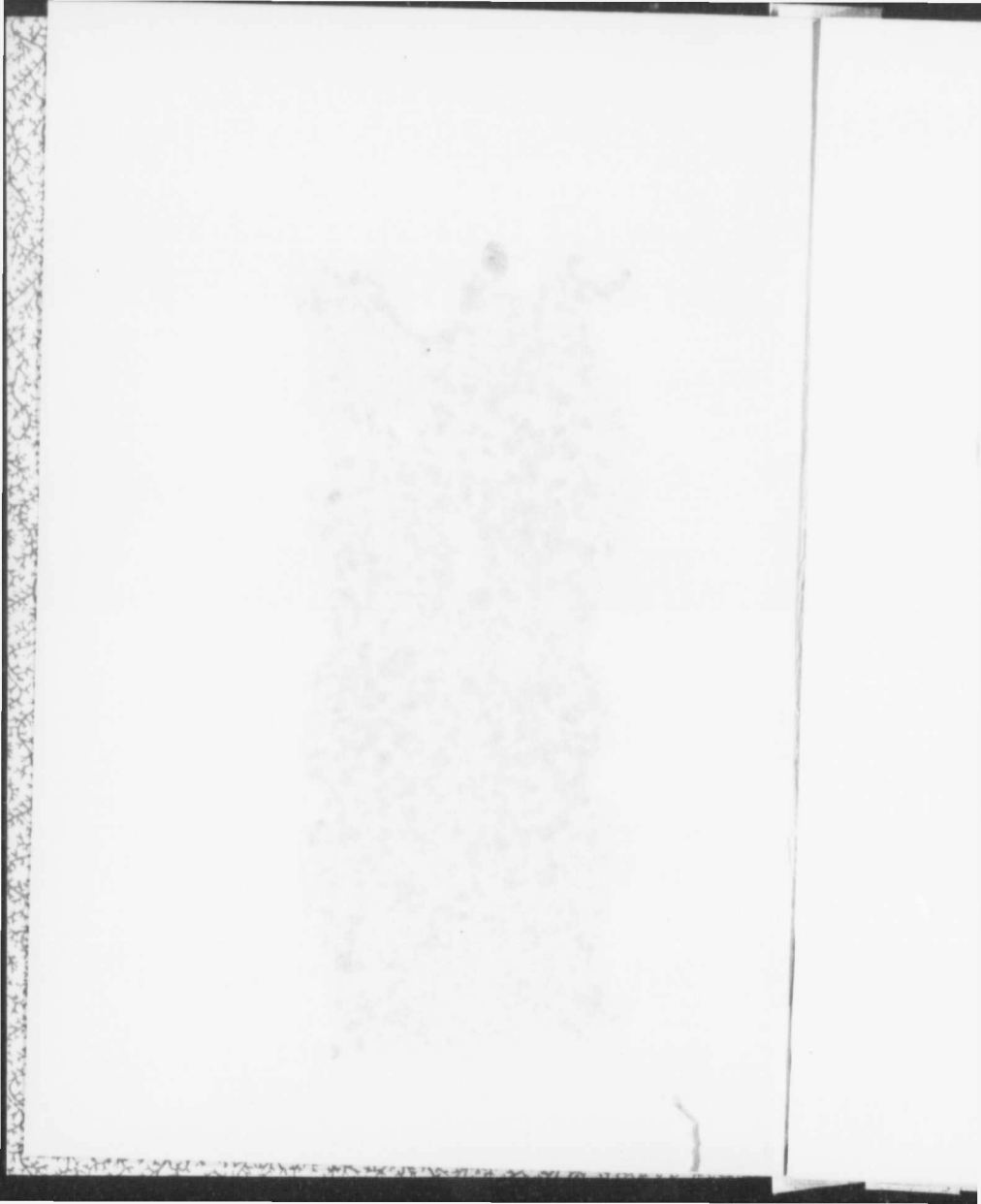


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POEMS  
OF  
ELAINE VADLAN



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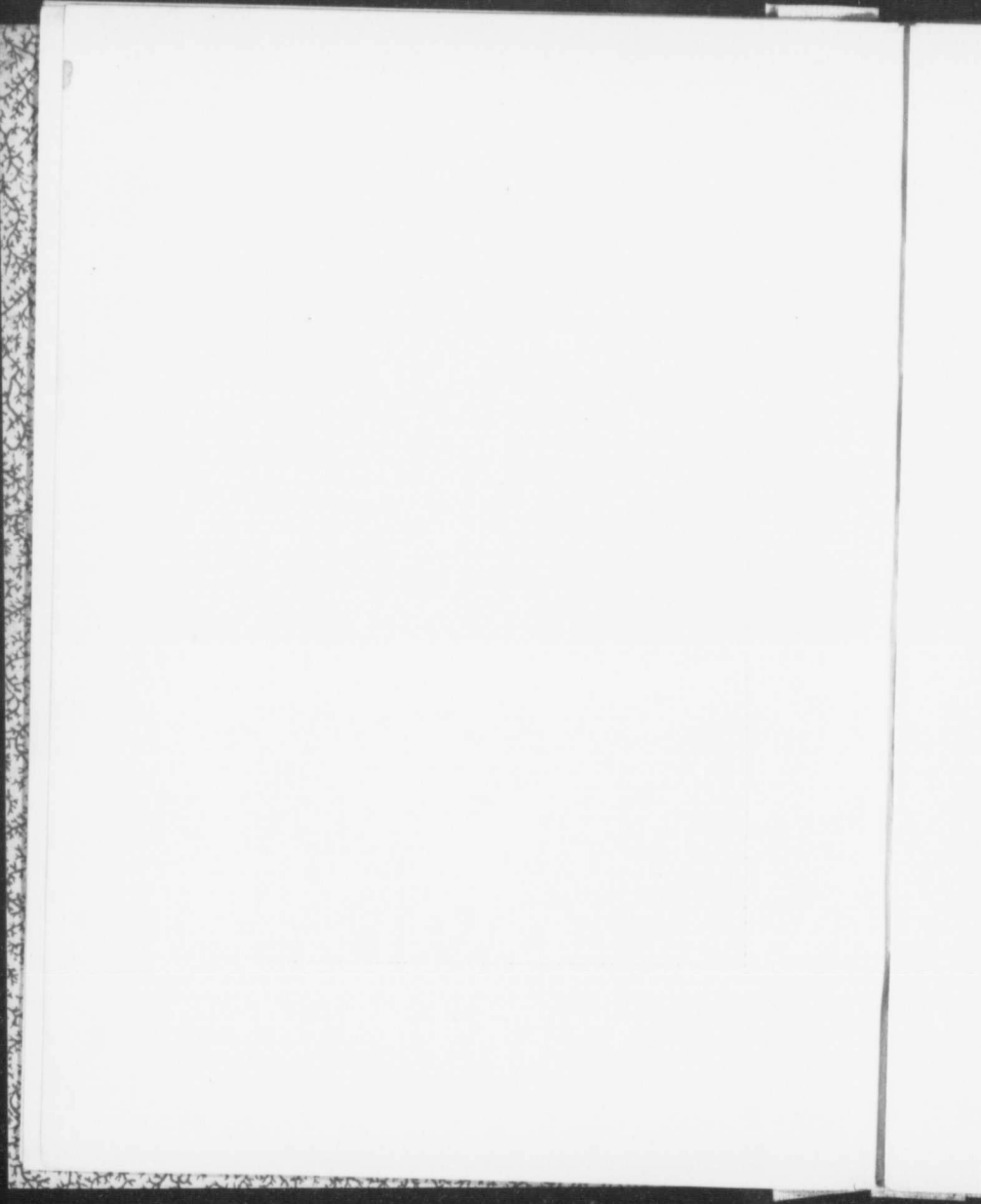
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## A FOREWORD

Many who will in future years ponder over the poems in this book may see some faults. If so, remember kindly that by faults and imperfections we catch a glimpse of the more perfect. If, in the time that is to be, these thoughts, planted and grown in the human heart of the writer, give just a longing and hope in the eternity of life, they will have done their work. With this mystic touch that makes the whole world kin, my hope is that inspiration through this little book will come to many lonely, hungry hearts.

