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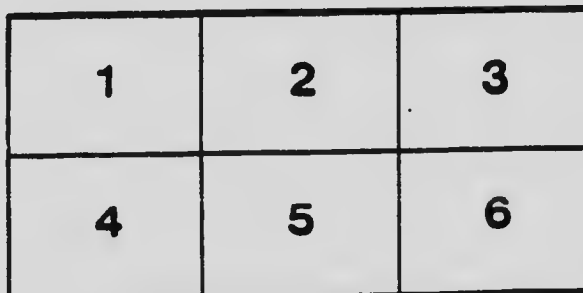
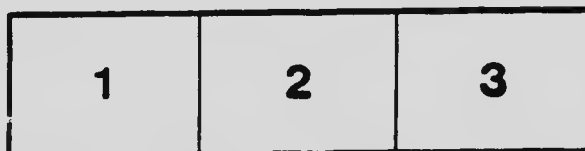
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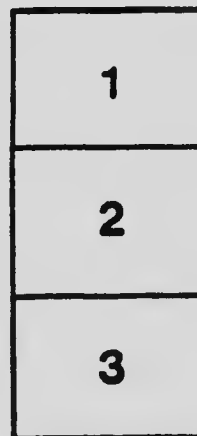
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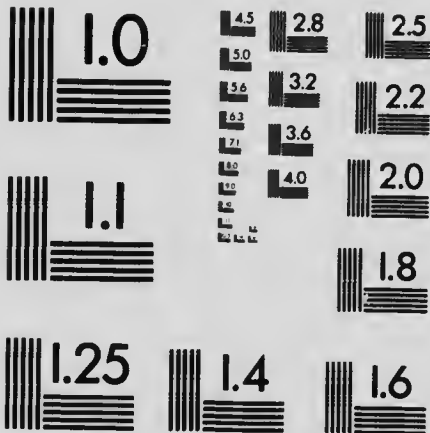
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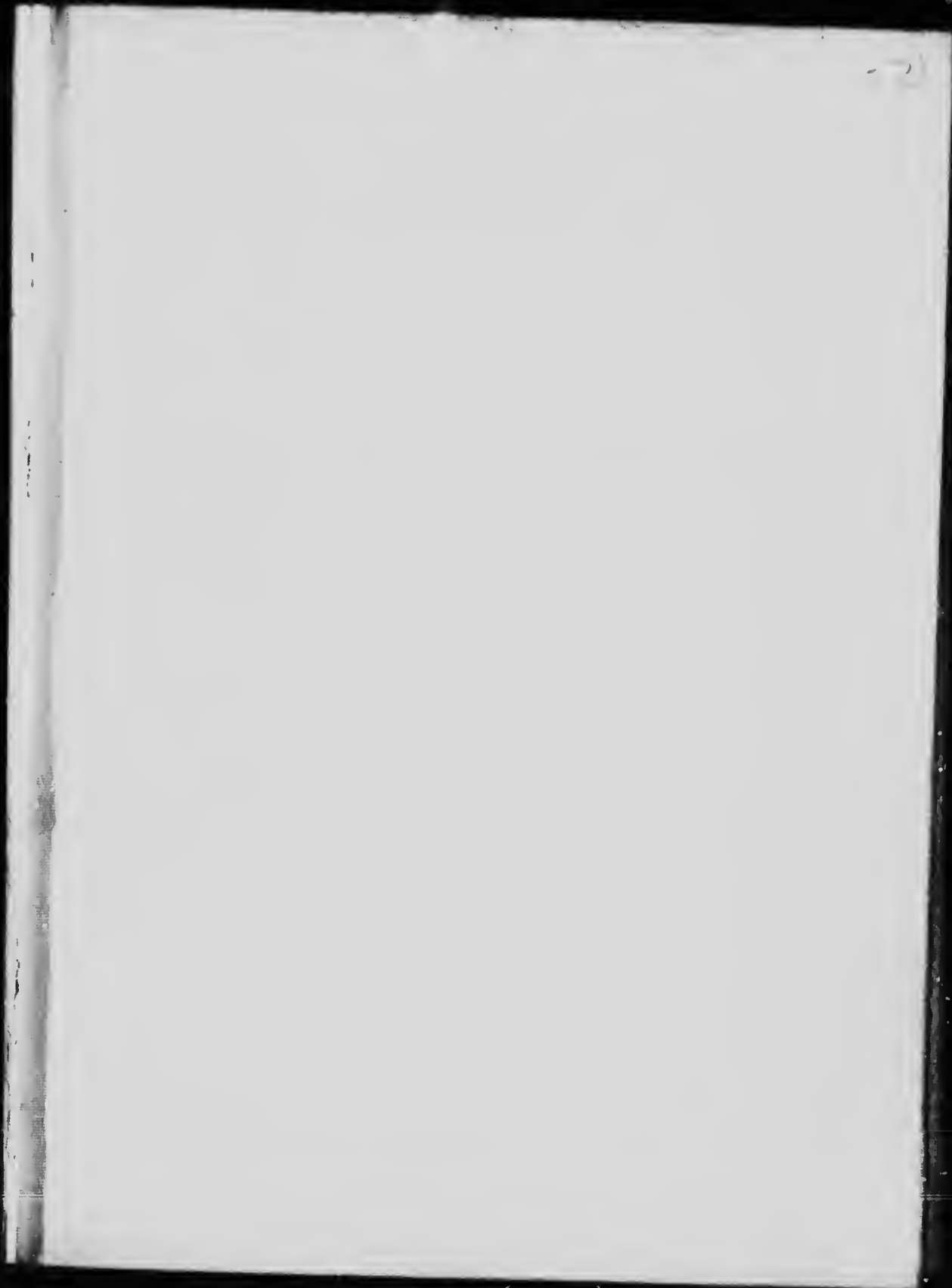
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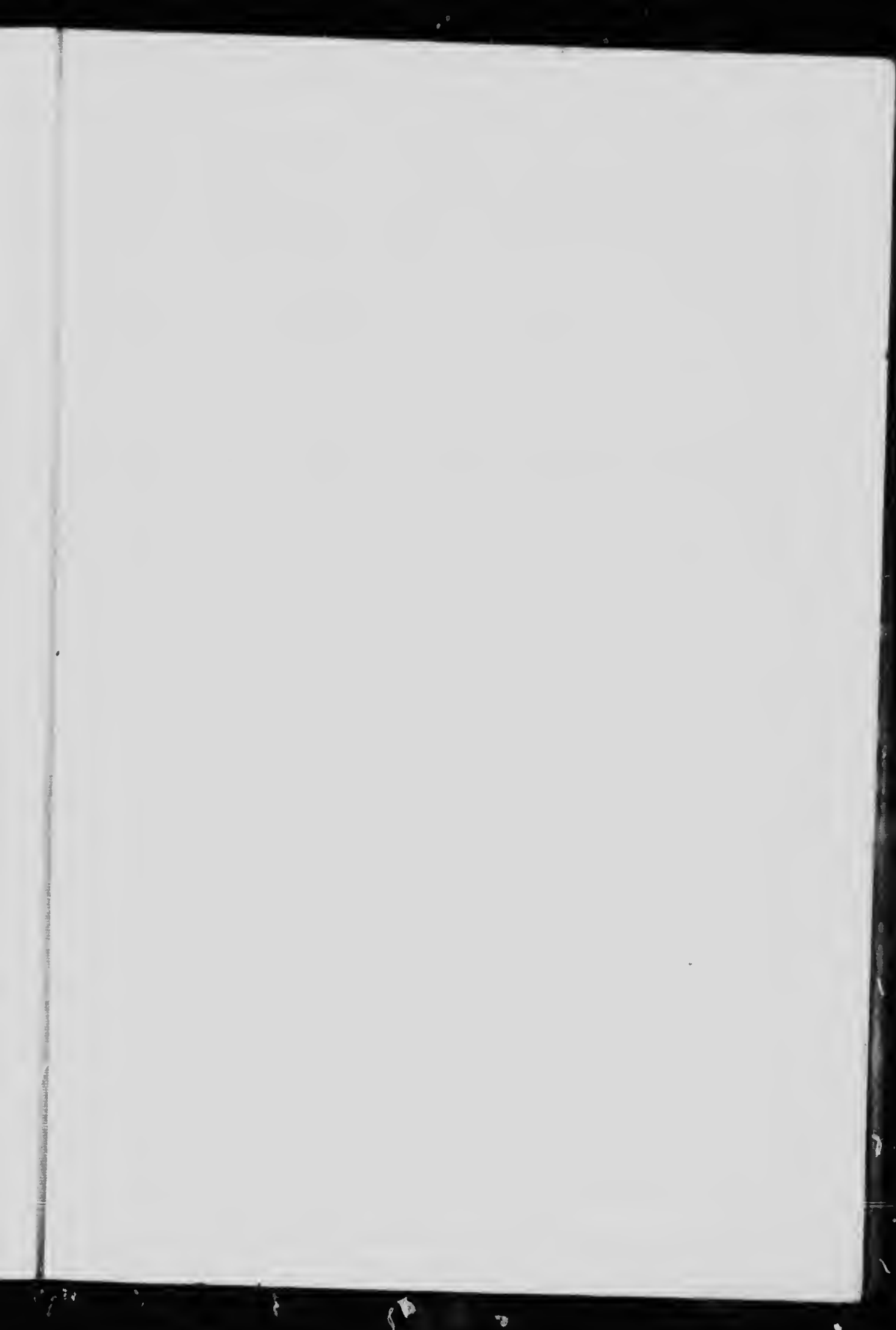


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POEMS

By

KATE McNEILL

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To My Niece

CATHERINE MARGARET McNEILL

This book is affectionately inscribed

—K. McN.



