

Poems of the Way

Compiled by Martin C. Mitchell
Designed by Bonnie Gaunt

*"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths,
where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall
find rest for your souls."--Jeremiah 6:16*

Preface

In deciding on a name for our poem book of religious verse, it seemed appropriate to relate the poems to "The Way" titling it, POEMS OF THE WAY. The early followers of Jesus were thus known as of "The Way,"--both among themselves and by others.

This was previous too the time they were called Christians, which was later, after the founding of the church at Antioch, when they were first called Christians Acts 11:26

Brethren of THE WAY, must have enjoyed the name, relating as it does to Christ himself, for he who opened for them a "a new and living way" identified himself to Thomas as "The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Paul in his early life, seeking earnestly to obliterate this new religion that threatened the traditional ways of worship, is described as searching for "any belonging to The Way." Acts 9:2 RSV

But later, in the strength of his own conversion, we find Paul defending the new faith against those who were "speaking evil of The Way." Act 19:9 RSV The turmoil existing between Paganism and Christ erupted in Ephesus as "no small stir about The Way." And so "The Way" which the early disciples found so personally satisfying was "The Way" which some labelled as heresy. Acts 24:14

In the persecutions and trials that followed, one of the Judges at least was deferential to their cause, since, as it was recorded in Acts 24:22, "Felix had a more perfect knowledge of "THE WAY."

The selected name, "The Way," was appropriate indeed. The Christian course was a radically different "way" than that which had gone before. Thus it was an often misunderstood "way."

The solace and comfort of those who trod "The Way" come from constant communion with each other, from the deep conviction that they were indeed right, and from a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures. They comforted each other with Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.

And as it is to the modern "Brethren of the Way," that this book, POEMS OF THE WAY, is dedicated. It has been

compiled with the fervent hope that the thoughts herein, clothed in the beautiful and forceful language of poetry, may cheer the hearts of those who would follow Christ now.

The design and color of our text has been especially selected so as to enhance the beauty of the poetic word--the better to lift the hearts and minds of those burdened by difficulties of "The Way."

IN that poem books are seldom read consecutively, it has been suggested that a mark against each poem as read would show when all had been read.

And so, we send this book with the prayer that it may be of real value in cheering and making lighter the burden of "The Way."

With grateful acknowledgement to Gilbert Rice for his typesetting, to Bonnie Gaunt for her art work, and to Jim Zbik for his help with photography; we send forth these poems to "The Brethren of the Way," and all who may enjoy them.

Martin C. Mitchell

POW5

HIS WOND'ROUS LOVE

Deepening, deepening with the passing years,
Far beyond our hopes, or darkest fears--
Opening as a fragrant flower,
His wond'rous love, each day, each hour!

THE STRONGER LOVE

All earthly love is a thread of gold,
Most fair but what the touch of time may sever:
But His is a cable sure, of strength untold
O, His love, it lasteth ever!

And this great love he will on thee bestow
The fullness of his grace make known,
Earnest of glory grant thee here below
If thou wilt be his own! Mal. 3:6

LOVE DIVINE

Jehovah God to us in Christ hath given
The proof and pattern of a love divine,
And human love above, though nobly striven.
God's love is greater far than thine or mine.

For Christ came down from heights unknown to us,
And thus did show to God and man a love--
A love maintained through trial torturous;
A love beyond all loves, save God's above.

POW6

THY WAY

Have thou thy way with me, O Lord,
E'en tho I beg mine own;
Heed not the body's noisy cry
But the spirit undertone.
Have thy way with me, O, Lord,
And O, my soul to care
To have thy daily attitude
In keeping with thy prayer!

KEEP SWEET

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

LET ME REMEMBER

When little things would irk me, and I grow
Impatient with my dear ones, make me know
How a moment joy can take a its flight,
And happiness be quenched in endless night.
When I would fret and grumble, fiery hot,
At trifles that tomorrow are forgot.
Let me remember, Lord, how it would be
If these, my loved ones, were not with me.

IF I SHALL STAND

If I shall stand within those Jasper walls
And hear the voice of my Beloved Lord,
And be like him and see his face so dear;
Then I must reach the mark of perfect love,
And fix my heart on things above.
I must trust him for grace in time of need,
Upon his written Word my soul must feed,
And bear my cross tho 'tis with feeble hand;
Ere I dare hope within those wall to stand.

POW7

"INTO HIS MARVELOUS LIGHT"

*Called by God who commanded the light
Out of the darkness forever to shine,
Into the marvelous light of His truth,
His only Son as our pattern and guide;
Marvelous provision for those who are blind--
Light of the knowledge of God thru his Son!*

GOD BLESS YOU

God bless you in the coming year,
With hope and peace and joy;
His perfect love that casts out fear,--
His love, without alloy.

God guard you in the year to come,
Around your path each day
His angel's care be yours; and from
His storehouse, on your way,
May be supply your ev'ry way,
And keep you safe indeed!

MAY HIS CARE SURROUND

God bless you daily in the way
That leads to realms of life and light--
That you may follow in His steps
Who went before us; in the night.
Of His eternal strength and grace,
Whose will, no obstacle can thwart
May you in confidence and hope
Go forward; ever in your heart
May peace and joy and hope abound
And may His care your path surround.

SOMETIME

Sometime, dear hands shall clasp our own once more
And hearts that touched our hearts long years before
Shall come to meet us in that morning land.
And then at last, our souls shall understand
How, tho He hid his meaning from our sight,
Yet God was always true, and always right,
And how, tho smiles were often changed for tears,
Along this tangled pathway of the years,
Yet only so these lives of yours and mine
Can catch the likeness of that life divine.

POW8

THE SACRIFICE

I laid my life on the altar, I said "dear Lord it is thine.
Hence forth Thy will is my only law, my humble heart Thy shrine.
Barely I went forth to conquer, ready to die for His sake.
No sacrifice that He could ask seemed too great for me to make,
And the more I learned of His wonderful love, the dearer my Lord became,
Till I thought I could follow His pathway through any loss or shame.

But he led me by pleasant waters, where the sky was clear and bright,
And fed me in sweet green pastures and sheltered me at night.
Like a lamb I was shielded, protected. I know no pain or fear,
Why should I shrink or falter when the tender Shepherd was near?
I had nothing that I could give in return, nothing to sacrifice.

Then I found in my pathway a jewel bright and fair,
In facets threw back the sunlight in beauty beyond compare.
I took that lovely, precious gem and hid it in my breast.
It kindled a fire that seared my heart. My spirit could not rest.
I feasted upon its beauty. I watched its glory shine,
Rejoicing in the wonderful thought that this beautiful gem was mine.

Then something dimmed its luster. It gave me grief and pain.
I brushed and polished my treasure but it would not shine again.
Then I heard the Savior whisper, "Can you give this treasure to me?"
But I said "It has no beauty now. It is dark and lifeless you see."
I thought about my early vows, all, all I would give to Him.
Could it be that the cloud that had come between was making my jewel dim?

Could I lay at His feet a treasure whose beauty had faded away?
A jewel devoid of luster, all colorless and gray?
I laid my gift on the altar, I felt alone and bereft
Such a small and worthless offering, how could my Lord accept.
But the clouds rolled back and the sun shone out. My jewel sprang to life
There on the altar it blazed and burned, a thing with beauty rife.

My dear Lord smiled upon me and my heart was glad and free;
The jewel my heart had treasured so had never belonged to me.
He had tested my love, I had almost failed; I wanted that jewel so.
And the spin it cost me to see it fade, only the Lord can know;
I had treasured it still when its beauty was gone and fondled it to my breast;
But not till my Lord had accepted it could my weary heart find rest.

There is not grief so bitter that His love cannot share.
There is no trial of faith so great that His hand is not there.
He guarded me from the snare prepared to tangle my erring feet.
He shielded me from my own desire and tempered the cruel heat.
The fire that burned in my aching heart did but consume' the dross;
For the soul that is really committed to Him can never suffer loss.

POW9

A GLIMPSE OF GOD

I took a walk the other day
Out through the fields of new-mown hay;
Out o'er the paths where youth had trod,
 When suddenly
 There came to me
 A glimpse of God!

T'was not a mortal, living thing.
T'was something like the air of Spring
That creeps into our hearts and minds.
 T'was like the joy
 A barefoot boy
 Can always find!

I walked along the hard-packed sod
And through the fields of goldenrod.
The wind was whispering in the trees;
 And as they swayed
 They seemed to say
 "God made this breeze!"

I thought of how when I a child
I'd wander through the open wild;
Alone--but never lonely though,
 For God was near
 My path to cheer
 Where 'ere I'd go.

Where was this childlike trust I knew
As I have toiled these long years through;
To search in vain for temporal worth;
 To waste my time
 And to confine
 My thoughts to earth?

The wisdom of Solomon spoke this truth:
"Remember thy Creator in days of youth;"
For then my heart was clean and true.
 The birds, the trees
 All spoke to me;
 For God I knew.

The years are long that I have known
And strife and war and hate have grown.
When selfishness my way I've plod.
 But that is past,
 For now at last
 I've found my God!

My God, my Father, take my heart;
And let this selfish mind depart;
And let thy Spirit dwell in me!
 Forgive my sin
 That I may win
 Life in eternity!

POW11

GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY

In far-off Palestine there is
 A place whose history,
In Time nor in Eternity,
 Shall e'er be forgotten be--
The Garden of Gethsemane,
 Where we in memory tread
The soil that Jesus' feet oft pressed;
 And his tears hallowed;
For when his work on earth was done,
 And he would soon depart,
And leave this unfriendly world
 Those dearest to his heart,
He sought with them the solitude
 Of that familiar place,
And there "exceeding sorrowful,"
 Bowed down with tear-stained face.
In spirit gladly he had done
 His Father's righteous will;
But had the oft-times weary flesh,
 Failed some jot to fulfill?
"By one man's disobedience,
 Death passed upon all men."
Nor could the blood of many beasts
 Cleanse them from inbred sin.

God had, through Moses' Law, decreed
A "Corresponding Price,"
Therefore the Offerer must bring
A perfect sacrifice
And fear death--eternal Death--
Encompassed him that night,
Oh, would the Cross thus banish him
Forever from God's sight,
And leave the lost ad dying world,
Which he had come to save,
With nevermore ray of hope
Of life beyond the grave?
And in that dark and lonely hour,
Without one pitying eye,
Thrice from his troubled heart there came
The same despairing cry,
"O Father, if 'tis possible,
Remove this cup from me,
If not, except I drink of it,
Shall I, not bow to Thee?"
Not Calv'ry bitter pain or shame,
The "cup" he prayed to shun;
But endless Death--yet even so,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
And oh, how worthless our lives seem,
As we behold him there--
The Son of God, that speechless Lamb,
In agonizing prayer.

POW12

"AND THE DAY DAWN"

Cloud and storm and darkness they
Each would hinder break of day,
Each would try in their own way,
To delay the birth of day.

But the sin is sure to break--
By its steady rising wake
Storms and clouds of every make,
And the world with joy to wake.

DAWNS

There are a hundred different dawns,
There are both good and bad.
Some there are that make you glad,
And some that make you sad.
Some they break with hope auspicious
And some are unpropitious.

There is the day that breaks at morn
With thunder clap and storm;
While others quietly are born
In bright and radiant form,
What e'er similitude is worn
'Tis dawn brings in the day.

THE BURDEN OF THE HOUR

God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders,
And the future rife with woe and struggle
Meet us face to face at just one place
We could not go; our feet would stop;
And so God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe, on all the way
With burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so steep
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour.

THE FLOWERS TALKED

As up the schoolhouse road I walked
It seemed to me, the flowers talked;
As if they glorified their God all day,
Their little faces -- O so bright --
Reflected heaven's glory light.
For rain and sunshine from above,
They thanked the gracious Lord of Love.
Nor did they murmur nor complain
When for a spell there was no rain.
They took whatever by His grace
Came into their specific place,
Their raiment too had come from Him;
That's why they looked so pure, so prim.
Then wondered I if there might be
A lesson here for you and me!
Perhaps, if we were like the flowers,
What difference then if sun or showers
Should be our lot? We'd see the good;
We'd praise the Lord the best we could;
We'd wear a smile upon our face
To honor His unfailing grace.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower
Alike are needful for the flower:
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er at life will I repine;
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death
I yet will sing with parting breath:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

POW14

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

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

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

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

But no! the Lord of Battles is most merciful, He sends
A swift-winged messenger: "Yea, though a mother may forget
Her sucking child, *yet will I not forget!*" Then like the calm
That cometh after storm, sweet peace and quiet reign within
Those troubled breasts, and so He giveth His beloved sleep.

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

FAITH

Securely cabined in the ship below
Thru the darkness and thru storm I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness to me:
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That He who guides the good ship o'er the waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced--
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze;
Up flinty steep, thru frozen mountain pass
Thru thorn-set barren and thru deep morass.
But strong in faith I tread uneven ways
And bare my head unshrinking the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast.
And if the way seems rough I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

INSTEAD

Instead of the thorn there shall come up the fir tree
Instead of the brier the myrtle shall spring;
Back to its primeval freshness and beauty
God will creation triumphantly bring.
Streams in the desert shall heal the parched places
The rose in the wilderness fragrance shall shed;
Mountains and hills shall break forth into praises;--
Wonderful word of Jehovah--"Instead."

* * *

How sweet the assurance to hearts that are weary!
What hope it awakens, what strength doth convey!
Sunshine shall follow the days that are dreary,
Sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.
Symbol and type, and the Gospel's glad story
Say to the fainting one--"Lift up your head.
Soon shall this sad earth be filled with God's glory;
He for the curse will give blessing instead."

* * *

Behold on the altar a victim is lying,
Upraised is the knife in the patriarch's hand,
The child of the covenant promise is dying,
An offering made at Jehovah's command.
When lo! At the word of the angel from heaven
The son is restored, as alive from the dead.
The Lord for Himself hath a sacrifice given--
The ram in the thicket is offered instead.

* * *

Alone in the garden, while others are sleeping,
Our sinless Redeemer a suppliant kneels;
His earnest entreaty, his blood drops, his weeping,
To the heart of the Father his anguish reveals.
Though bitter the cup that surety has taken,
Though heavy the stroke that must fall on his head,
He goes to the cross to be cursed and forsaken;
To give us the cup of salvation instead.

* * *

Now saved on the ground of his infinite merit
His people rejoice in the soul-cleansing blood.
Transformed by the might of his indwelling spirit,
They bear, day by day, precious fruit unto God.
All glory and honor and majesty giving
To Him who redeemed them, their glorious head,
They count it their joy evermore to be living
No longer to self, but to Jesus instead.

* * *

Believer rejoice, for the glad day is nearing
For which all creation still travails in pain;
When Christ, our Redeemer, in glory appearing,
Shall take to himself his great power and reign.
When Satan, the evil usurper expelling,
To earth's farthest limits Christ's kingdom shall spread
And Peace and prosperity sweetly be telling
That Jesus, Immanuel, ruleth instead.

POW16

MORNING PRAYER

Dear Father, hear a little child
Who offers thanks to Thee;
Through all the darkness Thou hast kept
A watch-care over me.

O Father, keep me through this day,
I would to Thee belong;
May love control my little hands,
May kindness rule my tongue.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
Upon this earth again;
Dear Father, hear my little prayer
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Dear Lord, before sweet slumber comes
To close my weary eyes,
Up to Thy thrones of heavenly grace
My voice in prayer would rise.

For all the blessings of this day
I give Thee thanks and praise.
Forgive me, Lord, for Jesus' sake,
For all my naughty ways;

And as I lay me down to sleep
Do Thou an angel send
To watch beside me all the night
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

POW17

GOD'S JUDGMENT DAY OF BLESSING

When the judgments of God are abroad in the land
Then all of the children of men
Shall learn of his righteousness--know of his love,
And none shall have fear of him then.

For his knowledge shall flow to the ends of the earth,
As the waters do cover the sea.
Not any shall ask dost thou know of the Lord,
For his Spirit shall over all be.

They will walk up the highway of holiness then,
With nothing to hurt nor destroy.
For sin shall be vanquished--the evil one bound,
And sorrow shall give way to joy.

The Paradise lost, shall again be regained,
And all those now dead in their grave
Shall hear the sweet call of their Saviour and Lord
Who died that their lives he might save.

God's judgment day nears bringing blessings and peace.
He's promised all this in his Word.
For Christ and his bride shall then reign o'er the earth
And his name evermore be adored.

And so let us pray from the depths of our hearts
"May thy Kingdom come"--haste the day
For the judgments of God will bring blessings for all,
With all of earth's tears wiped away.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven heart and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there--that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight--and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

RUTH

In the book of Ruth we find us
Israelitish man and family;
Man, Elimelech; wife, Naomi;
Mahlon, Chilion, these their sons were.
These in time of dearth and famine,
Chose to leave the land of Canaan.
These to land of Moab sojourn.
Sons do find them wives in Moab,
One named Ruth, the other Orpah.
But the family fortune worsens,
Death doth strike in fast succession
Taking both the sons and father
In the space of one short decade;
Leaving women three, as widows;
Naomi, and Ruth and Orpah.

* * *

Then comes news upon Naomi
That in Isra'l bread aboundeth;
That the nation through repentance
Now is in Jehovah's favor.
Now she feels she must return there.
Rues the day she ever left there.
Tells her daughters hers by marriage
She'll return to her own country.
They do see her on her way then
And they offer to go with her.
But Naomi sayeth to them,
"Go ye to your mother's household,
And may God deal kindly with you.
To require you for your kindness
Unto me and to our dear ones."
Then she kissed them and with weeping,
All lament in touching sorrow.

POW19

Still they offer to go with her;
But she urges they find husbands
In their native land of Moah;
With a prayer that God repay them
For the loss they've had thru her,
Since she'd left the land of Isra'l.
"Other sons I cannot give thee,
Turn ye homeward," says Naomi.
Then doth Orpah kiss Naomi
And she turneth back to Moab.
Ruth still clingeth to Naomi
"Orpah doth return a homeward,
Ruth my dear, return thou also;"
But to this our Ruth doth answer:
"Be not thou against me urging
That I separate me from thee,
And entreat me not to leave thee,
To return from following after;
Whither thou shalt go, will I go;
I the land where thou abidest,
Grant that I there find a haven.
Whither thou shalt lodge, will I lodge;
People thine shall be my people,
And thy God shall be mine also;
Where thou diest there too let me die,
And there too let me be buried.
God do so to me--more also--
If but death do separate us."
Then Naomi ceased her urging,
Seeing Ruth was full determined
To pursue the journey with her.

* * *

Thence they journey on together
Unto Bethlehem in Judah.
And the time of their arrival,
Was the time of barley harvest.
There was quite a stir created,
By these weary way-worn travelers.
Women asked, "Is this Naomi?"
But she said, "Call me not Naomi,
Call me Mara, meaning bitter
For God truly hath afflicted.
Full was I when I departed,
Family of sons and husband.
Now return I empty handed--
Only loved by Ruth of Moab."

* * *

Naomi did have a kinsman
To Elimelech related;
He a mighty man and wealthy;
And this kinsman's name was Boaz.

* * *

Ruth doth say unto Naomi,
"We are in the barley harvest,
May I go and glean today, dear,
In some field where I find favor?"
"Go my daughter, go a gleaning,
May God bless thee in thy labor."

* * *

In a field not too far distant,
From the dawn until the evening
Followed Ruth behind the reapers.
Now the owner's name was Boaz;
And he came unto his reapers
Greeting them with, "God be with thee."
They responding, "May God bless thee."
Then enquired he of his servant,
Of the form of one he knew not,
Of a stranger come among them.
"Who's the damsel over yonder?"
"Yonder damsel," said his servant
"With Naomi came from Moab.
Ruth her name is--asked permission
To glean in the field of barley;
Where from morn she hath continued."
Boaz soon with Ruth conversing
Said, "My daughter go ye not hence;

Stay thou fast beside my maidens,
Let thine eyes be on the harvest
In the fields where they are reaping,
Go thou after them a gleaning.
I have charged the young men also
That in no wise they molest thee.
When thou are athirst do drink ye
Of the water they shall drawn them."
Ruth upon her face prostrateth,
And she bowed low and sayeth,
"Why have I found favor with thee,
Seeing I am but a stranger?"
"Full to me hath been recounted
Since thy husband's death, thy goodness
To his mother, our Naomi.
How thou left thy mother, father,
And the land of thy nativity,
To come unto those thou knew not,
And to trust the God of Isra'l.
May He fully recompense thee,
For the faith and work reward thee,
Under wings of Whom thou trusteth."
Then said she, "How can I thank thee,
Thou doth speak to me in comfort,
IN true friendship hath thou spoken.
I of foreign tongue and lineage
And not like to thy handmaidens."
Boaz said, "Do come at mealtime,
Eat our bread and dip they morsel
In the vinegar, "So did she,
And he passed to her the parched corn,
And she ate and was suffi'ced.
When she left to go on gleaning.

POW20 continued

Boaz gave command that she should
Even 'mongst the sheaves do gleaning,
That they purposely let handfull
Fall for her, and not reproach her.
Gleaned she in the field 'til evening.
Then she beat out that she'd gathered
And of barley had an ephah;
Which she carried to the city
And did show it to Naomi.

Also she gave to Naomi
From the bount'ous meal at noon-time,
Ample portion which remain-ed
After she had been suffi'ced.
"In whose field wrought thou today, dear,
At whose liberal hand and bounty
Came so much to fill our larder?"
Then Ruth told her of the kindness
Boaz showed to her in gleaning;
And his words to there continue
"Til the ending of the harvest.
Said Naomi to her Ruthie,
"Blessed he be of Jehovah,
Who hath not left off his goodness
Unto us nor to our dead ones.
This man Boaz is our kinsman,
Next save one unto my husband.
It is good my daughter, that ye
Only work beside his maidens,
Nor in other field they meet thee.
So Ruth wrought in fields of Boaz
Both in wheat and barley harvest;
And she grew to know and love him.

* * *

If his heart did prompt to love her
He did put the matter from him.
He was older--called her "daughter."
Prime of life now soon would leave him,
He'd not ask her of she'd have him,
For he knew her gener'us nature
Might in sympathy accept him,
For himself he would not ask this.
Let *her* heart dictate its wishes.

* * *

Naomi doth sense impasse:
Boaz--Why his hesitation?
Man, how blind to things about him,
Knows his heart but not another's
Questioneth reciprocation;
Opens not--though heart be waiting.
Mutual love if unexpressed by,
Dwells in both unknown by either.

* * *

Naomi for Ruth would rest find
In the house of kinsman Boaz,

And she feels that love's suppression
Is indeed high priced discretion.
Path there is of some digression
From decorum is concession;
Could well give a wrong impression;
Though it is not real progression;
Justified to wake expression;
Love to lead to full possession;
So to Ruth she makes suggestion,
To invoke the law and custom,
That when husband die in Isra'l
Leaving widow but no children,
Jewish law required his brother
Should replace him as an husband
Later, custom this extended
To include the next line kinsman.
Boaz may be such a kinsman.

* * *

"Boaz winnoweth the barley
On the threshing-floor tonight, dear,
Thou shalt bathe thee and anoint thee,
Thine apparel put upon thee,
Go thee to the threshing-floor, dear;
Wait 'til he hath finished dining;
Mark the spot of his reclining,
And when all have then departed,
Go thou there to him in private;
He shall tell thee what to do."
"I shall do e'en as thou sayest."

* * *

So when Boaz finished eating
And his workers had departed;
Barley sheath he made a bed of,
And he lay in peaceful slumber.
Ruth then quietly approaches,
From his feet the cover turneth
Lays she at his feet so closely
He in turning must discover,
Sheath is harborage for two!
In the night he starteth, turneth,
Lo, to find him, woman by him,
Woman at his feet a lying.
"Who art thou?" To which came answer,
"I am Ruth thy friend and handmaid,
With thy skirt me therefore cover

For thou art a dear near kinsman."
"May God bless thee now my daughter
For thy kindness in desiring
I should be an husband to thee
Doth exceed all previous kindness.
I do not reproach thy coming;
Of thy virtue all have knowledge;
For young men thou hast avoided
Whether of the poor or wealthy.
It is true I am near kinsman,

POW21

But there is another nearer;
Tarry now, the hour is midnight.
Be assured that on the morrow
If he will not be a suitor,
I shall clear the matter with him
Doing all thy heart desireth."
At his feet she lay till morning;
Then arose in waning darkness.
Boaz urged their secret meeting
Be not known till was resol'ved
What he'd learn upon the morrow
Then he filled her veil with barley,
For he said, "Return not empty
As ye go unto Naomi."

* * *

On arrival home in city,
Naomi at once enquireth,
"How didst fare thee, Ruth my darling?"
Ruth recounted Boaz's promise,
How he'll marry her if firstly
He can satisfy this kinsman.
Then Naomi, Ruth adviseth,
"Stay ye home today and rest thee;
Let this matter first be settled,
For Boaz will never rest him
'Till this matter he hath finished."

* * *

To the city gate goes Boaz
There he sitteth down and waiteth,
For 'tis here that one by waiting
Is most likely to encounter
Those whose business takes them daily
To or from the busy city.
Here too, congregate the elders.
In time cometh by the kinsman.
Boaz meets him, greets him, seats him.
Also of the elders seats he
Ten, to witness the proceedings.
And he sayeth to this kinsman
"Naomi hath come from Moab,
And a plot of land she selleth;
Land of Elimelech our brother.
Therefore I seek to advise thee,
Buy it thou before these elders.
Redeem it, if thou wilt redeem it.
But of not then wilt thou tell me.
Save for us there is none other,
And *thou* are the nearest kinsman."
Then said he, "I will redeem it."
But sayeth Boaz, "On condition--
With the land goes understanding
Ruth hath interest in it also;
The redeemer thus is bounden,
Ruth the Moabite to marry,
To raise seed to the departed.
That his name die not in Isra'l."
"This I cannot," said the kinsman,
"Lest inheritance I mar me;
Buy *thou* it, for I decline it."
As a custom of long standing
Witness to a true agreement.
Once removed his shoe and gave it
As a testimony there'to.
So when kinsman said to Boaz,
"Buy thou it," he shoe removed he
To all Isra'l testifying,
And as token gave to Boaz.
Boaz then said to the elders,
"Be ye witnesses this day, that
I have bought that is Emlimelech's
Chilton's and Mahlon's from Naomi.
Also Ruth the Moabitess

I do take to be my wife then,
To raise up to the departed
Seed to bear their name in Isra'l."
Then the elders and the people
Did acclaim themselves as witness,
Saying, "May Ruth be as Rachel,
And as Leah to build Isra'l.
Be thou worthy, be thou famous
Both in Ephratah and Judah."

* * *

He who waved an obligation
Obligation of a kinsman,
Tho he doth receive no censure,
In the record no where find we
Name e'er given of this kinsman;
So his name lives not in Isra'l
As does that of kinsman Boaz.

* * *

Ruth became the wife of Boaz
And she bare a son unto him,
And they named their offspring Obed.
Said the woman to Naomi,
"Blessed be the Lord Jehovah
Who hath given thee a kinsman
Of thy life to be restorer,
In my old age thee to nourish.
Better Ruth, then seven sons to thee,
She who lovest thee, hath borne him."

* * *

End of epic.

*Obed was the sire of Jesse;
Jesse was King David's father
Of whose line came Christ our Savior.*

LESSONS FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH

In the Book of Ruth recorded
There are lives which may remind us
By their virtue or their failure,
By their faith or by their doubting,
That our God is only pleas'ed
By our faith and love's devotion.

* * *

Thus Elimelech could Adam
Picture in his disobedience;
For in leaving land of Canaan,
In a heathen land to sojourn,
He did violate commandment
To be, "separate from the people
Of the land" surrounding Isra'l
For he took his sons and family
Into godless dark surroundings.
From Naomi we do gather
She felt this was why befell them,
Death to both her sons and husband.
Later she did steps retrace her
In returning unto Isra'l;
To returning unto Isra'l;
To end days in peace and comfort.

* * *

Erring not perchance so fully,
Do we never, never stray us
When God's hand seems heavy on us
From the secret of his dwelling?
To enjoy the pleasures round us,
Or absorb ourselves in business,
Or give way to fond ambition,
Or for man's esteem to cater,
Or the present order love more
Than in dwelling in God's Canaan.
Let us from the worldly spirit
Separate us full, completely.
In God's work and counsel bide us;
Thus to be His blessed people.

