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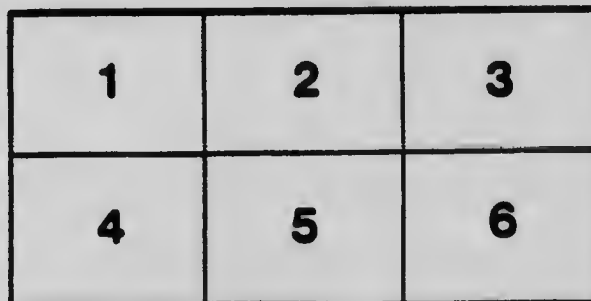
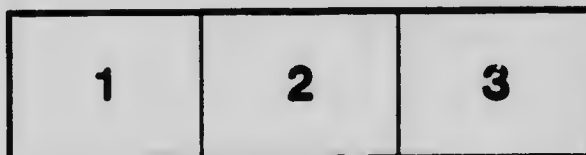
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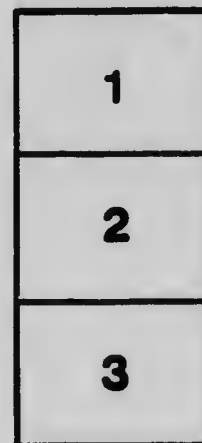
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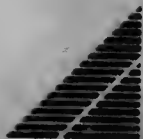
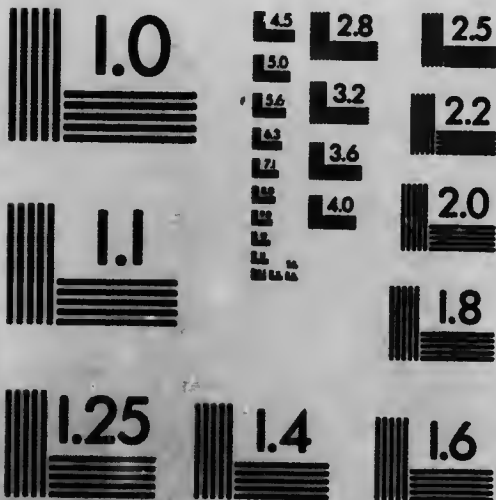
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**SONGS . .  
OF THE  
SHORE . .**

**HENRY  
TURNER  
MILLER**

**BEAMSVILLE, 1905**

819.12 M379

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## The Song of the Shore.

They ask a song in a stranger's land,  
What shall I sing as I musing stand?  
With saddened heart and eyes that weep,  
And troubled dreams that arise in sleep,  
    Under the cloud,  
    Above the sea,  
A gleam of light shines out for me.  
    Here may I find a song.

The lapping wavelets touch the beach,  
And call with a gentle mystic speech,  
Out of the vast, sweet minstrelsy,  
Eloquent tones of symphony,  
    Under the cloud,  
    Above the sea,  
A gleam of hope shines out for me,  
    Here I have found a song.

Song is oldest form of speech,  
Coming from heaven's sublimest reach,  
Songs of the angels first began  
'Ere sounds came forth from finite man,  
    Under the cloud,  
    Above the sea,  
Cleams of promise shine out for me,  
    Loftiest theme of song.

Songs of the shore are given to me,  
Songs of the soul's deep mystery,  
Showing a hand stretched out to save,  
Lifted me up from the weltering wave.  
    Under the cloud,  
    Above the sea.  
Gleams of victory reaching to me,  
    Making my life a song.

## A Dutchman's Reviere.

With sand and sun, with mist and moon,  
And shifting time and tide,  
I stand on the sea-wall's briny beat,  
With my Master by my side.

Ho to the sea ! from Zuyder Zee,  
From Zeeland's dune and drift,  
The briny breath with choking death,  
Comes burdened with many a shrift.

Hail to the sea ! I stand for the free,  
By my side is the Lord of the deep,  
Though carnage and sack, with shackle and rack,  
Make thousands of saints to weep.

Strong is the sea, with its terrible glee,  
Flooding the fields and fold,  
The roar of the dyke when the Lord shall strike,  
Like His arm upheaved of old,

Deep unto the deep, ah, Rachel must weep  
At the call of her children to die,  
But thy strong sea-wall re-echoes the call,  
For life out of death is nigh.

From generous sea, with succour so free,  
Multiplied mercies shall come,  
A town in tears, with silent cheers,  
Divine intervention shall own.

