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Heart Melody

Carrie Judd Montgomery

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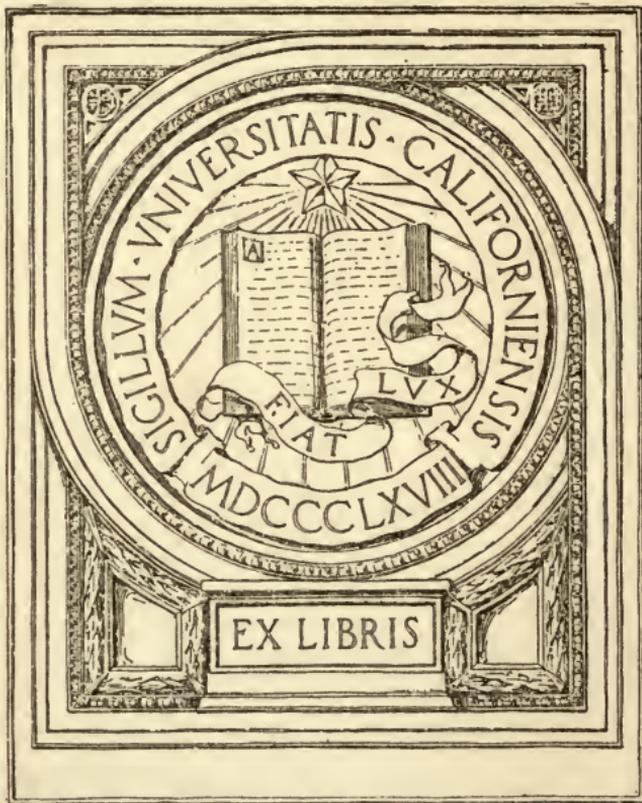


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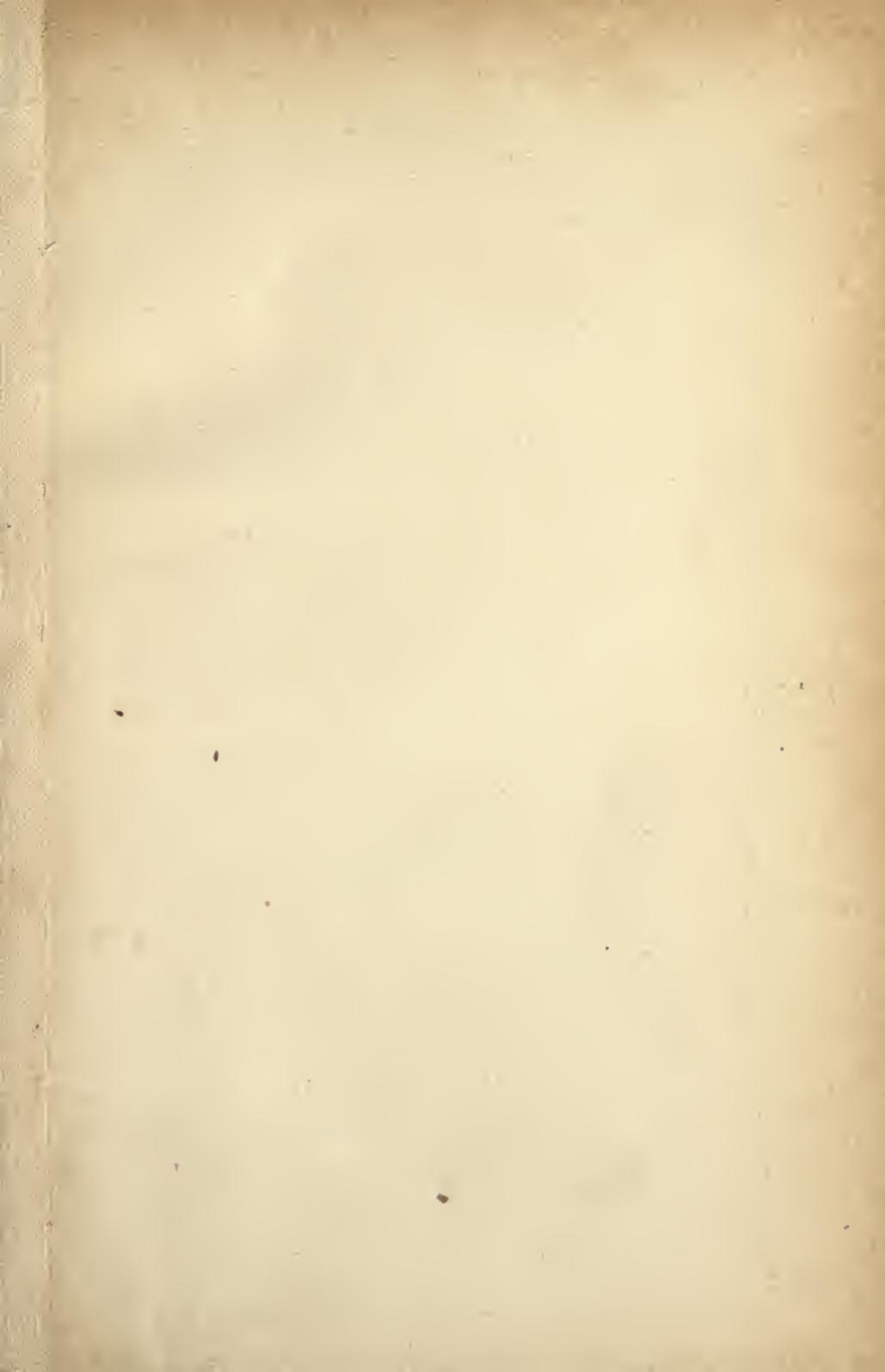


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Carrie Judd Montgomery

HEART MELODY

BY

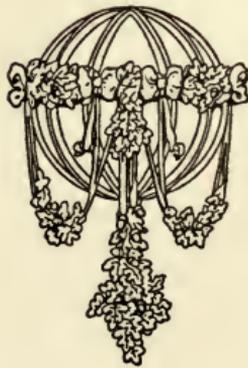
CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF

“THE PRAYER OF FAITH,” “SECRETS OF VICTORY,”

“LILIES FROM THE VALE OF THOUGHT”

AND “HEART WHISPERINGS”



OFFICE OF TRIUMPHS OF FAITH
BEULAH HEIGHTS OAKLAND, CALIF.

Press of R. S. Kitchener

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AMERICAN

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BY CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

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MA

*TO my dear Husband, George S. Montgomery,
whose loving sympathy and faithful help, ever
since our marriage in 1890, have enabled me to labor
"more abundantly" for the Master, whom
we both serve, this little volume is
lovingly dedicated.*



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Introductory Note



HIS little volume of poems by Carrie Judd Montgomery goes forth to bless the world with its richness of faith and hope. Mrs. Montgomery's life has been an inspiration to those of us who have known her. Absolute trust in God, firm belief in an all-sufficient Saviour, a listening ear into which the Holy Spirit whispers, all are revealed in these stanzas.

These lines will carry a consoling and enkindling message to palace and cottage, in city and country, on plain and mountain side. Sad hearts will be comforted, heedless souls restrained from worldly folly and triumphant souls will thank God and take courage for greater service, as these songs are read and pondered.

Go forth, blest volume, far and wide, with your Christian cheer for the hearts of earthly pilgrims. Tell them in your own sweet words that perfect love casteth out fear. Show them the "water brooks" and teach them to "Sing on," "Love on," and "Serve on."

May the author of this book, from her Beulah Home of Peace, long set before us her triumphs of faith and show us how to live victoriously.

S. P. MEADS,

5325 Underwood Ave.,
Oakland, California.



SING ON, LOVE ON, SERVE ON

Sing on, my soul,
No song shall ever die;
Thy notes of sacred fire
Rise higher still and higher,
Till piercing Love's own sky;
Sing on, my soul, sing on.

Love on, my heart,
No love of thine is lost;
Love bleeds to overflow,
Love dies its love to show,
But never counts the cost;
Love on, my heart, love on.

Serve on, my soul,
Love's service ne'er shall fail;
Though life itself seems vain,
Though love knows but love's pain,
Love sees through Heaven's veil;
Serve on, my soul, serve on.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse . . . and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Malachi 3:10.*

Would you see the golden windows
Open wide in beauty bright;
Would you see them pour in blessing
Dazzling floods of heaven's light?
Would you feel that tide of glory
In its warmth of light and love,
Quicken all your weary being
With the fulness from above?

Precious heart, your Saviour waiteth
With the love-light in His face,
Waits to "pour you out a blessing,"
Waits to have you prove His grace,
Waits and pleads with tender mercy
That His gifts you may not miss,
Waits with all a Father's longing
To bestow His sweetest bliss.

