
 The poorest can hear his call.



THE FIRST MIRACLE

"BRING water," then the gracious Master said,
 "And fill these earthen vessels to the brim."
 "Pour forth!" And fragrant was the wine and
 red

That caught its glowing flow of life from him.

The One who thus the Cana wedding blest,
 Comes often to this lowly home of mine;
 At first I welcomed thus my holy Guest:
 "What can I offer, Lord? I have no wine."

No wine! I who had dreamed that life would
 glow,

As the sky and sea when the sun goes down.
 No wine! Yet my spirit panted to know
 The race with the strong and the victor's crown.

TWO PETITIONS

55

“Then fill every vessel full to the brim
With such as you have,” was my Lord’s re-
quest;
So I brought all my quiet life to him,
With its hope deferred and its deep unrest.

Then he bade me drink. Could this cup be
mine?

Such nectar it never had known before.
Ah, see, with his touch it is purest wine
That is flowing my little chalice o’er!

No longer I sigh for a richer feast;
In life’s common duties there glows divine
The light of his presence, and I, the least
Of his lowly children, taste Cana’s wine.

And I pray as I daily pass the cup
To others whose lives are less blessed than
mine

While I lift, in his name, my chalice up,
That its water may turn to living wine.



TWO PETITIONS

ONE cried in earnest, trustful prayer,
“Lord, take this burden from my heart.
Lift from my brow its weight of care,
Which makes a crown of thorns my part.

Choose not the lonely, trying way
 By dark Gethsemane for me,
 But lead me gently day by day,
 In pleasant pathways up to thee."

Another voiced his soul in prayer,
 "Lord, help with burdens that are best,
 For I have found that pain and care
 Have made me on thy bosom rest.
 Others have thorny pathways too,
 Let me their loving helper be.
 Give me thy hardest tasks to do,
 If they but lead me nearer thee."

One left his burdens to repine
 In idleness at blessings lost,
 For thorns and roses intertwine,
 And toil and pain repay their cost.
 One grew so strong he did not heed
 The rugged way of care he trod.
 An almoner for souls in need,
 He went on singing up to God,



THE STARLESS CROWN

"MINE is a starless crown," she said,
 "For up unto the mercy seat
 Not one poor, wandering soul I've led.
 In heaven none will my name repeat,

THE STARLESS CROWN

57

And say, 'You led my trembling feet
To where the waters, gushing sweet,
Refreshed and made me whole.'

"But He knows best who sent me pain;
And I rejoice no praise of mine
Will mingle in the sweet refrain,
And take away the glory thine,
Dear Lord, for souls redeemed that shine,
And round thy coronal entwine,"
And so she fell asleep.

"Whose crown is this?" the angel said;
For unto him was given
The crowning of each saintly head
That passed from earth to heaven.
Adown the vista's golden light,
Where crowned heads whose circles bright
Surpassed the starry gems of night,
His gaze went searching far.

The perfume from the lilies fair,
And roses, such as Eden knew,
Fragrant and thornless, filled the air,
Their dulcet incense stealing through
Green trees, whose leaves could never fade.
While underneath their verdant shade
A silver stream its pathway made;
The river which is Life.

58 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

From far and near the symphony
Of golden harps and voices clear,
Blending in perfect harmony,
The soul of music, thrilled the ear;
Glad hearts, with ecstasy replete,
Cast down their crowns before the feet
Of the Adored, while praises sweet
Reechoed to his name.

“Whose crown is this?” again he said,
And scanned with care the faces o'er;
But no one came, with uncrowned head,
To claim the diadem he bore.
“Few crowns are set with gems so rare;
So he who can these jewels wear
Must by hard toil and earnest prayer
Have led souls unto God.”

Those waiting their reward spoke not;
None dared demand the crown of light;
Yet there were those whose weary lot
Had been harsh toil from morn till night;
Some workers in the vineyard strong,
And some had labored late and long,
But unto them did not belong
The crown so rich with stars.

A brilliant light illumed the place;
And there the Saviour stood, a smile
Of welcome lighting up his face,
Calling them each by name the while.

He gave the crowns, some jeweled bright,
And others starless crowns of light,
But kept the one with gems so bright
Until the last one came.

With trembling form a woman knelt
And kissed the feet that thorns had known,
Nor raised her eyes until she felt
Her name was called in tender tone.
A soft hand rested on her head,
"Art ready for thy crown?" He said;
"Hast thou some lamb to shelter led,
Some wanderer reclaimed?"

"Dear Father, I have lived in vain;
Thy love is all the crown I ask.
I only bore a cross of pain,
Whilst waiting was my lowly task.
I could but pray, by day and night,
For toilers in the harvest white,
For those who struggled for the right,
And trusted all to thee."

"Well done, my child," the Father said,
And placed the glowing starry crown
Upon the lowly, drooping head.
"Thy life was free from earth's renown,
But many saw thy patient grace,
And read my message in thy face.
He serves who faithful holds his place,
And this is thy reward."

THE CROSS

O Cross, whose name, I find, is love,
My anchor on life's stormy sea,
I once raised tearful eyes above,
And missed the beauty hid in thee.

O Cross, I called to God in vain
To have thee taken from my sight,
The emblem of redemption's pain,
I did not know led to the light.

O love, that heard my selfish cry,
Yet as a mother understood,
The Cross still left against my sky,
Has been for me my highest good.

O Cross, that led me on my way,
Through burning desert, o'er the sea,
I did not see thy shade by day,
Nor fire at night, still leading me.

O Cross of love, from grateful eyes
The scales of earthly blindness fall.
I found through thee my paradise,
I see in thee, my Christ, my all.



SILENT PRAYER

I TORE me from the world apart
And hushed my overburdened heart
For silent prayer;

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

61

Desires came rushing up the stairs,
I built above my worldly cares,
To get their share.

So many needs for those I love
Were urgent that they climbed above
My petty claims;
Yet from my altar hopes and fears
Ascended, some the plea of years,
Like raging flames.

Then through the silence came a voice,
"Men when they pray should first rejoice,"
And I whose days
Had often been in pastures green,
In shame for blessings scarcely seen,
Bent low in praise.

"God who in love cares for his own,"
I thought I heard in tender tone,
And I, in quest
Of needed blessings, understood
That for me there was only good,
And was at rest.



THE EVERLASTING ARMS

I **REST** me in the Arms of Love,
And wait until the way grows clear.
What matters heavens dark above,
Or broken tempests sobbing near

Like souls lost in a desert drear
While underneath are Arms of Love?

He trod the wine press all alone,
With patience bore the thorn and cross,
Yet old earth trembled with his moan
When broke his heart with sense of loss—
Ah! that "forsaken" comes across
The ages to uphold his own.

I rest me in the Arms of God,
Who knows the claims of human dust
And leaves none lonely, since he trod
Alone the way his children must.
The upward pathway of the just
Is girded by the Arms of God.



THE WAY TO SUNSHINE LAND

OH, where is the path to Sunshine Land?
I tire of the rain and the wind's sad cry,
The moan of anguish on every hand,
And the shadow of Death across the sky.
I would follow the sun above the mist,
Above where the cloud with gold was kist,
Oh, how to that land can my spirit fly?

A voice spoke near that was low and sweet,
"Here are wings of faith that will lift you quite
Out of the valley of cloud and woe
To the upward Land that is always bright,

And hope is the anchor you needs must take,
 If shadows of earth you would forsake,
 For the Land that is filled with joy and light.

“Here is a star you must always wear,
 The star that is Love with its healing beams,
 And others with weight of pain and care
 Can climb through the gloom by that star’s
 bright gleams,
 And if wings and anchors should downward trail,
 Love is the light that will never fail
 In that Sunshine Land of your golden dreams.”



JESUS ENTHRONED

Oh, Jesus, come and find a place
 Within this empty heart of mine.
 Though all unworthy such a grace,
 It longs to make for thee a shrine.
 It needs thy presence to endure
 The cleansing fires of loss and pain,
 Thy holiness to keep it pure.
 Oh, come, and evermore remain.

I clamored once for lesser things,
 And found in answer such unrest,
 My spirit longs to fold its wings
 And still their throbbings on thy breast.

64 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

My prayers are not a cry of greed ;
Ambition, love, and worldly pride
Forgotten are in one great need,
To have thee in my soul abide.

I do not ask that I may be
Transported from this strife with sin ;
It is enough a soul with thee
Has constant paradise within.
Take every idol from my heart
That hinders thy enduring throne ;
Oh, Jesus, more than life thou art,
And I will live for thee alone.



THROUGH THE VALLEY

Nor where his happy flocks are feeding
In pastures green, life's cares unheeding,
He leads to-day ;
Nor where still waters are restoring
The weary souls in rest adoring,
I take my way ;
But where Death's shadow ever flying
Makes dark the valley of the dying,
When faith burns low,
And love has lost its power of aiding,
As beauty into dust is fading,
My feet must go.

And yet no evil can come o'er me,
For my dear Shepherd goes before me,
 And keeps me near;
And I will heed his words of blessing,
That are my timid ears caressing,
 To banish fear.

When in green pastures I was straying
Earth seemed the place for ever staying,
 And it is well,
Awhile beside Death's silent river,
Not seeking gifts, but with the Giver,
 In peace to dwell.

**MY PLACE**

I do not ask, dear Lord, there be
A place made small enough for me,

But I be made by thee to fill,
The place appointed by thy will.

Naught can I give, I come to claim
The promises that bear thy name.

My poverty I leave, to feel
The riches that thy words reveal.

The weakness I have learned at length,
Exchange I for thy power and strength.

My pride, so foolish, had I known
That which thou asked was thine own,

66 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

I crumbled in the dust to be
Sweet blossoms of humility.

My will—forgive the struggle past—
My will, dear Lord, is thine, at last.

Emptied and broken here I lie
Too near for thee to pass me by,

But fill me with thy Spirit so,
Through me the stream of life will flow.

If where the lofty cedars grow
On mountains crowned with endless snow,

Or in the meadow land below,
Where lilies of the valley grow,

Through this poor vessel mean and small,
Let blessings on thy children fall.

Thus I, who dare not lift mine eyes
To places shining near the skies,

And am afraid my skill to trust
In lifting blossoms from the dust,

I who did even dare refuse
To follow thee in rough ways, choose

Wherever thou canst use me best—
That is my place, my joy, my rest.

