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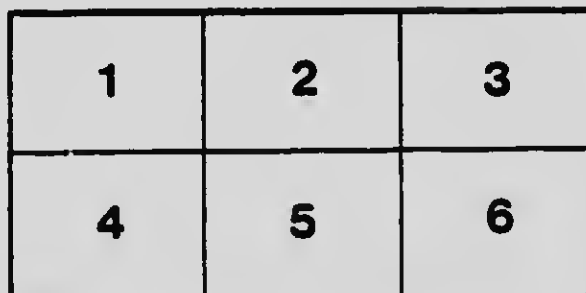
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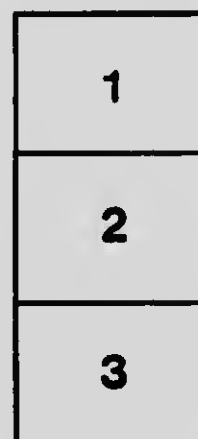
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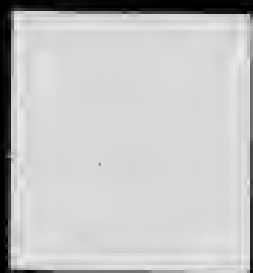
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THE SOWER AND OTHER POEMS



By William P. McKenzie





**THE SOWER
AND
OTHER POEMS**

"The sower sowed" "he word"

William P. McKenzie
Cambridge, Mass.
1903

PS8475
K4556
1903

72203



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✓



*The fields of earth are sown,
And many are in the yield.
O Sower, toil in lone,
That the fields of the earth be sown,
And joy for the race be known,
May the Lord of the Harvest yield!
The fields of earth are sown,
How many share in the yield.*



111

1

✓

The Sower
and Other Poems



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The Sower



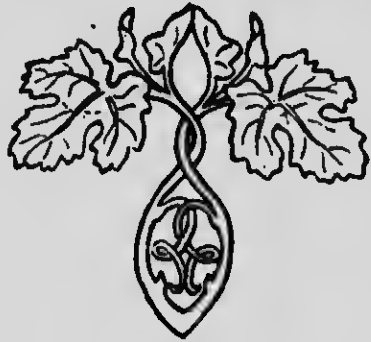


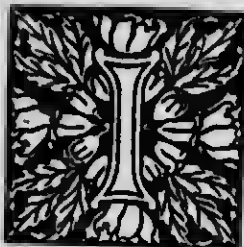
ORN with thy toil, that seemeth
unavailing, [reward ;
Fear not, thou Sower, most sure is thy
Wait till the end, for Justice is unfailing,
Working the plans of Love, the
heavenly Lord.

Thine is not labor lustreless and weary,
Toil spent for wages and reward of
daily bread; [and dreary,
Nor thine to scheme, with selfish thought
Holding an abundance whereof no
poor are fed.

Sower thou art now,—foresee the joy
of harvest,
The hungry shall be fed with what
thy hands supply ;
Scatter free thy good seed, though for
lack thou starvest,
Love's hundredfold of increase thy
heart will satisfy.

With Peace like a River





In its quiet valley, with tree-clad
banks

Miles and miles along,

The river floweth and giveth
thanks,

Singing its quiet song.

Gentle its flow o'er the sandy bed ;
Ripples that gleam like smiles
Give back the glow of the sun o'er-head,
To think of in after-whiles.

I would I could tell of a life I know,
Reflecting ever the good,
With peace and praise like a river's
flow,—
Making Love understood.

Love Seeking Beauty





LOVE, seeking beauty finds in every place
Some charm, unseen by sordid eyes,
appear ;

For her the pageant of the passing
year,—

Each marching day with glorious
morning face,
And farewell smile, when golden clouds
enlac :

The peaceful West,—whose colors
are brought near

To lowly earth by flowers, in whose
dear

Heart-blessing faces present joy we trace.

In times of storm, love knows the storm
will pass ;

Her heart at peace finds no storm
enter in,

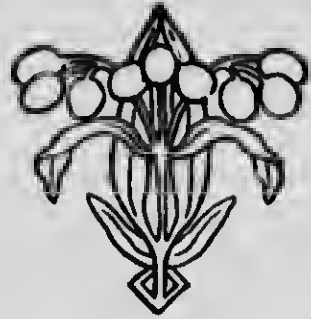
She hath no fears to cloud the present [sight

Of beauty ever,—beauty of the grass

Refreshed by rain ; of humble ones
from sin

New-cleansed, reflecting heaven's
gracious light.

The Upward Look





DOILER and drudge, look up!