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ASPIRATION!

At misty morn, as all forlorn,
I strayed, I knew not where,
A pulse of song, so swift and strong,
Leapt in the languid air.

I swooned as round my stupid frame
Fast flew each dulcet dart;
And the archer of the random aim
Made conquest of my heart.

I prayed a prayer, I dare not tell,
No man to me would list;
Might I not learn the song, and swell
That music in the mist?

I'd trace that deep, delicious flow
Up to its hidden spring;
All other knowledge lose to know,
But this, the way to sing.

ASPIRATION!

One moment's space, with sudden grace,
A beam pushed back the veil;
And in its light I caught a sight
Of the peaks that I must scale.

That vision fair no eye can share,
By me alone 'twas seen;
That I might taste those wells to taste,
And tread those heights serene.

So to the flare of fashion blind,
Deaf to the revel's din;
And with the sweating world behind
And Christ to conquer sin.

Through flash and fog, o'er briar and bog,
I press with hope divine;
Others have quaffed the sacred draught
Who ne'er had thirst like mine.

And the magnet rhyme, with its subtle chime,
Lures to that lofty goal;
When my harp shall fling from every string
Soul's message unto soul.

ASPIRATION!

And the curious world at last shall know
The secret of the smile
With which I braved each cruel blow,
And battled envy's wile.

Shall know my eyes were fixed afar,
On prospects calm and clear;
And I was marching through earth's war
To strains, earth could not hear.

Shall know—that realms of righted wrongs
And answered prayers exist,
When I, from thence, send back my songs
Of rapture—through the mist.

THE CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

When our chaplain's prayer throbbed through the air
 We bent our inward ear ;
The martial beat of a hero's feet
 In the spirit fields to hear.

His watchword true, each sentinel knew,
 'Twas the hope of a warrior's breast ;
A leaf that he took from a conquerer's book,
 A promise of perfect rest——

A word of cheer to each volunteer
 In the corps that combats wrong ;
Then forth to the fight in our Captain's might,
 Nor faint though the war be long.

Let the flesh and the world from our hearts be hurled,
 And Satan be thrust from its throne ;
And strike the blow at our brother's foe,
 With a foot on the neck of our own.

THE CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

And think of the life beyond the strife
Of fields by the foe untrod;
Of the victor's palm and the Sabbath psalm,
And the great, glad peace of God.

INVERKIP

Sweet Inverkip, 'tis break of day ;
I watch the sun's first genial ray
Rise 'mid the dawn's dispersing grey
 To light thy lovely scenery.

Here, by the balmy breezes fanned,
Ardgowan, from its vantage grand,
Rises to look o'er sea and land
 In calm baronial dignity.

Here the old castle seems to keep
Some tragic secret, dark and deep,
One half expects a ghost to creep
 From out the crumbling masonry.

Here, by the heaving breast of Clyde,
Where grove and garden skirt the tide,
A prince might wish to lead his bride
 Mid nature's pristine symphony.

INVERKIP

Noon, on the Lunderstonian height,
Gives sun-bathed ranges to the sight.
Broad floods, far-flashing in the light,
And fields of rare fertility.

Cool are the glens where roe-deer skip,
Or girls, with sunny tresses, trip.
While far below the crystal Kip
Gleams thro' dishevelled shrubbery.

Glen Kip! 'twas here I used to stray
Regardless of parental sway,
And dream the drowsy hours away
In childhood's chainless liberty.

Here have I read from Nature's book
Alone, in some secluded nook,
No sound save of the birds and brook
To break the weird tranquility.

Entranced, I've watched thy waters glide,
And gathered flowers from thy steep side—
Flowers that might grace the fairest bride
Or wreath the brow of royalty.

INVERKIP

Time to its reputation true
Flies, and the light is flying, too ;
Clouds sail across the boundless blue
 In slow and silent majesty.

But to describe the river's flush,
Caught from the sun's retiring blush,
And the soft twilight's holy hush,
 Baffles both paint and poetry.

The soul is satisfied with calm,
The feathered choirs suspend the psalm,
And grove and garden shed their balm
 On airs of vesper sanctity.

Sweet Inverkip, 'tis close of day,
I watch the sun's departing ray
Leave thee in darkness on its way
 To light no fairer scenery.

TO A YOUNG POET

Thou would'st arise and burst the ties
Of circumstance that bind thee—
Would'st dare to climb the heights sublime,
And leave the world behind thee.

Ears must be shut to every "but"
In Care's long, doleful story;
Eyes blind to "ifs" in scaling cliffs
Of fame, 'mid gales of glory.

Thou hast all themes from childhood's dreams
On thro' young love's illusion,
Sad music set for late regret,
Interpret life's conclusion.

The morn is thine, with hope divine—
Noon, with its high ideal,
And twilight, dim with shadows grim,
Which midnight renders real.

TO A YOUNG POET

When skies are calm, lead thou the psalm
Of gladness universal;
When thunders break, thy harp must wake
To join the wild rehearsal.

And thou must rush and dip thy brush
In flame, to paint the onset,
When cloud brigades, from nightly shades,
Come forth to quench the sunset.

Thro' sin's dense mist, that will resist
Earth's brightest inspiration,
The burning love of God above
Must flash its revelation.

So shall thy rhyme, with ease sublime,
Life's mysteries unravel;
The world of soul, from pole to pole,
Thy thoughts shall freely travel.

Grasp the beyond, where never bond
Of circumstance shall bind thee;
Rise in the might of the infinite
And bring the world behind thee.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

(In the Highlands of Scotland)

O, Highland Glen, and Highland Ben,
Your union—who did plan it,
When the vale was laid, like a bridal maid,
In the mountain's arms of granite?

I marvel not great bards have sought
To sing in measures splendid,
The nestling grange by the steadfast range,
Like Love by Truth defended.

And now, O Land, your aspect grand
Hath had its incarnation,
'Where hearts keep plight while heads grow white,
And sons make celebration.

All grit and grace of Nature's face
Have passed into the human;
The tow'ring mind in man we find,
The lovely charms in woman.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Each true to each, no thought of breach,
Howe'er the skies were chequered,
For fifty years! What cynic's sneers
Obtain with such a record?

O, fifty years of smiles and tears,
Of clear and cloudy weather!
What tales to tell have they who dwell
For fifty years together?

What summer glows and winter snows,
What dreaming, and what doing;
What heavy loads, and dreary roads,
What fainting and pursuing.

What tranquil moons, and troubled noons,
What noises, and what hushes;
What lightning glints, and rainbow tints,
What blenchings and what blushes.

What siren snares and anguished prayers
That children's feet might shun them,
What laurels bright, and deep delight
O'er children who have won them.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

What resting times, 'mid Sabbath chimes,
What singing, and what sighing,
What loss and gain, what love and pain,
What living, and what dying.

Now, down life's hill, true lovers still,
With dreams of dawns olden,
Songs in your ears from other spheres
Go thro' the sunset golden.

Sure of the light that knows no night,
And the bond that cannot sever;
And the banquet-board, with the dead restored,
For ever and for ever.

THE STORM

Long I had lain in the darkness,
 Silent and sad, and forlorn,
Hearing the blast sweeping ruthlessly past,
 Fearing to think of the morn.

Day would but show me life's garden,
 Stripped of its ripening fruit
Blossom and bud buried deep in the mud,
 Trees riven up by the root.

Tell me my fears are unfounded;
 Dawn has no message of death;
Only the fog from a poisonous bog
 Fled at the hurricane's breath.

Sweet is the word that assures me,
 After the tears and the strife.
Flowers that are new 'neath skies that are blue,
 Spring in the Garden of Life.

FORSAKEN!

Farewell! Fear not—the world shall never know—
Shall never know to lift its voice in blame,
When every wind doth waft thy honored name
 O'er sea and land;
 And thou dost stand,
A god-like figure on the heights of fame.

None shall suspect the hopeless ache
Thy greatness to my spirit brings;
I was the clay thou needs must shake from off thy
wings.

 Yet, why do I complain?
 No vow is broken—
My ear was long upon the strain
For one sweet word that ne'er was spoken.

FORSAKEN!

Nor ever from thy pen flowed tender greeting,
Yet something flashed it on my ken—thy soul with
mine was surely meeting.
Those eyes that gazed in mine, and glowed,
And drooped, and glowed, and gazed again,
More priceless pledge of love bestowed
Than ever came from lips or pen.

I thought it was a dawning light,
Prophetic of a blissful noon,
But now I know it was the moon
That set, and left a blacker night.
And I must wear my wonted smile,
The rose upon my cheek must bloom,
Songs breaking from my lips the while,
Like flowers that blossom o'er the tomb—
All bright above, all dark and dead below.
Farewell! Fear not—the world shall never know.

THE CALL

Soul! I can do without thee ;
Thy help I need not crave ;
My cause on earth would prosper
Tho' thou wert in thy grave.

Legions of mighty angels
Rejoice to work my will ;
The elements are waiting
My mandates to fulfil.

Great men of name immortal
Serve me on sea and land ;
Yea, and the dead are rising,
To run at my command !

But thou, dull, drowsy spirit,
Would'st bid the Gospel wait,
And slack its glorious progress
To suit thy tardy gait.

THE CALL

How long? The saints are weary,
Provoked by thy delay;
Make haste, the peerless patience
Of even God gives way.

Dost fear lest future failure
Thy budding life may blight?
Fill *this day* full of fragrance—
I keep to-morrow right.

Let lifeless souls be careful
To hold dead rites of time;
Go thou and preach the Kingdom—
Ring out the deathless chime.

