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DREAMS
OF A
ECADE

SADIE LOUISE MILLER

Other books by the same author:

“POEMS”

“A DIP OF THE QUILL”

“IN JESUS’ NAME” —

(Selected stories from the life and triumphant death of Susan Talbott Wengatz)

Juan Holcombs

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DREAMS
of a
DECADE

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SADIE LOUISE MILLER
UPLAND, INDIANA



To My Friends:

MY NAME will not be written high
In any hall of fame;
Folks will not say, "What ponderous words
Were penned above her name!"
But if some simple-minded soul
Could catch a helpful thought,
That raised toward heaven a downcast eye
Or brought a calm, long sought;
I shall, where cups of water given
Are deeds esteemed of worth,
Be glad for my endeavor, though
It seemed so small on earth.

—SADIE LOUISE MILLER

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THE LANDSCAPE OF A LIFE

A FEW hills,
a mountain or two for hard climbing;
valleys in between for easy traveling.
Mostly dry ground
with an occasional babbling brook
running into a deep mirror lake.

Green pastures for rest and content;
some stony places with little verdure.
High, forbidding walls;
but, here and there, a half-hidden stile.

Long stretches of road
without even a house or trace of life;
a desert, perhaps abounding with stinging cactus;
then a quiet country village,
a few farm homes,
or a city full of gayety.

Sun shining on the scene,
sometimes followed by blackening storm-clouds;
then the rainbow's glory.

Looking down at the work of his hands
from the heights of God's Up There,
the Landscape Gardener,
whose eye "runs to and fro
throughout the whole earth,"
beholds a panoramic grandeur of completeness.

MY HOME A PALACE IS

MY FATHER is a king.
I dwell in a majestic palace
Framed by his creative hand,
And freshly decorated each new day
In rare adornment, with a grace of art
That words are futile to portray.

Thus does awaking daydawn unto daydawn
Utter speech,
Through every sweet and glad surprise
Which greets my opening eyes;
While night to night shows knowledge
As he, one by one, unfolds
New glories which my raptured gaze beholds.

High overhead, the beauty
Of a vast and arching dome of pastel blue
He oft enhances by a touch of grayish hue.
On every side, rare landscapes hang
Upon the spacious wall,
Displaying mountains tall
And trees all flecked with gay-dressed birds;
While resting by the shady brook
In near-by pastures green,
Are gentle, lowing herds;
And here and there, in nook and corner,
Shrubs and bushes nestle round;
And laughing flower faces say, "I greet you,"
From the dew-moist softness
Of their grassy pillow-mound.

Often, when toil's dull cares have sorely pressed,
At daylight's waning time
He draws the filmy curtains wide apart
Which hang before his grandest work of art.
There toward the west,
A painting of sheer loveliness appears,
Which ravishes my vision as I feast
Upon the wealth of the sublime
And gorgeous colorings
Which he alone can blend —
A broad expanse of radiant, celestial splendor
Kissing silent, fond farewells to the horizon
Where the hills and treetops end.

Soon he lowers all the shades,
Gently whispering, "It is night."
And bids me look above.
I marvel as I now behold
The dome of grayish blue impearled
With myriad golden sparkles bright;
And hanging from the chandelier of heaven
Luna's single orb of silver light.

Then tenderly he murmurs,
"Close thy eyes in slumber sweet, my child.
This is thy Father's world.
The wonders that shall gladden thy tomorrows
He foreknows.
Just trust his love
And rest in calm repose."

RESURRECTED LIFE

A LITTLE pansy seed, one day,
Sank in a garden bed;
Calloused and dry, it dormant lay,
To all appearance, dead.
One scarce would think that it could bear
A pansy, bright and gay;
No semblance was there of the bloom
That shed it there that day.

But when, one day, a shower came
In place of dearth and drought,
The little seed showed signs of life
And soon began to sprout;
Then nourished by the summer sun
And kissed by evening dew,
Where there was once nought but a seed,
A plant now lived and grew.
And soon the plant began to bud
And brought forth pansies fair,
Resembling in all beauteous tints
The flower that dropped it there.

A heart of sin and selfishness
Dwells in a life so fair,
Bearing no likeness to the One
Who gave it being there.
The Father knows there lies concealed
A heart of flesh within,
Which He hath placed in every soul,
Though hardened oft by sin;

And so He guards the stony heart
Which seems of little worth,
Till moistened by rich showers of grace
The inner life bursts forth,

The image of the Father, God,
So long obscured from view,
Now radiates in all the life,
Thus making all things new.
And as He takes this heart, transformed,
To be His royal throne,
It bears Him flowers of loving deeds
In likeness to His own.



A VILLANELLE OF 1933

I MAINTAIN this bold obsession:
That, as months and years shall fly,
I'll be glad for this Depression.

Though plans fail with swift egression,
A wise King still reigns on high —
I maintain this bold obsession.

If I lose my earned profession
And on others must rely,
I'll be glad for this Depression;

For there's joy in retrogression
To the tasks of days gone by —
I maintain this bold obsession.

'Tis a well-known, true confession:
Trials help to fortify —
I'll be glad for this Depression.

Future lore without digression
Will its hardships glorify.
I maintain this bold obsession:
I'll be glad for this Depression.

RISE, CONQUEROR, RISE

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise!"

As son of man, life ceased upon the tree;
As Son of God, rise now unveiledly;

"Into thy native skies
Assume thy right."

Rise from thy murky couch of rough-hewn stone;
Rise and ascend to God's eternal throne

"And reign in light."

"Victor o'er death and hell,"

Angels extol thy resurrection power,
Guarding thy vacant bed, this glorious hour.

"Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train"

And tell to anxious women, clothed in gloom,
That thou hast triumphed o'er the sealed tomb,

"Thou Lamb once slain."

"Enter, incarnate God,"

Dying, yet living, that the soul of man
Might be redeemed. By fixed, eternal plan,

"No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down"

With bruised head. Rise, lead captivity
Through widening portals, Son of Deity,

"And take thy crown."

"Lion of Judah, hail!"

Let every knee in adoration bend,
In earth and heaven above, world without end!

"And let thy name prevail
From age to age;"

While ransomed hosts, before the throne of God,
Attest that thou hast bought with thy own blood
"Thy heritage."

Quotations from "Rise, Glorious Conqueror, Rise"
by Matthew Bridges



GREEN

O LIVING Green of Earth's bright growing world,
How lavishly your color is unfurled
From valley, hill and mountain high —
A balm for every tired eye.
I gaze below and tender blades of green
Stand thickly criss-crossed on the velvet lawn;
I look above and verdant trees
In shimmering outline stand
Horizoned on the pastel shades of dawn;
While all around me bush and shrub of leafy green
Are dotting all the beauteous landscape scene.
Heads tiny peeping through warm sod;
The embryo fruit; the bursting pod;
Fields of tall corn; rich waving grain;
The common herb which grows amain —
Each in its tender budding time your tints must wear.
My adoring soul, transported with the view
Of these most vivid shades and fair,
Would with each fresh, new glimpse declare:
"O Gift of God! Thou soothing, restful hue,
True surety of a growing life and new,
With loving hand He puts you everywhere,
That He to all a living message true
May speak through you."

