

A gift from Mrs W. S. Cuman to
George Burnett. Sunday 6-12-1903
immediately after my return from
England —

James Barrett

The Compass Cradle Song.

My gimbal cradle is a throne of power,
 I lift my sceptre o'er the bounding sea;
 Alike when seas are calm or storm clouds
 lower,
 My willing subjects pay their homage free.

In silent might I guide them all day long
 O'er rolling seas to destined havens fair;
 Glad hearts responsive to my cradle song,
 Give thanks for secret undivided care.

Such marvels gather round my gentle bed,
 My finger's mystic hush is pointing still,
 Such restful work from secret sources fed,
 Call forth their wonder and their spirits fill.

The tremor of my song is fresh and free,
 My primal energies no slackness know ;
 My kindly cradle rocks me o'er the sea,
 My song will end, when breezes cease to
 blow.

Oh, gentle Magnet ! draw us to the clime,
 Oh, pilot Spirit ! bring the port in sight,
 Where, tidless sleep the stormy seas of time,
 Soft by the city of the saints in light.



Tears.

Ah, thirsty floor of the prison cell,
Calling to fountains deep,
Pressing the eyes their dues to pay,
Pressing the hearts that weep.

Deep are the cells of the castle keep,
Eloquent walls of stone,
Touching the source of silent speech,
Echoes of speechless moan.

What river is this that flows so free?
Spring from the heart of God!
Washing the eyes with holy balm,
Straining to find the road.

Ah, holy beach of the tyrant land,
Where fugitives watch and pray;
A sail! a sail! in the oiling stand,
Hail! signal to sail away.

O thirsty sand, to drink the tears
That flow from freemen's eyes,
O might of prayer, with arms uplift,
Clasping the merciful skies.

Tears from the loved ones left behind,
Tears from the loved ones gone,
Tears like the rain drops kissing the sea,
Oh, when shall tears be gone?

Not till the rain has ceased to fall,
And the tides of ocean cease,
And breaking hearts shall cry no more,
And Christ shall reign in peace.



The Calm of God.

O, calm of God most clear,
O, word of God most true,
O, thought of God most dear,
My filial force renew.

I rest in surest calm,
The bliss of sins forgiven;
What power can strike alarm
With pangs of doubtful heaven ?

The pleading prayer for me
From Intercessor's throne
Lifts me among the free,
It marks me for His own.

The word, the way is Thine,
I only follow Thee;
The light of God is mine,
I wait Thy face to see.

With bright abiding calm,
Enduring might is given,
In every wound a balm,
A title clear to Heaven.

The Home of Thought.

I climb the cliff alone at break of day,
And lo, the clouds are rolling to the west,
And bars of amber, gold and silver spray,
Reflect their beauty on the ocean's breast.
The cliff majestic lifts its awful form,
And bids me rise, nerved by a strength
 profound,
And ply my quest where dwells the source of
 thought,
And where the healing and the rest is found.
What underswell is this that touches the
 shore?
What unknown isles send forth the waves
 that come?
O source of streams which I may not explore,
O deep mysterious thought; O veiled home!
The trembling gossamer above my head,
Sparkling with pearly dews of beauty rare,
Adorn my path, as upward I am led,
In search of lasting gems beyond compare.
For acts are coarsened thought; and uttered
 sounds
Fail to awake the ecstasy sublime.
O lead me to the door where larger life abounds,
Where I may feast with comrades more
 divine.

REST.

Here is rest,
On Jesus breast,
This is best.

Joys increase,
And never cease,
Here is peace.

Grace assures,
Jesus cures,
Love endures.

Life is brief,
So is grief,
Sweet relief.