The sky is blue,
And clouds as white as
wool

Float lightly there;

The love-light of the heavens
Is over you,
And like a floating cloud
Is all your care.

Great peace have they who love
The heavenly way;
The upward look of joy.
The tender tone,
Brighten the toilsome hours;—
How bright a ray
Of God's love-light springs up
When love is sown.

The Peace of God





APPY the man whose heart can rest,
Sure that God's goodness ne'er will
cease ;

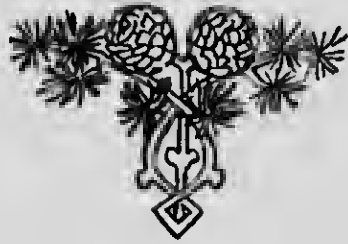
Each day, complete, with joy is blessed,
God keepeth him in perfect peace.

God keepeth him, and God is one,—
One Life, forevermore the same,
One Truth unchanged while ages run,
Eternal Love His holiest name.

Dwelling in Love that cannot change,
From anxious fear man finds release ;
No more his homeless longings range,
God keepeth him in perfect peace.

In perfect peace, with tumult stilled,
Enhavened where no storms arise,
There man can work what God hath
willed,
The joy of perfect work his prize.

The Meek Shall Inherit





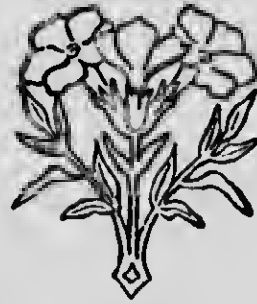
THEY crucified Lord Jesus,
The people, in their madness
Upsurged by priestcraft badness,—
Hate of the pure and good.

They who had cried, Hosanna,
Stood round about him jeering :
“ This is no King’s appearing,
Nailed on the accursed rood.

“ Come down, thou great King Jesus,
We then may call thee Saviour ! ”
God-like was his behaviour,
To his own teaching true.

“ Father,” he kept repeating,
With love divinely living,
“ Father, be thou forgiving,
They know not what they do.”

The Meek Shall Inherit



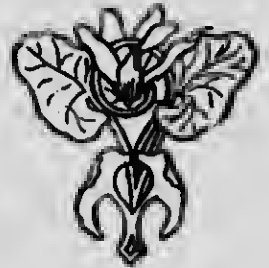
THUS HE with power to blast them,
Was heavenly in meekness ;
They thought his patience weakness,—
But strength divine was this.

Strength to resist not evil
'Mid devil-hate's assailing,
To wait for Love's availing,
While the bitter cup was his.

Through meekness he was victor ;
He sought but to be lowly,
Then God the ever-holy
Raised him to life above.

Thus man's true life was proven
Unslayable, eternal,
Joined with the Life supernal,—
When hate was met with love.

Harvesting





WELL shall it be with the upright man,
Well, ever well;

For the deeds of his mind are like
the seed

That grows and ripens for
coming need;

Hand's work comes back to the hand,
they tell,

Cease to do evil: learn to do well —
For that is the heavenly plan.

Light is sown for the righteous man,
Light, heavenly light;

Mists may hang o'er the sproutless
fields,

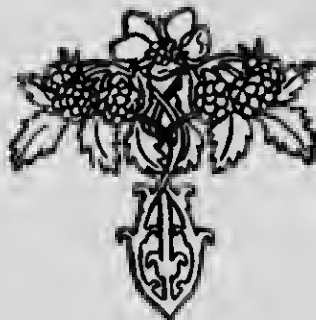
And toil be long ere the good grain
yields;

But the harvest brings the sower's
reward

In winnowed grain from the hand of
his Lord

Who purges all with his fan.

An Enemy's Sowing





SOWED good wheat in the field,
And labored under the sun ;
But after the toil was done
My senses by sleep were sealed,
In the long, long wait for the yield.

Unburdened by honest cares,
An enemy, ever awake
His uncaused hate to slake,
Scattered his bag of tares
On the earth late turned by the shares.

The innocent, brown, ploughed earth,
Mellowed by rain and sun,
Knew not of the ill deed done,
But nourished the seeds to birth
That in harvest-time make dearth.

When sleep I at last disown,
And arise to labor with zest,
The field with green is dressed ;
But amidst the wheat upgrown,
Are tares by the enemy sown.

An Enemy's Sowing



THE AWAKING came too late,
For the clutching tares had bound
Wheat-stalks with tendrils round ;
Till the harvest my laborers wait
To purge out the sowing of hate.