The stout sea-walls, when duty calls,  
The Dutchman's land shall free !  
And the hordes of Rome shall meet their doom,  
Bring praise to the bountiful sea.



With sand and sun, with mist and moon,  
And shifting time and tide,  
I stand on the sea-wall's briny beat,  
With my master by my side.

“Castle the Loo, 8 Dec., 1902.—The Private Secretary to Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands is commanded to transmit to the Rev. H. T. Miller her Majesty's thanks for the poem entitled ‘A Dutchman's Reverie.’ (Signed) Avander Staal, Private Secretary to H. M. the Queen of the Netherlands.”

### The Sea.

Give me the morning twilight on the strand,  
Its mystery and mist and fragrant foam,  
Flitting phantoms fleeing to the land,  
Rising, falling searching for a home.  
Restless, constant, caressing, mighty sea,  
Hiding, revealing, glints of beauty rare,  
How strange that changeless majesty to me,  
Whose changeful music drives away my care.  
I watch to see the stooping morning sky  
Touch the uplifted, palpitating sea,  
The freshening air brings up a flood of joy,  
How deep, and clear, and strong the minstrelsy.  
Now comes the dreaming haze to veil the eyes  
Of new-born radiance offspring fresh and free ;  
What tender folding clouds obscure the prize  
Of dancing waves and rippling songs of glee.  
I feel the powers of life on sandy beach,  
The mighty cliffs inspire my heart with breath ;  
The waves so old, so new, fresh lessons teach,  
And bless my courage with abounding wealth.  
Of old it knew its bars and boundry line,  
But wisdom knows no bounds, for ever free,  
The soul leaps o'er the cramping stays of time,  
Illimitable sea ! My teacher of infinity !

## Sleep.

I touch the cradle with my finger tips,  
I sooth the weary with divinest rest,  
I bend my velvet cheek to quivering lips,  
And fall like dew upon the troubled breast.

The fount of tears responds to my control,  
I close the eyelids with my balmy breath,  
I bring the solace to the jaded soul,  
And guard my charge like younger sons of death

I light up dreamland with her fancy bowers,  
Fill to completion empty stores in space,  
Flaunt my flags from lofty crystal towers,  
And clothe the contrite in the purest grace.

And yet my days are limited to time,  
Forthwith the sad will need my help no more,  
My ministry will end with songs sublime,  
As final waves break on the sounding shore.

I furl my sail. I wait the high decree,  
Mayhap my ministry may yet avail,  
When orbs spring up above some unknown sea,  
And fleets of healing come with flowing sail.

## Searching:

My spirit beats the outer boundary line,  
I travel to the marge of farthest clime,  
The blinding light blocks up the rising road,  
And I am searching still for home in God.

I train my thought to climb the rugged steep,  
My sail is trimmed for tracks across the deep,  
From thought to thought I travel far and wide,  
Only to stay the weary void beside.

I pause to preen my wings for higher flight,  
And lift my spirit for still purer sight,  
For high above the limits of my being,  
There surely is a rest for conscious being.

The altitude gives strength for further gain,  
I leave behind the dimness and the pain,  
Thy splendor shineth, though eyes are weak,  
Redoubled power comes in to bless the meek.

'Tis not what I behold with searching gaze,  
Nor rifting thoughts amid the golden maze  
That gives me strength, 'tis thine all seeing eye  
That windows make in trembling privacy.

Nursing the youngest thought that it may grow,  
Bringing the spirit's fire to truest glow,  
Bidding the wayward soul no more to roam;  
Thy hand doth hold me in my final home!

### Service

I brought a gentle and uplifting thought,  
It winged its way without a shade of fear,  
His hand had touched me though I knew it not,  
A spreading calm instilled surprising cheer.  
I gathered up my strength enough to pray,  
Called in the idle fancies from their quest,  
Rebuilt my powers upon a nobler plan,  
And found the landing place where hearts may rest.

I brought Him tender threads of hope and tears,  
He spun them to a cord so wondrous strong  
That I began to serve with strange delight,  
And sweeten labor with my joyful song.  
I brought Him souls of men deep down in mire,  
And pleaded in the agony of stress,  
He keepth back my ferid fond desires;  
When will He come my earnest aim to bless?

I brought Him haste, He answered me with calm,  
I grope in dark, with slender light I see ;  
It is enough to know that I am His,  
Too soon the bliss of burning majesty.  
Fine as a harp strig is my quivering faith,  
But it is strong with Spirit's awful power,  
This living golden thread shall run through death,  
And bring me back my spirit's primal dower.

