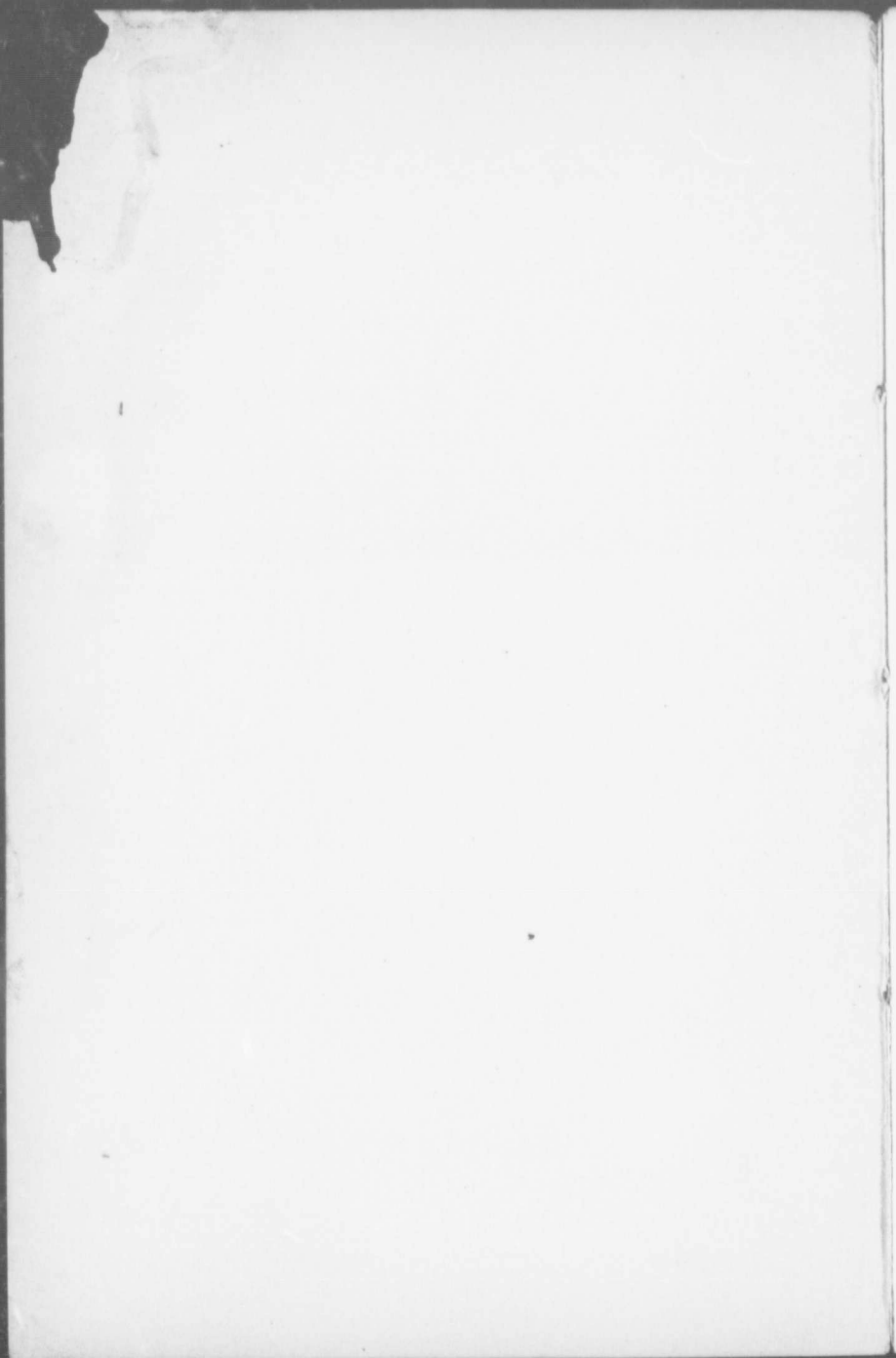


Thoughts in verse,
Human and divine.