GATHER JEWELS FOR THE KING 67

GATHER JEWELS FOR THE KING

O HAGER hand, for what are you trying?
For the gold the rugged mountains keep?
For the pure white pearls, their beauty lying
'Neath the tangled seaweed of the deep?
Or searching the sands of distant river,
Where the precious starlike diamonds hide?
Or waiting beside some ocean ever,
For ships that left with the morning tide?

O restless brain, o'er what are you burning?
O'er secrets hid in some ancient lore?
Or the mystic leaves of Nature turning,
To read where others were foiled before?
Or striving that ere the struggle closes,
A crown of laurel may grace your head?
That now your name may be wreathed with roses,
And still live on when others are dead?

O ransomed soul, for what are you living?
For what are your labors, prayers, and tears?
Oh, what is there worth the priceless giving—
Time to prepare for immortal years?
Do you gather flowers that fade while blowing
Their sweetness upon the air of June?
Do you rest where ripened grain is growing,
Though the nighttime cometh all too soon?

The gold of mountain and gems of ocean
Were worth the struggle if life meant less,
But what can repay a soul's devotion
But that which eternal years will bless?

68 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Can the gold and gems of earth be taken
 When the King comes for his jewels bright?
When the crowns of earth are all forsaken,
 And the spirit takes its upward flight?

There are jewels worth a life's hard toiling,
 Lost in sin's ocean and shame's dark waves,
And gems the rust of the world is spoiling,
 And gold buried deep in living graves;
Gather those jewels, though cold billows breaking
 In tempests around you bitterness bring;
Save those rare gems, though heart may be ach-
 ing;
 Oh, gather the jewels for the King!

There is not a soul so black with sinning
 That the Lamb's pure blood cannot restore;
Then let all your strength be spent in winning
 The lost to his loving arms once more.
Then life will be like a peaceful river,
 And death its "Well done!" and crown will
 bring,
While in his bright homes will shine forever
 The jewels you gathered for the King.



IF THIS WERE ALL

IF this were all, hearts might grow dumb with
 sorrow,
 Meeting life's sea of anguish wave on wave,
If for the waiting soul no bright to-morrow
 Its cheering hope and inspiration gave;

For who has not seen dearest idols perish,
 The stars that pierced the midnight disappear,
 The loved ones that the heart did fondly cherish
 Lie all unconscious of love's falling tear?

If this were all, this garden where is hiding
 The serpent in each poisoned, perfumed flower,
 Where human faith and love alone abiding
 From ruined Eden, feel the tempter's power;
 Where golden honors in the dust are broken,
 Where cruel Death tears heart from wedded
 heart,
 And sends across the voiceless gulf no token—
 If this were all, O who could bear his part!

This is not all: the mists of earth are veiling
 The angel eyes that watch and cheer us on.
 They whisper when the heart is nearly failing,
 And bid us turn our sighing into song;
 For there is One the wine press trod before us,
 That not alone our weary feet should stray.
 Then sing with joy as do the angels o'er us,
 For from our night dawns everlasting day.



GOD'S PROMISES

WHEN I cannot see before me
 A single step of the way,
 When the mist is hanging o'er me,
 Obscuring the light of day,

Or, when like a ship o'ertaken
 By the fog, when rocks are near,
 Or a little child forsaken,
 In some moorland wild and drear;

Then a beacon glows before me,
 As bright as a star above,
 For an angel whispers o'er me,
 Some promise God made in love,
 How he guideth them that fear him,
 Nor letteth them go astray,
 And keepeth the weak ones near him,
 Each step of the upward way.

For each trial and smallest sorrow
 Some promise of help is made,
 For every care of the morrow
 God giveth his word to aid;
 Then let us go on with gladness,
 And trust where we cannot see,
 He promises joy for sadness,
 And that is enough for me.



TRANSMUTED

OH, angel with the sword of flame,
 Is this the Holy City?
 I am a pilgrim worn and claim
 Your tender care and pity.
 Why wait I fainting at the gate,
 When it is late, when it is late?

I have not come through seas of blood,
A martyr's halo winning,
Nor from the deep tempestuous flood,
Where men delight in sinning.
The star of hope has led me straight,
Then why a warden at the gate?

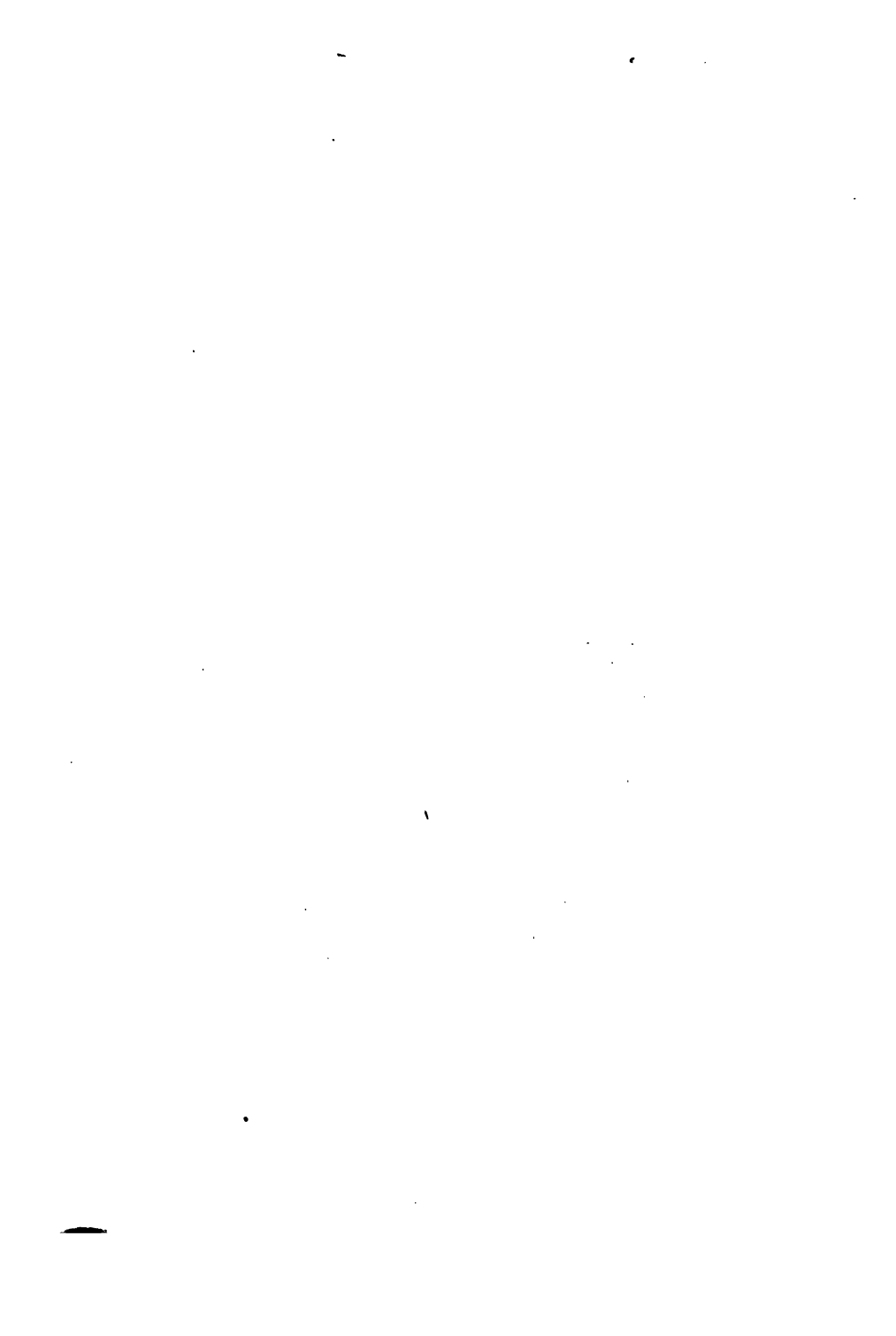
Now that the toilsome day is o'er,
And evening bells are ringing,
I marvel that I walked not more
With smiles and joyful singing.
How strange seem thoughts of fear or hate,
Before this angel-guarded gate!

I thought I with the toilers went,
Now sowing and now reaping,
Upon the Master's work intent,
But when I passed death's sleeping,
I saw my tasks had not been great,
My works could not unbar the gate.

Oh, angel with the sword of flame,
The Christ so sweet and holy
I love, and ask in his dear name,
Some work though far and lowly.
What! was that sword a shining hand
To welcome me to this fair land?



**POEMS OF
SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION**



THE LIGHT KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

THE pale moon hid her face; the glitt'ring stars
Retired above the blackness of the night.
The wild winds moaned, as if some human soul
In fetters bound was struggling to be free;
The ocean leaped and swayed his long white arms
Up in the darkness with a sullen roar.
Across the heavy gloom of night there came
The faint light from the tower, and when the moon
Peeped from her floating vail of clouds, she sent
A gleam across the waters, rushing mad.

Against the angry sky

The lighthouse stood, whose beacon light foretold
The danger to bold ships that neared the rocks
While daylight slept.

In the tower by the sea, there, all alone,
The keeper's pretty daughter trimmed the lamp,
And as the water sparkled in the light,
"God save the sailors on the sea," she prayed;
"The night is wild; my father gone, and near
Are rocks which vessels wreck when storms are
high;

I will not sleep, but watch beside the light,
For some may call for help."

And so she sat

Beside the window o'er the sea, and scanned

76 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

With large, dark eyes the troubled waters'
foam,
Unheeding as the wind her tresses tossed,
Or spray baptized her brow.

A muffled sound
Trembles upon the air, above the storm;
Why strain her eager eyes far in the night?
Was it the wind, or but the ocean's heart
Beating against the cliffs?

Ah, no! Ah, no!
It was the signal gun—the cry for help!
Now seen, now lost, the lights upon the ship
Glimmer above the wave.
Her inmost soul, with anguish stirred, sobs out,
"A vessel on the rocks, and none to save!"
Again that far, faint death knell of the doomed
Upon her young heart falls. "They shall not
die.

I rescue them, or perish in their grave!"
Her strong arms, nerved by heart long trained
To suffer and to dare for highest good,
Conquers in spite of warring elements;
The boat is launched; one instant does she pause
And lift her soul in prayer. 'Tis silent,
But angels hear, and bear it on their wings
To the All-Father, and the strength comes down.
The wind howls loud; the cruel, sullen waves
Toss the frail bark as children toss a toy;
All nature tries to baffle one brave soul
As, beautiful and bold, she still toils on,
Unheeding all except one thought, one hope.