* * *

As responsible for family;
Choice of move to Moab rested
On Elimelech most fully.
If as Eve, Naomi too, had
Part in that of his transgression,
Record gives us not the answer.

* * *

More divided now decision
"Tween the husband, wife, together,
As to family moves and interest.
But we are forever careful
As our fam'ly we consider,
To put first things ever foremost?
That our spiritual well being--
That the interests of God's kingdom
Aren't replaced by things mater'al.
Living for the flesh will bring us
As new creatures disappointment,
And will lead to our destruction.

* * *

Idols not as those in Moab
Beckon us unto their worship,
Or if not their worship, service.
In our day are other idols,
Alienators of true worship,
Detractors from true religion,
Idols such as, "Love of Pleasure,"
Or the Love of Recognition."
"Fame," "Applaudets," and of "Honor,"
"Self," itself may come between us
And our duty to Jehovah.
"Cares of This Life," too many take us
From the service of the Master;
From the growth in Christian virtue,
Into paths remote or alien,
Where the worshipping of "Mammon,"
May we pierce with many sorrows.
These false gods are not enduring,
Moth and rust corrupt their treasures,
Temporal are things of Moab;
Canaan's interests are eternal
Neither moth nor rust corrupting
Shall be found laid up in heaven;
Treasures ours for time abiding.

* * *

Had not God's hand been against her
Naomi had stayed in Moab.
Without chastisement, or favor.

* * *

Recognize we, and acknowledge
Bitter chastisements when needed
Unto us are but intended
To in Canaan's blessings keep us?

* * *

Of Naomi's goodness, virtue,
Of her worship of Jehovah,
Of her practical religion,
Of her life and noble nature,
Of her words of testimony
To the one true God and only,
There is scarcely aught in writing:
But *no need*, to have recorded,
Their existence is well proven

POW24

By their impact and reaction
On the lives of those most near her.
For in spiritual as natural
Laws, of action and reaction,
Each to each is full related.
Reaction proves first, was action;
Without action--no reaction.
So Ruth's love was a reflection,
A result and her reaction
To nobles'se in human nature--
Truest tribute to Naomi.

* * *

How of us our words and actions?
How preach we by our example,
By our thots and life and actions?
Does our light shine to lead others
Us to follow to the Master;
That our God may be theirs also,
Under wings of whom may rest them?
Will our faith and love encourage--
Lead those lives which contact ours
Theirs to consecration also,
In the "Narrow Way" to follow?

* * *

We as Ruth were alien strangers
From the covenants of God.
But we left the world behind;
Left our father Adam's household;
Left our heritage in Eve;
To acknowledge God our father,
And as mother, brother, sister,
Those who do God's will and bidding.
We as Ruth, may too do gleaning
In our Master's field of barley
When we thirst He giveth water,
And at mealtime Christ invites us
To sit down while He doth serve us,
And His servants serve us too.
And we eat and are sufficed
Never hungry leave the table.
We do eat and have left over
That which other souls may nourish.

* * *

Could of us it be recorded
As of Ruth, she only wrought her
In the fields of kinsman Boaz?
That she rested only briefly,
To partake of food at noontime,
Soon her labor to continue,
With her eyes upon the harvest
Slackening not the wheat to gather
'Til the Autumn sun was setting?
Do they never, never meet us
In the fields other than the Master's?
Stay we fast beside His reapers?
Are our eyes upon the harvest?
Feast we at His ample table
Then to work with zeal return we,
With a loving heart and thankful?

* * *

All did know t hat Ruth was virtuous,
"Not with young men poor nor wealthy"
Did she consort or have dealings;
For her heart was fixed on Boaz.

* * *

Do all know our dedication
To our God and to the Master?
Let we men or man's possessions
Come between us and Christ Jesus?

* * *

He's The Lilly of the Valley,
He's the Brightest Star of Morning,
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand,
To my soul the One and Only;
Dearer than the nearest kinsman,
He who died my soul to ransom.

* * *

Doth He speak to us in friendship,
Doth He speak to us in kindness?
Doth He tells us he'll not spurn us
Tho we be not as His others
Perfect in created orders,
Ninety-nine who never strayed them
To become as aliens, strangers
From the commonwealth of heaven?
With His robe He doth us cover;
With His robe He justifieth.
Kept a secret by his council,
Only known to Him his chosen.
Yet upon the morning surely
To the elders and the people
As His Bride He'll us acknowledge.
Even now receive we wages,
And not empty handed go we
From His presence as we journey.
Of the finest grain, six measures,
Gives He us to share with others,
What provider is our Boaz?
Kinsman, dearer than a brother!
We who have believed in Him do
Enter into rest; well knowing
He'll not rest 'til all is settled--
Is reclaimed the lost possession;
'Til with blood His bride is purchased;
'Til all things in heaven and earth are,
Under Him to God regathered.

* * *

In God's ordering of nature
Man is just below the angels;
So in order of creation,
Angels are man's nearest kinsman.
In the world's first dispensation

POW25

Ministration was of angels,
But they failed them in recov'ring
Any of man's many losses.
And quite well they know the danger
Of contact with fallen nature
Their inheritance to mar them.

* * *

In God's ordering of nature
Jesus was His first creation,
Being far above the angels.
But the glory His by nature
He did lay aside in coming
Down to man to be a kinsman.
Being perfect as a man, that
Life in forfeit He might ransom,
To raise seed, as "Second Adam."
To the dying race of Adam
In time of regeneration
When His bride shall then be with Him.
Then shall have man's dearest kinsman
Man's inheritance restored him.
Hallelujah! What a Kinsman!

end

POW26

THE OLD-THE NEW

'Tis at the first, 'tis at the last
The time of the transition.
We see the spectre of the past,
With death's and glory's fusion.
The winds of strife, with terror's cry
Unseat the world's wide crown.
Clatter the battle stones from high,
Down, down!

* * *

'Tis at the first, 'tis at the last,
'Tis at the disappearing
Of error's chains and slavery,
With Christ's own kingdom nearing.
Soon all the elements of night
Shall be dissolved away,
And God shall send all needful light,
With glorious day.

* * *

'Tis at the first, 'tis at the last,
'Tis at the consummation,
When things foretold by prophets old
Stand at fulfillment's station
And when the trump of jubilee
With joyful note is blown,
Declaring all shall shortly see
Christ on his throne.

THE WORD OF GOD IS NOT BOUND

The Word of God is free,
The Word of God is strong,
The Word of God is like a tree
Where dwell the birds of song,
Or like a river broad,
Majestic in its flow.
Men cannot bind the Word of God,
Or tell it where to go.

* * *

To fetter truth's great power
Men vainly have assayed;
In ages past has been their dower,
With forces blind arrayed.
But bands of steel were weak
When God his arm has shown,
And when he caused his Word to speak,
Truth's liberty was known.

* * *

The Word of God is deep,
A mine where jewels dwell,
'Tis like a torrent in its sweep,
Or like a crystal well.
This law flows from the height
Where saints and martyrs trod;
Men cannot curb the ocean's might,
Or bind the Word of God.

"RICH TOWARD GOD"

Luke 12:21

There are riches galore of material things,
There are cattle and lands, there is silver and gold,
There are business investments and treasures of kings,
There are houses and minerals and riches untold.

But real riches consist not in things which are seen
But in things of the spirit, the mind, and the heart,
And those things only seen by faith's vision keen
Which God hath in reserve ne'er to fade nor depart .

Then let us ever deal; in the things which are real;
Let us add to our faith both of virtue and love
Laying treasures above with both patience and zeal
Being poor here below--both with riches above.

THE SWEET-BRIER ROSE

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

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

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

Oftimes with loving tenderness
Its soft green leaves I gently press
In sweet caress,--

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

* * *

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

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

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

YOUR FATHER KNOWETH WHAT THINGS YE HAVE NEED OF"

Matt. 6:8

Our Father knows what things we need
Each step along the way,
His eye of love doth never sleep,--
He watches night and day.
He knows sometimes, like ripening grain
We need the sunshine bright,
Again He sends the peace that comes
With shadows of the night.

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

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

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

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

THIS TOO, WILL PASS

Poor heart, break not, though cruel by thy wound,--
This, too, will pass!
The weariest day will end in sunset light,
And dawn must follow e'en the darkest night!

Nor drink too deeply of joy's honeyed cup,--
This, too, will pass!
Caressing hands will lose their loving touch,
And word mean nothing, that once meant so much.

Ah, then, whate'er thy state, seek thou *content*,--
This will not pass!
Thy rest in God, He only knows and cares,
His heart of love thine every sorrow shares!

POW28

DESOLATION

I miss them in the morning,
When the mist is on the hill:
When no busy hum is heard
And all the land is still.
Oh, the dear familiar faces,
Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the
Longing for the voices that are still.

I miss them in the evening,
By the fireside's ruddy glow:
Its light and warmth seem only
The vacant chairs to show.
My heart then fills with sorrow
For the dawning of the morrow,
Without the loving voices that are still.

When I hear the joyous notes
That hail the coming Spring,
And all around the gladness
Makes wood and valley ring,
Then I miss them even more
Than I ever did before, in the
Beauty and the fragrance of the Spring.

When the dreary cold and chill
Of the winter draweth nigh:
When the sobbing wind is heard,
And the pretty flowerets die,
Then I miss them most of all,
And I seem to hear the call of the
Dear and loving voices that are still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces!
Oh, the void and empty spaces, and the
Longing for the voices that are still.

RESTORATION

You'll see them in the morning.
When the Sun shines o'er the hill.
The ransomed hosts returning,
For 'tis God's unchanging will
That those dear familiar faces
Will refill the empty spaces, and praise
Will grace the voices that were still.

That bright and happy morning
All the prophets have foretold;
A glory so entrancing,
Every eye shall then behold,
When sounds of joy are pealing,
And broken hearts are healing, then love
Will cheer the voices that were still.

Now come, behold the foregleams
Of that grand and happy day,
When weeping, sorrow, dying,
Shall forever pass away.
Weep not for desolation,
But rejoice in restoration, for the
Blossoms that will greet us in the Spring.

Oh, sweet and joyous Spring-time!
What glories over-spread,
As health and strength and beauty
Adorn the risen dead.
Then you'll praise God most of all,
When you hear the welcome call of the
Dear and loving voices that were still.

Oh, the dear familiar faces!
Now thrice happy are the places with the
Music of the voices that were still.

POW29

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Rev. 21:4

Close your eyes a moment
To misery and woe,
And all earth's degradations
Which from sin and sorrow grow.
And let your mental vision
Behold a perfect earth
Without the stain of sin to mar
The things of grander worth.
No bitter thought nor unkind word
Will ever find a part,
And only love will meet response
In every kindred heart.
Benevolence shall mark each act,
And sickness be no more.
No evidence of dread decay
Shall lodge at mortal's door.
Where health and radiant beauty march
In unsurpassed array.
And inward purity shines forth,
As all seek to obey.
And such will be perfection,
In a world that's freed from sin,
With all earth's tears and sorrow
As tho they had not been.
For those we've loved and cherished
And laid within the grave,

Shall rise as one great army,
For Christ died all to save.
So lift your heads, take courage!
There'll come an end to sorrow,
When Christ as King shall then reign o'er
The blest world of tomorrow.

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, forget me then,
For then I shall not know,
Though o'er my cold and lifeless hands
Your burning tears might flow:
I'll cancel with my living voice
The debt you owe the dead;
Give me the love you'd show me then,
But give it now instead.

And bring no wreaths to deck my grave,
For then I shall not care
Though all the flowers I love the most
Might bloom and wither there:
I'll sell my chance for all the flowers,
They'll give me when I'm dead
For one small bunch of violets now,
So give me that instead.

What saints are we, when we are gone,
But what's the use to me,
Of praises then upon my tomb,
For other eyes to see
One little word of kindly praise
By lips we love most said,
Is worth a hundred epitaphs,
So say it now instead.

But thoughts that now are hard to bear,
Oblivion then will win,
Our sins are soon forgotten us,
When we no more can sin:
But any bitter thought of me,
Keep it for when I'm dead,
It shall not matter, I'll not care,
Forgive me now instead.

CREATION

I am old--so VERY old,
And yet eternal youth is mine.
For hours and days and months and years
Are meant for finite minds, I need them not.
For me, the clock of ages does not strike.
The seasons and their moons
Can never measure what I call ETERNITY!

From molten mass I whirled through space, an ORB.
Another and another, and a MILLION more.
Within my hand lay golden dust--
I flung it! WIDE I flung it,
And at my word those golden fragments
Swinging, hung-and glistened there.
Ah! BEAUTIFUL, I cried, and called them stars.

Again, I said, I must have light, GREAT LIGHT!
Again I hurled gold fire,
Brilliant, yellow, solid, vast,
And even while I saw it there,
And felt its warmth and beheld
Its impenetrable light, I cried,
Thou art the SUN!
And while you shine, I'll call it day,
And you shall warm and bless and heal,
And germinate small, tiny things hid in my world,
As soon as it is made.
Then I created earth.
In my delight I threw again
Soft silver, and it swung among the stars.
As I beheld, I said, O lovely moon.
I drew a curtain over earth,
And called it night.

So earth was formed with firmament around.
I breathed a spirit breath
Across the waters of the deep. And then!
Amidst the turbulence of flowing tides,
Or 'neath the placidness of lakes,
Hid in the mountain fastnesses there moved

A multitude of creature great and small.
MORE life, I cried, MORE life I want upon the earth.
Caressingly I touched my world and lo!
There crawled and leaped and ran
Beasts of the field, and birds of air, and tiny mites,
And all had life!
I saw, and said, It is most good!
And yet, a GRANDER miracle shall come,
For with my mighty power I'll make man,
Greater than all the creatures that exist
In sea, and all that live upon the land.
A living, breathing, HUMAN SOUL!

POW31

Cupped in my hands I took the soil
From off the face of my great earth
And from its elements a MAN
In mine own image made.
And lest this wondrous creature lonely be,
I made another soul most lovely to behold,
As delicate and graceful as the flowers
That bloomed within the garden round these two.
Lesser in strength she was, and this was good,
That she to man for guidance might repair,
And he be her protector always.
I called this beauteous creature WOMAN.
Within a perfect garden placed I them,
A garden filled with every goodly thing,
Of beast and bird, of fruit and flower fair,
And called this PARADISE.

The CREATION of my universe!
How beautiful to behold in all its glory!
Wheels within wheels, and worlds around worlds,
Spinning in perfect unison.
Sunlight to cheer and moonlight to caress
The sleeping earth.
Stardust sprinkled a-down a milky-way,
And planets suspended like jewels
In the blackness of the night.
Breezes to kiss the tree-tops,
And bird songs thrilling the heart of man
Through kindly days.

The lordly lion to stalk the mountain sides,
And tender lambs to rest beneath a purple pool,
And among these all to dwell MAN!
Magnificent in his perfection,
With constantly at his side his tender mate,
So gentle and so fair.

MY CREATION! The joy of my inmost being.
I shall always enjoy these perfect works,
Dwelling, as I do in light divine
Forever and forever,
For--I AM GOD!

POW32

THE COMING AGE

Amid events so tragic and stupendous,
The wreck of empires and the fall of kings,
There is a power Divine that will defend us,
Though there should come upon us water things.

Great is the Lord of Hosts, supreme in glory,
Wondrous His wisdom, marvellous His might;
The nations, though renowned in human story--
Lo, they are but as nothing in His sight.
Beneath the tempest of His wrath outpouring,
The heavens like a veil are rent in twain;
The sea and all the waves thereof are roaring,
The hills and mountains levelled to the plain.

Yet is He working out for our salvation
A wonderful and comprehensive plan,
Above our loftiest imagination,
Embracing in its fulness every man.

Beyond this desolating "time of trouble,"
This "Day of God" by prophets long foretold,
Wherein the nations are consumed as stubble--
Beyond all this there comes the age of gold.

His power Divine shall burst the bonds asunder
Which now enslave our helpless fallen race,
And man shall view with reverence and wonder
This mighty miracle of saving grace.

But not alone the living; all that slumber
Within the gloomy caverns of the dead--
These shall come forth, a vast awakened number,
A peaceful renovated earth to tread.

Behold this earth, to liberty uprising,
From anarchy and despotism free,
Endowed with strength and beauty tranquilizing,
Like some fair island of a tropic sea.

Six thousand years of tyranny are ended,
Six thousand years of misery and pain,
And now before us dawns the vision splendid,
The longed-for glory of Messiah's reign.

From Zion peace and truth are ever flowing
In streams beneficent to all mankind,
New life and hope and happiness bestowing,
Hearing and eyesight to the deaf and blind.

The wilderness and solitary places
With joy abound and "blossom as the rose,"
And nature's wise and loving hand effaces
The last dark evidence of human woes.

Released from Satan's rule the world is wending
In eager way to Paradise again,
And Truth and Righteousness and Love and blending
In one great brotherhood the sons of men.

And all shall know the Lord and to Him render
The praise and worship due unto His name,
And own with gratitude His mercies tender,
His wisdom magnify, His love proclaim.

Mankind in harmony and love progressing
Along their spacious, unimpeded way,
Beneath Divine authority and blessing
Shall gain the sunlight of the perfect day.

THE SPOTLESS LAMB OF GOD

In all life's sunshine and its rain,
In all my grief and bitter pain,
I seem to hear the Savior say--

"I know, for I was once of clay:
I walked the same paths you now tread;
And wept with them that mourned their dead.
I know how sweet the Skylark's song,
And how it lingers on and on:
How beautiful the summer skies
When they are seen through human eyes:
And that as fragrant as the flowers,
By peasant hut, as Princess Bowers;
For all these things by me were made,
Ere on the Altar I had laid
My life a sacrifice for sin;
"And was made flesh, and dwell 'mongst men.'
Unwelcome there, I walked alone--
A stranger was I to my own--
Despised and hunted, and denied,
At last by them was crucified;
But long before advised of this--
I shrank not from the traitor's kiss,
My covenant with death was made
Ere earth's foundations had been laid--
The blows, the spitting, and the shame
Which would be heaped upon my name,
My Father had made known to me.
While I was yet unpledged and free,
And knowing this, did I gladly still
Would the Mosaic law fulfill;
And never once did I look back,
Nor for one moment would retract
The covenant which I had made,
Or change the price that must be paid
To save from death a ruined race;
And make of earth a glorious place."

Yea, heavy was the cross he bore,
And dark the way he trod--
In shielding us he need must stand
As one accurst of God.
As one unworthy of God's love--
A rebel 'gainst his grace;
And for our sins the Father turned
Away from him, his face,
And when he cried, "My God, oh why,
Hast thou forsaken me?"
His heart was broken, and he died
That we might all go free.
Nor ever can the debt of love
We owe to him be paid,
Whose perfect life in sacrifice,
He on the altar laid.
And for that wondrous Gift, our praise
Shall evermore ascend
To Him, whose coming reign shall make
Of sin and death an end.

SAINTS GROWN OLD

Among us are, far on their way
Dear saints grown old, near close of day.
With bodies frail and hair grown grey,
They cannot here much longer stay.

Their Christian hearts are well mature
Their bodies, can but scarce endure
The marks of years which on them rest.
They're waiting, ready, passed their test.
God knows the path which each has trod,
Where victory was, and where the rod;
The goals which any called, have gained,
That which was feigned, what was attained.

* * * *

The time grows short which doth remain,
For years are few which we retain
Before we too must join their ranks,
Before we stand on Jordan's banks!

If heart and limb of ours are sound
If pulsing life doth still abound,
Lord help us fast to here fulfil
Our vows while life is with us still.

REVIVE ME, O LORD

My days are spent in nothingness
My nights in wondering why.
The soreness of my conscience
Brings tears to a wakeful eye.

* * *

I talked to God with troubled lips:
Where is that song of old
I sang in nights of wonder
At mercy and grace untold?

* * *

Will the Lord cast off forever,
In anger remain above?
No! Surely He is gracious;
How can I forget His love?

* * *

O list to voices praising Him:
The thunder, rain and wind.
They know, I know my Father
Gives mercy to those that sinned.

* * *

Forgive me O my Father,
For the fault doth lie with me.
Cleans me with rod of Moses--
Still shall I follow Thee.

THE ROSE

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

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

THE BLESSING OF THORNS

When we thank our Heavenly Father
For the blessings of each day;
For the flowers that are strewn
O'er the roughness of the way;
When we thank Him for the roses
That we gather day by day,
Do we ever see the blessing
Of the thorns along life's way?

Oft we thank Him for the sunshine
That He sends us from above;
Do we ever in the shadow
Recognize His tender love?
When our feet are worn and weary,
And our course is hard to bear;
Oft the way seems long and dreary,
Knowing not His tender care.

When the clouds that round us darken
Change to night our radiant day,
Oft we murmur that the sunshine
Has been hidden from our way.
But our Father in His wisdom
Sends the dark as well as light;
Can we doubt His living kindness,
In whose keeping all is right?

If no shadow veiled our pathway
And we knew no ill to fear,
Would we cling so closely to Him?
Would our Father seem so near,
As when darkness gathers round us,
And our faith in self is lost?
As we trust Him then the Savior
Gives us strength to bear the cross.

In our path if all were sunshine,
Would we look to Him for light?
And if all below were brightness
Then would heaven seem so bright?
When we meet beyond the shadows,
In that land of endless day
We will thank our Heavenly Father
For the darkness of the way.

Oft we cannot see His kindness
Through the darkness, pain and loss;
But we know the crown is dearer
For the sharpness of the cross.
And when in His throne we gather,
And our dear Redeemer meet,
We will thank our Heavenly Father
For the thorns that pierced our feet.

POW35

"YE ARE DEAD"

Colossians 3:3

Ah! yes, so "dead," the sharpest word will leave no sting,
Nor e'en the slightest quiver to my heartstrings bring;
So "dead," that when reviled, I'll calmly hold my peace,
And bid revengeful thoughts within my soul to cease.

So "dead," that no alluring love we hope or joy
Will ever prove unmixed with some of earth's alloy.
So "dead" I care not though unloved, unsought, unknown,
My best, my truest friend I find in God alone.

Content, where'er He leads, through sunshine or through rain,
Whatever my portion be, of pleasure, or of pain.
So "dead," the life I live is "hid with Christ in God,"
My chief delight to follow where the Master trod.

So "dead," I'll neither murmur nor repine, though long
The time, but only strive to suffer and be strong,
Assured some day, some where, He'll claim me for His own,
His bride, then "crowned with life, He'll share with me His throne.

KEEPING THE HEART

"Keep thy heart with diligence"
The Master says to thee,
For out of life's issues come,
So guard it well for me.

Ah yes, dear Lord, my heart is thine,
Mine all, none less I'd give.
Did'st thou not give thine all for me
That even I might live?

E'en tho mistakes I often make,
And hasty words I speak,
Still in my heart a contrite one,
Thy will alone I seek.

Help me to keep my motives pure,
Repel each evil thought.
To keep my mind on things above,
And of thy Word be taught.

I know thy grace sufficient is,
I'll therefore do my part
To walk in footsteps of my Lord,
And ever keep my heart!

THE THINGS ETERNAL

Eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard,
Nor can our mortal mind
E'er grasp the glories far beyond
The realm of all mankind.

We look about us day by day,
Beholding God's great power.
The miracle of new born things,
The fragrance of a flower.

Yes, we behold it beauty rare
As in our hand it lies
For one brief moment,--then 'tis gone,
It fades before our eyes.

Just temporary earthly things,
By faith cries out for more.
Those wonderful eternal things
God hath for us in store.

So seek ye first the heavenly things
Which never pass away.
That you may see him face to face
In realms of endless day.

AS PANTS THE HART

While cooling streams are far away,
Yet for them pants the hart;
So long my sou for Thee today,
My God, fro love thou art.
And thou from purest source dost give
Truth's water full and free.'
I drink, I rise: O joy I live!
My praise ascends to thee.

* * *

As pants the hart, and kneeling, finds
His craving satisfied!
With crystal stream that leaps and winds
Along the silver tide;
So find I at the throne of grace
Life's portion rich and true,
Which shall the things of earth efface,
And all my strength renew.

* * *

As now the hart in peace goes on
With thews sustained, in joy,
I feel the glory that's begun,
And ne'er can I know alloy.
And all my being, poised and thrilled
With hope that's from above,
Each moment knows the grace that flows
From fountain of thy love.

"THY KINGDOM COME"

The Sun and Moon, the night the day
The greatness of our God display
Which each doth show in its own way--
Obeying God in cheerful lay.

The field and stream the hill and dale
Bespeak God's greatness and his art
As do the mountains and the vale,
As all in nature play their part.

The animal an fish and bird,
By patterned way in which they go--
Whose instincts form God's guided Word
His wisdom and his power do show.

But as we contemplate the man--
His fallen sinful lost estate;
Where does he fit within the plan?
How hopeless his apparent fate.

But God so loved the man he made--
At cost of his beloved Son
Redemption's costly price was paid
And freedom for our race was won.

In God's due time his Church complete,
His Kingdom shall come unto man
To sin destroy and death defeat,
And good reward, in God's great plan.

THE SIMPLE FAITH

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

POW37

IN THE DAWNING O BELOVED

In the dawning O Beloved,
When earth's night of sin is past.
Gone will be your tears and heart-aches,
You shall see His face at last.

Now the world is filled with tumult,
Satan seeks you for his own.
Fear thou not O dear Beloved,
By your Saviour you are known.

In the dawning O Beloved,
From your flesh you shall be free.
Called and chosen--let's be faithful!
That immortal we may be.

Let not doubts nor fears o'ertake you,
Trust him where you cannot trace.
Put your hand within your Master's,
In the dawn you'll see his face.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

"The light has been sown for the righteous
And gladness for upright of heart."
In the darkness now covering the people
The children of light have no part.

"The path of the just" is bright-shining,
Even tho narrow the way.
The wicked alone dwell in darkness--
God's children are those of the day.

The light of the world was our Saviour.
Thru the Gospel he taught us God's plan.
He showed how he'd die and must suffer
In order to save every man.

We have been called *out* of darkness
Into his marvelous light.
In the day let us therefore keep walking,
Thus dispelling the darkness of night.

ABOVE THE STORM

When tempest blast the earth doth scourge
With wind, and rain, and storm,
The airplane altitude will seek
And ride above the storm.

When tempest shock beats on the soul
With trouble and distress,
Then wing my soul in thoughts above
Into the peace of God.

CALLED ONE, CONSIDER

If God has called you to a station
That far surpasses human thought,
Do you expect to live like others,
Or unto Him by whom you're bought?

The consecrated heart rejoices
To find in Him its only rest;
Let others revel in their pleasures--
In God you'll find a joy more blest.

This life in Christ will surely draw you
Apart from earthly friends and ties.
Can you, with Paul, count earth's aims refuse
In view of heaven's fadeless prize?

In God's due time you'll share His nature
In glory's realm--His own abode.
Be faithful, loyal, true and steadfast
While on this straight and narrow road.

Consider His great love unending,
O soul, take not His grace in vain--
He loves you dearly and desires you
To with His Son in heaven reign.

CALLED BY A NEW NAME

Lift up thine eyes dear child of God,
Lift up thine heart and sing.
Let naught distress thee, for thou art
Espoused unto a King.

In silken threads of shimmering gold
A pattern thou shalt make
Upon thy royal wedding gown
For thy dear bride-groom's sake.

His bride must be in queen's attire,
And so with patient care,
Ne'er let a single day go by
Without some stitches there.

When finally thou art by his side,
The world shalt know thy fame.
When Christ presents thee as his bride
And gives thee a new name!

POW39

BOUND BY INVISIBLE BONDS

Across our native land and beyond the distant sea,
A humble, longing people, would lift up their hearts to Thee,
O Father, how we're scattered, how our tents are pitched apart,
But we long to be together, with the loved ones of our heart.

* * *

But, Father, in our scattered state, we thank Thee for the chain
That binds our hearts in unison, while we on earth remain;
The bond which makes it possible, though scattered far and wide,
To live so close and love so dear each member of that Bride.

* * *

We're glad, e'en though the flesh is bound unto a certain place,
The spirit's free in thought to be with every child of grace;
We're with each brother in his work, no matter where he be;
In prayer, in love, in daily thought, to wish him victory.

* * *

And even where a saint may be whom we have never met,
Some isolated gem, perchance, no brother's seen as yet,
Sweet waves of love go from that heart to each devoted soul,
Unintroduced by earthly form, we've reached communion's goal.

* * *

So, loved ones, while we miss your face, we know your heart is here.
We've felt the power of your prayers, effectual and sincere.
The many miles that intervene may keep the flesh apart,
But with it there's a closeness naught of earth can e'er impart.