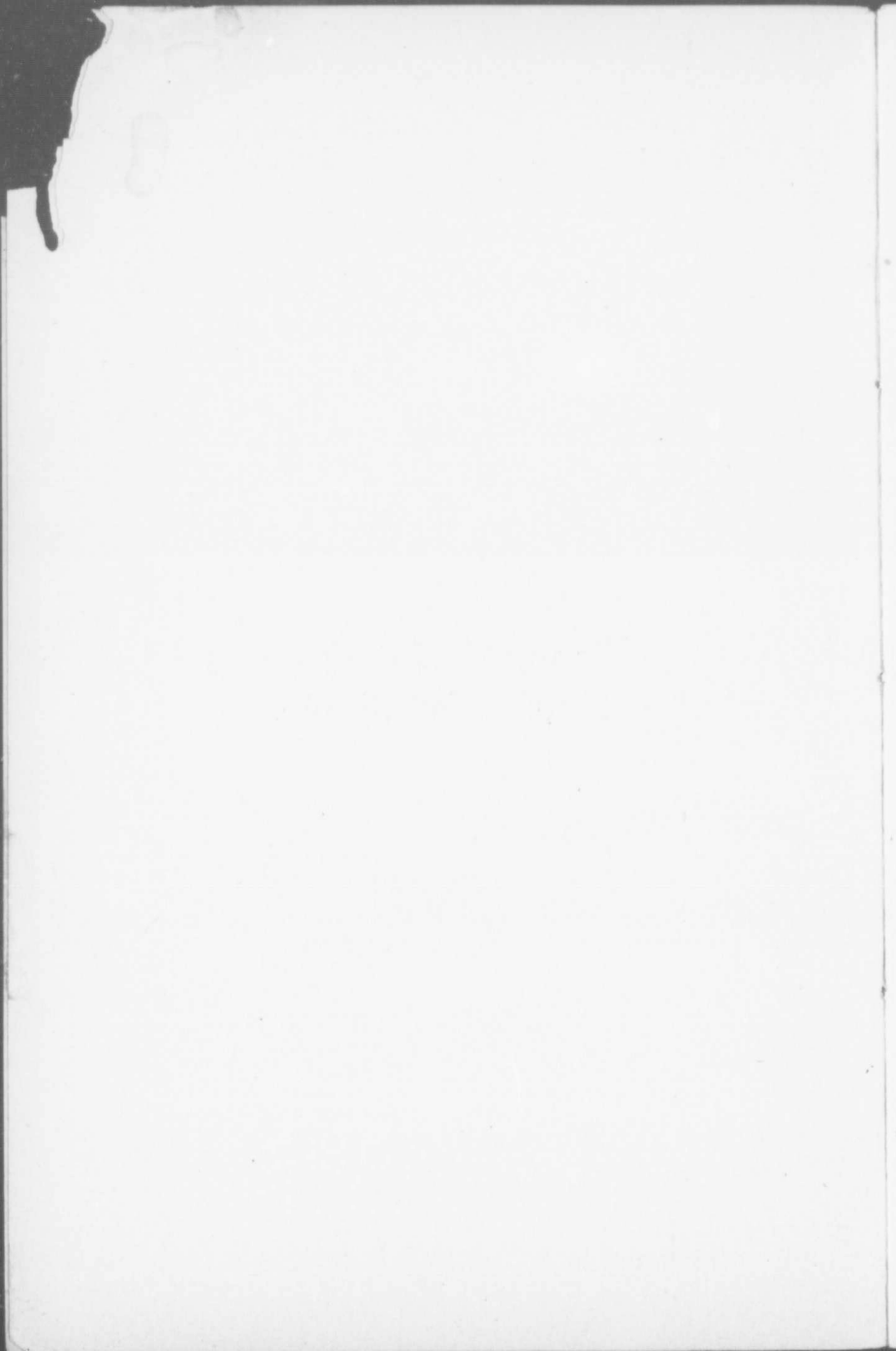


18-185

(Coble, Annie F.)

\$25.00

Thoughts in verse,
Human and divine.



THE GOD-MAN

A Voice from God to God is heard,
Well might it rend the skies,
The Son of God and Man calls out,
With human tears and cries.

“Father I will that they, these men
Whom Thou dost give to me,
May see Thee, God the Father,
Revealed to them, in Me.”

Such was His cry in ages past,
Such is His cry to-day,
Yet wise men grope in blindness yet,
“An unknown God,” they say.

Unknown and all unknowable—
Yet, “Enoch walked with God,”
And meek souls know from then to now,
“The secret of the Lord.”

“Show us the Father,” some one cries,
“O show Him, Lord, to me!”
“Child,” says the Christ, “who seeth Me,
He doth the Father see.”

One day all men shall see Him
All nations own Him Lord,
All peoples bow before Him,
The everlasting God.

“All knowledge with all reverence,
Yield Him eternal Praise,
The Infant of a Day shall see,
The Ancient of all Days.”

203
Nov, 1897



Lines Suggested by the Words of St. Bernard

The love of Self for Self a motto all must know,
He who the highest soars, and he who grovels low,
We live for self, for selfish gains we toil,
Both he who owns and he who tills the soil.

Not a bad starting point, if not the aim of life,
For man needs all his manhood for the strife,
His every power of body, mind and soul,
Are called to action, would he reach the goal.

The love of self for self, it is tho' he extend
His warm heart's love to wife or child or friend,
Yet these unconsciously draw him above
To look for something more than human love.

"*The love of God for Self*" he finds he'll need,
Ere man's best craving can be stilled indeed,
God for himself, to be his very own,
But this can't be while Self is on the throne.

"*The love of God for God*" at last he cries,
God, Infinite, Eternal, in the skies,
All love and Fatherhood, all goodness ever blest,
For the tired hearts of earth an ever-lasting rest !

All satisfying, yes, all perfect, all delight,
How dare we from our darkness approach such dazzl-
ing light ?
Only because the God-Man has travelled all the road,
And draws up in His person, our Manhood into God !

"*The love of Self for God*" triumphant now he feels,
As o'er him loss of Self a conscious feeling steals,
Self that was once himself, now dwindles out of sight,
Lost as the dimmest star, in the sun's glorious light.

