



### DEATH OF MISS RUBY GARDNER.

Miss Ruby Gardner, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gardner, died at her parents' residence this (Saturday) morning, at the age of 25. Miss Gardner had been in delicate health for years, the final cause of death being heart trouble. Death has cut short a promising career. Miss Gardner had considerable literary ability, and seemed likely to make her mark—if indeed she had not already done so—as a writer of stories for girls. She took great interest in questions affecting the welfare of young women, and held the position of treasurer of the local branch of the Girls' Realm Guild until compelled by ill-health to resign a few months ago. She was the first local member of the Guild. Miss Gardner was a prominent member of the Methodist Literary Union, and identified herself with various branches of church work.

1  
no

Dear Ruby  
with love from  
E. E. E. E.

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POEMS BY RUBY GARDNER







Ruby Gardner  
J



# POEMS

BY

RUBY GARDNER

PRINTED BY  
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SYDNEY  
1909



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*In Loving Memory.*

*RUBY GARDNER.*

*Born 20th Sept., 1882.*

*Died 13th June, 1908.*

*At Rest.*

*“ Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.”*

*—Song of Solomon ii. 17.*

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## FOREWORD.

*In addition to the pathos that always necessarily attaches to the carrying out of purposes planned by those who have passed away from the things of this life, there is in the case of myself, to whom has fallen the sacred task of gathering together the devotional poems written by my dear young friend, the further sadness that comes from my intimate knowledge that her undoubted gifts were hampered and her lofty aspirations curbed by her physical weakness. The wings that might have borne her through fields of literary fame were clipped indeed, and the high spirit caged within the narrowed sphere of an invalid's life. Nevertheless, her endurance and cheerful patience through years of suffering and weakness, and her buoyant courage midst "hope oft deferred" were remarkable, as was also her tender thoughtfulness for others, especially for the mother with whose daily life her own was so intimately bound, and in whose heart there will ever remain an empty place.*

*Little by little the efforts to write had to be relinquished, one by one the beloved books laid aside, as strength gradually ebbed; then there came a period of quiet waiting, till in the solemn early morning hours of 13th June, 1908, Ruby passed peacefully to the presence of the Saviour, whom here she loved unseen.*

For her we must be glad, though we'd fain had her stay  
Longer to walk with us upon our daily way.

THE COMPILER.

Goulburn, N.S.W., February, 1909.

## INDEX OF TITLES

	PAGE
A CRY FROM THE DARKNESS - - - - -	1
TEMPTED - - - - -	4
PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE - - - - -	9
A LITTLE CROSS TO BEAR - - - - -	13
ONE WINTRY DAY - - - - -	15
LED APART - - - - -	17
WHAT A SPARROW TOLD ME - - - - -	18
DEPRESSION - - - - -	21
THE TWO DESIRES - - - - -	24
MORNING PRAYER FOR THE SOUL - - - - -	26
PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT - - - - -	28
OUR BLINDNESS - - - - -	32
A SONG OF SPRING - - - - -	35
THE LOOK THAT THRILLED - - - - -	37
CHRIST IS TRUE - - - - -	42
THE LAMP OF HOPE - - - - -	43
S. MATT. XXIII. 37 - - - - -	45
A FADED ROSE - - - - -	47
"GAVOTTE FRANÇAISE" - - - - -	51
A HEART'S SONG - - - - -	56
ON THE DEATH OF MY AUNT J. J. - - - - -	58
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW - - - - -	60
ON THE DEATH OF E.L.D. - - - - -	62
"THE CANYON FLOWERS" - - - - -	64

	PAGE
MY AUTOGRAPH - - - - -	66
TO A FRIEND - - - - -	68
CONFIDENCE - - - - -	70
A SUDDEN BEND - - - - -	72
LITTLE VERSES - - - - -	74
"THE LITTLE TALENT" - - - - -	76
THE CALL OF THE BUSH - - - - -	84
THE CLOUD, THE MOON, AND THE STAR - - - - -	86
CASTING CARE - - - - -	89
LEAHS AND RACHELS - - - - -	91
QUIET HEROINES - - - - -	93
LOVE'S TOKEN - - - - -	95
BREATHED FROM THE SOUL - - - - -	96
PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY - - - - -	98
WITH HIM ALWAYS - - - - -	103
THE CLOUDS - - - - -	106
CHARITY - - - - -	111
"PEACE BE STILL" - - - - -	114
ASK - - - - -	115
OPEN THE DOOR - - - - -	116
THANKSGIVING DAY - - - - -	120
A DISAPPOINTMENT - - - - -	122
TIRED - - - - -	123
"AT THE CROSSROADS" - - - - -	124

## A CRY FROM THE DARKNESS

(Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—Is. i. 18.)

LORD Jesus! Help me through  
This trying hour of pain;  
For Satan seeks to win  
Me for his own again!

Lord Jesus! Stand between  
Him and me in this hour!  
For O, I am so weak,  
And great is Satan's power!

I am so sorry, Lord,  
To have wounded Thee again—  
To have caused my loving Friend  
E'en momentary pain.

O, magnify to me  
Thy mighty strength Divine;  
Take Satan's thoughts away,  
And give me only Thine!

How dare I e'en to write  
Thy name, so holy, clean?  
How dare I think of Thee  
Where sinful thoughts have been?

I cannot for myself  
Make one excusing plea,  
But O! I ask Thee, Lord,  
To do it all for me:—

Forgive the pain I cause  
O Lord! Thus wounding Thee!  
And make me Thine alone,  
Thine evermore, to be!

Forgive and wipe away  
Each lurking sinful stain,  
And grant Thy wayward child  
Thy smile of peace again.



Thy gracious promises—

Thy death upon the tree  
Are now the means whereby  
I dare to come to Thee.

O Saviour! Wash me clean,  
To “go and sin no more”;  
Unto Thyself, O Lord,  
Thy wand’ring one restore.

Direct my gaze away  
From unworthy self to Thee,  
And grant Thy spirit, Lord,  
To guide and strengthen me!

## TEMPTED

O COME to me, Thou Saviour dear!  
Bend down Thy suffering child to hear!  
For Satan surely draweth nigh,—  
O hear me, Saviour! Hear my cry!

The tempter knows where I am weak,  
His evil voice to me doth speak:—  
“Thou’rt always stumbling, wand’ring one,  
Think you if once in Heav’n begun

The life you hope through Christ to win—  
Can even *you* then keep from sin?  
If Christ now guides the sons of men  
Yet oft some fall—will they not then?

I too was once an angel bright,  
And yet I fell from yonder height;

Ev'n if you sow the seeds to reap  
Eternal life—How can you keep?"

O Saviour! Answer him for me,  
As "it is written" down by Thee!  
Tho' great the human weakness mine,  
Infinite the power Thine!

"I am Thy Shepherd, little sheep! S. John x. 11-14.  
Fear thou not, for *I will keep!* S. Luke xii. 32. Is. xxvii. 3.  
I am the way—I go before! S. John xiv. 6. S. John x. 4.  
No man can shut my open door. S. John x. 28.

I that keep thee slumber not, Ps. cxxi. 3.  
Tho' temptation form thy lot, }  
Tho' thou art by Satan tried! } Rom. viii 17.  
In My shadow shalt thou hide. Is. li. 16.

To him that overcomes by Me, Rev. iii. 21. S. John xv. 5.  
Eternal Crown of Life shall be; S. Matt. xxv. 46.  
No man can pluck from out My Hand, S. John x. 28-29.  
What the Father draws within His band. S. John vi. 44.

I can keep thy heart in peace, Is. xxvi. 3.  
From sin and sorrow's yoke release. Acts ii. 24. Gal v. 22-23

Keep thee in temptation's hour ; Rev. iii. 10.

*I am thy strength, I give thee pow'r.* Is. xii. 2. Ps. lxxviii. 35.

The power of endless life is Mine ! S. John xvii. 2.

*I am thy Lord ! Arise and shine !* Ps. xlv. 11. Is. lx. 1.

For ever have I blotted out Ecc. iii. 14. Comp. Is. xliv. 22.

Thy sinfulness ; so wherefore doubt ? S. Matt xlv. 31.

I have conquered Death and Sin, S. John xvii. 4.

With Me no sorrow enters in ; Is. li. 11.

Sin and Satan are defied, }  
If thou wilt but in Me abide. } S. John xv. 7.

In Heav'n all tears are wiped away, }  
In glorious light of endless day ! } Is. xxv. 8.

Thine eyes shalt surely see thy King. Is. xxxiii. 17.

There's rest and shelter 'neath His wing. S. Matt. xi. 28. Ps. lxi. 3

Thou dost not have to fight alone, Josh. xxiii. 10.

I fight for thee, thou art My own ! S. John xvii. 10.

I work in thee, My will fulfil, S. John v. 17. S. John xv. 5.

Rest in the Lord, and Peace be still. Ps. xxxvii. 7. S. Mk. iv. 39.

It is My will thou should'st not die, S. Luke xii. 32.

It is My will to sanctify, 1 Thess. iv. 3.

I gave My life on Calvary, s. John xix. 30.

Bought with My Blood, new life for thee! 1 John v. 11.

The heart thou yieldest up to Me, }  
 Mine is the power to keep for thee, } Ps. xci. 11.  
 Till to My Father I present  
 Thee faultless at the great judgment. } Jude xxiv.

And then for ever with thy Lord! 1 Thess. iv. 17.

He cannot break His sacred word! s. John x. 35.