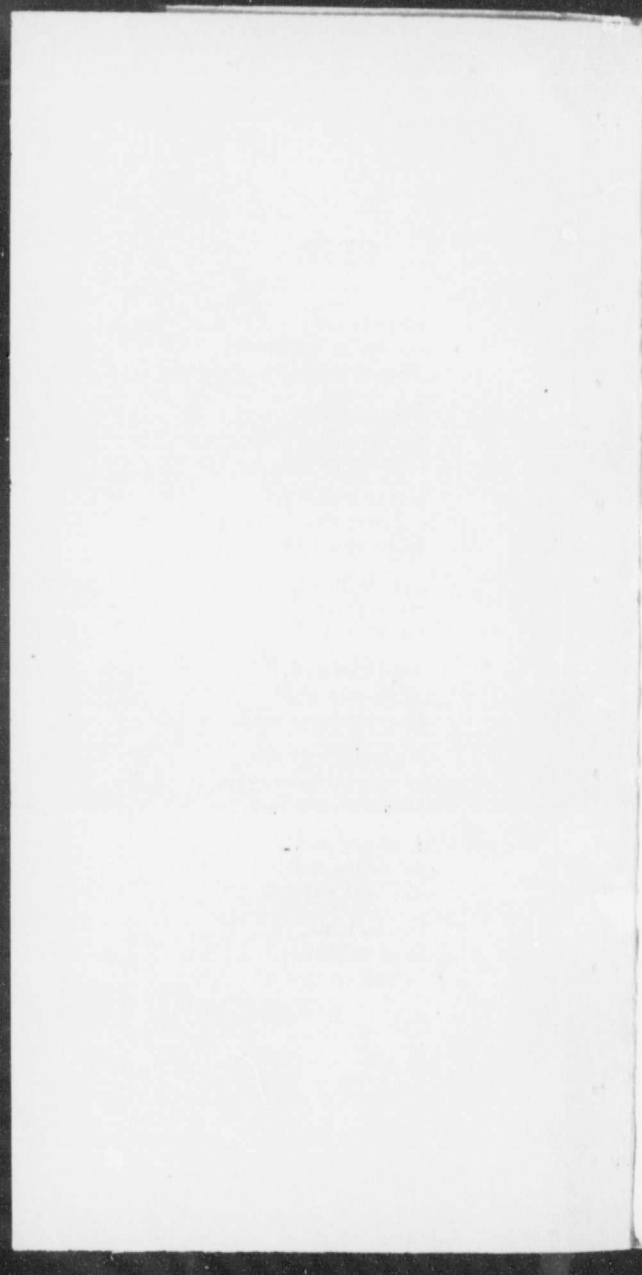
Send the sad,
Welcome glad,
In whiteness clad.

Dismiss the care,
In might of prayer,
In garments fair.

A mercy seat,
At Jesus feet,
My last retreat.

Die to time,
Rise sublime,
To fairer clime.

H. T. MILLER.



Light.

What is this garment of the great Supreme ?

What but the shadow of the dread Unseen,
Whose primal essence light will still conceal,
And of stupendous glory much reveal.

Fling out thy shadow first born beauteous
light

And tip the fringe of dim majestic night.
Scatter the sable 'midst with wild wind's
wing,

And bid the sons of morning rise and sing.

Light of salvation ! last, and best and most,
Flushing the heights of heaven's extended
coast,

Come healing wings with blessings promised
long,

Ye vocal glades breathe soft in bounteous
song.

O garments made in heaven for earthly wear;
O glittering raiment brought with generous
care.

Rays from the central sun arrive and burn,
And lift the homage in their swift return.



The Soul's Costume.

What brilliant vestures for my spirit wait,
 Within the precincts of the temple gate,
 Captive of hope, secured by golden chain,
 Child of the free, thy purchase I right main-
 tain.

Arrayed in costly robes of sovereign grace
 Open my eyes that I may see Thy face,
 Call in the wandering thoughts no more to
 roam,
 And meekly let me rest a child at home.

Rest till I feel the flow of living power
 To work, and wait, and watch through dan-
 ger's hour,
 Resist with boldness in the lawful strife,
 Lifting aloft the flag of lasting life.

Nerved with the strength of dignity Divine,
 Claiming the vital dower of priceless time,
 Marking the steps of man's ascending road,
 Joying to find his being clothed with God.



Guiding Light.

I bring my empty cruise for golden oil;
 Enlarge the vital spark to generous flame,

New courage give along the night of toil,
 Diffuse the fragrance of the holy name.

The night is silent and the stars look down ;
 Come near, in secret safety bid me stay.
 Thy light shall chase the ever-gathering gloom.
 And help me climb the ever-climbing way.

Naught else avail but deep and wasting fear,
 Nor strength, nor song, nor springs of joy
 to be;

Let me but taste with sons of light the cheer,
 And urge my way to usefulness and thee !



Rahab.

I see thee at the windlass on the wall,
 Hoisting the flax for brothers strong to spin ;
 Now lower with steady hand the valiant ones ;
 Pledged in solemn bond for highest good.

