

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1995

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

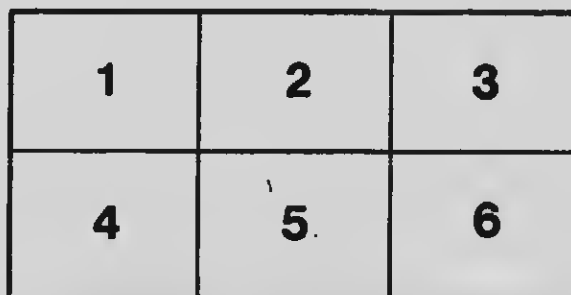
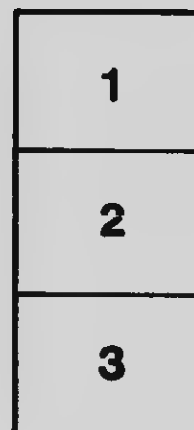
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

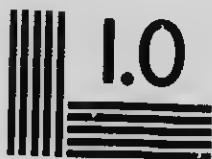
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14.0

16.0

18.0

20

22.4

25

28.2

31.5

36

40

45

50

56

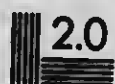
63

71

80

90

100

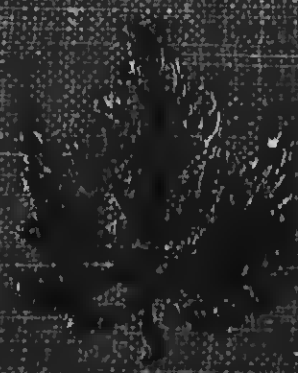


APPLIED IMAGE Inc

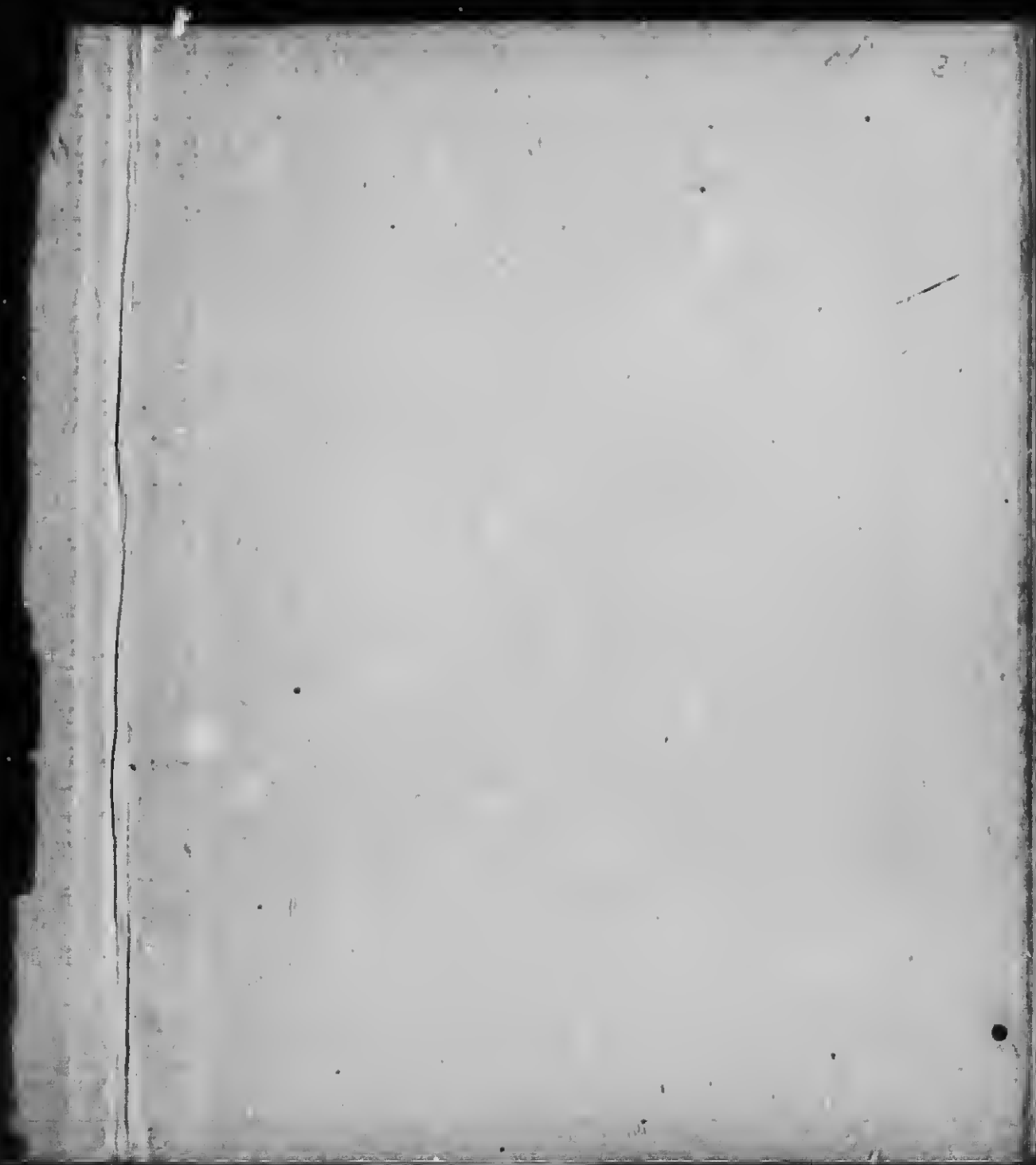
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