### Where Do They Dwell?

Tell me where the poets dwell  
On mountain side or rocky dell,  
River brink where flowing stream  
Rolls in majesty serene.

Is it here the poets dwell?

Dwell they near the banks of snow,  
Or where the scented violets blow,  
Or far off banks where codlings leap,  
Or sandy banks where mermaids sleep,

Oh where do the poets dwell?

Do they sail on cloud-bank far away,  
Rise to the stars t'ill the break of day,  
Rest with eagle on mountain crest,  
Or skim with the gull the ocean's breast,

Where do they find their song?

'Tis not in the bank with the misers' dust,  
But the bank which inspires the loftiest trust,  
Touching the spring of supremest law,  
Hiding in clouds of sublimest awe,

They drink at the fount of song.

Some have soared with a mighty wing,  
And some have bled as they learned to sing,  
And all like flame rise up to give,  
Their voice where hallelujahs live,

They sing their lasting song.

## A Beachman's Reverie.

---

My face is grey, bleached by the storms of life,  
My frame is feeble from the ardent strife.

I wait in stillness for the coming song.

The sand is grey, it slides beneath my feet,  
Alone I stay to watch the coming fleet,

How soon they'll give me hail with joyful  
song.

The rocks are grey, up to the headland's  
height,

Frost and wind, hail and rain give no respite,  
But—still they echo back old ocean's song.

The sea is grey with age, sad melancholy main,  
And yet I hear the murmur of the deep refrain,

Repeating yet creation's oldest song.

The sky is grey with veil so dark and chill.

But 'tis the hoary twilight, early still,

My heart leaps up to greet the coming song.

The day-star leads the march of glorious day,  
And twilight garments lose their tints of grey,

In glow of golden dawn, I sing my song.

## Mountains.

---

They stand up close to heaven in their might,

They bare their snowy bosom to the light,

Receive the grand salute from lofty gales,

And gather liquid force to bless the vales.

Ministrants to the glorious world of mind,

Gazing enraptured lessons pure I find.

Let me respond to fleecy signals fleet,

Bending in meekness at majestic feet.

## The Lighthouse-keeper's Song.

---

The lantern tower majestic in its height  
Imparts by day fresh beauty to the scene;  
At night 'tis hid, men only see the light,  
Oh, veiled ministry to needy men.

I work unseen beneath my crystal dome;  
My golden oil emits a golden sheen;  
An unseen hand points out the path to home,  
As gladsome rays come dancing o'er the  
scene.

I call up courage in the human heart,  
I give to hope new pleasures all its own,  
Fresh draughts of joy to brightening eyes  
impart,  
To many deep desires I bring the crown.

I sing the night, it hideth many to snare;  
I trim the lamp, my mission is divine;  
What other service may with mine compare,  
Whose glad monitions through the darkness  
shine?

## Patmos.

---

The secret Patmos in my silent heart,  
Has rocky outlook far above the sea;  
Spirit lifted, spirit gifted eyes,  
Sweep with piercing view old ocean's rim.  
They come! They come! From far with  
bulging sail,  
The wind outstrips them with uplifted  
breath;  
The threatening raging foes assail no more  
O, isle of beauty washed by waves of peace.

### **The Burial of a Bird.**

---

The snow lay quiet on the lawn,  
Softly it fell before the dawn,  
And ere it fell a sacred scene  
Transpired to eyes we have not seen:  
A bird had come to the portal low,  
And begged a shroud of the beautiful snow.

The angels moved at the Father's call,  
And folded the graceful, snowy pall;  
They saw the solemn host move on,  
And heard the requiem one by one,  
A funeral march in the stilly night,  
A resting place of the purest white.

He marks the sparrow in its fall,  
He loves us notwithstanding all,  
Assures us of our higher worth,  
By bringing costly treasures forth;  
Wealth of purpose, during love,  
Wait for the chosen ones above.

### **The First Life Boat.**

---

Duplicate of pure creative mind,  
How clear the plan in counsel most divine,  
The pliant rush in tender woman's hand  
Defies the fiat of the mighty king.

The Royal daughter hears a plaintive cry,  
The rescue gives a thrill of highest joy.  
Saved to save, and bring through waters wild,  
And sound the timbrels on the farther shore.

## The Patrolman's Song.

---

My stay at the beach of time is short,  
The joy of the Lord is long.  
Give me but room to string my harp,  
And perfect myself in song.

