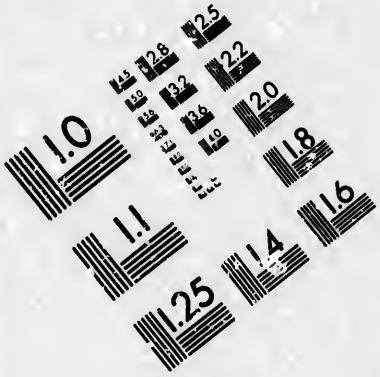

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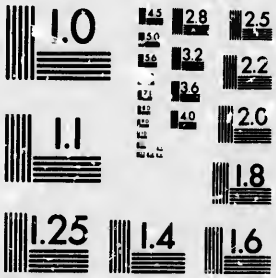

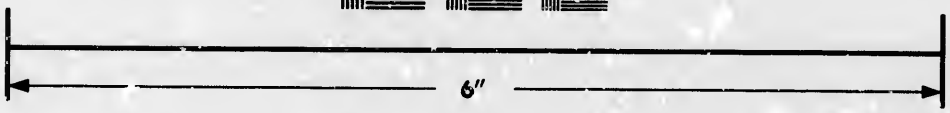

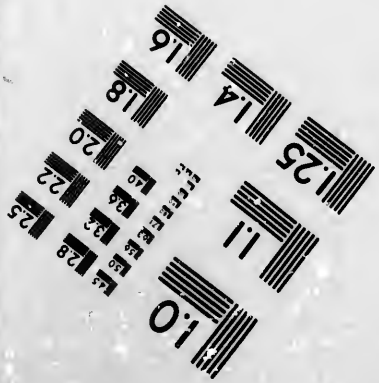

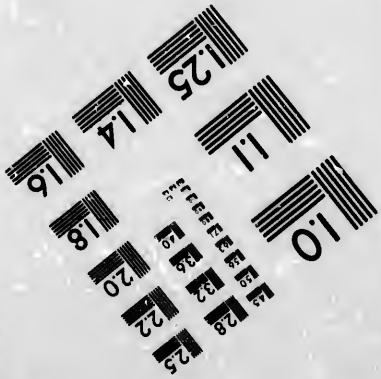

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Loving Hearts and Happy Homes

T. WATSON

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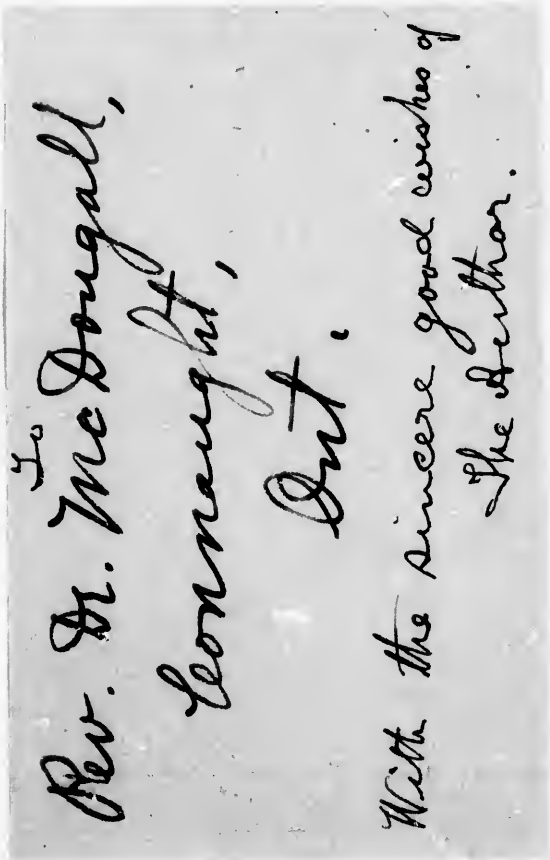
LOVING HEARTS
AND
HAPPY HOMES

T. WATSON

STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO, ONT.

TO THE consecrated men and devoted women whose fruitful ministry has resulted in so many loving hearts and happy homes this booklet is affectionately and respectfully dedicated.