From glory unto glory grow—

These things hereafter thou shalt know." 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

O Saviour! Thou dost give to me  
 Great wealth from Thine own treasury!  
 How can I doubt? Where'er I look  
 Are promises in Thy great Book.

"*Never* perish!"—Thou hast said! s. John x. 28.

O Saviour dear! I bow my head!  
 My soul feels full of sinful shame!  
 O never let me doubt again!

Such peace I feel within my heart,  
 To know that none has power to part

My soul from Thee—I could not live!—  
My life, my all, to Thee I give!

And now, O Lord, I trust Thee more  
Than ever I have done before!

My weakness is in Thee made strong,  
And turned my sorrow into song!

## PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE

(For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.)

(When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.—Isaiah xliii. 2.)

( . . . If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.—Romans viii. 17.)

THE days of deep unrest, of hungry, nameless pain,  
Of mystery and darkness, had come to me again!  
I hungered for my Lord, with hunger true and wild!  
I felt too faithless then, to be my Father's child!

And Oh! The agony such condemnation brought!  
The heartache, and the tears, combined in such a  
thought!

I cried to God to save, to come and comfort me!—  
No answer could I hear, across the troubled sea.

No sudden flash of light my painful darkness thrilled,  
No wondrous flow of peace my raging tumult stilled!

My Lord had other ways, my trust to educate,  
His answer seemed to be to simply "trust" and  
"wait!"

All weak and tremblingly, I waited on the brink,  
Afraid to take a step, for fear that I should sink!  
And then my Lord put forth His mighty Arm to save,  
He took away the fear, and stilled the troubled wave.

He said:—"Consider thou the lilies, how they grow!  
Before ye ask of Me, your ev'ry need I know!"—  
He pointed out to me the flowers of the field,  
Wherein a simple trust is faithfully revealed.

I realised my pain by faithlessness was wrought!  
I had not looked to *Christ* as fully as I ought—  
But tried to make myself to prosper in the right,  
By trusting to my deeds, and not my Saviour's might.

For *Christ* alone can save;—our reading and our  
prayer

Are but the means of grace He gives to us to share;  
They help us understand, and teach us to look up,  
But *Christ alone* has drunk that one full bitter cup!—



Whereby our souls are saved, and conquered Death  
and sin.

The Bible is His Book—reveals His will therein,  
It shows us how to pray and ask for inward sight—  
*But Christ in God alone doth grant to us the light.*

He makes our souls to pass thro' Satan's trying fire,  
That He may bring us out another step the higher—  
That we may realise how great our need of Him  
Whose love for us redeems, when faith and hope are  
dim!

Christ's followers must drink the bitter with the  
sweet;

The Master knew Himself, temptations fiery heat,  
And sufferers with Him, with Him are glorified—  
His strength can rescue us, if we in Him abide.

And God does not condemn for Satan's whisperings,  
But grants the tempted one the shelter of His  
wings!

He does not cut us off, but overrules for good,  
These darksome hours of pain, by us not understood.

For "Blessed are the poor in spirit," saith the Lord—  
"For theirs the Kingdom is"—we have it in His  
word!—

O help me always, Lord, uphold and strengthen me!  
And send but what Thou wilt, for I have all in Thee!

## A LITTLE CROSS TO BEAR

(I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.—  
S. John xiv.)

A LITTLE cross to bear,  
Is big if borne alone;—  
At first a pebble bare  
It grows to be a stone!

A little cross to bear  
Is blessing in disguise—  
When, leading unto prayer,  
It strengthens Holy ties.

A little cross to bear  
Makes Heaven seem more dear!—  
The joy of going there,  
Is worth the journey here!

A little cross to bear—

If borne with Christ will bring

A Heavenly gem to wear,

A Heaven-born song to sing.

A little cross to bear,

Is "crown" if cast on Him!—

He lights with comfort rare,

The eye that once was dim.

Lord! Give me patience now,

With faith my heart instil;

And joyfully to bow

Unto the Father's will.

And all the while to know

The burden is on Thee!

Thy comfort Thou'lt bestow

Because Thou lovest me!

## ONE WINTRY DAY

ONE day I lay a-thinking, thoughts of pleasure and  
of pain,

And I longed to feel that summer had come around  
again.

It seemed as though too long had been the wintry  
days—

As if the sun had somehow dimmed the brightness of  
her rays.

The trees were bare and leafless, and the little birds  
seemed cold!

I wondered if my soul was growing weary, sad, and  
old!

There seemed to be no beauty in the wintry scene  
around—

No song birds in the air! no flowers above the ground!

And then my eyes looked up!—And Oh! a brighter scene was there!

The laughing clouds above me made a picture grand and fair!

They told me many secrets as I watched them at their play,

They cheered and entertained me, on that dreary winter's day.

I felt a kind of pleasure, I had never felt before,  
And realised a little of the depth of Nature's store!  
To think that all the time those fleecy clouds had been,  
While I their wondrous beauty had let pass all unseen!

A little shade of sadness—unaccountable may be—  
Yet leads us to look up till we the "silver lining"  
see!—

I watched and loved the clouds until at last they  
passed away!—

And then I found that with the clouds, had passed  
my wintry day!

## LED APART

FATHER, Thou hast led me apart awhile to rest,  
To tread in desert places as Thou hast deeméd best!  
The things that I had planned are laid aside by Thee,  
That I might know Thy voice alone in my  
Gethsemane.

I wonder at Thy patience with me, Thy wayward  
child—

I long to be more like Thee—so gentle, meek, and  
mild,

O give to me Thy patience!—that I may wait with  
Thee,

Till the wonder of Thy healing is manifest in me.

I often feel a gladness, and know that Thou art near,  
And Thou art teaching me, because Thou art more  
dear

Since walking in the shadow, by faith, and not by  
sight,—

For I have learned the rest of trusting to Thy might!

## WHAT A SPARROW TOLD TO ME

I WAS watching little sparrows as they flew from tree  
to tree,  
Till at last one growing bolder settled down quite  
close to me!  
I could see the fluffy feathers that the playful breezes  
stirred,—  
Thus revealing hidden markings in God's wondrous  
little bird.

The fawn and brown that else had reigned was turned  
to black upon the breast,—  
But a shadow I had thought it,—tho' 'twas more than  
I had guessed,  
For just then the playful breezes kissed aside that  
"shade" for me,  
And revealed the hidden markings that I had not  
thought to see.



Rich and deep the colour hidden, all undreamt the  
wealth concealed,

Tinge of shadow on the surface,—all the secret depth  
revealed!

But my sparrow saw me watching, so he quickly flew  
away—

For he deemed it safer resting on a distant leafy  
spray.

There are depths where love lies burning—love that  
lives in many a breast,—

Though it shows itself but faintly, though it be all  
unconfessed!

Waiting but a hand so gently, surface coverings to  
part,

Hidden beauties thus revealing, sympathy and kindred  
heart.

Come again, you wondrous sparrow, I would watch  
you at your play!

Do not think that I would harm you or your freedom  
take away!

Are you not of God's creation?—mentioned in His  
Holy Book?

Come again, you dainty sparrow, I would on your  
beauty look!

There are many things you tell me by your simple life  
and free;

Do you know though long the winter, summer days  
will surely be?

Do you know when spring is coming? Is that why  
you always sing?—

That to hearts oft sad and weary, you the joyful news  
might bring?

There are many things you tell me, but you do not  
tell me all!

I would know your chatter's meaning, as I hear it rise  
and fall!

You could teach me many lessons, if awhile with me  
you'd stay,—

But you fancy I am harmful,—so you up and fly  
away!

## DEPRESSION

WHAT though our soul feels sad  
When nothing seems the cause?  
What though we "feel depressed,"  
And tired of endless pause—  
When all things seem to stretch  
In dull monotony,  
And everything the same  
As far as eye can see?

Our Father knows our frame—  
He knows our strength the best;  
No doubt that he will use  
This interval of rest.  
Perhaps he means to speak,  
While no one else is near!  
That we might understand  
How only He can cheer.

How soon we tire of earth!—  
Then joy to think of Heav'n!

The "many mansions" there  
That Jesus Christ hast giv'n!  
No shade can enter there,—  
The sickness, and the pain,  
The longing and the heartache  
Can never come again!

Whate'er our fitful fancies,  
We know that Christ is true!  
We feel His strength upholding,  
And know He'll lead us through.  
It is a comfort thinking  
How by Him we're forgiv'n—  
It is a comfort thinking  
Of mansions up in Heav'n!

A little shade of sadness,  
That soon will pass away,—  
It is not worth the spoiling  
Of this my Father's day!  
Then rise in prayer, O soul!  
And open unto Him!  
That he may fill with sunshine,  
And pour His comfort in.

The lot His love appoints,  
We dare not to refuse;

So let us look around,  
Lest we some blessing lose.  
And cheerfully the while,  
Our little lot fulfil,  
Which glorifies in this!—  
It is the Master's will!

If we the "little" use,  
God soon will make it grow,—  
Maybe a little seed,  
Yet given us *to sow*.  
A mustard seed of faith,  
Sown in the Father's field,  
And blessed by the Lord  
A grand increase will yield.

So let us humbly give  
Our pathway unto God;  
He knows it all, for He  
The selfsame pathway trod.  
And let us trust Him more,—  
A God of Love is He,—  
Of everlasting love,—  
And He loves—even me!

## THE TWO DESIRES

My great desire used to be  
For wealth and earthly fame!—  
But now a glorious desire  
Has put that one to shame!

The first wish brought a restlessness,  
A striving filled with pain!—  
A harvest full of emptiness,  
A reaping minus gain!

