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A Bunch of Wild Flowers

by

Mabel Broten Denison

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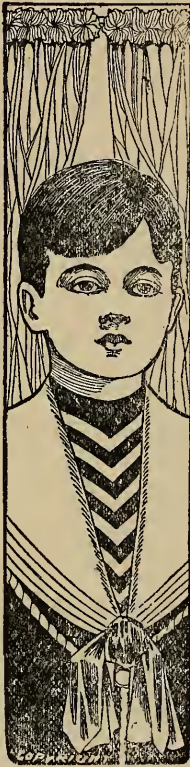
A Bunch of Wild Flowers

This is only a bunch of wild flowers that grew in a quiet spot
That the crowd passed by unnoticed and the multitude heeded not.
But some have paused where the blossoms their modest perfumes shed
And have gathered a leaf or a flower as it grew in its lowly bed
What if it were only a wild flower, if round it the perfume clings.
Of a memory fraught with sweetness, a memory that solace brings.

What if it were only a wildflower, if it brought to some throbbing heart
One breath of the balm of summer or made the glad tears start?
God grant it fulfilled its mission, the mission for which it grew
Out in the shade and sunshine, under the sun and dew.
For some were plucked from the shadows where the dews lay damp and
still,
And some where the glorious sunshine flooded the sloping hill.

So I've gathered this bunch of wildflowers that grew in the shine and shade,
And out of the modest blossoms have a little garland made.
Look not in their midst for beauties or fragrance rich and rare,
For your search would be unrewarded—such richness abides not there
But if 'tis life's humbler blossoms whose perfume your heart holds dear,
And you love the simpler beauties—'tis my wish may you find them here.





Grandma's Coming

Say, kids, my grandma's coming, and you bet
I'm mighty glad,
'Cause then we have such jolly times—the best
one to be had.
Pa lets me do a lot of things he don't when she
aint here,
And only laughs a little as if he didn't care.
Don't see what makes the difference, unless it
is that he
Keeps recollectin' things he did when he was
small like me,
And he don't dast to scold me when grandma
omes you know
Because she aint forgot the things he did so
long ago.

Once grandma told how pa one day hold
teacher he was sick
And got excused from school and went a-fishin'
in the crick
I thought my pa'd remember how one day I
did the same
And got my little jacket tanned tho' I wasn't a
bit to blame,
'Cause 'twas just the day for fish to bite—but
it struck me awful queer
Pa was so busy eating that he didn't seem to
hear.
I'm sorry that he didn't 'cause 'twould be a
sort of joy
If he knew I knew he did the same when he
was a little boy.

I don't see how he can forget just how things
used to be.
I'm awful glad my grandma don't; it means a
lot to me.
'Cause when I leave the back bars down or
forget the kindling wood
She smiles and says, "Just like his pa," as any
grandma should
And pa, he never says a word—but then, altho'
it's mighty queer—
He always is so busy he never seems to hear,
Or else he smiles a little, So when grandma
comes, you see,
We all of us have jolly times, but most espec-
ially me.

Just for Today

Teach me, oh Lord, Thy will,
 Just for today.
Teach me, this little hour,
 To walk Thy way,
Not in my strength, but in Thine own, I pray,
Teach me to do Thy will, just for today.

Let me not shun the path
 Thou hast chose for me,
Tho' it must pass thro' dark
 Gethsemane,
For today's journey Thou my guidance be,
And let Thy wondrous grace suffice for me.

Let me Thy presence feel
 This little hour,
Sustain my fainting heart
 By Thy great power,
Safe in Thy care, tho' mighty tempests lower,
No more their wrath I'll fear than summer
 shower.

So guide me, blessed Lord,
 Just for today,
Lead Thou my faltering feet
 Thine own way.
So leave me not alone in all the way
Until my soul has reached eternal day,



A Mother's Treasures

Upstairs in a chest safely folded away
From the light of the day is my treasure.
Little garments that loving hands fashioned
with care
And toiled o'er their making with pleasure.
There are fair, dainty garments my baby boy
wore—
His little coats, bonnets and dresses,
Each one has been dewed with a fond mother's
tears,
And folded with silent caresses.
I treasure each one as a miser his gold,
For each with sweet memories is laden,
But dearer to me than all of the rest
Are the little worn clothes that he played
in.