POW40

DAWN Millennial

For'told light, prophetic ray
Indicate Millennial Day,
Indicate that Kingdom sway
Now is due and due to stay.

But the forces of the night
Sin and darkness and their might
Satan's cohorts fighting right,
Fight to hinder dawn of light.

But "The Sun of Righteousness"
Shall dispel the frightfulness
Heal and light earth's blightedness.
Arise, O Sun of Righteousness!

DAWN

The dawn may brightly break, or dark,
Ush'ring day with thunder peal,
Or silent steal above the park.
But this the dawn cannot conceal,
That it doth always presage day;
And 'tis for this we ever pray.

O SOUL OF MINE

O, soul of mine, be calm, be still,
Submit thyself to God,
In all thy ways yield to His will,
Nor faint beneath the rod.

O, soul of mine, like potter's clay
Within the Master's hand,
O, let Him mould thee day by day,
Till faultless thou shalt stand.

O, soul of mine, have faith, believe,
Nor count the cost of strife,
Fight on, faint not, thou shalt receive
At last the Crown of Life!

QUIETNESS

Oh, give me Lord a quiet mind,
A mind from worry free,
A mind that knows no fear or doubt,
A mind that rests on Thee.

Thy word doth say, "Thou wilt keep him,
Whose mind is stayed on Thee,
In perfect peace, "Lord this I crave,
And pray, Oh give it me.

POW41

A RENDEZVOUS WITH LOVE

I have a rendezvous with love
Beneath the trees of joy,
And through the leafy screen above
The sunlight filters coy,
And comes to me Love's low refrain,
And love has mad me young again.

* * *

I have a rendezvous with love
In bowers cool and fair,
And birds that sing and flowers of spring
I find forever there;
In soft, melodious airs I'm blest,
And zephyrs yield the balm of rest.

* * *

I have a rendezvous with love
The world has older grown.
At times I've sought and beauty wrought
In canvas, page, and stone;
But only as love formed a part,
The glory stole into my heart.

* * *

I have a rendezvous with love.
I'm glad I found the place,
For now I know there's heaven below
In spite of life's swift race;
And hopes, dove-winged, all radiant, prove
I have a rendezvous with love.

EVENING PRAYER

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

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

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

PRAYER

The *act* of prayer is ours
In *mysteries* are God's
In *faith* we make our prayers,
God gives them *their* effect.

POW42

THE SECRETS OF THE LORD

Precious art thou whom the Lord calls His own,
For from you are no secrets concealed.
As God spake to the Fathers thru prophets of old,
So thru Christ are His mysteries revealed.

"The secrets of God are with them that fear Him,"
To those who like children will be.
Thru only His Spirit His mysteries are shown--
With the eyes of our faith do we see.

His mysteries were hidden for long ages past,
But now unto us they are shown.
We hope for that glory for Christ in us dwells,
Its secret the world hath not known.

Our God hath revealed His most wonderful plan
Of His glorious Kingdom to be.
While many are blind thru the "God of this world"
How blest are *our* eyes for they see.

We know there are mysteries known only to God
Which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard."
The promise of life in t hat heavenly realm--
This by faith we accept thru His Word.

Then we'll know one another as even we're known,
All mysteries will then be made plain.
Tho the way is now narrow, our pathway is rough,
Still thru Christ we the victory can gain.

OUR PRAYER

Dear Father we would lift our hearts in prayer to thee
With thankful lips proclaim thine ever endless love.
O may our lives each day more perfect be--
Reflect the image of our Lord above.
We would proclaim thy truth to every man,
Reveal the glories of thy wondrous plan

Forgive, we pray each wrong idle word.
Help us to purify our inmost heart.
May we resist all evil powers, O Lord,
With words of truth repel each fiery dart.
Not in our own frail strength alone we go,
But by thy grace Lord, we can all things do.

We would encourage all thy saints today.
Help lift the burden that they have to bear.
We pass but once along this narrow way,
Thus help us all thy fruits and graces wear.
We thank thee Lord that we are sons of thine,
Called in one hope to gain that prize divine!

THE ONENESS OF THE FAMILY OF GOD

"How good and how pleasant" for those of the Lord
That together in unity dwell."
There's a oneness that's sweet in the family of God
Of which none but his children can tell.

For One is their Master, all brethren are they.
One body, with Christ as their head.
Down the same narrow way do they go one by one,
By the one Holy Spirit they're led.

There's no "Jew and no Greek," nor yet bond-man nor free,
All "one in Christ Jesus" are they.
Their faults are all hid 'neath his own righteous robe,
And his one law of love they obey.

How precious indeed is this family of God,
One faith, hope and baptism theirs.
They'll be fed from one table, the Truth of his Word
'Til with them his blest Kingdom he shares.

Oh the rapture they'll know, for their one Father, God
Hath called them to be his Son's bride.
On his throne they will sit by their one Saviour Lord,
With their King they shall reign at his side.

There'll be oneness in Heaven and oneness on earth
When the dead unto life they'll restore.
Then the "Paradise lost" shall again be "regained"--
Unto God they'll sing praise evermore.

LOVE

Some say that Love came down one day
In a Land of pensive vales,
Where filters at times a mellow ray
Of light on the shadowed trails;
And I'm glad Love came, though mid sere and blight
And has left a gleam in the world's dark night.

* * *

There are many stars in the sky of time,
There are clouds all sprayed with foam,
But there's just one orb with ray sublime
That guides the traveler home--
Just one light, and it comes from Him
Whose glory outshines the seraphim.

* * *

The star of His grace benignly beams
On hearts which it fills with peace,
And the world withdraws with its glided dreams,
While we see the stars increase.
Ah, never the world beheld this glow
Shining out in the depths below.

* * *

Pleasant pastures we see round,
Waters of quiet rest,
Flowers of hope on the verdant ground,
Faith's vistas serene and blest;
And we follow the path of our Shepherd Guide,
Forgetful of all in the world beside.

* * *

Love calls with a simple, kindly call,
To a place where fond hearts meet;
Mid things of the universe this seems small,
Yet a gift at the Master's feet,
Fragrant incense and treasure trove,
Offered up in the name of Love.

* * *

Love! So mighty a word, so fair,
Reaching to things on high,
Winging our thought through the purple air,
Writing our names on the sky--
Love that leans to a staff, a rod,
That links our heart to the Son of God.

* * *

Faith, hope, and love; but Love is best,
As it was when the Master came,
Garbed in purple and golden dress,
Fanning its hallowed flame,
Love that gathers our smiles and tears,
And hands them to God through eternal years.

POW46

**I WILL LEAD THEM IN PATHS
WHICH THEY HAVE NOT
KNOWN"**

Isa. 13:16.

Surely, dear Lord, this promise is fulfilled
In us who consecrate our all to Thee;
We, who in art and learning are not skilled,
But yet by grace are given eyes to see.

A time there was when we in man-made ways
Walked blindly on, not knowing where they led,
Unconscious of the light of Truth, whose rays
Were ever shining brightly overhead.

Some paths were hedged about with iron creeds,
Which hid from view the glory of Thy plan,
And some were choked with evolution weeds,
And some by pleasure precipices ran.

And others had an atmosphere of ease,
Which lulled us into careless indolence,
Until to things Divine, by slow degrees,
We lapsed into complete indifference.

Then came Thy call, and as we listening stood,
New light fell on the perils of our way,
And what we deemed desirable and good
Were now but lures to lead our feet astray.

All wondering we turned to Thee and cried,
"We have been led astray like foolish sheep;
Take Thou our trembling hand, be Thou our guide,
And in Thy paths our erring footsteps keep."

And thou hast led us on in paths that we
Had never known before, so richly fraught
With joy and peace, that as we followed Thee,
Each step we took fresh life and blessing brought.

One path we knowledge, and it led us through
A spacious region, where for ever shine
The rays of Truth, revealing to our view
The glory of Thy purposes Divine.

Before us spread in one harmonious whole
Thy perfect plan, wherein no room was found
For creeds vindictive, which oppress the soul
And keep mankind in chains of error bound.

We saw, instead, the riches of Thy grace,
So lavishly displayed to all mankind,
That every member of our fallen race,
Eternal life and happiness may find.

As thus we grew in knowledge came Thy call
Our feet the path of sacrifice to tread,
In which we yielded up our little all
To be united to our living Head.

All worldly wisdom we esteemed but dross,
Earth's wealth and pleasure and its vain display,
And bore with joy the consecrated Cross,
To win the Crown that fadeth not away.

Then, as our faith grew stronger, Thou didst guide
Our feet along a path so dark and drear,
That often in bewilderment we cried
To Thee for help--and found Thee ever near.

O'er many a rugged hill the pathway ran,
Where biting blasts and howling storms arose,
By steep abysses and by waters wan,
And gloomy woods where lurked malicious foes.

And all along our course mid perils rife,
And enemies that sought to bar our way,
Thy love encircled us, and in the strife
Enabled us to triumph every day.

When wearied with the struggle Thou didst bring
Our feet into a sweet and peaceful vale,
Where we forget our toil and suffering,
And where no foes could harm or cares assail.

A vale of rest, through which with quiet sound
A stream went singing on among the flowers;
And on our hearts there fell a peace profound,
Which brought contentment to the passing hours.

Still guided by Thy wise and loving hand,
With eager feet we climbed a mountain slope,
And from the crest beheld a glorious land,
The goal of all our striving and our hope.

Enraptured with the sight and gazing long,
We seemed, like John, to see the city fair,
And hear the music of the angel's song,
Which filled us with a longing to be there.

And now, dear Lord, with patience we await
Thy call to enter on the final stage,
The path of glory, which shall terminate
The toil and sorrow of our pilgrimage.

And though it leads to Jordan's rolling tide,
We will not on the bank reluctant stand,
For through the flood Thou wilt with us abide,
And bear us safely to the Promised Land.

THE HIDDEN CROSS

The multitude saw but the cross of olive-wood
The Man of Sorrows bore, nor knew how underneath,
Close-pressed upon His heart, a hidden cross He wore,--
A dark and bleeding weight of sin and human woe,
Made heavier with the sentence of God's broken law,
And crowned with thorns and scornful and malicious hate,--
A cross the world's Redeemer found on Jordan's brink,
Nor laid it down until He came to Calvary.

Ofttimes it seemed He almost craved some human aid,
Some sympathizing heart to share that cruel cross,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known
What time that cross bore heaviest on the yearning heart
Of Him, thy King!--And yet, O, slow of faith and hard
Of heart, "Ye would not,"--and the King passed on His way;
And of the people, there was none with Him, He trod
Alone the winepress of this dark world's shame and woe!

O, chosen three, had ye but watched with Him "one hour,"
That awful night in dark Gethsemane, ye might
Have lightened some the cruel weight of that dread cross,
Have known and shared with Him that agonizing woe,--
Alas! Alas! Your eyes were heavy, and ye slept.
So now, "sleep on and take your rest," ye weary ones,
A holy angel's wing hath eased the hidden cross,--
Your Master, strengthened, waits that other cross to bear!

Which cross bore heavier on the way to Calvary,--
The cross the cruel Roman soldiers laid upon
That Blessed One? Ah! no, it was the *unseen cross*
That crushed Him to the earth, that wrung from those pale lips
The agonizing cry, "My God, My God, Oh, why
Hast Thou forsaken me?" In grief Earth rent her breast,
The sun grew dark. *"Tis finished*, and the price is paid,--
The hidden cross had pierced that loving, tender heart!

"Take up thy cross, and follow Me," the Master said.
Ah, yes, His faithful Bride must also bear a cross,--
The hidden cross, made not of life's vicissitudes
Alone, its ills and pain, its loss and poverty,--
The outward signs the multitude behold;
Ah, no, we follow in His steps, who went before
Us in the narrow way. We, too, must bear the woe,
Be touched with feeling of the world's infirmity,--
Its weary weight of sin and curse of broken law.
Let us, therefore, go forth to Him, "without the gate,"
Lay down our lives in sacrifice, spend and be spent,
And, while we clasp this cross more closely to our breast,
Press on toward Calvary, for here our Bridegroom waits
To take the cross of woe, and give the Crown of Joy!

POW50

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to know
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee!
And careful-less to serve Thee much,
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
and an earnest need for prayer;
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

MY TEDDY

He stood by his gun in the moonlight,
His long lonely watch had begun,
For the wolfpack closed in like a shadow
To kill at the set of the sun.
He stood there and watched and waited,
Alert to each move on the sea,
My handsome blue-eyed Teddy--

But his heart was at home with me:
At home near old Quidivi,
At Boulevard number eight.
"Oh, Mom, how I love you," he whispered
From out of that ocean of hate
He thought of a clean white linen,
His bath, his dog, and his cat--
How he hated to have his ears washed,
And little things like that;
Of homey smells in the kitchen;
Of bread and cake and pie,
Roast beef and cabbage, and cookies,
All dear to the heart of a boy.
He thought of his folks in Freshwater
Where he spent his summers at play;
How he chased the cows to the pasture,
And rolled in the sweet scented hay;
How the wind whispered soft in the tree tops
And wild roses grew in the dell
Where dragonflies dashed through the sunlight
By the old apple tree by the well;
The call of the loon in the evening
As night settled down on the farm;
How he slept in the big four poster
And dreamt of his friends in the barn;
The little red calf with the white face,
The one black baby duck in the brood,
The curly-tailed little pink piggies--
And his heart yearned to be there again,
He stood there on guard tense and frightened--
But his heart was at home with me
When the wolfpack closed in like a shadow
And his ship shuddered and sank in the sea
'Mid the shrieks of the wounded and dying,
With the sun sinking low in the west.
With flaming destruction all 'round him,
My Ted and his buddies found rest.
Now he sleeps in the deep silent ocean,
As he slept in his bed on the farm;
With admirals, captains and mess boys,
Hidden safe from all danger and harm,
'Til the call comes, and they will awaken!
For the Kingdom of God now is so near,
To bless and to save and restore,
To banish all sorrow and fear;

For " the lamb shall lie down with the lion"
And the "desert shall blossom and bloom;"
"There shall be no more sorrow nor crying,"
And the dead will awake from the tomb.

GOD'S BURDENS

God's burdens rest upon the strong,
They stronger grow who bear them long,
And each new burden is a sign
That greater power to bear is thine.

POW51

GOING HOME

The wind that sings across the bright
Brings love's wild lure to me.
So do the fantasies of light
That dance across the sea;
For love is waiting yonder where
The sky's flecked line has foam.
White gulls that wheel, your joy I feel,
For I am going home!

* * *

The shore recedes, the cliff grows dim,
Ahead the glories lie,
Behind, blends with the shadows grim
As outward bound we fly.
A mist of tears falls from the years,
Now to the rearward cast.
Dissolved, they fade in dreamland's shade;
I'm going home at last.

* * *

The fringe of snow that greets my eye
From out the created sea
Bears fond suggestions as to why
Love calls and calls to me;
And never cease its voices pure,
The breeze its music swells.
Oh, listen there! for in the air
I seem to hear love's bells.

* * *

The racing billows bear me on,
The prow is headed sure,
The gallant ship from stern to lip
Seems well to feel the lure;
The shining sea is cleft with power,
Their sport the dolphins ply;
O heart of mine, this seems divine,
For going home am I.

* * *

Soon all the longing of my soul,
and all my lonely hours
Will be out-measured by the goal,
And by yon waiting hours.
The harbor light is now in sight,
I hear the shore-caught foam.
Love's bliss so dear is very near;
Thank God, I'll soon be home.

THE BLESSINGS THAT REMAIN

There are loved ones who are missing
From the fireside and the feast,
There are faces that have vanished,
There are voices that have ceased;
But we know they passed forever
From our mortal grief and pain,
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

* * *

Thanksgiving, oh, thanksgiving
That their love once blessed us here,
That so long they walked beside us
Sharing every smile and tear;
For the joy the past has brought us
But can never take away,
For the sweet and gracious memories
Growing dearer every day,
For the faith that keeps us patient,
Looking at the things unseen,

* * *

Knowing Spring shall follow Winter
And the earth again be green,
For the hope of that glad meeting
Far from mortal grief and pain--
We thank Thee, O our Father,
For the blessings that remain.

* * *

For the love that still is left us,
For the friends who hold us dear,
For the lives that ye may need us
For their guidance and their cheer,
For the work that waits our doing,
For the help we can bestow,
For the care that watches o'er us
Wheresoe'er our steps may go;
For the simple joys of living,
For the sunshine and the breeze,
For the beauty of the flowers,
For the laden orchard trees,
For the night and for the starlight,
For the rainbow and the rain--
Thanksgiving, O our Father
For the blessings that remain.

A LITTLE LIGHT

It may be little we can do
To help another, it is true;
But better is a little spark
Of kindness, when the way is dark,
Than one should walk in paths forbidden
For lack of light we might have given.

POW53

HIS GENTLE HANDS

As Mary held the tiny babe so close,
She felt the joy of love that now could be expressed.
So soft the fingers curled about here own!
Tenderly she held them, and lovingly caressed
His gentle hands.

At twelve he sought the temple, all alone.
For now, with all the Law, He knew He must comply.
But Mary searched for Him with sorrowing;
Not understanding then His need, but took Him by
His gentle hands.

His life, though short, was spent in doing good.
And in a world so filled with pain, with simple trust
The sick, the blind, the lame, all came to Him.
In deep compassion of His soul He healed with just
His gentle hands.

But jealous men took counsel for His life,
A traitor 'midst His own disciples they had found,
Who sold Him, like a common slave, for price.
They came by night and took Him, and with cords they
bound
His gentle hands.

Did you go with Him through that fearful night;
When e'en before the first soft light of morning came,
They placed upon His head a crown of thorns,
And scourged Him sore? Oh, did you see the blood that
stained
His gentle hands.

Did you go with Him to Golgotha's hill,
And see the sadness deep within His eyes so true?
And did you see those nails so cruel and cold,
As one by one they pierced His flesh, and drove them
through
His gentle hands.

At last like hammer's dreadful sounds were stilled!
They lifted up that heavy cross against the sky.
While people passing by would mock Him sore;
In agonizing grief and shame He hung there by
His gentle hands.

But did you see the love within His eyes,
Enduring, though His body, racked with pain, grew numb:
A love so deep, we cannot comprehend!
And did you weep to see those blood drops falling from
His gentle hands.

Oh did you hear Him give that anguished cry?
Then suddenly the sun grew dark--the air was chilled!
"My God, Oh why hast thou forsaken me?"
T'was finished then! Release from pain, relaxed and stilled

His gentle hands.

As Mary looked at Him with tearful eyes,
In anguish of her heart that could not be repressed,
She thought back to the child that she had borne,
And how she'd held Him close, and lovingly caressed

His gentle hands.

POW54

SONNET

God moves not only in the boisterous wind,
He speaks not only in the thunder's roar;
His power is not to raging waves confined,
Which smite with noisy violence the shore.
Rain, hail and storm, the belching mountain's fire,
And the dread earthquake's shattering display--
These are the tokens of His presence dire,
Not the sole indications of His sway.
Sometimes He labours so inaudibly
That we, with senses dulled, hear not His tread,
Feel not His presence even, till o'erhead
We see perchance the stars look smilingly;
And then we learn with reverent surprise
That strength omnipotent in silence lies.

THE GLORY OF GOD REVEALED

Great God who has forever been,
Whom thru thy Word we know
As giver of each perfect gift
To creatures here below.

In wonders of thy Universe
Thy power is not concealed.
For day to day and night to night
Thy glory is revealed.

To prophets and those Saints of old
Thy might and power were shown.
They bowed in awe before thy face--
In reverence sought thy throne.

Thou art revealed in thy great plan,
Lost Eden to restore.
When all mankind shall live again
In peace forever more.

For by thy love thou did'st send forth
Thine only Son to die.
That he might pay the debt of sin
That o'er the world doth lie.

When to the earthy thy Kingdom comes,
Thy glory shall be shown
In love revealed to all the world
Thy name shall then be known.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Ye the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.

SILENCE

There is a solemn splendor
In silent things we see,
If we our thoughts surrender,
From earthly cares be free.

When day is done and darkness falls around us,
And all the glory of the heavens we behold;
We stand in awesome wonder as we recall
Those majestic words that David spoke of old.

The heavens declare the mighty power of God
And the firmament His handiwork displays;
Though not a word nor sound falls on our ears,
Yet their melody through all the earth conveys
To us the wisdom and the power of God.
His wisdom speaks to us without a word.
In simple silence He His work performs.
Yet throughout all time their melody has stirred
The hearts of humble men to worship Him.
Man, with great commotion, seeks to show his strength,
And the strife and the confusion still increase.
But our great God, in simple solemn silence
Has shown to us the majesty of peace.

There's a silence in the sunrise;
And in the morning dew.
Can we, in silence, recognize
The grandeur of the view?

When the fresh crisp air of Indian Summer
Is warmed by the clear deep blue of Autumn skies,
We wonder at the change we see about us:
For the green that filled the summer with its guise
Has silently, yet with boldness unsurpassed
Lavished all of nature's brilliance on the fields.
Where was the clamor, to herald the change of season?
Nature works in silence; her secrets she conceals.
But if we listen, the riot of her color
Shouts aloud, and calls to us from everywhere
To say that summer days are gone once more,
And soon we'll see the snowflakes fill the air.

Silence is a world apart,
And who can know its worth?
We speak in silence heart to heart:
Here wisdom hath its birth.

Silence speaks to us much deeper than can words,
For there are feelings held within the heart
That words cannot express, nor tongue can tell;
But yet in simple silence we impart,
By just a clasp of hands, or loving look,
The tenderness we feel for one we love.
For words are just devised by puny man,
But the power to love comes to us from above.
So who could think that man with all his words
Could ever truly from the heart express
The love that glows within the human heart?
But we can show by simple tenderness,
By just a look or just a loving touch,
Far more than pen nor tongue nor words nor voice
Could ever truly tell. For love in action
Never fails to make a kindred heart rejoice.
For silence is as deep as love;
As music to the ear;
Majestic as the stars above;
Enduring as the year.
Silence is a world unknown!
We seek her treasures rare.
In silence God to us hath shown
Wisdom beyond compare.

IF MARY HAD KNOWN

If Mary had known,
As she held her babe's hands in her own,
Little hands that were tender and white as a rose,
All dented with dimples from fingers to wrist,
Such as mothers have kissed--
That some day they must feed the fierce blows of a hatred insane,
Must redden with holiest stain,
And grasp as their guerdon the boon of the bitterest pain
Oh I think that her sweet brooding face,
Must have blanched with its anguish of knowledge above her embrace.

But--if Mary had known,
As she held her babe's hands in her own,
What a treasure of gifts to the world they would bring,
What a healing and hope to the hearts that must ache,
And without Him must break;
Had she known they would pluck forth death's sting,
Of the close, jealous door evermore,
Making free who were captives in sorrow and darkness before,
Oh, I think that a gracious sunrise
Of rapture had broken across the despair of her eyes.

If Mary had known
As she sat with her baby alone,
And guided so gently His bare little feet,
To take their first steps from the throne of her knee,
How weary must be
The path of humanity's need,
Giving hissing and shame, giving blame and reproach for
its need,
Oh I think that her tears would have dewed
Those dear feet that must walk such a hard starless path
to the rood.

But--if Mary had known,
As she sat with her baby alone,
On what errands of mercy and peace they would go,
How those footsteps would ring through the years of all time,
With an echo sublime,
Making holy the land of their woe,
That the pathway they trod
Would guide the world back to its God,
And lead ever upward away from the grasp of the clod,
She had surely forgot to be sad,
And only remembered to be most ineffably glad.

If Mary had known,
As she held Him so closely her own,
Cradling His shining fair head on her breast,
Adorned with ringlets as bright as the morn,
That a garland of thorn
On that tender brow would be pressed
Till the red drops would fall
Into eyes that looked out upon all,
A brim with a pity divine over clamor and brawl,
Oh I think that her lullaby song
Would have died on her lips in wailing impassioned and long.

POW57

But--if Mary had known,
As she held Him so closely her own,
That over the darkness and pain He would be
The conqueror, hailed in oncoming days,
The world's hope and praise,
That the garland of thorn,
The symbol of mocking and scorn,
Would be a victorious diadem royally worn,
Oh I think that ineffable joy
Must have flooded her soul as she bent o'er her wonderful boy.

THE STABLE OF BETHLEHEM

'Twas not a palace proud and fair
God chose his Son's first home;
No dazz'ling pile of grandeur rare,
With a pillar'd hall and dome;
Oh, no! a stable, rude and poor,
Received Him at his birth;
And thus was born, unknown, obscure,
The Heir of Heaven and Earth.

No band of anxious menials there,
To tend the new-born child,
Joseph alone and Mary fair
Upon the infant smiled;
No broidered linens fine had they
Those little limbs to fold,
No baby garments rich and gay,
No tissues wrought with gold.

Come to your Savior's lowly bed,
All ye of humble heart,
And learn with bowed and humble head
The lesson 'twill impart;
'Twill teach you not to prize too high
The riches vain of earth--
But to lay up in God's bright sky
Treasures of truer worth.

POW58

MY HEART SONG OF THE DAYS

To live content with things that be,
Nor seek for wealth nor poverty;
To meet each day with courage strong,
Keep earth's affairs where they belong;
To be not fashion's dupe or slave,
True worth, not admiration crave;
To know that life's race to run,
To drink in power from the sun;
To see the handiwork of God

In every grass blade of the sod,
In every tree and bird and flower,
In every kindly sparkling shower;
In star, in sea, in mountain peak,
To hear the voice of freedom speak;
To study life, speak soberly,
Think in the thoughts of charity;
Bear patiently each blow that tries,
Greet wisdom as a glorious prize;
To grasp with arm uncramped and free
Each golden opportunity;
To let my mental door swing wide
To truth and hope and love's rich tide;
To find in earth's great commonwealth
Beauty and grace and poise and health;
To look the whole world in the eye,
Nor fear to live, nor fear to die;
To do a higher will than mine,
In honor and in faith to shine;
To keep in tune for joy and praise:--
This is my Heart Song of the Days.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

23rd Psalm

The Lord my shepherd is
I shall not want.
He maketh me lie down
In pastures green;
Beside the waters still
He leadeth me.
He now my soul restores
And in the paths
Of righteousness and truth
He leadeth me,

E'en for his own name's sake;
I rest content.
In valley's shade of death
Though I should walk;
Yea, here I will not fear.
Thou with me art.
Then, too, thy rod and staff,
They comfort me.

A table thou preparest me
In presence of
Mine enemies around.
My head with oil
Thou dost anoint, and so
My cup runs o'er.
Thy goodness, and thy mercy, Lord
Through all my days
Shall surely follow me
And in thy house
Forever more shall I
Therein abide.

LIFE'S JOURNEYS

In pastures green? Not always; Sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.
I oft would faint with terror and with fright.
Only for this--I know He holds my hand.
So whether in the green or desert land
I trust altho I may not understand.

So whether on the hilltops, high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie--what matter? He is there!
And more than this, where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed.
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where He leads me I can safely go
And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so!

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

There is a land somewhere, I ween,
In this great universe of God,
A land by mortal eyes unseen,
By mortal feet untrod.

There is a country where Time's tide
Rolls gently up a golden shore,
Where toil-worn mariners abide,
And feel earth's ills no more.

There is a city fair and strong,
Built by an architect Divine,
Within whose walls a countless throng
Of radiant spirits shine.

There is a home where endless bliss
Awaits the soul that enters there,
A home where purity and peace
And love the sceptre share.

Tell me, where lies this wondrous land,
This country with the golden strand,
This city of supreme delight,
This home of purity and light?

Tell me, where lies this wondrous land,
This country with the golden strand,
This city of supreme delight,
This home of purity and light?

Tell me, while through my pulses sweeps
The tide of life in eager leaps;
While Hope on the horizon stands
And beckons me with earnest hands.
Tell me that I the bliss may gain
Ere age creeps on and life seems vain.

Fair soul, no earthly wisdom yet
Knows where this country lies;
Science has sought in vain for it
Within the starry skies;

And men have sailed the wide world o'er
To breathe its blessed air,
And found that each approaching shore
But mocked them with despair.

But would'st thou reach the blest abode,
Know that the way thereto
Leads straight along life's common road,
Right through this world below.

Trust lights the path with beams divine,
While ever on before
Walks One with countenance benign,
Our Guide and Counsellor.