—E. Vadlan.

## GOD IS LOVE

16 O God above, who knowest all of love,  
18 Give us more wisdom, knowledge, grace,  
20 That as the day speeds away,  
22 We draw near to Thy dear face.

12 O God above, who knowest all of love,  
14 Give us patience to endure,  
16 Those tests of time and place,  
18 Fulfil in us Thy promise sure.

10 O God above, who knowest all of love,  
12 Give us undying faith in Thee;  
14 That tho' the world may false remain,  
16 Yet thou, O God, may we forever see.

10 O God above, who knowest all of love,  
12 Give us Thyself in every shine or shower,  
14 When darkness with its fearful doubts  
16 arises,  
18 Hold us, dear Saviour, in Thy power.

## SPRING

6  
7  
8  
9  
The wintry curtain falls,  
Blushing treads the early Spring,  
Walking forth from woodland walls,  
A new awakening brings.

6  
7  
8  
9  
She calls her playmates forth  
That snugly hidden lie;  
They gladly leave the earth  
And hasten at her cry.

6  
7  
8  
9  
Let's play our game so well,  
That the world may be bright each day;  
Let's work our magic spell  
Transforming the land so gray.

7  
8  
9  
As soon as the word, the deed  
Until by the end of June;  
The fairies with mystical touch  
Had covered the land with bloom.

## A THOUGHT

Deep as the depth of the ocean,  
Sweet as the scent of a rose,  
Mixed with a thousand emotions,  
It springs from a heart in repose;  
Filling the being with gladness,  
Turning all darkness to day,  
Quickening the beat of pulses,  
Changing the course of life's way.

---

When the sorrow deepens as the days go  
by,  
When the cross grows heavy as we up-  
wards try,  
When the days seem longer and the  
nights grow weary too,  
Then we long for Jesus, the dear Lord,  
so true.

## SONG OF PRAISE

A song of praise and gladness  
Keeps ringing in my soul;  
For Earth's old chains are loosening  
Their strong and stedfast hold.

They can keep my feet no longer  
Joined together in their grip;  
They have fallen from my fingers,  
And beneath my tread they slip.

For an Unseen Hand now holds mine,  
As it never did before;  
He, of whom our Father spoke  
Has been knocking at the door.

When at first His gentle knocking  
Hour by hour kept up that call,  
And His Spirit hovering near me  
Urged me on beyond recall.

Then, one day, my eyes were opened  
Lo, the Stranger at the door;  
Who had been the constant pleader  
Many days in wasted hours of yore.

With trembling hands the latch was  
raised,  
My heart's glad cry was joy;  
For I had found the Saviour,  
He doth now my all employ.

Such a kind and loving Master,  
Can ne'er on earth be found;  
He is guiding me to Heaven  
For to share the promised crown,

Which He Himself hath promised  
To His followers here that know,  
How to follow in His footsteps  
And walk with Him below.

## THE PINK CARNATION

'Twas only a pink carnation,  
But O, how sweet and fair!  
Breathing of consecration,  
To a life full of wear and tear.

Soothed were the ruffled feelings,  
As the words were so sweetly said,  
"This is for you, my darling."  
Then the Stranger passed on ahead.

The one with the pink carnation  
Grew happier step by step;  
For the loving act and token  
Of the passer she could not forget.

The way to her duty seemed shorter,  
When brightened by Love's little flower;  
'Twas only a pink carnation,  
But with it went life and power.



The day long is passed when 'twas given,  
But the kind act so graciously done;  
Will remain an eternal emblem  
Of blessings scattered at morn.

How little we think in the morning,  
That chances are passing our way;  
If we would but only seize them  
They would carry a memory for aye.

Of a kind deed tenderly given,  
A pleasant word earnestly said  
May win a soul to Heaven  
When thro' Christ this small stream is  
fed.

Until by the wide river's waters  
Of gentle acts, words and deeds,  
We receive our full share of God's  
mercies  
For sharing with those who need.

## HEART OF GOLD

One, a woman freed from dross  
This heart of gold possessed;  
'Twas not the cost,  
That souled her rest,  
But Christ, who saved the lost.