THE LIGHT KEEPER'S DAUGHTER 77

She nears the vessel beating 'gainst the rocks;
A wave sweeps o'er her, but her heart is stayed
By cries for "help" from hearts half dead with
fear;

Upon the tossing ship they watch and pray,
While nearer draws deliverance. One more
bound,

The ship is reached, and not a moment lost.
The boat is filled. Again she braves the sea,
This time with precious freight, the while the
waves,

Thus cheated of their prey, mourn in revenge.

The moon between the clouds in pity smiles;
The waves are broken into tears above
The boat of life; resisting wind and wave,
They near the land, and unseen hands direct,
And one Eye, never sleeping, watches all.
Upon the shore the fishers' wives knelt down,
And clasped their loved ones, given from the
grave;

Young children sobbed their gratitude, and clung
To fathers they had never hoped to kiss;
Strong men were not afraid of tears, which fell
Like April rain, as with their wives and babes
They knelt upon the bleak seashore, to pray.
Up to the sky a glad thanksgiving rose;
The wind ceased wailing, and the stars came out;
Joy filled all hearts, and noble Grace was blessed.
The earth grew brighter, for the angels sang
In heaven to God a glad, sweet song of praise.

WAITING

SHE sat where the sea was blushing,
The hues of the rosy west,
With songs and caresses hushing
The baby upon her breast;
She waited with dark eyes roaming
Far out o'er the water blue,
For came in the dusky gloaming
Her fisherman brave and true.

'Tis late, for the gulls are flying
To nests that the dark cliffs hide,
He comes when the day is dying,
At flowing in of the tide;
He left when the morn was glowing—
So handsome and bright and strong—
And now the first star is showing.
He surely will come ere long.

So she waited, softly singing
To quiet her fears to rest,
And hoped that the waves were bringing
Her love to her faithful breast,
And the evening fire was burning,
And the window candle bright,
Where, o'er the sea returning,
He would see its welcome light.

She waited while night was trailing
His dark wings over the deep,
And the restless waves were wailing
Like a child in troubled sleep;

GOOD TO MOTHER

79

She watched with her dim eyes aching,
And sobs instead of a song,
And murmured with heart nigh breaking,
"He surely will come erelong."

O, woe to the young wife keeping
Her watch by the cruel sea,
And woe to the fair child sleeping
So sweetly upon her knee;
For an empty boat is drifting
Far out on the sea to-night,
And the ebbing tide is lifting
A face that is cold and white.

O, woe to the hearts that ever
Are waiting with hopes and fears
To realize dreams that never
Can come from the vanished years;
For many a heart has broken
That was glad with hope before,
When the sea left some sad token
That love would return no more.



GOOD TO MOTHER

I LOOKED at her girlhood beauty,
A rose that was hardly blown,
And asked what would be her future
When life's morning hours had flown.

She answered, "Oh, high ambitions
Were once every thought and plan,
But now I must care for mother
And give her what rest I can."

I smiled as I saw the welcome
The mother received that night,
And that every little service
Was given with real delight.
"The young now are often thoughtless,"
I said, "of the debt they owe."
"She always cares for her mother,"
Said my friend with face aglow.

I heard with a pang of sorrow
That God had taken away
The maiden so kind and loving,
Whose mother came first each day,
And I longed to carve in marble
Where the darling lies at rest—
"She always was good to mother,
A daughter that did her best."

Ah! many a weary woman
Would find life a path of peace
If the girls who care for mother
Would in our dear homes increase.
And perhaps the holy mission
Of this spirit early blest,
May still be the care of mother,
Till she enters into rest.

LOVE

"My heart is dead," she moaned, "for love is gone.
How can I, weary, helpless, struggle on?
How can I up life's thorny pathway grope,
The light of Heaven gone with all my hope?"
And thus she knelt to pray at eventide,
Unconscious that an angel by her side
Held o'er her head a golden crown,
A galaxy of stars the king sent down.
She saw not, for her eyes were dim with tears
Thinking of unloved, lonely, future years,
But breaking through the tempest of her woe,
She heard the angel whisper, sweet and low,
"Love is not gone while life remains, for still
Are empty hearts thy tenderness can fill,
And weary souls for thee to lead above;
Take courage and be strong, for God is love."
As storm clouds, with the darkened wings sweep
by,
Hiding the stars that burn serene and high,
The storm swept through her soul and it was
night,
But as clouds parted came the peaceful light
Of distant stars where angels sang above,
And all the burden of their song was "Love."

She knelt in tears, but rose with glad smiles
crowned,
A pilgrim who the Holy Grail found.
She lived to love, to minister, to save,
Nor sought for love's reward, but only gave

The richness of her life, as flowers at death
Yield up their pure sweet souls in perfumed
breath.

She asked not love's return, but as tired feet
On rugged mountain paths press blossoms sweet,
She found life's flowers, for though there never
came

Fame's laurels, or more precious that dear name
That crowns a woman's life, young children
pressed

Toward her arms as birdlings to their nest,
And young hearts aching with life's first great
pain

Brought her their sorrows and found peace again ;
While sinful eyes that dared not look above,
Through human tenderness saw God's great love.
So was she blest and when the way seemed long,
Her angel whispered, "God is love, be strong."

At eventide she knelt to pray once more.
Long years the golden hair had silvered o'er.
To human eyes she seemed one old and lone,
Whose feet a weary path of thorns had known ;
But kneeling now at eventide to pray,
With happy grateful tears she could but say,
"O what a blessed life to me was given,
To find that love could make this earth a heaven!"
The angel waiting for her prayer bent down
And placed upon her head the starry crown,
While angel hands unloosed the silver cord,
And bore the patient soul to its reward,

And as they swept the pearly gates above,
The joyful song fell earthward, "All is *love*."



WHEN DAY STARS SLEEP

WHEN Lady Moon begins to call
Her children to the fields of night,
Upon the beaming earth stars fall,
With gentle touch, soft curtains white,
And as so much of brightness lies
Beneath dark lashes hidden deep,
The golden eyes, up in the skies,
Keep open while the children sleep.

When dream sand from the land of Nod
Blows into stars that light the home,
The mothers feel akin to God
Who guides the night stars as they roam,
For in the palace or the cot,
The way to perfect blissful rest,
Is through the love that falters not,
But shelters childhood on her breast.

When twilight folds away life's cares,
The angels can come very near,
And linger while the children's prayers
Bring down God's holy kingdom here,
And countless lullabies of love
Up to the highest heavens sweep,
When bright stars shine in skies above
Because day stars have gone to sleep.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY"

WITHIN a country churchyard
There is a lowly mound,
And near its ivy cover
An humble stone is found,
Where in the tangled grasses
And daisies tall and fair,
"She always made home happy"
Alone is chiseled there.

Great deeds all men remember,
Or battles fought and won,
Are carved on costly marble
That glitters in the sun;
But none have nobler meanings
Than this small tribute sweet
Here hid mid summer blossoms
Within a lone retreat.

"She always made home happy":
This shows a loving heart,
A patient, Christlike spirit,
The doing well her part.
Nor need we sigh at missing
The laurel wreath of fame,
For if we make HOME happy
We leave a treasured name.

A CHILD'S TRUST

"Come, laddie, see this shining gold,"
The stranger said. "Yours it shall be
If you will but be brave and bold,
And get that purple plant for me."
How tempting this was those can know
Who fight with poverty and care;
Yet, with the precipice below,
It might be death to venture there.

"Come, laddie, Scotland's lads are bold,
That long-sought prize my own must be.
See, I will double all this gold
If you will bring that plant to me."
The boy turned from the dark abyss
And saw the cabin on the slope,
Then said, "Poor mother needs all this;
I'll go if father'll hold the rope."

Far down the dizzy height he swung,
While cliff birds beat about his eyes,
Upon the slender rope he hung,
And, facing death, secured the prize.
Nor thought of danger, but instead
His heart beat high with pride and hope.
"Were you afraid?" they asked. He said,
"O no, for father held the rope."

Nor should we fear though life may be
A slender thread a breath might break,
And down the shadows we may see
Lights which make fearful souls to quake.

It takes great effort for great joy,
God's sure rewards give strength at last,
And, like that trusting Highland boy,
We know our Father holds us fast.



SPRING WEATHER

"Let us go and find the spring,
It's too late for anything;
Winds so cold and skies so wet
Are enough to make one fret,"
Pansy said, and John thought, too,
There was nothing else to do.
So they started off together,
Hoping to find better weather.

Paul came whistling down the street,
Laughing at the wind and sleet,
And he said in gleeful voice,
"Doesn't it make one rejoice?
Spring is coming now erelong,
For I heard a robin's song,
And these noisy, driving showers
Will wake all the sleeping flowers.
Folks say God sends rain or shine,
And knows when to make it fine—
Anyway we needn't fret,
For this weather's all we get."

MY POSSESSIONS

87

"I suppose it's as you say,
Weather is not made for play.
Every day," said John, "shall be,
Weather good enough for me."

"And I know a sunny face
Will make brighter any place,
So I will not cry and scold
If some days are wet and cold,"
Pansy said with happy smile.
"Flowers will blossom after while."
So they journeyed home together,
Saying, "This is perfect weather."



MY POSSESSIONS

You think I am poor and lonely,
And live in a humble place?
The fault is your eyesight only,
You see but the things in space;
So what will avail my telling
Of wonderful things I own,
The palace that is my dwelling,
And groves where I love to roam.

Ah, fair as Alhambra glowing,
When first in the southern sun,
With its sparkling fountains flowing,
Its pillars rose one by one,

88 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

My castle shines in its glory,
Mosaic with gems and gold,
And no lips can tell the story
Of the wealth its turrets hold.

My fields with rich grain are teeming,
My woodland is always green,
And streams through white lilies gleaming,
Are clearest on earth, I ween.
I can hear the children playing
Where the wild birds sing and nest,
And I see young lovers straying
Where the fairies come to rest.

Dear friends, in my halls of beauty,
Hold converse with wisdom rife,
And see that the meanest duty
Is bright in the web of life.
There love is my heart enfolding,
And blends with its bliss no pain.
Are you my rich realm beholding,
And have you a home in Spain?



FAREWELL

FAREWELL, sweet one, and can it be
That sleep has closed thy gentle eyes,
With such deep kisses that they see
Naught but the light of Paradise?

Canst thou not feel the tender rain
 Of love's caresses on thy brow?
 Will not that sweet smile come again,
 As we breathe love words o'er thee now?