Will you bring the "tithes" He longs for?
"All the tithes" of hallowed love,
Will you bring them to His storehouse
In the love-lit land above?
He will empty out His fulness,
All the wealth of heaven's King,
And will fill to overflowing
Every vessel you may bring.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

Jesus is the Father's Storehouse,
Long you've robbed Him of your love,
Long delayed the promised blessing
At the Mercy Seat above.
But the sweet entreaty ever
Soundeth forth on angel tongue;
Jesus waits your full surrender
Ere the golden gates are swung.

And an added blessing rises
On the promise-laden air,
Never more shall buds of Springtime
Fade and wither in despair.
Christ will stay the Fell Destroyer
In thy body, soul and mind,
All the hope of vine and harvest
Shall its full fruition find.

Hasten, then, thy consecration, .
Bring thine offering complete,
Lay thyself in loving meekness
At thy Saviour's pierced feet.
Let Him make and let Him mould thee,
Let Him keep thee near His side,
While His heart of love rejoiceth
And His soul is satisfied.

COMPENSATION

(California Hills)

Relentless flames o'erswept the sun-dried hills,
Devouring every trace of flower and blade,
Till scarred and black, they seemed to shrink dismayed
From light of day, and happy songsters' trills,
And shunned man's gaze. But nature e'er fulfils
Her deathless trust, and these are first arrayed
In living green, when showers long delayed,
Wake life and rapture in the fields and rills.

Rejoice then, O my heart, at God's great plan
Of compensating grace to fallen man;
Where sorrow's fires had left their scourge and scar
Upon the soul to devastate and mar,
Self thus destroyed shall help God's peace to bring,
And Heaven's rain cause fadeless bloom to spring.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE

“Peace on earth”—how strange the message!

Listen to the sound of war,
To the noise of strife and conflict,
To the struggle evermore.

Do you wonder, weeping Christian,
Why the message seems in vain?
Why the gladsome Christmas chorus
Leaves on earth so much of pain?

“Peace on earth”—O doubting spirit,
Let your sad forebodings cease;
Jesus is the Overcomer,
Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

Though we see not all things conquered,
Yet our faith crowns Jesus now,
And His reign shall ne'er be over
Till each enemy shall bow.

Then the tide of Christmas blessing
Shall prevail the world around,
And the glory of Christ's kingdom
Shall forevermore be found.

“Peace on earth”—how sweet the message
To the saddened, sorrowing earth!
Strife and tumult soon must vanish,
Joy and victory have their birth.

Sweet and sweeter grows the chorus!
Listen, then O weary soul,

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE

Till it penetrates thy darkness,
Fills with light, and makes thee whole.

To each heart that takes the message,
Even now its strife is o'er,
And it hears the angels' music
Swelling clearer evermore.

THE LAW OF GIVING

What things so e'er ye mete ye shall receive;
This law stands fast, a verdict from the skies.
If love and pity, sacrifice arise
Within your breast, and cause you to relieve
With lavish hand your brother, then believe
That God's own constant, flowing, rich supplies
Shall fill your life, and with a glad surprise
His very nature, Love, ye will perceive.

For God withholdeth not, but all bestows,
From blazing sun and star to silent dew,
In seed of springtime, and in harvest hoard,
In song and fragrance, in each wind that blows,
God pours Himself—reveals Himself anew:
And gives His very life in Christ our Lord.

TAKE ME, BREAK ME, MAKE ME

TAKE ME, O Lord, for I am but the clay
That lies unused upon a dusty shelf;
I cannot move to meet Thy blessed hand,
So weak am I, and powerless in myself;
I can but cry for Thee with helpless moan,
And ask Thee so to work upon my soul
That I shall let my painful struggles cease
And yield my hapless life to Thy control.

BREAK ME, O Lord, for hard hath grown the clay,
Until no pliability remains;
Let Thine own fingers crumble me to dust,
Till naught of former shape the clay retains.
The vessel on the wheel was sadly marred,
Some trace of self-life spoiled the Potter's art;
Then sift the scattered dust with searching eye,
And satisfy my broken, contrite heart.

MAKE ME, O Lord, with Thine own bleeding hands,
And streams of grace will moisten and unite
The broken dust again to yielding clay,
No more to struggle, and resist Thy might.
Then take, and break, and make, until, so formed,
The Heavenly Potter calls His work complete,
And in His image fair hath fashioned me,
A vessel for the Master's use made meet.

VESSELS OF MERCY

Rom. 9:23

Vessels, frail and earthen,
Full of grace Divine;
Lord of life and glory
What a love is Thine!
In my utter darkness
Thou hast deigned to shine.

If I had one merit
Mercy could not flow,—
Favor not deserving
Boldly I may go,
Fulness of Thy mercy
Thus to surely know.

Poor, despised, yea, nothing,
What have I to claim?
All the wealth of Heaven
Mine in Jesus' Name,
And the blessed reason
Is my very shame.

Emptied of earth's glory
And my own poor thought,
Gone the sad, long struggle,
That which self had wrought;
Mine for soul and body,
All the blood hath bought.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

I stretch me on the warm, grey sand
And hearken to the Sea;
It has its mission vast, sublime,
And yet it talks to me.
The Psalm of Life is all expressed
By notes of joy and grief,
And never does the throbbing Sea
Find aught but short relief.
An organ played by Master hand,
All tremulous with sound,
While vibrate all the highest keys
As full tides reach their bound.

A prelude first of lighter touch
With minor undertone,
Then thunder crash of awful power,
Half song and half a groan.
Flow on, flow on, or ebb away;
Thy voice is pain and love,
First moaning like a wounded thing,
Then cooing like a dove.
It sings once more in accents gay,
And then it sobs again,
And never is there note of joy
Without a voice of pain.
And sometimes tones both sweet and rare,
Like Mother's tender call,
So soft I lose myself in rest,
And hear God's voice in all.

AUTUMNAL MEMORIES

My thoughts are strangely roving
Through the past;
They flit in restless eddies
Whirling fast,
While dying leaves are rushing
At my feet,
To meet the surging memories
Passing sweet.

I breathe the spicy odor
Of a day,
When fragrant, cool October
Breezes play;
I see in glowing vision
Gorgeous trees,
That flaunt their crimson glory
In the breeze.

The wind, a ringing laughter
Bears to me;
I see a group of children
'Neath the tree;
I hush my heart to listen,
With a pain,
To catch the bitter pleasure
I may gain.

I watch the airy footsteps
One by one,
Trip light, fantastic circles
In their fun,

AUTUMNAL MEMORIES

And hear the quick vibration,
Strangely sweet,
The snapping, crispy crackle
'Neath their feet.

Then withered leaves are gathered
In a heap.
I see the bonfire's blazes
Quickly leap;
The children's chilly fingers
Seek the glow,
While 'round the smoke-wreaths curling
Zephyrs blow.

I see a roguish urchin
Stir the mass,
The timid ones to frighten
As they pass;—
I view the dying embers
Slowly pale;
Not all the kindly zephyrs
Now avail.

I turn me to the outlook
Of today;
Those children of my vision,
Where are they?
Some gone beyond the fading
Of the leaves;
While others wait the binding
Of their sheaves.

THE DAY OF DAYS

Sweet Day of Grace,
When Love devised a way for Mercy's flow,
And Christ the Lord
Laid down His glory for a Cross below.

Sweet Day of Bliss,
When Love transcending shone o'er all the earth,
And Heaven's King
Forsook His Throne to know a Manger birth.

Sweet Day of Peace,
When to the saddened world, all sin-defiled,
The Father bent,
And sent out from His heart the Holy child.

Sweet Day of Song,
When angels tuned their harps to highest praise;
"Good will to men,"
And with their gladness crowned the Day of Days.

THE SEA AND THE SHELL

When first I heard the summer sea,
 'Twas prisoned within a shell,
Held by my mother's hand to my ear,
And the song was soft, and sweet and clear;
 While my childish fancy loved to dwell
On the waves that were speaking to me.

When next I heard the summer sea,
 Afar on a lonely shore,
I saw the great Ocean flow and swell,
Within its depths was the fragile shell,
 And its tides rolled on forevermore;
Still the billows were singing to me.

When first I felt Eternity,
 Soft beating within my soul,
'Twas hid in the tiny shell of my life,
Where Christ's tender voice had stilled all strife,
 And as I heard His deep love-tides roll,
Their sweet music was wakened in me.

At last I viewed humanity,
 With its crying need of love,
And as my hand reached quickly to save,
I knew that a mighty Ocean wave
 Of love Divine from Heaven above,
Had borne out my shell to the sea.

THE CHANGING HILLS OF CALIFORNIA

The blue-green hills, the Winter hills,
With life, and strength and cheer,
Refreshing showers, and first wild bloom,
And air perfumed and clear.

And yet the days more gorgeous grow,
And far off mountains topped with snow
Reflect the brilliant after-glow:

'Tis bliss to sojourn here!

The gold-green hills, the Springtime hills,
With poppies all ablaze,
With wealth of verdure, cress and flower,
And meek-eyed cows that graze:

And live-oak trees that never fade,
Festooned with lace, throw kindly shade
O'er primrose bright, and grassy blade:

O sweet and dreamy days!