The Coming of Jack Frost

Jack Frost met Miss Autumn one bright crispy
morn,
And she asked him if he would the forest
adorn;
So seizing his paints to the forest he sped
And painted the forest leaves yellow and red.
But Jack is a mischief tho' seemingly meek,
For he pinched every apple on its red cheek.
He whispered strange words in the ears of the
corn
When he told them the farmer would shock
them next morn.

Then he said to the pumpkin, "I'll do you no
harm
For the boys with their candles will keep you
quite warm.
I only will add, when they do, don't make
faces,
'Twill surely not add to your well-rounded
graces."
A potato peeped out thro' its half-opened eye,
And a shudder ran thro' it when it saw who
passed by.
While out in the garden where grew things to
eat,
One softly exclaimed, "There's Jack Frost!
Well I'm beet!"

Jack laughed as he looked o'er his pranks of
the night,
Forgetting they'd show in the clear morning
light.
But the apple's red cheeks and the corn's ting-
ling ear
Told a tale that to all passers by was most
clear.
The beet looked half dead, and with a cool air
The pumpkin returned the potatoes' cold stare.
And so, tho' he fled at the first ray of light,
All the children cried out, "Jack Frost came
last night."



Today's Battle

If your country called for a sword, a banner
and battlefield,
Called for a strong right arm her honor and
truth to shield,
Your hand would be quickly raised, and
straight at the threatening foe
In the sight of the world would its strength
be hurled,
Dealing the conquering blow.

Your country calls for a sword and gives you
a battlefield,
Calls for a strong right arm her honor and
truth to shield,
Will that hand with the ballot be raised, and
straight at the threatening foe
In the sight of the world its strength be hurled
Dealing the conquering blow?

Will you press where the fight is thick and
close with the ranks of wrong,
Fighting the battle of right with a courage
firm and strong?
Will you against all odds to the temperance
cause be true,
And never yield to the wrong the field?
The victory depends on you.

Spring's Harbingers

We grow weary of the winter with its weight of sleet
and snow,
And the winds that whistling wander swiftly to and fro;
When the night with frosty fingers paints the panes with
pictures bold
Till they glisten in the moonlight with a beauty keen and
cold,
We with joy received the message—'tis like sunshine
after rain—
Spring's first harbingers have reached us, for the birds
have come again.

Now we know the tinkle, tinkle, of the sleigh-bells' song
is o'er,
And we hear the swish of waters as they splash against
the shore
And we listen, listen, listen for the first foot-falls of
Spring
As she steals from sunny Southlands where the birds for-
ever sing.
For we know she's coming, coming. She has made the
message plain,
And her harbingers have reached us, for the birds have
come again.

Winter gathers up the fetters he had bound about the
streams,
Sends them dancing, dancing onward, babbling of their
winter dreams.
Softly, silently the snowbanks seem to weep and slip away
And they bid goodby to winter starting on his northward
way.
And we know that Spring is coming, she has made her
message plain,
And the harbingers have reached us, for the birds have
come again.



Which is Right?



We find two kinds of people as we're traveling
along,
And we have often wondered which is right
and which is wrong,
They both look up to sunny sky. One says,
"How bright and fair!"
The other says, "We'll pay for this. I feel it
in the air."
And when the day is stormy one only sees the
cloud.
The other sees the rainbow and the promises
of God.

While one man wails with mighty wail that a
thorn each rose adorns.
Another man thanks God for putting roses on
the thorns.
And while the one's complaining that the hill
is hard to climb,
The other is rejoicing in the scenery sublime.
The one man says, "It's just my luck, I'll just
sit down and wait."
The other says, with strong arms bared. "I'm
master of my fate!"