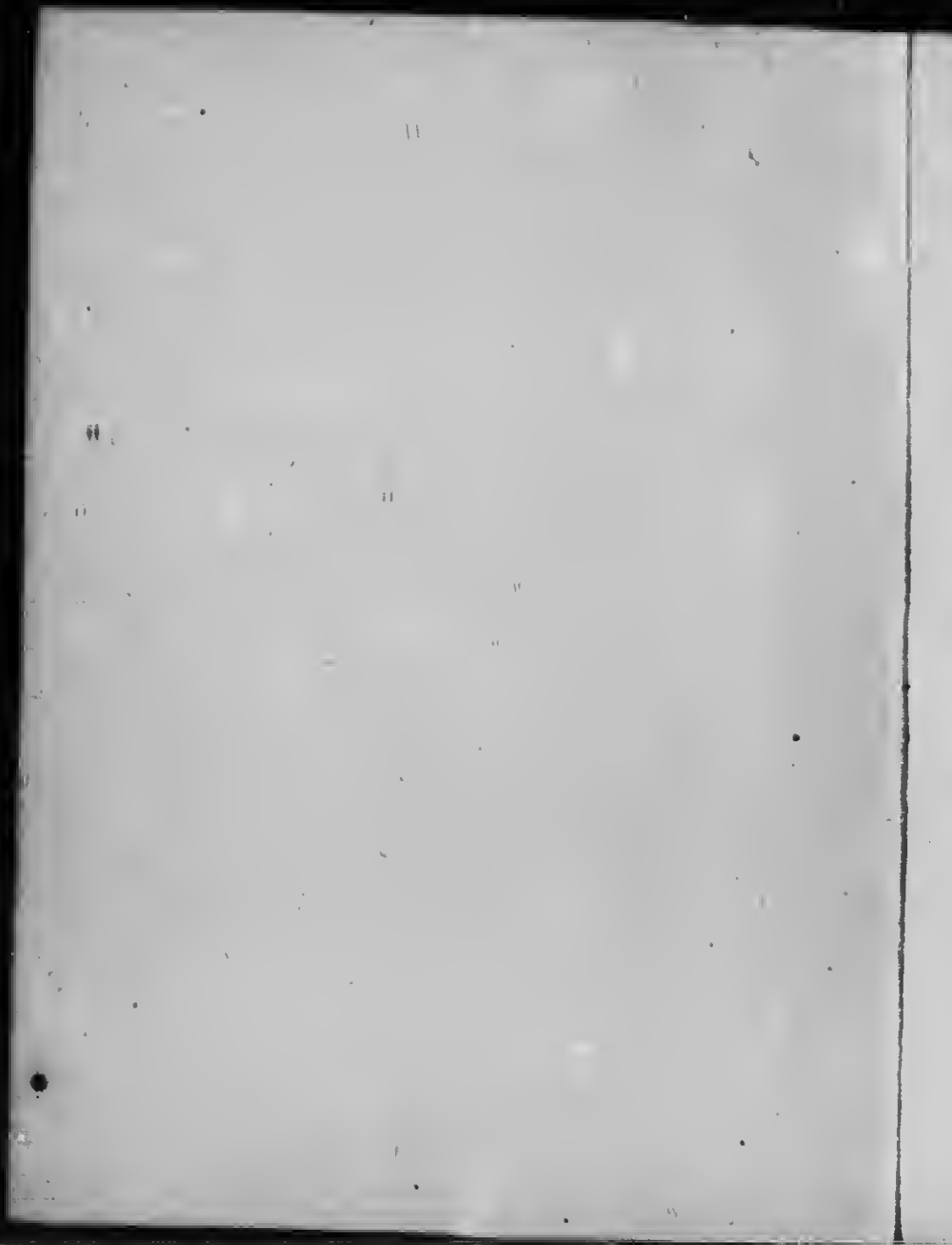
THE GREAT GARDEN

OF THE WORLD



13 8521
25
-17
15 0





POEMS

—BY—

*MARIE BYRNES
KING*

10

*Copyrighted
1916*

PS 8521

I 56

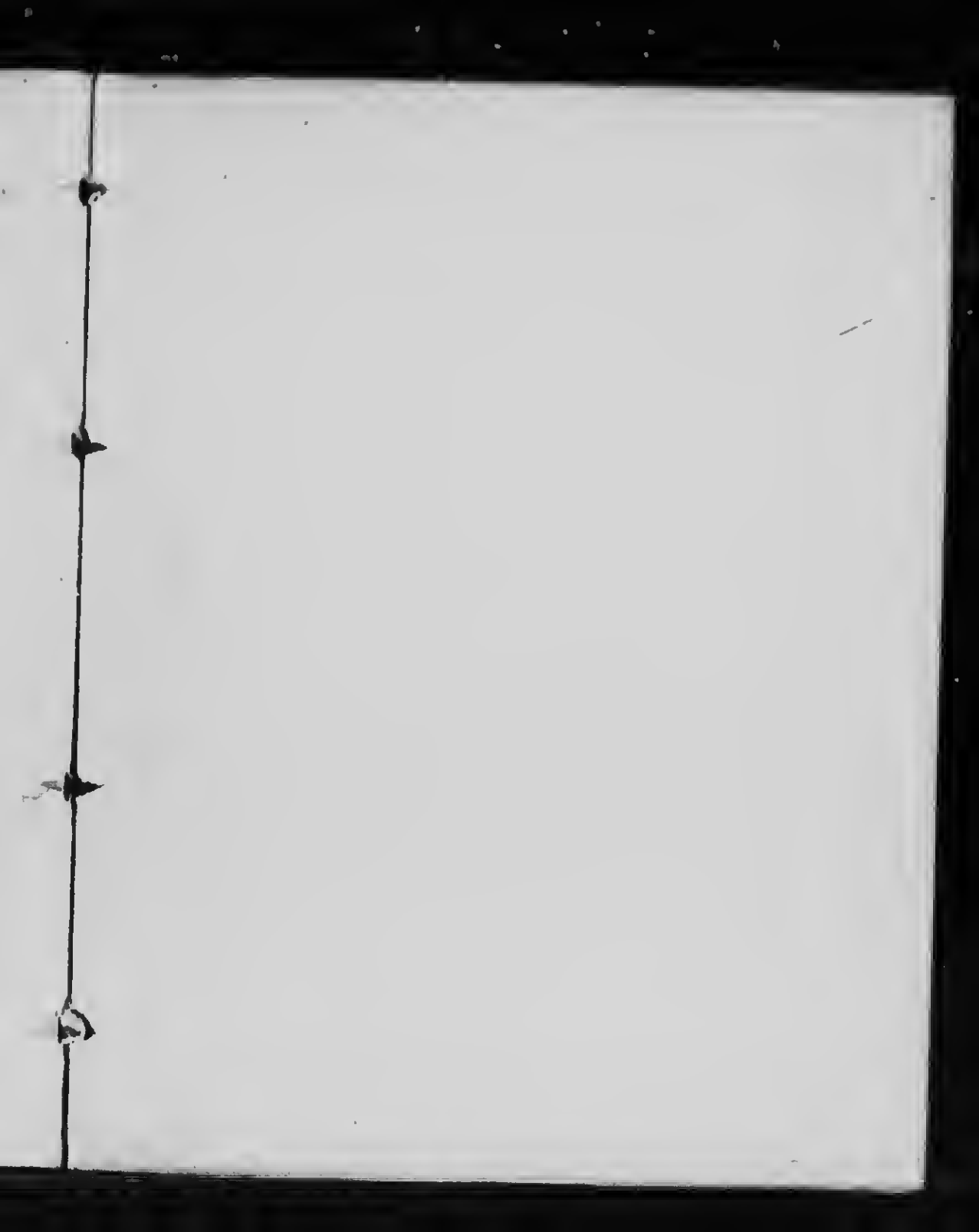
A 17

1916

71070

*In Loving Memory of
The Author*

✓





INTRODUCTION

MRS. Marie Byrnes King was born at Cumberland, Ontario, and received her higher education at Smith's Falls High School and Queen's University, graduating in 1903. Four years later she was married to Mr. James B. King, of Fairfax, Manitoba, where she lived until her death on the twenty-eighth day of July, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