To lose oneself, one's will, no me, no mine,
'Twill be to find oneself in the Divine,
The nets that tangled and the cords that bound, all
gone,
And the poor wings that soared, how they have
grown!

Myst rious human nature, sifted, purified, replete,
All gathered up in the Divine, when it is all complete,
Itself beloved, known by name,
All perfect in His sight,
Yet lost to Self, Self lost to it,
In God's Great Infinite!

Kingston 1893
P. M. M.

ALONE

In all this wide wide world,
What is there after all
So very real to me,
As God — and my own Soul?

We think in other lives
We have our little part,
Yet every human soul
Is lonely in his heart.

Into our deepest thoughts
No human eye can steal,
For our most hungry needs
No human soul can feel.

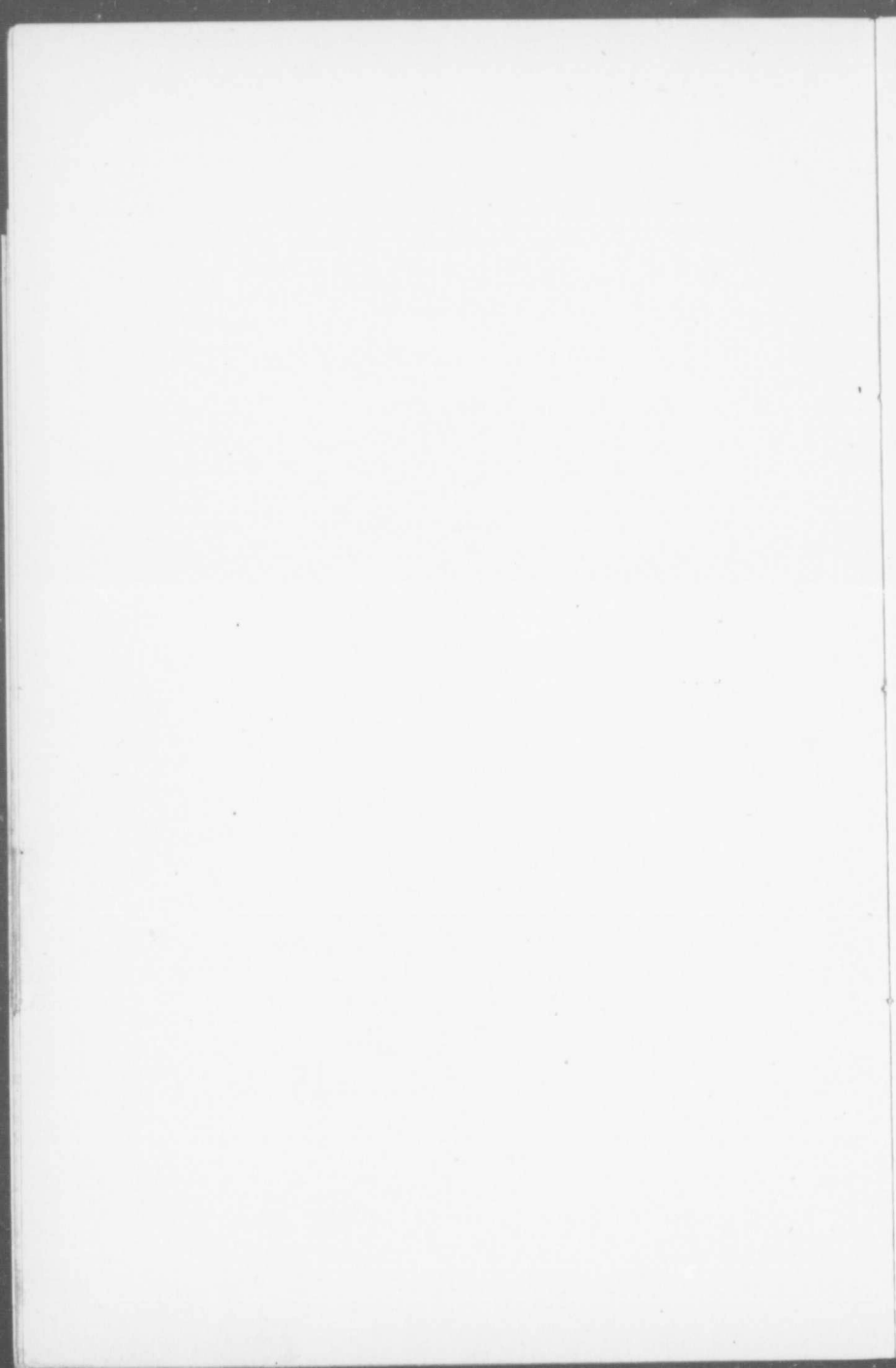
The fiercest storm of pain
No man can still,
The eeriest bits of life,
No man can fill.

What mightier proof have I
I am divine?
This very self of me,
Is not all mine.

I come from somewhere else,
Whither I go.
The source from whence I come,
To it I flow.

Father! I come from Thee,
To do or bear Thy will,
God — and my own soul —
Let me be still.

My 1898



NEVER ALONE

We cannot live alone,
Each has a part,
A work of love to do
For some other heart.