Didst thou not dye the rope of scarlet hue,
 Keeping a strand for signal, bold and clear,
 Athwart the window in the day of stress ?

That strand hath made thee fast to fairest
 fame,

Enrolled among the saints a rescued name,
 A trophy from the siege in Jordan's vale.

Islandic.


"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
An island near the shore,
And lasting is my privilege,
Its treasures to explore.

The mystic main-land silver beach
Shows beauties old and fair;
And glittering waves their lessons teach,
Of music rich and rare.

Great rivers, from their silvery heights,
Roll down in measure strong,
And bear up their bosom freights
Of laughter loving song.

From signal stations in the heights,
Flash many a semaphore,
And bid the soul with strong delight
To come, and sing, and soar.

Garments of light adorn the strand,
And waves of life the shore;
The mustering hosts of the old mainland
Are free men evermore.



Ready.

I ride at anchor in the night and wait,
And watch for beacon flash from glorious
height;

Let morning light salute my signal clear,
And let me sing the sea song's lofty cheer.

Ready to slip my moorings in the bay,
And catch the breeze and gladly sail away,
Steer for the haven I have loved so long,
And furl my sail amid the welcome throng.

Sweet knowledge long ago put out from shore,
And told of scenes and glories hid before,
Disclosed the joy of riches true and real,
Just hid behind the dull and flimsy veil.

"Ready to be revealed!" O treasure rare!
Ready to be revealed, so pure and fair,
O welcome readiness on the heavenly shore,
O glad acclaim resounding ever more!



Enoch Walked with God.

No written word brought cheer to lonely
heart,

Nor gave response with comfort or command.
No sweeping censer curv'd its scented cloud,

Nor bread, nor wine, nor pure baptismal bath,
 Nor priestly function passed from man to
 man,
 Nor saints replying in communion sweet.

 And yet the holy commerce with the
 skies

 Was fresh, direct, and constant in its
 flow.

 The utmost seat of mental life was
 touched,

 Pure garments made in Heaven the man
 adorned,

 And friend with friend conversed in
 Heavenly place.

Ceasing from man, what liberty we reach ;
 Walking with God, what honor we attain—
 A deathless life : Great type of coming joy.



A Doll Parable.

O thing of beauty, made in far off lands,
 What eyes of blue are hid beneath thy
 veil !
 O mystic mission, wrapped by unknown hands,
 What potent joys that lifeless form conceal !
 For thou art promised to a child of mine,
 Immediate joy ! of high and purest strain,

Ere yet thy form has left the banks of Rhine,
 Or with thy comrades crossed the briny
 main.

O instant faith ! arrayed in bliss sublime,
 I taste the clusters of the goodly land,
 I stretch my hand across the sea of time,
 And grasp the prize held out by sovran
 hand.



No Prayer Here.

The night, the gloomy night of sin
 Has melted into morn for ever clear,
 The welcome door of death has shut me in,
 No prayer here.

My pilgrim feet no more shall trembling wait
 Beside the watch fire's gleam, the night to
 cheer,

I gave the password at the golden gate,
 No prayer here.

The path of faith emerges into sight,
 The surging song of praise salute my ear,
 I'm with my Lord ! I walk with him in white.
 No prayer here.

A dying soldier in India said to his nurse :
 "I shall soon be where there is no prayer."

At the Bar.

The murmuring music of the fisher's haven
Surged on the bar as seaward flowed the
foam.
The half-tide ebb with sombre sounds were
laden,
The low-tide surf gave forth a sullen moan.
First quarter flood rolled in with morning
song,
And louder came the stream with life from
far.
With tuneful note the welcome rolled along,
Till sails were furled within the sheltering
bar.
So in the ebb of loss, and dread, and tear,
The dirge like murmur of our course
runs on ;
The lowering tide brings on the time of fear,
And heart strings cry : " When will the
night be gone ?"
But hark ! the music of the morning flow,
Trampling the bar with young and noisy
feet,
The swelling flood sings with tumultuous
glow
Of spring-tide melody, making joy complete.

The Pilot Fish.

One of the sweetest entries in memory's log was the frequent presence in the Mediterranean of the pilot fish, about the size of the mackerel. They would swim for hours on each side of the **stern**, the ship going from four to five knots; they came in pairs as a rule.

Tiny gentle ministry,
Swimming silently.
Hail delightful mystery.

Comest thou to me
Through the mystic sea,
With thy message free?

Welcome child of day,
By my stem to stay,
Pointing out the way.