And when the breeze blows stiff and free, one
says, "I'll stay on shore."
The other lets it fill his sails and speeds the
breeze before.
And while the man is dozing and complaining
by the fire,
The breeze has sped the other to the land of
his desire.
The first man rubs his hands and says, "Fate's
always hard on me."
The other says, "Fate gives us all such oppor-
tunity!"

So one glad heart goes on in joy triumphant
over wrong,
Facing the things that meet him with courage
firm and strong.
The other never sees the stars nor flowers that
bloom in wait,
Nor dares to breast the seething tide as master
of his fate.
Perhaps you've met these people as you're
traveling along,
And would you kindly tell us which is right
and which is wrong?

The Miner's Religion

No, I'm not so very religious and I know you think me rough,
I'll admit some the fellers we worked with in the mine were
mighty nigh tough.

But I tell you I've got religion and a kind that will bear me
thro',
Straight to the gates of Heaven, with my Jeanie so good and
true.

Just be still while I tell my story and then you will surely
see
That I couldn't backslide no ways after what it has done for
me.

'Twas the night of that awful cave-in, when we thought each
hour the last,
And the thing that seemed clearest to me was my sinful
reckless past.

We didn't dare hope for rescue, but all that dread night
thro'

I knew that my Jeanie was praying, and then—well I prayed
too.

And there in that awful darkness, as I knelt face to face
with death,

I promised if God would save me to serve Him to my latest
breath.

Two days they tell us passed over—to us an eternity—
But I knew that, up in the sunlight my Jeanie still prayed
for me.

And when at last we were carried out of that living tomb,
My soul, too, passed to the sunlight out of its night of gloom.
And the first thing I remember when I reached the light and
air,

I heard my Jeanie saying, "Thank God! He has answered
prayer."

So you see why I 'bieve in religion, and what it did for me,
And if I should backslide now, boys, 'twould be sneakin' as
it could be.

But just let me say to you fellers, that the time will surely
come

To each of you when the soul will cry for help tho' the lips
are dumb.

And the greatest help earth can give you ere the light from
above breaks thro',

Is to know some true woman is kneeling in prayer to her God
for you.



Playing With Baby

No, husband, the supper's not ready,
The house looks untidy I see,
But I have been playing with baby,
He's been teaching life's lessons to me.
I've been learning why Jesus the Savior
Said we must become as a child
Ere we entered the kingdom of Heaven
To dwell with the host undefiled.

Our hearts must have faith in the Father,
That all gifts are blest from his hand,
And knowing his love for his children
We must trust where we can't understand.
We must catch every sunbeam that glances
And dances a-down thro' the shade;
And feel if the Father is near us
When night comes we are not afraid.

And I know now that all earthly wisdom
And wealth are but counted as dross,
That the sweet simple life of the children
We must learn at the foot of the cross.
That greater than all of earth's treasures
We are giving our life-work to win
Are the glory of gladness without us
And the soul's spotless beauty within.

That the peace passing all understanding
Is one of God's gifts from above.
And that what our frail lives are most needing
Is the care of his infinite love.
No, husband, the supper's not ready,
The house looks untidy I see,
But I have been playing with baby,
He's been teaching life's lessons to me.



The Mothers' Corner



If we are rewarded in Heaven for what we
have done on earth
If blessings are given according to what our
frail lives were worth,
I know who will sit in the corner where are
found the easiest chairs
Where the zephyrs are wafted sweetest from
Heaven's balmiest airs.
Where the cushions rival in softness the down
of the angel's wing
And the music sounds the sweetest when the
heavenly seraphs sing.

There we will find the mothers. So long they
toiled and strove,
And their lives to the world have proven the
depth of a holy love.
So often their feet grew weary, so often they
longed for rest,
But they still toiled onward, onward, that
their dear ones might be blessed.
And those for whom they were toiling knew
not how much had been given
Till the Master called them to him to the
"Mothers' Corner" of Heaven.