INTERNATIONAL HYMN
(Tune — *Hymn of Joy, Beethoven*)

FATHER of eternal glory,
We as nations turn to Thee.
Lead us in the prayer we utter;
Give us words to voice our plea.
Clasping hands we come as children,
Offspring of a loving God;
Pleadingly we stand before Thee,
Dwellers on a common sod.

Heedless of Thy plan and purpose,
We with hasty, childish greed,
Oft have snatched our brother's treasure,
Rudely careless of his need.
As we now implore forgiveness
At the mercy seat of God,
Humbly do we wait before Thee,
Dwellers on a common sod.

With Thy gracious pardon granted,
We would turn to deeds of love;
Asking, each one for the other,
Power and blessing from above;
Trusting, as we meet new duties,
In the wisdom sent from God,
Gladly will we work together,
Dwellers on a common sod.

Grant us Thy most hallowed presence;
Make our earth Thy dwelling place;
Through Thy tender mercy, crown us
With the beauty of Thy grace.
Welded all in one great union,
Seeking each the will of God,
We would stand before Thee ever,
Dwellers on a common sod.

MY LADY'S TREASURE STORE

MY LADY has two priceless jewels,
With luster both dainty and rare —
More brilliant than emeralds or opals;
Than rubies or garnets more fair.
They shine with a radiance of glory,
Flecked down from the bright, azure skies;
Revealing the lovelight of Heaven —
They are two tiny, sweet, baby eyes.

My Lady possesses a necklace,
With value that cannot be told —
More beauteous far than a diamond;
More precious than silver or gold.
She would not consent to exchange it
For one decked with brilliants or charms.
Its worth never has been computed —
'Tis a necklace of two little arms.

My Lady has also a flower,
With petals she longs to uncloze —
More colorful even than sunset,
And purer than lily or rose.
'Tis an opening bud dropped by angels
From their garden of beauty above,
Distilling the sweets of its fragrance —
The pure joy of a little one's love.

My Lady has wealth without measure;
It is safe in the bank of the skies,
And yields her with every new morning
A check that man cannot apprise.
I pray you, kind friends, to inform me
What treasure is greater than this:
The riches of love that come daily
From the rapture of each baby kiss?

FRIEND, SERVANT, CONQUEROR, FAREWELL

(Lines on the death of Mrs. George Evans)

FRRIEND of our heart, farewell.

The sun of thy earth-life has set for aye;
And sleep has come at last to tired eyes,
And rest for hands so weary in the fray.
We would not rouse thee from thy peaceful sleep,
Nor call thee back again to busy mart.
We tuck our robe of love around thy form
And bid thee slumber on, Friend of our heart.

Servant of God, well done!

Thy morning caught God's radiance from above;
Thy midday teemed with service true for man;
At eventime thy lips proclaimed God's love.
And now, though silence deep has stilled the voice
Which once to us the precious message told,
We yet can hear thy gentle, pleading words
Reecho from the shining gates of gold.

Doer of kindly deeds,

For us there are few moments left for work.
We would press on, remembering thy life
Of gladsome toil — God grant we may not shirk.
And may thy glorious mantle fall on us
Who once beheld thy busy, daytime hour;
And as thy chariot sweeps through Heaven's gate,
May we step forth and claim thy God's great power.

Conquering soul, we joy

To know thou hast arrived at home with God,
Where neither pain nor sorrow enters in
To mar the glory of that blest abode;
And as toward Heaven we turn our tear-dimmed eyes,
A lingering afterglow rewards our sight,

From which thy face, still yearning, beckons us
To follow in thy steps till comes our night.



GRAND CANYON

IMPERIAL cataclysm of the world,
Carved by angelic sculptors, painted by
The hand of God's own artist seraphim!
Your chiseled grandeur baffles human skill;
Your myriad rainbow tints are rival to
An ocean sunset. But my fancy paints
A scene in some dim age long past, with you
As inland sea, your rolling waves replete
With shell-protected life; and in great fear
You shrink from molding hand and shaping tool
That would disturb your fixed complacency.
And then I hear God's word of love to you
As He his miracle of marvels works:

"O thou afflicted,
Tossed with tempest,
And not comforted,
Behold,
I will set thy stones in fair colors,
And lay thy foundations with sapphires.
And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies,
And thy gates of carbuncles,
And all thy borders of precious stones."

(Isa. 54:11-12)

THE BRUISED CHRIST

(*Isaiah 53:4-12; Luke 22:41-44; Hebrews 5:7-9*)

IT PLEASED the Lord to bruise the Savior, Christ,
And put to grief His well beloved Son,
Who walked the earth, despised, rejected, lone,
Received not by His own —

His mission veiled until His work was done,
Which for a race of dying men sufficed.

He suffered in the garden. Drops of blood

Gave warning that life's tide was ebbing low,
While in soul travail He essayed to bear
The sorrow none might share.

With sleeping friends apart a mere stone's throw,
He sadly and alone the winepress trod.

But with intent pursuant to the plan

That He our Paschal Sacrifice should be,
He prayed to God to save Him there from death —
To give Him lengthened breath —

That He might bear our sins on Calvary's tree
And bring the way of life to helpless man.

God's eye was watching o'er His only Son;

His tears and His strong crying were revered.
From ministering host an angel came
With spark of living flame:

The Son of God was heard in that He feared;
Death fell back foiled — the Father's will was done.

He drained the cup, that He might feel our load;

He drank for us the bitter dregs of shame.
He faced the taunts, the spitting and the jeers,
And cruel mockers' leers;

And on a cross, the emblem of defame,
His heart's blood through a wounded side o'erflowed.

He wore our crown of sorrows on the tree,
And clothed Himself with all our grief and woe.
For our transgressions was He wounded sore;
Our stripes of guilt He bore.
That He the pangs of banishment might know,
Forsaken even by His God was He.

'Twas finished — and when thou, a guilty man,
Shalt make His soul an offering for sin,
He then shall see His seed; for sons of earth
Shall ever be brought forth
Through his soul travail, and shall enter in
To glory by God's one eternal plan.

Then shall the bruised Christ be satisfied,
Because His soul He poured out unto death
And bore the sins of many, so shall He
Highly exalted be;
His days prolonged; His life re-lived by faith
Through newborn souls who trust the Crucified.

Therefore a name on Him hath God bestowed
All other names above; that every knee
Should bow, of things on earth and things below
And things above, to show
Him honor; while all tongues confess that He
Is Lord, and glorify His Father, God.

And angels shall with ransomed hosts unite
In paying homage to the Lamb once slain;
And shout glad hallelujahs, as they sing
Hosannas to the King
Of kings, who reigns and evermore shall reign,
Of Heaven's glory, the Eternal Light!

AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

WITH an effulgence reflecting the glory of perennial dawn,
In the most central bower
Of the Garden of God,
Radiates the never-fading splendor
Of His most precious flower,
Everlasting Bloom.

One day a small, dull-brown seed
Fell from the tender fold
Of the blossom's warm heart
To the earth, hard and cold.
It lay for a time bare and dormant,
With no resemblance — in all human seeing —
To the wondrous flower
Which had borne the seed in its very being.

But the Master Gardener, observing it there
And knowing its latent possibilities,
With loving care
Took the seed and buried it out of sight
From its old world of sunshine and light.
There moistened with showers from the heavens above,
It emerged from the confines of its quiescent existence
And, through a miraculous act of love
By the hand of Nature's God,
Was transformed into a living and vigorous organism.

On this new and thriving plant of verdant life,
Pushing itself up into the sunshine,
Grew a tiny bud, resembling in a minute degree
That flower of excellence and worth,
In whose heart the seed first had its birth.

As the maturing bud develops day by day,
It is "changed from glory to glory;"

The abundant life within
Performing the sacred duty
Of imparting more and more gorgeous tints
And delicate shadings,
Tipped with the luster of Heaven's own beauty.

"It doth not yet appear what it shall be;"
But we know that some bright morning
Of the not far distant bye and bye,
"In the twinkling of an eye,"
It will unfold the zenith of its magnificence
At the portal
Of eternal radiance —
A full-blown flower crowned with grandeur immortal.

And then — —



WHY

SOMEBODY with heart so true,
Strange it was she could not love you —
Why she bade you say adieu,
Somebody with heart so true.
Angels down from Heaven flew,
Took you to the skies above you;
Somebody with heart so true,
Strange it was she could not love you.

OUR HONORED DEAD

THEY stood amid the thickest of the fight;
They faced the blasts of winter, chill and cold;
As sentry, through the long and sleepless night,
They paced their beat with agonies untold.
They bore the pangs of hunger, forced to lie
In prisons dark for many a weary day.
The sad and lonely hours passed slowly by,
With not a word from loved ones far away.
Some fell on gory fields to bleed and die,
Or slowly eke their life out day by day;
Others with grim disease were forced to lie
Till death should claim them as an easy prey.

Why hazard life to bayonet and sword —
Why this vicarious sacrifice so great?
Would badge of fame be adequate reward
Or rank and title fully compensate?
What was the prize that caused our sturdy boys
To lay aside, perchance, their life's bright dream,
Forsaking fondest ties and purest joys
To yield their lives in sacrifice supreme?

You fought for honor, brave and noble Dead,
Upon whose graves we lay a flower today.
You heard the call, and when good-bys were said,
Left home and friends and proudly marched away.
Some lives were given in love for native land
To save the freedom sacrifice had bought;
Some freely offered them for conquest grand
In lands across the seas where brave men fought.

God won through you the glorious liberty
Which crowned our land with unity and peace.
'Twas He who helped to win glad victory
For those who felt your aid beyond the seas.

And free men in our happy land today
And free men on the foreign shores unite
In tender memories, and homage pay
To you who helped to win the hard, long fight,

We pray that God will keep us ever true
To our dear flag, unfurled at such a price.
We dedicate our lives, today, anew,
For God and home a living sacrifice.
Our strife, to see from vice our country freed
And sin's debauch laid low beneath the dust.
Our fight, to banish avarice and greed,
Till men exemplify "In God we trust."
Our faith rests not in futile human power,
But in the mighty Hand that molds us yet.
Hope bids us rise, this reminiscent hour,
To place our hand in His, "lest we forget."



SUPREME SACRIFICE

OUR country's voice a challenge sounds again;
Today for sacrifice supreme she calls.
Her urgent thrilling cry, "God, give us men!"
Upon the ear, through din or silence falls.
She pleads for staunch red blood in sire and youth,
For white-souled matron, hand in hand with maid,
Girded with blue, insignia of truth;
"In God We Trust" upon each brow inlaid.

The call is for enlistment, not on field
Or ship to pour amain our warm lifeblood;
But with an offering more sublime to yield
A life poured out in zeal for others' good.
He serves his country best, by true esteem,
Who serves by *living sacrifice supreme*.

MANY THANKS OLD TREE

DEAR, lonely Apple-tree,
So tired-like you seem as there you stand
Outside my kitchen door.
Your dress is dullest brown today;
You wore bright green before.

Your leaves are falling fast;
But, loath to part from you at last,
They loiter as each downward floats;
And circling round and round,
They seem to sail
Imaginary seas of buoyant gale,
Like tiny, child-made, paper boats.

Some branches peering through
Still bear the glow of youthful green.
They speak to me of what you were
When decked in brilliant sheen.

But, were you all in brown,
I still could not forget
The luscious joy of summertime,
When, brightly hued and in your prime,
You gave me of your ruddy fruit —
The memory lingers yet.

My deepfelt thanks, old Tree;
Just take another night's refreshing sleep;
Adorn yourself again in green
And call once more to me.

HIS ANSWER

I PRAY for strength to bear the burdens great
Which noble souls have meekly borne.
Perhaps His answer is the strength to bear
The little word of comfort
To a heart by sorrow torn.

I ask for power to stand unflinchingly
Where warriors brave have firmly stood.
His will for me may be the power to stand
The little gnawing insult
And respond by doing good.

I covet grace which martyrs have displayed
Amid the hottest fagot flame.
He may give grace to live a shut-in life
And be a cheerful sufferer,
Thus to glorify His name.

I beg for tasks that will reveal my love
For Him, so that all men may see.
My task, perhaps, may be to cook the food,
To darn the socks, and do it
Ever uncomplainingly.

Who am I to select the strength, the power
The grace, the task that should be mine?
He only knows the corner of His field
In which His light most brightly
Through my little lamp can shine.

O YOU ENGLISH

O ENGLISH, how funny you are;
I never know just how to take you.
I'm glad it's not laid to my charge
That I ever helped them to make you.

A cow brings forth offspring called calves,
And a cat fondly cuddles her kittens;
But you wouldn't let sows have young salves
Nor a bat be the mother of bittens.

If several geese are geese
And the children of such are named goslings,
Let a moose's relations be meese
And the daughters and sons be called moslings.

If more than one mouse we call mice
And a louse multiplied would be lice,
Tell me, shouldn't two houses be hice
Or a couple of spouses make spice?

When a hen sits three weeeks on her eggs,
The youngsters that hatch are called chickens;
Why not then when a wren does the same
Just label her brood little dickens?

Yes, English, you get on my nerves;
Such singular plūrals I find;
And mas wouldn't guess their kids' names
Unless they were deaf, dumb and blind.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!
Eager voices sweetly sing.
Ringing bells and joyous carols
Richest adoration bring —
Yuletide, birthday of our King!