Knowest thou the land,
Fringed with golden sand,
Where the angels stand?

Or, dost thou come to cheer,
Symbol bright and clear,
Showing how to steer?

A message for today,
To seek the narrow way,
Where no storms dismay.

How full of life is pilotage,
 How vast the living heritage,
 With Christ the only anchorage ?



Be Still.

The noisy waves grow still at Jesus' speech,
 And with the stillness comes a deeper rest,
 And thoughts too pure for language yet to
 reach

Dwell like a calm on ocean's heaving breast.

O veiled thoughts, pure as the Father's breath,
 Distilling sweetness through the spirit's home;
 Where these arrive and stay there is no death,
 For life enchains the heart no more to roam.

Deep thoughts are never heard, no words
 convey,

The mystic music as it swells within.

Thoughts unexpected make glad the home-
 ward way,

And hearts respond to might of silent hymn.

What forces move within the silent realm,
 What waves roll on beyond the vision's reach ?
 Mute pilot ! touch with gentle hand the helm,
 And break the silence on the golden beach.

Jonah.

Who is this stranger on the sandy beach
Whose heart has travelled faster than his
feet?

A troubled mind impels to farthest reach,
And far off shores suggest a safe retreat.

What ships are in the bay, and whither
bound?

How soon the mariners sing the anchor
song,
And set all sail to win the western strand,
And leave the turmoil of the godless
throng.

These thoughts come fast, and with them
comes the cry—

Oh! for the freedom of the bounding sea!
Let me but walk the deck ere night is nigh;
And rest me where the foam is flying free.

Not far from shore the breezes drop to calm,
And gathering clouds obscure the horned
moon,

Now piping shrouds inspire profound alarm—
Brothers, hold fast! great trouble cometh
soon.

Prone on the sweltering deck the seamen cry
To God; while pitiless tempest raves

The scudding clouds leap o'er the misty sky,
 And drifting wreckage float o'er desert
 waves.

Sleeper awake ! and taste experience rare,
 The sea-weed clasp thy head in lowly place,
 And mouth of monster form the place of
 prayer,
 And swift returning faith with might of
 grace.

Up from the white and wailing fringe of sea,
 Refreshed, renewed, arise ! Retrace thy
 road,
 And let thy spring of courage ever be
 The way of duty, and the strength of God.



The Song of the Lightship.

I swing at my anchors all day long,
 And at night I sing my signal song ;
 Songs in the night are given to me,
 To hail the men coming home from the sea.

How welcome the gleam of my guiding light,
 To the ships that pass in the night.

Ships come and go,

With ebb and flow,

But I must stay at my moorings strong,
 And nightly sing my signal song.

To an Infant.

O rarest bud, unfolding free —
Fairest flower of mystery,
Tender sprig of noble tree,

Thy liquid eye sees only light ;
Thy leaves of life are spotless white—
Legate from lands where all is bright.

What is thy claim, with beauty rare
Calling us near, thy joys to share ?
Thy mission, with sweet signs, declare !

O tell the whence, the reason why,
We listen to thy purest cry.
Hast thou a word from yonder sky ?

Pivot and point of farthest reach,
Comest thou from the golden beach ?
Speak ! in thy mute celestial speech.

Welcome from the mystic land,
Clasp me with thy velvet hand ;
Take my pledge by thee to stand.

Comrades, let us look and wait,
Partners of sublimest fate,
Watching at the morning gate.



When Thou art Near.

My footsteps press the clay,
 Yet on I urge my way,
 In clear or cloudy day,
When Thou art near.

The night so wild and drear,
 And heart so cold with fear,
 Give place to morning clear,
When Thou art near.

The tears my vesture stain,
 Deep thoughts arouse my pain,
 Then comes the old refrain,
When Thou art near.

"Thou art my God," I say,
 And light beyond the day,
 Pierce with its gentle ray,
When Thou art near.

Let me not wander more,
 Defend when storm clouds lower,
 The dawn shines through the door,
When Thou art near.

And when by stress I'm driven,
 What joy to me is given,
 O vestibule of heaven !
When Thou art near.

The Threshing Floor.

I bring my scanty sheaf of goodly grain,
 Gathered in cloudy day and blustering wind;
 What bleeding feet and unexpected pain,
 And briny tears with helpful grace I find.