In the yellow autumn days
Red fires in the evening glow,
And purple smoke hangs low,—
'Tis the withered tares that blaze,
Their smoke makes the lilac haze.

Of the wheat I have reaped what was
sown,
With an increase thirty-fold,
It is safe in the garner's hold ;
But an hundredfold shall be known
When the field is for wheat alone.

Torment Us Not





DEMON-HAUNTED man, when
Christ passed by,
Cried with a piteous voice, "What
can there be
Of kinship, Son of God, for me
and thee,—

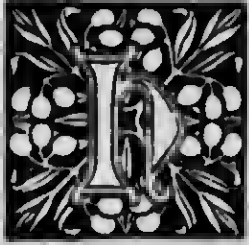
I the most low and thou from the Most High!"
Then legion lusts urged from his lips the cry,
"Before the time art come to torment me?"
But Jesus spake,— and from delusions free,
In his right mind the man, redeemed, drew nigh.

To-day's outcries proclaim the demon fears
Lest truth like flame reveal the warp of lies
Where envy hastes to in-weave ill surmise.
"Leave us alone! for all our work of years
If touched by truth would flash to smoke
wind-blown,
And nothing leave for hate to call its own."

Known by its Fruit



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He who desires with single mind
To make the simple truth his
rule,
Cannot divide his thought to find
His neighbor's fault or name him
"fool."

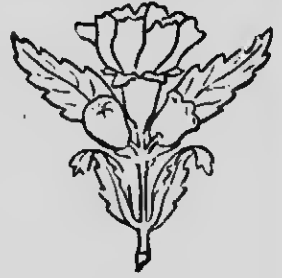
He like a husbandman is wise,—
His trees are pruned, his vines are dressed,
Till glowing fruit makes glad the eyes,
And vintage proves his labor blessed.

With double mind the Pharisee
Exalts himself in unbased pride,
By thinking all men worse than he;
Nor seeks with right to be allied.

Shall one to holiness lay claim,
Only because he can malign
His brother-man,—so have the name
Of righteousness without the sign?

The thorns within his vineyard grown,
The nettles in neglected fields,
The stone wall broken down, make known
How little good at last pride yields.

Opportunity





“ We have seen the star! rise and follow,
Arouse thee, brother,” the wise man
said.
“ What, in the night? What wilt thou
follow,
By which of the twinkles in heaven’s
dim hollow
Into the desert wilt thou be led?”

“ We have seen the star, where star was never,
Calling us, brother, in the Eastern dark ;
This is the portent we follow, and ever
We near the end of our life’s endeavor,—
Thou too canst see wouldst thou only mark !”

“ No star I’ll follow, dim night is for sleeping,
A phantom is this ye will follow too far ;
Balms of the night my senses are steeping,—”
The wise men departed, their faithful watch
keeping,
The unwise remained, but no more came
the star.

Faith



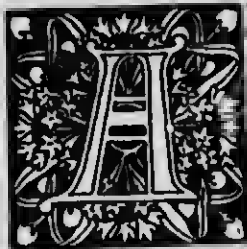


UT from the limpid waters of a lake
A craggy island reared its tangled
head;

“No beauty there,” a stranger
would have said —
But we who pressed and crackled
through the brake
Discovered there a pool all
spangled bright
With lily flowers; naught else
could grow
From evil mire that turbid lay below.
Yet these looked to the sky
with calm delight,
Receiving thence the largess of
the Sun
That patient waiting from his rays
had won,
And keeping golden wealth in
chalice white.
Thus faith from seeming evil heart
may rise
And be enriched with blessings
from the skies,
For unto those who trust, the Lord
is Light.

Life from the Dead





AMONG the dead too long have I
been lying,

Among the dead-alive whose
hope is gone,

Whose eyes with stupor greet the
glowing dawn,

Who know no longer merriment or crying,
But one dull, even weariness of plying
Unhonored, unrewarded labor, — wan
As ghosts, unfeatured, they are drawn
By pain to toil that brings no satisfying.

Yet this an anguished dream must be,
no more ;

For in the silence something ever calls,
Hinting of love, of beauty, joy to be ;
And then hope trembles at the being's
core, —

'Tis faith in God makes freemen out of
thralls ;

By faith renewed true life comes back
to me.

When Hate is Blind





WHAT shall I say to my cruel foe
Who maketh his joy what
hurteth me?

This cry to God from my depth
of woe,

“Open his eyes that he may see!”

Open his eyes to the heavenly law
Which ever the triumph of good ensures,
Till seeing God as the prophets saw,
In his life God's radiant love endures.