Him follow and the goal shall greet
Thy weary longing eyes;
The country, city, home complete,
In God's own Paradise.

POW60

"WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD"

Psalm 116:12-14

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

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

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

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

AS WE PASS ALONG

"The days grow shorter, the night grow longer,
The headstones thicker along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger
For those who walk with us day by day.

"The tears come quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage is less to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart falls lower,
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

"But all true things in the world seem truer
And the better things seem best;
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

"Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,
And let us speak softly in love's sweet tone;
For no man knows on the morrow whether
We two pass on--or one alone.

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG"

Our hearts as those in ages past
Cry out, "O Lord, how long"?
Til thou shalt rise, all wrongs to right,
And make the storm a calm

Til thou shalt take from out the earth
Thy faithful people home;
"Til thou shalt lift the shades of night,
The morning light to show.

Prophetic harbingers of day
We see fulfilling fast,
Thy Word is sure, your faith secure,
Yet Lord, how long, how long?

For time to thee is never fleet,
A thousand years -- one day.
However swift events do pass,
Our passing swifter still.

We know, O Lord, our days are few,
Too few to see fulfilled
Thy kingdom fully come in power.
Lord grant us grace to wait,

Not idly, but employed with zeal;
That while we wait we work
Thy works of faith and hope and love,
And if our heart at times,

Cries out, how long O Lord, how long?
It is because so *dear*
We hold thy blessed kingdom reign --
We would that it were here!

POW61

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS"

If you were toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear
Straining each nerve untiringly and still
Stumbling and loosing foothold here and there
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go his way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

* * *

If you were breasting a keen wind which tost
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim, and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

* * *

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter,
And to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by --

* * *

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain;
My life, tho bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

BEES WORTH HAVING

Be patient, be prayerful, be humble, be mild.
Be wise as a Solomon, be meek as a child --
Be studious, be thoughtful, be loving and kind,
Be sure you make matters subservient to mind.

* * *

Be cautious, be prudent, be thoughtful, be true,
Be courteous to all men, be friendly with few.
Be temperate in argument, be eager to climb,
Be careful of conduct, of money, of time.

* * *

Be cheerful, be grateful, be hopeful, be firm.
Be peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
Be courteous, be gentle, be liberal, be just;
Be aspiring, be lowly, because thou art dust.

* * *

Be penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith;
Be active, devoted, be constant till death.
Be honest, be holy, transparent and pure;
Be dependable, Christ-like, and you'll be secure.

POW62

AN EARLY MORNING RAIN

There's a softness to an early morning rain
As it steals across the meadow and the plain.
It clothes each leaf with silvered drops of dew
And makes the air seem clean and fresh and new.

As silently the raindrops fill the air
There comes a calmness that is free from care.
And through the mist the distant fields look grey;
Complacently serene, and far away.

As raindrops gently fall from leaf to leaf,
My anxious heart is filled with calm relief;
For God, who sends the sunshine and the rain,
Will also send a joy for every pain.

So as I watch the early morning rain,
Into my heart there comes a sweet refrain;
And every care of life all seems but vain
When silenced by the early morning rain.

POW63

ABOVE IS PEACE

When on the surface of the earth
The wind doth howl and blow,
And up above a distance short
The wind and tempest rage,

We only have to higher go
To leave the storm below.
When flesh and man us trouble make
At every turn we take,

Let thots then rise to things above,
Far from our earthly cares,
And faith shall pilot us to God,
Into his love and peace.

POW64

THE EXPANSE OF LOVE DIVINE

He loves me! Oh how much the thought entails,
Love that is perfect, love that never fails.
That strengthens me in sorrow or in strife,
Soothes all the trials and the cares of life.

Higher than highest Heaven; so sublime
This love that lifts me up to heights Divine,
Enfolds me, fills my grateful heart with praise,
And lights my pathway with its golden rays.

So high it overlooks man's dreadful sin
And plans the fallen race to save, and win
Mankind for righteousness. To give them life
And free them from the bonds of sin and strife.

A love so deep that nothing can molest
The calm and stillness of its perfect rest;
So deep the very lowest of our race,
In Time shall feel His power and know its grace.

Not e'en the silent shadows of the grave
Can hide from Him the soul He seeks to save;
For in due time He'll call them back again,
Reveal His love, mankind shall serve Him then.

Its length? It teaches out through endless ages--
This love that's sung by prophets and by sages--
The love that never fails, knows no cessation--
Eternity its limit of duration.

So broad, this love, it takes the whole world in.
It sees the vast extent of human sin,
Yet knows no barriers of blood or race
But reaches all with its unfailing grace.

It fills the universe, it lights the stars.
No selfishness its perfect beauty mars.
Increasing--as the need for it increases--
It knows no limits, varies not, nor ceases.

Lord let me lose myself in that great love,
Knowing Thou watchest o'er me from above.
Oh let me feel the Everlasting Arms
That shield from all that threatens or alarms.

Then shall the earthborn shadows flee away
And self shall be absorbed in love's pure ray.
Thine image on this faulty tablet trace
And every earth stain from my heart efface.

Till love like Thine I may--in measure--know
And daily like the perfect pattern grow.
Then, by Thy grace, I'll hear Thy sweet "Well done."
Life lived in love, eternity begun.

POW66

BIBLE CHARACTERS

ADAM

He fell, but at his fall were opened wide
The mighty floodgates of eternal love;
His sin brought death, but on the flowing tide
Of mercy came a Saviour from above.

ABEL

The first recorded martyr of all time,
And by a brother slain -- stupendous crime!
Yet, righteous Abel, happier art thou
Than with the brand of Cain upon thy brow.

POW67

ENOCK

In the dim twilight of an age remote
The path of truth and righteousness he trod.
In Holy Writ the old historian wrote
His epitaph, "And Enoch walked with God."

NOAH

Steadfast in faith, unmoved by scoffs and jeers,
He preached and toiled through long laborious years;
Then from his ship beheld with wondering eyes
And old world perish and a new arise.

ABRAHAM

The friend of God, time honoured patriarch,
His faith sublimely shone in ages dark.
To him the promise, the divine bequest
That in his seed all nations should be blest.

MELCHIZEDEK

In ancient history he stands alone,
A form unique, of lineage unknown.
In him the ranks of priest and king combined,
Type of the future Saviour of mankind.

JOB

"Doth Job serve God for naught?" the tempter said,
And heaped disasters on the patient head;
Yet failed to bring about the good man's fall,
Who, trusting in his God, endured them all.

JOSEPH

Dreamer of dreams, by jealous brethren sold,
Temptation but refined his heart of gold;
In Pharaoh's court he rose to mighty power,
And saved his people in their trying hour.

MOSES

Leader and savior of the chosen race,
Great prophet "whom the Lord knew face to face;"
For weary years, with faith divine imbued,
Through desert ways he led the multitude.

AARON

High priest, anointed by Divine decree,
He typified the Christ that is to be,
Which through the age millennial shall bless
And lead the world to Truth and Righteousness.

JOSHUA

When Israel's great legislator died,
Another valiant leader God supplied,
Who, wise in counsel, skillful in command,
Obtained for them the long-sought Promised Land.

GIDEON

Undaunted by the hosts of Midian,
He, with three hundred faithful chosen men,
Attacked with trumpet blast their camp by night,
And put the enemy to headlong flight.

SAMSON

Against the Philistines invincible,
Yet weak beneath a wily woman's spell;
Blind hero, when his latest moment came,
By one great deed he won eternal fame.

SAMUEL

From early youth to venerable age
He served the Lord as prophet, judge and sage;
Anointed kings, and ever sought to win
The people from their waywardness and sin.

DAVID

Hero and minstrel, King of Israel,
Before his youthful arm Goliath fell;
As shepherd, poet, warrior he sang
Those deathless songs, which down the ages rang.

SOLOMON

To him were given fame and glory more
Than any earthly King had known before;
He built a mighty temple to the Lord,
Yet in his dotage other gods adored.

ELIJAH

As champion of the God of Israel,
Alone he faced the pagan priests of Bel;
Sublime his life, and when the ending came
God took him in a chariot of flame.

ELISHA

Fearless in speech and great in miracle,
On him the mantle of Elijah fell;
He cleansed the Syrian leper from his stain,
And raised the Shunamite to life again.

ISAIAH

In moving tones he sang of One who bore
The world's great weight of grief and sorrow sore;
Then tuned his harp afresh, and in a strain
Of triumph sang Messiah's coming reign.

JEREMIAH

Stern prophet, yet most sorrowful of seers,
For Israel his heart o'erflowed with tears;
In burning words he prophesied the fate
Of Babylon, the wicked and the great.

EZEKIEL

Before his view mysterious visions rolled;
Strange living creatures, wheels with flaming eyes;
From him the grave could not its secrets hold,
He saw the dry bones live, the dead arise.

DANIEL

Time opened wide its vista to his gaze,
In vision he beheld these latter days;
Saw mighty kings and empire rise and fall,
And God's great kingdom superseding all.

JOHN THE BAPTIST

"Repent and be Baptised"--from heart aflame
With righteous wrath the stirring message came;
And with the thousands that obeyed the call
Came One, the Lord and Master of them all.

POW68

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

POW69

WHEN WE GO HOME

When we go home,
After earth's night of pain,
Shall the broad sea at last
Lie voiceless and at rest?
Or shall the breakers roar
With riot of the deep,
Scorning the voice of sleep,
And thus, mid billowy sound,
Shall we go home?

* * *

"Twill matter not, that day;
The going home for us
Will be embraced with love,
Will be enshrined with song.
God's jewels, the true, the tried,
Passed to the other side--
We'll see, a glorious throng,
When we go home.

* * *

When we go home,
In life's great birthday morn,
I think the ocean's roar
Shall melt away in peace
To lullabies of foam,
And heaven's gold shall glow
In the vast vault, and so,
On the breast of love's full tide,
We shall go home.

HAST THOU CONSIDERED?

Hast thou considered, hast thou thot
Of all the wonders God hath wrought?
The moon and stars that crown the night?
The sun that brings the morning light?
Of this, hast thou considered?

Hast thou considered flowers that grow?
They neither spin, nor do they sow,
Yet God sends for them rain and dew,
So He'll provide all things for you.
Of these, hast thou considered?

Hast thou considered His great power?
How he protects you every hour?
That whether waking or asleep
His angels doth their vigil keep?
Hast thou of this considered?

Dost thou consider, child of God,
The wondrous plan shown in His Word?
How He hath called you for a bride
His precious Son to stand beside?
Dost thou of this consider?

Yes, gracious Father and our Lord,
We praise and thank thee for thy Word,
Our prayer shall ever always be,
That by thy grace we'll reign with thee.
O, help us to consider!

IN COMES THE MIGHTY TIDE

The Bar may rave, and break the wave,
But it can't keep back the tide;
The rollers crack, and are driven back,
But the sea is satisfied,
For its waters move from a thousand leagues,
And cannot be denied.
The shores may shake where the billows break,
But in comes the mighty tide.

* * *

"Ha, ha," says the Bar, "I can conquer you--
Wave with the crest of show."
So he slaps his knee, and he laughs in glee
At the defeated foe;
For every attempt the strong wave makes
Is foiled by the Bar with pride.
Oh foolish notion! Keep back the ocean?
In comes the mighty tide.

* * *

The world may rave and break Truth's wave,
But it can't keep back the tide.
In measures long with a solemn song,
Truth takes its silent stride.
Oh never the Bar could win the war
Though a million times it tried.
While shudders the earth with a new world's birth;
In comes the mighty tide.

POW70

HIS WAY IS BEST

"All things shall work together for good to them
that love God..." Romans 8:28

* * *

Just how this statement can be true
Perhaps has often puzzled you.
You've wondered how that "all things" could
Work out for your eternal good;
How trouble, sorrow, and unrest
Could work together for the best.
How this could be, you did not know,
And yet, you felt it must be so.

* * *

Now "all things" mean both good and bad,
Yes, things that really make you sad.
It means your sickness and your health,
Your poverty as well as wealth.
Of trouble you will have your share
While in this world of toil and care.
But rest assured, you have a Friend
Who knows your life from start to end.

* * *

Should God permit dark clouds some day
To cast a gloom across your way,
Just take it as your Father's will.
You're in His care--He loves you still.
Be not alarmed, nor be cast down,
"Tis through these trials you win a crown.
All earthly sorrow soon shall cease,
While joys eternal shall increase.

* * *

There's much we do not understand,
But "all things" are within His hand.
Remember God's mysterious plan
Cannot be solved by mortal man;
But when we reach the land of rest,
We then shall see that He knew best.
The things we had not understood,
We'll then realize were for our good.

COURAGE

Courage when the way seems long,
Courage when your plans go wrong.
Courage when your heart would break,
Courage, God your hand doth take.
Courage when misunderstood,
Courage -- this can work for good.
Courage beats the devil down,
Courage chases every frown.
Courage, yes, 'tis sent of God.
Courage found within his Word.
Courage? pray, and it will come
And see you to your Kingdom-home.

POW71

FOLLOWING ON

Dear Lord, I count this privilege so sweet,
To follow in the narrow way Thy feet
Have opened up,
I'll follow on.

Tho fortune change, as change it ever must,
Tho steep the path and rough, with peace and trust
And courage high,
I'd follow on.

Where e'er Thy precious will and providence
May lead, tho weak the flesh, in confidence
With joyful heart,
I'll follow on.

Knowing that thy loving hand, tho stern,
At times must forcefully and firmly turn
My wayward course,
That I may follow on.

And thus by patient leading, day by day,
You'll help me to so run this narrow way,
That victory may crown
My following on.

So when the lessons of this way are past
And in Thy precious presence Lord, at last
I stand,
Just let me follow on.

BREAK NOT DEAR HEART

Dear heart, break not tho cruel be thy wound.
This, too, will pass!
The weariest day will end in sunset light;
And dawn must follow e'en the darkest night.

Nor drink too deeply of life's honeyed cup.
This too, will pass!
Caressing hands will lose their loving touch;
And words mean nothing that once meant much.

Ah, then, whate'er thy state, seek thou content--
This will *not* pass!--
Thy rest in God. He only knows and cares:
His heart of love thine every sorrow shares.

BE STRONG!

Be strong!
We are not here to play,--to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle--face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,--O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,--fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

POW72

CAUSE FOR REJOICING

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say,
Rejoice."--*Philippians* 4:4.

"He careth for you." -- What a cause to rejoice!
For this is God's promise to you and to me.
If we will but trust Him with faith firm and full,
The peace He has promised more constant will be.

His Word tells us over and over again
And His Word we know is both steadfast and true
That He will direct us and keep us from harm,
Providing what's needful for me and for you.

With infinite wisdom and bountiful love,
Plus unfailing justice, great power and might,
Our Father's great plan of the ages moves on
Unknown to the world, deeply hidden from sight.

Preparing the "worthies" of old is complete;
Our Master's great sacrifice carried out, too;
And now God is working in us day by day --
Completing the "bride class" remains yet to do.

While earth's woes and troubles do daily increase,
To us they but herald the Kingdom's glad day,
Then let us rejoice, as we patiently wait,
Well knowing He's with us each step of the way.

By keeping our minds firmly fixed on these truths,
No room will be left for our worry and care;
In fully accepting His will as the best,
With joy let us serve Him and thank Him in prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMMISSION

Art thou down-hearted child of God?
If thou would'st courage seek,
Forget thyself -- go forth and tell
Glad tidings to the meek.

Is thy heart sad because of loss?
Go forth and take this token,
Tell all that mourn, that soon our God
Will death's great prison open.

For ashes, beauty -- oil of joy,
And praise as garments strong,
Instead of hearts of heaviness,
Their souls shall fill with song.

While God today his vengeance shows,
On nations great and small,
Teach them to pray "Thy Kingdom come"--
God's blessings on them all.

This then is thy commission now,
Go forth and do thy part,
And thou wilt find the greatest joy
Lies deep within thy heart.

GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know,
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
Here are the cares and the tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
The frowns and furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
So give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections
Of flowers that bloom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
Of blessing such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
So give them the flowers now!

POW73

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend -- till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleasing tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "Two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies,
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying --
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go --
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver:
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

IF WE'D BEEN THERE

If we had lived in Jesus' day
How faithful we'd have been;
We'd not have slept but vigil kept,
If we'd been with him then.

If we had lived in Jesus' day
His feet we would have washed,
We'd not have waited for another
Upon him to attend.

And in his hour of trial and need
We near to him had been.
When his forsook, we'd have remained
So very near to him.

When on his way to Calvary
We would have volunteered
To aid him with the heavy load;
If we'd been with him there.

We cannot serve so person'ly
For he's no longer flesh,
But risen now to heights divine,
Forever free from pain.

But even since he's glorified
His words do us instruct,
As done to him, things done to his;
So dear to him his own.

To us the priv'lege doth remain
And we may do for him
By wakin' to the needs of his,
Still in the "Narrow Way."

The feet of him are with us still;
Still weary trav'lers tread,
And these we ever may refresh
By living waters spread.

In helping with another's cross
Our love we show for *Him*,
And thus he *knows* what we'd have done
If we'd been there with him!

**LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH . . .
BE ACCEPTABLE IN THY SIGHT.**

Psalms 19:14

With words we may our thoughts convey,
And words have power to bud and flower,
To bring forth fruit for good or ill,

To good incite or good to kill.
Then let us always words well weigh,
For by our words by night or day,
We shall be judged by what we say.

POW74

DARKNESS AND DAWN

A Graveyard Reverie

Oh, City of the Dead, what thou couldst tell,
 What tales unfold!
Of all the captives thou hast here in hell,
 The young, the old.
The soft grass waves, the birds above them fly;
And loved ones rend the air with bitter cry;
But, here, unconscious of it all, they lie
 So still and cold.

Oh, City of the Dead, your master death,
 Claims all the earth,
And sets his mark on Adam's hapless sons
 Before their birth.
A little while he may be kept at bay,
A life prolonged a year, a month, a day,
But soon or later, he demands his prey
 At every hearth.

Sometimes he warns them of his dread approach
 By racking pain,
"Gainst which, loves watch combined with skill and power,
 Are spent in vain,
Sometimes, like thunder bolt from clearest sky
His victims drop without a word or cry;
And crepe, and hearse, and pall, all testify,
 To his dread reign.

Oh, City of the Dead, with heads bowed low
 They sadly come,
And lay their dear loved dead with tender hands,
 In their last home.
And then -- poor souls -- with breaking hearts they go
And leave them here, where storms of rain and snow
And wintry winds beat wildly to and fro
 With dreary moan.

As my mind wanders o'er the sin-cursed earth,
I stand appalled:
An hundred thousand new made graves each day
Where hot tears fall,
No wonder Jesus wept at Lazarus' tomb,
When He foresaw, how deep would be the gloom
Ere He, His kingly power could assume,
And break sin's thrall.

That long procession, moving ever on,
Strikes our hearts dumb;
With anguish keen, we voice our only hope,
Thy Kingdom Come.
Sore need have men of words of hope and cheer,
"Tis ours to tell them that the morn is near:
And all earth's sorrow clouds shall disappear,
Before the Sun.

POW75

Death, I have come to have a word with Thee,
To tell thee here,
By these still graves, where thy dead victims lie:
Thine end is near.
Man's path thru centuries thou hast marked with blood;
But, oh, thou Terror! in the Holy Word
Thy doom is written, by Almighty God,
In language clear.

Jehovah sent His Son as mortal man,
That He might go,
Down in the tomb, be held in bonds of thee
Man's deadly foe.
That man might be released, brought back again,
To share the blessings of Messiah's reign;
And that, to life once lost, he might attain;
Its fullness known.

Think not, oh Death, Christ's new begotten mind
 Could holden be,
The Father quickened Him on highest plane
 Immortal, free;
Divine in nature, now, He reigns in power
That shall increase with every passing hour;
He has thy keys, oh Death, He'll make thee cower,
 And vanquish thee.

He is thy master, Death, and when His time
 Has fully come,
He who hath power of death, this world's dread prince,
 Shall meet his doom:
Those angels who have wreaked on man their hate,
And who have not regained their lost estate,
With *Hell*, and *thee*, grim death, shall meet their fate
 Within the tomb.

Dost think, oh Death, that man will shed a tear
 Because thou'rt gone?
The whole glad world will dance upon *thy* grave,
 With joyous song!
Methinks our ancient sires, will lead the strain,
And all their children join with might and main,
Until the hosts of Heaven shall catch the strain,
 And pass it on.

By faith, I catch a glimpse of that blest day,
 Earth's Golden Age,
Dreamed of by poet, written of by seer,
 Sought for by sage,
When eyes long blinded, come at last to see
The glorious meaning of earth's Jubilee.
When man no more shall helpless victim be
 Of sin's dread wage.

POW76

I see the earth made glorious indeed;
 Her storms all o'er;
On mountain, valley, over hill and plain
 From shore to shore,
The fields and groves in radiant beauty lay,
Abundantly supplying day by day
The needs of all; grim want has flown away
 From every door.

And there, as princes over all the earth,
I see a race
Who look like gods; so grand of form are they
So full of grace:
In ages past, they walked by faith alone,
Earth's holy ones, from Abel down to John:
And now, as rulers on the earthly throne
They take their place.

In righteousness they rule, with iron rod;
And justice lays
Her lines and angles straight, and true, and plain;
While love surveys
The fallen race; and then with tender hand
She leads them day by day, in paths so grand;
Until with joy they choose to walk, and stand,
In wisdom's ways.

Grim war has ceased; its signs are nowhere found
The whole world thru;
And all the deadly implements of strife
Are shaped anew,
And used to till the garden and the field;
The onetime sword as pruning hooks they wield
To dress the groves, whose bending boughs rich yield
The Orchards strew.

Man's curse, laborious and incessant toil,
First fruits of sin,
And Eve's dread sentence, on her daughters laid
Hath lifted been,
Instead of sweat of face with groans and signs,
With magic ease, he, every want supplies;
And long sweet hours are left for exercise
Of heart and mind.

The world's blind eyes are being opened now,
The deaf ears hear;
And truth long hidden, shines o'er all the earth
With radiance clear;
They learn of God's great love, His wisdom grant,
His justice stern, the power at His command:
And as they view it all, in awe they stand,
And Him revere.

POW77

And as they study Nature's open book,
New light is thrown
Upon the mighty powers that around them lay
So long unknown.
With perfect minds new visions they attain
The things which baffled them are now made plain
O'er Nature's forces they, the mastery gain,
And claim their own.

But oh! the crowning joy of all, is this
Those who have lain
Within the silent tombs, thru all the years
Of death's dark reign,
Those whose bleached bones upon the desert lie
Those whom old Ocean thinks to hold for aye
And those whose ashes with the winds do fly
Come back again.

What cries of joy are heard on every side,
As loved ones press
Their long lost friends to hearts, that overflow
With thankfulness,
And all the anguish of the bitter years,
The loneliness, the pain, the awful fears
That wrung the heart, are washed away in tears
Of happiness.

Some died believing that their spirits would
In heaven dwell;
Some died with shrieks and curses on their lips,
In fear of hell:
Some welcomed death as sweet release from pain,
Some thought, forever dead they would remain,
All stand amazed, to find themselves again
Alive and well.

But greater wonder stirs them at the change
 Since they lay down.
No sickness or disease in all the earth
 Can now be found;
Sweet peace and plenty, both, have come to stay,
And none have power to harm in that blest day,
The righteous kingdom laws all must obey
 The world around.

The princes tell how Christ the Ransom paid,
 And now doth reign;
That Adam's race enslaved so long by sin,
 Might all obtain
One chance for life, one chance for every one
To hear the Gospel of God's blessed Son,
And hearing, gain the perfect life, upon
 The human plane.

POW78

As on the broad Highway of Holiness
 They are all led,
In answer to *their* prayers, still others come
 Back from the dead.
One generation, then another comes
To find warm loving hearts, and waiting homes,
Till over all the earth from zone to zone
 The gladness spreads.

At last there comes a day when all are raised,
 Except the pair
Who once went forth from Eden's blest abode,
 In deep despair;
For everything was lost; dominion, home,
The right to live; as convicts, doomed to roam,
Death, following, persued them to the tomb
 And held them there.

But their long sleep of centuries is past,
And death has fled;
As o'er their graves the voice of power rings out
And wakes the dead.
As they come forth, the air resounds with song
That floats on every breeze from every tongue
And Adam stands among that mighty throng
Its primal head.

With that grand song still ringing in my ears,
And thrilling me,
I waken from my reverie, and lo!
Once more I see
The silent graves; and as I lift my eyes
I see the cloud of trouble higher rise
And hear the poor creation's groans and cries
Of misery.

But looking further still, beyond the clouds,
I see the rays
Of that Millennial Dawn which ushers in,
Earth's glory-day.
The storm comes on with an increasing roar;
But yonder light streams brighter than before;
With heart of faith, I worship and adore,
And humbly pray,

Our Father, God, in reverent love we kneel
Above these tombs,
And thank thee, that we see within thy Word
This dreadful gloom
Shall flee away as mists before the sun;
And on this earth thy will shall yet be done;
And thy great love be known by every one
Beneath these stones.

POW79

HAVING DONE ALL

Having done all O then let us stand.
"Quit you like men and be strong."
The prayer of your faith shall be mighty to save
When the watching and waiting seems long.

Our Master is here, O let us rejoice
When we see all the tumult and strife.
He walks on the waves and will quiet the storm,
Bringing peace to those weary of life.

We can't be faint-hearted with vict'ry so near.
God has called us to herald the day.
Together let's stand in the faith that's of old,
Trusting Him to the end of the way.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

This is the time, when from the fertile fields
The harvest of the year is gathered in;
When all the fruits that kindly autumn yields
Are safely stored ere winter's frosts begin;
And men are bringing to the house of prayer
Their offerings of fruit and flowers and gain,
To celebrate God's providential care,
And to adorn His Altar once again.
Come, then, ye patient tillers of the soil,
Whose lives are spent in hard and honest toil,
And think of Him Who opens wide His hand
And scatters blessings freely o'er the land;
Within the portals of His house appear,
And thank Him for the harvest of the year.

HE KNOWS

The years they come, the years they go;
The years they come and go.
But what is weal and what is woe,
How can we surely know?

We see but part and not the whole.
How can we know or judge?
For that which tries, may strengthen too,
And losses needful be.

The good we crave might prove an ill
To fix our hearts below.
Let's do our best in all that comes,
Our God doth see the whole!

POW80

DISCIPLINE

The hammer of thy discipline, O Lord,
Strikes fast and hard. Life's anvil rings again
To thy strong strokes. And yet we know 'tis then
That from the heart's hot iron all abroad
The rich glow spreads. Great Fashioner divine,
Who spareth not, in thy farseeing plan,
The blows that shape the character of man,
Or fire that makes him yield to touch of thine,
Strike on, then, if thou wilt! For thou alone
Canst rightly test the temper of our will,
Or tell how these base metals may fulfil
Thy purpose--making all our life thine own.
Only we do beseech thee, let the pain
Of fiery ordeals through which we go
Shed all around us such a warmth and glow,
Such cheerful showers of sparks in golden rain,
That hard hearts may be melted, cold hearts fired,
And callous hearts be taught to feel and see
That discipline is more to be desired
Than all the ease that keeps us back from thee.

FELLOWSHIP

Oh how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here,
And tell of Jesus and His love!
When by faith we can see Him and feel His presence near,
And lift our longing souls above.

We are pilgrims of Zion, tho trials we must bear,
Which all are blessings in disguise;
Tho the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear
In heaven, where pleasures never die.

When we walk thru the valley and shadow of the tomb,
Dear Savior, thou wilt be our guide;
And Thy smile like a sunbeam will light beyond the gloom,
And keep Thy people at Thy side.

GOD'S FULLNESS

May the fullness of God's blessings encompass all our way;
The fullness of his promises crown every bright'ning day;
The fullness of his glory come beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fullness of his love.

POW81

IT IS WRITTEN

If we would know thy will O Lord
We'll seek the pages of thy Word.
Within thy book all knowledge lies,
Its secrets hid from great and wise.
The Truth like shining jewels fair
The humble shall find hidden there.
There's strength and hope and courage too,
For all who will its words pursue.
When testings come, hard to endure,
God's written promises are sure.
Yes, "It is written" Jesus said
When by the devil he was led.
God's Word a power can always be
To make the adversary flee.
If we would be approved of God
We'll study his most precious Word.

POW83

GIVING

Love withheld is love at last.
So may we learn some day:
The only things we truly have
Are those we give away.