Tell leprous lives of cleansing,
Tell sin-sick hearts of health,
Tell fettered souls of freedom,
And beggar brains of wealth.

Give sight to eyes long darkened,
Wake songs from lips long dumb,
Shout that the deaf shall hear thee,
And tell the dead—I come!

CHRISTMAS EVE

Is it only a night like another night,
With the great work-world at rest,
With the revel's din and the midnight sin,
And the wrongs that are unredressed?

Ask of the few who have work to do
While others dance or dream:
This is their night of vision bright,
And song with loftiest theme.

They murmur not at their irksome lot,
Nor toil for the meeds of time,
But look to the sky, where the angels fly,
And learn of the Birth sublime.

Ask those who peer thro' the midnight drear,
Heaven's wonders to explore,
Forgetting to rest, in their eager quest
For leading, and light, and lore.

CHRISTMAS EVE

O, gifted few! this night is for you;
With your wisdom and wealth go on,
And God shall provide new stars to guide
Till you see the Incarnate Son.

Ask, too, of the heart, with pain for its part,
To be borne 'mid slander and scorn;
The night may be long, but the Life shall be strong
That out of such travail is born.

And the feast shall be spread and the hungry be fed,
And force to the feeble be given;
The meek shall be raised, and the mighty abased,
And diviners to madness be driven.

The slave shall be free and the sightless shall see;
Songs leap from the lips of the dumb;
The cripple shall bound and the world shall resound
With the shout, "The Redeemer has come!"

For it is not a night like another night;
O, man, look away from the clod!
Let your being be thrilled, for the darkness is filled
With new stars, and angels, and *God*.

THE GREAT POETS

(From the Standpoint of a Minor)

They are not out of sight!

Let me go!

Let me go!

I would follow their steps on the glory-crowned height.

Will they still keep in sight?

It is woe!

It is woe!

But I climb, and I climb,

Bounding fleet

To the beat

Of their life-lifting rhyme.

Till I faint 'mid a crash of tumultuous notes

From their marvellous throats.

And I weep

At the sweep

Of their flame-winged words.

They are birds!

They are birds!

And, with motions all new,

Tumbling up to the light,

Diving deep in the blue.

They are off! out of sight!

WOODSIDE

*(Written after a very delightful holiday spent at
Woodside, Hawick, Scotland)*

They tell me I am back in town,
My outward semblance came,
My face and figure, hat and gown,
And much that bears my name.

These mingle with the roar and rush,
And meet the flint-faced throng,
But I—I tread a velvet hush,
Rolled in a silken song.

Where flower-barks, moored at fair Woodside,
Heave out their stores of balm,
Or, freightless, rock in painted pride
Amid that harbour's calm.

I pluck the mystic Marguerite
To learn my lover's mood,
And trust the superstition sweet
When it declares "He would."

WOODSIDE

But, fair Woodside—and, oh, 'tis fair!—
In summer's golden glow
Hath opening buds more rich and rare
Than Summer gardens know.

When tempests sweep and frosts lie cold
On all this bright array,
These human flowers shall still unfold
Their sweetness to the day.

Clear is the song from tuneful throats,
High-trilled among the trees,
But sweet Woodside has nobler notes
And grander chords than these.

When snows enshroud the leafless woods,
And bird-notes all are still,
These rich heart-reaching interludes
The Winter's pause shall fill.

Providing still, for souls that roam
In search of song supreme,
That chord of love that makes *the home*
The poet's loftiest theme.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Night, and noise of shrieking engines,
And the rumbling railroad cars,
But I heed them not, nor see them—
I am studying the stars.

Stars that, from unreckoned distance,
Shine into our planet's night,
And the Milky Way around me
Dense with undiscovered light.

Stars, to modern eyes more countless
Than when seen from Syrian sod;
Symbol of a seed unnumbered
To the childless "Friend of God."

Talk of the advance of Science!
God of Nature, guide her march
Thro' yon labyrinth of systems
Circling in cerulean arch.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Think of eyes that gaze in vision
On the world's last lucid night,
On the stars in wild collision,
And the folded heavens in flight!

Ah! Those eyes are that Disciple's
Who, amid the wild unrest,
Hears the great Creator's heart-beats
While he leans on Jesus' breast.

TO REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

*(Written after hearing him preach in Elgin Place
Church, Glasgow)*

That was a flash from Heaven to-day,
I meant to take it down on paper.
I meant, but could not bear away
A blazing furnace on a taper.

Now were the words a vision bright,
Now shaft from the Almighty's quiver,
Now burning stars of love to light
The pathway of mankind forever.

But one star shines with warmer flame
And nearer gleams than any other.
With rev'rence let me write her name,
O Preacher—'tis thy precious mother.

Dear heretic! to scorn a creed
That seems to stint the Saviour's purchase;
Proof that true Christian thought and deed
May live outside our sects and churches.

TO REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Yes, Calvinistic soil may well
The trees of holy living nourish,
But let this single instance tell
Of how on other ground they flourish.

A single instance! single wedge
Fixed in the rock, God's great sledge under,
And down goes some sectarian ledge,
Some stony creed is cleft asunder.

O, not in philanthropic guise
Always exists true Christian giving,
Nor always in our dogmas lies
The secret of true Christian living.

Mortals may crown the genius now
Who best o'er theories can quarrel,
But, learning yet to love, shall bow,
And heart, not head, shall wear the laurel.

TO A SILENT POET

Just one talent! Poet, say
Who that talent's worth can weigh?
All the solid wealth that shines,
Massed in earthly mints and mines,
Could not purchase for an hour
This sublime and sacred power.
Wherefore, then, these pauses drear—
Where's the voice of rhythmic cheer?

Just one talent! Let it sleep;
Earth will help to hide it deep.
Who will miss thy fitful song,
Who will mourn thy silence long—
Who will die, though thou be dumb
Till the Day of Judgment come?

TO A SILENT POET

Day of Judgment! Is it here?
Does this hush confirm the fear?
Heav'n must wrest its priceless gold
From oblivion's sullen hold.
Hear we not the sentence grim,
"Take the power of song from him?"

"Let the tones majestic roll
From some ten-fold-gifted soul.
Add this gem of pure renown
To some many-jeweled crown—
Gem of such tremendous cost
He who loses it is lost."

Hurl the unprofitable mute,
Bound in fetters, hand and foot,
Down the night of black despair—
Naught but frantic weeping there!

THE LEPER'S SONG

No tune will flow to the withering woe
Of a leper's lonely lot.
You cannot sing of an unclean thing,
Cast out on the waste to rot.

I didn't belong to the world of song,
With the brand upon my brow,
But my heart was stirred by the slightest word
Of a world of prayer now.

And as I stood in my solitude
One day of grief profound,
There came to me, on the breezes free,
A strange, inspiring sound.

A voice of hope came o'er the slope,
And I wondered—"Can it be
That Christ is there in the open air
Speaking that word for me?"

THE LEPER'S SONG

I was not allowed to stand in the crowd
That gazed on the Speaker's face,
But His Word's wide sweep took a leprous heap
Right into its pure embrace.

The Voice said: "Ask!"—no arduous task—
So I vowed, with my tainted breath,
That Word I'll test with a big request;
I'll *ask* a cure for Death!

I'll ask a cure for the life impure
That has eaten my youth away—
For the seed-time past and the judgment blast—
The harvest of foul decay.

A midnight sky, and billows high,
A prayer half-choked by fear,
And the Form that stood on Galilee's flood
To my shattered bark drew near.

One touch of His hand, and a high command,
And, lo! 'twas the dawn of day;
And a wreck restored, with a harp on board,
Making its homeward way.

THE LEPER'S SONG

And the strings repeat the message sweet
Of that blest Voice from Heaven,
Till all like me shall "ask" and see
Th' amazing answer, "Given."

A song supreme on the old, old theme
Of Moses and the Lamb:
A leprous soul made clean and whole
By the Priest with the pierced palm.

PHRENOLOGY

The so-called scientific mind
Oft in a bootless task engages—
Works with a purpose undefined,
Save when it works for wages.

Just like that child of long ago,
Viewing a magic lantern scene,
Who grew impatient 'mid the show
To get behind the screen.

Until they turned him round to see
That, in the middle of the hall
Was placed the source of glow and glee,
And not behind the screen at all.

So we this organism dissect
And puzzle over Nature's laws,
Eager to get behind effect
In the great quest for Cause.

PHRENOLOGY

With the result that to the wall
Our weak enquiry goes :
We've shrewdly turned our backs on all
Whence fullest knowledge flows.

But, when the mind in earnest turns,
What floods relieve the straining sight!
Lo, in our midst the lantern burns,
The Word of God gives light.

Were we what head proportions show,
Our quality who runs might read,
'Tis from the heart life's issues flow—
A secret dark indeed.

There are whose words and works deny
Their phrenological report,
And to that science give the lie—
That grace cannot support.

Once on a time there lived a man,
By nature haughty, harsh and mean,
But, when in him God's Work began,
A startling change was seen.

PHRENOLOGY

His life in lowly ways he spent,
His gold to needy mortals gave,
His tone made care-worn hearts content,
And re-inspired the brave.

A transformation wonderful!
He was a new man, every whit,
But undulations on his skull
Had never changed a bit.

Then, wherefore wriggle in this mesh
Of matter, warped round moral brain,
That which is born of flesh is flesh—
We must be born again.

If ever on our life's blank sheet
Aught of true glory men shall see
God in our being's central seat,
The burning source must be.