Christ is born, O wondrous message!
Heaven would its homage pay,
Reaching down to drop a joynote
Into every heart today.
Sing ye people, sing your sweetest;
Tell the wonders of His birth.
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!
Angels sang, shall man be silent?
Sing, O angels! Sing, O Earth!



THE UNCOMMON COMMON

I STROLLED along a common walk one day —
A roadside where the people hurry by;
And there I saw the weeds along the way,
Begrimed with dust, but growing rank and high.
Men walked with cautious mien and haughty air,
And women held their skirts in sheer recoil;
Afraid to come too near while passing there,
For fear the smirching dust might stain or soil.

I turned and plucked a work of Nature's art,
Shook off the dust and marveled at the grace:
White clusters grouped around a tiny heart
Of purple velvet — dainty Queen Anne's lace.
Such wondrous things by daily roadpaths hide
To thrill the heart of him who turns aside.

STRANGELY WARMED

WHEN Methodism's founder struggled through
The dreary months and years
Of penitential tears,
His prayer was not that Christians as a whole
Be made victorious in their life.
The conflict was within
His individual soul, where sin
Was fighting for the mastery. The strife
Of faith beset by fears
Bore heavily upon his contrite heart,
Till by the Spirit's power
He felt the burden roll
From his abandoned self, that glorious hour
At Aldersgate.

Then "strangely warmed,"
Like one small grain of leavened meal,
His love touched other lives and made them feel
His burning passion for the Lord;
Until by his own word
The multitudes were led to seek, each one,
His Aldersgate.

And still today,
The church is made of one plus one;
Each soul must seek until the work is done.
Shall we not pray, "Begin, O Lord, with me;
Burn out all dross; fill with Thy power,
And set me free?"
Then shall the heart, with Love's pure flame aglow,
Kindle desire
In other lives to know,
Each for himself, that strangely warming fire
Of Aldersgate.

INDIAN SUMMER

SUMMER said farewell to me and departed,
Closing tight the door.
Oh, how drear it seemed without her!
Summer said farewell.

Winter came
And spread out her white blanket
As if she meant to stay;
But Summer furtively slipped in
And stole the white blanket,
And Winter fled away.

How good it seems to have Summer back!
Even though I know
That she soon must go.
It is like the delicious, unexpected pleasure
Of having a dear friend return
For another good-bye kiss.



OUR BREAD

YOU say that a giant dwells there
With a fierce and terrible head?
"Fear not," our new Joshua speaketh,
"For he shall become thy bread."

Dread not the towering stature,
Nor yet the monstrous head;
This know: The greater the giant,
The larger thy loaf of bread.

APART

HAVE you learned, when cares oppress the heart,
With Christ to come apart,
And find in Him sweet comfort blest
And rest?
Do you close the sanctum door on mart
And throng and each distracting guest?

Do you seek Him early, ask His plan
For you, in the day that just began:
What word
He wishes you to speak, or thought unheard
On which your soul should meditate, or deed to man
Of kindness, long by you deferred
Because of vision blurred?

As you then on His bosom lean
In the innermost circle of love, serene
And calm and still,
Do you list to His whispered confidence, until
No clamoring voice can come between
Your soul and His most holy will?

If thus you gaze unhurried on that face,
So tender with condoning grace,
Till love
Links your affections firm with things above,
No subtle charm can from your soul remove
The impress of that holy place.

“THE PATH OF THE JUST
is as the shining light, that shineth more and
more unto the perfect day.”—Prov. 4:18

NIGHT — Darkness — A wanderer.
A gleam reveals a pathway.
Struggling, faint and weary,
The wanderer gains the pathway. Turning,
He beholds a gradually increasing radiance —
He follows the gleam.

The road is very straight — the man very weak.
He stumbles, falls outside — All is dark.
Another glimpse of radiant light enables him;
He gladly returns to the pathway
And again follows the gleam.

Light merges into greater brightness —
Glory gives place to more effulgent glory.
Near the end of the road
He approaches an open gate,
From which the heavenly illumination
Streams out over the pathway.

He now beholds in the gateway,
Standing with outstretched hands,
The living presence of
“The true Light that lighteth every man.”

AN OLD-TIME FRIEND

AN OLD-TIME friend I met today,
As I was passing on my way.
We met as millions daily meet
Upon the thronging, busy street,
While hurrying on to work or play.

Our eyes met first, and his said, "Stay,
And speak a word to me, I pray."
So, though in haste, I stopped to greet
An old-time friend.

Fond memories bade me still delay
And grasp his face — most bald display —
In both my hands. Was I discreet?
He sank in rapture to my feet,
And rolled and barked — my long lost Tray —
An old-time friend.



STATION WBS

AT the earliest peep of daybreak,
Station WBS
Broadcasts music every morning —
Never misses one, I guess;
For I wake up when I hear it
And I listen, just as still;
Other stations do not bother
And I hope they never will.
Sweetest songs by Heaven-trained warblers:
"Tweet, tweet, trill, tweet, tweet, chee, chee —"
From the Leafy Bower Network,
Relaid on from tree to tree.

Would you like to hear these warblers?
It's quite easy if you try:
Go to sleep at Beauty's bedtime,
Windows raised and shades pulled high.
Then at daybreak wake and listen
When the hush is over all,
And you'll hear the World's Best Songsters
As from tree to tree they call.



MY EYES HAVE SEEN

MY EYES have seen — oh, can it be
They saw not once what now they see?
For One who sets dull minds aglow
Came to my vision's door, and lo!
It opened to His golden key.

The humble flower, the lofty tree,
And beauteous things that by decree
Of God for me are made to grow,
My eyes have seen.

The wonder of His care for me,
Which follows over land and sea;
The love that will not let me go
When lashing billows overflow;
The marvel of His grace so free —
My eyes have seen.

FOLLY FLAUNTS AT FATE

B. C. — Amos 4:1-2; 6:3-6; 7:7-9.

A. D. — Current History.

“**G**O, leave us to our pleasure;
Thy word we will not heed.
Come, lords, and mix our cocktails stronger,
Let music’s voice sound louder, longer;
These drown the fearful thought
Of our appalling need.”

But God’s plumb-line hangs ever —
Eternal Law its name —
’Twas hung by Him at the creation
And speaks His truth to every nation:
“Though wine and music drown,
Sure judgment I proclaim.”



STOP

STOP! behold the lame world lying
Just outside the temple gate;
Men, with trembling hands imploring,
Long in expectation wait.

It perhaps were better not to
Have the gold for which they plead;
For we then might fail to give them
What will better meet their need.

If we stop and say, like Peter,
“Look on us,” and reach a hand;
Will they see the Christ reflected
Through whose power we bid them stand?

THE STANDARD OF INEXCELLENCE

HE TOOK the clean, white scroll
On which her name had been engraved,
And holding it above the burning flame,
He watched it brown and tarnish there.
Then flippantly he tossed it out
Upon the drifting shoal,
And even smiled
At trust so artfully beguiled.