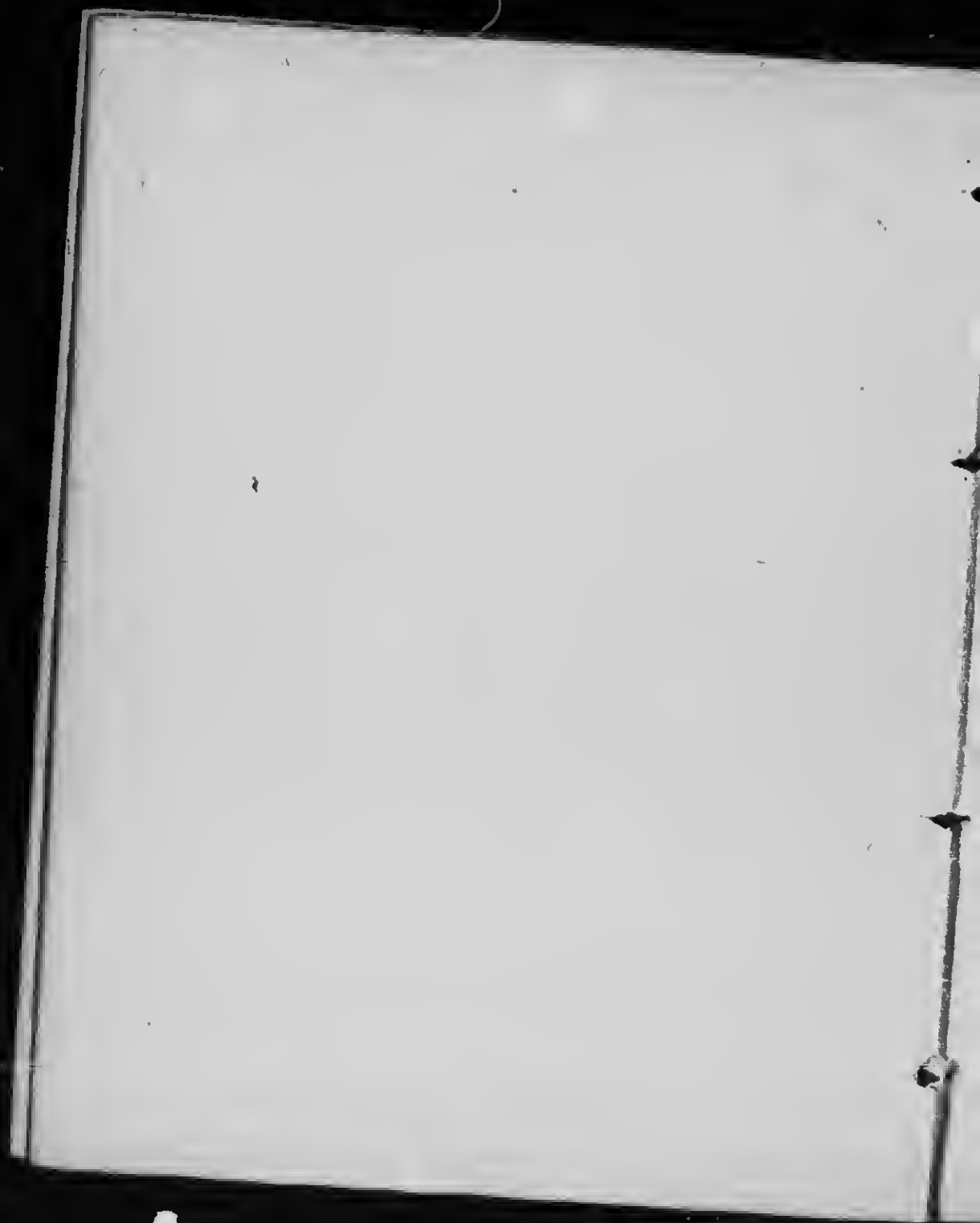
Among her papers a number of poems were found, which have been here arranged and published in a private edition. The "spirit" of the poems will be appreciated by those who knew the author, and may all who read them feel the touch of her soul's faith, "a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven."