One, had a heart of gold,  
That helped along the way;  
In kindness manifold,  
That held a Heaven taught sway,  
And rocked the soul.

One, had a heart of gold  
That soothed the grief  
Of many in the fold,  
Where twined the wreath  
Of sorrow round the soul.

One, had a heart of gold  
That shone in beauty's gleam;  
Its warmth dispelled the cold  
And made one dream  
The priceless value of a soul.

One, had a heart of gold  
Who heaped it high;  
That others might behold  
And hear the cry,  
"Come unto me," lost soul.

One, had a heart of gold  
Who richness ran  
In shimmering stream untold;  
Reaching beyond the farthest strand  
Where lived the soul.

One, had a heart of gold,  
Who gave its wealth  
To suffering and rolled  
The glory by stealth  
In place, where God is soul.

One, had a heart of gold,  
Whose melting spread  
In love so wondrous old;  
In words so sweetly said  
It satisfied the soul.

Heart of gold, live thou  
Beneath the crowning brow;  
Let the golden light  
Speed on its flight;  
Till Time wings thy soul to God.

---

### THE CROSS ROADS

On every cross-road that we reach  
The Saviour's marks are placed;  
Some, come early, some, come late,  
But there is a mark for each.

Journeying onward to the goal,  
That all must reach some day,  
Cross-roads and by-ways themselves  
unroll,  
To test us; in every way.

Ever inclined to run on ahead,  
Of the Master's plans for us;  
We arrive at the cross-roads and dread  
To see, no marks left there to trust.

## THE MAPLE LAND

The land of fair things,  
Where the broad rivers sing  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land of sunshine,  
Where the birds sing sublime  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land of sweet ties,  
Where the high mountains rise  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land of the free,  
Where our true hearts should be  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land of our childhood,  
Where youth roved in wild-wood,  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land we love best,  
Where our life is at rest  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land of our birth,  
Where we treasure the earth  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

The land that is dear,  
Where love lingers all year  
Is the land, where the maple grows.

---

“A PLEA”

Fret not, my noble heart,  
'Tis shadowy years that keep us now  
apart,

When anguish holds me in her grip,  
Blurring my eyes and causing tighter lip;  
Then 'tis Thy will O Father thus to be,  
I turn me, to the cross and call to Thee.

Fret not my loving soul,  
Always art mine, the passing years may  
roll;

Our love unbounded and unchanged  
shall reign;

Resulting in more power and greater  
gain;

Lasting throughout that night and end-  
less day,

When Heaven breaks loose in earth's  
last sun-set ray.

## THE PURE WHITE BLOSSOM

It lay in the cold, dark earth  
Till its blanket had melted away;  
Then the sun shone bright,  
And it said, "All right,  
I'll just start growing to-day."

It grew up into the air,  
Till its petals were plainly seen;  
Then the sunbeams played truly,  
And it said, "I will duly  
Put forth my white flowers, that gleam."

It blossomed in early Spring-time,  
Till its fragrance was scattered around;  
Then, some one passed by,  
The white flow'ret did spy,  
Took it up from its home in the ground.

Dear little, lovely, white blossom,  
You lived not your life in vain;  
For you carried joy,  
To the heart of a boy,  
Whose cross was but one of pain.

Dear, little, beautiful gem,  
You healed with your magical cure;  
For the heart grew strong,  
Tho' the way was long,  
And you made one life more pure.

---

### OUR LOVE

On that first evening when thine eyes  
sought mine,

In eager anticipation and delight,  
Didst not thou pour thy burning embers  
On my soul, which would endure for-  
evermore?

And when the night had drawn her  
curtain round,

Did not thine heart with feelings  
Unexpressed, give forth the fire  
That should burn on by sun, or moon,  
or star?

Alas! dear heart of mine, that such a rent  
Should come, between our paths;



Did we not hold a holy sacred sway  
O'er each other's hearts and way?

But, the living embers burn every one,  
Lit by the Eternal Light and never one  
Shall die, but reign beyond if not here;  
In divine brightness in the Kingdom  
near.