—*The Author.*



HEARTS AND HOMES

THE DOVE which on the waters bleak
Was unsuccessful in her quest
Became a type of those who seek
A source of joy, a place of rest.

Amid the tumults which abound
Wherever mortal pilgrim roams,
The sweetest joys of earth are found
In loving hearts and happy homes.

Each loving heart receives the grace
Which makes its treasures brightly glow:
And every home may be a place
From whence the streams of gladness flow.

OUR KINDRED

Romans 10: 1.

OUR Father, all those who adore Thee
For kindred and friends make request:
Draw nigh unto them, we implore Thee,
And give them whatever is best.

To them Thy glad message unfolding,
Lead them in Thy love to confide;
And grant them the joy of beholding
The source whence their need is supplied.

Reveal by Thy sunbeams of brightness
The path Thou wouldst have them to tread,
That, wearing the raiment of whiteness,
They may to joy's fountains be led.

May they have the gladness of feeling
How rich are all they who are Thine:
May training and guidance and healing
Prepare them for service divine.

May they through Thy constant protection
In fruitfulness always excel,
Until to the home of perfection
At length they are taken to dwell.

BE KIND

Eph. 4: 32.

THE SCRIPTURE exhortation
  Which often comes to mind,
To souls of every nation
  Most plainly says, "Be kind."
Be kind to those around you,
  That they may plainly see
That Christ, the Lord, has found you
  His witnesses to be.

Be kind to those who lead you
  And your best interests seek;
Be kind to those who need you
  When they are frail and weak;
Be kind to those who labor
  And bear the toil and heat;
Be kind to every neighbor
  With whom you daily meet.

Be kind when those deceive you
  Who have your kindness known;
Be kind to those who leave you
  To tread the path alone;
Be kind to those who hate you
  And who your presence shun:
They may at length await you
  And be by kindness won.

Be kind to those who love you;
  Make them your guiding star,
And let them always prove you
  More than they think you are.
While clearer grows your vision
  May you be pleased to find
You best fulfil your mission
  By always being kind.

"THE KIDDIES"

Matt. 18:14.

WHEN the *Lusitania* faltered
On the great Atlantic wave,
There was heard this charge immortal
Let us now the kiddies save.

"Save the kiddies," said the speaker,
Who himself so grandly gave;
Save the kiddies from destruction,
Save them from the watery grave!

Wealth and fairest prospects yielding,
Eager all his strength to give,
He exclaimed, "now save the kiddies."
Let the precious children live.

And his name will stand recorded
On the ever-shining page;
For he showed that hero spirit
Which survives in every age.

In his words One other speaketh
Who is greater far than he;
He is saying, "Save the kiddies,"
"Suffer them to come to Me."

And in homes and schools and churches
This inspires their thought and aim,
Who, that they may "save the kiddies,"
Render service in His name.

"*Save the kiddies*" is the summons
Which throughout this country rings—
Save them from the countless evils
Which the liquor traffic brings.

A BIRTHDAY

3 John 2.

UNTO you whose love we treasure
We unite the wish to send,
That beyond what thought can measure
  Blessings may on you descend:
May all your life be strong and pure
And rich in treasures which endure
  And ever richer grow.

None can tell how much we love you
  For the comfort you have brought;
All the changing seasons prove you
  Intertwined with all our thought:
So gentle, helpful, wise and kind;
In you a source of strength we find
  And an unfailing friend.

May that Saviour still direct you
  Whom you know to with you be.
May He from all harm protect you
  And regard your earnest plea:
May fruits of righteousness abound
That in your heart there may be found
  The calm of peace divine.

Like the light of early morning
  May your life yet brighter grow—
While His grace your soul adorning
  Makes your cup to overflow:
May you in fruitfulness increase
Until you from your labors cease
  And win the victor's crown.

"IN THE SKY"

"Why, papa, if you'd only try,
Now you could swim right in the sky."

A MESSAGE from the heights serene
In these suggestive lines is seen
By faith's discerning eye;
Away beyond earth's sense-bound rim
Our Saviour says that we may swim,
If we will only try.

His skies wherein such beauties blend
In smiles of love around us bend
To lead our thoughts on high;
And in that life that flows from Him
We may with buoyant gladness swim
If we will only try.