The yellow hills, the Summer hills,
By golden sun caressed,
While soft, long shadows come and go,
And all is peace and rest:

The happy children sing and play,
And odors sweet of new-mown hay
Are borne by care-free winds away:

What days can be more blest!

THE CHANGING HILLS OF CALIFORNIA

The sun-browned hills, the Autumn hills,
 Grown parched, and half forlorn,
Yet changing leaf and purple grape
 Thy patient brow adorn;
No rain yet laves thine up-turned face,
But when God gives this hoped-for grace,
The scars severe shall leave no trace,—
 Thou shalt be newly born.

O dimpled hills, O darling hills,
 At every season fair!
Thy faithful lover I will be,
 And sing thy praises rare;
In dress of green, or gold or tan,
 Or even sober brown,
Thou satisfiest my fond heart,
 With every change of gown:
And as I keep my sacred tryst,
Like bashful maiden slyly kissed,
Thou drawest down thy veil of mist,
 With coy attempt to frown.

THE BREATH OF MORN

O breath of morn, whose wine of rare delight
I drink from sunlit chalice, golden bright,
Thy sweetness fills each inch of dewy sod,
Thy perfume dwellest in the fresh-turned clod,
Thou fillest roses red, and lilies white.

Each bright-winged bird that takes his sudden flight,
With song of joy to revel in the light,
Knows freedom new from this rich gift of God,
 O breath of morn!

From far-off mountains that arise in might,
From spicy trees that grow upon the height,
From fragrant hills where slender grasses nod,
From lowly plains where blooms the golden rod,
Thou comest with the passing of the night,
 O breath of morn!

AS THY DAYS

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—*Deut. 33:25.*

Do thy weary footsteps falter,
Does the path seem steep and hard,
Dost thou long to drop the crosses,
And fly Home to thy reward?

Lift thy heart in holy courage,
Let thy faith the promise see,
For His good word never faileth:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Weak and faint, does life seem ebbing,
Does all hope of vict'ry flee?
Fear not, O beloved toiler,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Does the mountain path grow rougher?
Still the Lord hath need of thee;
He hath trod the steeps of Calvary:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Does the tempest beat more fiercely?
Still shall stand His blest decree,
All the waves shall not o'erwhelm thee;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

Hush thy heart in sweet abiding,
Let all doubt and sorrow flee;
Sink to rest upon His bosom,
All His strength shall be for thee.

AMONG THE LILIES

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden. . . . to gather lilies. He feedeth among the lilies."—*Song of Sol.* 6:2, 3.

Blow, ye winds of pain and sorrow;
Blow, ye zephyrs soft with peace;
Blow upon my lily garden,
That its perfume may not cease.

Breathe of fragrance sweet as Heaven,
Float it to my soul's Adored,
Till His fair hands haste to gather
All the sweetness for Him stored.

Reck I not if rain or sunshine,
Storm or calm my garden knows,
If the sweetness of its spices
Only forth for Jesus flows.

Once within this lily garden
Only thorns would make their bed,
Thorns as cruel as once woven
For the Saviour's meek-bowed head.

Mystery divine and lovely!
He hath changed both soil and seed,
And among His own fair lilies
My Beloved comes to feed.

I "consider" these fair lilies,
How they grow, how sweet they bloom,
Fresh from Jesus' spotless spirit—
Blest my heart to give them room.

AMONG THE LILIES

These are lilies of the valley,
Grown within the shade of death,
Raised to resurrection beauty
By the Spirit's vital breath.

All "inclosed" my lily garden,
But to One its bloom revealed,
And within its deepest recess
Springs a living fountain "sealed."

Flows this Spring of life from Jesus,
Back to Him its streams must go,
And the lilies owe their freshness
To the Fountain's constant flow.

Jesus, "Altogether lovely,"
Spotless Lily of my heart,
Grow within my life forever,
I am Thine, and mine Thou art.

A BROKEN HEART

Psalm 51:17

A broken heart I bring,
A priceless thing,
For it has cost me all.
See, Lord, the sacrifice Thou hast required;
I yield Thee everything that self desired,
And follow at Thy call.

A bleeding heart I bring,
A useless thing
To human sense or sight,
But Thou Who bindest up the broken heart,
Withdrawing by Thy hand sin's poison dart,
Wilt use it by Thy might.

I ponder and ask why
My heart must die,
Ere it may upward press;
Why naught but broken heart will Thee suffice,
I listen, and the God of love replies
"Thy Saviour gave no less."

MY SPIKENARD

I had a tiny box, a precious box
Of human love,—my spikenard of great price:
I kept it close within my heart of hearts
And scarce would lift the lid lest it should waste
Its perfume on the air. One day a strange
Deep sorrow came with crushing weight, and fell
Upon my costly treasure, sweet and rare,
And brake the box to atoms. All my heart
Rose in dismay and sorrow at this waste,
But as I mourned, behold a miracle
Of grace Divine. My human love was changed
To Heaven's own, and poured in healing streams
On other broken hearts, while soft and clear
A voice above me whispered, "Child of Mine,
With comfort wherewith thou art comforted,
From this time forth, go comfort other lives,
And thou shalt know blest fellowship with Me
Whose broken heart of love hath healed the world."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In Memoriam

Written by request for the "Lincoln Birthday Association,"
Buffalo, N. Y., February 12, 1876

(Composed at the age of seventeen)

Oh, hail, with rejoicing and honor, the light of that day,
Which bore us a sovereign hero the nation to sway;
A strong, daring soul for our country, to wipe out its stains;
The rights of his people were holy, he sundered their chains.
Through tides of tumultuous discord he held his command,
The throbs of that noble heart beating were felt o'er the land.
He planted his foot on enslavement and ground it to dust,
He wrested the power from oppressors, left fetters to rust;
Through surges of wild opposition he weathered the storm,
And faced with unwavering courage his charge to perform.
No chaplets of laurel were needed for crowning his life,
Sublimely at last, as he lived it, he finished the strife;
A martyr, indeed, for his country, earth's honors were vain;
A crown of the glory immortal his permanent gain.
Though lowly our loftiest homage that name to enshrine,
It e'er in the hearts of his people in splendor shall shine.
The souls of those destitute freedmen in loyalty hold
A monument stronger than granite, more precious than gold;
'Twas reared on a life of endurance, the workman was Love;
The warden to guard and preserve it an angel above:
The key to this glorious structure that dear cherished name,
Inscribed with the blood of his death-wound in letters of fame:
And storms cannot crumble this pillar or cause it to rust,
No changes of time can obscure it, or print it with dust;
The blocks in this column of glory are cut from the heart,
Cemented with grateful affection they never can part.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Thus planted on solid foundation, the strength of the years,
And hallowed by rare consecration with agonized tears,
Though lost to the life of the listless, this cenotaph grand
Still looms in its majesty endless, a work of God's hand.
Unbound from their fetters, those freedmen shall strike for a goal;
That pride, which true liberty wakens, ennobles the soul,
His mem'ry a help to advancement, a light to their eyes,
That race to the height of true manhood shall steadily rise;
And each lofty deed or attainment achieved by their hand,
Shall seek for its first inspiration that name of command.

THE SNOWDROP

O brave, fair flower, my snowdrop sweet,
The spring and winter meet.
 Thy gleaming wings are blossomed snow,
 But in the dainty bell below,
 The springtide's tender green doth glow,
O darling flower of snow and verdure!

I bend my head a little space;
Breathe softly in my face;
 Thy tender, curving lips unclose;
 I drink the breath of scented snows,
 And in deliciousness repose,
O darling flower of snow and verdure.

Thou art the winter's sweet reply
To our half-glad good-bye;
 But underneath thy snowy wing
 We spy a messenger of spring,
 With promise of more blossoming,
Thou darling flower of snow and verdure.

O may our lives like thee unfold,
Sweet blossom of the cold!
 May we rise bravely to endure,
 And be as spotless, fair and pure,
 With promise of a springtide sure,
Where fairer flowers shall bloom forever.

TRUE GREATNESS

Wilt pay the price of greatness, child of God?
Wilt listen to the truth the Master taught
When His disciples high position sought?
Then seek to know the lowly path He trod.
Though Lord of all, He looked on earth abroad
And found no place to lay His head; so fraught
His life with loss. In sacrifice He wrought
Then found the Cross; the Man beneath God's rod.

Thus be thou great by being but the least
And like the perfect Servant, tire thou not
Of serving all. No name or place thine own,
From selfish care thou art for aye released,
And by thy Saviour's blood a bond-slave bought,
Love's greatness shall in thee be fully known.

BLEST CHRISTMAS MORN

Blest Christmas morn, thou comest, as of yore,
To cheer with songs that echo o'er and o'er;
Thou bringest Bethlehem's sweet Babe again,
To heal and comfort hearts nigh crushed with pain:
We kneel as eastern magi knelt before.