That he may see in his brother man,
And love, God's likeness though faint
the trace ;
And cleanse from his thought all hate that can
By anguish his brother's joy erase.

When I pray for this my hurt is healed,
The warrior strife is stilled in me ;
Then I pray for love yet unrevealed,
“Open my eyes that I may see!”

Living Waters



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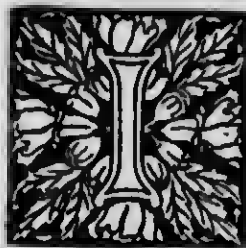
WHEN 'neath the palms, glad of
oasis-rest,
The swarthy children of the desert
dwell,
This legend of the past the elders tell—
How once a spring refreshed an
angel-guest,
And God so gave it life at his request
That where its precious drops on hot
sands fell
A gushing water-spring would swift
upwell,
And wanderers of the barren plain
be blessed.

One there was once who dwelt upon
the earth,
Who unto men the living water
brings,
Whereof receiving, in a land of dearth
Where'er we go we may sow
water-springs;
Soon shall the whole wide earth his
witness know,
And water brooks in every desert flow!

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Ministry





F Kings would control
the multitude in masses,
Love serves the needy where one
the blessing craves ;
Blind Bartimæus' cry the Christ
hears as he passes,
And pausing for the one man,
one man more he saves.

Seekest thou some great thing ?
Let thy heart not cherish
Aught to obscure thy nighest
chance to bless ;
Forget not the many and love them
lest they perish,
Yet surely save the one lamb
from the wilderness.

Temple-Building





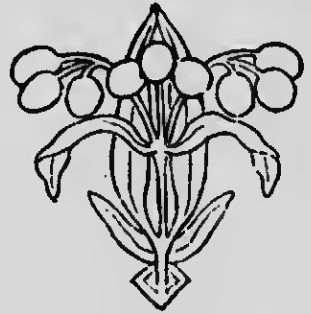
IS builders wrought for Solomon,
And hewed the cedar trees ;
They squared the beams in
Lebanon,
And bare them over-seas.

The quarry-tools of Gebal's men,
And Sidon's axe-men, rest—
First came their shaping-toil,
and then
Its place for what is best.

For there on Mount Moriah's height,
Silent, the one thought shows ;
Great beams and stones are fitted
right,
Like petals in a rose.

In squaring now her temple-stones
Love keeps alone the good ;
By cleavage of man's pride
atones,
Then compacts brotherhood.

Gifts in Sleep





HY building thou wouldst have
all men extol,
But God alone thy life can edify;
With endless skill thine art thou
mayest ply,
With peering eyes search ancient law
and scroll,
And mete thyself of sleep a meager dole,
Rising to toil at dawn with deep-drawn sigh,
Taking so late thy rest, but not thereby
Comes growth and life's enlargement
to thy soul.

Why do thy wakeful burning eyes refuse
The balm and healing of His nightly dews?
For growth and strength what need to pray
and weep
When it is thine if thou wilt only choose?
Rest in His love, no vigils weary keep,
"He giveth unto His beloved in sleep!"

Two Paths



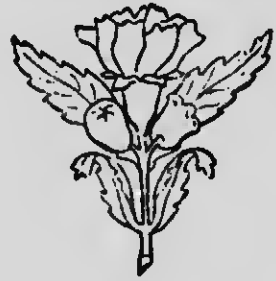


HAPPY the man who gives no heed
When men of wicked minds
would lead,
Who will not for ill-counsel stand,
Nor with the scornful join his hand;
God's law in thought is his delight,
And comforts him by day and night.

His life is fruitful like the tree
Rooted where water-streams flow free,
Whose leaf no drought of summer
knows,
Whose luscious fruit to ripeness grows;
Thus good by every season brought
Prosperes the good man's act and thought.

But men ungodly are not so ;
Like idle chaff blown to and fro
By harvest winds, so disappear
The plans they cherish, and with fear
They find that sin in ruin ends,
While God the righteous man befriends.

God's Tokens





O bright this May-time round me
I behold
The tokens of God's love;
The green grass shines with
heaven's gold,
Blossoms are white above.

White are the floating clouds that sail
the blue,
Swept by the wind's delight;
Bird-singing weaves its joy-gleams
through
The thrilling rays of light.

A little child, as lowly as the grass,
Sings of His watchful care;
White orchard blooms, white clouds
that pass,
Join with the gentle prayer.

A Song of Rest



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AM only a child, who is lying
In the bosom of infinite Love ;
I speak not of living or dying,
I know not of sorrow and crying,
My thoughts are dwelling above.