Through Him to whom our souls are knit,
We in "The heavenly places" sit,
And unto God draw nigh.
And while we sing redemption's hymn
We in that boundless life may swim,
If we will only try.

From darkness He hath set us free,
That in His Kingdom we may be,
And live beyond the sky;
And like the shining seraphim.
In love's vast ocean we may swim,
If we will only try.

A LAMENTED MINISTER

WHEN one who had bravely endeavoured
The regions of truth to explore
Had suddenly ceased from his labours,
And helpers were wounded and sore;
Those said who had honoured their pastor,
Who now should address them no more:—

"Come, take your last look at the preacher
Whose body before you lies dead;
For you did he suffer and labour;
His tears for your sorrows were shed:
And none knew the worth of the worker
Until his brave spirit had fled.

"Some preachers than he are more gifted;
And some have more charms that can please:
Some share in more honour and riches
And live in more comfort and ease:
But he was as much like the Master
As even the foremost of these."

BABY

LITTLE One, we hail you
With a welcome kiss:
Love shall never fail you
In a land like this.

By His grace who chose you
In His gifts to share
Gentle arms enclose you
With most tender care.

By the wise direction
Which His favours give
May sincere affection
Fill the life you live.

Fairer than the roses
May your portion prove,
While your heart reposes
In a home of love.

May the One who gave you
All things to possess
Guard and guide and save you
And your moments bless.

May your feelings centre
In the true and right
Till at length you enter
Into realms of light.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

John 20: 31

JESUS who of woman born
  Trod the path by mortals trod—
Pained and pierced by hate and scorn—
  Jesus is the Son of God.

Jesus who by men denied
  Meekly bore oppression's rod—
Scourged, condemned, and crucified—
  Jesus is the Son of God.

Jesus who could not remain
  Dead beneath the silent sod—
Jesus raised to life again—
  Jesus is the Son of God.

We who by experience share
  In that life which sets us free
With one heart and voice declare,
  Jesus, Son of God is He.

ANGEL MINISTERS

"Their angels do always behold the face."—Matt. 18:10.
"Comfort the feeble-minded."—1 Thess. 5:14.
"Are they (angels) not all ministering spirits?"—Heb. 1:13, 14.

ANGELS who came unto parents who dreamed
Of all that their offspring would see
Took deepest interest in service which seemed
A sad disappointment to be.

They brought them a bird with a broken wing,
And asked them to guard it with care;
Though it might never be able to sing
They chose that its home should be there.

They brought them a child with a feeble mind,
Defective in brain and in limb:
They bade them be always gentle and kind
And nurture the weak one for Him.

Soon that same bird which was songless and lame
Enabled its comrades to fly:
The little one feeble in mind became
Their guide to the regions on high.

The bird found a place in its native air
And soared in the sunlight above:
The little one's keepers failed not to share
The treasures of infinite love.

Angels for those who are heirs of His grace
Their moments in service employ:
Gladly they serve while beholding His face,
Where there is all fulness of joy.

Birdies and babies are dear to the King,
And so are the feeble in mind:
Through them He teaches the songless to sing,
And gladdens the heart of mankind.

SHINING FACES

Exodus 34:29. Psalm 34:5.

WHEN Moses forty days had been
With God in Sinai's holy place,
The people viewed with interest keen
The shining brightness of his face:
Yet in their midst he stood alone
And knew not that his features shone.

And there are daughters, mothers, wives
With hearts as pure as ocean's foam
Who are the strength of grandest lives,
And fill with joy the Christian home:
And while they grow in grace divine
They know not that their faces shine.

And there are sons in manhood's prime
Who heavy burdens bravely bear,
And while toward steepest heights they climb
They gladly for their loved ones care:
While strength and love in them combine
They know not that their faces shine.

And aged pilgrims waiting stand
With faces toward the golden West:
They served with willing heart and hand
And now they seek the promised rest:
And while they watch the day's decline
They know not that their faces shine.

And there are cheerful ones who sing
While sickness wears their lives away;
Unto the word of life they cling;
"Thy will be done," they calmly say:
While they to Him themselves resign
They know not that their faces shine.