The night shades yield to the morning glow,  
The watch fires dimly burn,  
A tiny sneck on the ocean's rim,  
Fore-shadows my bark's return.

Cometh the rest to my weary eye?  
Rest to my long tired heart.  
Cometh the call from over the sea,  
Bidding me rise and depart.

The music of time is a fleeting chime,  
But the musings are deep and free,  
I gather my strength from day to day,  
And watch for the call from the sea.

Gladly I leave the surf-strewn beach,  
Waves I have loved so long,  
Released! I bid farewell to time  
And welcome the signal with song.

'Tis past, the long patrolman's watch,  
Silent the minute gun.  
The worst of storms has rolled away,  
Joy without end begun.



## The Saltmaker's Song.

---

Sun-dried salt is an important industry on the south coast of Spain.

I fill my vessel to the brink,  
Then take my wonted rest,  
And bid my Patron come and drink,  
And gather to his breast.

Lifting invisible mists on high,  
Forming the cloud banks bold,  
What tinted fleets adorn the sky,  
Amber and green and gold!

I dip my cup in the rolling surf,  
Glorious, fresh and free,  
How glad are the waves with their leap and  
laugh,  
As they shout their welcome to me.

I touch the hem of the garment bright  
And beauties freely flow,  
Enwrapped in sheen of the lustrous light,  
Coming in ebb and flow.

I rest by the side of the rolling deep,  
And hear the billows sing,  
He makes the rolling billows sleep,  
And healing virtues bring.

## Not Unto Death.

---

The waves of sickness lead not unto death,  
But to the haven where I take my breath,  
And furl my sail and drop my anchor fast,  
And hail the first glad day of being not the last.  
"Not unto death," but to an open door,  
Where scenes of glory hidden heretofore,  
Shall trim my soul with dignity divine,  
And in the dress of moral beauty shine.  
"Not unto death," God's children never die,  
A silvery mist is all they can descry,  
For death is far behind, a conquered foe,  
And life is present with its living glow.  
"Not unto death," but unto ends desired,  
By lifted hands and ardent love inspired,  
The living children of the living God,  
Pass the low portal in the upward road.

## The Sleeping Child.

---

She heard the music in her dreams,  
And smiled in her gentle sleep,  
Can you tell me the length of the spirit gleams,  
As they rise from the silent deep?  
Come they from song bird soft and low,  
From grand ancestral line,  
Or like the wings of the wind that blow  
From mountain crest sublime?  
So near to the birth of joy am I,  
As I gaze on the sleeping face,  
Presage of the music heard on high,  
When life is crowned with grace.

## The Ocean of the Soul.

---

Annals of this wondrous sea,  
Who shall read its mystery?  
Past and future how combine,  
Fringed with margin most divine.  
Who shall drop the sounding line?  
Ascertain the coasts and clime,  
Island harbor, ample bay,  
Shelter from the blinding spray.  
Measureless, expanding reach,  
Passing thought, confounding speech,  
Detached amid a strange distress,  
I pine for Spirit's fond caress.  
I may not know, I calmly wait,  
Shadows veil the ample gate,  
Unsurveyed and unexplored,  
I claim the promise of the Lord.  
He alone can take my hand,  
Bring me to the golden strand,  
Where is he that trod the sea?  
Calm in glorious majesty.

## The Song of the Bell Buoy.

---

The treacherous banks stretch out a league  
away,  
I sing salvation with my brazen bray,  
Swing and sheer and roll for good of men,  
A priestly service without book or ban.  
A trophie crown adorns my rusty head,  
In times of fog I tap the Pilot's dread,  
Ring out the cheer with metal monotone,  
With iron tongue I bid dull care begone.

## The Incomplete.

---

I did not tell thee all when last we met;  
How could these lips but speak the incomplete?  
My feeble breath but faintly filled the sail,  
Where love was waiting for a generous gale.

How deep the pain to know we cannot bring  
Forth from the heart the thoughts we cannot  
sing?

Is it the lack of thought or faltering tongue  
That leaves our holiest sentiments unsung?

Our fairest visions we can never paint.  
Blinded and spent, our ardent spirits faint;  
Our highest thoughts are hidden in the light,  
Our highest deeds come not to human sight.

The love-light in the eye gives but a beam,  
And scant the harvest-hungry spirits glean:  
The warmest glow, the sweetest fond embrace,  
Bring pinched reflections of the tell-tale face.