Oh, no! farewell; so deep thy rest,
 Thou canst not hear our tender call,
 With white hands folded on thy breast,
 Thou canst not feel the hot tears fall;
 Thou dost not know thy calm repose
 Brings us but sleepless hours of pain,
 To have thee free from all life's woes;
 We stretch out empty arms in vain.

Yet sleep, fair one; as lilies close
 Their petals when the day is o'er,
 So lies our lily in repose,
 To bloom on this dark earth no more.
 We know our fair flower will unfold
 Its petals in a brighter clime;
 Oh, lily pure with heart of gold,
 Couldst thou not wait a longer time?

Farewell! we gaze with tear-dimmed eyes
 Far toward the mystic silent shore,
 And wonder where the country lies
 Where thou wilt dwell forever more;
 What art thou doing with that mind
 That burned like some rare star alone,
 Seeking the hidden gems to find?
 Ah, now those treasures are thine own.

90 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Farewell, blest sleeper; not one wave
Of our great loss shall break thy rest;
We give thee back to God who gave,
The One who knew and loved thee best.
Sweet angels, close her starlike eyes,
And help us, God, to bear our pain,
Till in the fields of Paradise
We find our own lost one again.



TRUE SUCCESS

He sang a song the sad world needed,
That would have crowned some brows with
fame;
But never knew that one soul heeded
Whence that inspiring music came.
He left the glowing canvas living
With fair creations of the heart,
But critics passed them coldly, giving
The praise and gold to poorer art.

He spent his life to make men brothers,
Yet met with censure and disdain;
He toiled for weeping wives and mothers,
His burning words and prayers seemed vain.
But to the hills his eyes were lifted.
An uncrowned king, he upward trod,
Himself success, for he was gifted
With faith in others and in God.

BETTER TO WAIT

BETTER to wait through the morning hours,
Better to lose life's earlier flowers,
Better to wait till the golden day,
With song and perfume has passed away,
Better to wait in the gloaming time
Till pitying stars through the night mists shine,
Better to wait till the moonbeams sleep
In the arms of day, while still you weep,
Better to die, unloved and alone,
Than that the heart be false to its own.



LIFE

LIFE, my friend, and long time lover,
Kind in pain, I now discover,
 Every year I've loved you more,
Just for giving me the pleasure
Of this earth with all its treasure,
Strength and effort in good measure,
And dear love beyond believing;
Let me kiss your lips in leaving,
 As I bless you o'er and o'er.

Death, I now to you am turning,
But with no immortal yearning,
 You are one man meet with strife.
See, my torch of faith bright shining

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Gives the dark a golden lining,
 I will come without repining,
 Show your face, the journey guiding.
 Joy! Beneath that black cloak hiding
 Is my dear old comrade, Life.



I NEED YOUR ROSES NOW

I do not plead a broken heart,
 My life has much of bliss;
 And yet at times the hot tears start,
 Because of joys I miss.
 Oh, do not leave the tender things
 Unsaid till o'er my brow
 Death's wing its warning shadow flings!
 I need your roses now.

If I should take the journey far
 Your tears would fall like rain,
 And out beyond the evening star
 Your soul would call in vain.
 But walking closely by your side,
 How little you allow
 For human failings none can hide!
 I need your roses now.

Ah, life would brighten everywhere
 If half the love were shown
 In tender, sympathizing care
 That gleams in costly stone.

SOMEWHERE

93

The honor you too late would give,
Give now, I care not how—
For you, and you alone, I live,
And need your roses now.



SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE in distant purple seas
A golden isle is gleaming,
Where anchor all the argosies
We send out in our dreaming.
The castles we have built in air,
Rise there on firm foundations,
Filled with all forms of beauty rare
That were our thought creations.

There waits the love that fled so soon ;
It seemed a dream, though giving
To life its breath of perfumed June,
The sweetest thing of living.
Oh, beautiful Somewhere, Somewhere,
Thou must exist if only
To save from bitterest despair
The hearts now sad and lonely.

Somewhere the friends who passed from sight,
Upon Death's bosom sleeping,
Are dwelling in eternal light
For us love's vigils keeping.

94 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

Somewhere the one who lost the prize,
Yet toiled with true endeavor,
Will find the wreath of laurel lies
Above his brow forever.

Somewhere our better selves must wait,
Which sometimes came when giving
Our aspirations pure and great
Place in our daily living.
Oh, beautiful Somewhere, Somewhere,
Is Death the river gliding
Out to the ocean calm and fair,
Where thy bright shores are hiding?



WOMAN'S WORK

AH! what is woman's work in life?
She is not leader in the strife,
But those who lead makes pure and strong,
And thus unseen directs the throng.

'Tis woman's blessed gift to raise
All weary hearts in simple ways,
As violets hidden in the grass
Their fragrance give to those who pass,
Who never see them but adore
The author of all beauty more;
Or bird who sings her nest beside,
And whose sweet song some one doth hide,
Deep in his heart then give again

Unto the world a rich refrain,
And as it uplifts souls of men,
They dream not of the wooded glen,
Where glad with birdlings 'neath her breast
The bird knows not her song is blest.

Not like a river strong and free,
Bearing great ships on to the sea,
Is woman's life, but like a spring,
In verdant shade where sweet flowers cling,
Whose waters nourish as they pass
The forest roots and meadow grass,
Where weary travelers stop to drink,
And children play upon its brink,
And so through humble ministry
It blesses earth and swells the sea.

How far man's work goes he may know
Before o'er him the daisies blow ;
But woman patiently must wait
Until the evening shadows late
Fade into stars that pave the way
That leads to everlasting day!
Then with the joys of paradise
Will come the sweet and glad surprise
To find that love's least service given
Is counted high and great in heaven,
And not earth's laurels and renown
Make white the robe and bright the crown,
But God will place upon each brow
The jewels that pure deeds make now.

SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

A DREAM

It is not sorrow that is stealing,
Within my soul its touch revealing
Some anguish deep and wild as death!
Nor yet remorse, that vulture, eating
The lifeblood while the heart is beating,
Nor passion with its burning breath.
But sad as fate and sweet as loving,
Across my soul a spell is moving
That stirs my pulses like old wine.
Be still! A dream of love long hidden
Has risen from its grave unbidden;
A moment let its bliss be mine.



BEDSIDE ANGELS

MUCH is said in song and story
Of fair women on the throne,
Crowned with gems and earthly glory,
In a starlike grandeur lone,
But more honored are the women
Who, as angels here below,
Minister by beds of anguish,
Giving healing as they go.

Blessed are the hands so soothing,
Welcome is the smiling face,
Naught in womanhood more queenly
Than a nurse's gentle grace;

MORNING-GLORIES

97

Yet a double charm is added,
When while giving pain relief
One can lift a sad soul upward
With a Christian's strong belief.

Dear ones who have been so faithful,
With your skillful, tender care,
You have lifted my worn spirit,
With your blessed song and prayer.
Go on doing for the Master,
Winning gratitude and love,
Though no earthly gems shine o'er you,
You will find your crowns above.



MORNING-GLORIES

Who dropped the seed upon this wild?
Was it some bird upon the wing,
Or tiny hand of playing child,
Or did the wind the treasure bring?
I know not, but as toilers pass
They think not of their lives forlorn,
But smile with hope as in the grass,
They catch the glory of the morn.

So angels plant upon our way,
As toil we up life's rocky height,
Blossoms that whisper of the day
That is so near and has no night.

THE CARPENTER'S SON

THEY said, "The carpenter's son." To me,
No dearer thing in the Book I see,
For he must have risen with the light,
And patiently toiled until the night.
He, too, was weary when evening came,
For well he knoweth our mortal frame,
And he remembers the weight of dust,
So his frail children may sing and trust.

We often toil till our eyes grow dim,
Yet our hearts faint not because of him.
The workers are striving everywhere,
Some with a pitiful load of care;
Many in peril upon the sea,
Or deep in the mine's dark mystery,
While mothers nor day nor night can rest—
I fancy the Master loves them best.

For many a little head has lain
On the heart pierced by redemption's pain.
He was so tender with fragile things,
He saw the sparrow with broken wings.
His mother, the loveliest woman born,
Had humble tasks in her home each morn,
And he thought of her the cross above,
So burdened women must have his love.

For labor, the common lot of man,
Is part of a kind Creator's plan,

TWO WATCHERS

99

And he is a king whose brow is wet
With the pearl-gemmed crown of honest
sweat.

Some glorious day, this understood,
All toilers will be a brotherhood.
With brain or hand the purpose is one,
And the master workman, God's own Son.



TWO WATCHERS

ONE watched the dawning of the year.
The fading stars left nothing save
A winter morning cold and drear,
The snow upon a new-made grave.
Then bitterly, "How can bells ring,
And men rejoice? As lies the snow
Upon her breast, life's sorrows cling
To hearts left helpless in their woe."

Another lifted trustful eyes,
And smiled to see the dawn again.
"My love is safe in paradise,
Nor can she know my toil and pain.
Her very resting place is white
As her pure soul but dearer grown.
What stars of promise in our night!
How gentle God is with his own!"

30289B

DUST

"He remembers that we are dust."

I stood by my mother sobbing,
One day in my childhood years,
A hand that was torn and bleeding
The cause of my bitter tears.
She trying to teach the lesson
Of patience, that learn I must,
But I said in deep rebellion,
"I hate to be made of dust."

We have lived in constant warfare,
Its dust and this soul of mine,
The one is so plainly earthly,
The other so near divine;
For as in the bulb deep hidden
A lily is held in trust,
I feel the uplifting throbbing
Of wings in my case of dust.

How strange we so often wonder
At failings all lives display,
Expecting but spirit beauty,
Forgetting its weight of clay,
When He, who is always holy,
Yet tender as he is just,
Considers our pitiful failures,
And remembers we are dust.

"He remembers"—words the sweetest,
That make in my heart a song.
What matter if every other
Should judge of my motives wrong?

REST

101

How blessed this earthly plodding,
This beautiful life of trust!
Just to know that "He remembers,"
Is worth being made of dust.



REST

Now rest, my heart!
Canst thou by fretting keep the day
From sleeping in the arms of night,
Or make one sunbeam longer stay,
Or bring one clouded star in sight?
Thou canst not keep life's pain away
From that soul dearer than thine own,
But thou canst trust each sorrow may
Bring blossoms where thorns might have grown.
Now rest, my heart!

Now rest, my heart!
Two angels wait to give thee peace.
Remembrance, with past blessings, brings
Assurance that good will not cease,
Forgetfulness hath healing wings.
These will thy true companions be,
And hearts with burdens more than thine
May feel the love that shelters thee,
And seek the rest that is divine.
Then rest, my heart!