And there are gifted ones who bear
  Privation, hardship, care, and want
That they God's message may declare
  And in all hearts the truth implant;
While they fulfil His great design
They know not that their faces shine.

Physicians, nurses, statesmen, scribes,
  And those who teach the youthful mind,
And those who unto distant tribes
  Proclaim the Saviour of mankind:
All such preserve that wondrous line:
They know not that their faces shine.

But there will surely come a time
  When such the Saviour's face shall see;
And hear from Him that word sublime
  You rendered service "unto me."
Him will they see upon the throne
Through whom on earth their faces shone.

FOOTPRINTS

WHILE attentive friends were seeking
Where they in the snow might tread,
They could hear a baby speaking
Who unto her mother said:—

"Do not mind the others talking
Of the path which they will show:
Mamma, walk where I am walking;
See my footprints in the snow."

And before the winter ended
Her four years of life were spent,
And by shining ones attended
To the heavenly home she went.

By the light which He is shedding
Through the words her baby said
Bravely is that mother treading
Where her little one could tread.

Lowly ones the Saviour chooses
For His treasures undefiled:
And He for their guidance uses
Footprints of a little child.

PERENNIAL YOUTH

TO YOU who know the Saviour's grace
And who the word of truth embrace
And on His promise lean,
He says that you shall fruitful be
And grow and flourish like the tree
Whose leaf is always green.

And while His sacred charge you keep,
His perfect peace serene and deep
He will not fail to give
In His great love your lives enfold;
Upon eternal life lay hold
And in His sunshine live.

FRIENDSHIP

MORE fresh than the breath of the ocean,
And fairer than beauties of spring
Is friendship whose loyal devotion
Leads souls to each other to cling.

Its measureless tokens of blessing
Illumine the days that are past:
Its future is bright with possessing
That joy which forever shall last.

FITNESS

WE DO not crave a shining sphere
In which to win the world's applause;
We crave that loyal love sincere,
Which swerves not from a righteous cause;
As conscious of our need we ask
For fitness for our daily task.

Where self expires true life begins;
From dying seed comes golden grain:
Unselfish love the victory wins;
And those who serve are those who reign:
For each day's task we therefore plead
For all the fitness that we need.

"THE HILL MIZAR"

IN CHEERFUL vision may you know
The fruitage gleaned from earlier years;
And may each season brighter grow
Until the cloudless Light appears.

Henceforth may there upon you shine
Reflected gleams from all the past:
And may the blended rays combine
In joys which shall forever last.

A TIMELY TOKEN

WHEN to hearts by sorrow broken
Healing came and calm content,
Thankfully a timely token
Was to valued helpers sent:
That it to them might be explained,
This written message it contained:—

To the friends who were so near us
In the depths of sorrow's night,
And who never failed to cheer us
With their warmth of radiant light,
We by this token wish to show
How much we to their kindness owe.

REALIZED

1 John 3: 2.

AWAY from earthly scenes there went
A man whose days had all been spent
In service for mankind:
And in that realm where is no night
He hailed the glory of that light
Which came to fill his mind.

Soon with a thrill of joy and awe
The presence near to him he saw
Of one who seemed most fair:
Of those who had on high been set
No other presence had he met
Like that which hailed him there.

Then to that radiant one he said,
"Upon me let the light be shed
To show me who thou art";
Then quickly came the prompt reply,
"Thyself, thy own true self am I
In all my mind and heart.

"All thou didst strive for while on earth
Of love and truth and lasting worth
Thou art by grace divine:
And thou and I in one unite
Henceforth to dwell in cloudless light
And in His likeness shine."

CATCHING SUNBEAMS

NEAR the vine-clad cottage door,
Where admiring ones were watching,
Baby sat upon the floor
With a mirror sunbeams catching.

By the mirror in her hand
Which she found delight in turning
Watchers came to understand
Much they had been slow in learning.

While they were with interest keen
Far into the future reaching,
Rays of light were clearly seen
In the art which she was teaching.

In the winsome baby's play
They could see instruction's finger
Pointing to the words which say,
"Catch the sunbeams while they linger."