And kindness that is never used,
But hid instead of shown,
Will slowly disappear, you know,
And change the heart to stone.

The things we'd hoard for self,
We're apt to lose some day--
The only things we really keep
Are those we give away.

ROMANS FIFTEEN ONE

We who are strong, and who is not
In some particular.
Wherein we're strong we ought to bear
The weakness of the weak.

We who are weak, and who is not
In some particular.
May well find strength in time of need
By those once weak, made strong.

COME NOT, DEAR HEART

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

HEART GIFTS

It's not the things that can be bought
That are life's richest treasure
It's just the little
"heart gifts"
That money cannot measure--
A cheerful smile, a friendly word,
Are priceless little treasures
of our God--
They are the things that can't be bought
With silver or with gold,
For thoughtfulness and kindness
And love are never sold--
They are the priceless things in life
For which no one can pay,
And the giver finds rich recompense
In giving them away.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

SOWING

Ever as I go thru life
Help me, Lord, to brighten
Those who journey with me,
And their burdens lighten.
Like a gift, a trust from thee
Help me so to use it,
Knowing what on earth I sow
I at last shall reap it.

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is a mirror of king and slave.
"Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

POW84

GOD LOVED THE MAN HE MADE

God did bestow on man he made
Those faculties which made him blest;
To hear, to see, to smell, to taste,
To feel, and in his image be.

And God did love the man he made,
Pronouncing him as "very good:"
Providing him with garden home;
Surrounding him with fruit and flower.

And when among creation lower
Companion was not found for him,
Then God did make for him a mate,
Which helpmate, woman, named he Eve.

Among the gifts God gave to man
Volition and the choice to will --
To do, where not among the least;
And these God would not violate.

God saw man's course but would not force
That man should do his will -- yet still
Life to be blest must well conform
To moral law; obedient be to God.

So God decreed continued life
Depended on obedience;
Tho he foresaw that under stress
The course of man would lead therefrom.

And man would forfeit life God-given
To perish in eternal death.
Yet in his Son our God did know
Was willingness to take the place,

Of sinful man condemned to die,
That man might be restored again,
And so it was because God loved,
So loved he gave his only Son,

That on him those who should believe
In this or in a future time,
Should not forever perished be,
But life might find with lesson learned.

A lesson learned forevermore --
Sin's undesirability,
The justice and the love of God,
As also that of his dear Son.

GOD AND REASON

Eternal God, did form the man,
Endowed him finite in degree
With those same attributes as his,
And though his own are limitless,
Beyond the ken and scope of man,
The human mind doth image bear
Of that which infinite is in Him.
As this is so it must appear
However good or perfect man,
In reason, wisdom, or in love;
In these however blest he be,
Above him God transcendent is.

But 'tis because God made us thus.
Wherein we're wise, how much more God;
Wherein we're just, He doth excel;
Wherein we love, he loveth more.

And so with reason God hath given,
We needs must know that what to us,
Doth reason lack, to Him it lacketh more.
So when to us the creeds of men
Depict him neither wise nor kind,
Then reason must the creed deny;
For God is light, who dwells in light;
And in Him is no dark at all.

How blest our eyes, as rightly we divide
His Word of truth to see revealed,
The length and breadth of his great plan,
A God of wisdom, love and power.

THE LORD OUR PORTION

No longer with divided heart
We seek, O Lord, the throne of grace:
With everything we gladly part
That hides from us Thy loving face.

No longer in the dust we grope,
In search of earthly treasures vain;
We lift our heads in faith and hope,
Desiring only thee to gain.

In doing all Thy love demands
An all-absorbing joy we find;
We grasp the plough with both our hands,
And cast no longing look behind.

From worldly aims and wishes free,
We fix our gaze upon the goal;
Our aspirations flow to Thee,
As turns the magnet to the pole.

Thy love, dear Lord, has swept away
The last obscuring shades of night,
And now we pray that day by day
Our feet may travel in the light.

POW87

A HYMN

When over the hilltop the morning appears,
And chases the night with its dreams and its fears,
My heart leaps with joy and I offer my praise
To Him who doth brighten my days.

As noon pours its sunshine in radiant streams,
And nature responds to the life-giving beams,
With joy I inhale the sweet breath of His love --
The fragrance Divine from above.

When softly around us the night shadows throng,
And hushed are earth's voices, the shout and the song,
With faith, which no darkness can weaken or dim,
I yield myself wholly to Him.

NATURE IN COLOR

Nature's God, how great a painter!
Sunset beauty, sunrise glory;
Colors endless changing ever.
Mixing, blending, never ending,
Always in the firmament expanding.
Colors endless, changing ever.

At times nights in Northern regions--
Treat us to aurora borealis--
Celestial wonder, heavenly pageant,
Electric, changing grand display,
Spasmodic, symphony of color,
Rainbowic flashes "gainst the dark.
Mysterious kaleidoscopic fantasy;
Heavenly wonder of the sky!

REFLECTIONS

Down by the shore, on jutting rocks,
 We sat and gazed upon the view
Which stretched like rare and perfect art
 In gorgeous green, dark brown and blue.

The glassy lake reflected well:
 The trees and grasses decked with dew,
The clean white house on further side,
 The birds which swift and quiet flew.

While gazing silently, we thought
 Of how our hearts are mirrors too,
Reflecting qualities of God --
 If we are trusting Him and true;

But when we fail to rest in Him,
 Our fainting hearts become perturbed;
They then cannot reflect so well,
 Nor could the lake, when winds disturbed.

THE NATIVITY

Once in time remove in Eden
All was bliss serene and peaceful.
Eve and Adam lived obedient
To their God and his commandments.

How long thus they lived we know not.
But we know in record left us
Man thru sin and disobedience
Brought both death and pain upon him.

Lost his home and life in Eden;
Lost him all of his dominion;
Lost his favor and communion
With Jehovah his creator.

Children which to Eve and Adam
Late came -- with life in forfeit,
Did a dying life inherit;
Some to die before their parents.

Inexperience and deception
Played their part in man's transgression,
Tho beforehand God had stated
Death the penalty for sinning.

Justice drove them from the garden
Thus the dying process started,
For the trees which life sustain'ed
Were within the bounds of Eden.

Love would not abridge God's justice;
But God indicated sometime
In a way not plainly stated
There lay hope thru "Seed" of promise.

For the "Seed," the Seed thru woman,
"Head it shall bruise of the serpent."
Thus some ray of hope was given
Even as they left fair Eden.

Rapidly things seemed to worsen
In that first world dispensation.
Angels flesh assuming, mingled
Seed with those of Adam's daughters
Hybrid progeny producing
Men of stature and renown'ed.
God looked down and did behold him,
Man's imagination evil --
Violence and evil rampant.
So God overthrew that order,
Saving Noah and his family
All the rest by flood destroying.

Generations multiplying
Bring us down to Abraham, when
Now again more clearly stated
Is the "Seed" of promise mentioned.

Abraham it was God favored
For his faith and his obedience,
And to him God made the promise
That in him and in his seed, should
All the families of the earth be
Blessed and should the earth inherit.
Now most definite is the promise
That some "Seed" of Abraham would
All the families of the earth bless.
How or when or at what cost, was
Not to man by God disclos'ed.
But this promise made to Abram
Was confirmed to his son Isaac;
God by word and oath declared it.

Jacob's name was changed to Isra'l.
Sons of his became a nation,
Who inherited this promise.
"Seed," they looked for -- the "Messiah,"
Who should bring God's promised blessing.
But this "Seed" who as redeemer
Should man's life and home restore him,
Must to satisfy God's justice;
To release the human family
Be a corresponding price, then,
To the man who life did forfeit;
Who himself would bear the penalty,
Penalty of death which rested
Now on Adam and his children.

Thus it was that God provided
Transfer for the life of Jesus
From the heavenly plane to human.
So in God's due time announcement
Of the birth of one as Saviour,
Who, when grown to man's estate would
Give his life for father Adam;
Give his *human* life forever
To recover life for Adam.
So we celebrate the coming
Of the One God sent to save us:
Celebrate on date in error
Knowing not the date for certain;
Celebrate in custom faulty;
Celebrate not full discerning
Of the cost to God the giver --
Nor to Jesus in the giving
Of his life on Calvary's hillside.
May we view that great transaction,
In God's plan for man's redemption,
In that "Seed," by him provided
In the coming of our Savior
With both loyal hearts and thankful.

POW89

"OH, WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?"

A nameless chill pervaded all the air,
On that gray morn, long centuries ago,
As through the city's narrow streets there crept
Two women on their way to Calvary.
The fragrant odors of sweet spices told
Of their sad errand to the tomb of Him
They loved. And as they neared the garden where
Their blessed Lord was laid, a sudden fear
Took hold upon their eager, loving hearts--
The sepulchre was hewn from solid rock,
A great stone had been rolled before the door,
And sealed with Pilate's royal signature--
They felt their weakness, and in anguish cried,
"Oh, who shall roll for us the stone away?"
But faith grew bold, they urged their faltering steps--
When lo! they found an Angel from the Lord
Had rolled away the stone, and sat thereon!

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

POW91

OUR RESURRECTION

Had we been there beloved Lord
When on that night you knelt
With anguished prayer upon your lips,
Would *we* your grief have felt?
Had we been there?

Had we been near, O precious Lord
When traveling Calvary's road
You fell beneath the cross you bore,
Would *we* have born the load?
Had we been near?

That early morn would we have gone
And sought thy sacred tomb
That we might thus annoint thee there
With spice and sweet perfume?
That early morn?

What joy is ours, for thou art raised
And nevermore shalt die.
Thy blood was shed that we might live,
Thy name we glorify!
What *joy* is ours!

We'll follow on, the call is clear
For all to consecrate.
A life anew in us begun,
All else do we forsake.
We'll follow on!

Then raised with him when life is o'er,
A crown for every cross.
What resurrection joy we'll know!
What gain for every loss!
When raised with Him!

RESURRECTION

Is it "a thing incredible . . .
That God should raise the dead?"
It is the Bible's teaching clear --
This resurrection hope.

And so tho death still takes its toll,
The toll of the condemned;
It took the life of one as well
Who had the *right* to live.

Which right he sacrificed in death
That man might ransomed be;
That life Christ gave he took not back,
His perfect *human* life.

And these life rights to Justice given
Shall lift from man the curse.
And tho to some incredible,
God's power shall raise the dead.

POW92

THE MEN ON THE WALL

2 Kings 18
2 Chron. 29-30
Isaiah 36-37

Now our story begins in the days long ago
When the nations did fight with the sword and the bow;
Then was Israel divided in ten tribes and two;
With the ten tribes called Israel and Judah the two.

Israel's kings had departed from God as foretold,
And had misled the people in sins manifold
In forsaking Jehovah and in worship of Baal,
So that God did permit that Assyria prevail.

Now God's people lie captive in land not their own,
To endure sore chastisement for what they had sown.
E'en Hosea their king is a vassal, a slave,
On who neither himself nor his people can save.

Hezekiah in Judah ascendeth the throne
At a time when in Judah the people were prone,
In forsaking the Lord, after false gods to go,
And their worship on idols inane they bestow.

Hezekiah at once did begin swift reform,
With his visage determined, as chaff before storm
He the "high places," altars and idols destroyed;
And in work of the Lord all his talents employed.

He did clean out the temple and ordered repairs,
And had priesthood rededicate it to the Lord.
He did open its doors with both offerings and prayers,
Hezekiah did right, and shall have his reward.

Now the king of Assyria did messengers send,
With most ominous threats as to how he would rend
Him the kingdom of Judah, should they him resist,
Or persist in their faith in the Lord to insist.

This Sennacherib king of Assyria sent three,
They were Tartan, Rabsares, Rabshakeh, these three;
And these three by the king of Assyria sent
To the conduit by wall of Jerusalem went.

And they called that the king Hezekiah draw near.
He refused, but three envoys he sent for to hear --
With forebodings, as enemy armies were near,
And her fountains around, Judah cut off in fear.

Then thus spoke Rabshakeh to them on the wall:
"Thus saith the great king to you one and all,
"O how frail are the hands thou hast confidence in,
For my foes who opposed have all vanquish-ed been.

POW93

"Undependable Egypt, deserting if pressed
Would but wound sore the hand which upon her did rest.
And Jehovah your God -- bah! What great God is he?
And what gods *have* delivered? None ever there be?"

Now a fear cometh over the men on the wall,
And the envoys of Judah its spread would fore-stall,
So request that in Syrian henceforth they converse.
But the spokesman Rabshakeh, continued perverse.

This Rabshakeh indeed was a reprobate Jew,
Being spokesman insisting they speak in Hebrew;
For he would have his words strike with terror and fear
Both to those on the wall and to all who might hear.

So in language ironic, blasphemous, profane
He did boast of invincible might in the reign
Of Sennacherib. "Why suicidal resist?"
He did urge to revolt, if they still would exist.

Hezekiah had charged that none answer him aught,
So the men on the wall they did answer him naught,
But they rent them their clothes to their king went with dread
And did tell him of all that Rabshakeh had said.

Which, when Hezekiah did hear, rent his clothes
And in house of the Lord prayed that God interpose.
Then his servants and priests to Isaiah he sent
Dressed in sackcloth and mourning and with their clothes rent.

And the message he sent, it was to this intent:
"That at time for the birth all our strength has been spent;
That this day is a day of rebuke and reproach,
There are gathered the war clouds, the foe doth approach.

"But it may be the Lord hath both heard and will note
Of the blasphemous words that Sennacherib wrote,
And the message he sent by Rabshakeh as well.
Let us pray to the Lord that our foes he repel.

"O, Isaiah, was it wrong when with gold, peace I sought?
Now for naught was this peace with Sennacherib bought
With the things of the temple of gold being wrought.
No way out! For all ways are with danger so fraught!

"Unto God we intreat that He answer conceit,
And deceit of our foes to mistreat -- with defeat.
O, Isaiah, thou servant of God, the Most High,
May He answer us then or we perish and die!"

Then did King Hezekiah in faith go about
And repaired him the walls both within and without.
And in comfort he spoke to the people and said,
"Be ye strong and courageous for God hath us led.

POW94

"Why afraid or dismayed at the multitude host?
But on arm which is flesh, have they whereof to boast?
But with God on our side we are more, more than they."
And the people they rested in words he did say.

The Isaiah of Amos the son sent his friend
Hezekiah, a message from God, to this end:
"I have heard what thou prayed me concerning this king,
King Sennacherib, whom most assuredly I'll bring --

Bring him back as he came, by the way that he took
Shall he look, as I turn him about with a hook
In his nose, and I'll bridle his lips till he knows
In the city he shan't come, nor shoot arrow as he goes."

An angel at night, then did pass from the Lord,
Smote by pestilence or blast that Sennacherib horde.
On the morn when awoke them, the men on the wall,
They beheld them, their enemy, corpses most all.

So Sennacherib, boaster, returned as he came,
In defeat from the Lord, and with face full of shame.
There were none that would now to him honor accord,
When in house of his lord, he was slain with a sword.

Antitypical Israelites we, as on stage,
We do stand on a wall at the end of an age.
"Tis our faith is our wall, and the conduit of truth
Which doth under it flow, giveth life then forsooth.

By our faith fortified, by the truth well supplied,
We are still not impregnable, much may betide.
But when thus we're supplied and with God on our side
We invulnerable are, whosoever deride.

Our Sennacherib foe is the devil we know,
And Rabshakehs too, he hath with him to sow
False alarm and distrust and disunity, too.
May we stay on the wall, ever loyal and true.

Though the flesh may be frail, we shall still yet prevail
As we valiantly fight down the fears which assail.
If we trust and obey, then His arm shall us stay,
And our prayer He shall answer to end of the way.

POW95

"WITH CHRIST APART"

Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ apart from joy or fray
Of life, to see His face
To look, if but a moment at its grace
And grow, by brief companionship more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do,
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time in thought our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure,
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day, will help us walk erect
Thru storms and flood; detect
Within the hidden life, sins dross its stains;
Revive our thoughts of love for Him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.

POW96

THE TOOLS OF THE MASTER BUILDER

I watched him in awe as I stood by him there,
This builder that worked with such skill --
As I saw him pick up with most infinite care
Each tool that he wished at his will.

They were many and varied, but each in its place.
Tho some were strange looking and queer.
There were hammers and saws, chisels and brace,
Tools of steel looking cold and severe.

But O what a change when the great builder chose
Just the tool for the time and the place,
For under his hand from the earth there arose
A building of beauty and grace.

What a lesson, I thought, for each child of the Lord
Of submission to God's holy will.
He's our great "Master-Builder" who reveals thru His Word
How he's building his Temple with skill.

We are the tools that he chooses to use,
Not too few or too many are there.
So when he picks you for a task, don't refuse,
In that Temple you too have a share.

The great Master-Builder has need for each one,
Perhaps you're the tool he doth seek.
Let us rest in his hand "til the work is all done,
And his temple is grandly complete.

TALKING WITH MY FATHER

I love to talk to my Father
In the quiet hours of the night.
Then the trials of the day seem to vanish away
And hide themselves from my sight.

I love to talk to my Father!
He's never too tired to hear.
If the day has seemed long and things have gone wrong
He seems *especially* near.

I thank Him for all of my blessings,
And yes, for the trials that come too.
What tree would grow strong if no storms came along?
"Tis Winter brings Spring fresh and new.

I ask Him for strength to press onward,
To help me my burdens to bear.
And so for the morrow, no troubles I borrow --
Remembering for me He doth care.

POW97

BEHOLD!

Behold the Babe! There is for Him
No room but in the stable dim.
Among the placid oxen there
He sleeps, all innocent and fair.
Heaven's brightest gem in casket rude encased;
The world's Redeemer in a manger placed.

Behold the Man! A lonely form,
Erect before the howling storm
Of angry voices and the rude
Revilings of the multitude.
Amid the buffetings of human hands,
The Son of God, the world's great hero stands.

Behold the King! To Him is given
Authority in earth and heaven.
In glory on the great white throne
He sits, encircled by his own;
While loud His praise the choir celestial sings;
The Man of Sorrows, now the King of kings.

POW98

MARY OF BETHANY

Matt. 26:6-13

John 12:1-8

Mark 14:3-9

When Jesus knew his hour was nigh,
As Scriptures to him testify,
How on the cross he soon would die,
The fallen race of man to buy;

He sets his face Jerusalem way,
But stops he first at Bethany
Before his hour of destiny;
Before should end his short life's day.

The Lazarus, Martha, Mary, home,
Held fast in hallowed memories store
Doth greet him now e'en as before;
The spot most dear "neath heaven's dome.

"Twas here their brother Lazarus died,
Christ's friend by death's grim hand was slain.
But Jesus raised him up again;
God's power used, God glorified.

And now they've made for him a feast,
Where Lazarus sits with him at meat,
And Mary who learned at his feet,
With Martha's service not the least.

*Mary's eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, -- he was dead, and there he sits,
And he who brought him back is there.

*Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

*All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Savior's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

But there was one beheld the act
Whose mind was blind to love's devotion,
Who by his comment caused commotion --
"Why not have given to those who lacked?"

"The costly perfume being sold
Could have been used to feed the poor."
For thus said Judas, thinking more
Of self, less of the poor, than gold.

For he it was who held the bag,
And took of that they put therein.
His selfish heart had brought forth sin
And ever lower him did drag.

Then Jesus said, "Let her alone,
She hath done what she could for me:
For burial anointed me
Before the time; leave her alone.

"And when ye do the gospel preach,
This act of hers ye shall recount,
Of one who gave in large amount."
Such love our Master us would teach.

Oh, act bespeaking love compelling;
Compelling love bespoken act,
When Mary broke the perfume sweet
To pour it on the Master's feet!

Oh Mary, we would learn of thee
Our Lord, to put all else before:
To serve him first evermore,
Nor count as dear the things we see.

**Tennyson.*

POW100

OUR HEAVENLY HOME

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

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

And year by year *the golden chain* grows longer, that doth draw
Us closer to our heavenly home, as one by one, "the priests"
In silence pass beneath "the veil"--each one *an added link*.
Ah! then, to gain an entrance to that blest abode shall we
Not count the present things but "loss and dross," and lightly touch
Each object that might hold our heart's affections to this earth,--
For where our treasure is, e'en there our hearts will also be!

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us a mansion in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask
But here and now do we do our task,
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
What have we done today?

POW101

THE RACE

A Parable of Life

A group of children stand beside a gate,
The sun is setting; father dear is late.
With eager faces raised they watch the hill
Which he must cross; laughing and chatting till
William, the eldest, cries with lovelit face,
"Look, there he comes! Come on and let us race
For his first kiss. Line up and let us go.
The reward for him that gets there first, you know."

So, standing there a merry, laughing line,
William the stalwart, Nora fair and fine,
Tommy and John and Little sister May,
Whose toddling feet can scarcely make the way
Over the pebbles or the pathway steep.
The pace the others set she cannot keep.

Away they go. It is a jolly race.
The prize they seek, the light of Father's face.
The hill is steep, to climb it may be hard
But Father's loving kiss is their reward.
Stumbling and laughing, upward see them go.
Unequal strength soon strings them in a row.

A wail of grief breaks out, for little May
Has fallen, tripped by briars on the way.
But William, racing onward pays no need,
Nothing shall stop *him* or delay *his* speed.
Then Nora, filled with love and sympathy,
Whose tender heart can never bear to see
Another hurt, turns back to lend a hand
Brushing from bruised knees the gritty sand.

Then, with the little one in loving arms,
Runs on. The Father's kind heart to her is warm.
He sees it all; tho' William takes the lead,
"Tis Nora gains the prize. He pats her head,
Gives her the kiss. "The prize is never to the strong"
He says, "But he who helps along
The weaker, or supports the faltering feet
Must have my love and sympathy complete."

O, dear ones, thus it is with Him we love.
Our Father, in the Heavenly courts above
Watches each child and knows each human heart.
He always gives the finer, better part
To those who seek, with tender hand and strong
To fan the smouldering flame and help along
The weaker ones, to aid the stumbling feet,
For He is love! 'Tis love's test we must meet.

Our Captain, in whose footsteps we must go,
Was never known to turn from human woe.
The cry of pain was always swift to heed.
He never fails us in our time of need.
It is His image that we each must bear
If in His heavenly glory we would share.
"Bear one another's burdens," His command.
Love gives us entrance to that Heavenly land.

Like children, some are strong and some are weak.
Some proud and confident, some shy and meek.
Our Father knows the depths of every heart.
His pity will not ever let us start
A hopeless task. The way is steep and long
The battle is not to the swift or strong,
But He who helps his faltering brother on,
Will gain the prize, and hear the sweet "Well done."

IN GOD'S ETERNAL SPRING

The petals of a lovely rose
May fall and die at summer's close
And grief we feel for that brief hour --
For it had been a lovely flower.

It lies at rest on dewy grass --
So fragrant still to all who pass.
E'en tho it die . . . our Father knows
That SPRING will resurrect the rose.

And so when death makes all seem vain
Mankind like flowers shall live again.
"All in their graves" shall hear their King.
And rise in God's eternal Spring.

THY FRIEND

Call him thy friend, who laughs with thee
When laughter is thy choice.
The rose-wreathed cup who quaffs with thee
When bidden to rejoice.

But fain would I do more for thee
And this the test and sign.
If thou love me, pour for me
Life's wormwood, not its wine!

Pain's weary vigils keep with me
When mirth and jest are flown.
In silence let me weep with thee
When thou dost grieve alone!

Thy darkest moments share with thee
When pleasures fail thy need --
The burden let me bear with thee
And crown me friend indeed!

TEACH ME

Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shown,
That mercy show to me.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way!

POW103

THE GREATEST THING

A man may gather the gold of health,
A man may husband the things of wealth,
A man may shine in a galaxy,
And climb the hill of prosperity,
May win his course through life's crested foam
And steer his ship to the port of home;
But to stand for truth, and to love it too,
Is the greatest thing that a man can do.

A man may think with the strength of five,
Reveal to all that he's alive,
He may achieve with the will of ten,
And prove himself in the world of men,
May set a record for nerve and brawn
For such as his prowess may look upon;
But to hold the truth and serve it too,
Is the strongest thing that a man can do.

A man may glow in the sage's sphere,
May publish theses profound and clear,
May learnedly speak of the greater stars
Or planets like Venus, the Earth, and Mars,
May tell of cities of early time,
Rome, Thebes, or Babylon in its prime;
But, to know truth's star, which is old and new,
Is the sagest thing that a man can do.

A man may stand on this mundane ball
As one whose honor will never fall,
Lighting the plane mediocrity,
Or touching with faith the world's destiny;
He may win praise for his noble worth,
And princely shine in affairs of earth;
But, to stand for truth, and be ever true,
Is the noblest thing that a man can do.

A man may be grand in many a way
Stately and fair as the break of day,
Gentle, patient, urbane, brave,
And the crest of courtesy o'er him wave,
And others may tell of his regal mien,
And justice and right in his conduct seen;
But, TO LIVE FOR TRUTH
IN A LIFE THAT'S TRUE,
Is the grandest thing that a man can do.

SWEET DAY OF REST

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

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

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

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

PRESENT INHERITANCE

How great and good a God have we!
Increase our faith that we may see
The land is good, wherein we go,
With milk and honey it doth flow.

Increase our faith that we may see,
Our enemies who'er they be;
Thou hast decreed may be subdued
By us with power of Thine embued.

With what rejoicing here we drink
At truth's own placid river brink.
With what content, in faith we stand,
In peace on Bulah's table land.

What pleasure as we here partake
Of promises Thy Word doth make;
As we are led and well supplied,
To grow and in Thy love abide.

Wherein were aspirations small,
Replaced were these by heavenly call.
And kinships limited by birth,
Includes kinship of higher worth.

GIFTS ALONG THE WAY

How desolate this world would be
Without a song
Of sentiment to touch the heart
When things go wrong.

How desolate this world would be
Without a friend
Whose kindred spirit understands
Until the end.

POW104

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE

The noontide sun streamed brightly down
Moriah's mountain crest,
The golden blaze of his vivid rays
Tinged sacred Jordan's breast;
While towering palms and flowerets sweet,
Drooped low 'neath Syria's burning heat.

In the sunny glare of the sultry air
Toiled up the mountain side
The Patriarch sage in stately age,
And a youth in health's gay pride,
Bearing in eyes and in features fair
The stamp of his mother's beauty rare.

POW105

She had not known when one rosy dawn,
Ere they started on their way,
She had smoothed with care his clustering hair,
And knelt with him to pray,
That his father's hand and will alike
Were nerved at his young heart to strike.

The Heavenly Power that with such dower
Of love fills a mother's heart,
Ardent and pure, that can all endure,
Of her life itself a part,
Knew too well that love beyond all price
To ask of *her* such a sacrifice.

Though the noble boy with laughing joy
Had borne up the mountain road
The altar wood, which in mournful mood
His sire had helped to load,
Type of Him who dragged up Calvary,
The cross on which he was doomed to die,

The hot breath of noon began, full soon,
On his youthful frame to tell;
On the ivory brow, flushed, wearied now,
It laid its burning spell;
And listless--languid--he journeyed on,
The smiles from *his* lips and bright eyes gone.

Once did he say, on their toilsome way,
"Father, no victim is near,"
But with heavy sigh, and tear-dimmed eye,
In accents sad though clear,
Abraham answered: "The Lord, our guide,
A fitting sacrifice will provide."

The altar made and the fuel laid,
Lo! the victim stretched thereon
Is Abraham's son, his only one,
Who at morning's blushing dawn
Had started with smiles that care defied
To travel on at his father's side.

With grief-struck brow the Patriarch now
Bares the sharp and glittering knife;
On that mournful pyre, Oh hapless sire!
Must he take his darling's life?
Will fails not, though his eyes are dim,
God gave his boy--he belongs to Him.

With anguish riven, he casts toward heaven
One look, imploring, wild,
That doth mutely pray for strength to slay
His own, his only child;
When forth on the air swells a glad command,
And an angel stays his trembling hand.

The offering done, the sire and son
Come down Moriah's steep,
Joy gleaming now on Abraham's brow,
In his heart thanksgiving deep;
While with love from His lofty and glorious throne
Heaven's King hath smiled on sire and son.

POW106

HANNAH AND SAMUEL

Back in time our story takes us,
Takes us back in Isra'l history,
To a time before her kings, when
Their High Priest was one named Eli,
Who presided in the Temple,
And the Tabernacle near by
Where was kept the Ark of Covenant,
In the sanctuary Shiloh.