Later, another gave with ardent love
Her name to be his own;
Not reckoning as ill
The great injustice done
Erstwhile to one
Whose pure, white scroll
He smirched to ruin by the blistering flame —
Oh, tragic shame!



WHOT SCHALL EYE DU?

OA INGLISH is surely tuff stough;
Migh mynd iz sew sturred that it's blirred.
I fined when I chews too wright noos
I konfues every weard that I've hord.

Through, tough, though, bough, cough end alike,
While too, to, and two sound the saim
As dew, through and lieu,
Shoe, you, blue and gnu —
I wish I mite no whoo's tou blayme.

—Seydee Lieueaze Millurr

THE LASS FOR ME

OH, Spring's a jolly, care-free lass,
With face that's childish fair.
She wears bright-colored filmy gowns
With flowers in her hair.
She laughs and dances gleefully
All through the gladsome day;
At evening time, her lullabies
Soothe all my cares away.

She lifts aloft her fairy wand
And brings refreshing rain;
Then when she, smiling, turns that wand,
The sun peeps out again.
She sounds aloud a mystic call —
Lo, myriad songs are heard;
And bleatings, croakings, hummings, are
By her own magic stirred.

She draws out treasures, long-time hid,
And to my glad surprise,
Most lavishly she holds them up
To my adoring eyes.
She has three winsome sisters too,
Called Summer, Winter, Fall;
Each tries to bring her own delights,
But Spring outvies them all.

CHRIST IS BORN

MERRY Christmas, hear the bell.

Eagerly its echoes swell,
Ringing out the old time story —
Ringing out the Christ child's glory;
Yuletide would its message tell.

C hrist was born one starry night;
H eaven lent her angels bright,
R ousing weary shepherds, keeping
I n the fields, their flocks now sleeping.
S weet voiced carols tell again
T idings of great joy to men,
Merry Christmas, ringing, singing.
A ngels called him Christ the Lord;
S hall not man join in accord?



CAREST THOU NOT?

OUR old Ship Zion plows against the wave
Of doubt and unbelief. With boasting roar,
The threatening sea mounts higher than before,
And He seems sleeping, who alone can save.
Can He repose while raging torrents rave,
And hearts cry out in fear and anguish sore?
Why leave us by ourselves to gain the shore,
And meet new terrors which we must out-brave?

Our Master rests at ease within the barque,
But ready waits — although men say He sleeps —
To say to writhing waters, "Peace, be still!"
Then calm and light will reign where all seems dark;
For "gathered in His fists" the wind He keeps,
And angry "waves obey Him" at His will.

JUST BEYOND

A RADIANT beam of sunlight
Dawned upon my life
One bright, rosy morning;
And continuing to shine
With ever-increasing splendor,
Brought warmth and gladness to my heart.

Then, while its glow
Was touching all around with glory,
It suddenly disappeared
With a silent farewell
Below the horizon.

But, although it left behind
Only the gray dusk,
I know that west of the obscuring hilltops
It is still brightly shining
In the beautiful country,
JUST BEYOND.



HIS MESSENGER

CARES of life encompassed me about;
Dark clouds bedimmed my sky.
I asked my Father for His cheer and comfort —
He seemed not to reply;
But soon I found them mine —
With thought of love,
The joy of bringing what He wished to send
He had waited to bestow
Upon His trusted messenger —
My friend.

MY QUESTION

TODAY I go again to Bethlehem's plain,
I see the star and hear the angels' song;
I come with shepherds to the inn again
And join in adoration with the throng.
I ride with wisemen o'er the starlit way,
Present my gifts unto the Christ-child sweet,
And thus I celebrate the natal day
With memory pictures, each new year replete.

But do I claim the message as my own
Or ope my heart unto the star's rich gleaming?
Is my crude manger bed now made His throne,
And are my love gifts real — not merely seeming?
Is He, once born according to God's word,
To my own self the Savior, Christ the Lord?



SUN DOWN

WHEN Earth's day wanes,
her bedtime fairies hold
a while a candle
shedding rosy skylight.
Then shading this,
around her form they fold
a downy coverlet —
the dreams of twilight.

OUR UNCROWNED QUEEN

ONE TIME, being exiled, God's people
In a strange land were forced to abide,
And one of their maidens named Esther
Was crowned as the monarch's fair bride.
But Haman, the king's vilest subject,
Determined their homage to gain,
And bade them to bow in his honor
Or by cruel hands to be slain.
They fasted and prayed for deliverance;
God showed them the path to pursue;
They came to the queen for assistance
In saving the life of the Jew.
She stood in the breach for her people,
Although her own life was at stake;
The king raised the scepter of mercy
And saved them from death for her sake.

Today in our beautiful country,
Where Woman is honored as queen,
God's people again live in peril
Of a foe with malicious demean;
Like Haman of old, the Drink Demon
Walks stealthily throughout our land
And calls everyone in the nation
To bow at his haughty command.
Great souls unto God now are crying;
He speaks — Will our queen take her place
And stand in the breach for her people,
This deep-intrenched wrong to efface?

Brave queen, see the scepter has risen!
Haste make your demand of the throne.
It is yours to the half of the kingdom
For the people you claim as your own.

Awake to the terrible danger,
And hold not your peace at this time.
Men, women and children must perish
If you close your eyes to this crime.
Give your voice and your vote, till our nation
Has vanquished this dark artifice.
Who knows but you've come to the Kingdom
For just such a crisis as this!



HEAVEN IS TOUCHING EARTH

MY BARQUE faces homeward on Life's ocean crest,
Toward the red-gold halo, now crowning the west;
And the twilight mist, rising film-like between,
Is tinged with hues from the beauteous scene;
While all my trackless way
Is aflame with the glory of closing day.

Heaven has flung wide a door in the sky,
And is bidding me borrow
A foregleam of splendors unfading and bright,
Reserved for the joy of the waking eye
When eternal dawn greets the sight.

And over the waves, like a vesper chime,
Sounds a sure word of hope
Clothed in age-old rhyme:
"Red at night,
Sailors' delight —
A clear, shining day tomorrow."

THE AWAKENING ANGEL

WINTER held dead Nature in the gloom
Of her cold, dark, unsightly tomb;
Far buried out of sight
From rays of sun and light;
And song birds winged their swift, despairing way
To climes where trees were green and flowers gay.

A stony door of ice and snow,
With threatening doom,
Had sealed the room
Which held the victim, dead and sere —
When lo!
As Easter morn draws near,
A dazzling figure, beckoning, stands
With glad, uplifted hands —
Her face aglow;
And says to all, "Rejoice to know
That death is vanquished. At my call
The stone is rolled away. Look one and all!
For dormant Nature is astir
Within her darksome sepulcher.
The great Life-giver kissed with verdant breath
Which burst the swathing bands of death.