'Twas no fond foolishness and idle sport,  
But the Infinite into which, we two were  
dipped  
At the self-same time and tuned to sing  
one glorious song  
Of love, unboundless and unbounding  
long.

It was and still is yet of value more  
than gold,  
But like the best of metals  
Into the furnace heat of trial and trou-  
ble come,  
To perfect, it must take its lengthened  
run.

Yet would we have it otherwise, know-  
ing the Father's plan?  
Ah! no, rather let us endure the heat  
and burning,  
So at the last, we may feel  
The true warmth of perfect, peaceful  
joy returning.

We know, we understand, the faintest  
wish or sigh,  
That oft escapes in the purifying flame,  
But when 'tis done, all glory be  
To Him who is our Sun.

To be more like the perfect man and  
feel, the more His perfect life  
In ours, repays the past and present  
joys and pain;  
To know that in the end 'twill all be  
gain,  
The heavenly home, the palm stamped  
with the Father's name.

## THE STRUGGLER

There's a way to go, but 'tis hard we  
know,

'Tis the path that the Saviour trod;  
There's a hill to climb, but in God's  
good time,

We will reach the top-most sod.

There's a struggle to win in this world  
of sin,

'Tis Temptation's well-worn way;  
There's a hope to gain in the Father's  
name,

That will last every coming day.

Lifted by faith, tho' the trials surround,  
Traveling thro' troubles that come;  
When with the dear Lord in Heaven  
we're found,

Let us hear the glad tidings, "Well  
done!"

## THE MIDNIGHT HOURS

'Tis way past midnight,  
And the still, small hours creep on,  
The wind blows hoarse and chill  
Outside my casement;  
Yet, within, the throbbing life goes on,  
As ever thus it did and will  
Until the last, great call  
Shall come, to carry with it  
Love and life and song.

'Tis way past midnight  
And the new day's coming on;  
Carrying its load of joy and sorrow,  
Nay, now invisible  
In the onward flight of its dark shades,  
Kind in bringing nearer Heaven's bright  
home,  
But cruel in bidding pilgrims the weary  
cross renew  
Of days and yesterdays, so fraught with  
pain,  
That morrow's sun the life-blood  
Ne'er could melt in human frame.

'Tis way past midnight,  
And the hunger call is heard  
With myriad prayers that shake and  
    rend the soul,  
God-given, God-redeemed,  
And so because of that  
It seeks, only one haven 'neath  
The shading canopy of day and night,  
Where comfort unspeakable is found  
In Love's eternal light.

'Tis way past midnight,  
And the depth of gloom is brightened,  
By a star, that sheds a lustrous ray  
And burnishes the tarnished shield of  
    Hope,  
Whose careful vigilance and steadfast-  
    ness  
Fails seldom, save only when the mind  
Plays false and rests itself upon the  
    fading sands of earth;  
Where naught is found but crime,  
With sickness, want and dearth.

'Tis way past midnight  
But the vision, grand and glorious  
Comes on anon;  
Love soars forth triumphant  
On silvered feet to greet the eternal  
dawn,

Tho' heavy fetters bind the body down  
The spirit speeds its upward flight,  
And joins the mate it missed  
In the world's dark night.

'Tis way past midnight,  
And the hours do shorter grow,  
But the tryst is kept  
And the sad tears wept as the night  
winds blow.

Like falling waters in varied accents  
the benediction fell,  
And filling every atom of the mortal  
man,

Swept like sweetest carol on the Christ-  
mas morn,

To hold communion with the absent one,  
Whose soul and body God didst mould  
and form.

'Tis way past midnight,  
And the song its singing ended must  
stop its tones,  
And soften every part into a wondrous  
close,  
Whose melody will fill to overflowing  
a sweet repose;  
Refined and sweetened by its powerful  
notes,  
Let joy, pure joy, leap forth in glad-  
some lay;  
Remember that our God is always Love,  
Hidden in kindness are His ways  
And all revealing on that day of days.

## JUST YOU AND I

We could have been so happy,  
Just you and I;  
But the sad days followed glad days,  
And the cares rolled by.

We could have been so cheery,  
Just you and I,  
But darkness chased the sunshine,  
And the tears came to our eyes.