GOSPEL FOR THE SELF-DESTROYED

Not the tempest of temptation,
Not the rain of sorrow rife,
But the foolish sand foundation
Wrecks the structure of a life.

This the muffled echo, ever
Haunting time's black, barren void—
Hearts that break and lips that quiver,
Sob confession—"Self-destroyed."

Speak, O Prophet, all thy story;
Palsied limbs and branded brow;
Wait for life, and love, and glory,
Wake triumphant echoes thou!

"Help in God!" Go, let it thunder
Down the suicidal void,
Till the dead shall wake and wonder—
Christ has saved the self-destroyed!

THE OLD POSTMAN'S FAREWELL

(Being the departure of the Old Year under the similitude of a retiring Postman)

Though slow be my pace, and withered my face
And my head with the hoar-frost crowned,
I murmur a song as I trudge along,
For this is my farewell round.

I am weary to-day, but I once was gay.
What a welcoming look you wore.
As you gazed on the grace of my fresh young face
When first I came to your door!

What tidings since then have I carried to men!
'Tis well that I may not know
How foolish the hope that the envelope
Held never a message of woe!

'Twas the wish of some that I had not come,
For I haunted them night and day,
Tho' against my will, with the humbling bill
Of a debt they never could pay.

THE OLD POSTMAN'S FAREWELL

One morning I bore to a poor man's door
Bright views of a future fair;
But a subsequent round dashed his cup to the ground,
And gave him a draught of despair.

Not seldom my knock was a terrible shock
That changed someone's noon into night;
While to others, long blind, who, in darkness, had
pined,
I was sent with the sun and the sight.

To many I brought what they long had sought,
And prized all possessions above—
The pledge of a part with some kindred heart
In a life of wedded love.

Some lives I have marred when I gave them the card
All gilded with conjugal light,
While the note in my pack with the border of black
Was hailed with the highest delight.

And often my ring made the anxious sing,
And woke up a household's mirth,
As I scared away fears and wiped away tears
With the missive that told of a birth.

THE OLD POSTMAN'S FAREWELL

Now charged with a dart for some innocent heart,
Now lifting the blush from a brow,
Or, boldly I came on a mission of blame,
Commanding the guilty to bow.

But my sighs and my songs, my rights and my wrongs
Are destined to come to an end;
And I hope you will say, when I'm far, far away,
That you think of me still as a friend.

One wish I'd express to all in distress
Who have watched for me, early and late,
I'm about to retire, and your deepest desire
I have *not* handed in at your gate.

You'll forgive the delay, and Old Postie will pray
From his home 'mong the things that have been,
That the long-looked-for boon may come to you soon
In the mail-bag of Nineteen Nineteen.

AFTER COMMUNION

For all the rest, and tender consolation,
For all the strength these blessed feasts afford,
For deep, delicious draughts of inspiration
To panting emptiness, we praise Thee, Lord!

With penitence sincere, O patient Father,
We mourn that memory too often dwells
On Egypt's coarse and carnal pleasures, rather
Than on the pure delights of Elim's wells.

Let us not miss the solid satisfaction
Thy bounteous love intended we should find;
And the strong stimulous for braver action
When this green Elim shall be left behind.

With joy we hail the wise and winsome voices—
The ready, steady lives that show us how
The earnest pilgrim, at Thy call, rejoices,
And dares the wilderness with dauntless brow.

* * * * *

AFTER COMMUNION

We leave the mountair of Transfiguration ;
Oh, may we meet the weeping world again,
With the great miracle of Thy Salavation
For all the madness of the Sons of Men !

"I WILL FOLLOW THEE"

O Soul! Thou art committed,
The Lord hath heard thy vow
To follow Him when laurels clasp
Or briers pierce His brow.

Time was when hasty impulse
Has led thee to declare
That thou would'st live for God alone,
Would'st serve Him anywhere.

But, when the choice presented
Lay 'twixt a home at hand
And toilsome desert journeyings
To some far-distant land,

Thy spirit sank discouraged;
The home at hand was sweet,
And painful seemed the path that bore
The prints of Jesu's feet.

"I WILL FOLLOW THEE"

What days of desperate struggle!
 'Twixt Pleasure's potent plea,
And Love's low-toned imperative—
 The Master's—"Follow Me."

Then, what the world called duty
 Came in with urgent claim;
Oh, dare to disobey the voice,
 Regardless of the blame.

Earth's ceremonial fetters
 The living man must break;
There is no time for dead routine
 With human souls at stake.

Think of an army surgeon
 Stopping to dig a grave
For some dead man, and ebbing lives
 All round for him to save!

What cares the corpse *who* fingers
 The fastenings of its shroud?
It is not listening for thy step
 Among the sable crowd.

"I WILL FOLLOW THEE"

With merciless abruptness,
Like Joseph's, leave thy sin;
Down, silly sentimental grief!
At parting with thy kin.

Go find thy true relations
'Mong forms that friendless roam—
Light, loveless hearts that cannot rest
Till thou shalt lead them home.

Not by spasmodic effort
The Christian's path is trod,
But constant, calm, courageous work
Done in the strength of God.

And thou hast seen a sample
Of such as keep their vow,
Is not the furrow straight and deep
Left by *His* Gospel plough?

Oh, life is not worth living
Outside Redemption's plan,
And Manhood is magnificent
When Christ is in the man.

MOSES, AND GOD'S BEGINNINGS

(Rev. Prof. James Denney's comment on Deut. 3:24 may be recognized in the last verse of this poem. The inspiration of the comment is evident).

He lived! It was divinely planned
His infant life should be
Protected by the very hand
That signed his death decree.

Lived to defy the imperial rod
That kept his race in tears,
And wandered lone to wait for God
Thro' veiled and voiceless years.

And God blazed out upon his sight,
And broke the desert's hush
With messages of awful night,
The tyrant's pride to crush.

MOSES, AND GOD'S BEGINNINGS

He saw the bolts of judgment fall
 And fill the land with graves,
While God was wresting from the thrall
 The wonder-stricken slaves.

Salvation thro' the dying Lamb,
 The souls He taught,
And proclaimed of the great "I am"
 When God said "He is not."

The doom of Israel's new-born braves,
 Pronounced from Egypt's throne,
Where was it when the Red Sea's waves
 Accomplished Egypt's own,

And swept *her* strength away, like chaff
 That by the wind is driven,
While Moses lived—the incarnate laugh
 Of Him who sits in Heaven?

Then, in the desert wild and wide,
 Each morn the marvel new—
A wandering nation's need supplied
 With grain that never grew.

MOSES, AND GOD'S BEGINNINGS

And, when no water in the land
Was found to quench their thirst,
From sterile rocks, at his command,
The vital blessing burst.

But time would fail me to record
Each scene by flood and field,
Wherein the glory of the Lord
To Moses was revealed.

Great armies fell before his face,
And princes licked the dust;
And all th' impossible took place
To his unswerving trust.

There came a day—His web of life,
That blend of hues sublime,
In warp of love and woof of strife,
Must leave the loom of time.

Those ample folds that showed the plan
Love laid for conquering sin,
And Heaven's last hieroglyph to man,
It seemed, was woven in.

MOSES, AND GOD'S BEGINNINGS

God's thundered thoughts were all behind,
Before, death's mystery dumb,
But, to the prophet's onward mind
There was no end to come.

He spoke not of a finished race
Or conquests he had won,
But looked th' Eternal in the face,
And said: "Thou hast begun!"

SAUL SELECTED

Roaming o'er hill and vale the livelong day,
Looking for asses that had gone astray—
A task like that can scarce be called sublime,
Or deemed deserving of heroic rhyme;
But, scan the portrait on the sacred page
Of this young actor on that old-world stage,
And, as you follow him from scene to scene,
The page becomes a moving picture screen;
And he, in interest, surpasses far
The modern cinematographic star.

Earth had its giants then, and Israel's race
Could boast of many a handsome form and face.
But there was none in all the land as tall,
And good, and handsome as our hero, Saul;
And thus we introduce this son of Kish,
Who, in obedience to his father's wish,
Had roamed the country round the livelong day,
Looking for asses that had gone astray.

SAUL SELECTED

O'er miles of mountain range and leagues of plain
He had been searching, but the search was vain.
He had enquired of people, high and low,
But where those asses were none seemed to know.
At last, convinced he need no farther roam,
He was about to turn and make for home.

The trusted servant, with a master zest,
Who had assisted in the toilsome quest,
Now realizing they had wandered near
The dwelling-place of Samuel, the Seer,
In deferential tones suggestion made
That they should even seek the prophet's aid.

The Prophet! What a word was that to brace—
A Hebrew athlete's frame, and light his face;
What marvel Saul agreed without delay
To ask this sure director of the way.
The master readily obeyed the man
Who made the Seer a party to his plan.

With rapid strides the up-hill path they trod,
And soon were talking with the man of God
Who, first of all, revealed the prophet's power
To solve the sordid question of the hour—
Assured them that the lost live stock were found,
That Kish had got them back all safe and sound.

SAUL SELECTED

Saul's mind, thus emptied of suspense and care,
Had room for richer revelations there,
And, as he listened to the "grand old man,"
His own acquaintanceship with God began.
But who can write the rapturous surprise
With which his waking soul would realize
How all that useless, unpoetic chase
Was raised for ever from the commonplace:
How every step and stop had been designed,
His blunders, methods of the Master Mind.
O'er all those rugged roads he had been led,
The guest of honor, to a banquet spread,
And evermore the vision brighter grew,
Till old things passed away, and all was new.