INTRODUCTION

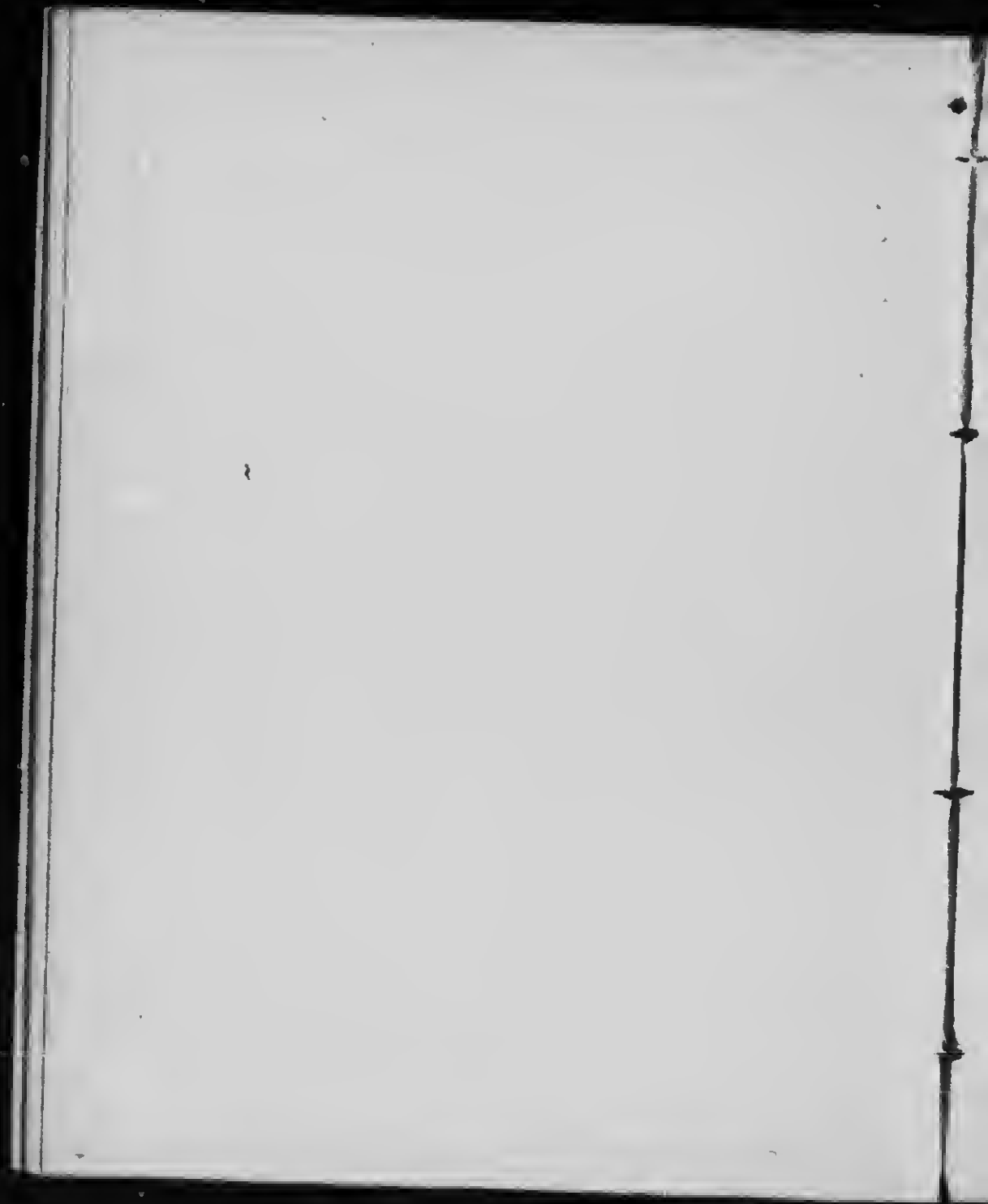
MRS. Marie Byrnes King was born at Cumberland, Ontario, and received her higher education at Smith's Falls High School and Queen's University, graduating in 1903. Four years later she was married to Mr. James B. King, of Fairfax, Manitoba, where she lived until her death on the twenty-eighth day of July, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

Among her papers a number of poems were found, which have been here arranged and published in a private edition. The "spirit" of the poems will be appreciated by those who knew the author, and may all who read them feel the touch of her soul's faith, "a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven."



CONTENTS

Friendship	1
A Farewell	3
Be Still	5
Thanksgiving	7
All Hail, O Canada !	9
Jesus is Knocking	11
I Shall be Satisfied	13
He Knoweth Them that Trust in Him	15
New Year's Thoughts	17
Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life	19
Who Can Bear that Day ?	22
Watch and Pray	24
A Verse	25
We Have Not. Why ?	26
"This Do Ye in Remembrance of Me"	27
The Departed	29



Friendship

Hid in the gardens of our heart
Some fragrant flowers bloom;
Unseen, they meekly do their part
To lessen grief and gloom.

In some the weeds have grown so high
We cannot find the flower;
The precious bloom perchance may die
In this neglected hour.

Yet hidden deep in every heart
God has His seedling rare,
Which ever plays a noble part
If loved and cherished there.

In such a soul fair friendship lives
With all its mystic power;
Unfolding there it gladly gives
New joys to every hour.

It binds our hearts to those who weep,
It makes our sorrows one;
It stretches far beyond the deep
And makes all nations one.

In Heaven perchance the flower may grow,
Fairer and nobler still,
Where streams of living waters flow,
And silver sparkling rills.

Then let us strive while here below
To tend this flower well;
Since it in heavenly soil may grow
And deck some Eden dell!