Gloomy shadows will be found
Long as gloomy eyes will watch them:
Radiant sunbeams will abound
For the minds which love to catch them.

Those who in a life of love
Are the choicest joys combining
Catch the sunbeams from above
And reflect their radiant shining.

A WEDDING GREETING

TO LARGER life invited
By Him in whom you live,
Yourselves in love united
You to each other give:
You feel and know that you possess
His smile who doth your union bless.

While you together enter
The path which He prepares,
May grateful feelings centre
In Him who for you cares:
With that in which true worth is found
May all your wedded years be crowned.

And like two streams united
To form a river's flow,
May your glad lives unblighted
Reflect the sunrise glow:
Long may you so your gifts employ
That years may bring increasing joy.

AFRAID IN THE DARK

1 John 4:14.

THE BABY in the dark awoke
And cried because she was alone:
But soon her parents kindly spoke
And made to her their presence known.

Then to their room she quickly went
And did not for the darkness care;
It made her timid heart content
To know that she would find them there.

And in the night of mortal life,
When winter winds and waters moan,
The timid pilgrims in the strife
Become afraid to be alone.

Oft in their minds sad thoughts arise,
While on their path dark shadows rest;
No stars adorn the Eastern skies;
No sunset glory gilds the West.

But as they in the darkness grope
A message comes to give them aid:
For He who is their Strength and Hope
Says, "It is I; be not afraid."

And thus made strong they forward move
And ready are to do and dare:
Cast out is fear by that great love
Which knows a welcome waits them there.

A GREETING

Psalm 134; 4.

DEAR infants, we not yet may see,
The whole of that which in you lies:
We know not what the heights may be
To which your latent powers may rise.
But we for you make this request,
That unto you there may be given
All treasures which may fit you best
For life on earth and joy in heaven.

THE OFFERING

IN STRONG and earnest faith we cling
To Thee in whom we live and move;
With cheerful hearts these gifts we bring
As tokens of our grateful love.

We bring these offerings in the name
Of him who died to make us free;
We thus our thankfulness proclaim
And give Thine own again to Thee.

PROPAGANDA

TO MARTIN LUTHER Satan came
And sought to hurl his work with shame
Down to the lowest level:
Then Luther, always quick to think,
At once picked up his pot of ink
And threw it at the devil.

But Satan, not too wise to learn,
Was not the one to swiftly turn
And haste away in terror:
Instead of that he seized with skill
That inkpot which he uses still
In propagating error.

No inkstain is washed out with ink;
No words of violence make men think
When questions are decided:
For those engaged in His great war
That armour which is better far
The Captain has provided.

The conflict may be fierce and long
While those who hate the truth are strong
In their combined endeavour:
But error's power will pass away;
For truth will surely win the day
And reign supreme forever.

LIFE'S CORONATION

1 Cor. 11:11, 12. 1 Peter 1:22.

IN COTTAGE or palace or tent
Their days in affection are spent
  Who know that for love they were born:
They help one another to climb
The mountains of prospect sublime
  Whose summits love's beauties adorn.

Refined by love's wonderful fire
The best of all human desire
  Takes hold of that worth which abides:
For paths which are tedious and long
Their souls are made fearless and strong
  When love all the question decides.

Love feels the cold blast of the storm;
And sorrow may change it in form:
  Unchanged its pure essence remains:
It flows from the life-giving spring
And fails not enrichment to bring
  Wherever it enters and reigns.

It makes its possessors content
To view through the veil that is rent
  Their home in the city above:
And those of one heart and one mind
Are happy and thankful to find
  That life's coronation is love.

PUBLISHERS

BY MEANS of voice and press and pen
They publish to the sons of men
The tidings of salvation:
They follow truth's unfailing gleam
And seek to have the love supreme
Made known to every nation.

With earnest zeal and sacred joy
Their gifts they constantly employ,
In world-wide service sharing:
Upon their fruitful labours shine
Reflections of that love divine
Whose message they are bearing.

And while their varied powers increase,
They seek through unity and peace
To aid all right endeavour:
In north and south and east and west
Their labour will endure the test
And live and last forever.