It was the dawn of more than common day
When Saul once more set out upon his way,
His life could never after be the same,
He was "another man" in all but name,
The glory was enough long years to light,
He wondered—had he tarried but a night—
Such contact brief taught him that prophets know
More than the ways where wandering asses go:
That mightier mysteries lie within their ken
Of splendid destinies for wandering men:

SAUL SELECTED

And, as he viewed the Kingdom's larger claims
Beside the narrowness of former aims,
How foul appeared the lazy stream where first
His low ambition stooped to slake its thirst
Beside this fount of fame, whose swift supply
Promised his panting soul to satisfy!
No vulgar quest absorbed his interest now,
The holy oil was glistening on his brow;
A hero, chosen for a sacred strife,
He was committed to a nobler life.

At every step the prophet's word came true;
The "hill" he had referred to came in view,
The band of consecrated men drew near,
Echoing his thoughts in "hymns of lofty cheer,"
Rousing his soul to rapture as they told
Of great deliverances in days of old,
Shouting their hallelujahs glad and free
O'er him, the pledge of triumphs yet to be.

What marvel, then (the moment was sublime,
His being was a temple for the time;
For Samuel's message, like an organ blast,
All through his nature's listening aisles had passed,
While Inspiration, like a seraph, stood
To lead the praise and play the interlude.

SAUL SELECTED

And every thought that did his spirit stir
Was an enthusiastic worshipper)—
What marvel, then, that, in the mental crush
Emotions, stifled oft, should rise and rush
In charming tumult through the gates of speech,
And Saul, with thrilling eloquence, should preach—
A voice victorious in the hour of strife,
A light on midnight mysteries of life,
He touched the nation's woe with soothing power,
And solved the baffling question of the hour.
Had we been there to see and hear him then,
We, too, had voted him a King of Men.

A pleasant task it is—the poet's play,
With scenes of glory given, to pour the lay
Heroic numbers flow to themes like this,
But who can sing the sad antithesis?

SAUL REJECTED

There came a time, God said, "Go, smite and slay"—
Wipe Amalek's name clean from the world away.
For I remember distant days of yore,
When, like a wolf, my feeble flock he tore,
And generations since reveal no sign
Of slackening enmity toward me and mine.
The son outstrips his sire on murder's path,
And I have long held back the bolts of wrath:
Now will I hurl them at his guilty head,
Go, smite till every breathing thing be dead.
Make of their land one vast sepulchral void.
Be man and cattle utterly destroyed.
Blot out the struggling light in age's eye,
Hush up in death the helpless infant's cry,
Answer with blood the mother's wild appeal,
Sheathe in the father's breast the avenging steel:
Long, dreamless rest give to the toiler's frame,
Nor deference pay to title, wealth or fame.
Youth's richest bud and beauty's rarest bloom
Mow down before thee in thy march of doom:
No gospel now—bring in the Judgment Day—
Hearken, O Saul! Spare not, but smite and slay!

SAUL REJECTED

Such, by the white-haired minister of Heaven
The ghastly charge to Israel's leader given.

Ghastly indeed! But, when the fight was o'er
And Saul returned to meet the seer once more,
That aged worker of Jehovah's will
Was waiting with a word more awful still;
Pangs of regret the patriot heart has known,
For *foes* to whom no mercy dare be shown,
But say what agony his bosom tears
When the death-warrant of a *friend* he bears!

The spacious greeting of the victor king
Into that troubled face no smile could bring;
He could not make the prophet acquiesce
In the proud boast of absolute success;
For absolute *obedience* was the chime
To which this hoary Hebrew's life kept time,
Of sweeping slaughter he refused to know;
Why did the alien oxen live and low?
How could the King that lying boast repeat
In ears that heard the alien fatlings' bleat?
Armed with the wrath of God, why did he dare
The very prince of cursed lives to spare?

SAUL REJECTED

O Saul, had'st thou but prayed for grace to stoop
And let that brazen front, all blushing, droop,
One blessed hour of blinding grief and shame
Had wiped the tarnish from thy royal name,
And told of triumph o'er a deadlier foe
Than those whose blood thy blade had caused to flow.

No stoop in Saul—with dauntless words and high
He would reiterate the mad reply—
“I have indeed been faithful; Israel's sword
Hath dealt red ruin to the heathen horde,
All, save the King, him I have brought alive,
And, if those sheep and oxen still survive,
'Tis such our altar services demand,
Which Israel's host was quick to understand;
And, with their blood, refused to stain the sod,
That it might flow in sacrifice to God.”

Yes, there are always those whose hands are stained
With wealth, in some forbidden traffic gained,
Who seek to please the God they have ignored
By giving to his cause the stolen hoard,
As if the Lord were some vile deity
Whom carnal offerings best would satisfy,
And who, to suit the sacrificing throng,
Would change the principles of right and wrong.

SAUL REJECTED

Who could have dreamed in yon bright days afar,
How things that seemed would change to things that
are?

And who, even in this hour of pomp and pride,
With hosts of loyal heroes by his side
Flushed with the joy of triumphs newly won—
Who could have told his royal race was run?

The very voice that, in his youthful ear,
Poured the first promise of a great career—
The loving lips commissioned to impart
Life's *crowning* secret to his humble heart
Are now entrusted with the judgment blast—
The withering sentence on the apostate passed.

This is the end. A King no more art thou;
Henceforth the crown awaits a worthier brow.
The King of Kings ordains that His command
Shall be accomplished by another hand;
No rank or power gives any man the right
The Word of the Eternal God to slight.
Go, let the nations of all times compare
Thy dreary drift, thro' madness and despair,
With David's wondrous reign of far renown
Sublimed into Messiah's fadeless crown.

SAUL REJECTED

Count, if they can, the unimagined cost
Of the vast heritage thy life has lost,
And see what heights of fame, by foes untrod,
Thou hast rejected in rejecting God!

Pray, but, like billows of the fretful main
That spend their fury on the rocks in vain,
For ever waking from the iron door
Naught but the echo of their sullen roar;
Thy prayers shall rise from out the black abyss
And dash themselves with frantic emphasis
Against the eternal rock of God's decree
Which thunders back—"I have rejected thee!"

HOW LONG?

(The first part of this poem is taken from the poem entitled "Saul Rejected," and adapted to suit the question of the Turkish atrocities perpetrated on the Armenians. The entire poem was published in a Scottish religious weekly about the year 1901).

There was a time, God said, "Go smite and slay.
Wipe Amalek's name clean from the world away.
For I remember distant days of yore
When, like a wolf, my feeble flock he tore;
And generations since reveal no sign
Of slackening enmity toward me and mine.
The son outstrips his sire on murder's path,
And I have long held back the bolts of wrath.
Now will I hurl them at his guilty head,
Go, smite, till every breathing thing be dead.
Make of their land one vast sepulchral void;
Be man and cattle utterly destroyed.
No Gospel now, bring on the Judgment Day!
Hearken, O Saul, spare not, but smite and slay.

HOW LONG?

Blot out the struggling light in Age's eye,
Hush up in death the helpless infant's cry;
Answer with blood the mother's wild appeal,
Sheathe in the father's breast the avenging steel!
Long, dreamless rest give to the toiler's frame,
Nor deference pay to title, wealth or fame.
Youth's richest bud and beauty's rarest bloom
Mow down before thee in thy march of doom."

Such by the white-haired minister of Heaven
The ghastly charge to Israel's leader given,
And, where that leader thought he could afford
To spare *one* life, the prophet took the sword
And showed that man's blind mercy need not run
Toward the offender for whom God has none.

But where, O where is Israel's leader now?
The modern Amalek lifts his turbaned brow
And flaunts his crimes before the nation's face
And winks the abject "Powers" back to their place,
While ruthless hordes repeat, 'neath noon-day skies,
The darkest horrors darkness can devise.
Till foul superlatives retire in shame
From the black record of their bestial fame.

HOW LONG ?

"How long shall God this frightful insult bear?"
Asks palsied Christendom, in blank despair;
How long shall nations tell their weight in tons,
And mete in feet the standard for their sons?
Britain, how long? Assert once more thy claim,
And prove thy title to the Christian name!
Be thou the stripling, with a sling and stone,
Plus God, that baffling quantity unknown,
Dare this dark Philistine's terrific nod,
And stretch the brazen coward on the clod.

“WHAT HAVE I MORE?”

(Judges 18:24)

“What have I more?” So speaks the heart
Whose idols have been borne away,
Whose friends and comforters depart
When comes his dark, disastrous day.

And, 'mid the void, he seems to hear
The Voice that might have said “Restore!”
Repeat the language of his fear,
And calmly ask, “What hast thou more?”

“What have I more?”—Time's problem this;
Earth echoes with the hollow cry.
Soul, that hast found the unfailing bliss,
Sing out thy rapturous reply:

“What have I less, though dispossessed
Of home and friends and worldly store?
I've still abundance of the Best,
Jesu is mine—what need I more?”

A CUP OF COLD WATER

Only a drink of water,
Fresh from the crystal spring,
Why should the Lord reward him
For such a little thing?

Only a man in the desert,
One of a drooping band,
Prays for the strength to struggle
On o'er the fiery sand.

On, while the rest lie moaning,
Faint in the fearful heat,
On, for the sake of the dying,
Ere the pulses cease to beat.

On, with his own head throbbing,
On, with his own great thirst,
And the God-like love in his bosom
Will not let the brave heart burst.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

On, till the palm trees' shadows
Are o'er his dim eyes cast,
And his quivering lips are drawing
Life from the spring at last.

Only that man, returning,
Strong from the cool well's brink,
With his pitcher overflowing,
That dying lips may drink.

Only the life-tide coursing
Cool thro' each fevered vein,
And a band of grateful pilgrims
Journeying on again.