O threshing floor of lonely anxious heart,
 Supreme in silence and subdued in claim—
 How can I wield my flail in honest part,
 But for the pressure of an ardent aim.

I flail, I fan, I hold in trembling hand
 The precious kernels from the trampled
 floor :

I lift a tribute as I silent stand,
 Urging acceptance as I urged before.

Sweet is the fragrance of a soul made glad,
 Endued, sustained, adorned in garments
 white.

O pure habiliments where all are clad,
 Subdued, transfigured in remembered light.

O harvest gathered from the field of time,
 O light and shade and censure all my own!
 This offering let me place upon the shrine
 Which sanctifies the gift and gives the
 crown.



To an Indian.

I am a stranger in thy ample gate,
 I gaze intent upon thy plaintive eye ;
 Hast thou a burden buried in thy heart,
 The echo of a long and painful cry ?

What marks are these I trace upon thy brow,
 What tint and tone in color and in speech ;
 How long the vista in thy backward look ?
 What stretch of line from long Atlantic beach ?

Oh, white man's burden carried far and long !
 Oh, prehistoric groan of bleeding heart—
 What debt unpaid, what pleading tongues
 yet sue,
 What trembling fingers feel for brother's part ?

I am a stranger ; thine the prior right ;
 I am of yester, thou the forest child.
 Forgive the wrong, for 'neath thy dusky skin
 I find a man so simple, meek and mild.

Toil on, good brother, in the narrow way,
 Perchance our trail may cross, and we be found
 Companions where there never comes a pain,
 Forever joined in happy hunting ground.



Samuel.

Welcome to tender ear,
In triple accents mild,
The tones of the Great Supreme,
To the heart of a serving child.

Gift of a mother's heart,
Pledge of a mother's care,
Accepted consecration,
Fruit of a fervent prayer.

How near is heaven to earth !
How near is God to man !
When a child may know the truth,
And share in a serious plan.

Calm is the camp of God,
Solemn the silent way,
The stillness breathes the peace,
Inspiring no dismay.

With gentle footsteps firm,
With free, unfaltering will,
He moves from couch to couch,
His mission to fulfil.

Speak ! it is my name,
Lord of my life art Thou,
Thy servant let me be,
Child of a mother's vow.

The Only Name.

When tides flow past me with their deadly
chill,

And I am lonely in my hour of need,
When rolling clouds and fears are with me
still,

Grant me Thy name to plead.

Frail thoughts confuse me in the time of pain,

And in the dark I cannot find the way,
I stir my heart to rise and look again,
Grant me Thy name, I pray.

Is not Thy love at issue still with sin?

The oppressor's hand must break before
Thy name,

The sufferer's cry must surely enter in,
I plead the long refrain.

Dawn of the spirit's life and boundless health,

Thy name is on the morning's golden brow,
Crown of the soul, in beauty and in wealth,
Grant me Thy name to know.

Untainted gold adorns Thy glorious state,

Supernal gleams disperse the guilty gloom,
Thy name is near, Thou dost not come too
late,

Dost thou not bid me come ?

I hold Thy lantern to the darkened mind,
 I search, I pant, I cry to find the way,
 O let Thy name a speedy entrance find,
 Our plea must bring the day.

I lift Thy name aloft and loudly sing,
 And help the swelling notes to rise most
 high,

When praises throng around my only King,
 Hear Thou my humble cry.

Thou hast a name to reign great Saviour
 King,

All other knees must bow and own Thy
 sway,

All other hands must willing tribute bring,
 Then will I cease to pray.



Rama.

Take heart, oh Rachel, in thy dire distress,
 Thy cry has rent the heavens, and reached
 the throne ;

Thy tears are counted, and the drops from
 Infant veins are known. " By water and by
 blood,"

He comes ; twin baptism for the little head
 Enclasped in bosom warm, seeking asylum
 By the river side. Soon shall the tyrant
 hand be

Cold in death, early the glad behest shall
 sound in

Egypt's land: "bring back my son"; quickly
 shall

Each broken heart be bound and healed.

Take heart, the loved and lost shall greet
 thee at the

Gates of pearl, and thou shalt rest for aye,
 Redeemed, enthroned and crowned.



Morning.

Hail to the daybreak and the morning star,
 The melting mists are fleeing fast and far,
 The rising light brings on the glorious day,
 And westward roll the darksome clouds away.

Reveal the course of life, victorious morn,
 And give me joy; sweet calm succeeds the
 storm;

The plaints of night are hushed in silent sea,
 Dark times shall come again no more to me.