Here there came to offer offerings
The devout from out the nation.
Man Elkanah and his Hannah
Journey to God's house in Shiloh
There to offer sacrifices,
And they worship in the Temple.

POW107

Hannah's heart is sad and heavy,
Hurt by taunting and by jeering,
As from year to year she's childless.
Once Elkanah found her crying,
And he asked her why she ate not;
Why indeed she need be grieving.
Then when she disclosed the reason,
Said her husband, her consoling,
"Am I not far better to thee
Than ten sons would ever be?"
Tho he showed her every kindness,
Yet that she no son did bear him
On her heart did weigh most heavy.

Now she to the Temple goeth
And in spirit bitter weepeth,
Moves her lips in silent prayer.
In her earnest supplication
She did vow if God would give her
Son to bless their happy union
She would then in self-negation
Give that life in dedication
To the Lord and to his service.

Eli sees her lips in motion
Hears no sound and judges wrongly
Of her anguished tense condition
As one of intoxication.
"Put thy wine away far from thee."
"But, my lord," she answers Eli,
"Wine nor strong drink I've not drunken,
Sorrow of my spirit moves me
Unto God I've poured my soul out."
Then said Eli unto Hannah,
"Go in peace and may the God of
Isra'l grant thee thy petition."
Then did Hannah leave rejoicing,
And her countenance showed gladness.
Hannah soon became a mother,
Soon a son was born to Hannah.
Praise to God and satisfaction.
And they called their son's name Samuel,
"For because, of God I asked him."

Hannah went no more to Shiloh,
For said she, "When I return there,
I shall take my Samuel with me;
Then tho young he shall remain there,
As I vowed before I had him."

Passed the time until she weaned him,
Then they took him up to Shiloh;
Took they up three bullocks with them,
And one ephah of fine flour,
And of wine they took a bottle.
There the bullock they did offer.
"Lord," said Hannah unto Eli,
"I am she who stood beside thee
Vowed if God a son would give me,
I would lend him back forever.
Take you then our little Samuel,
May his life in dedication,
Serve Jehovah in his Temple."

Hannah made a coat for Samuel
Which she brought with yearly offerings.
Girded with a lined ephod
The child served the Lord in Shiloh,
Grew in grace and grew in favor
Both with God and with the people.

Eli's sons were sons of Belial,
Priests were they, but most unworthy;
Godless, grasping men of evil.
Eli was informed about them
And he did reprove their actions,
Yet enforced he not obedience.
Their lewd ways and evil conduct
Did continue unabated.

* * * *

"In that time God's word was precious,"
Scarce did come by dream or vision.
And it came to pass when yet the
Lamp did burn within the Temple,
Eli slept within his quarters,
As did Samuel, not far distant --
That the Lord called, "Samuel, Samuel."
Samuel knew not God was speaking,
Thinking Eli called, responded,
As he went to Eli's bedside.
"Here am I, I heard thee call me."
"Child go back, I did not call thee."
Back to bed went little Samuel.
But again the voice he heareth,
"Samuel, Samuel," so he riseth,
And presents himself to Eli,
Who declares again he called not.
When a third time this occurreth,
Eli felt that God was speaking.
So he said to little Samuel,
"God it may be calleth to thee,
Go lie down and when God speaketh,
Answer, "Speak, thy servant heareth,""
This did Samuel when God called him.
Then did God disclose to Samuel
Evil which would come to Eli;
That his house should be rejected

To continue in the priesthood;
Both his sons in one day dying.

* * * * *

Samuel lay until the morning,
Then he opened up the Temple:
Feared to tell the thing to Eli.
Eli called him and did charge him,
That he tell all God had spoken --
That he hold not one thing back.
This did Samuel, naught withholding.
Eli answered, "It is God and
Let him do as seems him good."

That which God spoke unto Samuel
Shortly found complete fulfillment.

* * * * *

Samuel held the priestly office
Many a year in humble service,
Blest by God and in his favor;
Lived a righteous life and faithful,
And is named an ancient worthy
By the Apostle Paul in Hebrews.
Blest be Samuel and his mother.

POW108

IN MEMORIUM

When long the fingers of the years
Had drawn endurance from life's loom,
Darkling in mists of sorrow's tears,
And mid the thick, o'ermantling gloom;

A voice was heard above the din,
As from the mountain's peaceful brown,
Where the long arms of light begin
To spread their kindly blessing now.

And that voice spoke in terms that brought
To us the glorious plan divine,
And bounteous was the hand that wrought
Truth's royal fabrics rich and fine.

And stalwart was the heart and brave
That bade us faithful be till death,
And comfort of the Scriptures gave
As long as he had life and breath.

Far in the van, with eye on God,
He did not fear the foeman's rage,
Unmoved by storm or threat or laud,
A mighty captain of the age.

And Scripture Studies still display
A bright, unshaken verity,
Proclaiming God's eternal day
Of love and joy and equity.

Still point they to the temple fair
The Lord is building to his praise
With grace divine, bestowing care
On each stone through the passing days.

The tabernacle too makes known
God's mighty plan, so vast, so real;
The bullock and the goat are shown;
What sacrifice these types reveal!

The altar and the laver stand
Within the Court, by sacred Word,
Then Altar, Table, Lamps so grand,
Within the Holy of the Lord.

Oh wondrous thought! We here can dwell!
To holiest place we can draw nigh;
And these great things so sacred, tell
Of heavenly joys we'll have on high.

So while the Harvest still is here,
And ere descends the pall of night,
We have the peace that knows not fear,
And praise God for Truth's glorious light.

"IN MEMORIAM"

C. T. R.

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

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

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

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

HOW FAITHFUL?

What contemplations will be ours
 When sinks life's setting sun,
As we review in closing hours
 The race which we have run?

Will noble deeds, and kindly act
 And faithful service to our king,
Disclose a life of sacrifice
 Of love obedient to his will?

Or have the days been vainly spent
And opportunities let go,
With world and pleasure crowding in
While work for God the morrow waits?

GRAVESIDE THANKS

With faith and love to Thee O God,
We thank Thee for this life we've known;
And may that life which here was sown,
Find place in Thy Eternal Spring.

POW109

THE PASTOR'S GRAVE

On a hillside far is a lonely grave,
Where the breezes wander free,
And there's something there in that place so fair
That calls in song to me;
Over the blight of the world's great night
It calls to the heart of me.

And there shines a star o'er that lonely grave,
With a light serene and pure,
And never the eye of the passer-by
Hath caught or hath known its lure,
But faith hath seen its glorious sheen
With a hope that's strong and sure.

The same star shown o'er the far-off grave
Where Abraham passed life's storm,
And o'er the mighty sepulchre
Where they placed the Savior's form,
And still it shines with peace-hued lines
And light intense and warm.

"Twas our Pastor gave to our hearts that grave
On the hillside lone and fair;
And flowers we placed, and the world, effaced,
Stood back while we voiced our prayer
For grace to move in the path of love,
And the Master's cross to share.

O grave in the background of my dreams,
Truth's star of each flowing year,
The peace you tell, like a deep-toned bell,
Drowns out the notes of fear,
And my steps you guide to that lone hillside,
With my heart in a falling tear.

"ASLEEP IN JESUS"

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

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

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

POW110

ABIDE IN ME

Abide in me, there have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt thy power.
Then evil lost its grasp and passion hushed
Around Divine enchantment of the hour.
These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me and they shall ever be:
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer
Come Lord abide in me and I in Thee.

ANXIETY

"Casting *all* your care anxiety on Him." 1 Pet. 5:7

O soul of mine, how dull and slow thou art!
When God says "all," why shouldst thou read "a part?"
Cannot the One whose power the world upbears
Conduct in wisdom all His child's affairs?

Then close thy sleepless eyes and take thy rest
As trusting babe upon a mother's breast.
Rejoice; the ocean bears thee and thy barque;
To love there is no problem and no dark.

POW111

AS UNTO HIM

Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know.
Whatever you say in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not want Jesus to hear.

Whatever you read, tho' the page may allure,
Read nothing unless you are perfectly sure,
Consternation would not be seen in your look,
If God should say solemnly, "show me that book."

Whatever you write with haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read.
Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees,
Say nothing that God's listening ear could displease.

Wherever you go, never go where you'd fear
God's question being asked you,
"What doest thou here?"

AT DAY'S END

Is anybody happier because you passed
his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke
to him today?
The day is almost over, and its toiling
time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly
word of you?

Can you say tonight in parting with
the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the
many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what
you did or said?
Does the man whose hopes were fading,
now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose?
was it well or sorely spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness, or
a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do
you think that God will say,
"You have earned one more tomorrow
by the work you did today?"

GOD BRINGETH THEE INTO A GOOD LAND"

Deut. 8:7

How great and good a God have we!
Increase our faith that we may see
The land is good, wherein we go,
With milk and honey it doth flow.

Increase our faith that we may see
Our enemies whoe'er they be,
Thou hast decreed may be subdued
By us with power of thine imbued.

With what rejoicing here we drink
At truth's own placid river brink.
With what content, in faith to stand,
In peace on Beulah's table land.

What pleasure as we here partake
Of promises Thy Word doth make;
As we are led and well supplied,
To grow and in Thy love abide.

Wherein were aspirations small,
Replaced were these by heavenly call.
And kinships limited by birth,
Include kinship of higher worth.

If faith and love to Thee hath given
The lands and loves that once were striven,
Thou hast returned them back again --
In trust, an hundred fold. What gain!

POW112

THE KEYS OF TOMORROW

You're groaning today "neath a burden of care;
"Tis more than your sad, fainting spirit can bear.
Don't seek from the future new trouble to borrow,
But leave in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow.

Your way may be clouded, your future concealed;
And scarcely the present is clearly revealed;
"Twill strengthen in weakness and comfort in sorrow,
To leave in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow.

Don't take anxious tho't for your raiment and food,
Your Father will give you whatever is good,
No lines of despair on his brow will e'en furrow,
Who leaves in Christ's hand the keys of tomorrow.

Then lift up your head, tho' your eyelids are wet,
The clouds may be dark, but the sun's shining yet;
Trust fully in Jesus and banish your sorrow,
And leave in His hand the keys of tomorrow.

JUST A WORD

Just a word of cheer, brothers, as you onward press,
Weary, but undaunted, through this wilderness,
Just a word of comfort as the way seems long,
And the sullen shadows "round about you throng.

Just a word of hope, brothers, when your feet are sore,
And the road seems ever rougher than before;
Faint not, for our Leader trod the self-same way,
And you know it leads you to the realms of day.

Just a word of caution when before your sight
Stands the subtle tempter in a garb of light;
Hold no parley with him, now give way to fear;
At the name of Jesus he will disappear.

Just a word to tell you, brothers, not to dread
What the world in anger pours upon your head,
And should persecutions come your cup to fill,
Then be like the Master -- suffer and be still.

Just a note of joy, brothers, as you near the goal,
And the sounds of Jordan beat upon your soul.
He who all your journey proved a faithful guide --
He will see you safely to the other side.

POW115

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US

Psa. 46:11

Fearest thou the night, whilst darkness
Grips the earth like bands of steel
Thru which 'twould seem that light
Could ne'er break thru?
Fearest thou the cries of those
Who in their struggle seek
For freedom for their tortured souls?
Their wrongs ne'er righted by their wars and strife --
Rebelling at the God who gave them breath --
Because they heed him not . . .
Surging masses like the sea -- with tides
That come and go unceasingly.
Or winds that blow relentlessly --
Never finding calm.
Thus, on they go, like fools who
In their hearts hath said
There IS no God!
Yea -- "*we* will balance all the earth
Upon our backs alone," say they.
Of peace and safety do they cry --
But Ah, there IS no peace.
But hark -- a voice SO GREAT
The earth doth tremble at its sound.
Almost the world doth stop at the command.
"BE STILL! and know that *I* am God!"

* * *

But fear thou not, nor be dismayed
For God hath placed thee high upon
The mountain top, so safe from
All the strife below, protected by
His loving care, because thou art his own!
And, as thou standest there, -- BEHOLD!
The bands of darkness slowly break
And DAWN comes heralding the day!
A day of LIFE and lasting peace,
Lo, 'tis God's Kingdom upon earth!
"The Lord of Hosts is with us --
HE SHALL OUR REFUGE BE!"

POW116

THE WINDS

One ship drives east and another drives west,
 With the self-same winds that blow,
 'Tis the set of the sails
 And not the gales
That tell them the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds we face
As we voyage along through life,
 'Tis the set of the soul
 That decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.

POW117

THERE SHALL BE PEACE

Earth knows no peace while nations hate,
And thrust and kill, and watch and wait
For night to come that they might throw
Death dealing bombs on all below.

Earth knows no peace, tho peace they cry.
They sign their treaties while men die.
Their widows mourn and say "O when
Will peace come to this earth again?"

The few control for selfish gain.
The laborer doth cry in vain.
It is thru trouble man must learn
The judgments of the Lord are stern.

A voice now speaks, mankind is awed --
"Be still and know that *I* am God."
The Master who once calmed the sea
Has come again earth's King to be.

The angel hosts sang at his birth,
"Good will to men and peace on earth."
It echoes down thru all the years
To give us hope and calm our fears.

God's promises are *true* and *sure*,
His Word forever shall endure.
Lift up your heads for strife shall cease,
O'er all the earth THERE SHALL BE PEACE.

THE GREATNESS OF OUR GOD

How wonderful is our great God,
How little do we know
Of all the plans he has in store
For men on earth below.

His wisdom, justice, love and power
Shall work in full accord
To bless the peoples of the earth
Thru His dear Son -- our Lord.

While trouble now doth hide His face,
And Satan seems to win,
"Tis only for the world to learn
The sinfulness of Sin.

Soon shall Christ's Kingdom rule the earth --
And evil be no more --
The love of God shall fill each heart,
And Eden He'll restore.

POW118

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood, we move along asunder
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is so,--and then we fall asleep--
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtue often seems to us transgression;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die--
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants with their narrow gauge.
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled "gainst those who mould the age--
Not understood.

Not understood; the secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded, with self satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go--
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentences or fancied slight,
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight--
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy? Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away--
Not understood.

Oh, God! That men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly, where they cannot see.
Oh, God, that men would draw a little nearer
To one another--They'd be nearer thee
And understood.

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL

If I knew you and you knew me --
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

POW119

THE NARROW WAY

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

"Yes, child, I know, but I will be thy Light--
Come, follow me!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yea, Lord, though *friendless, lonely, dark,*
This way may be,
I will be strong, Beloved Guide, lead on,
I follow Thee!"

OTHERS

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for others.

Let "self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep, and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes, others;
Let this my motto be.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

"PROVOKING TO LOVE AND GOOD WORKS"

Heb. 10:24

As we walk the Christian way,
As we grow from day to day,
"In all lowliness of mind"
Let us good in others find.

May we stir up and incite
Others in the way of right.
Criticism oft doth chill,
Hindereth and worketh ill.

Rather let us seek to praise,
And by approbation raise
By a kindly word of phrase,
Efforts of our brethren.

Let's encourage with a smile
Those who walk a weary mile;
Their discouragement beguile
With a happy cheerful smile.

POW121

DANIEL

Daniel 6

Elevated high was he,
Next unto the king to be.
Great his capability,
Equal his humility.

Few like Daniel live today,
Swift to hearken and obey.
Worshipful and apt to pray;
Life conformed to God's own way.

Captive, but with mind still free,
True to God as one could be;
True to king, all did agree,
Though he prayed where all could see.

So his enemies designed
Through an edict they had signed,
That petition any kind
To the king should be confined.

Any who should disobey,
They should be the lion's prey.
Good old Daniel went his way,
Prayed as usual thrice a day.

Now before the king he's brought
By the very ones who sought
The decree -- to have him caught.
Now they have him -- so they thought.

King Darius was his friend
And he tried him to befriend;
But the law he could not rend;
Mede and Persian laws don't bend!

Though the king did truly rue
Edict he could not undo;
Out, there was, no avenue.
He must see the matter through.

So he ordered by his men,
Daniel to the lions' den;
Hoping God might even then
Help, he knew not how nor when.

Then he with a great lament,
Placed a stone as battlement.
With a grief quite evident,
Sorrowing from there he went.

Through a night of restlessness,
Thinks of Daniel's faithfulness,
Chides himself for carelessness,
Woeful he, what wretchedness!

Early rose Darius, king,
Little hope within doth spring.
Naught of news to him they bring;
Will he see some gruesome thing?

When he reached the lions' den,
Cries he out lamenting then,
"Daniel! Daniel! Citizen,
Servant of God and not of men.

"Hath thy God whom thou dost serve
Able been to thee preserve?"
Didst befall what ill deserve?
Silence shall me quite unnerve.

Daniel answered, though unseen,
"May long live the King and Queen!
God mine innocence hath seen --
God's own angel stands between --
Twixt the lion's mouth and me.
King, I've done no hurt to three."
Glad the king, rejoiced to see
Daniel whole, might be set free.

Have we the faith of such as he,
To trust our God whatever be,
To trust Him where we cannot see,
To rather die than disobey?
For Daniel knew not whether he
Would of the lions eaten be,
Or yet perchance deliverance see.

POW122

BE STEADFAST

Be steadfast, brothers, in this evil day,
Let not your footsteps falter in the way,
However dark the storm-clouds may appear,
Our Master bids us neither doubt nor fear;
His arm protects us and His hand will guide
Though dangers compass us on every side,
Though rough and perilous the way may be,
His voice is ever calling, "Follow Me!"

Be steadfast, though the world with bitter scorn
May strive to pierce your brow with cruel thorn;
It heaped upon Him ignominy, shame--
Shall not His followers endure the same?
Feel it a privilege to bear the cross,
Though it may mean both agony and loss?
He bore so much for us, and shall not we
Count it a joy to fellow-sufferers be?

Be steadfast, though at times your hearts may fail,
As sorrows multiply and cares assail;
When friends forsake and lov'd ones pass away.
And earthly hopes and pleasures all decay;
Think of the "Man of Sorrows," keep in view
That Holy One who suffered so for you,
And let your courage and endurance prove
The depth of your fidelity and love.

HOW LONG

How long shall the wicked triumph?
How long till the oppression ceases?
How long till the wearing conflict
No more breaks our souls in pieces?

We hear in the sophists' voices
The hard note of futility reign.
Lonely reasonings we cannot answer
Tell our peers that they live in vain.

They say that Thou seest nothing;
If thou cared, wouldest Thou lodge aloof?
What, Lord, can Thy people give them
Tangible, for Thy love a proof?

We shout, they cannot hear us.
They cry, but our arms can't reach;
"If Thou formed us, how forbear from loving,
Bear all knowledge, yet refuse to teach?"

Can we help those who plead for comfort?
Must our hands be forever tied?
Without Thee, we had dwelt in silence;
Without Thee, we would fain have died.

Judgment *shall* once again be righteous--
Restoration of a war-torn race.
And, blest thought! They shall know Thy goodness,
Shrink no more from Thy holy face.

GRATITUDE AND COURAGE

Our hearts o'erflow in prayer and praise
To thee most gracious Lord,
That thou hast opened up our eyes
To understand thy Word.

That thou hast sought us out to run
This narrow heavenly way.
O lead us by thy Spirit, Lord,
For this we daily pray.

We're thankful for our blessings too.
We never should complain,
For even trials are stepping stones
That bring us lasting gain.

Sometimes discouragement comes in
To hide our face from thee.
'Tis then, we pray, grasp tight our hand
That we may closer be.

Give us fresh courage to go on,
For in OUR strength, we're weak.
We "need thee every hour," dear Lord,
Thy will alone we seek.

With gratitude and courage then,
O let us follow on.
By faith we see the prize in sight
As we behold the dawn.

POW123

LOVING SUBMISSION

I may not understand just why the clouds obscure the sun,
But I can trust Him still, and feebly say, "Thy will be done."
I know not why each door of service He sees fit to close,
But I rejoice to find my will would ne'er His way oppose.
I can but wonder why it seemeth to my Father best,
To loosen from its resting place upon my throbbing breast
The priceless jewel fastened there by His own hand,--but then,
I joy to feel the mother-heart can still respond, *Amen!*

I do not always clearly see the lesson I should learn,
But hour by hour I'll strive to let the hallowed incense burn.
I know not why the sweet must turn to bitter in the cup,
But still I press it to my lips, and through my tears look up
To Him who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind,"
Assured that, when the cup is drained, a blessing there I'll find.

Press hard, then, Master Workman, and refrain not, if I weep,--
The marble's fairest beauty grows beneath the chiseling *deep*,--
Yea, Lord, let skies be overcast, as seemeth best to Thee,
Take from my arms the dearest thing Thy love hath given me;
Let sweet or bitter fill my cup, according to Thy will,
I'll closer clasp Thy hand in mine and in the flame hold still.
And thus, although Thou slay me, I will praise Thee night and day,
I'll lay each burden at Thy feet, and bear a song away!

I CAN TRUST

I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me.
I only know He saith, "Child, follow Me."

I know not why my path should be at times
So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
I only know God could keep wide the door.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground,
If ripened fruit for God will there be found.
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely around me in its wrath;
But this I know, God watches still my path--
And I can trust.

POW124

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

In "pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by "still waters?" No, not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

POW125

GIVE ME THY STRENGTH

Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord.
That wheresoe'er I go,
There shall no danger daunt me
And I shall fear no foe;
So shall no task o'ercome me,
So shall no trial fret,
So shall I walk unwearied
The path where my feet are set:
So shall I find no burden
Greater than I can bear,
So shall I have a courage
Equal to *all* my care;
So shall no grief o'erwhelm me,
So shall no wave o'erflow --
Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord.
Cover my weakness so.

CONTENTMENT

Charge not thy self with the weight of the year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek;
Bend not thy arms for tomorrow's load--
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God;
Daily only He sayest to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me."

OUR FAITHFUL GUIDE

There is a limitless and mighty power
Surrounding you and me,
There is an influence that's sweet,
We feel but cannot see.
It comforts us, when hearts are crushed,
And lifts us high above
A reeling world gone mad with hate,
Into His boundless love.
It guides our trembling steps, when we
Cry Lord -- "Hold thou my hand."
With wisdom, and in harmony
It holds our little band.
What *is* this power controlling those
Who search within His Word?
It is God's Holy Spirit
Provided by our Lord.

* * *

O child of God, if thou would'st keep
Within the narrow way,
If thou would'st make thy calling sure --
Then for THIS Spirit pray.
"Tis not by might, -- nor yet by power,
Nor will it ever cease,
It shall preserve in unity,
And in the bonds of peace.

POW126

THE WISE MEN

Daniel in his time had wisdom;
Wiser than all Eastern wise men.
King placed him above the magi.
God gave to him understanding.
He alone of all God's prophets
Prophesied of the Messiah
In a way that indicated
From a certain proclamation
Seventy weeks until His coming
As their Prince, to be soon cut-off

In the midst of the last week. Then
In that Daniel's words and doings
Came to form a part of Scripture
Which have been preserved to our day;
In that prophecies of Daniel
Were extant in Eastern Countries
Through the prominence of Daniel,
And thru Isra'l in dispersion,
May we not with logic reason
That is why the wise men later
Had a knowledge and believed in
One to be born King, in Isra'l?
Why "All men in expectation"
Waited for the "Seed of promise."
Past the time when as a baby,
Gifts of gold and myrrh and incense
May express the heart's devotion.
But with us is time still present
When with gifts in dedication,
When with lives in consecration,
We may render Him devotion.
Still the "Good News" of the kingdom
We may send upon the ether,
We may tell, or help to publish
Joyful tidings for all peoples,
Telling that the things predicted
Shall be glorious in fulfilment.

Consecrated to Thy service
While we live we'll live to Thee
We will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation thru our Saviour,
Of salvation full and free.

POW127

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO"

Daniel 12:4

Many running to and fro
People, people on the go.
Hurrying, scurrying, to and fro,
All intense and can't go slow
Masses, masses, on the go.

God told what he did foreknow
"Many shall run to and fro."
Summer, Winter, sun or rain,
By the bus or on the train,
Ceaselessly they're on the go.

By the auto, subway, plane,
Thrown for loss or showing gain,
Back and forth, to and fro,
Via boat, or sub or jet,
Always ever faster yet.

How well God described our day
When he had good Daniel say,
"Many shall run to and fro."
Multitudes are on the go;
Many *do* "run to and fro."

THE SONG OF THE PROPHETS

Shall we, the saints of
These last days, not bend
Our ears -- yea listen close
With hearts atuned unto God's Word --
Spoken down thru ages past
Unto His faithful prophets old?
Who, singing out their message
As it were on ten stringed harps
Like vibrant music, faint at first,
Comes humming, singing, carried on
By winds of time along
To us -- upon whom the age
Doth end, 'til now
The music swells into
A mighty orchestra of melodies,
A swelling chorus with
One single theme -- Salvation for mankind.
That in ages still to come
God's perfect will shall bless the earth
Thru Christ his Son -- Redeemer -- King.

THOU ART GOD

From everlasting thou art God!
The "high and lofty one."
For thou alone did'st live before
Creation was begun.

Thy wisdom, justice, love and power
As yet had not been know,
For in a realm of endless space,
There thou did'st dwell alone.

Thy glory and thy majesty
Did'st thou desire to share,
And so thou did'st create thy Son,
None with him could compare.

Then by thy power and thru thy Son
All things created came,
And with one breath they glorified
Thy great and holy name.

We worship thee our Father, God,
And thy beloved Son
Who at thy word fulfills thy plan,
In purpose thou art one.

THY KINGDOM COME

We have learned it, we have sung it,
We have prayed it o'er and o'er.
We believe, nations need it,
Let us ask it more and more.
 May thy Kingdom come!

A new tomorrow without sorrow,
Christ shall rule in righteousness.
Wars all ceasing, peace increasing,
All his name shall then confess.
 May thy kingdom come!

Need we wonder? need we ponder?
"Faith can trust him, come what may."
Jesus taught it, all have sought it,
Yes, that bright Millennial day.
 May thy Kingdom come!

Keep on hoping, keep on praying
For that Kingdom promised long.
Age of gladness, no more sadness,
Right shall rule instead of wrong.
 When thy Kingdom comes!

POW128

MASTER, WHAT IS TRUTH

Sages have pondered, and great men have asked
What is truth, just as Pilate of old
Had enquired of the innocent Master who stood
Thrust there by the wicked and bold.

For years he had preached it on hillside and plain,
And lived it each hour of the day.
Had told of his Father's great plan for the world --
How HE was the truth and the way.

Some believed and were glad and *followed* their Lord,
Whilst other walked scoffingly by.
The *Master* was *simple*, while *they* sought the great,
What is truth they continued to cry.

Truth's like a jewel reflecting the sun,
With colors sublime in each ray.
Or a light far at sea in a tower on the rocks
To guide the great ships on their way.

How much truth has suffered thru centuries past,
Yet for it have many men died.
E'en tho it seemed lost, still again it would rise
The soul of the seeker to guide.

What is truth! Ah the answer comes clarion clear
From the lips of our Master and Lord
When he prayed "wilt thou sanctify them thru thy truth"
Which is thy all inspired holy Word.

Let us hold up the banner of truth as we march,
Tho many may strive to tear down.
If we stand for the faith of those dear saints of old,
Our Father will grant us a crown.

THE KINGS OF THE EAST

Rev. 16:12

The trumpet is sounding, the Jubilee trump.
The earth hath dispens-ed with despots and kings.
This trumpet demanding man's rights also brings
Distress and confusion -- this trump.

For the god of this world doth not readily yield
His usurp'ed throne over fallen mankind.
But his house is "divided" and soon he will find
To the bright shining light of the East he must yield.

For "the waters shall dry up, preparing the way"
For The Christ, designated, "The Kings of The East:"
Who shall make war upon the "false prophet" and beast"
And on Satan himself and on all of his way.

So the battle doth rage "twixt the right and the wrong,
Between error and truth between darkness and light.
But the outcome is certain for truth and for right,
For God's "Kings of The East," are both mighty and strong.

POW129

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hadst thou but known
Thy day of visitation, hadst thou recognized
Messiah in thy midst, would not thy Pharisees,
With scoffing priests and populace, have vied to do
Him homage! Dost thou think the Master e'er had been
Footsore and weary! Would there not have stood by day,
By night, full threescore chariots ready at His call!
Ah, me! If they had only known, dost think the Feast
At Simon's house had been the only one thus spread;
Or would He e'er have need to say, "The birds nave nests,
The foxes of the earth have holes, but I, the Son
Of Man, no place to lay My Head!" Jerusalem,
Would not thy palace gates have opened wide to Him,
The Alpha and Omega, Prophet, Priest and King!