With myrrh and gold and incense,—love's sweet store,
In faith our treasures at His feet we pour,
Who comes in peace o'er loyal hearts to reign;
 Blest Christmas morn!

Thy message of glad tidings rings once more,
Good will on earth Christ cometh to restore;
We fain would join the angels' blessed strain,
That swells in joy o'er mountain, hill and plain,
With lowly hearts that worship and adore;
 Blest Christmas morn!

THE SMITTEN ROCK

Ex. 17:6; Num. 20:8.

See the riven side of Jesus,
 Watch the stream of molten love!
See the crimson tide of mercy
 Flow from Calvary's Mount above;
How it pours itself most gladly
 At the cruel sabre's blow,
As it speaks, in thrilling accents:
 "This shall cleanse thee white as snow."

Once the Living Rock was smitten,
 Never need to pierce it more;
Speak in faith's most gentle whisper,
 And the streams of life will pour.
Unbelief afresh would wound Thee,
 O Thou gracious Son of God!
But the trust which gains the blessing,
 Never more may lift the rod.

PRIMEVAL REDWOODS

(Composed at Elim Grove, Cazadero Redwoods, California)

Ye oracles of God! Full well ye preach
Your weighty sermons, eloquent and wise;
In strong, unuttered words, in forceful speech.
Your thrilling presence masters all my soul.
Aspiring by your towering height to reach
That Heaven of which ye breathe, ye lift your heads
On high, among the sunlit clouds, and hear
The angels' whispered messages to men.
Your slow, sure growth of centuries shows forth
That holy patience that inspires the soul
When fully taught of God. Your upright trend,
And straight, undeviating forms shame all
Who fail to show integrity of life.
Like priests, or prophets, garbed in garments rough,
In solemn state ye watch between two worlds,
And offer incense from your waving boughs.
Like sages, at whose feet aspiring souls
Close gather for their meed of sacred lore,
New trees like young disciples circle round
And drink in reverence your counsels deep.
You wear your many crowns of fadeless green,
Majestic and serene, the forest kings,
The undisputed monarchs of the wild.

PRIMEVAL REDWOODS

O mighty trees, by God's own Word ye live,
And are upheld by that same Word of power.
He spake, and it was done, and from His mouth
The edict issued, "All things shall stand fast;"
And though the blight of sin, and sense of death
Touched all Creation, Christ the Lord of light
Bent low in death to make all things alive
And reconciled once more unto His will.
When that blest morning comes, and sons of God
Are manifested forth in light supreme,
Eternal and Divine, your hoary forms
Which span the ages, still shall stand as signs
And monuments of truth and power sublime,
And in Millennial splendor worship low
At His blest feet, Who wears Redemption's crown.
With mission new in God's restored, new earth,
Ye still shall rear your heads, and join the song
Which morning stars voiced on Creation's day,
And which shall burst afresh in wondrous joy,
To Him Who comes and claims His right to reign.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

"And He saw the Spirit of God descending like a Dove and lighting upon Him."—*Matt. 3:16.*

In all the weary waste
Of sin and human woe,
The sacred Dove of Heaven
Knew nowhere else to go;
His one celestial rest
In earth's void, sad and dim,
Was God's sweet Son from Heaven,
He lighted upon Him.

He winged His flight from Heaven
As once the dove of old
Flew forth o'er waters wild
And left the one safe fold;
The sweet Dove only saw
A world of water dark,
Until no rest in sight,
He sought again the Ark.

We crave the Dove from Heaven,
To make us truly blest,
We ask Him to come in
And make our heart His nest,
But only when our Lord
Within is glorified
Can He thus stay His flight
And joyfully abide.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

Then lo, the Father's voice,
That breaks the sacred calm,
"This is my well-beloved Son
Who sheds forth Heaven's balm,
The blessed Dove of Peace
Has found again His rest,
And while the Christ abides
Thy heart shall be His nest."

Then welcome, blessed Dove,
Thrice welcome to my soul,
What though the strife of sin
Shall all around me roll?
The blessed, wounded Lamb
Doth all His peace impart,
And resting upon Christ
The Dove sings in my heart.

Thou blessed Father, God,
O Jesus, Saviour, Friend,
O Holy Ghost from Heaven,
Who loves thus to descend,
May all Thy people haste
This blest Guest to invite
For only upon Christ
Can Heaven's Dove alight.

“THE APPLE OF HIS EYE”

“Keep me as the apple of the eye.”—*Ps. 17:8.*

“He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.”—*Zech. 2:8.*

“He kept him as the apple of His eye.”—*Deut. 32:10.*

Am I, Lord, so dear to Thee?
He harms Thee who toucheth me;
Every grief that hurts my heart
Reaches Thee with stinging dart.

Sensitive my eye to pain,
Quiv'ring sore thro' nerve and brain,
But more keen the pain to Thee
When a sorrow toucheth me.

Like the apple of Thine eye!
In Thy love thus let me lie;
What can harm Thy little child,
Though oppressed, abused, reviled?

Let me leap for joy of heart
Over every sting and smart;
Not an ill can come to me
Which has not come first to Thee.

Fill me with this thought of grace
As I gaze on Thy dear face—
This my comfort and my plea,
He harms Thee that harmeth me.

THE SANCTUARY NEST

Psalm 84:3

Only a tiny sparrow, my soul takes flight to Thee;
To find a place of refuge for all Eternity,
And this because Thou callest, "Come to Me."

Only a little swallow, my soul has found its nest,
Within Thy sacred altars, a dwelling safe and blest;
Here, folded to Thy bosom, let me rest.

Safely within those altars the bird "her young" may lay,
No harm can touch her offspring by darkest night or day;
The Angel of the Presence keeps always.

Emmanuel's cross is lifted o'er altars blest, divine,
My faith beneath its shadow sees this, the holy Sign;
The blood doth ever shelter me and mine.

NO MORE TWAIN

To My Husband

I love thee as the floweret yields its honied dew,
I love thee as the great sky wears unbounded blue,
I love thee as the sky-lark pours its burst of song,
I love thee in the morning, I love thee all day long.
I love thee all the moments, I love thee every hour,
I love thee with the fulness of Heaven's poured forth power.
And not alone I love thee because of ties so fond,
Because of sweet betrothal and parents' holy bond,
But best of all, my darling, because of God's own Word,
Which in our inmost being our list'ning souls have heard;
That voice that speaks from Heaven, and doth not speak in vain;
Which says, "Be one forever, henceforth ye are not twain."
His Word is fixed in Heaven, this is His blest decree,
Thou art with me united, and I am one with thee.
Beyond all earthly loving, beyond all cords that twine
Is that which binds forever, the blessed love Divine.

LOVE PERFECTED

"If we love one another God dwelleth in us,
and His love is perfected in us."—*I Jno. 4:12.*

Deep calleth unto deep.

The love of God within my heart of hearts
Calls out to love Divine within thy breast;
His mighty waves and billows o'er us roll,
And in His love we know His perfect rest;

Deep calleth unto deep.

Deep calleth unto deep.

Still deeper, deeper yet, we sink in God,
And sinking into Him we sink in Love.
Who dwells in Love, dwells also in his God,
And knowing Him we know His Heaven above;

Deep calleth unto deep.

Deep calleth unto deep.

So deep we sink, our souls are overflowed
By fulness of His love beyond our ken.
We feel the throbbings of that Heart Divine
Which broke in love upon the hearts of men;

Deep calleth unto deep.

Deep calleth unto deep.

In "loving one another" Love Divine
Doth make the mystery of love replete;
His perfect love revealed within our hearts,
A trinity of love doth rise complete.

Deep calleth unto deep.

FULL TIDES

Soft, shifting sand, I find repose
 Upon thy kindly bed,
The drifts of sea-weed at my feet
 Their soothing fragrance shed.

In line of grey, and shadow soft,
 The sky and water kiss,
The lifted wave and jeweled spray
 Bear up my soul in bliss.

The day is fair, the day is free,
 In circles flies the gull,
With tender monotone of song
 The tide flows, soft and full.

The massive cliffs, with fret of time,
 Are outlined in their strength,
But o'er their feet, in untamed floods,
 The high tides rise at length.

Within my breast the billows roll
 That seek the shore to win,
For hearts are strong with purpose great
 When love's full tide sets in.

Flow soft and free, flow full and deep,
 O tide of deathless love,
Break o'er my soul in largest sweep,
 And all its prowess prove.

HIS OWN ELECT

Luke 18:7, 8.

“His own elect,” which plead both day and night;
Is this the mark of being all His own,
When constant cries and tears besiege His Throne;
Is suffering the strange and blood-bought right
Which sees through darkness, Heaven’s prospect bright?
Then let me breathe a song with every moan,
And know I do not walk this path alone;
For my blest Lord in sorrow scaled this height.