A Farewell

The dearest friends must sometimes part
Their lives are short and fleeting here;
Though heart be joined to kindred heart
By ties most sacred and most dear,
These ties must break, the strands divide
When struggling 'gainst life's swollen tide.

But then we know a rest remains
Where no farewells are ever said,
Where joy exults and glory reigns,
And blessings crown each sacred head.
For we shall meet to part no more
On Eden's blest and happy shore.

O blessed land of joy and peace,
O sweet eternal happy home;
From wayward strife we now shall cease,
Now safe in Thee, we ne'er shall roam.

For naught shall ever tempt us there
To wander from our Shepherd's care.

Our lives are planned by one who knows
Which way is best for us to tread;
Then let our trust in Him repose,
In light, in darkness, by Him led;
All gloom shall turn to endless light,
And faith shall lose itself in sight.

Be Still

Be still, lone heart, and listen now;
He speaks who loves thee best,
In whispers only they can hear
Who lean upon His breast.

Be still and trust, He whispers low
Sweet words of hope for thee;
A message that will help thee bear
Thy dark Gethsemane.

Fear not, my child, why thinkest thou,
I have not seen thy plight;
Nor heard arising from the gloom
Thy cry for life and light.

O wherefore need'st thou doubtful be?
Thou may'st not understand
The mysteries of Life. Believe
That I still hold thy hand.

And I will never let thee go,
For thou art mine. Wherefore
Should faith grow dim? Look up, be
strong,
And doubt thy Lord no more.

Thanksgiving

O Lord our God, Thy mercies crown
Each moment of our life;
Above, below, within, around,
In peace or bloody strife;
Thy watchful eye has been our guide,
For thou art ever near our side.

When tempted sore to go astray,
To turn from Thee our God,
Forsake the straight and narrow way
To tread the downward road.
Thou didst reveal Thy wondrous love
And show Thy power from above.

And since in spring our land we tilled,
Our seed in faith cast there;
Our barns in harvest Thou hast filled,
We've plenty and to spare.

For Thou hast given in their hour,
The genial sun and fresh'ning shower.

But greater, higher, richer still,
Thy goodness to our soul;

Thy love our restless bosoms fill

With joy and peace untold.

Yea, Thou hast sent Thy Spirit down,
The earnest of our heavenly crown.

The greatest gift that Heaven can give

We all may boldly claim;

“Look unto Me,” says Christ, “and live,

I still remain the same,

As when on Calvary's cursed tree

I set the dying captive free.”

O Lord our God, accept our praise,

Imperfect though it be,

And, day by day, our spirits raise

More near our God to Thee;

Till we shall greet the dawning ray

Of Heaven's long Thanksgiving Day.

All Hail, O Canada !

All hail! we cry; Our country, hail!
The nations look and see
An Empire springing into might,
A country blessed with peace and light,
Health and prosperity.

All hail ! they cry; O Canada,
The world hath need of thee;
Thy stalwart sons may speed the right
And crush the evils in their might
That else might work decay.

Rise, rise, let not those evils live
That sap a nation's strength;
But true to God and true to man
Work out through Him the nobler plan
He fashioned for thy life.

And while we pray in many tongues
Our hearts look up to Thee,
O hear in heaven, Thy dwelling place
And hearing, pardon by Thy grace
The wrongs we've done to Thee.

O God and Father of us all,
Thou knowest our country's need.
Guide us in this transition hour;
We need Thy love, Thy mighty power,
Thy wisdom, us to lead.

Jesus is Knocking

Can'st thou hear the Saviour knocking
At the portal of thine heart?
He has waited long and lingers
Still unwilling to depart.

O the wondrous love and kindness
That has kept Him waiting there:
Can'st thou bar thy door in blindness
And thus perish in despair?

Still He waits and gently knocking,
Begs thee to undo the door;
He is laden with the treasures
Of His wondrous boundless store.
All His gifts He freely offers,
If thou wilt but let Him in.
All He asks in your surrender,
And He'll cleanse thy soul from sin.

Still He's knocking, waiting, pleading
For an entrance to thine heart.
Must He turn away in sadness,
He, who ever does His part?
Cause Him not for e'er to leave thee;
Do not force Him to depart.
Welcome Christ who died to save thee,
Welcome Him with all thine heart!



I Shall Be Satisfied

When I reach my heavenly home
Where grief and sorrow never come,
Where sin no more shall make me weep
Nor nature claim her needful sleep,
I shall be satisfied.

When this poor sin-sick soul shall fly
To join its kindred in the sky,
And this corrupted house of clay
Rise in the light of endless day,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall rise on angel's wing
To join the armies of my King,
And sing with them redemption songs,
The praise that to His name belongs,
I shall be satisfied.