These hints and gleams and shadows all foretell  
That perfect vision shall forever dwell  
With those who know and ever will be know-  
ing  
When souls in God and God in souls keep grow-  
ing.

## Stepping Stones

---

Mountain of many moods so cold and grey:  
Thy snow-swathed pinnacles greet the morn-  
ing light,  
Thy sunset gold adorns departing day,  
While thunder clouds swoop down in threat-  
ening flight.

Thy voice awakens faint response in me,  
Thou comest near in mystery and mist,  
Grand, luminous, up-reaching, bold and free,  
But thou art dumb before my high request.

I find no rock of ages in the rocks,  
I find no shelter in thy vast domain,  
No deep regrets for cruel, sudden shocks,  
No kind relenting for my earnest pain.

The snow-clad fastness glitters in the morn,  
The throbbing eaglets flutter in the nest,  
I find no throbbing heart beneath the dome,  
No conscious feeling in thy iron breast.

I scan the height, but higher still I rise  
Beyond the vast unspeakable, sublime,  
These stepping stones shall help me to the skies.  
Because my make is of a loftier clime.

## Departed Infants

---

He gathers infants to His breast  
It is His holy way,  
He calls them sweetly to His rest,  
To light of endless day.

From mother's arms to heavenly fold,  
From grief and care and sin,  
He lifts by mercies manifold.  
And shuts the loved ones in.

They gain the palm without the fight,  
The crown without the cross,  
They reach the realm of purest light,  
Who suffered here no loss.

They gain the peace without the pain,  
Enter a full reward,  
Innocence its laurels gain,  
By favour of the Lord.

Millions born and carried Home,  
Resting on His breast,  
Christ! when this sad world is done,  
Bring us to Thy rest.

### Hymn.

---

Thy grace benign sustains my earnest quest,  
Thy shadeless light unveils the perfect truth,  
Thy very greatness is my fullest rest,  
And beautifies my spirit's primal youth.

Give me to rise on morning's wing to see  
Beyond horizon's rim, the city fair,  
And peer through pearly gate on glassy sea,  
On wealth untold in lasting beauty rare.

Unblemished gleams from lofty lucent sphere,  
Tell of a feast where kindred spirits throng.  
The pure in heart shall see the vision clear,  
And lips anointed chant their thrilling song.

## Thy Way is in the Sea.

---

Thy way is in the sea,  
Broad and deep and high,  
Mists rise up to hide  
Divinest ministry.

The winds from treasures far  
Sing of thy mighty breath,  
Dark huricanes declare  
Thy power of life and death.

Thou art still my quest,  
I find thee but in part,  
Unknown thy high decree,  
O mystery of my heart.

Only the pure may see  
The barque that safely glides,  
Only saintly souls perceive  
The swell of thy mighty tides.

No wrecks along the coast,  
No derelict left behind,  
The angel convoys sweep  
In wondrous compact bind.

Yet dost thou bless and guide,  
With large and generous hand,  
Thy way is bounding onward,  
Home to the heavenly land.

## The Tidal Way.

---

I wonder as I wait in land-locked bay,  
If comes the ship I saw in last night's dream,  
Floating and flaunting flags the tidal way,  
Mysterious, strong, far-reaching stream.

Or, shall I see the splinters of the rock,  
And bits of bulwark floating from the fray,  
Only a fragment from the dreadful shock,  
A moving sign of treasure passed away?

Will shores be tideless in these upper spheres,  
And painful visions start no more with  
fright,

And resting souls bid long farewell to tears,  
Hard by the city of the saints in light?

## Mountain Gates.

---

Daybreak tips the mountains with her gleam,  
And giant pinnacles attract the snow,  
Pure as the motion of the infant's dream,  
Calm as the conquering ray of saintly brow.

The evening twilight gilds the mountain peak,  
A farewell, and a promise of the morn,  
These daily double twilights fondly speak,  
Or shadeless light to crown the spirit-born.

The mountains are the warders of the light,  
Guarding the palace high above the stars;  
What conquering hosts returning from the  
fight,  
And martyred throng with crowns above  
their scars.



## The Angel Death.

---

“Hath he not always treasures, always friends, the good great man? three treasures—love and light and calm thoughts regular as infant’s breath: and three firm friends, more sure than day and night—himself, his Maker and the angel Death.”—Coleridge.

Come in thy strength, most glorious death,  
Lift to the land of living breath.