And shall He not “avenge,” though He “bear long,”
Till dross of unbelief is purged with fire;
Till every longing soul has proven true,
And prayer has turned to praise, and sighs to song?
Yea, He shall work when gone is earth’s desire,
And Heaven’s glory brings faith’s vision new.

PRAISE AT MIDNIGHT

“And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and everyone’s hands were loosed.”

—*Acts 16:25, 26.*

The darkness still is deep’ning,
O tried and weary heart,
No rift of morning brightness
Bids midnight gloom depart;
The prison walls surround thee,
No human help is nigh,
But blest is the assurance
Thy Saviour reigns on high.

When shadowed in the darkness,
And pressed by every foe,
Then let your gladdest carols
And sweetest anthems flow;
The praise so sweet to Jesus,
The “sacrifice of praise,”
Is when no earthly sunshine
Pours forth its cheering rays.

’Tis then your song is wafted
All human heights above,
And mingles with the angels’
In realms of perfect love;
’Tis then the God of glory
Makes Satan fear and flee,
And sends a mighty earthquake
To set His ransomed free.

PRAISE AT MIDNIGHT

'Tis easy when the morning
Appears at last to view
To praise thy strong Redeemer
Who burst the bondage through,
But 'tis the *praise at midnight*
That gives the foe alarm,
That glorifies thy Saviour,
And bares His strong right arm.

A conqueror thou wouldst be?
Yea, *more than conqueror* thou
If thou wilt shout in triumph
And claim the victory now;
The prison doors will open,
The dungeon gleam with light,
And sin-chained souls around thee
Shall see Jehovah's might.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN

1 Cor. 2:9, 10.

Earth trembles and cries with the weight of her sorrow;
"Come quickly," she calls, and her moans will not cease.
Lord Jesus, Thy right now it is to be reigning;
O come to Thy tried ones and bring Thy sweet peace.

O, what will it be when He comes in His beauty,
What image of earth shall now aid the sweet dream?
To what can we liken the burst of His glory,
When Jesus shall come this poor world to redeem?

'Twill be like the Springtide, with breath of the violet,
Which brings the return of the long loved and lost;
'Twill be like the burst of the bloom on the hillside
When gone is the sting of the sad Winter frost.

'Twill be like the perfume of grass after mowing,
Or like the bright rainbow across the dull sky;
'Twill be like the lark overskimming the meadow,
Or like the brave flight of the eagle on high.

Perhaps like the tints of the glorious sunrise,
Which quiver and glow in the roseate sky;
Or like the sweet peace of the gathering twilight,
When restful a moment tired human hands lie.

We catch a sweet hint in the fair, spotless lily,
Which spreads to the sunlight its delicate form,
Or in the deep quiet that follows the tempest,
When gone are the gloom and the crash of the storm.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN

'Twill be like the Mother heart folding her sweet one,
Or like the wee birdlings asleep in their nest;
'Twill be like the million-jeweled spray that's adorning
With wonderful charm the white cataract's breast.

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Nay, eye hath not seen it, and ear hath not heard it,
Nor able the heart or the brain to portray,
What waiteth for thee in the blaze of His glory,
What treasures are stored in the bright realms of day.

For while we seek beauty in earth's varied storehouse,
To give us a hint of eternal delight,
'Tis like the sad eyes blind from birth with a shadow,
That seek to imagine the blest gift of sight.

Yet turn not away from the vision of rapture,
For yet it may dawn on thine earth-clouded eyes.
The Spirit of God to thy heart can reveal it;
In each loyal bosom His sweet secret lies.

And no one can utter this wisdom He giveth,
For earth has no language to tell it abroad;
Yet hold your heart close to the heart of your Saviour,
And you shall know all by the Spirit of God.

SWEET LOVE OF CHRIST

Sweet love of Christ that stoopeth to enfold
Thy weary one; to patiently uphold,
That in no place or time can dim or fail,
And ever with Thy Father shall prevail;
Thou art my shield from tempests rude and cold.

When seas of agony have o'er me rolled,
And all my plaint my prayer to Thee has told,
Thy saving grace has made me cry, All Hail!
Sweet love of Christ.

And now by faith I see my name enrolled
With those Thou callest through the gates of gold,
While all the lights of this poor earth shall pale,
Then vanish quite in glory's shining trail,
And God's new life shall oversweep the old;
Sweet love of Christ.

DANCING LEAVES

Something in my spirit dances
 With the dancing leaves,
Something sets my heart aquiver,
When I feel their happy shiver,
 Something joys, yet grieves.

Leaves of tan and gold and scarlet,
 They are dancing fast;
See their slender, clinging fingers
Loosen as the autumn lingers,
 Letting go at last.

Whirled by rough November breezes,
 Surely they need rest;
All the little leaves are weary,
And they look with wistful query
 At the earth's kind breast.

Take them in thine arms of pity,
 Thou who gave them birth,
Fold each sorry little rover
Underneath a snow-white cover,
 Loving Mother Earth.

GOD'S GOOD-NIGHT

The hills grow grey, the shadows long,
The sun sinks down and down,
The mellow amber light remains
And floods the little town;
One tender touch of blushing pink,
A line of heliotrope,
A parting glint of burnished gold
Adown the western slope.

O sunset hour, O twilight dim,
What message do you bring?
"At evening time it shall be light,"
And angel harps shall ring;
The day was sad, but day is done,
And toil now has its end,
And all the peace of this sweet hour
With Heaven seems to blend.

God's peace rests soft above, below,
His calm on hill and dale,
The baby moon peeps up her head
And watches o'er the vale;
The mountain now is half asleep,
The hills begin to nod,
One sweet white star comes out to look,
And no one wakes but God.

GOD'S GOOD-NIGHT

What see you, little star? I ask.
"A world of sad alarms,
But God sends rest and tender peace,
And takes them in His arms.
And nature sings a lullaby,
And nurses them asleep,
While high above the lonely hills
Love doth its vigils keep."

The mountain sleeps, the soft light broods,
The hills slip far away,
Hush, hush my soul, thy rest has come,
And Heaven's calm has sway.
The love that is so near and true
Now holds thee to His heart,
And in this vision of His face
Shall perfect peace impart.

The star's white candle still is lit,
The moon's asleep, alas!
I hear the hum of tiny folk
That live among the grass;
The katy-did tunes all her strings,
While dies the last faint light,
The soft winds rise, the angels sing
And breathe out God's good-night.

CALLED UP HIGHER

In Memory of My Precious Mother, Mrs. Emily S. Judd, Who Fell Asleep
in Jesus, April 7th, 1910. (Aged 87 Years and 9 Months.)

My fairest flow'r, thou art transplanted now
To spheres where blight can never more be known;
I cannot view thy fairer loveliness
With God's own light upon thy sweet, calm brow,
But thou shalt bloom for Him whom both our souls adore
And I shall find thee once again on Heaven's shore.

My brightest jewel, whose radiance never failed
To cast a beam of light about my way,
Thou hast a brilliance now surpassing far
The sweet, pure shining of thy earthly day.
Shine on for Jesus then in realms of His own light
And I must wait for thee till gone is earthly night.

My pure white dove, with sympathy so rare
That surely it had found its birth in Heaven,
How strange seems earth with all thy sweet notes hushed
And ties cut loose which seemed could ne'er be riven;
In all life's griefs thou e'er didst give me cheer
But in my greatest grief thou art not near.

CALLED UP HIGHER

Heart of my heart, whose every beat seemed mine,
Thy rhythm of love is stilled for earth's brief day,
But all in tune for Jesus still beats on
While I have lost its music from my way.
With love perfected in His love untold
Shall be restored to me that heart of gold.

Thy sweet, fair hands which never failed to bless
Lie mutely folded on thy placid breast;
Earth seems so lone without their sweet caress,—
My hands must work the more with thine at rest.
Lord, clasp my hands still closer in Thine own
Because her touch of love is now unknown.

I sorrow not as others without hope,
The streaks of golden dawn begin to creep;
The glorious Sun of Righteousness shall rise
And kiss awake my loved one from her sleep;
His risen saints in glory He shall bring
An death forevermore shall lose its sting.

“WILLOWS BY THE WATER COURSES”

Isa. 44:4

A willow by the water brooks,
My God, I long to be,
That sends its roots to Heaven's stream
And drinks eternally;
That takes no thought of sun or drought,
Himself my rich supply;
A life that drinks the Life divine,
All earthly streams passed by.

A willow yielding to my God
In all I hope to be,
That has no thought, or wish, or plan
But that which comes from Thee.
In strong defiance of all sin,
A Bashan oak I'll be,
But in my inner life of love,
A willow, Lord, toward Thee.

And drinking thus by simple faith,
My soul is ever blest,
I know no care, I know no fear,
Himself my perfect rest;
The river of my God is full
To all Eternity,
Since He ne'er fails and I but trust—
What failure can there be?

And as the roots reach deeper down,
May every branch above
Spread out, and show Thy matchless grace,
And never-failing love.
Since Love Thou art, my soul shall drink
The same love, Lord, from Thee,
And since Love ever spends itself,
Lord, pour it out through me.