But now my great desire is this:—  
To know I am forgiv'n!—  
For Christ to make me pure and true,  
And lead me unto Heav'n!—

That even my poor service might  
Be God's!—and by Him blessed,—  
In all my Lord to glorify,  
In Him my soul to rest.

This greatest wish brings strength and peace.

A harvest full of joy!—

There is no service such as that

God honours with employ!

## MORNING PRAYER FOR THE SOUL

LORD, keep me near to Thee to-day,  
Let me not wander from the way;  
Direct my gaze to things above,—  
O feed my soul with Thy great love!

Let not the tempter's fiery dart  
Find resting place within my heart,  
But grant my thoughts, my acts, might be  
Directed and upheld by Thee.

Yet if it be Thy will to send  
The trying fire that it may tend  
To teach me what is yet unlearned—  
Lead on,—that I may not be burned!

Uphold me while the trial shall last,  
Uphold me still when all is past;  
Help me to feel Thy presence near,  
Instilling faith, and chasing fear.



Grant that Thy holy spirit's might  
May reveal to me the hidden light.  
Teach me to love Thy word the more  
I search and know its boundless store.

O teach me all things, Lord, each day,  
And never let me go astray;  
I cannot comprehend alone  
All Thou dost offer for my own.

Kill every lurking sin within,  
Without the camp the battles win;  
And then, when all is won, help me  
To give the glory all to Thee!

## PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT

(Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.—Ps. li. 10.)

(All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.—S. Matt. xxi. 22.)

LORD Jesus! Pray for me!

Oh wash and make me clean!

Tho' hitherto my life

A sinful one has been.

I want Thy spirit, Lord,

I crave it more than all!

My soul is hungering

To hear Thy gracious call.

I thank Thee Thou hast giv'n

This great desire to me—

To want my body cleansed

From all impurity.

O Saviour! Draw me nigh,  
And take my load from me!  
With heart and soul I cry  
For this great gift from Thee!

I cannot of myself  
Make one dark crevice clean,—  
On Thee my Saviour, Christ,  
On Thee alone, I lean.

I want Thy spirit, Lord,  
Above all other things,  
I feel no earthly joy  
Such wondrous comfort brings.

Thou knowest, Lord, that I  
Am speaking from my heart—  
I want my daily life  
Of Thine to form a part.

The pure in heart see God!  
O Saviour! Make me pure!  
And fix my waywardness,  
And make me firm and sure.

Lord Jesus! Pray for me!

O hearken to my cry!

And with Thy spirit, Lord,

My spirit satisfy.

Although I cannot see,

I know that Thou art here,—

Tho' yet the way is dark,

I know that Thou art near.

If I could see Thee, Lord,

And Thou did'st ask of me:—

“What would'st thou, little one

That I should give to thee?”—

“Thy holy spirit, Lord,”

I humbly would reply,—

“Thy holy spirit, Lord,

My soul to satisfy!

O grant my first great aim,—

My one great aim might be—

Not self alone to fill,

But love to render Thee!

For when a soul is full—  
'Tis joy to glorify—  
To let another know  
The rest that comes from High.

So make me one in Thee,  
To find my joy in this—  
Obeying, serving Christ—  
The greatest of all bliss.

I know not what, O Lord,  
To pray for as I ought,—  
Lord Jesus pray for me  
Whom Thou hast dearly bought.

Thou knowest all my need,  
My craving for the light,  
O Saviour, lead me on,  
And save me by Thy might!"

## OUR BLINDNESS

I OFTEN think how blind we are!

What marvels pass unseen!

What mystery that we let pass

As if there none had been!

There is so much in life to see,

So much in life to learn,

That half the wonders that surround

We never will discern!

Why, Nature in herself alone

Is deep and fathomless!—

A simple moth—*a single wing*—

Has beauties we would never guess!

How much then, all the birds and beasts,

The flowers, and the leaves?

The insects in their self-made homes?—

The web the spider weaves?

How often do we watch the clouds?

Or see the sun arise?—

How oft in splendour watch it set,

With fascinated eyes?

And can we always see the stars

Thro' powerful telescope?

Or understand when sparrows sing

Their springtide song of hope?

And do we always see the waves

As they beat against the shore?

Or stoop to study in the rocks

A tithe of Nature's lore?

Or do we see in simple man

God's workmanship revealed?—

Or try to find the "better self"

That often lies concealed?

How many different things to see—

The mountains and the snow!—

The dazzling heights, the nearer sights,

The pulsing life below!

Ah! truly say I in my heart—  
How wonderful is He  
Who made the earth, the sky, the world!  
Created even me!

We know not half of what we lose,  
Of life and joy revealed,  
When, clinging to our blindness still,  
To Christ we will not yield!  
And oh! It often seems to me  
What depths we overlook,  
Tho' reading ev'ry day a part  
Of God's most Holy Book!

Oft times we come across a light  
We knew not there before!—  
A comfort or a promise giv'n  
To guide our path the more.  
O Saviour! Open Thou mine eyes,  
And fill my soul with praise;  
Keep Thou my feet to walk aright  
The only way of ways!



## A SONG OF SPRING

THERE'S a joy-note in the song-bird's song,  
Which tells us spring will not be long!  
Tho' winter winds blew cold and strong—  
    Soon spring is here!

Each gladsome twig sends forth its shoot,  
To whisper of a living root,  
And herald coming summer fruit—  
    For spring is here!

Altho' so keen the wintry blast,  
The sun is shining forth at last!  
The dark and dreary days are past—  
    For spring is here!

There is a winter of the soul—  
When waves of dark temptation roll,—  
But when kind sympathies condole—  
    Then spring is there!

And when a soul to Christ hath cried,  
The fountain of His Mercy tried,  
And sought in Him herself to hide—  
Then spring is there!

Altho' temptation comes again,  
Christ can keep from sinful stain  
And make the darkened places plain.  
He can remove the bitter pain,  
And teach with patience once again—  
And cause to wake the glad refrain—  
Spring is here!

## THE LOOK THAT THRILLED

(" . . . And Peter said, 'Man, I know not what thou sayest.' And immediately while he yet spake, the cock crew. And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered . . . and went out and wept bitterly."—S. Luke xxii. 61, 62.)

THE solemn words were spoken now,  
And ere the third cock crow,  
Saint Peter in humility  
And sorrow bended low!

. . . . .  
The bread He brake; the shade was cast  
Upon His sacred brow,  
For those who were to crucify  
Conspirêd even now!

He prayed that those He loved might yet  
Within His faith abide,  
Although by all His followers  
He was to be denied!

And then to dark Gethsemane,  
Our Saviour, Jesus, went!  
In mental agony, alone,  
In supplication bent!

“O Father! if it be Thy will,  
Remove this cup from me!—  
Yet not my will but Thine alone,  
Nevertheless to be.”

He sweated blood in agony!  
O God! My God! for me!  
All this, and then the shame, the cross,  
To set a sinner free!

The angel came to strengthen Him;  
He prayed—then turned to see  
If one among His followers  
As yet might faithful be. . . .

And Peter followed far away,  
Then lingered he outside;  
Before His Lord and Master there,  
His Saviour he denied!

And Jesus turned and looked upon

Saint Peter standing there!—

A look of sorrow and of love,

Too great for man to bear!—

A look that filled a soul with shame!—

Reproachful love, far more

Than words could tell! It seemed to say

How great the load He bore!

And Peter then remembered how

He had denied his Lord!

He turned away;—in bitter tears,

His sorrow he outpoured!

And thus in grief unspeakable,

No mortal man might know—

Saint Peter, fallen, lonely, sad,

In sorrow bended low!

(Lord, dost Thou turn and look on me,

When, by an act or word,

A silence, or betraying glance—

I, too, deny my Lord?

Is it Thy look Divine that sends  
That painful thrill of shame?—  
That tells me I have wounded Thee,  
And honoured not Thy name?

Then, Lord, I ask Thee still to guide  
Me by that glance Divine!  
Lead on—I cannot go alone—  
And make me only Thine!)

. . . . .

Then was the prayer our Saviour prayed  
For evermore to fail?—  
The prayer for God's sustaining faith—  
To be of no avail?

Ah no! Although the outlook seemed  
So hopeless, dark, and dim,  
The power of God was still with Christ,—  
Forgiving might in Him.

Soon pardoned, blessed, Saint Peter stands  
Restored triumphant now!  
The Pentecostal Fire of Power—  
God's seal—is on his brow.

Repented all the sinful past,  
The prayer of Christ fulfilled—  
As through the veins of new born hope,  
The Holy Spirit thrilled!

No useless dwelling on the past,  
Of faithlessness and sin,  
Must hinder now the call Divine  
That bids him work—and win.

But trusting in Christ's precious blood  
To wash away the stain—  
His faith in Jesus Peter proves,  
Not "looking back" again.

So rise, O Soul! Nor dwell upon  
Repented sin forgiv'n;  
For Christ victoriously for all  
With Sin and Death hath striv'n.

So prove your faith by works Divine,  
In thankfulness and joy—  
Sow seed for Him who has redeemed;—  
He'll bless a heart's employ.

## CHRIST IS TRUE

(“Faithful is He that calleth you.”—1 Thess. v. 24.)

WHEN travelling through this world of care  
With carking sorrow everywhere—  
Christ is true.

In troublous times when trials assail,  
Hard duties come, and friendships fail—  
Christ is true.

When from His way we fall behind,  
And then return, we'll surely find  
Christ is true!

And when in death we close our eyes,  
To fly away beyond the skies—  
Singing gladly as we rise—  
Christ is true!