NIGHT

SERENELY burn the stars of night,

Upon the bosom of the sky;

The crescent moon with pallid light

Sinks down the west all silently,

While pure stars vigil keep.

The world which, since the morning rose,

Has echoed sounds of toil's unrest,

Now silent lies in sweet repose,

As sleeps a child on love's own breast.

The veil of light which through the day

From earth hid ever endless space,

By unseen hands is drawn away,

And countless worlds the heavens grace.

While gleams the meteor's fire,

The soul from earthly thralldom free,

Now unobstructed wings its flight

And revels in the majesty

That gems the sparkling zenith's height

And jewels night's attire.

Still sweetly, softly slumber on,

Earth's children worn with toil and care;

Awhile let bitter pain be gone

With sorrow's weight and dull despair.

For angels watch between

And weave the music seraphs sing

In dreams, for pure white souls that sleep,

And to the weary new life bring,

And kiss eyes shut that in day weep;

While God guards all, unseen.

COMPENSATION

It is the time when daisies fold
Their petals white round hearts of gold,
When meadow lands and hills are green,
And air perfumed from flowers unseen.
E'en in the city's crowded heart,
The spring has still its own sweet part,
For dandelions bring their gold
From up between the pavements' mold,
And bits of earth, with young grass clad,
Make sad eyes smile and bright eyes glad.
The very sparrows in the street
Speak in a language new and sweet,
As if some time their home had been
The blooming forest's heart within;
And morning's breath is soft and clear,
As if it came from meadows near.

The weary man with life's toil bent,
A moment feels the soothing scent
Of falling grass, which years ago
In sunny fields he used to mow;
And all day long o'er pen and book
He hears the murmur of the brook,
And lives again his boyhood days,
Forgetful of life's darker ways.

A shopgirl with thin fingers quick
A dandelion stops to pick,

And as she bends o'er endless seam,
Her heart is in a sunny dream.
Once more, a happy child, she sees
The sunlight play through forest trees,
And hears the songs from birds unseen,
And so forgets the years between.
The sick on weary beds of pain,
With spring's return find health again,
And 'neath the sunlit skies of blue,
Rejoice because all things are new;
While they who feel Death's angel near,
Are glad the daisies white are here,
And smile that they will hide the tomb,
When Eden's flowers for them will bloom.

The children in the crowded din
Where life begins and ends in sin,
Look up between the houses high,
And get a glimpse of soft blue sky,
And dreaming not of wood and field,
Which fairy ferns and blossoms yield,
They find fresh grass in courtyards low,
And all the joy of springtime know;
While city parks to their young eyes,
Are bright and fair as Paradise.

Not where sweet songs and perfumes fill
The country air do hearts most thrill
With joy of spring, but where is stirred
The darkened air by voiceless bird,
And where to starving eyes one flower
Makes in itself an Eden bower.

TOO SOON

105

For God is good, and gives to all,
And they who eat the crumbs that fall
From tables with his plenty spread,
Rejoice that they can be so fed;
While they who share the upper feast
Know not their happiness is least.
So doth he satisfy our need,
And every living creature feed.



TOO SOON

O DEATH, you are too soon, for see!
The morning dew is on unopened flowers;
I have but tasted life's first happy hours,
From which I gather nectar, as the bee
The lily's sweetness ere the scorch of noon.
O Death, you are too soon, too soon!

'Tis early; for the matin song
The glad birds use to waken sleeping day
Now echoes from the woodland far away.
So in my heart is stirring deep and strong
A melody the years would set to tune,
If you come not too soon, too soon.

Why visit *me*, stern Death? Among
Earth's weary children some would smile to
hear
Your footsteps at their doorway, lone and
drear.

I fain would wait till star-eyed night has hung
Low in the west the slender crescent moon.
It now is morn; you are too soon.

Wait till the sun turns to the west:
I cannot go, for love has come for me,
With yearning outstretched arms. O let me be
One moment folded on his faithful breast!
Then I will go with you, though not yet noon,
And it be soon, O Death, too soon.

I have a little field to keep,
And it is sown with God's own precious grain.
I will not heed the noontide heat nor pain,
If I can later golden harvest reap.
Yet who finds ripened wheat in early June?
O Death, you are too soon, too soon!

God's messenger you are! I go.
I heard the coming of your winged feet,
And now I feel your kisses cold and sweet,
And as you break life's crimson cord, I know
To God's own children death is such a boon,
You cannot come too soon, too soon.



THE BIRD'S WAY

THE little bird sat on a slender limb,
Upward swinging,
And though wind and rain were rough with him,
Still kept singing.

SUPPOSE YOU TRY SMILING 107

"Oh little bird, quick, seek out your nest!"

I could not keep from calling;

"The bleak winds tear your tender breast,

Your tiny feet are falling."

"More need for song

When things go wrong,

I was not meant for crying;

No fear for me,"

He piped with glee,

"My wings were made for flying."

My heart had been dark as the stormy sky,

In my sorrow,

With the weight of troubles long passed by,

And the morrow.

"O little bird, sing!" I cried once more,

"The sun will soon be shining.

See there's a rainbow arching o'er

The storm cloud's silver lining.

I too will sing

Through everything;

It will each blessing double,

Nor yet forget,

When rude winds fret,

To fly above my trouble."



SUPPOSE YOU TRY SMILING

Your burden is heavy, I haven't a doubt,

But others have loads they must carry about,

And they are not whining.

108 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

Some people are glad if but half of the way
Lies out of the shadow, or part of the day
 They see the sun shining.
 Suppose you try smiling.

I know you are lonely, but other hearts ache,
And bravely refuse to be bitter or break
 Because of life's sorrow.
They think of the joy in the land far away,
And hasten the slow passing hours of to-day
 With hopes of to-morrow.
 Suppose you try smiling.

This funny old world is a mirror, you know,
Turn its way with a sneer, or face of a foe,
 And you will see trouble,
But meet it with laughter and looks full of cheer,
And back will come sunshine and love true and
 dear
 Your blessings to double.
 Suppose you try smiling.

All places are open to those who are glad,
Too many lack courage, too many are sad,
 Those near you need cheering.
So sing with your burden, the way is not long,
And if you look upward your heart will grow
 strong,
 And skies will be clearing,
 Suppose you try smiling.

EARTHWORMS

LITTLE worm I crushed beneath my feet,
In my heedless treading on your way,
Just as you had reached the sunshine sweet,
And had heard the morning's melody,
Did you tire of working underground,
With no word of praise or joyful sound,
And no stars within your darkness found?

Little worm, but for your patient kind,
Earth would turn to stone nor give us grain.
You are little plowshares working blind,
Turning fallows upward to the rain.
Did you weary of the endless night?
Did you feel an instinct for the light?
Did you long for wings for upward flight?

Little worm, I almost hear you groan,
Writhing back to common lifeless dust,
As from earth arises bitter moan
From the toilers underneath her crust.
They are delving in the dripping mine,
They are seeking pearls beneath the brine,
Underground they work in every clime.

Little worm, you had the common share
With your kindred hiding in the sod,
But with men some live in dwellings fair,
Taking sunshine as the smile of God.
Some are kings forgetful of the slave,
Some build temples o'er the workman's grave,
Some keep life that others died to save.

Little worm, men toiling have this hope,
 As they delve and die within the earth,
 Though as earthworms they may seem to grope,
 They are children of celestial birth,
 And perhaps those slaving out of sight
 May rise highest in their upward flight,
 When they leave the dark on wings of light.



THE SONG OF THE TEA KETTLE

Oh, Pegasus, Pegasus, come let me stride
 Your wide-winged back for a poetic ride,
 And take me where billows sparkle and roll,
 For my theme touches mortals body and soul.
 The song of the Sirens that Orpheus beat,
 Has not thrilled all nations as my charmer sweet,
 And Pan with his long-reeded flute of such note,
 On hearing my warbler had been but a goat.

The Lorelei combing with gold her gold hair,
 Had featured in stone, as she did, in despair,
 And left her weird chant in the sob of the Rhine,
 Had her magic brought forth this singer of mine.
 The lark cleaving upward a path through the blue,
 Would drop his song crystals if he could hear too,
 For nothing in either entrancing could be
 As the song of the kettle calling for tea.

Oh, tea kettle, tea kettle, emblem of home,
 Our hearts hold thee fondly wherever we roam.

THE COMMON CAR

111

Thy soft humming music brings childhood once
more,
When glad eager children rushed in at the door,
And saw mother's head with a faint halo crowned,
As the snow wreaths of vapor circled her round.
Oh, sing, happy kettle, and tell with thy mirth
The song of the hearthstone is sweetest on earth.



THE COMMON CAR

No, thank you, not the parlor car.
I tried it once an' nearly died
With lonesomeness an' stuck-up pride,
An' 'fore I got so very far,
I hiked into my proper place,
Where I could see the human race,
An' where the paper boy would be;
The common car will do fur me.