We could have been so gladsome,  
Just you and I;  
But honor took the place of love  
And made hearts sigh.

We could have been so loving  
Just you and I;  
But the world its barrier placed  
And we could not try.

We could have been together  
Just you and I;  
But the world and honor too  
Could not stop me loving you,  
Hear heart's reply.



## MY WISH

On this thy birthday  
May kind Heaven smile;  
And grant thee, peace with happiness  
Unmixed with worldly guile.

On this thy birthday  
May God's blessing fall,  
To cheer thy hearth and home,  
Where love is all in all.

On this thy birthday  
May the Father kind;  
His richest gifts on thee bestow,  
The love of friends divine.

## EVENING GIFTS

Every day the shadows deepen,  
As the evening draweth nigh;  
Bringing countless throngs home-laden,  
With tired thoughts and saddened eye.

Each has borne his daily burden,  
Some so light and some so tried,  
Each one reaps as home he hastens,  
Love so dear from his fire-side.

Then, the crowd in varied pleasures,  
Some fond favour, seek to find,  
Some go forth again to seek for  
Food to satisfy the mind.

Others round the house-tree gather,  
Some to read the golden rule;  
Some recline in friendship's bower,  
Others study for earth's school.

When all days have thus been ended,  
When all time has closed its door  
Each will thus his record enter  
Over on the other shore.

**BRITANNIA**  
**(A Dialogue)**

Britannia:

Here arrayed in glorious vesture  
I do myself behold;  
While raging round with deadly lustre,  
The battle-fields unfold;  
They fain would turn me cold,  
But ever and anon,  
In trumpets call and fiery clash of steel,  
The guns boom and peal.  
I must not halt, fall back, I dare not,  
Where duty calls, its battles must be  
fought;  
To whom shall I turn for aid?  
O help me one and all,  
This is your country's call!

Agriculturist:

Heardst I a cry as from a distant shore;  
Hark! it comes more and more,  
It bids me hasten o'er the briny wave,  
'Tis Britain's call who would her people  
save;

Alas! I cannot go.

But with true service and a willing hand,  
My fields shall yield the crops at harvest  
    due  
To supply her demand.

Capitalist:

What sounded in my ear, so loud and  
    clear?

Millions of children's tongues,  
Whose clamour crossed with wind and  
    wave,

That those with plenty still could save,  
If heart and will so minded.

Who folds these children to her breast  
And guards them with her country's  
    best?

'Tis Britain, she now calls.

O, dare I pass that pleading gaze  
Which binds me to Her side,

I'll let my purse-strings loose

For Her unstinted use

Shall be forth-coming;

Here Britannia, accept my money store.

I cannot go, but, help to Thee I'll pour,  
Till all is o'er beyond the swelling tide.

### Workman

At my work in many places,  
Different dresses have I worn;  
Now my eye with anguish raises;  
When it knows, that priceless gore  
Has been, is and will be spilled  
On the alien shore.  
To Thee, Britain, I will answer,  
Since Thy cause is just and right;  
Work unceasing, time unbounded  
Shall aid Thy conquering fight.  
Fight for freedom, fight for honor,  
Bursts forth from Thy lips;  
Blocked by home-ties, yet more fonder  
Work for Thee'll not lose its grip,  
Ever stronger, working longer,  
Take it might and main  
Until lost is battle's pain.

### Woman:

My eyes are dry to-day,  
My soldier boy's away;  
To answer Thee, my Britain, when  
Thou call'st,

He heard the whispered sigh,  
He heard the maddening cry,  
He waited not in parting  
But bid me fond good-bye.  
My word now back I send,  
As to a kind, dear friend  
Is that my all, my treasure,  
All my joy and pleasure  
Is in Thy battle-line  
Braving tide and time.

Britannia:

My heart tho' streaming  
With its death-like struggle  
Which round enfolds,  
Is soothed from half its trouble  
By truly, noble souls.  
Bulwarks of my kingdom,  
All praise be thine  
Duty crowned with patriot's love-light  
Shall remain a diadem;  
And the honour of our homeland  
Ever bright and fair shall be;  
When our heroes, home returning  
Freedom gained, our loved flag free.

## THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

As the chimes of another year  
Rang out on the first day's morn;  
There gushed from the speaker clear  
A motto, that none should scorn.

The tongue with angelic music,  
Sounded notes full of wondrous joy  
Living drops of crystal glory,  
Streamed this text without alloy.

"The Lord is my Shepherd" the words  
proclaim,  
As link after link was found;  
"I shall not want," the next refrain,  
The speech bejeweled was crown'd.

Sweeping with powerful accents,  
The hearers below were awed;  
As the glorious light came streaming  
Straight down from the throne of God.

What a flood of divine compassion,  
Spread over the listening throng;  
And the Valley of Shadow was safely  
    pass'd  
With the Christian's courage strong.

What a vision came to the worn one,  
To the pilgrim on that day,  
When Faith came down on wings of love  
And the Saviour led the way.

Led to the mansions prepared above,  
By His own almighty hands;  
To dwell forever in righteousness,  
In the fairest of Beulah lands.

---

### HEROES

There are men, now far away,  
In the Flanders field to-day,  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They are giving all they own  
For the love of freeman's home,  
And they're dying gladly for it.  
Noble lads!



There are men, across the blue,  
Who are noble-hearted, true,  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They are holding up the flag  
For they know it must not drag  
And they're dying gladly for it.  
Noble lads!

There are men, in pain and sorrow,  
Who will look on no to-morrow;  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They have broken the barriers down,  
While their comrades still fight on,  
And they're dying gladly for it.  
Noble lads!

There are men, with upturned faces  
Who have run in life's last races;  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They have fought for freedom's glory,  
They have bled for love's sweet story,  
And they're spirits soaring o'er it.  
Noble lads!

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Like Hannah of old, she bent on her  
knees,  
Praying to God above;  
Seeking a blessing from His decrees,  
Just a little one to love.

But the days went by and no answer  
came,  
Unavailing seemed the cry;  
Way up yonder came the refrain,  
"Do not despair or sigh."

Till one day out of the throng below,  
God sent a golden beam;  
It entered her heart with a happy glow  
And made her begin to dream.

At last, thro' the dazzling mists of gray,  
Her child full-grown had come;  
'Twas answered prayer of many a day,  
And she said, "Thy will be done."

## LITTLE SON

Ah, dear little son, life of my life and  
bosom,

Whence such sweet smiles and ways?  
Tender beyond the tenderest mood,  
May the dawning future hold for thee  
blessed days.

Ah, dear little son, life of my life and  
bosom,

Could'st wonder at my love, child?  
It is more than all the world,  
And nothing so pure is defiled.

Baby mine, thou dear one,  
Let me hold you closer,  
Ever may that trust you have  
Cling around me, dear.  
May thy little body grow in manhood's  
glory,  
And thy mother's lullaby sound sweet  
in thy ear.

## "GOD"

He touches the grass with his glances,  
It turns to green and brown;  
He smiles at the bed of roses,  
They weave a wonderful crown.

He whispers in the tree-tops,  
Whether in Spring or Fall;  
They nod with their loaded branches  
And heed His tender call.

He brushes the stirring streamlets,  
That freeze, or run, or flow;  
He paints with a thousand beauties  
This dear, old earth below.

He fills the hearts of His servants  
With gifts more precious than gold;  
He carries them safe in His bosom  
Until they enter His fold.

## CHRIST-CHILD

The dear, little Christ-Child so sweetly  
slept,

On His bed of new-mown hay;  
The shepherds on a thousand hills  
Were watching for the day.

The day when the King would be re-  
stored,

The day when the Lord should come;  
When suddenly above them,  
The angel's song was sung.

They looked in wrapt amazement,  
As the chorus thrilled them thro',  
And followed with a hastening step  
The path where the star them drew.

Till they came to the cradle so humble,  
To the Babe so mild and sweet;  
And with loving hearts of homage  
They fell at the Christ-Child's feet.

## THE WANDERER

9  
6  
9  
5  
The way is dark, the night is weary,  
O wanderer come home!  
The hours are long, all time is dreary,  
O wanderer come home!