## THE LAMP OF HOPE

I'VE thought awhile since reading of Eve's and Adam's  
sin—

How hopeless *then* it seemed Eternal Life to win!  
When, driven out of Eden, the Tree of Life withheld.  
To work and live in sorrow, by God's awful will com-  
pelled!

O what a dreadful thing to disobey our God!—  
To tread the path of sin that our first parents trod!  
And yet we all have fallen, and shared the sin of Eve!  
We all have followed Satan, and practised to deceive!

Then shall the flame-sword angels, shut out our way,  
to Heav'n?

Are there no means of grace whereby we are forgiv'n?  
O must we always wander and never rise again?  
Must all our life be lived in bitterness and pain?

Ah! No! Our loving Father hath pity on His child!  
He sends a path of Light, across the desert wild!  
He gives His own Belovèd!—The only Way of  
Ways,—  
By whom our hopeless crying is lost in wondrous  
praise!

'Tis Jesus Christ our Saviour, who died to save the  
world!  
His glorious flag of Peace is by His death unfurled!  
Believing on His name, Eternal Life have we!  
Our burden laid on Him—forever we are free!

O Christ! I so regret I do not love Thee more!  
O give to me of love from out Thy gracious store!  
O make my soul to sing a deeper note of praise—  
Be Thou my Guide, my Shield, thro' all remaining  
days!

S. MATT. XXIII. 37

(“O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”)

NOTHING God hath made is common,  
Nothing is too small  
For the great Creator's notice—  
For He made it all!

O the gentleness and sweetness of our Saviour's  
simile:—

As a hen her chickens shelters, I would love and  
shelter thee!

I call thee now to come and rest  
Thy weary head upon my breast!

. . . . .

Mark you how the fond hen mother, fighting those  
who would intrude—

Screens from harmful interference all her youthful  
wandering brood.—

So thy Saviour fights for thee—  
Fights and wins for you and me!

Then with careful instinct marking time for necessary  
rest,

Gathereth the guardian mother, helpless life within  
the nest.

Our Father knows our frame, and so  
He knows the wisest length to go!

All the instinct round about us—in all life—of careful  
love,—

All the feeble human passions are faint sunbeams  
from above,—

Sunbeams from the One great Sun,  
Through whom our love and life are won.

All whom God hath made are bidden  
Seek until they find;  
Pardon, love, and rest are given  
To the humble mind.

## A FADED ROSE

### I.

SYMBOL of glories past—  
Speaking of “used to be;”—  
O why does not beauty last  
For an eternity?

But yesterday—fresh and fair  
Pinned in a flutt’ring breast,  
Or nestled in waving hair  
At a lover’s fond request!

To-day—despised, forlorn,  
Unheeded, tossed aside;—  
The rose’s own sharp thorn  
Has pierced its owner’s side!

## A FADED ROSE

Sweet perfume—flat and stale,  
The pink-tipped petals—dead!  
No dainty nostrils now inhale—  
No words in praise are said.

Poor rose! Now left to weep;  
The dew no more will woo  
Your lips and freshly keep  
That with'ring stem for you!

A rose in a garden bloomed,  
A rose in a garden died;—  
Alas! that each is doomed  
To leave the other's side!

## II.

Earth's glory is not all!—  
Why think such thoughts, sad heart?  
The rose but shares with us  
Of this passing life, a part.

The God who made that rose,  
Can yet make more the same;  
He paints all flow'rs to speak  
In silence of His name.

But there is joy for us—  
*Eternal* life—above,  
For we are made to live  
Thro' Christ's redeeming love.

The glory never fades  
In that celestial Home—  
Turn hither now thy feet,  
No more in darkness roam.

The very fitfulness  
Of passing glories here,  
Makes the everlasting light  
Of Eternity—more dear.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this  
Bright hope that lights the way,—  
Mid'st passing shadows here—  
And points to Endless Day.

Lord, help us evermore,  
Thy kingdom first to seek;  
In all we do and say,  
For Thee to act and speak!



“GAVOTTE FRANÇAISE” (Scotson Clark)

(*A Trio.*)

I.

So ho! For a life of freedom!

Life is not worth a tear!

Sup but the “froth and bubble”

During thy sojourn here!

So eat, and drink, and be merry!

Enjoy! For to-morrow we die!

Delight in frivolity's pleasure,

Away with tear and sigh!

For what is the use of repining?—

And dragging our burdens along?

Cast care to the winds of Heaven,

Break forth in rejoicing and song!

## "GAVOTTE FRANÇAISE"

Live but the life of the flowers!—  
And bask in the sunlit rays!  
Chirp with the song-birds of morning,  
And live but the life of the fays!

## II.

Hark! yon fairy spirit singing,  
What is that I hear you say?  
Would you have the life God-given  
Spent in one long summer's day?

Would you always bask in sunshine?  
Dwell in castles made of air?  
Thro' enchanted windows gazing  
On a wondrous world and fair?

Ah! I fear your airy castle  
All too soon would blow away!  
And your soul would soon grow weary  
Of an endless summer's day.

Hark! There comes a wind disturbing,  
Faint, yet surely to intrude;  
It will search your airy castle  
With another interlude!—

III.

Tho' the soul may bask in sunshine,  
Tho' we give not care a thought—  
Still there comes a time of longing,  
When earth's pleasures stand at nought!

We were made for greater glory,  
Than this life that's passing by;  
We are here to learn the pathway  
To a greater Home—on high.

And we find a wondrous treasure,  
In our efforts for the right!—  
Treasure fathomless abounding,  
Flooding all our path with light.

It is Love!—That gift most precious,  
Love that gives the truest joy;—  
'Tis no airy fairy castle,  
Then that finds a thought's employ.

Tho' a sorrow then may darken,  
Love a wondrous comfort brings—  
Bending softly o'er the stricken,  
With bright healing in His wings!

Think you not, O fairy spirit,  
 That love's happiness is best?—  
 Reaping harvest sheaves of glory,  
 Giving only real rest?

Would you plant a tree of glory?—  
 Love must be its faithful root,—  
 Sunshine, trustfulness, its branches,  
 Sympathy,—its precious fruit!

*Chorus.*

Love so surely	Gently, strongly,
Wins the day—	Feel His might,
Love so softly	Softly, softly
Lights the way!	Shed His light!
Hushed the empty	Love so surely
Airy singing,	Wins the day,
Sweeter, truer,	Love so softly
Notes are ringing!—	Lights the way!
Love is reigning!	Joyful now,
Love victorious!	And free from care—
Love triumphant,	Love does all
Love all-glorious!	The burden bear!

Eased the heart	Softly, softly,
So gently wooed—	Once again,
Softly close	Melts away
The Interlude!	That sweet refrain—
Softly, softly,	Gently, gently,
Die away	Soothing pain;—
Strains of music	Love will ever
Fair as day!	More remain!

## A HEART'S SONG

OH! What a joyous path it is—  
The path that leads to God!  
Oh! What a peaceful way it is—  
The way that Jesus trod!  
And what a loving trust it is—  
The trust that Jesus gives!  
How wonderful the light within  
The heart for God that lives!  
How thrilling is the thought of Death!—  
Of *Death?* No! *Life* begun!  
Of everlasting sinless Life—  
The Life by Jesus won!  
How glorious to think that we  
Will never grieve Him more!—  
And all because that Jesus Christ  
Our degradation bore!  
O what a safety valve it is  
Belonging all to God!—

To think the path we daily tread  
Was first by Jesus trod!  
How comforting to think that when  
A sorrow forms our lot,  
Our Father pours His comfort in—  
His promise faileth not!  
O Father! Draw us all to Thee,  
That we might know the joy,  
The rest, the peace, the voice Divine,  
The love in Thy employ!  
O grant we all may crave to have  
Thy spirit in our heart,—  
To know the rest that comes when life  
With Thine doth form a part.  
O Christ! I thank Thee by Thy grace  
That I can "Taste and see!"  
Pray Thou my loved ones may receive  
The joy Thou givest me!  
I could not live a single day  
Without Thy love Divine—  
I thank Thee Thou hast made me know  
That love is surely mine!

ON THE DEATH OF MY AUNT J. J.

Oct. 12, 1903

“At rest in God!” How wonderfully sweet!  
How far beyond our mortal ken to know  
The true, full bliss of these most restful words—  
“At rest in God.”—We thank Thee, Lord, for this!  
We thank Thee for the Royal comfort poured  
In that weak, stricken frame, ere life had fled!  
We thank Thee Thou didst take away all fear,  
And give Thy peace instead—most precious gift!  
. . . At rest in God! The sickness and the pain  
Are over now for her, for in that Home  
All tears are wiped away; and ever more  
The sorrows of this world are blotted out.  
No more Temptation’s fiery dart can pierce!  
No more to know the pain of wounding Thee!  
. . . “Till Death do part!” The sacred bridal vow



Is even now fulfilled! Lord satisfy  
The emptiness within those loved ones left!  
For all love is of Thee! O Saviour teach  
Each heart to look to Thee, and open Thou  
The ears of those in sorrow, that Thy voice  
May now be clearly heard! . . . Lord, pray for  
them!

## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

ANOTHER earth link broken!  
Some soul has crossed the sea,  
In answer to Thy summons,  
To tread the waves with Thee!

Mysterious unveiling  
Is granted unto one,  
And endless life of glory—  
Eternity—begun!

Imagination fails us  
To comprehend the bliss—  
The mystery of *Thy* Home  
Just after leaving this!

The first tremendous thrilling,  
In hearing of Thy voice!—  
The happiness unfathomed  
That bids our soul rejoice!