I cannot raise my load,
My burden bear,
But someone else besides
Takes up his share.

We each one touch the other
On life's road,
Alone we cannot reach
Our brother's God.

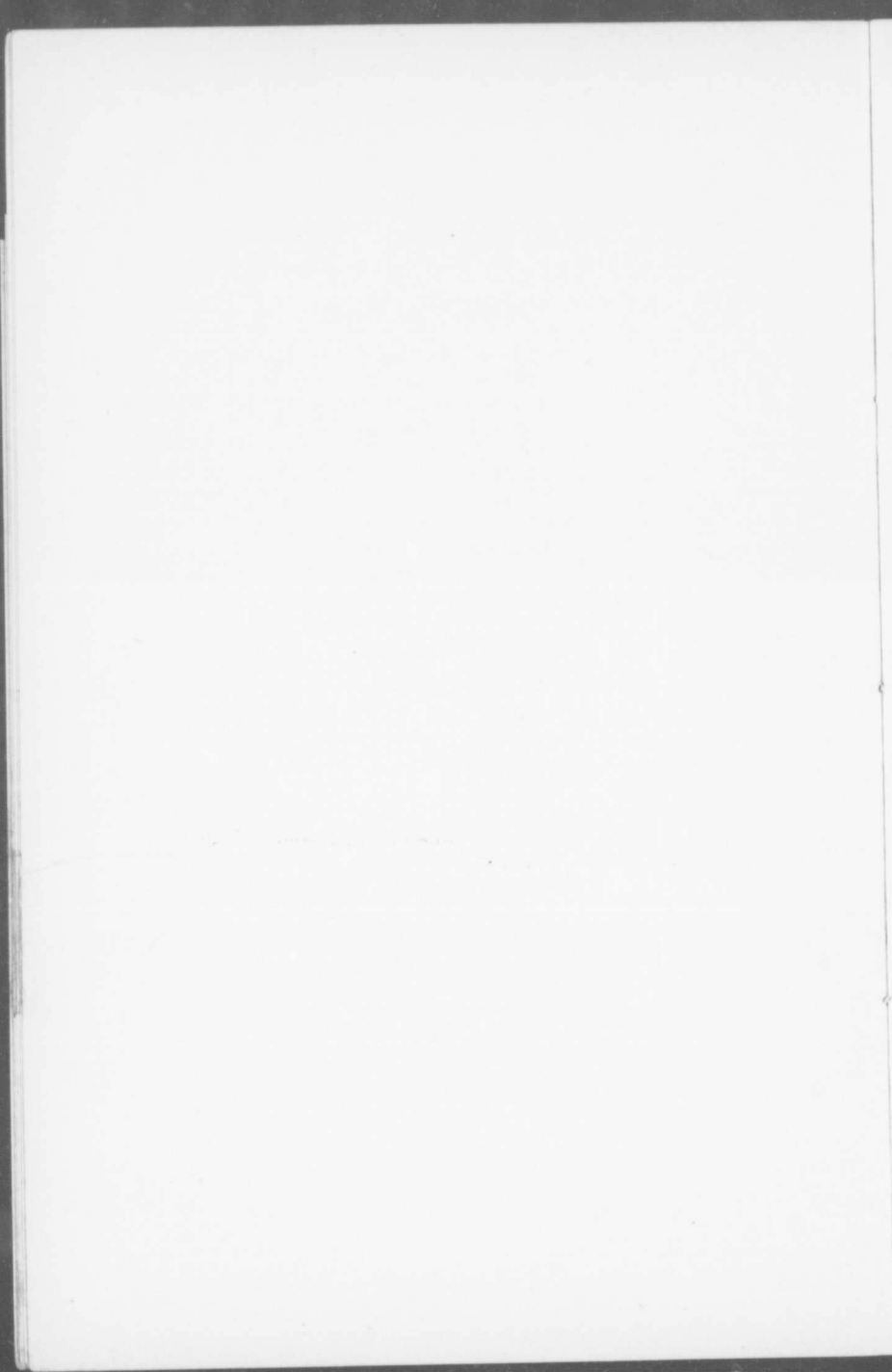
his

With ~~his~~ hand close in mine,
Warmer I feel,
Nearer to the Divine
I can kneel.

The more human loves I hold
Close to my breast,
Nearer to the Father's heart
I can rest.

In His great holding Hand
Safely we lie,
Every dear human soul
Never to die.