SUNSET GLORY

'Twixt me and sweet September's golden ball
The fringing willows lift their shafts of green;
The interlacing fret of leaf and twig
Half hide, and yet enhance the thrilling scene.
The brooklet murmurs low a soft good night,
The purple asters dress in royal state.
Some buttercups that Summer tossed aside
In hasty leaving, linger thus so late,
And lift their eager faces in delight
To view the strange fair glory of the sky,
And glance at me, a wanderer returned,
A stranger for an hour. Thus, passing by,
I pause upon the lonely, winding turn
Of country road in sweet Wyoming's glade:
The rustic bridge still spans the quiet stream,
Where years ago, beneath the willows' shade,
I found gay Holiday, and cooled my feet,
And baited tiny fish on home-made hook.
I see again the small brown eddies form,
The fitful foam upon the pebbly brook.
I hear once more its sweet and gentle lay
That called responses from my childish heart,
And find it calls to-night to depths more deep,
While thoughts of joy with pain must share a part.

The sun is sinking fast; I fain would call
Upon the brilliant orb to stay his flight;
But while I ponder how to reach his ear,
E'en now he slips entirely from my sight.
A ling'ring light, the glory of his train,
Suffuses all the gentle hills around,
Yet tinges for a moment all the vale,

SUNSET GLORY

And beautifies the meanest bit of ground.
A haystack, girded well for winter's use,
Is touched erstwhile with passing gleam of gold:
The little asters close their sleepy lids,
And nestle closer to the Mother mould.
The fairy hare-bells swing upon the breeze,
I see the rays of starry golden-rod;
The clover has her purple mantle drawn,
The daisies white lift up their heads to God,
And all the blue-bells ring their tender chimes
And tell the wee, fair flow'rs 'tis time to sleep;
The leaves appear in gorgeous evening dress,
The willows sad bend low their boughs to weep.
The memory of sunsets long ago,
Like this I see to-night, steals o'er my heart
And quickens my slow pulse to heat again,
As once it beat ere I had known pain's dart.

My 'step is slower now, but holier fires
Than youth could kindle, glow within my breast,
And lift my soul in adoration high.
My God, I see Thy smile in this sweet scene,
In crimson sun and tender after-glow,
In rolling hill and distant pointed peak,
In humblest grass or flow'r within the glen,
In every fringing, feathery frond of fern
I read the message of Thy love to men:
God's speech, thus uttered out to all the earth,
And my whole soul, with strength of gathered years,
O'er which Thy hand of chastening has passed,
And brought Thy love, and calmed distressful fears,
Lifts up her tuneful lyre to Heaven's King.

HEART OF GOLD

Dedicated to Miss Sadie A. Cody in 1911

O heart of gold, I know that thou art true,
And I would now my pledge of love renew;
For though thou holdest many friendships dear,
This truth is mine to comfort and to cheer,
No other one is dearest unto you.

And though sometimes quick tears my cheeks bedew
Because my faithful friends have proved so few,
I murmur not, because I have thee near,
O heart of gold!

God grant we may in His great love look through
The misting years, and all that may ensue,—
With faith in Him to vanquish every fear,
And make a heavenly rainbow of each tear,
Till sealed eternal love beyond the blue,
O heart of gold!

BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW

Poor, weary heart, with all your depth of sin,
Dyed deeper than the crimson in its stain,
Your Saviour waits to fashion it anew,
In His own lovely image once again.
A new creation, whiter than the snow,
Shall rise upon the ashes of the old,
And blest indeed shall all thy New Year be
With Christ's own peace, and love and joy untold.

Thy murmuring tongue no more shall speak complaint,
A Master hand shall all its powers set free,
Until a silvery lute it shall become,
To praise the One who lived and died for thee,
To send a new song swelling to the skies,
Till angels round the Throne shall catch the strain
And spread the joyful tidings all through Heaven,
That one of earth's lost souls is born again.

A new commandment from your Lord and King,
With glad response your willing heart revives,
Since God is love, His love He bids us bring
And pour its soothing balm o'er troubled lives;
And sweeter than the bounding beat of hope,
And greater than our faith, doth love appear,
Till all the law of God is thus fulfilled,
And Christ, in wondrous loveliness, draws near.

BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW

The place most holy, now is manifest,
The veil of Christ's humanity is riven,
The new and living way of dying Love,
Reveals to thee the glory light of Heaven;
And here the pot of manna never fails,
The rod of power doth bud and bloom with grace,
The smoke of incense mingles with thy prayers,
The great High Priest reveals His blessed face.

And lo, by faith, the Day of days appears
When this sad world no more shall groan with pain,
When heaven and earth shall be created new
And Christ as King of kings shall come to reign.
Then every tear God's hand shall wipe away,
And grief's sore wounds shall be forever healed,
And on each loyal servant of the Lamb,
Shall Christ's new name indelibly be sealed.

“MY CUP RUNNETH OVER”

My cup of God's blessing is filled to the brim,
Each fresh-added drop makes it o'erflow for Him;
At morning, at noonday, and midnight as well,
This outflow of blessing for Jesus shall tell.

I'll station my cup 'neath the fount of His love,
And watch for the drops to descend from above;
And though my capacity never is great,
My cup shall run over both early and late.

A wee cup that's ever dispersing abroad,
Is better than large cups that spare naught for God;
This brim-over fulness ne'er taketh account
Of the size of the vessel under the Fount.

And one blessed fact we need never mistake,
All those who are near us must surely partake
Of Christ's blessed fulness, which fills all the heart,
And which He enables us thus to impart.

Dear souls who are needy, don't wait and repine,
Bring each empty vessel and set them in line;
By faith keep them standing 'neath God's great supply,
And though you give freely, you'll never run dry.

“I WILL NOT LET THEE GO”

“I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless”;
What challenge this, my soul, to God on High?
What power hast thou to keep thy Saviour nigh—
To hold the fringes of His seamless dress
Till by His tender grace thou shalt confess
A name and nature new from sun-lit sky?
Love conquered me, my spirit makes reply,
My weakness clings, as close to Him I press.

All night I wrestled with the Man Divine,
Resisted His great kindness,—undeserved;
He touched my will; it shrank beneath His hand
And now forever His, this soul of mine.
The vision of my God my life preserved,
Now mine the princely power to make demand.

THE SPRING-TIDE OF THE SOUL

“Rise, up, My Love, My fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away.”—*Song of Sol. 2:10-13.*

“Rise up, My love, My fair one,”
And haste with Me away;
For lo, the earth is smiling,
And flow’rets blossom gay.

The winter now is over,
The clouds and rain are past;
The spring-tide we have waited,
Is hailed with joy at last.

The birds are sweetly singing,
The fair dove woos its mate,
And all the pulse of nature
With new life I create.

“Rise up, My love, My fair one,”
In resurrection might;
Forget the night of sorrow,
And plume thy wings for flight.

“Rise up, My love, My fair one,”
What words of Heavenly cheer!
O weary-hearted toiler,
Thy Saviour draweth near.

THE SPRING-TIDE OF THE SOUL

“My love”—O blessed Saviour!
What means this message sweet?
My soul is mean and lowly;
For me this is not meet.

And yet 'tis whispered softly,
In tones so sweet and clear,
I know it is my Saviour,
And so I need not fear.

“Rise up, My love, My fair one;”
I make all old things new;
The past of sin and failure
I'll banish from thy view.

So, gladly now I hearken,
And yield to Love's sweet call;
I rise to do His bidding,
And leave for Him my all.

THE CHRISTMAS SIGN

"And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe. . . . lying in a manger."—*Luke 2:12.*

What is the sure, sweet Sign that tells aright
That Christ has come? That God on earth has found
A resting place? That grace shall now abound,
And through earth's darkest clouds His glory light
Has condescended to illumine our night?
What strange and blinding sight of King star-crowned
May we expect, to fell us to the ground?
Nay, in a tiny Babe God hides His might.

And thus today the way of Heaven's King;
He comes not with a haughty monarch's tread,
But makes still true the same sweet Christmas sign,—
While of His birth the high arch-angels sing,
He makes our longing heart His manger bed,
And crowned within we find the Babe Divine.

FOLDED WINGS

“And there was a voice from the firmament that was over their heads when they stood, and had let down their wings.”—*Ezekiel 1:25.*

The seraphim have six bright wings,
Two wings to use in service sweet,
But four o'er face and feet to fold,
To veil themselves in worship meet.

In silence and repose they stand,
And drop their wings of golden light,
As sure God's will is done in rest
As when they take their circling flight.

Blest seraphim, we learn of thee,
'Tis when we pause at God's own word
And fold our wings of service quite,
We hear His voice, our souls are stirred.

Unceasing service is not asked,
His worship is the part more blest;
In adoration at His feet,
We find Himself, we know His rest.