There the Master himself shall reward them
and the children as they come
Shall give to the mothers the praises they
forgot in their earthly home.
And the praise to the mothers shall mingle
with the praises around God's throne
"Unto those who are worthy" when we "know
as we are known."
And for me Heaven's greatest blessing next to
seeing God's glory there
Would be to be worthy a corner close to my
mother's chair.

When I'm Grown Up Like Pa.



Photo by Denison

Heard pa and ma a-talkin' about me the other
day
I tell you I was just surprised at what they had
to say.
Pa said that when I was growed up a farmer I
must be,
And ma, she said a preacher was the thing to
make of me.
But I'll just have to show them I won't be
neither one—
I'm going to join the circus where I can have
some fun.

Or maybe I will go out West among the cow-
boys there
And ride a kicking bronco that no one else
would dare.
Or be a railroad engineer and run the fast ex-
press;
I think I'd like that best of all—that's what
I'll be, I guess.
There's lots of things I'd rather be when I'm
grown up like pa
Than a farmer or a preacher—I'll just show pa
and ma.

Nor a preacher! Beg their pardon—They're all right but let me say
I don't care to run a business where there isn't better pay.
Now, my pa he gives a nickel or a penny, then he'll say,
"That man preaches such poor sermons for a man that gets good pay."
But how I could give more value for a penny puzzles me,
So I'll have to be a cowboy or an engineer you see.

A farmer's work's so dirty—hands and clothes are always black—
But an engineer's work's jolly; just to speed along the track,
Pull the levers back and such like—just as easy as can be.
Such things come like second nature if one wants to learn, like me.
But to be a common farmer is a thing not in my line,
While an engineer or cowboy would just fit and suit me fine.



Labor and Success.



There's success for you, my brother, in this
busy world today,
If you step by step are climbing up the steep
and rocky way,
Keeping faith in those about you and a child
like trust in God,
Pressing onward, upward ever, by the path
the just have trod
'Till you reach the sacred portals where
Success has her abode.

Labor! Toil thro' rosy morning, thro' the noon-
day's burning heat,
'Till the stars above you shining bid you rest
your weary feet,
And the morn will find you stronger for the
work of yesterday,
Hands more skillful, heart more willing, feet
set firmer in the way.
He who would succeed tomorrow must have
done his best today.

Labor! See, Success stands ready with the
laurels in her hands
If by earnest upward striving you can reach
the height she stands.
Work with all the strength God gives you, be
up doing while 'tis day,
And the stone for you too heavy angel hands
will roll away
'Till at last you stand success-crowned in the
light of perfect day.



The Halcyon



Within the center of the cyclone's whirl, 'tis
said

That there is found a point of perfect calm
So still a tiny bird might rest therein
In safety, knowing there no fear of harm,
Nor feel the tempest rage about
Shutting it in from all without.

If this be true, may we not look for rest
Within the eddying whirl of busy strife?
May not the soul find peace and calm within
The storms that circle around our daily life?
May not our hearts as peaceful be
As the calmed Sea of Galilee?

Yea, for each soul amid life's crowded throng
There is a place of perfect restful peace,
A place where hearts grow very calm and still,
And all their weary longing throbbings cease.
While seeking of life's gifts the best,
Soul, hast thou sought and found thy rest?



The Inner Life.

How oft do we in our blindness fail,
To see through the outward life
The aching heart and the weary brain,
The fierce and unequal strife.
For, oh, there is many a crowned head
That lays down each night in fear,
And many a sparkling eye whose light
Is the gleam of an unshed tear.

There is many a heart its anguish bears,
While the lips wear a sunny smile.
There is many a ship on the ocean wide
That has drifted for many a mile.
And the light we deem as their guiding star
To be followed with never a fear,
They often know is the warning light
To show them the reefs are near.

And he who goes calmly forth to meet
Whatever may come his way,
Perhaps in his closet at midnight prayed
For the strength to bear today.
Could we but see, with a vision clear
All the battles fought and won,
We would clasp the hand of that brother close,
And give him a glad, "Well done."