Emerging from mysterious deep,  
Soothe with thy doubly welcome sleep.

Sleep! thy younger fairest son,  
Cradle song when work is done.

Composing strains when storms are past,  
Rest for the weary watch at last.

Derelict drifting in yeastv foam,  
Rescued crew in their lasting home.

Vacant cell on the mountain slope,  
Hermit gone to the land of hope.

Happy day that breaks our chain,  
When nought but life and light remain.

Death to the saints hath lost its sting,  
Strong is their taste as they rise and sing.

Old partition walls thrown down,  
By death divine they reach the crown.

## Come and Dine.

---

What is this form on the sandy beach,  
    Busy with work sublime,  
Giving a hail in' the human speech,  
    Bidding them come and dine?  
With scarred hands he gathered the wood,  
    Roasting the fish in the sun,  
Preparing for hungry men their food,  
    When toils of the sea are done.  
What are these marks on his manly feet,  
    On his brow, where the crown should be,  
A generous hail to the fishermen's fleet,  
    And a meal by the side of the sea.  
Wholesome fears on their souls were cast,  
    Revered worship given,  
A double meal, a sweet repast,  
    O rarest bread from heaven.  
Bread for the body, bread for the soul,  
    By resurrection power,  
O bonds complete to make them whole,  
    Crown of their lasting dower.

## The Silent Artist.

---

“For of the soul the body form doth take  
For soul is form and doth the body make.”  
Bright are the lineaments I trace,  
Blushes rise and tinge the waiting face,  
I draw from far the softest rays of calm,  
And springs of silent music yield the balm.  
With fingers deft I weave the yielding tress,  
And tinted lines of grace come up to bless.  
While swelling beauty blotteth out the care,  
And fairest touches make the form most fair.

## Fragments of Prayer.

---

Infinite fragments of prayer,  
Gathered from every clime,  
Make an environment rare,  
Sanctified tributes of time.

Tinges of eloquent tears,  
Fresh from the toil and the strife,  
Breaking away from the fears,  
Rising to rapturous life.

Wreaths of a beautiful form,  
Dressed in the beams of the light,  
Rise in the freshness of morn,  
Bound for the throne that is white.

Breath of Jehovah's might,  
Spirit of love sent down,  
Chains of unspeakable light,  
Binding the King to his own.

## Behold Thy Mother.

---

And from that hour that disciple took her  
unto his own home.—John xix. 27.

O tender trust come to my home and rest  
Till the last hour of time's fast ebbing tide.

When thoughts too big for utterance claim  
thy heart

We will commune beneath the sacred roof  
Of depth, and height, and range of mighty  
love,

And the lone place chosen for thy pain!  
And for amends, in highest counsel found,  
A glory greatest of created good!

## The Song of the Snowflakes.

“But yet the snow lies thick on Hermon’s  
breast,  
And daily at his source the stream is born.”  
—Jean Ingelow.

We touch the crag with out silent feet,  
Welcome our comrades true,  
Forerunners of a wondrous fleet,  
Floating in purest blue.

We fly on the wings of the whitest light,  
A vast, uncounted throng,  
And only the angels see the sight  
And hear the rapturous song.

We rest from our long and arduous flight,  
Wait and rejoice in the sun,  
Speak to the stars in the silent night,  
River-men every one.

What joy to move from the quiet bed,  
Touched by the ruling hand,  
A silent rill from the mountain head,  
Seeking to reach the strand.

Murmuring on, a river that lives,  
Kissing the rays of the sun,  
Floating the fisherman’s boat as it gives  
Joy to the thirsty town.

And on to the ocean broad and wide,  
Room for the brave and the free,  
Touched by the curving saline tide,  
Our home is the bounding sea.

## Overdue.

---

The belt of calm enclosed the idle ship,  
The under-swell moved the sleeping sail,  
The silent cat's-paw touched the glassy sea,  
And weary prisoners to elements sublime  
Lifted their prayer to the freshening breeze:  
    But look towards the sea !  
The welcome wavelets sing their morning song,  
And roll to shelving beach their welcome sign,  
Twin mystic power of wind and wave,  
Bringing to weary hearts a gleam of hope.  
What is that speck on far horizon's rim?  
Stung like a gem in line of living light.  
A sail! A sail still nearer comes,  
The breezes freshen and the tide is in;  
And now the bulging sail grows big:  
See! the flag distinct from pennants flies,  
Flutters aloft to tell the welcome news,  
The anchor's cast, and soon the crew's on shore,  
And in the cottage by the sea is joy.

