

# Poetry and Poems

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## ALFRED STAFFORD.

*Lines written the day following our Epworth League Birthday Party, held in Walton Methodist Church, February 22nd, 1898.*

### Our Birthday Party.

Our birthday social now is past,  
Just what it was to be !  
A treat most grand and yet a feast  
To last eternally ;  
How sweet her fruits were gathered home,  
Where satan ne'er shall sever,  
Or cut apart, loves chorded hearts  
Forever and forever.

Every day may be a birthday  
To celebrate as then,  
For man while here is destined free  
The rights of birth again.  
True he may not have a party,  
Nor yet behold a feast,  
A daily birth in soul and mind  
Ranks not of fame the least.

Yesterday eve in Glory sped  
In peace with one accord ;  
Souls spent upon our meeting nights  
An evening with the Lord,  
To celebrate His spirts birth  
In buds now opened flowers ;  
His church of love enjoyed this treat,  
So lived our sleeping hours.

We served out to all refreshments,  
For body, mind and soul ;  
As bread alone can not sustain  
Our lives as one grand whole ;  
Now past and o'er in truth I say :  
All hearts were homeward driven,  
Those words of cheer and songs of praise  
Are stored for us in Heaven.

Some friend hath missed it here on earth,  
This treat the spirits love ;  
But league with us thy hand and hearts  
And share it far above ;  
Dear brother seek in Christ a birth,  
From earth direct thy flight,  
We long to have thee share with us,  
Our triumphs for the right.

### Lines Written to a Mother About to Witness the Untimely Death of Her Only Beloved Child.

All glory to the Father be,  
Now angels seek above ;  
How soon their hands shall bear from thee  
This spirit of thy love.

Make this thy sorrow known to God,  
Not fully known to men ;  
Soon he will hear and bear thee up,  
Lest ye would fall again.

If ye from God had given power,  
Would'st thou recall thy child  
From such a home of peace and love  
To wickedness defiled.

T'is for thy sake he cometh now,  
To prove thy love untried ;  
Compare these pains to those Christ bore,  
Nailed to the tree he died.

Uncertain visitant of the past,  
Ye word of stand still growth ;  
T'wixt truth and error thou art classed,  
To mark our place in both.

Thou art but simple yet great in power,  
Denying man his strength ;  
Ye word which reason speaks each hour,  
And measures pride it's length.

True thou hast the power to divide,  
Our faith of hearts from God ;  
Yea raise us on the wings of doubt,  
False unbelief to land.

Upon thee first doubting trust is formed,  
Uncertain is this end ;  
Minds seeking thus and thus adorned,  
Retain a mortal friend.

*The above was written Sunday, February 6th, 1898. This includes the following verse also.*