"Awake, arise, new powers, new dreams!
Come forth to greet the sun's first beams.
Fair flowers, unwrap your folds of lavender;
Sweet singers, mate and plan your dear home-nests;
Brave hordes of green, in troops march forth,
Fulfill my kind behests."

Give thanks, fair Nature, clothed anew
In gay attire of lavish morn's bright hue.
Be glad; lift up your voice and sing.
Behold God's Easter-angel, Spring,

Glistening with dewy sparkles
Tipped with splendor from the dawn-rimmed skies,
Beckoning in love and bidding you,
"Awake, arise!"



IT CAN BE DID

I HAVE just laid me down, pillows under my head,
For I can write better while lying in bed.
For weeks I've been trying to grapple a thought;
It will not be begged, hired, rented or bought.
So I said, "Though ideas have flown clear away,
I must write, though I've nothing whatever to say."
Then I closed tight my eyelids and racked my poor brain
To see if good Muse would not come once again.
If someone would only a subject suggest —
That's always the hard part — I'd do all the rest.
But titles and themes followed Muse in her flight —
I wonder whose pen she is pushing tonight.
I'll guess she is visiting Barton Rees Pogue,
And he is just hanging right to her — the rogue!
And out he will come with the spiffiest poem —
Well, let him go to it, I'm just going to show 'em
That I can write too, and without Mistress Muse,
Or rhyme book, or synonyms — What is the use?
With a half hour, a tablet, eraser, and lead,
I've a sheet filled plumb full, and who cares what was said!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

IT'S no use to grumble and feel blue
When somebody seems to treat you cold;
Like as not the fault is all in you,
If the honest truth could just be told.

More than likely 'tisin't even so,
And the fellow never thought of slight;
Half the things that make us fret and blow
Come from blunders in our own poor sight.

Maybe he was feeling out of sorts,
Something might have gone all wrong that day.
Folks have more to think of than your hurts;
You must learn your little part to play.

If he doesn't want you in his set,
You, sometime, have likely been a bore;
Then by acting peeved next time you met,
You have made him shun you all the more.

If you're always kind and full of fun,
Stands to reason folks'll want you 'round;
When you see them choose the other one,
Something wrong in you they sure have found.

Some folks grunt and hint around for praise,
Then if people cut them, start to pout
And instead of mending their own ways
Go and blow their troubles all about.

Folks are not to blame for what they choose;
All the fault is with your own poor self.
Laugh and shake and chase away your blues
And they'll never put you on the shelf.

FROM EGYPT TO CANAAN

I ONCE was a dweller in Egypt,
Its flesh-pots were sweet to my taste;
But its slavery grew hard beyond measure
Till life was a wearisome waste.
God's servants entreated me kindly
And wonders and signs did they show;
But Sin, subtle king, held me faster
And said, "I will not let him go."
But when the destroying death angel
Was hovering near, I, in faith,
Applied to my heart the blood symbol
Which saved from destruction and death.

I started to leave his dominion,
His flesh-pots and slavery too;
When a great sea of doubt rose before me,
So dark that I could not see through.
I turned me for help to my Savior
Who bade me in faith to step in;
He rolled back the waves, and in safety,
I escaped from the thralldom of Sin.

And then as I passed on my journey,
When darkness grew thick o'er my way,
His presence illumined my pathway
With glory far brighter than day.
But if with the light shining round me,
I was tempted to stray from His side,
He sent a thick cloud hovering o'er me
To warn me to stay by my Guide.
And when in the wilderness testing
I thirsted for pleasures of yore,
The water of life He provided
Until my soul thirsted no more;

And as the old flesh-pots of Egypt
 Would rush to my memory still,
The bread of life falling from heaven
 Was able my longing to fill.

I learned of the blest land of Canaan
 Where victory would crown all my days,
And rest to the soul would be constant,
 And life would abound with His praise.
I ventured to Kadesh-Barnea
 And tried the good land to spy out,
But the giants who rose up before me
 Were more than my efforts could rout.
I fought, but my battles were fruitless,
 Those giants held perfect command;
But God said, "My power shall conquer
 And give you the blest promised land.
The God who could roll back the waters
 And feed with miraculous bread,
Shall He be dismayed by a giant
 Whom He hath created and fed?"
But I, with my fears and forebodings,
 Now failed to rely on His word,
And back to the desert He led me
 Until I should trust in my Lord.

Again I resumed the dread journey,
 But lingered with doubts at Mount Seir,
Till God said, "Why compass this mountain?
 Arise, get thee up, never fear.
The beloved of the Lord shall dwell safely
 And God shall protect him from harm,
For He is thy dwelling place ever
 And under thee, His mighty arm."
Then, when I gave up all my trying
 And laid my poor life in His power,
The Jordan of turbulent tumult
 He held as a child holds a flower;

And when at old Jericho's conquest
My feet on the broken walls trod,
I stood there amazed in His presence
And praised the great name of my God.

I gave up all faith in my efforts
And leaned like a child on His arm,
And the giants of Anger and Doubting
Were routed and fled in alarm;
And when one comes up and affronts me
With visage and name that are new,
I am walled by the fire without me
And he is afraid to come through.
I am constantly kept by His presence
Protected from worries and strife,
While His own perfect rest now abiding
Is manna and strength to my life.
The fruits of this sweet land of Canaan
Are blessing and health to my soul,
While my lips flow in ceaseless endeavor
To praise Him who maketh me whole.
His love is my light and salvation,
His service my joy and my song,
And through endless ages eternal
All glory to Him shall belong.

A STRAY SHEEP

A POOR stray lamb on the mountain side,
So lean and cold and wan,
Fallen from out of a hireling's flock,
Too tired and faint to go on.
A tender Shepherd passing by,
Seeking for sheep astray,
Spies the weary, frightened lamb
On a rock heap beside the way.

In loving accent the Shepherd calls
With a sweet endearing tone,
"Come, follow me, dear little lamb,
You need not stay there alone."
The lamb looks up at the Shepherd kind
With grateful, pleading eyes;
But he lies there still on his stony bed,
Too helpless even to rise.

Then the Shepherd stoops and with strong right arm
Lifts the lamb so weak and cold,
And bearing him up the mountain steep
He carries him to his fold;
Where food for his hunger he finds prepared
With tenderest love and care,
And he feasts in the presence of enemies
With the Shepherd to guard him there.

For his thirst a cup running over is brought
From fountains which never cease;
His head is anointed with oil, and each night,
He slumbers in safety and peace.
He knows love and mercy will follow him
Through all of his earthly days;
And he gazes into his Shepherd's eyes
With rapturous love and praise.

THOUGH SUNDERED FAR

MY FRIEND has gone. I miss her genial face,
Her strong, warm handclasp, her embrace;
But duty called her far away,
And I, today,
Sit with bowed head and tearful eye
And pray the months to go more swiftly by
Till she
Shall come again to me.

I breathe a prayer
That God will bless and keep her safely there;
And as I pray,
I feel her presence, near as yesterday.
We clasp hands at the mercy seat
In fellowship most sweet;
And so we feel the sympathy of yore,
And know that we in spirit part no more.



ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH

I ENTERED the Bank of Heaven
and paused at the window of prayer.
A check in my hand I carried
to be cashed in full right there.
"All you need" was the written value;
it was signed, "Your own God", but despite
my knowledge of all His resources,
I crossed out "All you need" and with trembling
wrote in "Just a little mite."

COMPANION SONNETS

CALM, radiant Christmas Eve, most holy night!
When Bethlehem's plains were lighted from the sky;
And notes of "Glory be to God on high"
Were wafted down from angels in their flight.
Most marvelous night, you gave unto the world
The birth of our Redeemer, Christ the King.
Join every voice; let songs of triumph ring;
And may there be upon each heart impearled
By touch divine, a wondrous, guiding star,
To lead men through the gloom of desert night,
Past earthly monarchs' thrones which rise and fall,
With course directed by unfailing light;
Till wayworn travelers from lands afar
Shall find the new born King in manger stall.

Bright, happy New Year's Morn, glad day of days!
You bring to us from Time's unending store
Of eons, lived in days and hours, one more
Step onward into new, untrodden ways.
We stand upon the threshold of your dawn
And turn our eyes from past and fleeting years —
From sad defeat, glad triumph, smiles and tears —
Unto the rising of your roseate morn.
And as each gleam of light spreads hope's bright rays
Of pastel glory over sea and land,
We trust that He, the King of manger stall,
Will clasp within His own our eager hand,
And whether few or many untried days
Be ours, will stay close by and lead us all.

DRINK IS DRINK

MY father has gone to buy whiskey
And left me with Mother alone;
Although I'm afraid she is dying,
In spite of my pleading, he's gone.

The fire in the stove's getting lower;
The cupboard is emptied of bread;
I cannot go out and sell papers
While Mother is dying in bed.

I begged him when day's work was over
To bring home some fuel and food —
Oh, how can a man be so cruel,
Who one time was loving and good!

We once had a home, nicely furnished,
With pictures, and carpeted floor;
I dream of it now in my slumbers
And seem to enjoy it once more.

Our life was so happy together,
But I guess 'twas too pleasant to last;
For when they repealed Prohibition
Our troubles soon came thick and fast.

And hardly had voting got over,
When a man in a restaurant near
Just hurried to get him a license
And started right off to sell beer.

'Twas not a low down place of business,
But all looked so cozy and gay,
And Daddy commenced going over
To sit at the close of the day.

We soon found that drinking was drinking,
No matter how pretty the place.
It took my own kind, loving daddy
And led him to shame and disgrace.

We lost our nice home with its pleasures;
My mother grew weary and sad,
And turned to the washtub for money,
For I was a tiny, young lad.

But now that I'm older, I help her
By selling the News and the Sun,
And quite a few pennies I gather
To bring her when day's work is done.

But now she is going to leave us;
She told me with tears in her eyes.
Oh, how can I stay here so lonely,
When Mother has gone to the skies!

I quite had forgotten, in musing,
Her form there, so still in the bed;
I look — but her eyes have grown glassy!
God, help me! My mother is dead!

I'm here all alone in the silence,
And starving with hunger — and cold;
While Father, who should be my comfort,
Is lounging where whiskey is sold.

Oh, how can a nation called Christian
Engage in the selling of rum,
That takes a man, noble and loving,
And makes him a demon at home?

But listen! He's drunk and is coming!
I hear his harsh tones, loud and wild.
God, spare me, this night, from a beating!
Oh, pity a drunkard's lone child!

TRANSLATED
II Samuel 12:23

YOU may not come to me —
The fine and brittle thread of mortal breath
That, unseen, bound you to this life below,
Has snapped; and not again may it be twined
Together. You have crossed the threshold o'er
To nevermore return. And life on earth,
Whether with joy or sorrow fraught for you,
Is sunk with mystery in the vast unknown
Of God's eternity. To be revealed
Not to our finite minds; and His own plan,
Fixed and eternal since the world began,
Is now complete — your mission here fulfilled.

But I may go to you.
The silver cord some day for me shall break,
And I, unbound, shall cross the threshold. Then
A life eternal shall for me begin;
And loved and lost, to me restored, shall dwell
With me in one glad union evermore,
Where parting words ne'er break the heart; but peace
And bliss supreme and everlasting joy
Shall reign; and worship, love, and praise to Christ
Who has redeemed and brought us home at last,
Shall be our song through everlasting days.

"T'WASN'T"
A Bed-time Story

LAST night when I was snug in bed,
About 12:45,
I saw an awful looking thing
And said, "Great sakes alive!"

It looked just like a monstrous horse,
6 ft. from hip to hip.
My teeth they chatter-chattered till
They made the *pillow slip*.

And then it turned and looked at me;
And when I saw its head,
I ducked below the quilt so quick
It made the old *bed spread*.

And then it poked its nose under
The quilt — the crazy thing!
And whee-hee-hee-hee-hee so loud
It made the whole *bed spring*.

I jerked away so quick I gave
My back an awful sprain;
Then bumped my head kerslam and caused
A serious *counter pain*.

My fluttering heart was beating ten
To one, and in a trice
My breath grew hot, my hands turned cold,
My feet were *sheets* of ice.

So when I saw that surely no
Bed comfort could be found,
I jumped right out, turned on the light,
And wildly looked around!

I looked below the footboard, and
I looked behind the chair;
And then I saw — I saw the point —
'Twas just a big night mare.

I turned myself around and gave
The quilts an awful yank,
And said, "You boob get back in bed,
Blanket-y-blank-blank-blank!"



WHERE I LIVE

WELL-KEPT lawns surround my dwelling —
Trees, shrubs and flowers fair;
But in a shady nook,
Where a splashing brook
Runs over smooth, green stones
Into a quiet pool
And out again, with cool
Fern and tangled water cress
Abounding everywhere,
My heart is living there.

I sit beneath small stunted trees
And drink sweet-scented air,
While watching yellow ducklings swim and float —
Some tails aloft and heads far down,
Smacking at tid-bit rare —
Yes, I am living, dreaming,
Dreaming and living there.

THE OLD HOME CHURCH IN CARBONDALE

THERE'S a church in the valley by the hillsides,
More dear than all else in the vale.
It is calling to me from the distance,
"Come back to the church in Carbondale."

I would come, come, come, come,
Come to the church where I labored,
In the dear old town in the vale.
No spot is so dear to my memory
As the old home church in Carbondale.

'Twas so sweet on the bright Sabbath mornings
To list to the clear ringing bell.
The urge of its memory is pleading,
"Will you come to the church in Carbondale?"

I would come, come, come, come,
Come as the bells ring their welcome,
Resounding o'er hill and o'er dale.
I would come on the wings of the morning
To my old home church in Carbondale.

There fixed in my memory forever
Sits the choir that I loved, oh, so well.
They are leading the glad notes of worship
In my old home church in Carbondale.