7/900



MYSTERY

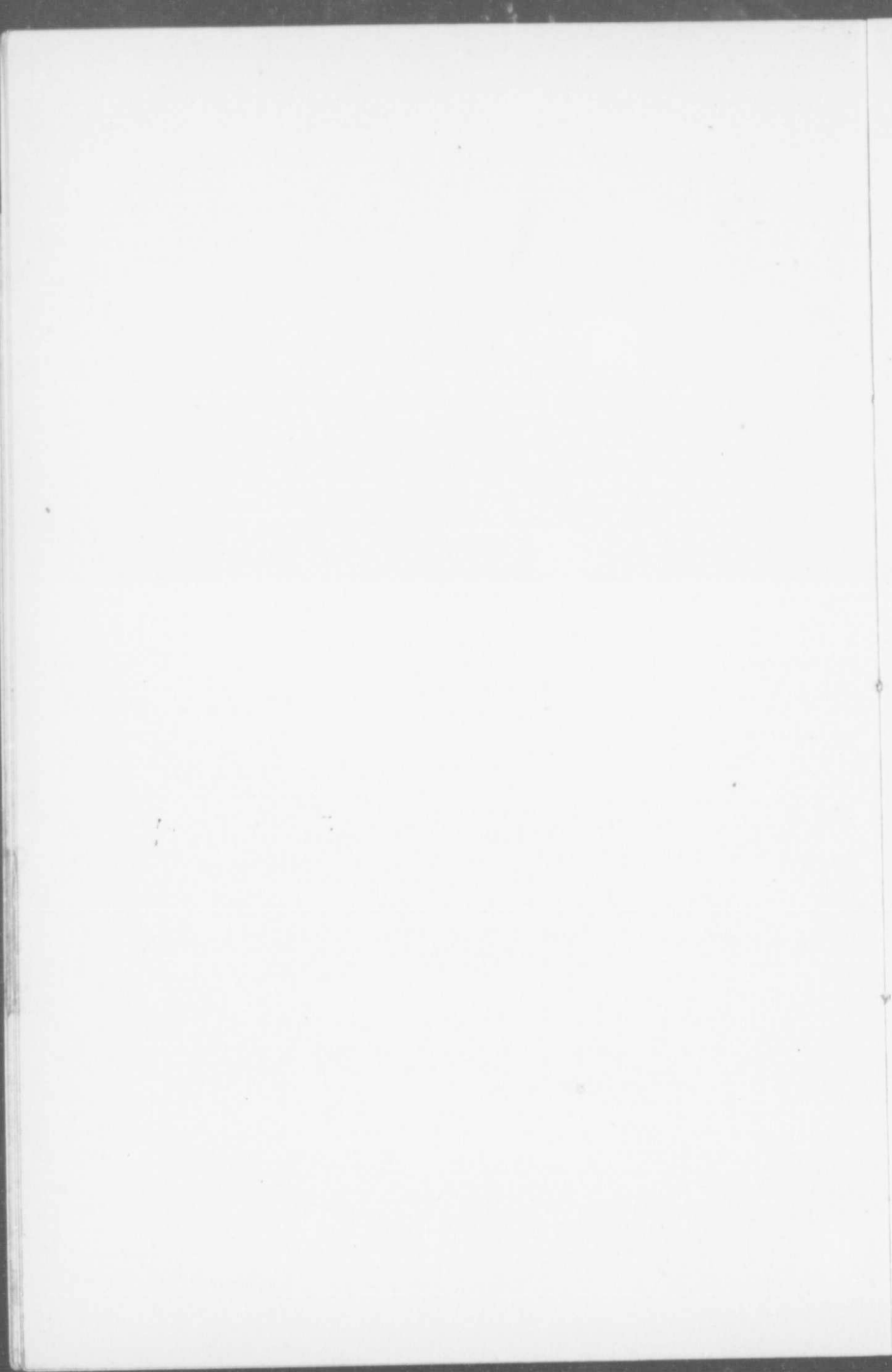
Conflicts and partings
Here we bear,
It may be different
Otherwhere.

Here we see blindly,
Misunderstand,
'Twill all be clearer
In otherland.

We mean to help,
But often mar,
Sometimes we hinder,
Ofttimes jar.

Only keep true
To other's needs ;
The soul that helps
Is the soul God leads.

Look to the God
From whom you come,
And see you bring
Another home !



THE DIVINE SPIRIT

The voice of God's own spirit in me woke,
Responsive notes to Him,
His spirit in my new-born spirit spoke,
Thirsting for more of Him,
And I said,
Oh now His showers of blessing pour upon me,
Flooding my inmost soul !
The living Presence of
My God within me,
Part of the Eternal Whole !

THE DIVINE WILL

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
The meek Christ said,
"By will of God, not man
I will be led."

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
A baby bed
Of roughest straw and mean,
In cattle shed.

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
A peasant boy,
The lowliest, meanest tasks
His days employ.

"Thy will not mine, be done,"
A tired man
Marred more than most, heartsick, and sore,
Weary and wan.

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
Around Him close
Mists of darkness, doubt and fear,
A world's woes.

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
Ah, see Him shrink !
Body torn and racked with pain
On death's brink.

“Thy will, not mine be done,”
Louder He cries,
Raises triumphant Face
Up to the skies.

“Thy will is done on earth,
Done by me,
Henceforth the Father's Face
The child may see.”

“ Perfected by suffering,
Sanctified by pain,
With me a moment's grief
Eternal gain.”

Child of earth, pain is Divine
Since thy God died ;
He who would Godward rise
Must be crucified !

AFTER READING "SOLILOQUIES OF A SHADE"

thy
Omar Khayyam ! Omar Khayyam !
Calling from the deep,
Is this thy voice, oh mighty Thinker ?
Restless in ~~my~~ sleep ?
Marvelling that the cycling ages
Still their silence keep !

