

A WANDERER FROM A DISTANT LAND

A wanderer from a distant land,
I come to see the "Old
Dear Mother Country" that I love,
With love that can't grow cold.

The beauty of it fills me now—
Strong beauty, almost pain—
Thrown out against a dark background
Of misery's black stain.

Hunger and crime and countless poor,
Rub shoulders with the rich;
"The King's own way" is even stain'd
By this dark, deadly pitch.

Then Memory leads me back again,
To that far land I love;
I hear the murmur of the pines
Breath'd o'er me from above;

And see how every tiny cross,
On branches reaching far,
Is pointing upward to the light
That streams from sun and star.

The Star of Hope shines bright and clear,
Down endless fields of space,
Undimm'd by that curs'd veil of gold,
Men fling o'er Heaven's fair face.

Blest Island—home beyond the seas—
Scarce touch'd by human hand;
God's background there—sky, sea and trees:
Lord, make us understand

The priceless jewel Thou hast given;
O, make us true and strong
To use, and not abuse, Thy gift;
Love righteousness—hate wrong.

"I CAST MYSELF ON THEE"

Into Thy hands, O Lord,
I cast myself, and feel
Thy everlasting arms
Are strong to help and heal.