We would whisper such words of hope and cheer
As would gladden his heart today,
And he would go in the strength of them
Rejoicing upon his way.
We would let the light of our love shine forth
O'er the path where our brother trod,
For the battles fought and victories won
None know but ourselves and God.



My Pa, He Knows



I read about George Washington who never told a lie,
And then I went and asked my pa if he knew the reason
why.

He said he surely didn't, but he guessed it wasn't so,
That 'twas easy now to tell such things for he lived so
long ago—

Said it didn't stand to reason, as anybody'd know—
And my pa, he knows.

You see my pa remembers when he was small like me,
Or just about the age of George when he cut the cherry-
tree.

And sometimes I have noticed my grandma looking wise
At pa, when he was going on 'bout kids a-telling lies,
Till he'd begin to eat so fast and never lift his eyes—
So pa, I guess he knows.

Now, ma, she kind 'o b'lieves the thing that maybe it was
so.

But ma, she's never been a boy and aint supposed to know
Besides she says that little girls don't lie and do such
things.

I kind o' guess they're sort of little angels without wings.
Least wise, I'm sure my mamma was, she's so sweet-like
when she sings—
But pa, he knows.

Then when a feller's caught like George, that aint no time
to lie.

It aint a-going to help him none, so what's the use to try?
So cause he told the truth that time that he cut the
cherry tree,

Don't prove he always told the truth—at least it don't to
me,

And I kind o' guess it don't to pa—of course, we two
agree—

And my pa, he knows.



Boyhood's Troubles



Some fellers has wrote such a great lot of stuff about
how that they wish they was boys,
For they're certain that nobody else upon earth has
so many pleasures and joys.
They write about bein' a hare-footed boy like there's
nothing that to it compares,
But say! That aint nothing to what it must be to
have such boots as Roosevelt wears.
And I guess they forget there were thistles and
thorns, and then, to make misery complete,
No matter how tired you may be when night comes,
Mother says, "Now, John, wash your feet."
I guess they forget all that part or they'd not wish to
come back to troubles like these,
For when you're grown up and your very own boss,
you can wash them or not, as you please.

Then they write of the crick and the "ol' swimmin'-
hole" and of how that they wish they was boys
But I guess they forget that in boyhood there's some-
thing besides just pleasures and joys.
They don't mention the fact that no matter how clean
you may get by a swim in the crick,
That into the bath tub you go just the same no matter
how hard you may kick.
For your mother is sure you forgot in the crick to
scrub both your neck and your ears.
And I've learned that no matter how clean they may
be 'taint no use to try whining and tears.
But you bet when I'm grown to a man I won't "wish
that I was a boy," and such stuff.
Just the fact that I don't have to wash neck and ears
will make me contented enough.

There's a whole lot more things that I can't mention
now that strikes me most mightily strange,
And I can't help but wonder when folks is well off
that they still keep a-wantin' a change,
Now if I was a man I'd not keep looking back and
sighing for that thing and this,
For the things that I've mentioned you don't have to
do, would offset quite a lot that you'd miss.
And the things like the crick and the "ol' swimmin'-
hole" can never be pleasure complete
For you'll have to wash neck and ears over again, and
at nights 'twill be, "John, wash your feet."
So when you're growed up and escape all these things
I don't see no cause for complaint,
Unless it's because it is nature to want to be the
thing that you ain't.

Our Life Aim.

Girls, set your life-aim high, and then bend all
Your energies to reach the mark you've set.
Be a true woman. You can never aim
At any higher mark than womanhood
Pure, noble, holy, such as blesses all
Mankind, and reaches thro' the universe
Its helping hand of sympathy and love.