On, with the breeze of heaven
Striking the sun-scorched brow,
Only a drink of water—
Who can reward him now?

IT SHALL BE

When shall this life of mine
Consistent harvest yield,
With all the wealth of seed divine
Spent on the stubborn field?

What are my vanished years?
A waste of weed and thorn,
With here and there some golden ears
To show there should be corn.

I bow my head in shame
That I have filled the past
With what can only feed the flame
Of wrath divine at last.

I bow my head in prayer,
Not mine the patient might.
This howling desert to prepare
For growing love and light.

IT SHALL BE

My God can change the scene,
Its chaos baffles me;
Where I would write "It might have been,"
He writes: "It yet shall be."

I fear no instrument
That strikes some bitter root,
I count no wrench too violent
That clears the ground for fruit.

The thorns of doubt and care
Have choked the Word too long;
May germs of full assurance there
Now blossom into song.

Jesus! Possess my heart,
And soon the stubborn field
Shall, by Thy grace in every part,
Sweet satisfaction yield.

YOU FAULTLESS!

You faultless! Hear it, every baffled soul,
Nor deem, since you are blind, light is a fable.
Land is no myth, though waters round you roll,
And for your rescue Jesus Christ is able.

You faultless! Friends who know the losing fight
Your heart is waging with a foul temptation
May fear your hope is nothing but the flight
Of a presumptuous imagination.

"You faultless!" Hell repeats it with a sneer:
Your buried guilt leaps up in resurrection.
You, paralyzed with shame and pale with fear—
You Jesus Christ would carry to perfection.

"You faultless!"—Saints who have attained that
height
Wed Heaven's best music to the inspiration
And angels marvel at the patient might
Pledged for another ruin's restoration.

YOU FAULTLESS!

The day will come, the Judgment trumpet's thunder
Shall call to silence earth's perplexing Babel
And your fair, faultless soul—the accomplished
Wonder—
Convince assembled worlds that Christ was able.

SELF-EXAMINATION

God: Give me courage for the humbling task,
Gently remove the reputation-mask,
Open mine eyes, Thy pitying face to see,
Show me my life as it appears to Thee.

Reveal the hideous desolation wrought
Within my soul by coarse and carnal thought—
The spreading crop of bitter evils sprung
From this unkind and false and foolish tongue.
Those reptile deeds that leave their loathsome trail
On memory's path rend this religious veil.
This mildewed web that drapes the dreary shrine.
Where Mammon is exalted as divine.
These mists of flattery that hang around
This pile of pride that rises from the ground,
While mortals, blinded by the vapors chill,
Mistake the ruin for a temple still.
Shine, Sun of Righteousness! disperse the sham,
And show the heap of rubbish that I am.

SELF-EXAMINATION

A rubbish heap? But here and there a gleam
Of something that reflects the Day-star's beam—
Ideas! Golden gifts of love divine,
All tarnished by the boast that they are mine.
Bright thoughts that burn 'mid darkness and decay!
With joy I hail each resurrection-ray.
Ye are to me the candlestick of gold
That lit the prophet's dream in days of old.
Ye tell me human effort all is vain,
To rear this broken life for God again,
But, by His Spirit on the builders poured,
This sacred ruin yet shall be restored.
Ye speak of sacrifice and sin forgiven,
Of enemies destroyed and backward driven
By Him whom God anointed Priest and King.
True glory from our ransomed lives to bring.

CONVERSION

"O God, inspire with life divine
This dead, indifferent earth;
Give to the souls thou callest Thine
Their second birth.

Touch this dark scene of selfish strife
With Love's revealing ray,
On midnight mysteries of life
Let in Thy day."

'Twas thus I prayed and did not know
The answer to my prayer
Was fraught with heavier shame and woe
Than I could bear.

The answer came—a rising ray
Whose quiet shining showed
That my own feet were far astray
From virtue's road.

CONVERSION

My heart a hideous battlefield,
Where vice had victor been,
Corruption's ravage, long concealed,
Now clearly seen.

I had been happy in the dark,
Day brought me bitter grief;
Now I could see my drifting bark
And ruin's reef.

On seas of trouble, wide and deep,
Light had indeed been cast
On me, a plaything in the sweep
Of sorrow's blast.

I gave my wisdom to the wind,
No mortal arm could steer;
The strongest hand that ever sinned
Was powerless here.

Writ not with logic's lifeless pen
The burning truth I tell;
I carried in my bosom then
The proof of hell.

CONVERSION

And hell hissed out with scorching breath:
 "God Is! and God Is True!
Sow to the flesh, but look for death
 When harvest's due!"

Yea, God is true! / did not die,
 My sins in Christ were slain;
He bore the travail-pangs, and I
 Was born again.

Converted! O, stupendous word!
 When shall our flippant tongues
Cease to profane this grandest chord
 In Heaven's songs?

For world-wide light I meant to plead,
 But God took up my moan
And showed me that the world's great need
 Was all my own.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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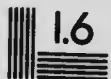
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THY KINGDOM COME

*(Written upon the departure of a Missionary for the
Foreign Mission field).*

Thy Kingdom come, I prayed;
Christ's answer made me pause—
"What wilt thou sacrifice to aid
The progress of my cause?"

"O Lord," my heart replied,
My best I'll surely give,
To tell the heathen Thou hast died
That souls condemned might live."

He did not ask for gold,
He knew my store was small,
And it had been a joy untold
To have Him use it all.

Myself He did not claim
To bear thro' pagan night,
In lands that did not know his name,
His gospel's glorious light.

THY KINGDOM COME

I had one friend sincere,
Whose helpful brother-tone
Inspired my soul to persevere
When life was dark and lone.

He seemed a stalwart guide,
Whom God in love had given,
To travel with me, side by side,
Up the steep path to heaven.

How thoughtlessly I prayed;
I did not understand,
Until on him the Master laid
The appropriating hand.

I thought I knew my friend,
His life's calm surface flow,
But hid the great, heroic trend
Of sweeping thoughts below.

He had no words to waste
In answer to the call,
But promptly on the altar placed
His earthly prospects all.

THY KINGDOM COME

May I as promptly quell,
 Within this heart of mine,
The thought that sometimes will rebel
 Against the Will Divine.

Rebuke me not in wrath,
 God of the foreign field ;
To pilgrims on a darker path
 My brother's light I yield.

May barriers all remove,
 And every foe retreat,
And seas a solid highway prove
 To his advancing feet.

And till we meet again
 My heart, no longer numb,
Shall glow with living fervor, when
 I pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

“EVEN AS THOU WILT”

“Ev’n as thou wilt?” The crumb I craved is mine,
But what is this my famished soul to fill?
This hungry heart may feast on love divine,
And drink deep draughts of power, ev’n as it will!

Then, Lord, I will that, as a dog, no more,
I crouch in search of crumbs, with whinings wild;
Life’s larger luxuries I would explore,
And, for that end, be changed into a child.

For all that dumb delay I bless Thee now;
It taught what otherwise I had not known;
Who prays for others’ lives must learn that Thou
Hast need to work great marvels in his own.

And, when the soul for whom I prayed so long,
From Satan’s thrall delivered I shall see,
To deeper wonder wake the watching throng
By the vast liberty Thou giv’st to me.

CONSCRIPTION IN ISRAEL

Speed the summons! In your hand
Rest results stupendous;
Dying captive souls demand
Urgency tremendous.

Gripped by a relentless foe,
Vain their best endeavor,
Faint with hunger's torture slow,
Help—help now—or never!

Ye that mourn the lapsed and lost,
Cease your pious weeping;
Join to-day the dauntless host
On to freedom sweeping.

Help shall come with kingly stride,
Tell them Egypt's story;
Darkness has its day-break side—
Danger measures glory.

CONSCRIPTION IN ISRAEL

God shall break the tyrant's sway,
Lift life's crushing sorrow,
Give for Jabesh groans to-day
Gilgal songs to-morrow.

THOSE WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME

Halt! O hurrying world, and listen!
Hush, O carping voice of care!
Man has need to know the burden
Of his great Deliverer's prayer.

What is glory? Man of Sorrows,
Pain imprinted on Thy brow,
Entering on the last lone struggle,
Wherefore speak of glory now?

Son of God! What priceless treasure
Has Thy Father given to thee,
All Thy care and thought absorbing
In this hour of agony?

Greatest suns and grandest systems,
Chosen from the realms of space,
Worlds whose wondrous scenes are peopled
With a pure, seraphic race.

THOSE WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME

Scenes that sin hath never sullied,
Beings born to love and sing?
(Gift becoming such a Giver:
Kingdom meet for such a King).

Seraph? Nay, nor sun nor system,
Wretches from God's presence driven,
Wandering on a sin-cursed planet,
These to Jesus Christ are given.

Prodigals for pardon pining,
Beggars, crippled, bruised and blind,
Imbeciles and paralytics,
Broken hearts for Him to bind.

Lepers, given to Him for cleansing,
Dry bones for breath of life,
Cravens, cowards; He can make us
More than conquerors in the strife.

Storm-tossed barks of human nature,
Danger-hemmed on every side,
Drifting to a dismal region,
Foundering in a furious tide.

THOSE WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN ME

These the gift, and this the glory,
Jesus wrestles with the flood,
Meets temptation's blast and billow
With resistance unto blood!

'Mid the roar of tide and tempest
In the darkest hour of life,
Shipwrecked souls! Be still and listen,
Hear His voice above the strife.

Voice that tells how all the rescued
Shall with Him the harbor gain,
Him whose patient might and mercy
Make the treasure worth the pain.

World! Thy din shall yet be silenced:
Man shall yet have time to spare—
Time to wonder at the burden
Of his great Deliverer's prayer.