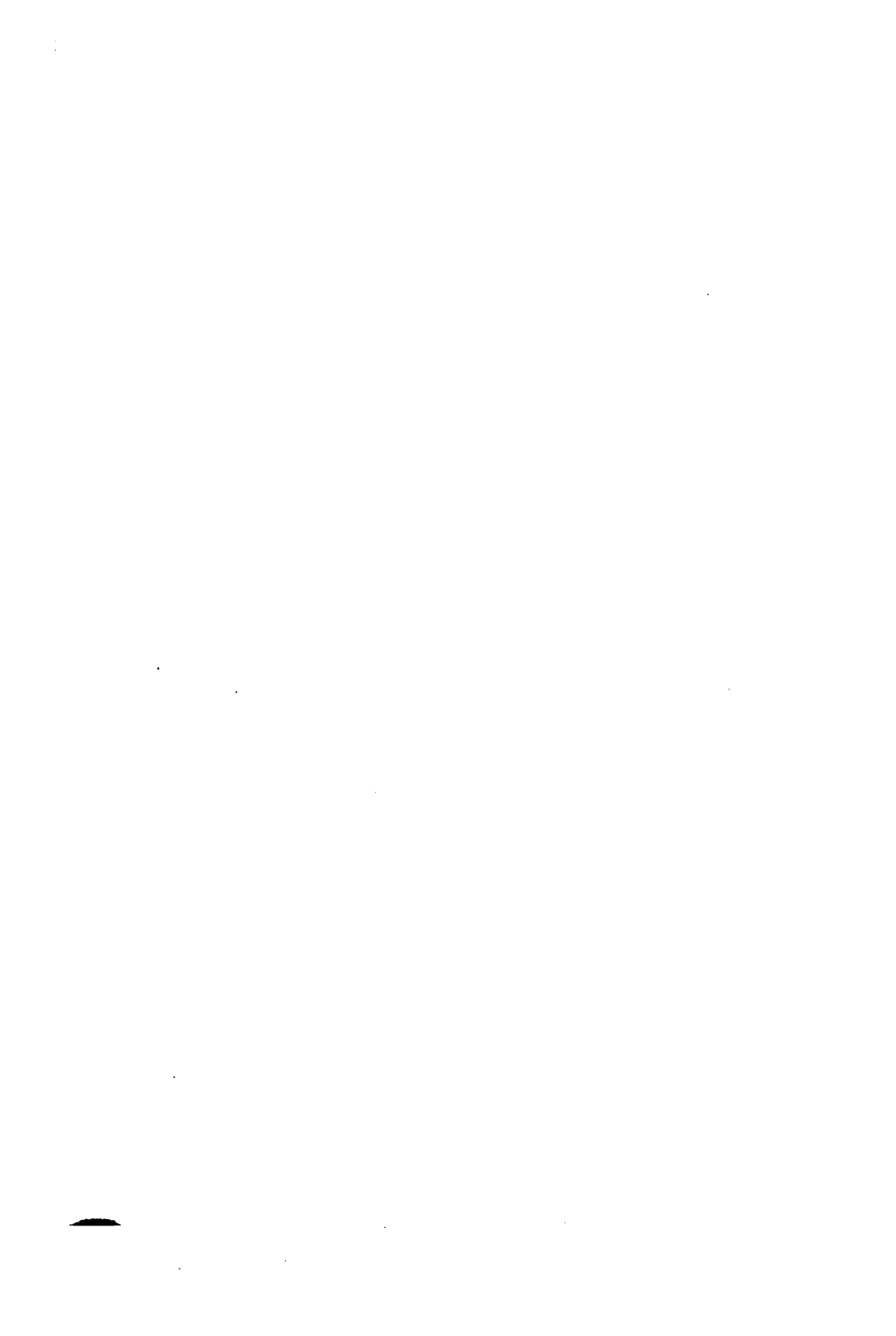
I like to see the chil'ren play,
An' watch their mothers make 'em look
Too young to even think of pay,
The mother buried in a book.
Sometimes I spell the other kind,
An' help her make the chil'ren mind,
An' with a baby, helpless thing,
I feel as happy as a king.

112 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

The common car has all the fun,
The country bridegroom an' his bride,
My eyes grow dim, as side by side,
They look an' dream that they are one.
An' then sometimes a lunatic
Does up his keeper pretty slick,
I mean the kind they take away,
Not them I train with every day.

God must love common folks like me,
Fur they are plenty as the grass,
All workin' fur the upper class,
Contented too they mostly be.
I rec'on when the goats an' sheep
Are gathered in their final keep,
The bigger part of saints by far
Will come from out the common car.

POEMS FOR FESTAL DAYS



THANKSGIVING

Down from the North, with tresses white,
Old Winter comes with icy breath;
At his approach our birds take flight,
And sweet flowers close their eyes in death,
But not until the lavish earth
Redeems the promise of the Spring,
And harvest songs ring out their mirth—
For this we thank thee, God, our King.

Then let the lusty North wind roar;
Heap up the board with richest cheer,
While with our loved ones we think o'er
The blessings of another year.
We will forget our toil and care;
Life must grow sweeter while we sing,
God's providence is everywhere—
For this we thank thee, God, our King.

No pestilence has swept our land,
Nor wild storms wrecked our ships at sea,
We have not felt war's bloody hand,
Our pride is still in Liberty;
Our happy homes, these shrines of love,
On earth's dark bosom glittering,
Must shine like stars to eyes above—
For this we thank thee, God, our King.

116 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

But not alone do nations know
 God's ruling hand is over all;
He seeth that the lilies grow,
 And careth when his sparrows fall;
Each life is precious in his sight;
 We should rejoice, remembering,
Our Father guards us day and night—
 For this we thank thee, God, our King.

Each soul has cause for special praise,
 Though some have felt their deepest loss,
Treading those lonely Christlike ways,
 Beneath the shadow of the cross.
But joy or pain, God knoweth best,
 Though tears have fallen, still we sing,
A child of his is always blest—
 For this we thank thee, God, our King.



REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING

ONE day we might forget our cares,
The selfish needs that fill our prayers,
And turn our pleading into praise,
Acknowledging God's gracious ways.
We have had home and daily bread,
And thank thee for full tables spread.

If Death has claimed our very best,
We thank thee for a loved one's rest;
And praise that Providence can bring
Sweet water from each bitter spring.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

117

For things we have not understood
We thank thee, Giver of all good.

For leading nations through their strife
Into a larger, better life
We thank thee, knowing war will cease
Before the coming Prince of peace;
And for the care that broods above
Each soul we thank thee, God of love.



A CHRISTMAS SONG

Across the blackness of the night
There flashed a star so pure and bright,
It filled the ages with its light.

Within the hush of midnight air
There burst a song so sweet and rare,
Its words still echo everywhere.

A child lay in a manger bed,
And only those divinely led
Knew that a crown was o'er his head.

That star was but a single ray
From golden portals, when the way
Was opened to Eternal Day.

The song that was to shepherds given,
Has often chains of discord riven
And brought to earth the peace of heaven.

118 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

That baby is of kings the King,
And hearts redeemed their trophies bring,
While still the Christmas angels sing.



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL

He stood by my side, my bright darling,
With his stockings full to the brim,
And smiled as I gave him the reason,
"Santa Claus" was so good to him.
Then I told him again the old legend,
How he lived in his palace of snow,
But my little one said very gravely,
"Santa Claus is an angel I know."

Then I thought my darling is wiser
Than I, with that old tale of mirth,
For all our good gifts are from heaven
No matter how came they to earth.
Who knows but it may be the mission
Of some of the glorified throng
To whisper to mortals that giving
Is holy as prayer or as song?

I said, "You are right, little darling,
God gave such a gift long ago,
That once through the year we remember
How much to our Father we owe.

But we cannot go to the manger
And leave our rich perfume and gold,
So giving to his little children,
Is giving to him, we are told.

“One day in the year we endeavor
To celebrate Christ’s wondrous birth,
And scatter some sunbeams from heaven
Upon this old, sorrowful earth.
Not only with those who most love us
Should we our best happiness share,
But more should we try to remember
The poor and those burdened with care.

“And I think if souls could hear whispers
Through self, we would find angels say,
‘No one is too poor or too lonely
To make some one happy to-day.’”
Did my boy understand all my meaning?
Perhaps, for he said with a glow,
“If the angels helped make the first Christmas,
Santa Claus is an angel I know.”



OH, SWEET OLD SONG OF BETHLEHEM

OH, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
How still were earth and sky!
The sheep lay quietly asleep,
The shepherds watching by,

When suddenly the stars grew dim
In a celestial light,
And angel faces turned to day
The darkness of the night.

Oh, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
The trembling shepherds heard
The first glad tidings to a world
That groaned with hope deferred.
"It is for all," the angel said,
"That Christ is born this day,
A Saviour for all sinful men,
A joy for all life's way."

Oh, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
It was not to the great
The heavenly visitors appeared,
But men of low estate.
Then angels came, as come they now,
To those who toil along;
Had these good shepherds left their flocks
They would have missed the song.

Oh, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
It could not be the same,
The flocks were not worth quite as much
After that vision came.
They hastened where the young child lay,
And worshiped at his feet;
They spread the tidings all abroad
In praises loud and sweet.

THE OLD AND NEW

121

Oh, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
Some on this Christmas eve
Have heard the angels' joyful strain
And worship and believe;
But many, many far away
Know not that Christ has come,
And has made earth a shining path
That leads to heaven's home.

Oh, sweet old song of Bethlehem!
Awake the church to-day,
That watches o'er its hundred sheep
While thousands drift away.
Where darkest superstition binds
Crushed hearts in fetters strong,
Oh, help us, Lord, to show our joy,
And send this Christmas song.



THE OLD AND NEW

I WILL not give you a tear, Old Year,
Nor a backward glance of sorrow;
Though you take much that was dear, Old Year,
There's joy in the dawning morrow.
There are songs as glad and buds as sweet
In the coming summer weather;
The new year may hold more joy complete,
Than you and I had together.

I have laid away the best, Old Year,
 Each flower in your bosom hidden,
 Your grave shall cover the rest, Old Year,
 Every thorn that sprang unbidden.
 I only remember smiles of love,
 The song when the night came o'er me,
 The eyes of the stars that shone above
 When the way seemed dark before me.

A farewell kiss for you now, Old Year,
 For the moments are swift and few.
 From the mold on your cold brow, Old Year,
 Will grow the sweet blooms of the new;
 Ah, who is this strong one drawing near
 Such blossoms and fruitage bringing?
 I look in your eyes of love, New Year,
 And know why the bells are ringing.



THE SUNNY WAY

Out from the shadowland,
 Where future ages stand,
 Destiny in his hand,
 Comes the New Year.
 "Though veiled and still thou art,
 Answer my eager heart,
 What wilt thou make my part,
 Sorrow or cheer?"

THE SUNNY WAY

123

Sweeter than voice of bird,
Something the silence stirred.
This song my spirit heard,

 This came to me:

“I bring both thorn and flower,
Stormy and sunny hour,
And to thee give the power

 Thy way to see.

“Thou canst find pain and care,
Thorns with each blossom fair,
Or sunbeams everywhere,

 If thou art blest

With the desire to know
How in the light to grow,
How much of bliss can flow
 From peace and rest.

“Bright days, however sweet,
Are not alone complete;
All must the shadows meet,

 By sunlight made;

Some who have little loss,
Cling to earth's poorest dross,
Making of self a cross,

 Live in the shade.

“Others dwell in the light,
Joyous if days are bright,
Thankful if stars at night

 Through tears they see.

Making of life a song,
Growing more pure and strong,
They to our God belong.
Which wilt thou be?"

No more I eager ask,
Wealth, power, or joy to grasp,
Nor dread life's daily task,
But humbly pray,
Mine be the better part,
Mine be the thankful heart,
Whence peace cannot depart,
The sunny way.



EASTER MORNING

From the sea the mist floats slowly,
While night's tapers, faint and holy,
Fade beyond the dawning gray;
Birds within the nest are waking;
Far above the East is breaking,
Promise of returning day.