O comfort the bereaved ones,  
Direct their gaze to Thee!  
Help them in present sadness,  
Thy Love Divine to see.

O! make me ready, Father,  
And all my lovèd ones—  
When thro' the gath'ring silence,  
Thy voice of summons comes!

## ON THE DEATH OF E. L. D.

August 24, 1903.

I STOOD amazed, and read again the words  
That told me how the bride of one short year—  
That scarce had fled—was so soon summoned home  
To meet her Lord! . . . We cannot understand  
The mystery of God's will! . . . Or why it was  
That she should suffer so; for she endured  
The greatest agony that woman knows!—  
The curse of Eve, borne by her daughters all! . . .  
And now the little babe remains! But God  
Who took away the mother, still will watch,  
And care, and love the helpless infant left! . . .  
. . . I knew that I was powerless to give  
The sympathy I felt—so prayed to Him—  
Who only can the real solace give—  
To pour the oil and wine on wounded hearts!

I asked Him to remove the bitterness  
Of sorrow, and to let His love be felt  
In lonely souls. To let them understand  
Her suffering has won a crown. The brow  
That wore a wreath of pain is glorious now,  
As at the feet of Him she loved she stands  
Receiving her award—at rest in Him!  
The “many mansions” in her Father’s Home  
Are grander than the one she had below;—  
Tho’ it was greatly blessed with love and wealth of  
earth.

Lord Jesus Christ! Thou knowest all the pain  
And suffering of Death’s lone darksome hour!  
Thou didst behold Thy mother from the cross!  
Oh, do Thou pray that this sad mother left  
Might lay her load on Thee, that Thou might’st give  
Thy comfort Infinite! Oh open Thou  
Thy treasure-store, and shower comfort down! . . .  
. . . Our poor words fail! . . . But Thou! Thou  
art Divine!

## “THE CANYON FLOWERS”

(Suggested by “The Sky Pilot.”)

THE Master walked o'er His prairie  
Of waving grasses. “Where,” asked He,  
“Do your flowers bloom?” “O, Master, we  
Lack seed,” it answered sorrowf'ly.

The Master summoned the birds; said He—  
“Go gather a seed of ev'ry tree  
And scatter it o'er the prairie.”  
Then said the birds—“Thy will, do we.”

And soon the plain was clothed in bloom;  
But the violet sweet ne'er had its room  
Among the flowers, but met its doom  
At the wind's wild breath—a cruel tomb!

The Master came, His flowers to find—  
“Why were my violets left behind?”

“Alas!” the prairie said, “they pined  
’Neath the fierce sun, and the fiercer wind.”

Then the Master spoke; and the lightning leaped  
And cleft the earth; and the prairie steeped  
In bitter pain . . . Yet in time it reaped  
Its harvest flowers, for clematis peeped

Between the rocks, and the violets grew  
In this sheltered nook, and the mosses too;  
And the trailing vines were kissed with dew;  
And each had its Master’s work to do.

When torn by grief and pain and woe,  
In life’s canyon the flowers will grow  
If we permit Love, seeds to sow,  
And brighten all with gentle glow.

No more the ragged rocks can lower,  
No darkness fill the trial hour,  
Love reigns supreme, and by His Power  
His little seedlings grow—and flower.

## MY AUTOGRAPH

“SOMETHING original,” you say—  
“In prose or poetry.”  
How would you like it, grave, or gay?  
Epigram, or parody?  
When such a sage as Solomon  
Declares there’s nothing new,—  
The task you have imposed upon  
Poor me—I cannot do!

But still I have a passing thought,  
That came to me one time,  
If you care to know the word it brought,  
I’ll give it you in rhyme.  
I entered once, a long dark room  
That spoke of moth and rust,  
And all within was clothed in gloom,  
That hid the gathered dust.



But soon a wooing sweetness drew  
Me to a window, where  
Outside, beneath the sill there grew  
A pure white lily there—  
An Elim in a thirsty land  
Of darkness and of sin;—  
I opened wide the window and  
Welcomed the Elim in.

## TO A FRIEND

(In her Autograph Book after reading the verses written there.)

“GOOD fortune and riches—  
Prosperity fair!”  
Do these really constitute  
“Happiness rare?”

Think not I'm ungracious,  
If my wish to you  
Should hope that some sorrow  
May visit you too.

For if without Sorrow  
Of some kind you live—  
No Sympathy could you  
Receive, or yet give.

Of Sympathy, Love is  
The natural fruit—  
I wish that your life may  
Have Love as its root.

The trees in the forest  
Inhale the birds' song—  
And laughter of little ones,—  
All the day long.

But when in the winter  
For firewood we bring  
Our tree from the forest—  
'Tis fire makes it sing.

So this illustration  
By chance that I've read,  
Helps thus to make clearer  
The words I have said.

## CONFIDENCE

(For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.—Prov. iii. 26.)

THOU art my confidence, O Lord!

I thank Thee Thou hast brought  
My straying feet into the way—  
That Thou to me hast taught  
To tell Thee all the “little things,”—  
For confidence such comfort brings.

I tell Thee much that no one else  
Could understand as Thou;  
There is so much to do, and they  
Could never tell me how!  
For what is hard to me might be  
By them accomplished easily!

Or yet it may be harder still  
For them to understand—

Supply and fit the missing link  
To join the broken band;  
So unto Thee, my God, I cry,  
To give, to lead, to satisfy.

A sense of safety Thou dost give—  
A rest—as Thy reward,  
For confidence reposed in Thee—  
My Saviour, Friend, and Lord!  
Help me to always tell to Thee  
The little things that trouble me!

O help me, Lord, with Thee to share  
My every hope or joy,  
And let the thought—"Thou knowest, Lord,"  
Light great or small employ.  
Help me to know that Thou wilt bless.  
And lead me through this wilderness!

## A SUDDEN BEND

I THANK Thee, Lord, that Thou hast been  
So very near to me,  
That Thou art still upholding now—  
For as yet I cannot see  
One step ahead, nor comprehend  
The meaning of this “sudden bend.”

Lead on, and show me what to do,  
For all that I had thought  
Is altered by Thy wondrous will  
And now has come to nought.  
Where I had deemed my path to lie  
(As led by Thee), Thou hast passed by!

I am so thankful, Lord, that Thou  
Hast led me unto Thee;  
Without Thy love,—how heavy would  
This disappointment be!

For it was burdensome before  
Thy faithfulness the burden bore;—

When, ere I knew Thee as my Lord,  
My Saviour, and my Friend,  
A disappointment like to this  
Thou did'st see fit to send.

The burden, then, was hard to bear,  
Because I gave Thee not my share.

Thou hast some other way to lead;

Help me to understand,  
And readily to hear and love  
And follow Thy command.

O show me plainly what to do,  
Be Thou my Guide, my Glory too!

## LITTLE VERSES

JUST some little verses,-  
To glorify my King;—  
Tho' I am all unworthy  
Even these to bring!

. . . . .

Just some little verses,  
But I lay them at Thy feet—  
To show that Thou hast led  
Me to the mercy seat.

The thoughts that here are writ,  
Thy Spirit teaches me!—  
I dare to say it, for I know  
That *all* things are of Thee!



And if it be Thy will  
    These simple lines to bless,  
That they might help a soul  
    To find true happiness.

O Saviour! It would be  
    Such untold harvest joy,  
For one so weak to know  
    The blessing of employ!

Oh! Can it be to me  
    That Thou the chance hast giv'n  
To sow a seed to reap  
    A harvest up in Heav'n?

I look not to myself,  
    For I am weak I know!  
But leaning all on Thee,  
    Is the only way to grow.

I do my little "all,"  
    And leave results to Thee!—  
It is such rest to know,  
    Thou'rt leading—even me!

## “THE LITTLE TALENT”

(Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.—Ps. 37, 4 and 5.)

(The Scripture cannot be broken.—John x. 35.)

THE Father from His throne above looked down  
Upon His little children here below.  
He held a little talent in His Hand—  
A casket precious—of which only He,  
The Master, Giver, held the secret key!

A mother by her cosy fireside sat,  
And prayed the Lord, that on her little one  
He would some special favour then bestow,  
As token of His love;—A talent small,  
With which her child might glorify her Lord!—  
A seed to consecrate, and sow for Him,  
To reap a golden harvest up above.

The Father heard, and answered her poor prayer,  
 And laid His talent in that tiny hand!  
 The mother knew not what the gift might be,  
 But trusted that her Lord had heard and giv'n!

The Father watched his daughter grow, in love,  
 And waited, with His patience infinite,  
 For her to consecrate His gift to Him—  
 That He His gracious blessing might bestow!  
 The daughter grew, and wondered oft the while  
 If any special talent might be hers.  
 And then, while yet in maidenhood, she knew  
 The bliss unspeakable that lay within  
 The secret mystery of Fancy's dream;—  
 The fascination of the flowing pen  
 That traced with eager haste new born ideas—  
 As whispered by some mystic all unseen!  
 And then she dreamed a dream of worldly fame,  
 Nor sought the blessing of the One who gave,  
 But saw Him not,—so eager were her eyes  
 Fixed on the world, and all its vain applause!  
 She gave not God the glory, only sought  
 Herself to glorify. And Satan then

Rejoiced, and thought he had the victory!  
Before the fickle heart, an idol fair  
Was reared, and God in silence gazed, all grieved  
To see His pleasant gift misused for self!  
And yet He waited on, nor punished He,  
But gently to Himself His daughter drew!