## Deathless King.

---

Morning stars let go the night,  
Welcome hazy rosy light,  
Prophets panting for the child,  
Hail Thy advent mercy mild!  
Saints are gathered to final home,  
Thy smile their everlasting crown,  
Come to Thy throne and claim the whole,  
Deathless King of the deathless soul.

## Runners and Carriers.

Mark vi. 54.

---

A sail! A sail! the beach is all astir,  
And eager eyes descry the well-known boat;  
Straightway they give the Mighty Healer hail!

Run, run to the hamlet on the hill  
And down the glen, along the winding shore,  
Shout as ye run with strong redoubled joy:  
Mothers, bring your sickly, helpless babes:  
Strong men, rig your hammocks for the  
weak;

Make for the shore, He tarries but a while,  
Others must touch and taste the healing  
power;

Run to the beach for health and peace and  
life.

## He Hideth Himself.

Job xxiii. 9.

---

He hides behind the mountain mist,  
Behind the salt sea haze.  
Fold on fold on His ample breast,  
Where mortals may not gaze.

Behind the stars' far-reaching sheen,  
Behind creation's span,  
Behind the adamant screen.  
He stores up grace for man.

The angels bow in holy mien,  
His face they may not see,  
But what to them remains unseen  
Is saint's felicity.

And as the friendly years roll on,  
With sweet enlarging pace,  
We see the way to light and song,  
And taste the children's grace.

And still he drives the mists away,  
Clothed in the redemptive dress,  
While darkest clouds bring on the day,  
The folds grow less and less.

What saintly triumphs for the soul  
Adorn the upward road,  
Familiar hands devoutly roll  
Last fold from face of God!

### In the Doldrums.

---

This wide Sargossa sea's entangling power  
Gives faintness to my spirit as I wait,  
The faltering wind scarce gives three knots an  
hour,

O mighty bars at this great ocean's gate.

Come ye faithful trade winds, half a gale,  
Come with quivering life so new and strong.  
Welcome the tightening brace and bulging  
sail,

I walk the deck with soul elate with song.

Sargossa sea of sin, retards defies,  
When only three knot breezes can avail,  
Hark to the list! A rush comes from the skies,  
And now we speed impelled by heaven-sent  
gale.

## Half Mast.

---

Hoist the bunting half-mast high,  
Another craft has landed,  
The storm has left her high and dry,  
Her parts are all disbanded.

The pilot with his unseen face  
Controlled the quivering helm,  
How full the measure of his grace,  
When hurling seas o'erwhelm.

Did you see the angels hover round?  
A convoy most complete,  
What signals fair to the homeward-bound  
Came from victorious fleet.

She came from far in the misty past,  
Floated a separate thought,  
A personal name adorned the mast,  
Equipped at wondrous cost.

Who can clasp the human soul,  
And all its powers impel?  
But He who made the spirit whole,  
With untold ransom tell.

The half-mast flag marks not the end  
Of sailing o'er the main,  
Another mast to the breeze shall bend,  
And lasting joys proclaim.



## Communion.

---

Thou can'st not intermeddle with my joy,  
I dwell so deep behind the strongest veil,  
When lofty themes my active powers employ.  
What kindly greetings shout their generous  
hail.

So well attuned my ear, I understand  
The glad monitions of the spirit's voice,  
The gentle foot-fall and the helping hand  
Confirm me in my high and final choice.

A double choice adorns me like a crown,  
The choice from heaven evoked my frail em-  
brace,  
A double purpose makes me all His own,  
'Tis mine, 'tis Thine in fellowship of grace.

Ah! not in proud disdain I close the gate  
Against all comers of the human kind,  
It is because I stand and silent wait,  
As in His heart the well of life I find.

I dwell with Him in secret converse glad,  
With Him I share the tears of rescued  
thongs,  
And hail the hosts in shining garments clad,  
Who change their prayers to shouts of lofty  
songs.

## Wind-Bound.

---

Blow mighty wind and hold me fast,  
Safe in the shelter of the land-locked bay,  
I may not hoist a sail upon the mast,  
Ambitious far-off hazards find a stay.

At anchor laid, deterrent storms blow on,  
Keeping back bold ventures on the deep,  
I soothe my spirit with a plaintive song,  
And dream of broken projects in my sleep.

Hast thou not a refuge for thy saints?  
Where seeming foul-wind oft is kindly fair,  
And though I'm prone to utter my complaints,  
Yet do I find a solace for my care.