Seraphim who saw unfolding
Earth's first morn are now beholding
That which will all ages thrill—
They who sang in heavenly places
At His birth, and hid their faces
From His shame, with awe are still.

For behold where they have laid Him—
Empty is the tomb they made Him—
Death lies conquered at His feet.
See, He waits to greet the morning,
Fairest thing the earth adorning,
All love's sacrifice complete.

Miracle of love that giveth
Life from death, because He liveth;
O, the crown of victory,
That, while angels fall before Him,
Human hearts can best adore Him!
He is risen, soul, for thee!



EASTER FLOWERS

No bloom of spring had dared to lift
Its head above the frozen ground,
In snow-wrapped forests not a gift
For Easter beauty could be found.

No gold had I for lilies white
To make Christ's temple sweet and fair,
Nor roses whose rich perfume might
Rise up in incense with my prayer.

And as I sorrowed that my love
For my dear Lord could not be shown,
I slept and dreamed I bent above
The fairest blossoms ever known.

It was the garden of the King
Where angels gathered all the flowers
That were his Easter offering
Upon this blessed earth of ours.

"Alas, no gift of mine," I cried,
"Will bloom this year above the skies!"
Then spoke an angel by my side,
"Not in the flower the offering lies.

"A holy thought, a lowly prayer,
Some sad heart cheered and comforted,
Will live here as a lily fair
When all the earthborn flowers are dead.

"The sweetest blossoms here were made
By deeds of self-forgetful love.
Go, give Christ's needy children aid,
And Easter buds will bloom above."



EASTER LILIES

IN grief's passion, deep and holy,
Mary's eyes with tears were wet,
Caring not for morning's splendor,
Since her star of hope had set,
While before her stood the Master,
Slowly, through a mist of tears,
Showing her the risen Saviour
Heals all hearts and calms all fears.

EASTER LILIES

127

Still he stands within the garden,
Where we lay our loved ones now,
Saying softly to each mourner,
"Dear one, O why weepest thou?"
For since he has made his pillow
In the shadow of the tomb,
It should be the holy portal
Where our sweetest flowers bloom.

This is why we bring our lilies,
Pure and white this Easter day,
For our Lily of the Valley
Takes from death its gloom away;
And as bursts the budding blossom
From earth's prison, cold and dim,
So we break our earthly fetters,
And arise complete with him.

PERSONAL POEMS

CHOPIN NOCTURNE XI

To Viola Gordon.

It is not sorrow that is stealing
Within my soul, its touch revealing
Some anguish deep and wild as death;
Nor yet remorse, the vulture, eating
The lifeblood from the heart's warm beating;
Nor passion with its burning breath.
But, sad as life and sweet as loving,
Across my soul a spell is moving,
Stirring dead memories into strife.
Be still! a dream of love, long hidden,
Has risen from its grave unbidden,
And thrills the heart with vanished life.



TO HARRY AND GERTIE

If love made riches, I could send
Gold that would glisten as the light;
Diamonds and opals that would blend
Their rainbow tints with pearls of white.
But not by jeweled gold alone
Do hearts affection deep express;
So for these gifts let love atone
And prove a true heart's tenderness.

132 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

And I but hope that as the hours
 Pass into happy, fleeing years,
Your pathway may be sweet with flowers
 Until the gate of heaven appears.



BABY JENNIE

Lie close on my bosom my golden-haired darling,
 No wild rose in forest all heavy with dew,
Nor lilies that hold all the gold dust of summer
 Are sweet and as dainty, my baby, as you.
I would I could hold you thus folded forever,
 A bird that is sheltered all safe in its nest,
I wish I could keep those sweet eyes from know-
 ing
 The shadow that falls from life's great unrest.

But buds will be blossoms, and birds will fly on-
 ward,
 And life will be kind to my darling, I ween,
Not fighting with men in the heat of the battle,
 But of all those true hearts by love's right the
 queen.
No, I would not keep you a flower on my bosom,
 Grow strong and grow sweet for the kingdom
 that lies
Awaiting the hand and the heart of a woman,
 To bring back to earth its lost Paradise.

DEAD

(Rev. J. S. Smart, D.D.)

DEAD? Ah, the shadow that word has brought
o'er us!

Can it be true that a soldier so strong
Stepped from the ranks, with the battle before
us,

Leaving no peer in his fight with the wrong?
Dead? When his spirit of earnest endeavor
Cheered on his comrades, he leading the way.
Must that thrilling voice be silent forever,
That opened the heavens when lifted to pray?

Dead? When so loved that the true hearts
around him

Would shelter him close through life's sunset
years!

Death must have paused in his flight when he
found him,

Unwilling to cause love's sorrowful tears.
All are not needed who take the path leading
Up through the stars to the beautiful gate,
But this light went out when many were pleading
That it might shine on until evening was late.

But far better so to go without failing,
Crowned with life's laurels, nor bowed with its
strife.

A bright star has set without its light paling,
And happy the spirit thus parting with life.

134 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

And grieving our loss, we hope in our sorrow,
For death but unlocks the home of the blest;
Our friend we will greet some golden to-morrow,
And share in his joy and heavenly rest.



VICTORIOUS

In Memory of Mrs. Mary Goodwin.

We followed her to the river,
The mystical river, Death;
And watched with love's deep devotion,
The flickering, failing breath;
But we could not see the angels
That waited on wings of light,
Nor hear the celestial music
She heard in her upward flight.

A woman with vain ambition
For pleasure, or wealth, or fame,
May pass from these earthly shadows
And leave but an empty name;
But one who was ever faithful
As mother, and wife, and friend,
Who made home an earthly Eden,
Leaves blessings that never end.

Nor yet was the world forgotten,
The church was another home,
And souls had her tender pity,
Who out of its refuge roam.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP 135

To make the whole world more homelike,
To lessen its sin and strife,
And follow the steps of the Master,
Was the purpose of her life.

Her face with its gentle beauty,
Her voice with its tender tone,
The life ever true to duty
Are gone and we wait alone;
But faith that had shone so brightly
Through life as her guiding star,
Has lifted us in our sorrow,
To where the bright mansions are.

Nay, Death, thou art not a victor,
Though blossoms will spring above
Another green mound, there sleeping
Is not the dear one we love;
She has joined the choir of heaven,
For her is no daisted sod;
But a life of joy triumphant,
In the presence of our God.



HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

For Mr. Morrow, April 10, 1896.

He giveth His beloved sleep.
Sleep, on, dear one, and take thy rest,
Though I alone life's vigils keep,
An aching heart within my breast.

136 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

I weep in my rebellious grief
Because I could not ease thy pain,
But it would be a sweet relief
To live those weary hours again.

Yet sleep, beloved one, sleep on,
So beautiful in death's embrace,
The look of patient anguish gone,
A smile of peace upon thy face.

Since we could not together climb
The heights above this vale of tears,
Thank God, thine is the joy sublime,
And mine the lonely waiting years.

He giveth his beloved sleep,
And wakes them in his home above,
So thou wilt be mine own to keep,
Through an eternity of love.



ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN

For Mr. Morrow, April 10, 1897.

ONE year in Heaven! Does pain seem
Naught but a long forgotten dream?
Is not the pilgrimage of earth
A preparation for the birth
That takes us from depressing strife
Into the true eternal life?

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD" 137

One year in Heaven! Forgive the tears,
When we but wished thee earthly years.
Though home has lost its joy and mirth,
We would not call thee back to earth.
We know God's will is always best,
And we rejoice thou art at rest.

One year in Heaven! Meeting friends
Where love and understanding blends,
Where thought of parting gives no pain,
Nor sin nor sorrow wounds again,
Where one can understand God's plan,
Which seeks the final good of man.

One year in Heaven! Like a flower
Expanding 'neath the sun each hour,
New powers of mind, new spirit flights
Beyond our thought of highest heights;
One year with Jesus always near,
Oh, what a happy, blessed year!



"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD"

To Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Potts.

DEAR friends, who are burdened with sorrow,
Yet see through a rainbow of tears
The beautiful golden to-morrow,
That borders earth's sorrowful years,

138 SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS

I share the sweet hope that is making
Your anguish less bitter and wild,
And all that keeps fond hearts from breaking,
You know it is well with the child.

Ah, well! For a spirit so holy
Should never know sorrow nor sin;
We all were too earthly and lowly,
The angels were nearer his kin.
That sensitive bud must have needed
A climate all sunny and mild,
For keenly all rough winds were heeded,
But now it is well with the child.

That mind, a tense harp, would have quivered
With discord at each jarring touch,
Its delicate strings would have shivered
If pain swept its chords overmuch;
But fanned by the soft air of heaven,
Nor shaken by wind, tempest wild,
What melody rare will be given,
Now that it is well with the child.

And oft in the twilight I'm dreaming
How faces were glowing with joy,
When angels leaned out with love beaming
To welcome your radiant boy.
On earth, sorrow's shadow grew lighter,
And sunbeams came out when he smiled,
So surely all heaven grew brighter
When first it was well with the child.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING 139

It must be affection he bore you,
Will minister now as before,
For reaching the bright goal before you,
Will make him but love you the more.
And when the sharp conflict is ended,
You'll enter the home undefiled,
Still by that sweet spirit attended,
Because it is well with the child.



IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING

To the late Prof. H. A. Jones.

He was ready for the coming
Of the angel swift and sweet,
Who calls gently, "Come up higher,"
When life's mission is complete;
His had been no common service,
So it was the fitting thing,
Passing without pain or waiting
To the presence of the King.

His had been a life heroic,
Not in seeking worldly fame,
But in such grand work for others
Children's children bless his name.
Teacher, friend, and noble pattern
Of a manhood strong and pure,
Other men will be forgotten
While his work will still endure.

140 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

Oh, the sorrow, that is crushing
Hearts that loved him as their own!
Those who sit in deepest shadow
Cannot say they weep alone.
There is but one consolation,
And its blessing it will bring,
He will ne'er know care or sorrow,
In the presence of the King.

Beautiful his time of going!
Easter lilies with their bloom
Still were telling, like the angels,
"Christ has risen from the tomb."
We have tears for our own sorrow,
But, Oh, Death, thou hast no sting.
Faith can see our friend triumphant
In the presence of the King.



GOING ON

In Memory of Dr. J. J. Hight.

THE sun may go down in night's shadows,
The stars may sink out of our sight,
But yet they still shine in their glory,
Though we miss their beautiful light.
The birds that make vocal our summer,
Yet fly when the autumn grows drear,
Still make hearts rejoice with their music,
Though we their sweet songs do not hear.