I would come, come, come, come,
Come as the notes of the organ
Peal out in their marvelous swell.
I would then take my place with the singers
In my old home church in Carbondale.

Some dear ones are still toiling upward,
And some with their Savior now dwell.

Soon with them we shall all meet and praise Him
For our own beloved church in Carbondale.

I shall come, come, come, come,
Come there and meet with the loved ones,
Though plans and desires both shall fail.
I shall be there with you in the spirit,
When you meet at the church in Carbondale.

For the Centenary Celebration of the Methodist Episcopal
Church in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, April, 1932.



YULETIDE'S STORY

DOWN from His throne in glory,
Came the new King of the earth.
Angels then sang the sweet story,
Telling his wondrous birth.
Wondering shepherds found Him
Where He so sweetly lay,
Not in the royal palace,
But on a bed of hay.

Yuletide again tells His story:
Born, not in palace or inn,
But in the heart's lowly manger,
Where He has conquered sin.
Join every voice, His blest advent to sing:
Maker and Monarch, Redeemer and King.

BEYOND RECALL

LOST —

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset,
Two golden hours,
Each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No reward is offered
For they are lost forever.”

I dreamed I heard the quitting bell of Time,
And all the wheels of Life slowed down and stopped.
I crossed the threshold of my Father's House
With all the clinging soot and smirching grime
Of earth forever washed away.

I sat down in His beautiful abode
To feast upon the bounteous meal prepared;
While others of the Household, who had ceased
Their labors earlier than I, came near,
Each glad to know that my workday of life
Was done, and I was home to stay.

And I rejoiced in their glad company,
And in the love of my dear Father, too.
But more than all beside, in fellowship
With my own Elder Brother, who for me
At one time sacrificed His life.

But though the rest and peace of this bright home
Were mine forever, I somehow could not
Forget that, during my short day of work,
An hour had been idly spent.

I asked my Father if I might not leave
The joys and fellowships of this glad place,
And go back to the labor of Life's day,
So to relive that precious, wasted hour —
He could not grant me my request.



THE GLORY OF MOTHERHOOD

A SWEET, new life is launched upon the crest
Of Time's fast flowing stream, whose waters bear
The craft — resistless burden, precious, rare —
By Love's calm billows tenderly caressed.
A darling babe to nestle on the breast;
A tiny heart the mother love to share;
A spotless soul sent down from God's Up-there;
A ray of joylight for the dear home nest.

A being is that was not heretofore —
God's wondrous plan for motherhood sublime:
This new-launched life, that now to her endears
Itself, was not, but shall be evermore;
For, floating on, the craft shall reach sometime
Eternity's unmeasured sea of years.

AN EVER GREEN FRUIT TREE

THE MAN who walks not in the paths
Of wickedness and sin and woe;
The man who stands not where the men
With bad device are wont to go;
Who sits not with the scornful folk,
But has delight in God's decree,
The psalmist says, is truly blest,
And likens him unto a tree.

A tree that reaches down to drink
Of living waters, deep, unseen;
A tree whose branches never fade,
But put forth leaves of tender green;
A tree that in its season bears
A full supply of luscious fruit;
A tree storms will not overturn,
But drive to deeper, surer root.

A tree, God's greatest masterwork
Of all in Nature's boundless store;
Spreading its arms in gratitude,
With head uplifted, God to adore;
Casting from leafy branch a shade
On souls who know but heat and strife;
Supplying fruit to hungry man,
O'erburdened with the needs of life.

But Nature's tree, though made of oak,
Must meet Earth's final, sad decay;
When in the crucial test of life,
All transient things must pass away;
While man with vernal glory crowned,
Throughout God's evermore shall stand,
Beside Life's crystal river bright
Which flows through Heaven's golden strand.

SCARS

Tune: "Will There Be Any Stars?"

I AM thinking when labors and cares are laid down
And before my Redeemer I stand,
I shall merit no stars in my heavenly crown
If His eye finds no scars on my hand.

Oh, what bliss would be mine when His face I behold,
As He calls for His pure, blood-washed band;
Should He whisper, "Well done, thou hast come forth as gold,"
As he points to the scars on my hand?

In the strength of the Lord I would seek for the lost,
Till life's hour glass has shifted its sand;
Through the bramble and bush, never counting the cost
Of the ugliest scar on my hand.

CHORUS

Will He find any scars, any scars on my hand,
When I've crossed to the bright glory land;
As He welcomes the blest to His mansions of rest,
Will He find any scars on my hand?

ROOM IN THE INN

A BEAUTIFUL chamber
With soft cradle bed,
In place of a manger
Now pillows His head.
I brought Him in sadness
My heart full of sin;
He filled it with gladness,
Christ entered my inn.

With true consecration
I yielded my part;
In humiliation
I opened my heart.
With faith in my Savior
Who saves me from sin
I joy in His favor
Christ dwells in my inn.

With joy I receive Him
And welcome Him here,
With balm to relieve Him
In place of a spear.
Now seeking His treasure,
With victory o'er sin,
His will is my pleasure —
Christ reigns in my inn.

CHORUS

I've room, I've room for Jesus;
I'll bid Him welcome free,
Until I hear at heaven's gate,
"There's room, my child, for thee."

Adapted from "No Room In the Inn" by A. L. Skeltor.

“I BOW MY KNEES”

Eph. 3:14-21

I AM praying that you may be strengthened with might,
By his Spirit in the inner man;
And that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith,
Which is God's eternal plan.
I am praying that you may be grounded in love,
And be able to comprehend
With all saints the length and depth and height
Of the love that knows no end.
According to the riches of His glory,
Which have been from all eternity —
The great unsearchable riches of Christ,
So freely proffered you and me.

I am praying that you may know that love,
Which passeth the knowledge of men;
And that you shall be filled with the fullness of God,
Through the mystery which for ages hath been.
Now to Him who is able exceedingly to do
Above all that we can think or ask,
According to the power that worketh in us,
To accomplish this stupendous task,
Unto him be all the wealth of Heaven's glory,
In Christ Jesus, our kingly Friend;
And to Him be the glory in the Church of God,
Throughout all ages, world without end.

THE POET'S VOYAGE
With apologies to Kipling

WHEN earth's last poem is printed and the quill
is crusted and dried;
When the oldest ode is forgotten and the modern
"poets" have died,
We shall not rest, nor shall need it, but for a
glad eon or two,
We shall write for the Master of workmen in the
realm of things that are new.

There those who were good shall be happy; they
shall sit in a golden chair,
And write on a magic parchment of joys which
the angels share.
They shall find real saints for heroes — Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall write through the ages of rapture, and
never grow weary at all;

And only the Master shall praise them, and we
know He never will blame;
And no one shall write for money, and no one
shall write for fame.
But each for the joy of the working, in the light
of his own brilliant star,
Shall write the Thing as he sees it for the God of
Things as They Are.

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