She understood it not;—these feelings strange,  
That stirred unwelcome thoughts within her breast—  
The discontent that gradually grew,  
As still the world refused to recognise  
Her talent small, but cast it back again  
At her reluctant feet! . . . And all the time  
A Father's love was leading all the way,  
And grieving for the grief He had to give  
To lead her to look up, that He might bless  
With blessing more than all the world could give—  
A blessing for her own eternal good!  
That, when she reached her everlasting Home,  
She, too, would have some sheaves to reap in joy,  
And lay, with song, at her Belovèd's feet!  
But she, who in her blindness chose to walk,  
Thought angrily that He would take away

What He had giv'n!—"What He had given!" Ah!  
*He* gave that thought,—it caused her to look up!  
 And then she prayed a half repentant prayer,  
 As though to reconcile her God to her!—  
 The angels heard it, and they wept to think  
 The child misunderstood the love of God!  
 But He, in patience, waited still to bless  
 The gift, when *wholly* given unto Him! . . .  
 And Jesus offered intercession pure—  
 For He had died! And therefore longed to save!  
 But still the daughter kept the talent close,  
 Nor could she trust it—even to her Lord!  
 And all the time she lived unsatisfied!  
 She prayed, but did not trust with all her heart—  
 But wanted still to rule her Father's will.—  
 Judged Him to be austere, and hard, and cold!  
 The Father could not answer such a prayer,  
 His promise was to such as owned Him Lord  
 And loved and trusted to His gracious will!  
 And so, in love, His blessing He withheld,  
 That fuller consecration might be giv'n;  
 And fuller blessings, now, and evermore,  
 Be showerèd from above—from God alone!

And so the Daughter wandered on, and on,  
And halted 'twixt the roads of rest and strife;  
Endeavoured God and mammon both to serve,  
And knew the bitter pain that then ensues.  
The burden of her guilt she felt was great,  
For she had sinned, and had an idol reared,  
And harboured bitter thoughts against the Lord!  
And oftentimes she wept to think how great  
The burden of her sin; until one night  
The weight did crush her soul, and so she fell,  
Repentant, weeping, at the Saviour's feet!—  
"Oh Father! I have sinned! I cannot now  
Look up, so burdened is my guilty soul!  
O Saviour! I rejoice that Thou hast died,  
It is my only hope! O take my cross,  
And give me Thine! O take my load from me!  
O take the little talent! Use or keep,  
But as Thou wilt! My justly humbled soul  
Will joyfully accept Thy chastening!"—  
With incoherent words, all tremblingly,  
She called upon her Saviour to forgive  
Her years of wandering rebelliousness!  
She joyfully and thankfully laid down

The little talent at the Giver's feet! . . . .  
 And He received it! And the angels sang,  
 Because another soul had found the Lord!—  
 The Intercession prayers returned—not void!

. . . . .

“I love Thee! O I love Thee!” sang a soul,  
 Rejoicing in the wondrous first delight,  
 Of sin removed—forgiven consciousness!—  
 The first sweet revelation of that Love! . . .  
 She knew not *how* the Holy Spirit came,  
 But *knew* that it *was given*, by the peace,  
 The joy of sure forgiveness in her heart!—  
 The strength to fight the battles of the world!—  
 Then over all there came one vast regret:—  
 “O that I had but answered Him before!—  
 It was such rest, to let Another plan  
 From out His wisdom what herself had tried  
 With feeble strivings, all alone to win!  
 And then, because she yielded all to Him,  
 And *absolutely* trusted to His will—  
 He kept the little talent, and He blessed  
 It with His blessing, and He honoured her

By giving her the doubled joy untold,  
Of using it for Him!—The consciousness  
That *He* would order and direct her path  
If she in all her ways acknowledged Him!

And so she tried again, and prayed the while  
That, if it was His will, to condescend  
And bless the little talent He had giv'n,  
Which, through His patient love by Him was won  
To render humble service in His cause!  
She prayed that God would keep it for Himself,  
And work His will alone—for Christ had died,  
And only on His strength, she leant for help!  
The Father heard! And graciously He blessed  
The consecrated gift; and wondrously  
The cause of weakness was the cause of strength!  
Although there often came the darksome hour  
Of patience tried—He helped her all the while,  
Till, in His own good time, He sent the day  
Of sweet success!—which all the sweeter grew  
While thinking of the Giver's patient love  
That led the wand'ring feet unto the Throne!—  
This secret joy was more than all the rest!



The Daughter thanked her Lord, and prayed that she  
 Might learn to love and trust Him more and more—  
 That it might be her all-consuming wish  
 To glorify her Father in it all!  
 And now her greatest stimulus is this:—  
 To hear His glorious “Enter thou! Well done!”  
 To fall in silent rapture at His feet,  
 Until He bids her rise, and sin no more,  
 But live with Him in everlasting peace!

## THE CALL OF THE BUSH

INSANE, tempestuous longing  
For action filled my breast;  
Ambition's vague disturbing  
Long robbed my soul of rest.  
"Too long the waiting time!" I cried,  
"The world, and Time shall be defied!"

The birds all fled affrighted;  
In turbulence I strode  
With feelings wounded, bleeding,—  
The long bush-scented road.  
"Success! O come or else I die!"—  
Nought answered—save unanswering sky.

In weariness I halted;  
Into my angry mood  
Was breathed a gentle healing—  
The Bush's solitude.  
The old sheep cropped the herbage nigh.  
The lambs skipped merrily close by.

But yonder on the ranges,  
The shadows dark hung chill;  
Haunting my weary spirit  
Some shadows lingered still—  
When a burst of sunshine on the plain  
Bade me to hope—to work again.

The breeze took up the chorus;  
With gentle sweep it bowed  
Th' un murmuring waving grasses.  
And tossed the gum trees proud:  
The grasses fell—but rose again,—  
I breathed of pleasure after pain. . . .

There were shadows down the ranges—  
There was sunshine in my heart:  
A restfulness that Nature  
Had breathed—while thus apart.  
She works in silence, working well,  
Henceforth work I beneath her spell:

The spell of Nature trustful,  
Inspiring trustfulness,  
To fretted minds a power  
To comfort and to bless . . . .  
Faint heart a victor left the field,  
The travail God in nature healed.

## THE CLOUD, THE MOON, AND THE STAR

A THUNDER cloud was stretched athwart the sky,  
And all the night was dark! No trembling star  
As yet had ventured forth to light the way  
Of one lone traveller, who yet pressed on  
With weary footsteps, to his journey's end.  
And yet he fainted not—for hope within  
His breast burned brightly; for he knew ere long  
The light would come. And so he watched the  
while. . . .

A soft-sweet light rose up behind the hill,  
And heralded the coming of the moon  
That rose full gloriously, and flooded earth  
With gentle light . . . And then there came a  
change!

The thunder cloud engulfed the gentle moon,  
And all was dark again! It seemed as though

The cloud would conquer! But the traveller watched—  
 And then—O joy! Victoriously the moon  
 Arose in triumph, and flooded earth once more  
 With softest light; and called the little stars  
 To share her glory, and to brighten earth!  
 One trembling star clung nearer than the rest,  
 All lovingly unto the mother light.

. . . . .

A thunder cloud of sin hung o'er the earth,  
 And darkened all the world! Almighty God  
 Had burst the thunder blast, and emptied down  
 The vials of His wrath upon us all—  
 Had he but chos'n! Instead He sent a Light—  
 A gentle Light, to rise upon the world! For He had  
 promised Him.

And hope had sped the earthly pilgrim's feet  
 Ere He had come, as heralded by one—  
 A lesser light, preparing first the way.  
 And then He came, to light the weary world—  
 A Light that passed thro' all the darksome trials  
 Of sin and death; to rise triumphantly

And conquer all, and fill our souls with joy!—  
A Light that calls the little lights to shine,  
And follow Him, that they might share a part of His  
great glory!

. . . . .

The traveller sped on his way. His soul  
Was filled with praise and wondrous love divine!  
He watched the little star, and then he prayed:—  
“Lord Jesus! Grant my soul to Thee—my Light—  
May cling all lovingly—ev’n as the star  
Unto its light, the gently radiant moon!”

## CASTING CARE

(Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.)

O LORD! I am too weak to give!  
So take from me my ev'ry care,  
The slightest burden, of myself,  
Is all too much for me to bear!

The burden of my sinfulness  
My oft half-hearted love to Thee!—  
My lack of faith and trustfulness,—  
All cause such great regret to me!

The burden of my puny strength,  
In fiery temptation's hour—  
O take that care, and still lead on,  
And magnify in me Thy power.

## CASTING CARE

The burden of my talent small,—

Lord, teach me how Thy gift to use,  
(Help me to understand Thy will),  
And neither waste it, nor abuse.

Take *ev'ry* care! Thou knowest all

My great consuming need of Thee!  
Strengthen, instruct, and always lead,  
Establish firm, and quicken me.

O fill my soul with Thy great Love!—

That I Thy love might render Thee!  
Pour out Thy Holy Spirit, Lord,  
O come and cleanse, and dwell in me!



## LEAHS AND RACHELS

OFTTIMES we see a family, with different talents  
blessed,

Yet one among the number seems less gifted than the  
rest,

Maybe a lack of beauty, shared by her sisters all—  
But “Leah” is “not pretty,” “not dignified or tall!”

Maybe our Heav’nly Father has deemed it best to  
lend

The talents to the rest, and none to Leah send!—  
Or so it seems to her, in the sorrow of her heart,—  
And somehow in their lives, she does not share a part.