I NEVER LOVED BEFORE

141

So souls that pass out in the silence,
Nor held by our prayers and our tears,
Go softly, as opens a blossom,
From time, to eternity's years.
Their light flickers not, but shines brighter,
Where there is no need of the sun;
And into a pæan of rapture
Grows the song they here had begun.

What sweet hopes we have in our sorrow,
Though one whom we love cometh not,
For here where so bravely he labored,
His name will not soon be forgot.
Pure and true, and going forever,
Still farther from sorrow and sin;
While passing from glory to glory,
What beautiful crowns he will win!



I NEVER LOVED BEFORE

I THOUGHT that I had truly loved
Before I saw your face.
Dear friends, the tried and true of years,
Each had a sacred place;
But as when glows the fiery sun
Above earth's eastern rim
A thousand starry torches fade
In fuller glory dim,

So in your love's absorbing light
 The past is shadowed o'er,
 In love's fair Eden now I know,
 I never loved before.



HOW MUCH DO I LOVE YOU?

How much do I love you? I never can tell
 you;
 Ask the blue sky above you the depth of its
 blue;
 Ask the sunbeams of morn and dewdrops of
 even
 How much of their sweetness to blossoms is given;
 As well ask the river that flows to the ocean,
 Where it gathered its drops, as measure devo-
 tion;
 In hearts so immortal their love changes never,
 And though stars may burn out they live on
 forever.

How much do I love you? My heart in its
 beating,
 With every pulsation your name is repeating,
 Your voice is my music; I listen, forgetting
 This world is not Eden, no past hour regretting
 I turn to your face as the flower to the morn-
 ing,
 As it comes o'er the hills, a new day adorning;

HOW MUCH DO I LOVE YOU? 143

But why should I tell what you are, since the
dearest
To all that is beautiful, love, you are nearest?

How much do I love you? Ah, love is my living.
My soul, like a river, must flow out in giving;
I would shield you from pain, nor let you know
sadness,
I would give all my life to fill yours with glad-
ness,
I would smile off the gloom when shadows fall
o'er you,
The sweetest of blossoms should spring up before
you,
I would make my love stars, when night is above
you,
I would give you the best, because, dear, I love
you.

How much do I love you? When hushed in the
even,
My thoughts build a ladder of prayer unto
Heaven,
Your name is the first and the last in my pleading,
Forgetful of half that my soul is needing,
For sweetest of prayer is the constant believing,
From my faith, you each day new joys are re-
ceiving,
And I trust if God calls me first, that above
you
I may soon win you home, for darling, I love you.

A MOUNTAIN SOUL

To my father.

SOME souls are like a mountain, strong and
high,
Granite at base, yet lifting to the sky
A sun-kissed summit, always pure and white,
To those below a sentinel of light;
Yet on the mountain, down its sloping side,
The forests cling and springs of water hide,
And in the woodland song birds sing and nest,
While homes within the verdant valleys rest.
With purpose strong to dare and to endure,
To live above life's storms serene and pure,
Yet to be closely near one's fellow men,
To love and shelter, and be loved again,
This is the mountain nature, and I see
That strength and sweetness when I turn to
thee.



FATHER

To my father on his birthday.

OF all the words in the Bible
That tell of the God we adore,
The wonderful word of Father,
Were enough if I knew no more,

For it means but loving-kindness,
And a patience with fault and sin,
And a safe and steadfast shelter
Where the weary can hide within.

Ah me! Though the years are many
Since my footsteps tottered in play,
I still feel the gentle pressure
Of the hand that guided my way,
And remember well the darkness
Of night with its childish alarms
Seemed bright as the noonday shining
When I hid in my father's arms.

"As a father pitieth his children,"
This often has conquered my tears,
The sympathy shown in childhood,
God feels in my care-burdened years,
And many an hour of sadness
Has lost in contentment its woe,
Because my Father in heaven
Must care as my father below.

No wonder earth's sorrowful children,
Where sin has cursed even the sod,
Rejoice in the blessed assurance
That each has a Father in God,
And I thank him with heart overflowing
For the earthly father whose love
Has given me some conception
Of the Infinite One above.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT"

On my father's seventy-eighth birthday.

THE work of the day is ending,
The sun is low in the west,
And the harvest song is blending
With the Master's call to rest,
But thou hast no evening shadow,
No gathering clouds of night,
For a life of love and duty
At eventide must be light.

There were hours of sharpest conflict
In the midst of the noontime glare,
When the bravest heart would weary
With the burdens thou didst bear;
But instead of weak repining
Thy heart, so cheery and bright,
In the gloom sent sunbeams shining
E'en down to the verge of night.

Some sit alone in the shadow
They made by a life apart,
While others bask in the sunshine
That came from a happy heart,
And thus there will be no gloaming,
No day will fade from thy sight,
For thou wilt not know night's coming,
Thy evening will be so bright.

THE RICHEST TIME OF LIFE 147

THE RICHEST TIME OF LIFE

To my mother on her seventy-seventh birthday

THE spring is fair ; it has its flowers,
Its happy time of sun and showers ;
Then summer cometh as a queen,
With roses on her robe of green ;
But autumn brings the crimson leaves
And wealth of golden, garnered sheaves,
And grapes that purple on the vine,
With spring and summer in their wine.

The morning comes with rosy light
That dims the candles of the night,
And wakes the nesting birds to song,
And sends to toil the brave and strong.
Midday and afternoon are spent
In search of gold or heart-content ;
Then comes the sunset's glow and rest,
And this of all the day is best.

The baby comes with Paradise
Still shining in his smiling eyes,
And childhood passes like a dream,
As lilies float upon a stream.
Then youth comes with its restless heat,
And manhood, womanhood, replete
With care and pleasure, joy and strife,
Lead to the richest part of life.

And it has reached thee, mother dear,
The sunny, mellow time of year ;

148 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

Though with a climate of thine own,
In constant sun thy soul has grown.
Time counts not helpful, happy years—
He only numbers sighs and tears;
So rich in blessings, strong in truth,
Thou hast not age, but richer youth.



GROWING OLD

FOURSCORE! Why, you must be dreaming,
Is my mother growing old?
Is there frost of silver gleaming
In the dark hair's backward fold?
Age has not disturbed the spirit,
And has scarcely dimmed the eye.
Time, with all your stealthy changes,
You have passed my mother by.

Silvered hair? I well remember
When it looked like satin sheen,
Black as raven's wing, low parted,
From a brow with peace serene,
And I loved in early childhood,
Standing by my mother's side,
To unloose her long dark tresses,
Patting them with tender pride.

I have seen the rare Madonnas,
Masters left with highest art,
And each picture brought a vision
That was graven on my heart,
Of a mother o'er her children
With the love light in her face,
That gives simple human beauty
Something of angelic grace.

When I read of that sweet woman,
Angel in Crimea's camp,
Who was blessed by dying soldiers,
As she passed them with her lamp,
Think I of my tireless mother,
Ministering by beds of pain,
Bringing with her cheerful presence
Hope to weary hearts again.

Fourscore! If you mean her spirit,
You are counting far too much,
For the heart that keeps its youthtime,
Age will never dare to touch.
If you count the deeds of kindness,
Burdens borne all patiently,
Days of constant toil for others,
Then fourscore the year must be.

This was not a mountain torrent
Dashing brilliantly and free,
With a rush of noisy splendor,
To the waiting restless sea.

But this life a gentle river,
 Leaving verdure in its way,
 Bearing patiently great burdens,
 Singing softly night and day.

Fourscore! Like a river gliding,
 Freightened with its barques of love,
 Flows this life toward the ocean,
 Which has perfect skies above.
 Oh, haste not, but stay in blessing,
 Hearts will ache when you must roam
 Past the last of earthly breakers
 To the blessed port of Home.



**A SWEET, LOVING MOTHER CAN NEVER
 GROW OLD**

To my mother on her eighty-fifth birthday
 THE world with its beauty has change and decay,
 The birds build their nests, but they soon fly
 away.
 The red roses sweeten the air with perfume,
 But the wild restless wind soon scatters their
 bloom;
 The tender green leaflets have scarcely made
 shade,
 When some of their number grow withered and
 fade,
 But one thing we have that Time's hand cannot
 hold,
 A sweet, loving mother can never grow old.

MOTHER CAN NEVER GROW OLD 151

We send out our ships and the sails fill the air,
They are freighted with hope and wafted by
prayer,
But the tempests will sweep the wild billows
o'er

And some of the ships will return nevermore.
If grain must have sunshine it too must have rain,
And souls must meet bravely life's sorrow and
pain,
But one thing we have as a miser his gold,
A sweet, loving mother can never grow old.

Oh, mother, it seems but a day since your arms
Held me close on your breast in childish alarms;
I hear your sweet voice singing children to sleep,
And again at your knee I pray "soul to keep."
The queen of the home and its bright guiding
star,
A thought of you brings back my childhood's
glad hour,
For no matter what comes to have and to hold
A sweet, loving mother can never grow old.

The world is abounding with laughter and joy,
But the wine has its myrrh, the gold its alloy.
No matter how perfect is friendship and true,
The love that forgives and forgets comes from
few.

A mother sees beauty in plainness of face,
And each awkward movement has something of
grace.

152 **SONGS FOR QUIET HOURS**

We may slight her affection, she does not grow
 cold,
That sweet, loving mother who never grows old.

“As comforts a mother,” the promise we read,
And we know that will meet our heart’s deepest
 need,
For mother means love since one held on her
 breast

The little child Jesus who came to give rest.
It is love that will turn life’s water to wine,
And mother love surely is nearest divine.
Ah, Time cannot touch what we sacredly hold;
A sweet, loving mother can never grow old.



MOTHER LOVE

Oh, mother mine, where are you now?
 I need your selfless brooding love,
Your hand upon my aching brow,
 Yet you are distant stars above.
I listen for an angel’s song,
 But hear the falling clods of earth.
Ah me, that sound will echo long
 Within my gayest hours of mirth.

The little child within me calls
 Across the silence of the grave,
When o’er my heart a shadow falls,
 As if you still your succor gave,

MOTHER LOVE

153

And I can see why strong men kneel
Before the Holy Mother's shrine,
And in that childlike worship feel
Uplifted to the love divine.

I need you, mother, yet I know
I would not bring you back to pain,
Though there are times I miss you so,
I care not, for your greater gain.
But let me go with patient heart
The way your shining feet have trod,
For every woman has a part
In the great motherhood of God.