They lead inquiring minds to love
That word which never fails to prove
To be a two-edged sabre:
And in the years that are to be,
They will the wondrous purpose see
Of Him who owns their labour.

They use for Him their growing might
And live to spread abroad that light
Which tells Redemption's story:
They go as once their Leader went,
And all their time and strength are spent
In showing forth His glory.

The Rubaiyat Unveiled

A paraphrase of this classic gem published by T. N. Foulis, 21 Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

With flowers and wine the gifted Persian sought
To hide from foes the message which he brought;
But prayerful minds may draw the veil aside
And trace with joy the grandeur of his thought.

Redemption's Dawn into Creation's Night
Has shed the beam which puts all fears to flight;
And where the shadows deepest were, there comes
The growing radiance of Eternal Light.

And in the wilderness is heard the cry
Of One who knows how earth-born hopes must die;
And weary mortals hear at length the word:—
"Look up, for your redemption draweth nigh".

The captive in the dungeon near the shore
Has heard the news, and seeks an open door;
He says, "my little day will soon be gone,
And once departed, will return no more".

The quickened heart is filled with new desires;
It longs for light and upward still aspires;
Like New Year's Morn, or first glad breath of Spring,
The Message comes to bring what earth requires.

Youth's early hopes have vanished like the rose;
Dim is the glare which once ambition chose;
But, to refresh the weary one, there comes
A breeze which from Eternal verdure blows.

And all who listen to the call divine
May come to tables spread with bread and wine:
There may they find what is more precious far
Than gold and rubies from the richest mine.

Swift pass the days when bloom the flowers of Spring
And all the birds in fields and gardens sing;
Time, like a bird, has but a little way
To fly, and Time is surely on the wing.

A thousand blossoms open with each Day,
A thousand blossoms daily turn to clay;

And Summer's Dawn that brings the earliest rose
Must take the fairest buds of Spring away.

Prepared for all who to the call give heed
Is Living Bread on which the ransomed feed;
Such have a banquet; and the wilderness
To them is all the Paradise they need.

It may be true that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried martyr bled;
It may be that each gem the garden wears
Dropt in its place from some once lovely Head.

Let steadfast Faith take in that view which clears
Today of past regrets and future Fears;
For with Tomorrow's sunset we may be
Ourselves with Yesterday's unnumbered years.

Some whom we knew to be amongst the best
Of all the chosen ones from East to West,
Have done their work an hour or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

They bid us make the most of what we spend
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, may lie:
But spirits live a life that has no end.

We in our youthful days did oft frequent
Doctor and Saint to hear great argument
Concerning Life and Death; but always we
Came out by the same door as in we went.

The Seed, with Saint and Doctor, we may sow
Of Wisdom, and may strive to make it grow;
And yet this only Harvest we may reap:—
"We came like Water, and like Wind we go".

Into this Universe, to live and grow,
Like silent streams of Water did we flow;
And out of it, like Wind along the Waste,
We move toward that of which we little know.

Is there a Door for which there is no Key?
Is there a Veil past which no Eye can see?
Is there a Line where Life itself expires?
Is there a State where spirits cease to be?

One Moment is for us, amid the Waste,
Ordained that we the Well of Life may taste;
And stars are set'ing and the Caravan
Starts on its path and bids us each make haste.

While roses bloom along the River's Brink,
The Voice still cries, "Ye thirsty, come, and drink";
And they who hearken to the Voice divine
From all that lies Beyond need never shrink.

And this we know; whether the One True Light
Shall bring us Ease, or Pain consume us quite,
One glimpse of Him within His Temple caught
Is safer Guide than all the stars of night.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake,
From all his bondage set Thy creature free
That he in Thine own likeness may awake.

For much as men may play the Infidel,
And oft refuse within Thy courts to dwell,
There are no treasures here for them to buy
One half so precious as the souls they sell.

The Moon of our Delight may know no wane;
The Moon of Heaven may come to us again;
Nor need we grieve to know that some may look
Tomorrow in this place for us in vain.

With those we loved, our feet shall swiftly pass
Among the guests once seated on this grass;
And all our Past transfigured then shall be
Where we shall stand upon the sea of Glass.

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