When I awake like Thee, my King,
Pure, gentle, holy, free from sin;
When Thy fair image stamps my brow,
When rent the veil that hides Thee now,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And act no more the sinner's part;
But join the anthem of the blest
And enter our eternal rest,
I shall be satisfied.

**He Knoweth Them that Trust in
Him**

He knoweth them! O can it be
The Lord of Heaven knows even me;
Can He who dwells in Heaven on high,
Descend to hear my sinful cry?

He knoweth them! Yes, every one
Whose faith is placed on Christ His Son.
He sees their conflict here with those
Whom He has conquered as His foes.

He knoweth them! In battle here
Their lives to Him are very dear;
Each one he guards, no foe can harm
Protected by His mighty arm.

He knoweth them! Even now He pleads
For those His Holy Spirit leads,

Until their work on earth is done
And they have heard the "Welcome
Home."

He knoweth them! O sinner trust;
He knows the number of their dust;
He knows where each one peaceful lies
Until His trumpet rends the skies.

He knoweth them! E'en Death's cold
wave

Cannot resist His power to save,
Death but admits the soul to life
And marks the end of earthly strife.

He knoweth them! Though scattered far,
O'er land and sea their bodies are.
Yet He their sleeping dust shall wake
When rocks shall rend and mountains
quake!

And when at last with awful power
He shall proclaim the judgment hour,
The saints shall stand all free from sin,
He knoweth them that trust in Him.

New Year's Thoughts

New Year's Eve! Ah, what the harvest
That the vanished year has borne;
What the seed that has been scattered,
As unheeding we have gone
O'er our life's uneven pathway
Daily nearer to our home?

What the seed and what the harvest?
Both are now beyond recall;
Wheat and tares alike shall ripen,
We must reap the fruit of all,
When the sowing time is ended
And the autumn shadows fall.

Shall we still go on forgetful,
As, alas, we've often done,
Of the reaping time that's coming
And the wond'rous gathering home?

What the sheaves that we shall offer
Low before our Saviour's throne?

Help us, Master, to be faithful,
Ever seeing what is true;
Sowing, reaping for Thy glory,
Grant us here Thy guidance too.
In the glad New Year that's coming,
Teach Thy servants what to do.

**Christ, the Way, the Truth, the
Life.**

I am the Way, O wand'rer lost
On life's tempestuous sea.
Commit thy bark unto My care,
Give up the helm to Me.
I'll guide thee to the heaven of rest,
For waves obey My will;
At My command they rage and foam,
At My request are still.

I am the Way, O tread no more
The thorny paths of sin;
Friend, would you reach thy happy land,
The city of your King?
I am the way to Heaven's rest,
No other road is given,
By which the fallen sons of men
May rest at last in Heaven.

I am the Truth, then trust in Me
My word shall ever stand,
I'll help thee in thy conflicts here,
I'll hold thee by the hand.
Thine enemies shall not prevail
Nor take My joy from thee;
Yea, though the hosts of Hell unite,
I still can rescue thee.

I am the Life, then look and live
And seek thy life in Me;
United as a living branch
Unto the parent tree.
So shall thy life be joined to Mine;
With heavenly manna still
I will provide your every need,
Your hungry spirit fill.

I am the Life, e'en Death must yield
The Dwellers of the Tomb
Shall rise again at My command
And gather round My throne.

Look at my pierced hands and feet
Behold My wounded side!
Can'st thou not trust thy life to Me
Since I for thee hast died?

Through Thee, O Christ, the iiving way,
We seek the Father's face;
Through Thee, the Truth, dear Lord, we
know
The wonders of Thy grace.
Through Thee, the Life, to fallen men
Eternal life is given;
By Thee, the Way, the Thruth, the Life,
The ransomed enter Heaven.

Who Can Bear That Day?

Who, O Lord, can bear that day

When armed in thunder Thou shalt come
To break the fetters of the tomb,
And bid the sleeping dead awake,
While rocks shall rend and mountains
quake

And reeling worlds await their doom?

Who, O Lord, can bear that day

When many nations long unknown,
Assemble at Thy judgment throne;
When kings and mighty men shall wait
With those who pleaded at their gate;
All common pleaders at Thy throne?

Who, O Lord, can bear that day

When by a glance Thou shalt divide

To right and left, the mighty tide
Of human souls awaiting there:
The bliss of Heaven, or dark despair;
Brought near, or banished from Thy side?

Who, O who, can bear that day
When Thou the judge of all shalt read
Each hidden thought, each secret deed,
That sinners fondly thought unknown,
E'en to Jehovah on His Throne?
But Thou each hidden thought can read.

Who, O who, can bear that day
When Thou the sentence shalt declare,
To saints and sinners waiting there;
To these "Come up, my way you
sought;"
To those, "Depart, I know you not;"
And they in solemn silence hear?