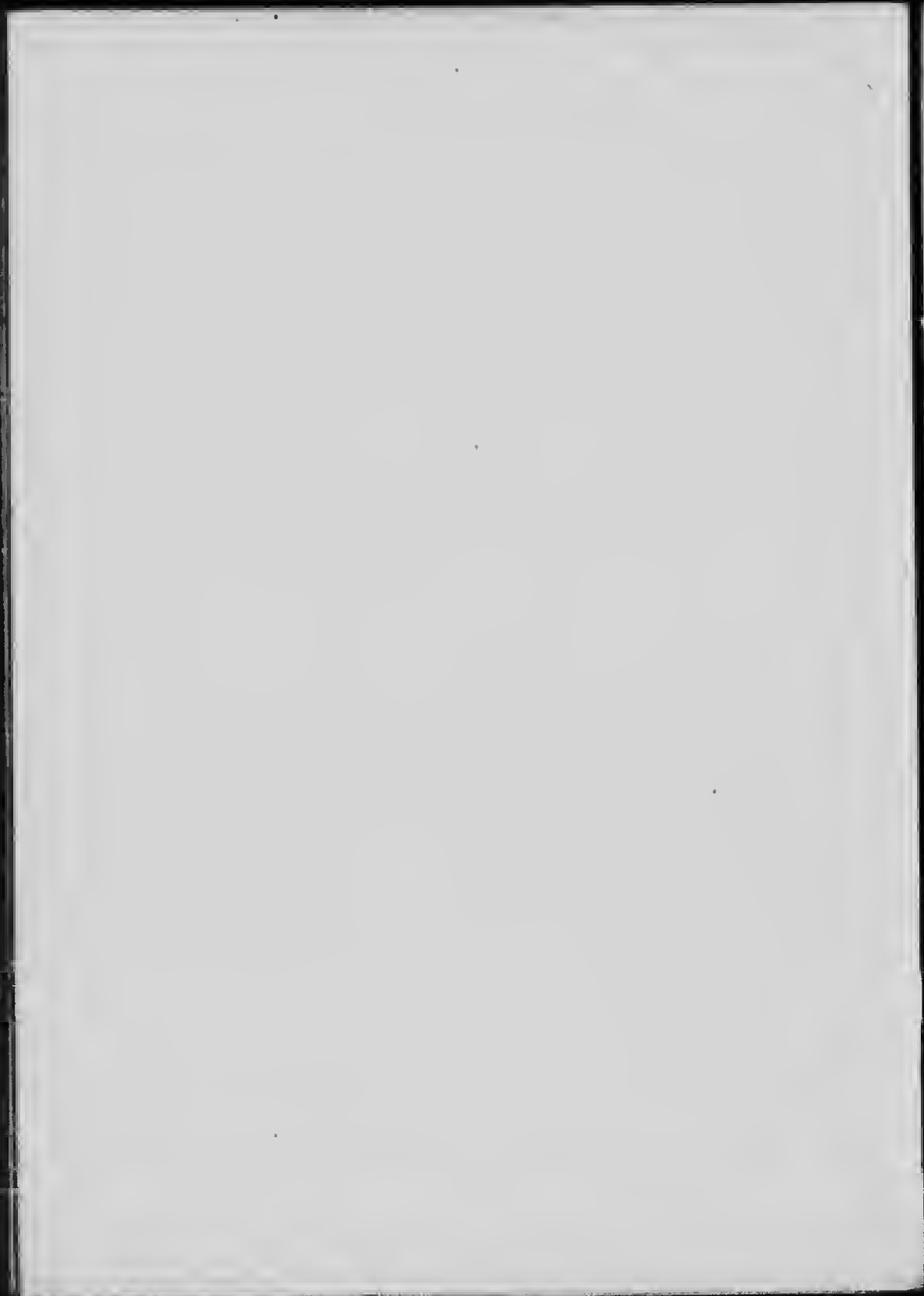
The spring of the life that is flowing
Is hidden with Christ in God ;
Not yet the mystery knowing,
I feel that the peace is growing
As a river grows deep and broad.

All I need, without price I am
buying
By my trust in the Goodness
above ;
There's an end to my yearning and
sighing,
For just like a child I am lying
In the bosom of infinite Love.



*When the fields are rustling gold
With the full grain in the ear,
Is the Sower not consoled?—
When the fields are rustling gold
And the Reaper's joy is told,
For the Harvest Home is near;
When the fields are rustling gold
With the full wheat in the ear.*





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