Bind my wind-bound spirit to thy sway,  
Let me think thy thoughts, then shall I see  
An inner glory as I calmly pray,  
A silent power that bends my soul to thee.

## Bread.

---

Dainty dish in the angel's hand,  
Bread so passing sweet,  
Nutriment from the spirit land,  
Speeding so passing fleet.

Did you hear the hum in the early morn,  
Two grinding the meal for the day,  
The two that were set when the soul was born,  
To watch and to wait and to pray?

Do they gather the grass for the oven's heat?  
And watch with diligent care,  
And mix their choice confection sweet,  
With hands, when not folded in prayer?

And gather wheat from the Master's store,  
Harvest of wondrous thought,  
Sailing out from the peaceful shore,  
Laden with heavenly freight.

Think of the Master's smile o'er all,  
The served, and the servants one,  
Bread for the soul while eternities roll,  
O joy of the Master's home.

### Prison Gate Song.

Brothers, let us patient wait  
At the dismal prison gate,  
Where the chains that hold them fast shall be  
no more,  
For the loved will not be long,  
Ere they join us in the song,  
And rise with us to scenes where all adore.

Let us cheerfully abide,  
At the only Master's side,  
The girdle holds the key that shuts them out;  
Homeward let the prisoners go,  
From the dark and subtle foe,  
The heavenly shores shall tremble with the  
shout.

They are waiting at the portal.  
For the precious train immortal,

Lo! the sun of time is sinking in the west;  
Clad in garments light as day,  
They climb up their shining way  
To the Presense where they find their final rest.

### **The Tree Toad.**

---

Welcome little tree toad,  
Sing with might and main,  
Coming parching tongues to bless.  
Prophet of the rain.

Sweetest liquid warbler  
Swiftly trills the strain;  
Denizen of tree-top,  
Prophet of the rain.

Double-quick the chatter,  
Faster the refrain;  
Clouds pour down to answer  
Purest prayer for rain.

### **The Snail.**

---

A moving house and yet a home,  
Pilot and craft and power in one.  
To rest and move, thy choice is law,  
To thee is given to drive and draw.  
"Instruct me softly to make haste,  
While these my feet go slowly fast."  
I trace thy path in silver thread,  
In dark thou seekest thy daily bread.  
Silently moving, with curving grace,  
Modestly hiding thy hooded face,  
Weaving a luminous wake by night,  
Quaint designs for the morning light,

Calling up wonder in human heart,  
Adding some hint for works of art;  
How pure thy contemplation true,  
How sweet and welcome thy drops of dew !  
Silent artist, teach thou me  
By thy luminous ministry  
How I may in quiet ways  
Help the pure in heart to praise,  
Hiding thy head beneath thy hood,  
Sleeping in tangled underwood.

### A Leaf From My Log.

---

I paid her well with the best of gold—  
Gold from a loving heart—  
Coils of wonderful wealth untold—  
Wealth that will ne'er depart.  
Unmeasured, unmerited, affluence deep—  
Deeper than deep blue sea—  
Computed by tears from eyes that weep,  
And tortures that silent be.  
For who can reckon the height of love,  
Or dive to the depths unknown.  
And tell of the isles or coast or cove  
Where heart-throes never come?  
She sailed in the night, she sailed in the day,  
Heart-mate lived so long,  
In storm and calm my bountiful stay,  
In secret my solace and song.  
Constant, unfailing, all round the world  
She gladdened my lonely way,  
Waved her live welcome when sails we furled  
And the anchor was dropped in the bay.

## O Love Stay Long.

---

O Love stay long and smile and rest thy wing;  
What grace of form and color woven fair,  
And swelling odours from the censor's swing;  
What priceless gems may with these joys  
compare?

The dreary night watch hours now sink to rest,  
And mountain tops salute the coming day,  
Bear this sad heart upon thy bounding breast,  
And bid these pent-up tremors melt away.

For smiles build up accumulated joy,  
The face divine emits the purest gleam,  
O love stay long, my earnest powers employ,  
And weep thy rainbow tears with beautiful  
beam.

## A Port of Call.

---

I sailed o'er the sea to the landing place,  
Answered the signal given,  
Left there my load at the call of His grace,  
Took in my title to heaven.

Farewell to the pains of a dismal life,  
Darkness and fear and wrong,  
A glad exchange that ends the strife,  
As I sail away with a song.

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