Watch and Pray.

If temptations strong assail thee
In the morning of the day,
Flee at once to Christ for refuge.
Watch and pray!

If at noon thy path seems brighter,
Wealth and honors gild the day;
O beware lest these enslave thee.
Watch and pray!

When life's sun is almost sinking,
Scarcely felt its parting ray,
Dread not thou the coming darkness.
Watch and pray!

When earth's pleasures float around thee,
Manhood's cares assume their sway,
Still, when mists of death are gath'ring,
Watch and pray!

A Verse

When burdened by a load of sin
I cried to Thee, my God,
Thy mercy stooped and took me in;
I saw the chastening rod
Was laid on Him who died for men
And brought me to Thy fold again.

We Have Not. Why ?

O Holy One, could we but know,
Would we but take what Thou dost give,
Would we but claim Thy promise now,
In faith look up to Thee and live.
Then, O our God, Thou would'st so soon
Set up in us Thy royal throne.

Our ears are stopped, we will not hear
The still small voice that speaks within.
O Great Physican, come Thou near,
And quickly heal this wound of sin;
That we, O God, may hear Thy voice
And always in Thy truth rejoice.

O open Thou our eyes, that we
May see the truths that Thou hast taught;
Lord, touch our tongues that we may speak
And tell the blessings Thou hast brought;
For Thou, O Saviour, left the sky
For us to live, for us to die!

**This Do Ye in Remembrance of
Me**

O Christ, my Saviour, Friend and King,
I would Thy servant be;
My all I to Thine altar bring
And thus remember Thee.

The sacred pledge, O Christ, I take,
And in the symbols see,
What Thou did'st suffer for my sake,
And thus remember Thee.

When dark Gethsemane appears
With all its woe for Thee;
That bloody sweat, those bitter tears,
Make me remember Thee.


Can I, O Christ, behold Thee there
And still indifferent be;
Can I recall Thy lone despair,
And not remember Thee.

And when on Calvary I gaze,
My blest Redeemer see;
Can I withhold my song of praise
And not remember Thee.

Thy life, Thy death, Thine empty grave
The sinners only plea.
Thy willingness and power to save,
Bid me remember Thee.

Till from this sinful house of clay
Thou set my spirit free.
Make me, O God, to know Thy way,
And still remember Thee.

And when at last Thou bidst me cross
Death's dark and mystic sea;
When on its surging waves, I toss,
O Lord remember me.



The Departed

Again the day, that marks for us the years
Since thou wast taken from our side, to
serve

'Mid other scenes the Giver of thy life
And ours; the Spring of all our hopes,
The Fountain of our purest joy. We still
Remain, nor lacking hope, nor aimlessly
We struggle on. We know that He in
Whom

We trust will not forsake us by the way.
For by the way or safe at home, His love
Unites us still. Wherefore we mourn
thee not,
For thou art still our own; nor time, nor
space,

Nor aeons of eternal years shall make
Thee less to us than thou hast ever been.

Our love is not of human birth, nor comes
Of mortal life, but is the gift of God.

For God Himself is Love. And though
tonight

The still sad music of the past steals o'er
Our souls, there is no discord in those
sounds,

Whose saddest echoes whisper immortality.

Thou art not dead to us, though all in vain

We seek to pierce the impenetrable

Mysterious shadow, that hides from us

The spirit land. We think of thee as
living still,

Perhaps unconscious of our stumbling
march

Along this strange uneven path of life;

It may be when we thought thee far

Thou wert, our Guardian Angel, often
nigh.

In some hour of weakness, didst thou
hover near

Thy earth-born brother, fearing he should
yield

And sin? Or, hast thou been thy sister's
guide

In many dark and trying hours? May this
not be

An Angel's work, and thou art still to us
Our human brother? Is life on earth

A preparation for the life to come?

Else why the perfect manhood of our
risen Lord:

Why did He take our nature, if not this,
To teach us how to live? Or, why wear it
In Heaven, if we bear it not before Him
Through eternity?

Or, why these weary years of hope de-
ferred?

This secret longing for the thing that slips
From out our grasp, yet ever points us

Higher. O, why this nameless undefinable
Unrest, which God alone can understand?

O, could we for one brief hour, know, as
we

Shall know when life is past. Could we

For one brief moment read as in the light
Of God, while now we try to spell and
scarcely
Hope to understand.

Mysterious life, scarce less mysterious
death!

One moment here, the next beyond
The farthest range of human thought!
What change awaits us then? Do we begin
Anew another life; or does the life
Implanted here, grow more and more like
His

Who gave it birth, yet e'en in Heaven
known

To all as *human* life redeemed, made
Glorious by the infinite expansion
Of all its powers?