Ah, me! Had they but known, in all the centuries since,
The chosen few who bravely followed in His steps,
Dost think Earth's great ones would have left them lonely, poor,
Despised? Would they have driven proudly by in state,
The while "His feet" pressed wearily the wayside dust?
All ye who often long, like Mary, to have poured
The precious ointment on His head, remember this:
His words are true to-day as then, that "Inasmuch
As ye have done it unto one of these, the least
Of Mine, it hath been done to Me!" Ah, yes! and e'en
A cup of water shall not fail of its reward,
Because 'twas given in the name of Christ, the Lord.
Then, let us ever seek to find and humbly serve
His "little ones," for thus we do it unto Him.

POW131

OUR FATHER'S CARE

Our heavenly Father, as Thy saints press on,
Toward their eternal Home beyond the skies,
Pilgrims and strangers in a hostile land,
Thy loving hand their every need supplies;
Food, raiment, shelter, promised for each day,
And angels, hosts to guard them on their way.

Within Thy Holy Place they dwell secure;
No evil can come nigh, no foes invade;
The shining walls protect on every side,
No pestilence, no plague can make afraid.
While all around the stormy winds increase
Jehovah keeps His own in perfect peace.

With linen garments Thou hast covered them
Which garments cost the life of Thy dear Son.
In these white robes they work embroid'ry fine
With patient careful stitches one by one,
Till all complete in golden glory shown
The borrowed robe is now their very own.

Here in the Harvest time Thou hast prepared
Thy table full of food, both rare and sweet,
The richest milk for all Thy tender babes,
And for the stalwart man the strongest meat.
With bread of life Thy table dost abound
And here the living waters may be found.

Of bitter herbs and honey, there is spread
A full supply that they may stronger grow:
With wine to strengthen them for days to come,
And oil to cause their cup to overflow.
Oh who could lack with such a rich supply,
Our Father, here we'll feast until we die.

If we should wander Lord, from that abode,
If we should soil our robe, or wrinkle it,
Oh let us hear, and heed Thy warning voice
"Ye cannot come within till ye are fit."
Help us to cleanse our robes, our steps retrace,
That we may dwell within Thy Secret Place.

BETTER THAN OUR FEARS

Fearest sometimes that thy Father hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken:
Always hath He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

Psa. 19

* * *

The book of nature speaks to us,
And yet no sound we hear.
The glory of the firmament
Reveals that God is there.
Against the velvet black of night
Each star he hung in space.
The greater and the lesser ones --
All had their given place.
And one by one he gave them names,
Arcturus and Orion --
With Mazzaroth and all her signs,
The mighty bear and lion.
As if to mark his glorious throne
He swung a dainty chain
Of seven iridescent stars,
The Pleiades by name.
And then in wisdom thus he said:
"O man, now can'st thou bind
The influence of these sweet stars?"
No answer could he find.
Day unto day, night unto night
The great procession moves --
A panorama glorious,
To us God's power it shows.

* * *

How humble we his creatures small,
Our prayer shall ever be
That all our words and heart's desires
Be pleasing, Lord to thee.

THE HOLY CITY

We dream of thy beauty,
It cannot be told,
The glory for those
Who enter its fold.

How can it be pictured,
With our finite mind,
The home of Jehovah,
Our Father so kind.

Its walls are of crystal
Its dwellings are love.
Oh strive then to enter
This blest home above.

Oh city of beauty
Dear home of the blest,
Come help us dear Father,
To enter its rest.

POW134

"I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY"

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live:
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the gift of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give away:
I'm not sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

GATHERING MY SAINTS TOGETHER

"Gather my saints now together,"
You brave Christian soldiers so strong,
There are not very many among you
That are marching along with the throng.

The armour you wear is not modern,
The song that you sing is now new,
The Captain's unseen by the enemy,
But he's THERE shouting orders to you.

You promised to join him in battle,
That you'd sacrifice, even to death,
For a freedom to stand as eternal,
For YOU and the peoples of earth.

Your strength for each day shall be plenty,
Your food will never run low,
With cool sparkling water for drinking,
And shelters for rest as you go.

You can sing happy songs in the night-time.
No terror the foe ever brings
To the army of glad Christian soldiers
Who has something to tell as he sings.

Yes! they have marched thru the ages,
All those who have answered the call
Of "Gather my dear saints together,"
You who would sacrifice all.

We are now nearly over the border,
Certain victory comes into sight,
The shout that we give then is "COURAGE!"
Don't EVER give up the last fight!

THE SOLITARY WAY

Alas! How few many know the grace it takes
To tread the solitary way! Alone!
Ah, yes, alone! No other human heart
Can understand the nameless sorrows there--
The nights in weeping spent, and yet, when dawns
The day, to greet the world with radiant smile,
And scatter sunshine while you whisper low
To your poor heart, "*Canst bear a little more?*"

Alone! Poor heart, and dost thou question, *Why?*
Dost think it *strange* that thou must walk this way?
Ah, no! Thou dost but follow in His steps
Who went before, and of the people there
Was none with Him! Alone? Yet *not alone*--
Hath not thy blessed Lord and Master said,
"*My presence shall go with thee?*" Ah, my soul,
No longer, then, a *solitary* way!

NEARING THE GOAL

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

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

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

POW136

OUR MINISTERING SPIRITS

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that reverence him."
Psalm 34:7 Hebrews 1:14

What will my guardian angel say . . . Tonight
when I go to sleep . . . And he wings his
flight through the realms of space . . .
A tryst with my Father to keep . . . Shall he
enter His presence with shining face . . .
And tell Him that I've been true . . . To Him
and His Word and in every place, sought only
His will to do . . . Or must he go with a
heavy heart . . . And entering with head

bowed low . . . Tell Him his child had
wandered apart . . . From the way where
the faithful ones go? . . . O, grant me,
my Father, strength never to stray . . .
From the pathway where I can see . . .
The prints of my Savior's weary feet . . .
As they led Him to Calvary . . . Let me
never forget that for me Jesus died . . .
That for my sins He suffered such shame . . .
And keep me, Oh, keep me, close to His
dear side . . . To the honor and praise
of Thy name.

POW137

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING

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

THE PATH TO GREATNESS

If we true greatness would attain,
We'll find no easy way,
And if an easy way there seem,
It will not lead us there.

The greatness God has called us to
Is not that of the world __
Its pomp and pride or vanity,
Nor self agrandizement.

Those who'd be great, the Master said,
Would servant be to all
And who'd the mountain top attain
Must pass the valley first.

So let us seek in humble work
The service of our King.
Though servant here we seem to all
Our greatness waits beyond.

VICTORY

My tired eyes look up to Thee
And then the vision which I see,
Sustains, upholds and comforts me
Along this narrow way.

Lord, I would always see Thy face
Wilt grant me then sufficient grace--
As onward thru this barren waste
I tread my weary way--

I would not lay my armor down
"Til I receive the victor's crown,
Then with the noise of battle o'er
I'll view my Savior evermore.

POW138

OUR DARK-DAY FRIENDS

Our dark-day friends! Ah, how we prize
The steadfast hearts who, when our skies
Take on a dull and leaden hue,
Like glint of sun come smiling through
With summer in their words and eyes!

Sweet is adversity that tries
The strength on which the heart relies --
Our dark-day friends.

When skies are all a perfect blue
And wealth and happiness pursue,
Ah, one must be extremely wise
Who can detect the world's disguise!
The storm alone, can bring to view
Our dark-day friends.

POW139

WRITING

Book of life to us is open,
While we live therein we're writing;
Every day a new POWopens,
Every day our actions fill it
With things good or things indifferent.

God, too, in his book keeps record,
In his Book of Life he's entered
Names which worthy, may abide there;
But those names which prove unworthy
Shall be blotted from its pages.

"Mene, mene," numbered, numbered,
God is writing, as the days go;
In the balance we are weigh-ed,
Weighed our thots and words and motives,
Weighed the effort, weighed the action.

On time's wall a hand is writing
Hand invisible is writing.
Will the words acclaim us faithful,
Or will the word be, "Te-kel,"
That is written on the wall?

THANKSGIVING

Now Jesus once ten lepers healed --
But only once returned,
And offered thanks and praise and kneeled --
He gratitude had learned.

We too, were lepers touched by sin;
But He hath justified,
And cleansed us from what we had been,
And hath us sanctified.

May we his praises ever tell,
To all, His plan make known.
For gratitude doth us impel,
Our debt to Him to own.

THE TIME, MY SOUL, IS SHORT

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

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

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

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

POW140

PSALM OF THE DISTANT ROAD

Happy is the man that seeth the face of a friend in a far country.
The darkness of his heart is melted in the rising of an inward joy.
It is like the sound of music heard long ago and half forgotten.
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood that winter hath made bare.
I knew not the sweetness of the fountain until I found it flowing in the desert,
Nor the value of a friend 'til the meeting in a lonely land.

The multitude of mankind had bewildered and oppressed me.
I said to God why hast thou made the world so wide?
But when my friend came, the wideness of the world
 had no more terror, because we were glad together,
Among men who knew us not.

I was slowly reading a book that was written in a strange language,
And suddenly I came upon a POW in my own familiar tongue;
And this was the heart of my friend that quietly understood
Me -- an open heart.
The meaning was clear without a word.

Oh my God, whose love followeth all thy pilgrims and strangers,
I praise thee for the comfort of comrades on a distant road.

THE SANDAL-WOOD

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

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

POW141

WAIT NOT

Wait not till to-morrow's sun
beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine
own lies in thy "to-day;"
Power, intellect and health
may not always last --
So the mill can never grind
with water that is past.

POW142

SINGING

I want to keep on singing,
My heart is very glad,
For I have found forgiveness,
For every sin I had.

I want to keep on singing,
And I would tell to all,
That Jesus died to save us,
Redeemed us from the fall.

I want to keep on singing,
The happy glad refrain,
That Christ in radiant glory
Forevermore shall reign.

Come join me in the singing,
Let voices sweetly ring,
"Hail to the Lord of Glory,
Hail him, The King of Kings."

THANKSGIVING

What cause for gratitude is ours
Throughout the days and hours
As passing months and years go by
Our debt to multiply.

A PRAYER

Keep me in Thy secret place,
Dear Lord I pray,
Neath the shadow of thy wing,
From day to day.

Give angels charge concerning me,
To keep my way;
Let truth my shield and buckler be,
From day to day.

Arm me with peace and charity,
For this I pray,
Guide me, guard me, keep me
In Thy way.

POW143

A TOAST

Here's to the time when man shall love
His fellow-man and God above.
Here's to the time when the Sun of Light
Shall scatter the mists and glooms of night,
When earth shall shine in robes of peace,
The carnage and thunder of battles cease.

Here's to one heritage of good,
Here's to a world-wide brotherhood.
Here's to commercial greed destroyed,
Power to grind the poor made void,
Honor in man without a stain.
The giants of vice and injustice slain.

Here's to happiness, health, and life,
Here's to the end of selfish strife.
Here's to men's homes lit up with love,
Here's to the symbol of the dove.
Here's to where no surges roar,
To life enthroned forever more.

Here's to the curse erased and gone,
Here's to trees and flowers and sun,
And agriculture whose golden yields
Shall bring men out to the glorious fields.
Here's to purity of laws,
Here's to one universal cause.

A PRAYER

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

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

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

HAST THOU A MESSAGE?

Hast thou a message for thy fellow men,
Of hope and cheer?
Fear not to utter it by voice or pen,
For God is near,
And He shall strengthen and defend thee when
Vain critics sneer.

There are upon the battlefield of life
The faint and weak,
Who struggle on amid the perils rife
The goal to see;
And if a word will help them in the strife,
Then boldly speak.

Thy voice may feeble be, thy speech uncouth
To ears refined,
But if a spark fresh from the forge of Truth
Glow in thy mind,
It may, when fanned to flame, enlighten both
The wise and blind.

A kindly look, a sympathizing word,
Are germs of power;
Like tiny seeds dropped by a careless bird,
They bloom and flower,
And through the years to come are seen and heard
In some dark hour.

POW144

"IF A MAN DIE SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

Job 14:14

When my pulses beat no more,
And my earthly life is o'er,
Shall I live again, or be
Dead to all eternity?
Question of all questions thou--
Who can rise and answer now?

Man of learning, richly fraught
With the wisdom of the ages,
Saturated with the thought
Of the world's profoundest sages,
Hast thou found the answer taught
In their philosophic pages?

Scientist, canst thou explain
This perplexing mystery?
Ask of nature once again
Whether she can tell it thee;
Vast and mighty her domain,
Wise and wonderful is she.

Hoary-headed patriarch,
Waiting to be carried hence,
Will thy near departure mark
End to thy experience?
Is the future, strange and dark,
Void of all intelligence?

Ah, ye shake your heads in doubt;
Is the truth past finding out?
Can no light from learning come?
Is the voice of nature dumb?
Is there naught in earth or sky
Which an answer can supply?

Whither, therefore, shall I go,
And from whom the answer know?
Reason says, "Oh, heart, be still;
Do thy duty, fear no ill;
Leave the future, what to thee
Is thy final destiny?"

Restless heart, can this suffice
All thy yearnings to allay?
Still I hear thy pleading voice
Asking ever day by day:
"Is there naught beyond the tomb?
Is the grave our endless home?"

Thus in deep bewilderment
Gaze I on the world around,
Wondering wherefore are we sent,
Whither are our footsteps bound?
Are the three-score years and ten
All the inheritance of men?

As I ponder, lo, before me
Rises a majestic form,
And its mild benignant glory
Makes my heart grow strangely warm--
Lord, to Thee in faith I turn,
And from Thee the truth would learn.

"I the resurrection am
And the life immortal pure;
I have conquered death and shame,
Opened up a pathway sure
To a life beyond the grave,
For the souls I came to save."

Son of God, my troubled soul
Leaps with joy unknown before;
Now the waves of death shall roll
But to bear me to the shore.
Thou hast made the answer plain:
We shall die, but live again.

RESURRECTION POWER

At first the resurrection power belonged to God alone;
The power to re-create a life anew,
And give to it a body suitable thereto.
The first resurrection was that of Jesus Christ.
He was the first of the "first fruits," to glory raised.
Now he, like God, hath resurrection power,
For God raised him to life immortal and divine.
He, too, is now "The resurrection and the life."

We, too, shall be a kind of "first fruits" unto God
If faithfully we follow in Christ's steps.
How highly blest to have a resurrection part,
Be raised to live and join in his millennial reign!
We're told on these the second death shall have no power.
To reign with him--O blessed thought, that we
Shall share his throne when he shall call the dead
Forth from the tomb. Call both the just and the unjust, too,
To opportunity his ransom will provide:
To wake, and hear, and know, believe, obey, and live.

Far beyond the limits of finite mind,
Surpassing grandeur of the spirit birth
When the new mind, here housed in flesh corruptible
Shall then be clothed upon with life divine!

As one before the due time born, Saul did but glimpse,
Above the brightness of the sun at noon
Our risen Lord, and fell down stunned and blind.

Supernal quintessential magnitude--this spirit birth!
Transcendently more glorious than human eye can see.
Inherent life, on plane of highest animation--
To dwarf the hydrogen atomic's bursting power;
Beyond celestial sunrise power and beauty;
Beyond the scintillating electrical display
Of Northern lights;
Or the most brilliant rainbow coloring
Of the firmament.
Born to a plane of spirit--sound seventy times seven octaves
Above the highest notes of man.
Born to the magic of the skies,
Beyond the highest upward flight of poet's thought.
Born to the music of the spheres;
In heart and mind partaking of the peace and attributes
Of God himself.

GOD BLESSETH BEST

The present life is all we know--
The future life, God's to bestow.
Hard lessons or the ills of now,
The future good, may well endow.

We cannot know, what to request;
We know not what is for our best,
But trust God's love and in it rest,
And leave to him *how* we are blest.

POW146

IN THE WILDERNESS

Be still, and murmur not, poor heart,
When God shall lead thee to a "desert place,"
 And bid thee dwell apart;
If ravens in the wilderness
Did feed *the servant* of the Lord, will He
 For thee, *His child*, do less?
Nor fear, sad heart, its loneliness,--
Hath He not said, "I never will forsake
 Nor leave thee comfortless?"
Have faith, thy Master may design
To fit thee thus for Kingdom work and bliss,--
 And wilt thou then repine?

Be patient, let His will be done;
Be calm, be strong, that He may finish there
 The work He hath begun.
"A little while," He soon will come,
And say to thee, "It is enough, my child,
 My *faithful* one, come home!"

DESIGN

No chance hath brought this ill to me;
"Tis God's own hand, so let it be,
He seeth what I cannot see.
There is a need-be for each pain,
And He one day will make it plain
That earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Like as a piece of tapestry
Viewed from the back appears to be
Naught but threads tangled hopelessly;
But in the front a picture fair
Rewards the worker for his care,
Proving his skill and patient rare.
Thou art the Workman, I the frame.
Lord, for the glory of Thy Name,
Perfect Thine image on the same.

PRAYER

"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know . . . God answers prayer.

I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.

I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait,

I know not if the blessings sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.

I hear my prayers with Him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own."

POW149

RETROSPECT

With patient heart and plodding feet
The traveller climbs the mountain side,
And looks around for some retreat,
Where, sheltered from the noonday heat,
He may awhile abide.

And now before him he espies
A cool and quiet resting place,
In whose delightful shade he lies,
And downward looks with curious eyes
His steep ascent to trace.

So climbing up Life's rugged hill,
I pause awhile and turn to view
With wondering eye the much of ill
And danger which God's wondrous skill
Has brought me safely through.

I mark the distant spot from whence
The upward pathway ran,
And how with happy confidence,
With vision keen and zeal intense,
My journey then began.

And there by yonder deep abyss
My heart was sore afraid,
When I in watchfulness remiss
Had stumbled down the precipice
But for his timely aid.

Reviewing thus His loving care,
Fresh hope inspires my soul;
I rise, and with the staff of prayer,
Press onward to the city fair,
My everlasting goal.

TODAY

Today?
I hold today within
my hand.
It is a jewel -- a moment grand!
This precious moment that
is now,
Is all life's favor will allow.
It's mine -- with all that I
can see,
Because today belongs to me.
Though I can live it as
I may,
I want to live it best today!

Yesterday?
Ah! this I know that
yesterday
Can never really pass away.
It's more than just
a memory.
It lives in every part of me!
For all that's mine, the good
and bad,
The deeds I've done, the joys I've had --
And all the things I
am today,
I am, because of yesterday!

Tomorrow?
Tomorrow is a promised
land!
On Pisgah's mountain now I stand.
And now, as far as eye
can see,
Though reaching to eternity,
The dream tomorrow's
vision holds
Begins, and steadily unfolds.
Dreams are sweet, and know
no sorrow.
That's the beauty of tomorrow!

POW150

SHOULD YOU GO FIRST

Should you go first and I remain
To walk this road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In spring I'll wait for roses red,
In summer lilacs blue;
In autumn when the brown leaves fall
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot;
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
As blindly on I grope.
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me with hope.

Should you go first and I remain
His sweet well done to hear,
No lengthening shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem drear.
We've had so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy --
Ah, memory is one gift of God
That death cannot destroy.

WORKING TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Rom. 8:28

All things are working together,
And together they work for our good.
But sometimes, amid'st severe trials,
The meaning is not understood.

Not seeing the end from beginning,
The lesson intended, is lost.
We chafe in the school of experience,
And forget that we counted the cost.

When discouragement almost o'erwhelms us,
And we fail to see clearly the road,
Let us trust in the Lord's precious promise--
"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD."

MOVING DAY

Some Christians act, and what a pity,
As though this were an abiding city.
They deport them not as pilgrims should,
But as permanent residents would.
They're not prepared to move!

In what we do and what we say
Are we advancing in every way--
Are we preparing for moving day?
Or would we linger here and stay;
Being unprepared to move?

God help us grow and in his love
Prepare our hearts for up above.
May we transformed, renewed in mind
Attain our goal, our treasure find,
On moving day!

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER

We thank thee Father we may pray
And seek thy presence day by day.
Take thee the burdens we can't bear,
And come away and leave them there.
Like little children in a storm,
Can take thy hand without alarm.
When faith seems weak and trials severe
To feel that thou art always near.
These things are for our good we know,
For thine own Word hath told us so.
We want our prayers to always be
An incense very sweet to thee.
Prayed as our Lord and Master taught
With purity of heart and thought.
Not for requests, but to adore
And praise thy name forevermore.
For thou hast called us by thy grace
To share thy throne and see thy face.
So help us each our vows fulfill,
And pray according to thy will.

HEAR OUR PRAYER

Heavenly Father, we thy children
Thank thee for thy love and care.
For the blessings thou hast given,
Hear us now, and grant our prayer.

Send us forth with strength and courage,
To announce thy Kingdom nears.
Gladly will we bear thy message,
Bringing hope, dispelling fears.

Father, guide us lest we stumble,
Keep us in the narrow way.
Fill us with thy loving Spirit
That we ne'er may go astray.

Hear our prayer and supplication,
Help us ever more to be
Faithful 'till we're crowned victorious,
Evermore to dwell with thee.

"TO WILL AND TO DO"

Although it is true God will judge
By our motive and will and intent;
"Tis equally true, we should *do*
Whatsoever *we can to perform*.
And when we do not, we deceive
To profess as intent, where the will
Makes no effort the act to perform.

POW153

DURING SICKNESS

In weariness and pain,
To Thee, my Lord, I prayed,
And forthwith came Thy gracious aid,
Like sunshine after rain.

Forgive me if I thought
My prayer might be in vain;
Forgive me that my troubled brain
Forgot what Thou hast taught.

For Thou art ever near,
As in the days of old;
And if our faith were but more bold
All doubt would disappear.

So, therefore, Lord, I pray
That in my heart may grow
A confidence that where I go
Thou dost mark out the way.

And may my future prove
My loyalty to Thee,
By trusting when I cannot see
The greatness of Thy love.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

"To him that overcometh
Will I grant to sit with me."
This prize above all others
Doth the Master offer thee.

How can I e'er attain it?
Have faith and hope and love,
Show forth my willing service
In labor for my Lord?

The foes of life surround me,
Discouragement comes in,
And Satan says in triumph
"Don't think that YOU can win."

Then comes that blest assurance,
"Thou dost not walk alone,
Be but an overcomer
And thou shalt share my throne."

CONSTANCY

In way we know that we should go
The first step may the hardest be;
But if perchance it be the last,
We'll press on still, to do God's will,
To faithful be through weal or woe.

POW154

THE NEW YEAR

Into the silent past the year has fled,
 With all its hope and fear, its joy and pain;
And now, like an interminable plain
 On which our eager feet have yet to tread,
The New Year lies before our gaze, o'erspread
 With golden prospects; hopes that once in vain

Were entertained now spring to life again,
And heaven's bright sunshine gleams above our head.
Oh, glad New Year, unsullied yet and free
From taint of sin are thy propitious hours;
Thy cloudless countenance, serene and mild,
Assures us of our God's fidelity,
And bids us in His service use our powers,
That all thy moments may be undefiled.

A NEW YEAR

A New Year dawns to mark for us
The measured beat of time,
An opportunity is thus
Extended thee and thine.

What will we do, what will we be
In the new year ahead?
What growth and progress shall we see
As upward we do tread?

God grant that as the sands of time
Run low within our glass,
Our faith and hope and love sublime
Shall bring His will to pass.

GOD BLESS THEE

God grant you grace, this coming year,
For ev'ry time of need;
And strength to follow day by day,
Where'er your path may lead.

God give you peace and quietness,
Through storm or sunshine bright,
And clear your sky of ev'ry cloud,
And guide you with his light.

God send you blessings on your way,
And joy, and hope serene,
That you by faith may see His face,
And all that's now unseen.

God show'r upon you blessings rich,
To cheer you hour by hour,
And fill your heart and keep you through
His Holy Spirit's pow'r.

GOD BLESS

God bless and guide you in the days ahead,
And may you find in him the peace and rest
That naught can mar of earthly trials and cares--
The full assurance that his way is best.

Though devious the path he leadeth us,
This narrow way doth lead to life and bliss;
His Word of promise lightens all our way
And brings the full assurance that in this

We may find rest in house of pilgrimage
Ere we the heav'nly portion shall attain;
With him to lead us, ev'ry trial is blessed
And ev'ry loss is counted but as gain.

POW155

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

Look not with sadness on the passing of the year,
Behold it as you would a sunset glow
That streaks the sky with red and gold "ere night descends
To say, "Fair day, 'tis time for you to go."

Regrets will come, for resolutions oft we break.
The unsaid word, the duty never done.
Lessons O so hard to take and understand --
Ah! but have you counted victories won?

God turns a brand new page within our book of life
For us to start a chapter fresh and new.
Forget the blots and errors of the pages past,
Remember, God in love forgets them too.

So greet the New Year coming in with upturned face.
Upon the ladder-rung we can't stand still
But must climb upward, step by step to reach our goal,
And thus our fondest hopes we shall fulfill.

POW156

ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH THE MASTER

Just to know the blessed Master,
Glad to follow in his way.
Tho the path be steep and narrow,
It will lead to endless day.

Are we copying the pattern
Of our most beloved Lord?
All his gracious words and actions
That we read of in His Word.

How he wept with those in sorrow
And rejoiced with all the glad.
Healing -- blessing -- always helping,
Lifting up the weak and sad.

Meek, but strong, and quick to censure
Those who broke his father's law.
Yet forgiving to the sinner
In whose heart remorse he saw.

Oh the greatness of the Master,
Humbly at his feet we fall.
Seeking just to know him better,
Offering him our little all.

Acquaintanceship with Christ our Master!
Close to him our walk should be.
If we follow in his footsteps,
Some sweet day his face we'll see.

THE GOOD LORD'S WORK

The Lord had a job laid out for me,
But I had so much to do
I asked the Lord to get someone else,
Or wait till I got through.
Now I do not know how the Lord made out,
But He seems to get along;
And I feel kinda sneaky like,
For I know I did Him wrong.

But one day I needed the Lord,
And I needed Him right away.
He didn't answer me at all,
But I could hear Him say,
Down in my accusing heart
"I've got so much to do,
You'd better get someone else,
Or wait till I get through."

So now when the Lord has work for me
I never try to shirk,
But drop whatever I have to do,
And do the good Lord's work.
My own affairs can run along,
And wait till I get through,
For no one else can do the job
The Lord lays out for *you*.

IF THOU COULDST KNOW

I think if thou couldst know,
 O soul that will complain,
What lied concealed below
 Our burden and our pain;
How just our anguish brings
 Nearer those longed-for things
 We seek in vain,--
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
 With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee,
 Are shadows hiding light;
 Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
 Life's purpose all perplexed,--
 If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear,
 and wise and bright.

And yet thou canst now know,
 And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
 In poor humanity
 If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
 In Him who rules the whole,
 Thou wouldst find peace and rest:
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.

POW157

A PRAYER

"Lord grant us insight to the heart and mind
Of those we live and work with through our day,
That we may not pre-judge the deed, but find
The motives first, which all their actions sway.

"Lord grant us patience that we gladly give
The time it takes to bring to perfect flower
The god-like possibilities which live
Within each human soul, and wait their hour.

"Lord show us how to hold our poise before
The growing press of things which must be done.
Give unto us of Thy serenity;
And when our courage fails, then wilt Thou pour
Thy strength on us, so that the task begun
With faith, may to its end be brought by thee."

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all -- the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift,
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up -- and laugh -- and love -- and lift.

POW158

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN

The joys of heaven! What human tongue can tell,
Or poet's pen describe, or mind conceive
The peace Divine, the bliss unspeakable,
In which the ransomed sons of glory live?
What painter's skill can e'er a picture give
Of those eternal realms of fadeless day,
Though Art and Genius on his labour leave
Their deepest impress and each movement sway,
And rainbow hues around his brush and palette play.

Not Milton's mighty mind could rise so high,
Though on imagination's wings sublime
It left the earth, and roaring to the sky
Reached the vast confines of revolving time.
Nor thou, Great Dante, whose bold muse did climb
The purgatorial hill to Paradise,
And wandered through that fair and deathless clime,
Amid the spirits of the just and wise--
Those realms of bliss are hidden still from mortal eyes.