Thou didst ask the deepest queries,
Stirring inmost soul,
E'en the master-knot to unravel -
Grappling with the whole—
See we clearer ? are we nearer ?
Nearer to the goal ?

Omar Khayyam ! Omar Khayyam !
'Tis the same old tale
Of the infant on the seashore
With its tiny wail—
Drifting, drifting towards the ocean—
Straining for a sail !

Ever since the Mighty Potter
Formed the man of clay,
Still He moulds, and chips, and chisels,
'Tis the Master's way.
Each one He builds must face the mystery
Of his little Day !

But every morsel of that substance,
Cold and grey as death,
One day quickens to His touches !
Wakens at His breath !
Hears, above the blast and hammer,
"Live ! The Master saith !"

Omar Khayyam ! Omar Khayyam !
With all deference to you,
We have learnt some mighty lessons,
Lessons old and new,
Since the day your giant spirit
Leaped to meet the True !

We have learnt to know the Potter
In the darkest night,
To bear the pressure of His fingers,
Be it hard or light,
To see beyond the fire, the chisel
With a second sight.

We can feel the Spirit pulsing,
Moving here and there,
Moulding men, and moulding nations,
Working everywhere,
To the purest souls unveiling
Holy mysteries bare !

We can feel the Unseen Presence,
The Life, of whom we be ;
We can commune with the living
Souls we cannot see !
We have foretaste in the darkness
Of a coming Ecstasy !

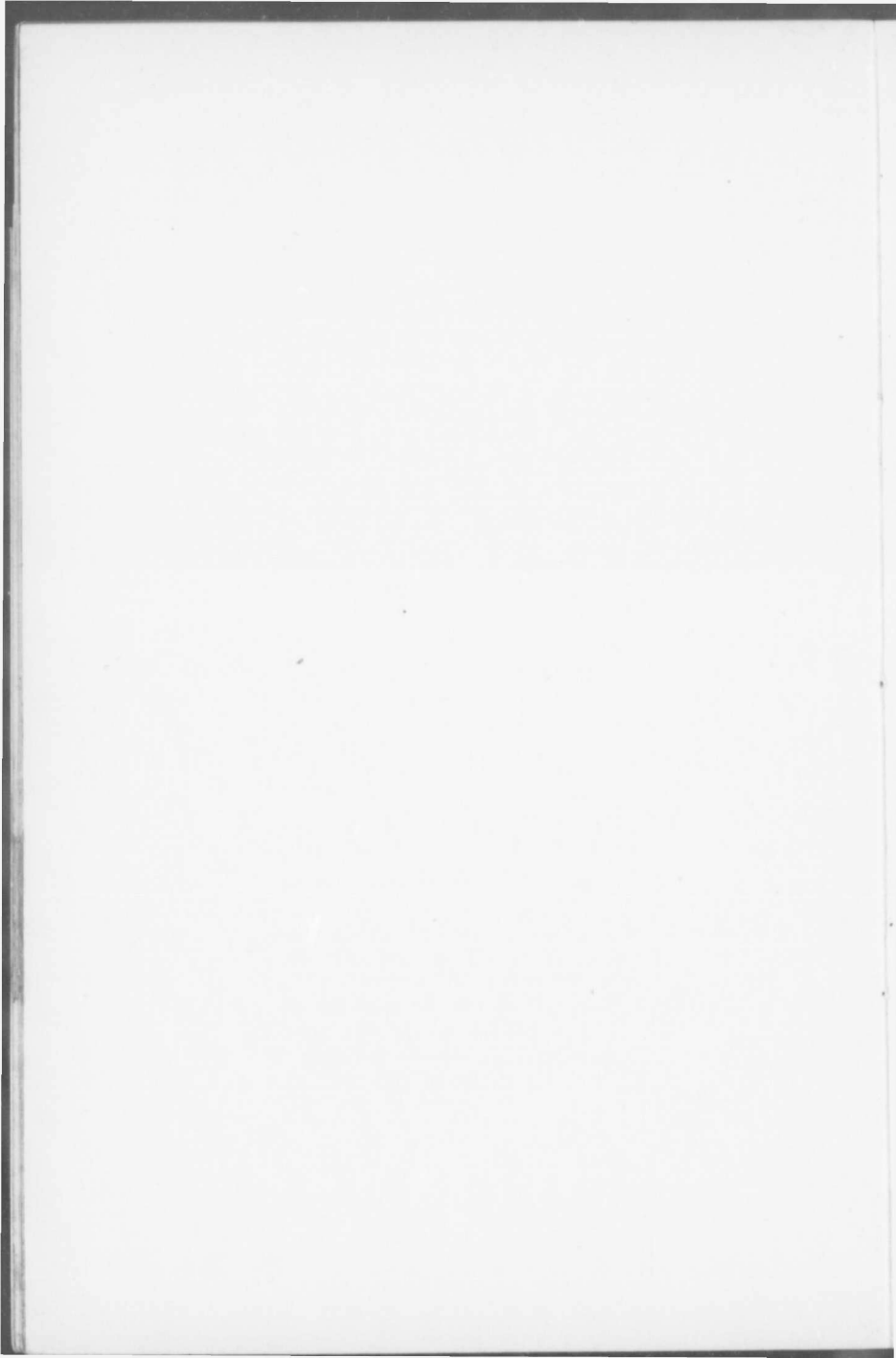
God in man, and man in God,
By His Spirit's might,
Clouds there may be in the daylight —
There are stars by night,
Clearer vision, truer insight,
Of celestial Light !