14  
6  
14  
6  
A still, small voice is calling and tender  
teardrops falling,  
O wanderer come home!  
Your restless steps are taking, the life  
of hearts that's breaking  
O wanderer come home!

7  
6  
8  
7  
The faint, far, distant whisp'ring  
Is ringing in his ear,  
For answer they are listening,  
The wanderer's voice to hear.

8  
6  
8  
7  
In words, that speak a message clear  
There rings a clear, true tone,  
O! fret no more, but wake and hear,  
The wanderer will come home.

## SPRING AWAKENING

'Tis so wonderful in making,  
That a human breath is held;  
To hear the voice of waters  
Echoing sweetly in the dell!

'Tis so wonderful in coming,  
That it quickens the heart-beat;  
As the voices of our loved ones,  
And the pattering baby feet.

'Tis so wonderful in growing,  
That it gives us strength to do;  
All the hard tasks set before us  
With a purpose firm and true.

'Tis so wonderful in living,  
That it creeps into our souls;  
Shedding there Hope's gleaming promise  
Leading up to higher goals.

'Tis so wonderful in feeling,  
That it crushes half our pain;  
And we know the dear, kind Master,  
Has not called our living vain.

'Tis so wonderful, in seeing  
That it lights our inner eye;  
And we look to brighter glories  
Far beyond the sun-lit sky.

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### PRAYER

Whatever may be our prayer,  
Whenever we send it above,—  
It must be fervent and glow,  
With trust in the Father of love.

On wings of faith it must speed,  
Thro' the expanse of floating air,—  
Trusting that God knows best;  
Leaving it all in His care.

Hoping and living with Him  
All will be peaceful and dear,—  
Comfort and joy, will come,  
Blessings unbounded each year.



## BELOVED

Touched by the love for that far-distant  
form,  
Which holds a charm, no human lip can  
tell,  
O sad the day, dear heart, when thou  
was borne,  
From out the vale of Love's enchanted  
dell!

Touched by the love for that sweet  
noble face,  
Which fills the long, lone hours and  
weary days;  
O hard, the parting soul can ne'er erase  
From the tomb of Time's sad yesterdays!

Touched by the love for that dear, hu-  
man voice  
Which thrills the inner being o'er and  
o'er,  
O beautiful, those songs of earthly choice  
From which God shows the pearly gates  
once more!

## LITTLE THINGS

Just a little thought,—  
Dropped in the heart's deep well,  
But, it touched a wonderful spring,  
It quickened a soul,  
Away from the goal,  
O what little things will tell!

Just a little word,—  
Written in love's own way,  
But, it soothed the aching heart;  
It calmed the heaving breast,  
Of the one, that just sought rest,  
O, what little things will pay!

Just a little treasure,—  
Mingled with prayer and hope and  
spring,  
But, it reached the Ear above;  
It whispered all its longing,  
In the realm of endless dawning,  
O, what little things will bring!

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The rain brings the sunshine,  
And the darkness the day,—  
So, too, your weary suffering  
Will some time pass away.

## THOU NOBLE SOUL

Thou, noble soul, which upward speeds  
its way,

Be not drawn back by strings of earthly  
gain,—

But ever onward in thy glad'some lay  
Remember sweetest ends bring deepest  
pain.

Thou, noble soul, whose day is now,  
but, dawning,

Let not an evil cloud obscure thy morn—  
But, in the waking hours of fairest  
morning;

With silver chimes, the Holy word  
adorn.

Thou, noble soul, who wills that nothing  
more,

Of earthly treasure, shall avail or  
count,—

But, only that which enters Heaven's  
door

Shall be accepted as thy true account.

Thou, noble soul, whose life is con-  
secrated,  
To be a source of help and comfort  
here,—

Let not the passing moments tho' elated,  
Buy thee from opportunities so dear.

Thou, noble soul, whose love soars forth  
unbounded  
To meet the love-light of thy Saviour's  
face,—

Let not the joy which is already founded  
Be reflected by the lack of thankless  
grace

But ever in the struggle with the  
Tempter  
Who would thy soul in ecstasy reclaim,—  
Step up a little nearer to thy Master.  
His peace and life eternal ever gain

on-

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