Unconsciously perhaps, the others may look down  
From pinnacle of fame,—the seat of high renown—  
Or merely from the throne of favour popular,  
Where Leah can but gaze in sadness from afar.

And often is her pillow with lonely tears wet!  
And sad it is but true, the Rachels oft forget  
That *nothing* can we have, but of the Father giv'n,—  
*The Father of us all!*—the Lord of earth and Heav'n!

O Leah! Weep thou not! Thy outward form was  
made,  
Thy intellect, thy soul—by God, be not afraid!  
There still is left a way in which e'en you can shine—  
Most glorious of ways,—because it is Divine!

Give thou thy soul to Christ, and He will make it  
pure,  
With wisdom to enrich, from out His treasure store!  
The pure in heart see God!—What would'st thou more  
than this?

Can any earthly joy approach this wondrous bliss?

God looketh on the heart; His glory all may share—  
There is no glory like He gives His own to wear!  
And if the Leahs look, they surely then will find  
Some earthly blessing given which they had not  
divined.

## QUIET HEROINES

WHAT quiet heroines are they—  
The women brave and true,  
Who work so silently each day—  
Each month, and year through!—

Who do their daily common task,  
From morn till weary eve—  
Nor seek a higher lot to ask—  
Nor seek a slight reprieve!

But bravely do they struggle on,  
In doing double share,  
Responsibilities upon  
Their aching shoulders wear.

In sorrow bearing little life,  
To poverty and sin—  
Another soul to face the strife,  
Another's bread to win.

## QUIET HEROINES

O Father! Draw them unto Thee!  
And teach them to look up!—  
That brightened their dull lives might be,—  
Emptied the bitter cup.

Help them their burdens all to cast,  
Belovèd Lord, on Thee,—  
To look away from sinful past,  
And henceforth Thine to be.

Oh grant these weary souls might know  
The rest that Thou dost give,  
The blessing that Thou can'st bestow,  
If they to Thee will live.

O Lord! Reward their faithfulness  
To loved ones here below,  
And grant to them the peacefulness  
Of Love Divine to know!

## LOVE'S TOKEN

'Tis just a tiny token  
That I give unto you,—  
Of love that's never spoken,  
But liveth deep and true!

## BREATHED FROM THE SOUL

(Jesus being wearied with his journey sat thus on the well.—John iv. 6.)

BELOVED! I'm so weary!  
So draw me nigh to Thee!  
And unto God the Father,  
Lord Jesus, pray for me.

Beloved! Thou hast invited,  
And I have come to Thee,  
The weakest of Thy daughters,  
But Thou hast died for me.

Beloved! out of our weakness  
Can strength be made by Thee,  
To mount on wings as eagles,  
Lord Jesus, pray for me!

Belovéd, I'm so weary !  
I come to Thee for rest,  
Thou hast forgiven, so I lay  
My head upon Thy breast.

Belovéd, I do love Thee  
Because Thou lovest me  
And hast most surely promised  
Eternal rest in Thee.

## PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY

“HOLY Spirit! Comforter!

Teach Thy child to pray  
That those the Lord hath given  
Might tread the narrow way.

“Father in Heaven, I pray to Thee,  
That glorified Thou might'st be,  
Make us in Thee one family,  
O Heavenly Father, hear Thou me.

The *Mother*, Lord, Thy love hath given,  
O draw her gently nearer Heaven.  
The prayers for me that she hath said  
O, shower the blessings on her head.

O, Gentle Jesus, from above,  
Send Thy sweet Messenger of Love,  
Thy Holy Comforter Divine  
And take her burden, Lord, as Thine.



She loves us all—but grant that she  
May consecrate that love to Thee,  
Not love us less, but Thee, the more,  
For fathomless Thy treasure store.

Lord Jesus, wipe her tears away,  
And give her courage day by day,  
However trying things may be,  
Grant her that inward peace with Thee.

The *father*, Lord—who doth provide  
Through Thee, the shelter for Thy child,  
According to Thy will, may he  
O Heavenly Father, come to Thee.

Teach him to know, though great his love.  
'Tis but an echo from above,  
Teach him to know, though great his care  
That Christ will all the burden bear.

Though in a wilderness being led,  
Providing for us, daily bread,  
'Twas there the manna fell from Heaven,  
Grant he may ask what will be given.

O show Thyself—Thou Bread of Life,  
Grant there may be no anxious strife,  
But day by day on Living Bread,  
My earthly father might be fed.

The *sisters*, Lord, who try with me  
To tread the path that leads to Thee,  
O help them, Lord, to trust Thy might  
And grant to them that inward sight.

O keep them close by Thy dear side,  
Make them to be Thy spiritual bride,  
Help them Thy Kingdom first to seek,  
To know Thy voice when Thou dost speak.

Let them ne'er falter in the way,  
Until at last, in bright array,  
Around Thy Throne of Grace in Heaven  
They praise Thee for the blessing given.

My *brothers*, Lord, Thou knowest all,  
O Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,  
Imploringly I do beseech  
That Thou would'st touch the heart of each

I cannot find the words to speak,  
So great my wish that they would seek  
To enter at the "wicket gate"  
Ere dreaded cry—"Too late, too late."

My only plea is, Thou hast died,  
Thou, for sinners crucified,  
O Christ, I lean on Thee alone,  
My cry, my prayer, seems but a moan.

But *Thou* wilt pray, I know it, Lord,  
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word,  
And if my longing is so great  
That these may come ere found too late,

O how much more must *Thy* soul yearn  
And patiently await return,  
O Saviour, Christ, I give to Thee  
But humble prayers, Thou hearest me.

I know when suits Thy gracious will  
That Thou wilt whisper, "Peace be still."  
Because Thy Spirit's Holy might  
Has won them for the cause of Right.

O Lord! I cannot now look up  
For filled with sorrow is my cup,  
O Saviour, 'tis my great regret  
I somehow love not *fully* yet.

Forgive this erring child of sin,  
And grant Thy Love-light's peace within,  
I want Thee, Lord, I cry to Thee,  
O gracious Saviour, comfort me.

## WITH HIM ALWAYS

THY ways are ways of pleasantness,  
Then why should I be sad?  
When Thou art with me all the way  
To cheer and make me glad.

The thought that I shall see my Lord  
Doth fill my soul with joy,  
Though now I feel too tired to think  
Of pleasure in employ.

But there no sickness enters in,  
No weakness shall we know,  
"Forever with my Lord" to be—  
Ofttimes I've longed to go.

And then I cannot grieve Him more  
With wandering and sin  
When once He opens wide the gate  
Of Heaven to let me in.

And then, to see Him face to face,  
O joy to think of this,  
If joy to *think* what will it be  
To *realise* that bliss?

And now O Death where is thy sting?  
Where, Grave, thy victory?  
For Jesus Christ hath trod the way,  
And conquered all for me.

It is His will that I should here  
Abide a little while,  
He gives to me a chance to win  
The sunshine of His smile.

I wonder when I get to Heaven  
If I will feel regret  
That I did not while here below  
More for my Saviour get?

That I did not more exercise  
The privilege He gave  
In letting me His glory share  
By bringing souls to save?

I can do nothing of myself,  
O Saviour, pray for me!  
Help Thou and show me what to do  
As doing unto Thee.

O give me patience here to wait,  
My spirit satisfy;  
Some day I'll answer to Thy call:  
"Rabboni, here am I."

## THE CLOUDS

*A Medley*

### I.

ONE huge dark mass, monotonous and grey  
So far as eye could reach, no moving scene,  
No spectral whiteness sped along its way,  
All dull, as tho' no blue had ever been!

All still, so still, no dazzling sun shines forth  
And sheds its rays abroad to flood with light,  
But all is hid, as tho' in sullen wrath,  
And still, so still,—bespeaking hidden might.

I gazed full earnestly, and yet once more  
Far, far away into that cloudy height;  
Then saw a pulsing movement, faint yet sure  
Convulsing all the sky with throbbing might.



And slowly, surely, but yet silently,  
The movement overhead went on and on,  
The blue, the grey, strove each for victory,  
Entranced, I watched to see the battle won.

## II.

Aha! aha! Laugh, clap your hands,  
The clouds obey, the wind commands;  
The fog has gone, the sky is clear,  
The sullen masses disappear.  
The patiently awaiting blue  
At last triumphantly sees thro'  
The fog-bound windows; and the sun  
Beams down upon the victory won.  
Aha! aha! Laugh, clap your hands,  
The clouds obey, the wind commands;  
From blue dominion now the sun  
Smiles down upon the battle won.

## III.

So ho, for a frolic of madness,  
The sky has exchanged with the sea,  
While gay nymphs are singing with gladness  
And "tripping it" merrily.

The clouds have gone into the river,  
The wavelets are up in the sky,  
The trees in their merriment quiver  
To see all the ocean so high.  
The sea wraiths with laughter and dancing  
Are lashing the waves into froth,  
(With graceful positions entrancing)  
Exciting the ocean to wrath.

## IV.

Queen Doris, her grotto vacating  
Glides peacefully now into sight,  
The ripples—her maidens in waiting  
Have fringed all her garments with white.

And far, far away in the distance  
Apart from the fun and caprice,  
There's a clear little pool in existence,  
That whispers so softly of peace.

The beautiful fern leaves are glancing  
Deep down in the looking glass pond,  
The picturesque beauty enhancing  
As mirrored each delicate frond.

Away! away! Here comes the wind  
The truant sea-nymphs all to find,  
And blow them back into the sea,  
To teach them where they ought to be.