Slowly, slowly roll the ages,
Slowly too evolves the man,
We can barely see the outlines
Of the mighty plan,
Yet forehear in coming cycles
His great Word, I can !

For at times we feel the birth throes
Of a Life to be !
When the eyes now veiled and sightless
Will the Father see !
Even now the dawn is breaking
Into Immortality !

Cloudless vision now would blind us,
Suffocate the spark of life,
Perfect peace would now stagnate us,
We are better for the strife,
Aeon after aeon finds us,
As we for its age are ripe !

1899



NO SIN! NO PAIN!

It was a time of darkness, doubt, despair,
The one true light I saw not anywhere,
"Sin is not sin" they tell me "all who say so lie,
Man is of God, and man can never die."

"There is no sin, for God is All in All,
And God is good, there is no ill at all,
Only believe it, cast away thy pain
'Tis but a fancy conjured in thy brain!"

And is this too a fancy of my brain,
This never-ceasing wail of human pain?
As well assure me that, as God is Light,
'Tis but my fancy conjures up the night!

Two voices wrangled by me all the night
"There is no sin, for all is love and light,"
And then outside that moaning, and within
A voice that whispered "Even here is sin!"

The night is truly dark, no stars appear,
And if God be but light, *He is not here!*
Yet I am here—and He is everywhere,
There is no place at all but He is there!

If all unseen God's light in dark can be,
Then deepest grief a beam of light can see,
Then darkest shadows e'en of sin and pain
Tho' real, may be but harbingers of gain!

The voices ceased—I, heavy-hearted, woke
Then thought, half-dreaming that another spoke,
I followed to the casement, looked on high
And saw a Figure stretched across the sky.

Then all at once I felt a holy peace
I bade those other voices all to cease
The Man of Sorrows spoke to me alone—
“All sin and sorrow gathers round My throne.

“My throne, a cross of pain that leads to God
And dark, and sore, and lonely is the road,
But I am with you always all the way
To turn the darkest night to brightest day.

“Strength comes through conflict, love thro' fight
with hate,
Tenderness and patience when you learn to wait,
My children truly suffer all night long
Yet carry in their hearts the gladdest song.

“The seed of God must first in darkness lie
Ere it can taste its immortality,
Once deeply rooted, it will shoot above
To bud and blossom in a sphere all-love.”

We lose ourselves in darkness and in pain
To find our God and find ourselves again.

200.1897

A DREAM

I had a vision of the night, a dream perhaps you say,
Some things we see by night, we never see by day,
This dream of long ago to a little child was given
Still when I think of it, I seem to think of Heaven.

He came to me, the Christ, I know not how He
came,
'Twas not in storm of thunder, nor yet in lightning
flame,
No trumpet flare proclaimed Him, no choirs an-
nounced their Lord,
The hum and drone of bees was all the sound I
heard!

For I was in the fields, on a still summer day
'Mongst long and wavy grasses and the sweet smell-
ing hay,
He came— I knew not how—but knew Him—won-
drous sweet
I gazed and gazed and wondered or worshipped at
His feet.

I think He touched me—but that He spake I know
And bade me follow Him, I followed, silent, slow,
So full of wondrous joy that I could scarcely go
Or was it fear? and yet, His voice was soft and low.

I know not how the pathway went, but soon I found
That it had brought us to a little burial ground;
He made me to kneel down beside a hallowed spot
Where some one's loving hands had strewed Forget-
me-not.

I saw not these, nor aught, nor anything, save Him,
I heard Him pray "Our Father" and I prayed after
Him,
Each word of His own prayer He told me there, my
King,
To see, to feel Him near! it was a blessed thing!

And so the dream was given to me, or vision came,
I saw my Lord, I know, but know not why He
came—
Perhaps to little ones such dreams are sometimes
given
Because "of such," He saith, is My Kingdom of
Heaven!

And if in after years our faith seems false and dim
We may look back to childhood and dream sweet
dreams of Him!

LIFE'S SYMPHONY

Ah, sure of me the poet wrote
That "I myself am the jarring note!"
In those dark moments I fail to see
The oneness of Life's Symphony!

Or, brooding selfishly alone,
Imagine that mine is the deeper tone,
Because I have found one sweet minor key,
And forget all the richness of harmony!