BY FAITH MOSES REFUSED

How shall I write? All utterance is tame!
Can cold, dead type paint inspiration's flame
In such a way that men shall pause and ponder,
And all their being wake to deathless wonder?
Have jingling rhymes the power to make us hear
The harmonies that reach a prophet's ear
Till every step in our life-march beats time
Amid earth's din to the celestial chime?

I saw a youth, an ancient nation's pride,
With prospects great as that old world was wide,
His feet were on the royal road to fame,
The world was waiting to admit his claim,
Power, luxury and learning bidding fair
For his young soul, and thought the deal was square.
But, as he ripened into manhood's prime,
Culture and courage in a blend sublime,
I saw that man, that ancient nation's pride,
Pass from it all at one majestic stride—
Cut his connection with the brilliant show
And seek the bare abodes of want and woe,
Eager to find in life his rightful place
As child and champion of a suffering race.

BY FAITH MOSES REFUSED

Not on that morning when the Red Sea's tide,
Before his eyes rolled o'er the tyrant's pride,
And he could hear the rescued slaves rejoice,
Did Moses make the irrevocable choice.
Long years before there was a desperate hour,
When no one dared to dream that Pharaoh's power
(The best-established power in that old world)
Could into blank oblivion he hurled—
In that lone hour, by faith, he fought and won
And scorned the title of "Great Egypt's son."

Long ages pass and, lo, in Gospel years
With Christ on earth our hero re-appears;
We see his manly form upon the height,
Outlined amid Transfiguration's light,
Still in communion with the Great I Am,
His theme of converse still the dying Lamb,
Revealing still, with sweet, unconscious grace,
The ancient secret of the shining face,
And all may read the recompense sublime,
And know it dates to that far-distant time
When first, by faith, he dared the desert track,
And flung the pompous world behind his back.

BY FAITH MOSES REFUSED

Soul in the crisis throes! Do likewise thou,
Make this brief hour the "Everlasting Now!"
Pray for the courage of a faith like his,
To brush aside what seems, and see what *is*.

Earth has no glory that is truly great,
No riches worth the name of real estate.
Live for the crown from off the Pierced Lamb,
And reign at last with Moses and the Lamb.

OUR LAPSED

How long, O Jesus, shall we keep
Our palsied from Thy power away!
When shall our lame take freedom's leap,
Our darkened see Thy day?

Have we been healed to stand so calm,
In all our dignity and doubt,
Between the bruised and the balm,
And never bring them out?

We dry no tear, no sickness cure—
Pull no infernal fortress down;
We bring no bounty to the poor,
No gem to Jesus' crown.

Thy Gospel tells of those who brought
Their helpless, hopeless ones to Thee;
Oh, by those early Christians taught,
May we "believe to see."

OUR LAPSED

They said, "Enough of vigils vain!
We'll call a halt to dead routine!
Our poor demoniac shall be sane,
Our leper shall be clean.

"Our cripple shall not need his crutch,
Our dumb shall sing, our deaf shall hear,
For Christ can heal them by a touch,
And we will bring them near."

Lord, give us back the passion flame
That burned in Thy disciples then,
For glory to Thy precious name,
And life to dying men!

Until the scoffer be compelled
The bare right arm of God to see,
And slaves, in nameless bondage held,
Go forth for ever free.

Our lapsed have baffled all our skill,
No mortal aid the need can meet;
O, Jesus Christ! All-powerful still!
We bring them to Thy feet.

WHO WILL GO?

Sin shall not always reign;
Hark to the conquering strain—
 "Thy Kingdom come."
We have been taught to pray,
"Wide be Messiah's sway,
God speed the crowning day,
 Thy Kingdom come."

And Thou hast answered prayer,
O'er our land everywhere;
 Lips that were dumb—
Held in sin's bondage long,
Now, with assurance strong,
Join in the freeman's song,
 "Thy Kingdom come."

WHO WILL GO?

Multitudes sing and speak
Sabbath, and all the week;
 Seaside and slum,
Mountain and peopled plain
Hear it, and hear again,
Till it is heard in vain—
 “Thy Kingdom come.”

Only a pleasant sound
Filling the silence round,
 Hearts that are numb;
Out from a thousand throats,
Blended with organ notes,
All meaningless it floats—
 “Thy Kingdom come.”

Lord, break our guilty sleep,
Make the words crash and leap,
 Echo and thrum;
Changed from a lull-a-by
Into a clarion-cry,
Bidding us help, or die—
 “Thy Kingdom come.”

WHO WILL GO?

Wild tides of Error, dark,
Drive the poor heathen's bark
 Swift to its doom.
Truth's Lifeboat, under-manned,
Dangers on every hand,
While we sing, safe on land,
 "Thy Kingdom come."

We, oft and over-fed
Heathens, of Living Bread
 Craving a crumb,
See with their dying eyes
Us with the great supplies
Till 'tis their blood that cries
 "Thy Kingdom come."

Lord, rouse us, one and all,
Soon be the glorious call,
 Answered by some;
Out where 'tis blackest night,
Bearing the Dayspring bright,
Thy Word is Life and Light;
 "Thy Kingdom come."

THEY SPAKE OF HIS DECEASE

Lord Jesus! We have need to climb
The solemn heights of prayer,
Forget the hideous sights of time,
And see Thy beauty there.

We need to learn that many a theme
Of vast importance here
Is held in very light esteem
In heaven's eternal sphere.

While that which least attention finds
Amid earth's rush and roar,
Is just the work which angel minds
Are eager to explore.

Forgive our sullen questionings
And contradictions rude,
And lead us to the light that springs
Where Thou art understood.

THEY SPAKE OF HIS DECEASE

Transfiguration days are given
To Thy disciples still,
With glimpses of a glorious heaven
Our memories to fill;

To send us, singing, through the night
Of loneliness and loss,
And in Transfiguration light
To make us see Thy Cross;

To raise us from the world's unrest,
And give our spirits peace;
To hear the voices of the blest
Who speak of Thy decease.

Those who "Immanuel's Land" attain
With one accord declare:
"The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Is 'all the glory' there."

Then lead us past the gilded show
That tempts us from Thy side,
And past the love that will not know
Christ and Him crucified.

JESUS, AS SEEN BY ZACCHEUS

A mortal man, like other men,
The ways of time He trod;
What marvel if I doubted when
They said that He was God?

But, as they told of power and love
That dwelt in touch and tone,
Of wisdom reaching far above
What mortals e'er had known—

Of how He blessed the blind with sight,
The hungry host with bread,
The impotent with sudden might,
With sudden life, the dead!

Of how He hushed the howling blast,
And broke the demon's thrall,
And, blotting out the bitter past,
Received the prodigal.

JESUS, AS SEEN BY ZACCHFUS

My heart was drawn, for such was I;
From memory's dark abyss
My bitter past sent up its cry
For patient love like this!

And then He came—write that in flame,
And flash it o'er the sky,
For, glory to His blessed Name,
To all Eternity!

He came, I just had time to run
And climb above the throng
To where I'd see this promised One
Who fills the world with song.

When, suddenly, He spoke my name
In such a brother tone!
"There shot a rapture through my frame"
To know that I was known.

And now He's with me on the track
My feet so oft have trod;
I fling the world behind my back—
I'm going home with God!

AND CREEPING THINGS

Survival of the fittest?

Take back thy stingy creed,
O Sage, that still omittest
God's help for mortal need.

It was divine philosophy

Alone that could contrive
The gracious, spacious scheme whereby
The unfit shall survive.

As, in some creeping things

A secret germ there lies
That blossoms into wings
And lifts them to the skies!

So, in some sluggish intellects,

The germ of Gospel given
Shall yet transfigure all defects,
And raise the soul to heaven!

NAZARETH

It was a quiet Sabbath Day,
And folks had come, as was their way,
Into the Church to sing and pray,
 And hear the Word of God.

Strange was the preacher's form and face,
And yet, in days of boyhood's grace,
He oft had filled a hearer's place
 Within that House of God.

All eyes were fixed with interest keen
Where he, chief actor in the scene,
With reverently familiar mien
 Took up the Word of God.

And then there fell on every ear
A message from an ancient seer,
Whose work it was, by vision clear,
 To tell the thoughts of God.

NAZARETH

Of largess, for the poor and lone,
That preacher read in royal tone,
As if the wealth were all his own,
Found in the Word of God.

The secret of a sure relief
From all life's crushing loads of grief
Were, in that message, bright and brief,
Read from the Word of God.

The slave, with all his powers shut down
Beneath the tyrant's lash and frown,
Could shake the stigma—claim the crown—
Freed by the Word of God.

The blind—Oh, did they hear a-right?—
And could it mean recovered sight?—
Was morn arising on their night?
The great, glad morn of God!

"This Scripture, in this very hour,"
Said he, "can prove its promised power."
Did men, as dry ground drinks the shower,
Drink in the Word of God.

NAZARETH

And ever as that preacher spoke
A thousand slumbering wonders woke—
New strains, from harps forgotten, broke,
 Stirred by the breath of God.

New robes of song for souls to wear,
Whose garments had been black despair;
But, tell me, were the desperate there
 To get those gifts from God?

He closed the Book, but further told
Of sheep outside that special fold
Who had been helped, in days of old,
 By such a word from God.

They acted on its counsels wise;
It met their need with great supplies,
And, though they did not circumcise,
 Were loved by Israel's God.

Enough! each face with wrath grew black,
The flock changed to a wolfish pack!
All rose and rushed, in fierce attack,
 Upon the Word of God.