SING ALWAYS

Sing, O brook, sing and flow,
Sing to me of long ago,
 Long ago;
Then your song was glad and gay,
Now 'tis minor in its lay,
But sing, brook, sing always,
 Sing and flow.

Scattered flowers on your breast,
Fallen petals borne to rest,
 Brook, sing slow;
Summer's dream is gone at last,
All its bloom now of the past,
Withered leaves are falling fast,
 While you flow.

Once your song, like my heart,
Fairly leaped with joyous art,
 Youth's heyday;
 Winter's cold now chills your song,
But it will not be for long,
For Spring comes, glad and strong,
 Sing always.

SING ALWAYS

Rippling stream, sing and laugh,
But you cannot match by half,
 My heart's lay.

For a joy supernal springs,
All my soul with rapture sings,
And its song to Heaven rings,
 Praise alway.

Sing, my heart, ever sing,
Soon will come eternal Spring,
 Bright and strong;
Sorrow's chill will soon be o'er,
Joys will flow forevermore,
Thou shalt know on Heaven's shore
 Perfect song.

“SHOWING HIMSELF THROUGH THE LATTICE”

(Reprinted from *The Christian Herald*, New York City)

Song of Solomon 2:9

A lattice work of wooden bars
Obscures life's view, and shuts me in;
I do not see God's purpose kind,
Or what my danger might have been,
If His great wisdom from above
Had not supplied this fence of love.

I make complaint, but as I gaze,
I see each bar meets with a cross,
And Calvary thus comes to view
In every trial and grief and loss.
God nails each cross-bar fast and sure,
And thus my lattice is secure.

His grace now comes and fills my soul;
I humbly bow at His dear feet;
The cross of Christ with light is crowned,
And death and resurrection meet,
Until, oh, holy, wondrous sight!
My lattice bars shine in His light.

"SHOWING HIMSELF THROUGH THE LATTICE"

He shows Himself through every cross;
 He speaks in words of living power:
"Come forth, My dove, from prison bars,
For now has come thine Easter hour;
Arise, My love, and come away,
For death no longer holdeth sway."

The rain is gone, the winter past;
 The springtime violets appear;
The cloudless skies unveiled above,
 The birds sing hymns of hallowed cheer;
Rejoice, my soul, in life and light,
For banished are the shades of night.

He shows Himself. "Rabboni, Lord!"
 My raptured, wondering heart outcries;
He shows His hands and feet, still scarred,
 And tenderly His love replies:
"Tell saddened souls I go before;
The tomb is empty evermore."

FETTERED

(Composed at the age of sixteen)

I clip thy wings, my bird,
In kindly love;
Like as our God above
Restraineth us,
When we would soar too high,
And sinking downward die.

Thou art too weak, my bird,
Thy strength to try;
Wounded thou canst not fly,
So rest content;—
God holds us down to earth,
To give new pinions birth.

Thou must not flutter so,
But wait in peace;
When all thy struggles cease
Thy wounds will heal;
I'll care for thee my bird,
Undoubting trust my word.

FETTERED

So when our God above,
In mercy sweet,
Restrains our erring feet,
We murmur sore;
Nor see His wisdom great,
While mourning o'er our fate.

If thou wilt still rebel
O panting heart!
And still will seek to part
From this kind love,
I'll give thee up to go
To death, and keenest woe.

But if content, my bird,
Awhile to rest
On this true, loving breast,
Till thou art healed;
Then shalt thou soar to heaven,
Thy freedom gladly given.

“COME WITH ME”

“Come with Me from Lebanon, My spouse. . . . Look from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions’ dens, from the mountains of the leopards.—(*Song of Sol.* 4:8.)

Look with Me, thou loved one,
From the lions’ den,
From the leopards’ mountains,
Far from mortal ken;
Shun not darksome valley,
Or yon fearsome height;
While with Me abiding
Naught shall thee affright.

Seems it strange and trying,
In thy bridal hour,
I should seem to place thee
In the tempter’s power?
I would have thee trust Me
In the darkest place,
And would have thee ever
Prove My love and grace.

For I trod death’s valley,
Scaled the mountains steep,
Faced all earthly sorrow,
To the saddest deep;
Stopped the mouths of lions,
Conquered beasts of prey,
Overcame the darkness,
Turned the night to day.

"COME WITH ME"

Come with Me, My fair one,
Come and falter not,
This strange path of trial
Is thy earthly lot;
But it leadeth upward
To fair Hermon's height,
Where My glory dwelleth,
In transcendent light.

Thou art ever with Me,
All I have is thine,
I am thine forever,
Thou, all fair, art Mine.
See, the morn is breaking;
Shadows flee away!
All the gloom is scattered
By Love's cloudless Day.

THE SONG AT NIGHT

Why didst thou sing, O bird, from out the night,
When sable arms wrapped earth in close embrace;
When e'en the moon had hid her cheering face;
When stars shone far away, with faintest light,
And threatn'ing wind clouds took their fitful flight;
Why didst thou sing thy sweetest? That no trace
Of pain within my heart should find a place,
And earth's sad moan give way to Heaven's delight?

Did some blest hint of gold and crimson morn
Break o'er thy dreams, and cause that burst of song;
Or did an angel gently stir thy nest,
That so a sweet, untimely strain be born?
What matters? 'twas God's voice to right the wrong,
And bring His Psalm of peace within my breast.

THE GREED OF GOLD

'Tis greed of gold that warps men's souls to-day,
And shrinks and shrivels them to dwarfish size;
That hinders aspiration toward the skies;
That walks in darkest night, a starless way,
And, Judas-like, is ready to betray
That nobler self, which for its freedom cries;
Meanwhile, the groans of helpless victims rise,
And widows with their children weep and pray.

Up, sons of men! and break the shackles loose,
Lest golden guerdon turn to sternest chains,
And burn thy flesh with fire; lest missing life
And liberty, ye find death hath no use
For selfish ease, or sordid, earthly gains,
And pays no ransom in the last, great strife.

WORSHIP IN THE FOREST

(Composed in the Cazadero Redwood Forest, California)

In sweet and lonely places, unknown to all but God,
The wee, fair, wild flowers blossom, where man's foot hath not trod;
They lift their tiny faces, without a trace of care,
To Him, who by His finger, was pleased to place them there.
Their perfume like a spirit ascends to offer praise,
And thus in lowly worship is spent their life's few days.
The tall ferns form a cloister, the stately trees stand guard,
The birds sing fitting anthems above the grassy sward;
The solemn branches tremble, and chant confession slow,
With penitential wailing, and sobbing soft and low.

The blithesome squirrel climbing the redwood's hoary bark,
Is like a careless culprit that will not stay to hark.
The darling baby-blue-eyes are wide awake with bliss;
A daring bee profanely makes bold to steal a kiss.
The graceful redwood lily, a font of nectared dew,
The sprays of wild-wood lilac lift banners fair of blue;
The columbine has candles, alight with scarlet glow,
And in the vale beneath them the dear, meek violets grow.
The fragrant breeze is swelling within the forest old,
The sun like lavish monarch pours forth his shining gold;
A chime of fairy sweetness from golden lily bells
Proclaims a holy Selah, and absolution tells.

O gentle forest children, in worship so complete,
With no regret or sorrow, in holy blest retreat,
I pray you, teach me fully your litany sublime,
That I, in peace and gladness, may worship all the time.

-“LORD IS IT I?”

Lord, is it I? So faithless is my heart
That after constant intercourse with Thee
These many days, Thy faithful love can see
The traitor self, who basely would depart
And then betray my Lord? Ah, sorrow's dart
Pierced sore those simple men of Galilee
At thought of such dark sin and misery;
No marvel that my own hot tears should start.

Oh, one there was appalled by mortal fear
Who dared deny Him thrice, and all in woe
Forsook and fled; but one with traitor kiss
For silver sold His Lord. Christ, draw so near
That naught of gold, or any earthly show,
Could cause me Thy blest cross or crown to miss.

THE SEA

I yield to the spell of thine odorous breath,
I bask in delight by thy side,
While soft dip the clouds in rare opaline tints,
And heaven and earth are allied.

The sea gulls sweep low o'er thy fair ruffled breast,
And bathe in thy green waves of light;
Unfailing thy fulness, unbounded thy strength,
Resistless thy courage and might.

Oh, let me creep closer, great Sea, to thy heart,
And learn from thy waves as they roll,
For all thy vast waters call ever to depths
That flow and recede in my soul.

I listen with joy to thy wonderful tones,
The murmur of song never still,
And hear in the rise and fall of thy waves
The might of an infinite Will.

Sweep on, with thy grandeur and motion sublime,
And cover the sands at my feet;
Dash high on the rocks that oppose thy proud march,
And never acknowledge defeat.

But sure is the voice of eternal decree,
Which fixes unchanging thy bound,
That speaks of a greatness beyond thy great power,
And tells of a Conqueror found.