And even the sacred page of Holy Writ
Yields us but glimpses of our Heavenly home;
Perchance because our senses are not fit
To bear the thought of all the joys to come.
So patiently we wait until the gloom,
Which like a kindly curtain veils our eyes
From that excess of light beyond the tomb,
Passes away and our glad spirits rise
With eager joy to pierce the mystery of the skies.

Yet blessed are those glimpses to my soul,
For oft when wearied with the things of earth,
And streams of melancholy o'er me roll,
I turn from scenes of empty trivial mirth
To meditate on themes of greater worth;
Till, gazing through these rifts of heavenly light,
New hopes arise, new feelings spring to birth,
New visions burst on my enraptured sight,
And my whole being thrills with spiritual delight.

POW159

Prophetic poet of the reign of peace,
Whose lips an angel touched with living fire,
Whose glowing strains foretell our glad release
From sin's pollution and oppression dire--
Great prince of ancient seers, thy sacred lyre
Enchants with notes of wildest melody
My listening ear, thy burning thoughts inspire
My mind with eager hopefulness to see
That land of fadeless bloom and spotless purity.

And thou, belov'd disciple of the Lord,
Who oft upon the Master's gentle breast
Didst lie reclined, and listened to each word
Which fell from those pure lips divinely blest--
Thy glorious visions of the land of rest
O'erwhelm us with their weight of blessedness,
Till oft by faith we see in splendour dressed,
And rich in Heaven's transcendent loveliness,
The eternal city of the Lord our Righteousness

We know not where those heavenly regions are,
Yet gazing long, into yon starlit space,
We think that somewhere in those depths afar
God has His everlasting dwelling-place;
And when the sun at even shows his face
All wreathed in glory ere he sinks to rest,
We see in fancy in the clouds that grace
The clear and tranquil beauty of the west
The famed Hesperides, the islands of the blest.

* * * * *

The joys of Heaven! When musing on the theme,
 There comes the thought, that those pursuits which fill
Our leisure hours on earth may, in the scheme
 Of things eternal, be continued still,
But with exalted powers and Heavenly skill,
 And with the knowledge that whate'er we do
Is in accordance with the Father's will,
 Free from the imperfections which we know
Distort and mar our best achievements here below.

Some find in Nature a supreme delight,
 And when the charms of daylight disappear,
They watch the glowing splendours of the night,
 And mark the course of each revolving sphere;
By science they behold in vision clear,
 World upon world far stretching into space,
Dim, inaccessible to mortals here,
 Save that each mighty orb reveals a place
Where they the work of their almighty Lord can trace.

What unknown marvels, then, among the stars
 Await these patient watchers of the night,
When through the gloomy gate which death unbars,
 Their spirits pass into celestial light;
Released from earth they speed in eager flight
 To regions, where in solemn splendour, shine
Planet and star and constellation bright;
 Each point of light a world, each world a sign
Of wisdom, power and love, omnipotent, Divine.

POW160

To some this earth a constant pleasure yields,
 In all its varied forms of energy:
Lakes, river, woodlands and the fertile fields,
 The steadfast mountain and the changing sea;
And in that far-off country it may be,
 New scenes of life and beauty will unfold,
Where nature with a lavish hand and free
 Her gifts bestows, diverse and manifold,
More wonderful than mortal eye can e'er behold.

Indeed, earth speaks of Heaven: the flowers that rise
 To greet with smiles the coming of the Spring,
Are types of blossoms that in Paradise
 Upon the air celestial odours fling;
And every flowing river seems to sing
 Of that pure stream, where grows the wondrous tree,
Whose leaves, for ever fresh and verdant, bring
 To nations sunk in sin and misery
Healing and joy and peace and life eternally.

Oft have we listened to the organ's peal
 Reverberating through some ancient fane,
And felt the magic power of music steal
 Like soothing balm upon our heart and brain.
But, oh, to hear the grand seraphic strain
 Which fills with melody the courts above,
And hear Him praised, Who for our sakes was slain,
 Who gave His life a ransom price to prove
His Father's and His own Divine eternal love.

Blest is the sacred harmony of home,
 Where piety and sweet affection blend,
And happy are the hours in which we roam
 Through nature's haunts with some devoted friend;
But infinitely greater joys attend
 The social life of that immortal state:
Angelic fellowships that know no end,
 Sweet intercourse with all the good and great,
A pure and perfect love, which casts out fear and hate.

But, oh, sublimer far the thought that they,
 Who by the spirit of the Christ are led
Along life's perilous and narrow way,
 Shall ever be with Him, their living Head.
For, "Be thou faithful unto death," He said,
 "And thou a royal robe and crown shalt wear;
The rugged road I travelled thou must tread,
 The Cross I carried myself thou thyself must bear,
And then at last my throne and kingdom thou shalt share."

Dear Lord, what greater bliss could we desire,
What deeper joy can heaven itself bestow,
Than this to which our longing souls aspire,
To be with Thee--Thou who hath loved us so?
Oh, with Thy help we gladly undergo
The buffetings of life's tempestuous sea,
And meet with confidence our last great foe
To reach this climax of felicity.
For all the joys of Heaven centered are in Thee.

POW161

RAISED TRIUMPHANT

Out of the shadows, and of the night,
Out of the bane, and of the blight,
Out of the place of the briar and thorn,
A nation appears, a nation is born -- *for God*.

Out of the turbulent tide of time,
Out of an age of fear and crime,
Out of the world's insolvency,
A nation is born for eternity -- *with God*.

Splendored all with the eastern glow,
Clothed in a cloud, with the moon below,
Wearing robe that his love hath given,
Shining out with the light of heaven -- *and God*.

Noonlight, sunlight and peace without,
Ever ready at love's sweet call,
A nation, the greatest the world has known,
A nation to sit on the glory throne -- *of God*.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasure untold,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear;
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptations, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

TELL IT OUT

All do not know God has a plan
That compasses the needs of man.
It is for both the far and near,
"Tis not for day or week or year,
Eternal ages are its span,
God's purposes through Christ for man.

God's secrets now are known by few,
And should it be that one is you,
You'll find it is a privilege sweet
To tell them out to those you meet,
Though telling out this sweet refrain
It still a secret shall remain.

God's secrets now are for the few,
Oh happy lot, if one be you!
In God's due time all men shall come,
And of his goodness know the sum;
His knowledge, then, the earth shall fill,
And all mankind shall do his will.

"THREE GATES OF GOLD"

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

POW162

THIS OLD WORLD

Round and round this old world goes,
 With its freight of joys and woes:
 Mirth and madness,
 Grief and gladness,
Pain and happiness and care;
 Men are hoping,
 Men are groping
In the darkness of despair.

Onward through the realms of space
Whirls our restless human race,
 Ever striving,
 And deriving
Empty pleasure, dearly bought;
 Toil and bustle,
 Noise and hustle
Quench desire for quiet thought.

Round and round the old world spins,
With its multitude of sins;
 Hut and palace,
 Breeding malice,
Envy, Hatred and distrust;
 Godless pleasure
 Without measure,
Fed by selfishness and lust.

On and on the world proceeds,
With its kindly hearts and deeds;
 Men as brothers,
 Teaching others
Truth and purity and love;
 Winning mortals
 To the portals
Of the Paradise above.

Ever on this old world rolls,
Laden with its human souls,
 Working, playing,
 Scoffing, praying,
Choosing wrong, or choosing right.
 All are tending
 To the ending--
Everlasting day or night.

"INSTANT IN SEASON"

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

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

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

A HIDDEN FOE

Perhaps we cannot surely know
Which is the spirit's deadliest foe.
We know most of our foes by sight,
Those ugly creatures of the night,
And many we do know by name--
To fight or to avoid the same--
As anger, malice, hatred, strife,
Foes of the Christian's very life,
As evil speaking, doubt and fear,
"Close girding sins," forever near.

But is there one we oft ignore
Who stealthily comes in our door?
Discouragement--disguised foe
To sap our strength and bring us woe.
The devil's wedge, most powerful tool,
A potion which our zeal would cool;
A poison weakening our endeavor;
A lethargic lotion ever.
Let faith and reason play their part
And bid discouragement depart.

PRECIOUS SONS OF ZION

Precious sons of Zion!
Like gold refined and pure.
Esteemed as earthen pitchers,
Moulded to endure.

Precious sons of Zion!
True branches of the vine.
At one with Christ our Master,
In spirit and in mind.

Precious sons of Zion!
His bride we're called to be,
To share His throne of glory
And reign eternally.

POW163

TO LOVE

Far, far away, into the midnight sky
I see a light
That shines so far and wide. I wonder why
It is so bright.

But in my corner where I sit alone
The night is deep.
The world around lies in silence, like a stone,
In death of sleep.

If I could reach that star above, and live
Within its light,
Where I could learn to laugh and love and give,
There'd be no night.

But stars are high, and far beyond my reach,
And I am small.
But should the height of such a goal bespeak
A worthless call?

Please answer me, my heart, if you are there
Within my breast.
Can you not learn to give, and have a care,
At love's request?

To learn to give is love's greatest command;
That, you should know.
Can you, my heart, not take the things at hand,
And let love show?

Can you, my heart, not live within the light
That love imparts?
And could you not thereby dispell the night
From other hearts?

That star that shines so brightly up above
Is not too high;
Nor should the goal seem far too high to love,
It's worth a try.

Dear Father, help me reach this goal of love,
That I may know
The light of love that shines so bright above;
And let mine show.

POW164

I SEE HIM THERE

I gaze far down thru ages past
And there behold my Lord.
That lowly, humble Nazarene,
The only Son of God.
In fancy now I follow Him
As reverently He goes
Along the Jordan's shady bank
And there -- I see Him pause.
Here John the Baptist standeth by,
A teacher sent of God.
Proclaiming Him who in their midst
Stood listening to His Word.
My Lord steps down within the stream
And says: "Baptise thou me,
My consecration hour has come
So suffer this to be."
The Father over all looks down,
His heart o'erflows with love,
As He proclaims His blessed Son
By a descending dove.
When that most holy, sinless one
His all so gladly gave,
Upon the cross His life poured out
The human race to save --
Should *I* not follow in His steps
And give *MY* little all?
Delight to do my Father's will
E'en tho my offering's small?
And so beloved child of God
"Twas said "Why tarriest thou?
Arise this day and be baptised
As symbol of thy vow."
Thou need'st not fear, tho rough the way,
Because thou art His own.
He goes beside you in the yoke --
Thou shalt not walk alone.

THE LORD RETURNS

Rejoice! O world, your King is here.
Behold, and look about you
And see like sudden miracle
The foretold signs around you.

Yes, knowledge is increased we see,
There's running to and fro --
And nation against nation fights
Against a common foe.

Great fear is in the hearts of men.
Much death and pain and sin.
Distress it seems on every side
With just no way to win.

In all the tumult, Christ as King
Sets up his kingdom now.
He'll crush the wrong, establish right --
Before him all shall bow.

Tho now dark clouds of trouble show,
Behind them shines the sun --
With blessed healing in its beams
Comes Christ, that holy one.

Rejoice therefore, and be ye glad.
Still pray "Thy Kingdom come."
Thru Christ our everlasting King
The victory shall be won.

POW166

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

The family circle is of God,
Who blest "the tie that binds"
The heart that seeks the other's good,
And blessing finds.

O, family blest, where love doth rest,
Where each for each doth care;
Where love is strong to conquer wrong,
And all are glad to share.

Love only grows for those who sow;
The more we give comes back:
Love's little deeds as garden seeds,
Supply a heartfelt lack.

We all do need, what all may give,
And as we give, receive,
Of love to build and love to live,
By love our goal achieve.

A WEDDING BLESSING

God bless you both and may His care
Forever keep you strong and true;
That you may walk with dignity
Along each path your whole life through.

God bless your love and make of it
A life of perfect harmony --
A blessing to each other's hope,
A joy of peace and unity.

God bless your home and may it be
A shrine where faith and hope and love
Are daily shared in mutual trust,
And pledged anew to God above.

OUR WEDDING PRAYER

Father, as we kneel to pray
On this, our happy wedded day,
We thank Thee for thy love divine
That flowed into our hearts from Thine.

Help us through the years to come;
Guide our hands to make a home,
One in which You'll be a part
In all we do of mind and heart.

Now, O God, we humbly pray
Bind us onward from this day
To be truly one with Thee
From now on--through eternity.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS!

God bless and keep you in his care,
Dearly belov'ed in the Lord;
And scatter sunshine ev'rywhere
Upon your path; your toil reward.

May ev'ry day throughout the year
Be filled with joy in Him you love;
And may his providence appear
In countless mercies from above!

POW167

"GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY"

1 Timothy 3:2

The open home, Oh blest retreat
Wherein God's children love to meet.
Upon life's parched and arid land
This is a blest and verdant strand:

Here friends meet friends in rendezvous
And kindred hearts may parlezvous.
Here fear, discouragement and doubt
With kindred ills are left without.

Here faith and hope and love come in,
With all the fruits therewith akin.
Oh, home and haven, peaceful, sweet,
Wherein come friends their friends to greet.

Here hospitality--the best,
Doth make of each a welcome guest.
With thanks to God whom we adore,
We pray He bless this open door.

SEASON'S GREETINGS!

Our thots again with Christmas here,
Turn to our loved ones far and near--
Turn to God's greatest Gift to man,
The very center of His plan.

In that provision we rejoice
With thankful heart we lift our voice,
And pray that He will haste that day
His reign on earth shall hold full sway.

Christian Greetings Christmas Cheer,
May God bless you thru the year;
With Best Wishes, more Sincere,
Happy Christmas, Glad New Year.

CHRISTMAS TIME

Again at Christmas time we come
Of cheer to know the sum;
With love supreme for God above
We too each other love,

Here we are gathered as before
Our Savior to adore,
And pleasure find in fellowship
Upon this Christmas Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day comes once a year,
God's blessings every day.
How much of truth and joy to cheer
Us on our Christian way.

Here God's goodness manifold
We cannot rightly count,
Much less if faithful, his untold
Illimitable amount.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

1st. Samuel 17

The Philistine army in battle array,
Encamp on the mountainside, set for the fray,
While Israel's army on this side doth stay.
Both armies seem hes'tant inviting delay.
The land of no man, it doth lay in between.
Though armies seem ready, no movement is seen,
And no one doth trespass the valley between.

* * *

But look! There approaches a lone Philistine!
What import, what message brings this Philistine?
Gigantic and arrogant, boastful, serene;
Goliath of Gath this Gittite Philistine.
None ever in Isra'l of his stature seen.
Goliath of Gath stood six cubits a span,
A giant indeed and a whale of a man!
An helmet of brass for head cover he had;
And greaves, and with armor of mail was he clad.
Some twenty-five feet was the length of his spear,
And twenty-five pounds weighed the head of his spear,
Plus javelin and sword, he well armed did appear.
And sight of him spread consternation and fear.
At morn and at eve did Goliath appear,
And called "cross the brook for the army to hear.
A challenge defiant, and boastful and clear;
A challenge that they do provide volunteer:
"Let issue be settled for all," sayeth he,
"By victor in personal combat with me.
If I shall be vanquished -- *we* servants to thee.
If your man be vanquished -- our servants *you* be.

* * *

Now three sons of Jesse did follow King Saul,
And Jesse would know of their welfare withal;
So David the youngest, his father did call,
That he leave the sheep and the cows of the stall,
With food for his brethren and learn what befall.

So David did journey through scenes pastoral,
To meet with the army and brothers -- as tall
Goliath appeared to repeat unto all
His challenge, defiance, and satire once more.
Then many to David the news do outpour
How Saul giveth honor and wealth -- furthermore
His daughter he giveth, to one who can floor
This Philistine menace who knocks at our door.
Then David enquireth again and once more,
Again they repeat and do tell as before,
Of riches and honor King Saul will bestow,
On him who will fight, this Gittite to lay low.

POW170

The spirit of God had departed from Saul,
And fear and foreboding presage his downfall.
The challenge unanswered doth hang as a pall
O'er Israel's army e'en now in a stall.
As David in faith doth converse and exhort
His name is relayed unto Saul in report
That he would perchance be worthy retort;
As none volunteer, whereupon to resort.
So Saul sent for David to him interview.
Said David to Saul, "I will thy foe subdue,
For who is this uncircumcised Philistine
That he should oppose him? -- And what can he mean
The army of God the Most High to defy?
On God and His spirit and might let's rely."
"But you're no match and you cannot afford
To battle this lord of the Philistine horde.
You cannot in truth battle one in your youth.
Who warrior hath been from the days of his youth."
Then David thought back and began to relate,
How a lion, a lamb didst take for a prey,
And how in encounter he took it away
And slew him the lion with weapon that day.
Then David continued to further narrate
Of the time when a bear, as the day did grow late,
By forray quite bold, took a lamb from the fold;
And how he pursued and with weapon subdued,
And rescued to fold, the ewe lamb from the hold
Of the bear. "Should not we then assume as of old
God foretold, He'd enfold and uphold, if we're bold
And will trust and obey to the end of the way?"

Though no match for the foe as King Saul did well know,
He gave his consent and his armor he lent
To David who tried it -- not liking the feel,
Nor thought it ideal -- in the way he would deal
With his foe with his sling, to him victory bring.

* * *

Without armor or sword, in the strength of the Lord;
With blessing of God and of Saul,
 as he was, then he took
Staff and sling in his hand and
 five stones from the brook.
Young David advanceth this forty-first day
Since challenge was issued into the affray.
Goliath doth see him, and thus doth he say;
For the sling is unseen, though the club he doth see
"How art thou come out with a stave to fight me --
As a dog? O thou ruddy and fair nominee
To be food for the bird and a feast for the beast.
And may you be damned by Baalzebub,
 Dagon, and Baal;
May you and your nation, and God ever fail."
Then David did say, "You would have me to yield
To might of your sword and your spear and your shield.

POW171

But not upon these do I have to rely;
I come in the name of Him thou dost defy,
The God of our armies, Jehovah Most High."

* * *

Goliath arose, and came on in a rage;
T'ward him David did race and the distance did gauge,
As he swung in a flash a smooth stone from his sling.
Which driven to kill found its mark with great skill
In the skull of Goliath of Gath. What a thrill!
From Goliath's own sheath David drew out the sword
And cut off the head of this Philistine lord.
The Philistine horde when their champion did fall
Did scatter as leaves "fore the wind in the Fall.
So David to Isra'l a triumph did bring
By faith in the Lord and a stone from his sling.

* * *

Goliath our foe, is the devil we know,
Who God did defy, and who told the first lie.
Who'd substitute treason, for God's will and reason.
He doth us disdain, because we refrain
His weapons to use, or our trust to abuse.
When we have the courage, he us would discourage.
In his crafty way, for our life he would play;
And even transform to angelical form
To lead us astray from the true "Narrow Way."
He can be undone, we shall him overcome,
With a stone from the brook, as a quote from the Book.
We shall have him smitt'n with a "thus it is writt'n."

WHEN THE BROOK DRIED

1 Kings 17:2-9

God knew when the widow's cruse was low
And the meal was almost gone,
And he dried the brook where Elijah drank,
And he sent His servant on,
That the handful of meal should not be spent,
Or the little oil grow less;
And that, when the widow's son lay dead
The prophet's prayer should bless.

Hath He dried the brook where thou long hast dwelt?
Canst thou find no solace there?
Zarephath is ready if Cherith fail,
With oil and meal to share.
Oh, tarry not, should he bid thee go,
His messenger thou shalt be;
Thou shalt carry a blessing to those who wait,
And a blessing awaiteth thee.

THE NATAL NIGHT

The little lambs slept with their mothers,
All under the starry sky,
And dreamed of the lilies that lay in the grass
And the waters that glided by.
On the stars on God's great dial 'twas midnight,
'Twas midnight solemn and calm;
The shepherds sat on the grey old rocks
And changed this ancient psalm,
'When I survey the heavens,
The things thy hands have wrought,
Lord, Oh, what is man, the being
For whom thou takest thought?
O Lord, our God, Jehovah,
Let all the world proclaim
How great thy power and glory,
How excellent thy name."

Then over the chanting shepherds
There suddenly shone a light
As though a host of myriad moons
Were filling the ancient night.
And wearing a glory that dimmed the stars,
Came an angel down the height.
'Fear not," said he, "fear not."
For the men were sore afraid.
And unto the Lord of life and death
Each one in his terror prayed.
'Fear not," said he, "fear not;"
And his voice like a flute note fell,
'I bring you tidings of greatest joy.
To you and the earth as well.
For the time foretold by the prophets
The wondrous time is here,
And the child is born in Bethlehem;
The child that should appear."
Then lo, an angel anthem,
Swelling to vast increase,
'Glory to God, good will to men,
To be and never cease."

Then the shepherds humbly worshiped
The mighty God of heaven
Because of the sweet promise
That to them that night was given.
And the angels passed to glory
And the calm stars shone on high;
And still the little lambs lay asleep
And the waters glided by.

POW174

THE PLAN OF GOD

One flaw within a chain
May part its links in twain.
God's chain is one, complete, a perfect whole
His plan, like cable cast,
From the vast into the vast,
Holds sure although the ocean's thunders roll.

* * *

For sorrow may endure
A night, but shining sure,
Comes morn with splendor breaking o'er the land;
The dark shall hide his face
Forever from our race,
And, throned in lucent azure, love shall stand.

* * *

For uplift from the fall,
There shall be a way for all,
Way of truth and love and righteousness.
Millions then of human kind
Glad release from death shall find,
And praise their God with hearts of joyfulness.

* * *

Oh the glory of the King
When the nations homage bring,
When life's river round the earth shall sing!
Oh the blessings from above,
Oh the happiness and love,
Oh the hallelujah chorus that shall ring!

"I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES"

John 15:5

It is the branch that bears the fruit,
That feels the knife.
To prune it for a larger growth,
A fuller life.

Though every budding twig be lopped,
And every grace
Of swaying tendril, springing leaf,
Be lost a space.

O thou whose life of joy seems reft,
Of beauty shorn;
Whose aspirations lie in dust,
All bruised and torn,

Rejoice, though each desire, each dream,
Each hope of thine
Shall fall and fade; it is the hand
Of love Divine

That holds the knife, that cuts and breaks
With tenderest touch,
That thou, whose life has borne some fruit
May'st now bear much.

POW175

JEWELS

True Christians are like jewels, 'tis said,
For they are rare indeed.
While found among earth's mud and clay
The world does not take heed.

But jewels must bear the cutter's hand
Before their beauty rare
Breaks forth in fullest brilliance;
Lovely beyond compare!

Then think not strange when'ere we feel
The Master Cutter's hand
Pressing us hard against the wheel
of trial or reprimand.

Know that He loves us far too much
To cause us needless pain.
His wisdom knows just what we need.
Let us ne'er complain.

For when the jewel is fully cut
And polished bright and clear,
We will reflect the perfect image
Of our Father dear.

When in a crown of purest gold
We shine as diamonds fair;
Held within the Father's hands,
His glory we'll declare!

PATIENCE

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

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

ISRAEL'S CALL

Not to the mount that might be touched,
Not to the flame that flared
Above its crest and o'er its breast,
While heaven's power was bared;
Not to the earth that, rended, quaked
O'er dark, tempestuous way;
But to the land that God hath planned
Move Zion's hosts today.

Not to the law that Moses wrote
On tabled stone of yore,
Giving each line of will divine
In moral code and lore;
But to prophetic time that now
Points to their rightful home,
From out the death-hued centuries
God's Israel has come.

Jerusalem awakes at length,
Her royal robe puts on,
And glories as of former strength
Shall clothe her as the sun;
And brighter shall her treasure grow,
And all the world shall see
That God hath brought her foes to naught
And sent her Jubilee.

Rich farming lands and orchards fair
Her wealth in store proclaim,
And men rejoice to hear the voice
That sounds abroad her name;
Each school in pride of learning stands,
Each home of beauty marks
Modern advancement in the land
Where dwelt the patriarchs.

God has his time to cause the morn
To spread its gold on high,
And for the diamonds of the night
To gem the vaulted sky;
So in the ages as they move
Past as on mighty wing,
The time is set for Harvest Home,
When Zion's hills shall sing.

The world moves on from dark to light,
The Plan of God is sure,
And all the fortresses of might
"Gainst justice can't endure.
Have courage then, O Israel,
And bear this fact in store,
Earth's Golden Age, your heritage
Of life forever more.

POW178

JOYFUL TOWN

As I went up to Joyful Town,
Fields wore their green and gold and brown,
The plowshare sang to the glebe below,
The ripening corn stood row on row,
And a welcome true was a royal crown
As I went up to Joyful Town.

As I went up to Joyful Town,
Birds sang the very best songs they knew,
Folks clasped my hand with a right good will,
And I stood on the summit of Joyful's hill,
And love and power and peace came down
As I gazed on beautiful Joyful Town.

As I stood forth on Joyful's height,
I felt faith's warmth and its glorious light,
I saw that my Lord one time was here,
And it thrilled my spirit to feel Him near,
And out before me Truth's river lay,
Like a broad, fair jewel on the breast of day.

As I looked forth from that noble crest,
Care slipped away from my peaceful breast,
And God was speaking his grace and love
Down from the infinite depths above,
And I felt that His leading of me was grand
As I stood on that summit in Joyful Land.

Then forth I gazed beyond this time
To God's Millennial age sublime,
When men shall all be well and strong,
And every heart shall hold a song,
And love throughout the earth shall stand,
And earth shall all be Joyful Land.

But meanwhile I'm in Joyful Town,
Though the fields be green or the fields be brown.
There's always a rose that blooms up here,
There's always a bird with a song-note clear;
And it brings love's star though the grim night frown,
To know I can dwell in Joyful Town.

POW180

LOVE -- TRUE AND FAIR

Oh could I write in words of light,
Words lit with truth above,
I'd sound this forth from south to north,
That God is Love.
I'd make this shine in every line,
Life-winged its way to prove,
Truth inspirational and fact divine,
That God is love.
And further, were I eloquent
With golden words to do
Another thing, I'd surely sing
That love is true.
I'd raise this theme above a dream,
That should men's hearts renew,
Engrave it deep in words that never sleep,
That love is true.
And having thus my lay begun,
This truth I'd gladly share,
And make it radiant as the sun,

That love is fair;
That love will not misrepresent--
This grace is rare --
But in its ways, God's pilgrim of the days,
Is on the square.
So now you know the thing I'd do
With pure and vibrant joy,
With eloquence and zeal's expense,
And time's employ;
In every land this note so grand
I'd soon declare,
That God is love, and love is always true
And always fair.

POW181

THE FATHER'S WILL

We look to Jesus and we see
A paragon sublime
Of one who did His Father's will
E'en faithful to the end.

We see in Him one who was rich,
Which wealth He laid aside,
And for our sakes He became poor
That we might be made rich.

"The fox," said Jesus, "hath his hole
And birds their nests do have,
But Son of Man He doth not own
A place to lay His head."

In God's will. Christ did take delight,
As prophesied of Him.
The travail of His soul is past,
And He is satisfied.

Our travail too will not be long,
In doing of God's will
And we shall in Christ's likeness wake,
And too be satisfied.

POW182

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Don't give up the ship brother,
We've come on board to stay.
We've gone thru calms together
We'll go thru storms that way.

We're on the old ship Zion,
Our Captain is the Lord.
The course is mapped out for us
On charts within his Word.

The storms may rage about us,
The waves be mountain high,
But the good old ship of Zion
Will hold "till land is nigh.

She will find the promised haven,
Altho stormy be the trip.
Let your faith be in your Captain
Don't e'er give up the ship.

"BY THAT WHICH EVERY JOINT SUPPLIETH"

Ephesians 4:16

On the little things the big depend.
A tiny screw does the main-spring hold,
And without the aid which it doth lend,
The clock could never the time have told.

Now a rudder small will guide a ship;
Without it, tis but a thing adrift,
But with it, tis berthed within its slip,
So the seeming small give a worthwhile lift.

And within the Christian Brotherhood
Is there not a place and a need for all?
And the humblest saint it is understood,
By presence and word may encourage all.

GOD FIRST

Our love for God
To love with all our mind
And heart and soul
We hold supreme.

May no attachment here betray
Our consecration vows.
But God thru Christ
Us did commend
Our love for one another.

With love supreme for God above,
We next may love each other.
Be then for God all other loves before
And next to that,
Our love for one another.

POW183

"YOU MAY COUNT THAT DAY"

If you set down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
 And counting find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
 One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went--
Then you may count that day well spent.

* * *

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay--
 If, through it all,
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought sunshine to one face--
 No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

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This is the way, walk ye in it."
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