Away! away! with all the fun  
Back to the ocean, every one,  
Each tired of laughter, tired of glee;  
Seek peace and rest in mother sea,  
'Neath Nature's surfaces revealed  
We little guess the wealth concealed,  
For under the wavelets' watchful keep  
A mystic world is rocked to sleep.

## V.

All blue and calm once more,  
No sign to tell of all the madcap frolic that hath  
been.  
Far, far away, a little white lost sprite  
Still gliding on its lonely way was seen,  
So still, so peaceful now, in spite of all,  
So clear the sky impenetrably deep,  
Could ever such a wondrous change have been  
So soon? The clouds their hidden secrets keep

## VI.

Can you read the inner meaning  
    In my simple allegory?  
See what I have tried to picture  
    In the telling of my story?  
I will leave you to discover  
    What shall not be hard in finding,  
Look above and view the cloudland  
    Of Creator still reminding.

## CHARITY

“ONLY a poor blind man,” so said the world  
As heedlessly it hurried to and fro,  
Indifferent to that quiet, pleading hand  
Extended there in faith—for charity.  
God looketh on the heart. He knew  
That here was one of His redeemed,  
That in this soul was shed abroad  
His wondrous love Divine  
That gave the inward light to brighten all.  
The Shepherd knows His sheep,  
He gives the faith that looks to Him for every daily  
    need.  
He had enriched this quiet humble soul  
With gifts divine—beyond the world to give—  
A hidden treasure, priceless, lasting fair.

“Only a poor blind man,” so said the world  
As some in passing pity paused awhile  
To give a trifle whence ’twould not be missed!  
*Frivolity* came tripping down the street,  
And lightly tossed a coin “for conscience sake”  
But even her small act revealed that though  
Her thoughts on pleasure bent, her heart remained.  
Then *Condescension* paused, and looking round  
To let the “left hand” see, he gave from out  
Of his abundance what could well be spared,  
And reaped his own reward from those who saw.

The *Mother* paused, and thought of him who sailed  
Far, far away to do the will of God  
In foreign lands, and so she sacrificed  
A slight indulgence, in that loved one’s name.  
’Twas but a stepping stone, but still it led  
To higher things, and so had its reward.

But *Riches* hurried past so mean a man  
Who had to beg for bread, nor did he give  
A crumb from his abundance! Ah!  
Thus he who thought he was the greatest was the least,  
And lacked his brother’s riches in the Lord.

Then *Charity* came softly and drew near,  
And lovingly bestowed her widow's mite.  
"It is my all," she said, "but this I give  
Unto my God, who gave Himself for me.  
For I, and all I have, are His alone!"  
And then the watching angels sang for joy.  
And this their song, rang out thro' earth and Heav'n,  
"For inasmuch as ye have done this deed  
Unto the least of mine—As unto me,  
I bless the service that in love is wrought."

Only a poor blind man? Ah! rich indeed,  
His treasure was in Heaven, and he prayed  
For all the sad, the rich, the poor  
Who had not blessings such as his,  
And most of all for those who had not time to pause  
and think  
A God of Love is watching all the while!

(November 7th.—Suggested by a limelight picture of a blind Christian forced to beg. Lecture by Rev. W. G. Taylor, November 4th, 1903.)

“PEACE BE STILL”—S. MARK IV. 39

(The Lord knoweth the days of the upright.—Ps. xxxvii. 18)

LORD, dost Thou know my days?  
The lightsome and the dark?  
Dost Thou still watch in love  
This wand’ring human barque?  
Shine out, O Light and pilot Thou,  
I want Thy guiding power—now.

The dark clouds overhead  
The thunderings around  
Have tried all day to hide  
The “still small voice’s sound.”  
All is so dark, so cold; and sin  
In painful discord lurks within.

I am listening for Thy voice  
Above the raging storm,  
I gaze across the waves  
To see my Saviour’s form.  
Soon He will come, His word fulfil,  
And quieten all with “Peace be still.”



## ASK

(Ask and it shall be given you.—S. Luke ii. 9.)

“THIS is so small a thing to ask my Lord,  
When this request doth reach the Throne of Grace,  
It surely will appear small to God.  
Why trouble ye the Master?” said my heart,  
My soul replied—“My want is far beyond  
The reach of my unaided hand; to me  
The granting means so much. My Father has  
Invited me to ask all things—that He  
Might give and teach my soul to love and trust.  
He knoweth all my need before I speak,  
Then it is unbelief to doubt His Word.”  
So I obeyed His voice and told Him all—  
Not long to wait! and then the answer came.  
'Tis not the only time that I have proved  
That if in all ways we acknowledge Him  
He will direct our paths. My God! I am  
So glad that Thou dost know all things; and thank  
Thee Thou hast heard and answered me; still keep,  
Still lead, still bless, and fill my soul with praise,  
And open Thou mine eyes and soften Thou  
My heart, that I might know Thy wondrous works!

## OPEN THE DOOR

(“ Behold I stand at the door and knock.” “ I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.”)

IF only those who wander  
In darkness, doubt, and sin,  
Would open out their souls to God  
To pour His love-light in,  
O for a tongue to tell the rest  
That fills the heart that God hath blessed.

If only those with burdens  
Would lay them at His feet,  
And listen to His words divine,  
So comforting, so sweet.  
It is such rest to know that He  
Will bear all things for you and me.

If only those in trouble  
    Would tell it all to Him  
For He has promised if we call,  
    To pour His comfort in.  
O Lord, is comfort such as Thine  
So satisfying, true, divine?

If only those who hesitate,  
    Between two paths unknown,  
Would seek a Father's guiding hand,  
    They need not go alone.  
For He will lead His little child  
Past thorn and briar, through desert wild.

If only those with talents  
    Would lay them at His feet,  
Asking the Giver to make their souls  
    With thankful love replete,  
That they might know the secret joy  
Of using gifts in God's employ.

If only those who suffer  
    Would bear it for His sake,  
And ask of Him to give the strength  
    To conquer every ache.

From cross to crown,—for you and me  
Christ trod—to win Eternity.

O all ye living people,  
Christ died! O is it nought  
That with the price of His own blood  
Thy sinful soul was bought?  
Look on that dark Gethsemane,  
All this for love! for you and me.

O all who yet may wander  
And deep in darkness fall,  
What will ye do, when thro' the gloom  
The voice of Death doth call?  
How can you claim a Saviour's love  
To light you to a Home above?

There is no way to travel  
Unto the throne of God,  
Except the path of suffering  
Where Jesus Christ hath trod.  
He waits in love and calls to thee,  
O grieve Him not, but taste and see.

O hasten to the portal  
And seek the Saviour's power,  
To wash and cleanse and save you now  
From Death's dark lonesome hour.  
Another time may be too late,  
And Satan binds you while you wait.

## THANKSGIVING DAY

JUST one short year ago  
The fiery summer glow  
Had scorched the budding growth from stem to root;  
And from the wilderness,  
The voices of distress  
Bewailed, that mother earth withheld her fruit.

And then a mighty cry  
Was raised to the sky,  
Unto the only Giver of our bread.  
He heard His people's voice  
And made their hearts rejoice,  
And sent the plenty wherewith to be fed.

A year with fatness fraught,  
This present year hath brought,

Our God hath now fulfilled His sacred word  
That those who ask receive,  
Who in their hearts believe,  
That whatso'er their prayer 'tis surely heard.

Tho' sometimes 'tis His will  
To keep us waiting till  
He makes us ready to receive the gift;  
And after training time  
We hear the joy-bells chime,  
And see the shades of waiting-time uplift.

O teach us, Lord, to praise  
Thee only all our days,  
And sow in us the seed of thankfulness.  
O touch the cynic heart,  
And make it own Thou art  
Rejoicing in Thy Power to aid and bless.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT

(“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”)

ALTHO' not yet, I know that it will be,  
I cannot see the way, but rest upon  
Thy word; Thy many words of promise given.  
Make Thy will mine, O Lord,  
And keep my trust for me, that it may grow.  
Forgive the doubt that found short lodging place  
Within my breast.  
Search Thou my heart, and root up everything  
Thou findest there which glories not in Thee.  
Altho' not yet I know that Thou wilt give  
This thing I ask of Thee, for Thou hast told  
Me by a strange, a joyful voice within,  
That bids me wait as yet a little while.  
I know not why—Lord, give me patience, Love, and  
trust,  
And let me never waver more.  
And when the answer comes, teach me to give  
The glory all to Thee and show me how  
To thank Thee and to praise Thee as I ought.



## TIRED

TIRED, so tired;  
Thou knowest, Lord,  
The weakness of our frame;  
And Thou dost care,  
And help to bear,  
For Thou hast felt the same.

Tired, so tired;  
Lord, does it tell  
My journey's nearly o'er?  
That I shall be  
Called Home to Thee,  
Ere long to sin no more?

Tired, so tired;  
"Rest in the Lord"  
Shall be my lullaby;  
For Thou wilt keep,  
Awake, asleep,  
Replacing joy for sigh.

## “AT THE CROSSROADS”

December 30th, 1903

GOOD-BYE, Old Year! Good-bye!

The stars are growing dim,  
They voice me no reply  
From yon horizon-rim.  
All still, so still above, around,  
No pulsing life-intrusive sound.

“Good-bye, Old Year. Good-bye”—

The secrets of a heart,  
The tear, and the sigh  
Are only known in part  
By those who deem they know us best,  
We guess but half, nor know the rest.

“Good-bye, Old Year.” I turn

To face the unknown *new*,  
There is so much to learn,  
So much we must undo.  
Our Guide will lead where'er is best,  
Fear not, faint heart, but trust, and rest.





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