Sleep night of sin and stir up no more,
 Let bars of light bind up sin's ancient power,
 Change the wild waves of wrath to calmest
 sea,

And in life's gladsome day, let me be free.

Ties that never Break.

There is no waste in love ; for love is life,
 And life is multiform. The seeming death
 Is but a veil that hides the springing forth
 Of fresher beauty and more fragrant breath.

The gifts that come to hearts are bound by
 cords

Of love that never break ; but stretch beyond
 The vision's sweep into regions where
 The tender tremulous soul shall ne'er despond.

But takes fresh draughts from rising founts,
 And gathers stores of weal for service sweet,
 And floods the fevered world with tides of
 strength,

Alluring men to calm and safe retreat.

Responding harp ! whose strings shall never
 tire,

Put bring sweet wealth within the spirit's
 sphere,

Calling the faithful few to do and dare,
 Dwelling in light above the noonday clear.

Give me the ties that bind and never break,
 Give me the life that leaps o'er death and sin,
 Give me o'ercoming faith in timely strife,
 Until the welcome sounds : " Come enter in."

My Phantom Ship.

Come take a trip in my phantom ship,

I've sailed o'er many a sea,

My muslin sail defies the gale,

And my course is fair and free.

The sunken reef brings ships to grief,

And their helm is lashed a lee,

But my course is clear as on I steer,

To the haven where I would be.

My tapering mast withstands the blast,

And I cheer my phantom crew ;

When I'm at the helm no seas o'erwhelm,

And our fears are small and few.

My sails are white in the morning light,

And my colors are fresh and gay.

Land ho ! is the shout from the brave look out ;

How welcome the land-lock'd bay.

Come over the sea to the home of the free,

The head-land is heaving in sight.

Come trim the sail to the favoring gale,

And rest in the harbor of light.

Ebb and Flow.

Sometimes I'm short of gladness,
 And on speaking terms with care,
 Then I say good-bye to sadness,
 And the wind blows fresh and fair.

I swing to ebb in the star light gleam,
 Then spring with freshening flow,
 And brightening eyes more brightly beam,
 When the gloom begins to go.



At the Gangway.

They will meet us at the gangway,
 When the trial trip is o'er,
 When the slackened speed is ended
 And we touch the golden shore.

When the storms are all behind us,
 And the darkness turned to day,
 And the watching and the weeping
 Are for ever done away.

Did they know that we were coming,
 Did the lookout far descry,
 The white sail on the gleaming tide,
 Glad signals in the sky ?

Were they well assured they'd see us,
 Sailing boldly up the bay,
 Did the pilot's code inform them
 That to-day would be the day ?

O, day beyond all others,
 The day we reach the land,
 And clasp the loved long absent
 Upon the peaceful strand.

What rapt contagious joy
 Swells from the welcome throng,
 What surging seas of gladness
 Burst forth in holy song.

One by one we pass the gangway,
 Then, we're lonely nevermore,
 For the countless, saintly millions
 Will help us to adore.



Eventide.

I trace the rainbow in the falling rain ;
 Oh fleeting fringe of lace so deftly spun,
 What thrills of sweetness run along my pain,
 Divinely tinted rays attend my setting sun.



The Haunted Stream.

Did you hear the song as it rolled along,
Like the cry of the wild sea-mew ?
'Twas the cry of the girl with her muslin sail
As she paddles her white canoe.

Oh, mystic sail, in calm and gale,
Sailing with never a crew ;
Swift as a dream with firefly gleam,
She paddles her white canoe.

With many a reach for the silvery beach,
She thinks the haven in view,
Then turns aside in the glittering tide,
Still urging her white canoe.

Oh, why does she sail, and give many a hail?
Why her lost lover pursue ?
What progress is made by a silvery blade,
As she paddles her white canoe ?

O haunted stream, with your glittering beam,
When will her dreams come true ?
O pity the maid with her silvery blade,
As she toils in her white canoe.

Come to the shore and dream no more,
Sweet heart of purest beauty ;
Steer for the bight,, with canoe so white,
And rise from dreams to duty.



Anchor of the Soul.

“Anchor to the throne of God, and then
shorten the rope.”

I joy to heave my anchor short
Within the precincts of the port ;
The wind blows fair, the tide is in,
I wait the signal from the King.





Independant Print,
Grimshy,
Ont.