THE SEA

And whether a murmur of lullaby soft,
Or stormy crescendo I hear,
Thy billows sing sweet to the heart seeking rest,
And tell me of love without fear.

Oh, sing to me, soothe me, or thunder thy tones,
As battle thy threatening waves,
Whatever thy mood thou hast taught me to know
The love of the Strong One who saves.

BABY'S HANDS

Tiny hands, so full of grace,
Stealing, stealing o'er my face--
Restless, loving little things,
Soft and sweet as angels' wings.

Wee, coquettish, velvet hands,
With each touch my love expands;
By their winning baby art
They have captured all my heart.

Dear caresses, ever true,
May I gladly keep in view
That an angel from above
Holds me with her sweetest love.

Hands so dimpled, sweet and dear,
That I fain would shed a tear
Lest in days now distant far
Sin their innocence should mar.

BABY'S HANDS

Soft they come and soft they go,
Chasing every thought of woe,
And I quite forget to weep
While those hands so gently creep.

So I kiss the finger tips,
Passing softly o'er my lips,
Praying God to keep these hands
Ever true to His commands.

By Thy power, O Love Divine,
Hold my darling's hands in Thine;
Ever guard and ever guide
By Thy hands once crucified.

LOVE'S OFFSPRING

Reprinted from *Poets and Poetry of Buffalo*

My heart is like a soft, soft nest,
Love-lined with gentlest care,
To hold in tender, joyous rest
A sweet bird brooding there;
A waiting life beneath her breast
Hath chained her pinions fair.

O trembling, unborn hope, lie still,
Within my heart's warm hold;
I fain would hush thy eager thrill,
The world is wide and cold,—
Thy tiny shell is snug and still,
Why let thy life unfold?

With joyous psalm, my fair, fair bird
Doth softly, sweetly sing,
Awhile the life, yet scarcely stirred,
She hides 'neath patient wing;
I listen, lest I lose a word
The throbbing air may bring;—

LOVE'S OFFSPRING

"Ah, love must live beyond its nest,
I hide it 'neath these wings
Until my life burns through my breast,
And into being brings
The sheltered hope o'er which I rest
Until it wakes and sings.

"The world its glad song cannot chill,
No soul can e'er forget
That it has known the rapturous thrill
Love's loving can beget;
And when at last all life seems still,
Immortal love loves yet."

NIGHT VOICES

Alone and undisturbed, I hear
The voices of the night;
The tuneful choir in perfect time
Keeps up till morning light;—
The little crickets in the grass,
And frogs at slower pace:
One sounds a high soprano note
And one a sombre bass.

A serenade of wondrous joy
Sounds through the grassy vale,
Until the moon-beams fade away
And stars begin to pale.
Now faint and slow, now crisp and quick,
The sweet night song goes on,
And brings a strain of rest and peace
To watchers sad and wan.

The tiny harpers weary not
They play the live-long night,
For some lone heart may need their cheer
While tarries morning light,
And thus they sing, "All, all is well,
God cares, and all is right.
We'll cheer you with our notes of praise,
And sing with all our might."

NIGHT VOICES

Sing high, sing low, with rhythmic swing,
In waves of music rare,
In ceaseless harmony sublime,
That lulls away my care.
Then hark! my soul, and make no stir,
Nor lose a throbbing word;
When heart is hushed, and brain is still,
Their song can best be heard.

TOWARD THE LIGHT

Like lofty mountains that o'ertop the hills,
The men of genius in their might arise,
And in their lonely grandeur seek the skies
For that sublime companionship which fills
The heights,—that solace sweet which soothes and thrills,
And brings an answer to unuttered cries;
For born of God are those strange, restless sighs
That only His majestic Presence stills.

But as the earth-born vapours hide the light,
And mountains towering high are thus obscured
By gloomy mists that shroud the topmost peak,
So noble souls, who press on toward the right,
By reason's doubts and fears are oft immured,
And miss His love Whom gropingly they seek.

GOD'S SYMPHONY

All things around, above, are full of song;
Not only happy birds that mount on wing,
And far and wide their wild-wood music fling,
But common things that to this earth belong,
And things that try to rise up from the wrong,
Sad souls that fain to others joy would bring,
And those that well might weep but rather sing
Because their hearts with Christ's own might are strong.

But your true heart must be in closest touch
With Love Divine, and God's own music reach
The holy place within thine inmost soul
E'er angels lend their aid, revealing much
That they alone to childlike souls can teach,
And God's great symphony shall o'er thee roll.

THEN SHALL WE KNOW

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord:
His going forth is prepared as the morning."—*Hosea 6:3.*

"Then shall we know," if we but press
Close in the steps Christ trod,
For He alone reveals the path,
And is the way to God;
We hear His sweet voice, "Follow Me,"
We may not then delay,
But heed the call of our Beloved
Into the narrow way.

"Then shall we know," oh, blessed word
To those who follow on,
His "going forth" is all "prepared,"
Alike the sun that shone
On misty clouds of early gloom
And chased them all away,
Until the dawning morning light
Had come to perfect day.

"Then shall we know," no mist of doubt
Shall cloud our perfect faith
As we but will to do His will,
And follow where He saith.
Through winding paths He leads His own,
Mid thorns, or rose-bowered way,—
It matters not, His rod and staff
Are still my strength and stay.

THEN SHALL WE KNOW

"Then shall we know," oh, footprints blest
Of that dear suffering Guide!
The way is marked with sorrow-drops
From out His riven side.
Then let my soul press ever on
In steps of Love Divine,
Until the mercy of my God
In cloudless day doth shine.

MOTHER'S WATCH-CARE

Mother comes to watch thee sleeping,
Darling baby girl;
Comes with airy, noiseless footstep,
Lest thy lids unfurl.

Draws the downy covers closer,
Lest a zephyr stray,
Stealing in thy little cradle,
Dares to stop and play.

Waits to see if thou art weeping
O'er a dream of night,
Soft to speak the word of comfort,
And to quell thy fright.

Kneels beside thee, little treasure,
Breathing prayer and praise,
Asking God to guide and guard thee
All thy earthly days.

Prints a kiss so very lightly
On thy dewy brow;
All is well—the angels guard thee,
Mother leaves thee now.

Leaves until new fears awaken,
And her ceaseless love
Soft the same sweet path retraces
To her sleeping dove.

MOTHER'S WATCH-CARE

Mother-heart, so dear and tender,
Mother-love, so true,
Thou dost bring my Saviour's pity
Strangely to my view.

For His watch-care never slumbers,
So I sink to rest
In the Mother-love eternal
Of a Saviour's breast.

MY OLIVE BRANCH

(Composed at the age of seventeen)

My heart's an ark,
That rides Life's stormy sea;
One little lonely bark,
Sailing the waters dark,
Wonderingly.

Hungry for rest,
It longs at peace to be;
Weary of fruitless quest,
Crying in fear suppressed,
Yearningly.

O'er the waves cold
Ambition flieth free;
Flies as the raven bold
Flew from the ark of old,
Daringly.

Flying above,
He never returns to me;
Then soareth faithful love,
Hast'neth my snow-winged dove,
Trustfully.

MY OLIVE BRANCH

No rest in sight,
 So homeward turneth she;
Staying her hopeless flight,
Biding the dawn of light,
 Patiently.

The wild winds cease,
 Again she skims the sea;
Bringeth the branch of peace,
Telling of sweet release,
 Cheeringly.

And now she's flown
 For aye away from me;
My love has found its own,
Resting at Jesus' throne,
 Blessedly.

The ark will stop,
 The wearied heart be free;
Seeing the last storm-drop,
'Twill touch the mountain-top
 Joyfully.

WORSHIP

“The Father seeketh such to worship Him;”
And my poor heart with all its feeble strength
Is reaching out to bring in ceaseless streams
My offering of praise, to Thee, my God.
Since then Thy condescension seeketh me,
And I a worm of dust am seeking Thee,
Shall not the two quests meet in blissful rest?
Thy heart of love and goodness find its due
In a full tide of praise from Thy redeemed,
And I, recipient of Thy matchless grace
Be lost for aye in mercy’s boundless flow.
“Who offers praise is glorifying Me,”
Thou hast declared, so even I may add
My tribute small of glory to Thy Name,
And bask in Heaven’s joy adoring Thee.

"SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME"

Somebody touched, with a faith sublime,
Somebody touched my Lord,
Out of His body the virtue flowed,
Thus was the gift of health bestowed
Through Jesus the living Word.

Somebody pressed through the jostling crowd,
Somebody made her way
Close to the side of the pitying One,
Touched His robe and the deed was done;
Oh, who will touch Him today?

"Someone hath touched Me;" yes, only one,—
Somebody gained faith's reward;
She must not be hidden, but own His great love,
So others may prove His great power from above;—
Somebody touched My Lord.

Come all of you, sinful and sick ones today,
Blessing His love shall afford,
The healing now flows from His riven side,
Press past unbelievers, who scoff and deride,
Come quickly, and touch my Lord.

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