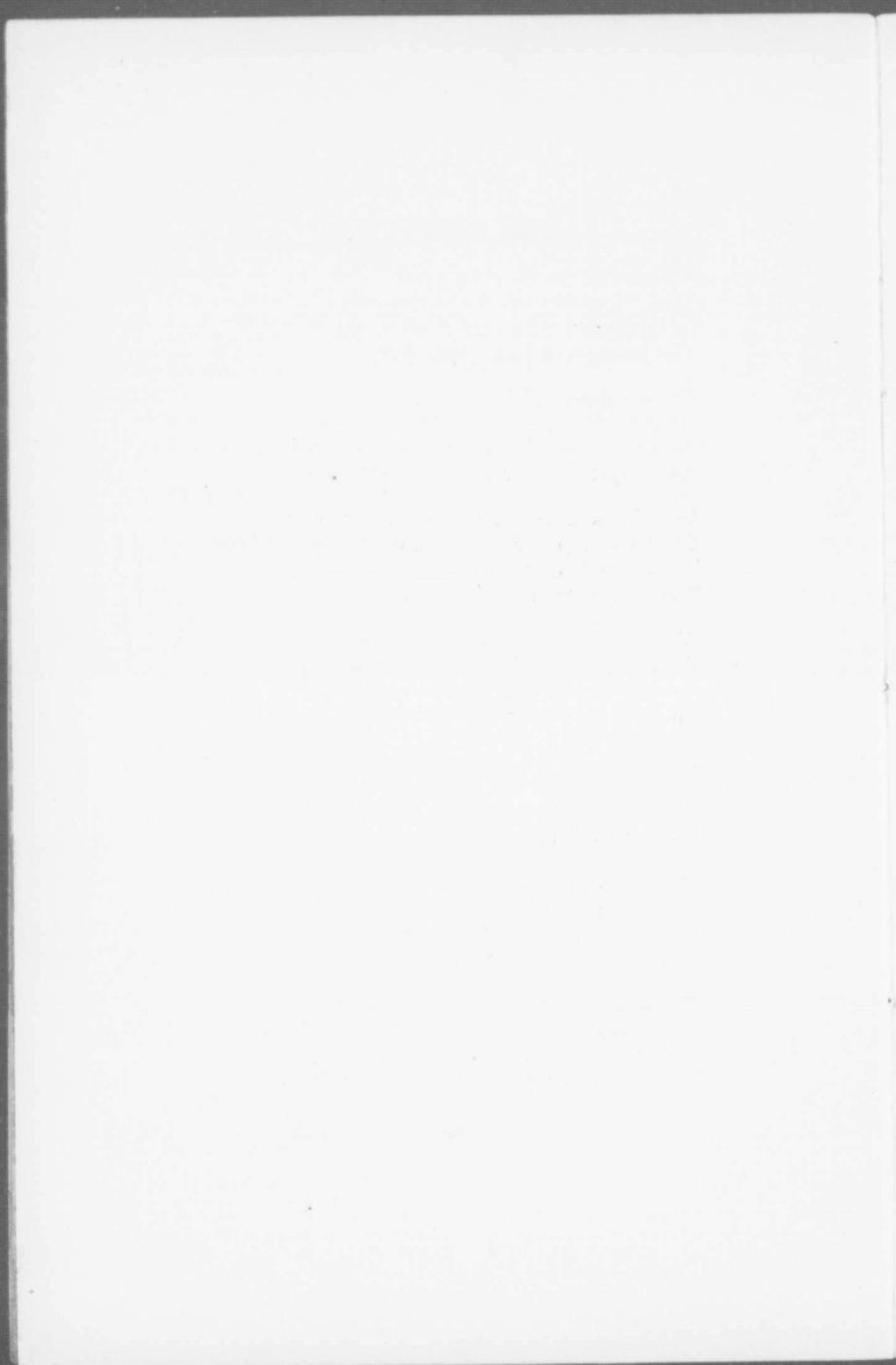
In Life, as in music, we need the combine
Of tones deep and liquid, of chords full and fine,
The cadence of age should never cloy
The buoyancy of Life's young joy!

We need as much our merry May,
With laughing orchards and songsters gay,
As ever we need the April showers
To bring about our summer flowers.

If at times we tire in the hot, summer day,
And ~~foign~~ would rest us awhile by the way,
Let us not shut our ears to youth's glad song,
Its music will make the day less long.

And when we have learnt to face the gale,
And almost to laugh at the furious hail.
Let us forget not, nor turn aside,
From the little one trembling at our side

The soft, light whiff of youth is sweet,
And tempers the glare of the noonday heat,
And the true heart-music of every song
Is part of Life's Symphony, short or long.



“ PERFECT IN ONE ”

“ I in them and they in me,
That in us they perfect be,
God in man, and man in Thee !
Eternally ! ”

These words Divine we hear Thee pray
In the garden far away,
Echoing to our hearts to-day,
Now, always.

Tree of Life ! the branches we
Draw our life alone from Thee !
The sap, the blood, the life, is Thee,
And we in Thee !

Bread of God, on Thee to feed
Satiates our inmost need,
Feeds the Christ in us indeed,
Food from Heaven.

Source of life ! and breath of God !
Man's Creator ! Incarnate Word !
Fire of Love ! and quickening sword !
To mortals given !

Father, 'tis Thyself alone
In Christ can for our sin atone,
And by Thy Spirit make Thine own
Divine !

Christ ! by Thy Spirit's power we claim
Sparks of Thyself fanned into flame !
Oh Triune God ! all one ! the same !
And we are Thine !