NAZARETH

Not one of all he had addressed,
When worship ended, closer pressed,
Those steep, stupendous claims to test,
 Made by the Wor ' of God.

That was in Nazareth, long ago,
And now my rhyme's poor, shallow flow
Has reached the ocean; now you know
 He *is* the Word of God!

And, in our Church to-day, He stands
With patient heart and powerful hands,
Prepared to meet our deep demands—
 The Saviour, sent by God.

But, brothers, is our Church the kind
Where Jesus Christ is sure to find
The bruised, the beggar, and the blind,
 Who want the Word of God?

OF THEM THAT SOUGHT ME NOT

O Christ, Thy miracles of love
 Surprise us everywhere
In ways abundantly above
 Our boldest flights in prayer.

In speech and sound, and vision new,
 The dumb and deaf, and blind
Have proved Thy promise vastly true,
 That they *who seek* shall find.

But Thou suppliest all our need,
 From riches stored away;
In promises we fail to plead
 When souls have ceased to pray.

The dead have no desire to wake
 Out of their fatal sleep;
The hearts that love them best may break—
 They care not who must weep!

OF THEM THAT SOUGHT ME NOT

The reputation-robe is white
That shrouds the soul's decay;
They do not feel the awful blight,
Or dread the Judgment Day.

And till, amid its blinding glare,
Thy form as Judge they see,
O, Thou "that Hearer art of prayer."
They will not come to Thee.

But, hark! amid our burial pace
Sounds Thy triumphant tread!
In resurrection power and grace
Thou comest to the dead!

Thy word goes forth and breaks the spell,
And, with convincing breath,
The rising soul begins to tell
Of love that conquers death.

And listening ones may catch the sound
Of music, long forgot,
For God sings o'er them, "I am found
Of them that sought me not."

HUMBLE THYSELF TO WALK WITH GOD

Ho, ye! on the peaks of religious profession,
Come down from your distance!
The souls that are crushed 'neath the heel of oppression
Implore your assistance.
Come down from your giving of alms to the wealthy,
And cures to the healthy!

Ye thrill to the touches of sweetness and beauty—
Come down from that pleasure!
Take hold of some hand that is grimy or sooty,
And give it love's pressure.
Come down from the folly of soft comforts, spoken
Where hearts are not broken!

Bright banquet and bower, dim temple and college—
We love and revere them;
But life has deep raptures, devotion and knowledge,
That never were near them.
From silence monastic, and fashion's high revel,
Come down to God's level!

HUMBLE THYSELF TO WALK WITH GOD

Come down to where Christ, with his strong
consolation,

Keeps pace with life's anguish,

Abreast of the souls in the fight with temptation,

Whose energies languish;

To sin-shackled man, and to shame-covered woman,

Come down and be human!

AFTER A STORM AT SEA

Who ever sought Thy face in vain,
Thou Saviour of the lost,
Who walkest on the midnight main
To save the tempest tossed?

How oft upon our listless ear
Thy patient counsels fall,
And stoutly we refuse to hear
Or answer at Thy call.

And justly Thou might'st spurn our cry
And let the floods devour
And laugh at our calamity
In danger's awful hour.

O, surely we will dedicate
Our lives henceforth to Thee,
Since Thou alone can'st navigate
Life's more uncertain sea.

AFTER A STORM AT SEA

Had'st Thou been strict to mark our sin,
The vow were made too late,
And, even now, there would have been
No life to dedicate.

Our strongest faith was little more
Than terror-stricken prayer,
But Thou hast brought us to the shore
And pardoned our despair.

And made the hour of wild alarm,
That shewed destruction nigh,
Shew nearer still the bare, right arm
Of God the Lord Most High.

And all He did for our lone bark
Far on the furious sea,
Soul, battling with temptation's dark,
He'll do again for thee!

BRING ALL THE TITHES

From awful deeps of ignorance and doubt
Have we been saved and carried inland far,
To think no more of others, drifting out,
Or waging with the tides a losing war?

Have we forgotten the tremendous cost
To God and man of bringing us to land,
That we withhold the lifeboat from the lost,
Or send it forth forever under-manned?

Shall Britain still let sterling millions go
To quench the craving for a draught accurst,
And grudge a fraction to extend the flow
Of living water for the world's great thirst?

What marvel that the blight is on our bloom,
The drink curse branded deep upon our brow,
Our robbed Redeemer can reverse the doom;
"Bring all the tithes," He says, "and prove Me
now."

BRING ALL THE TITHES

“Give that Mine House may have a full supply
Of living Bread for lands that hunger long,
And soon shall darkest Britain's famine cry
Be changed to brightest Britain's festal song.”

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

Naked and fierce among the tombs he stood,
No man could venture near his solitude;
The livid bruises and the bleeding scars
Upon his flesh told of the spirit wars;
He knew no pity and he felt no pain,
For Reason's light was blotted from his brain,
A madman whom no earthly power could quell,
Free with the frightful liberty of hell!

While thus alone he stood and gazed around,
He heard a voice among the graves resound;
Straining his eyes, he saw the approaching form
Of Him who stilled the Galilean storm.
And well the Legion in his bosom knew
This Christ could bind their chainless fury, too;
Oh, when he rushed in terror-stricken haste
Away outside the wild, sepulchral waste—
When from that ghastly region of the dead,
Straight to the living Son of God he fled,
And crouched in fear beneath those flaming eyes,
The madman was beginning to be wise!

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

And Where art thou, poor mortal, mad in sin,
What tumults rage thy homeless heart within?
Thy dwelling-place is some unhallowed spot
Where lifeless souls around thee know thee not;
With wrath and scorn thou meet'st the friend who
would

Allure thee from thine unclean solitude;
But just when broken loose from all control,
One day the Word of God shall pierce thy soul;
Oh, hide not then the scars thy sin hath wrought,
Nor veil the vileness of thy naked thought,
But feel the terrors of God's searching eye
And in that dreadful hour to Jesus fly.

Soon thou shalt praise Him for the dire dismay,
And know it was the dawn of wisdom's day,
When Satan's legion from thy life is driven,
And thou art robed in raiment fit for heaven.

IN MEMORY OF D. C.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"
Hark to the strain sublime ;
It comes, like the lifeboat, bounding
Over the tides of time.

Safe in the arms of Jesus !
Oh, what a pulse of song !
To flow from the heart of a city
Steady, and clear, and strong.

And many a manly bosom
Heaves with the throbbing notes
As out on the air of the Sabbath
The hallowed music floats.

But the song finds solemn echo
Ere Sabbath comes again,
For one loved voice is silent,
That joined in the rich refrain.

IN MEMORY OF D. C.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus!"
Sings one voice less below,
From one more harp in glory
Sweetly the numbers flow.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus!"
We read on the tranquil brow,
We, out here in the tempest,
Safe in the harbor, thou!

We, in our sin-soiled garments,
Tossed 'mid the world's unrest,
Thou, in a robe unsullied,
"Safe on His gentle breast."

The body in earth's cold bosom
Will not be as close to the clod
As thou, in the arms of Jesus,
Will be to the heart of God.

And a voice in the stillness round thee
Keeps singing a low, sweet psalm—
Ever its dulcet cadence
Flows thro' the deep, death-calm.

IN MEMORY OF D. C.

“Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe on His gentle breast,
Here, by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

AN EXPERIENCE

Outside the massive door he stands,
His childish heart beats fast with fear;
He knocks with shoulders, feet and hands,
But no one seems to hear.

The lightnings flash! the thunders roar!
One heavy cloud fills all the skies!
Madly he beats and kicks the door,
And shrieks, and shouts, and cries

Till strength of lung and limb are spent;
So, to devise some other means,
This little lump of discontent
Against a panel leans.

When, with a sudden jerk, the door
Departs from his dependent form,
And there he lies, all shocked and sore,
But in out of the storm.

AN EXPERIENCE

So turns to Christ the truant soul
 When lightnings of conviction dart,
And retribution's thunders roll
 Round the unsheltered heart.

So comes the providential shock
 Upon our spirit, unawares,
God's opening to our faithless knock,
 His answer to our prayers.

And so, 'mid burning shame and pain,
 We learn with strange and sweet surprise,
God's ear was always on the strain
 For our returning cries.

MARY AT JESUS' FEET

At Jesus' feet! Seems it a low position?
Yet higher up she has no wish to be;
This is the summit of her soul's ambition
For all eternity.

'Twas here she sat and listened to His teaching,
Here made her changeless choice of "that good
part."
Here, by her Brother's grave, she knelt, beseeching
Balm for her breaking heart.

Thy tears were balm, Thou, strange and sinless weeper,
But more Thy voice that shook the silent cave,
And brought to life again the much-loved sleeper,
A Victor o'er the grave.

Then, at the feast, when favored guests were seated,
And Lazarus among them at the board,
The furnace of affection seven times heated,
She kneels beside her Lord.

MARY AT JESUS' FEET

Words are too feeble for her strong emotion;
She breaks the box of odours, rich and sweet,
And Christ alone can read her heart's devotion
While she anointts His feet.

Fall on the scene the curtain-folds of ages,
But Jesus gives command that Mary's name
Shall shine beside His own on Gospel pages,
Sharing His spotless fame.

Time's blast shall quench the lights of carnal story,
But her's shines on in tranquil skies afar,
A bright, unsullied beam of deathless glory,
Lit in the Morning Star.

Now she is safe within Life's shadeless portals,
For her inheritance in light made meet
Among the saved and sanctified immortals
Gathered at Jesu's feet.

At Jesu's feet! Be this my soul's position
Where, 'mid a world of frown, His smile I see,
Be this the holy height of my ambition
To all eternity!