Where sorrow fall and round the saddened heart
Grief draws the curtains and shuts out the light,
Be yours the hand to upward point and show
God's light still shining. If beside your path
Another walks with heavy burdens bowed,
Your life will stronger be for sharing it
Believe that every hour is given of God
To fill with noble deeds, nor fret because
They seem so small. God only gives the great
To him who does the little faithfully
The crown is given to him who bears the cross,
The victory to him that overcomes

Keep your heart true and other lives from yours
Shall catch the spark of truth and brighter burn
For none can know how far his light may reach,
Or how deep darkness it may penetrate
Our part alone to keep it burning bright
God keeps the rest. So if you but be true
To your own self and God, your life shall be
A life whose touch a benediction is
Be this your aim



How Much Are You Worth

How much are you worth? Not in houses,
Nor lands, nor in silver and gold,
But th' real treasures of value
How much of a share do you hold?
Have you hid in your treasury's safety
A faith in the Master above,
A faith in humanity 'round you,
And a portion of brotherly love.

When a comrade meets trouble and losses
Can you draw on your sympathy's store,
And lend some good cheer as you're passing
Till the stress of the hour has passed o'er?
Can you meet every draft on your patience
With a smile that is honest and true,
And pay back every wrong of your neighbor
With forgiveness when it comes due?

Do men know that when honor is sinking
And truth has gone down below par,
That you'll stand firm and sure in the crisis
Like a battle-scarred veteran of war?
Have you proved to the world that when Justice
Seems to totter upon her white throne,
You have still love of right in your treasure
To back up her cause tho' alone?

Then if all seems to crash in the crisis,
If wrong seems the equal of right,
Have you faith that looks forth to the future
To the hour when all things will be right?
How much are you worth, may I ask you?
Just figure it out if you can.
Not in houses and lands, gold and silver,
But, what are you worth as a man?



Bein' It Was Leap Year.

Yes, bein' it was Leap Year we was married, Jane an' me,
An' much more happier couple you will travel far to see.
You see I'd been a-courtin' Jane for 'bout three years or so,
But I always thought in courtin' was a place you'd best go slow.
If you don't think before you choose for better or for worse
You might do your thinkin' afterward and end in a divorce.
Now I don't believe in such-like performances as those,
I'd rather be a little slow an' think before I chose.

You see it happened this way, bein' Leap Year, as you know,
The girls got up a sleighride soon's there come a right good snow.
The girls all asked their partners, so Jane asked me to go,
A-bein' I'd been courtin' her for 'bout three years or so.
Was mighty tickled that she did, 'cause then I knowed for sure
She liked me better than the rest, which I didn't know before.
'Cause as I said, in courtin' is a place you'd best go slow,
For when you're married its for life—too late to change you know.

The night was crisp and starry with a tingle in the air,
Jane drove the team—her father's—he had a dandy pair.
I noticed that she wore the scarf she knew I liked the best,
An' she looked so bright an' pretty that she clear eclipsed the rest.
An' then the idee struck me, that she'd done it all for me,
An' say! it took me off my feet to think of that idee.
I'm glad that I found out so soon she liked me, for you know
I'd only been a-courtin' Jane for 'bout three years or so.

Then two or three more things happened—like when Jane's hands got cold,
She'd drive the team with one hand, an' give me one hand to hold.
An' somehow—I don't know just how—we settled it that night
To the music of the sleigh-bells, an' the twinglin' starry light.
An' so we two was married in the spring time, Jane an' me,
An' a much more happier couple you would travel miles to see.
Don't think that Jane proposed to me—not much! No lady would,
But bein' it was Leap Year, I—er—sort of understood.

If All the World Were Just Like Me.

If everybody in the world was just like me
What a splendid place to live in would this
old world be.
Now I do not mean I'm perfect, but my faults
are very small
Compared with those of others—scarce worth
mentioning at all.
But other folks with all their faults go living
right along
So blind they never see the things that they
are doing wrong,
And I cannot keep from thinking what a fine
old world 'twould be
If all the people in it were just like me.

If everybody in this world was just like me
How greatly changed for better would this old
world be.
I don't see why some folks persist in having
their own way.
As if they owned the universe and wielded
royal sway.
And strangest part of all is this, they seem to
think they're right
And stumble on in wrong instead of turning to
the light.
Don't see how they can be so blind. If they
could only see
What a grand old world we'd make it were
they all like me.



O could I but convert the world to be just like
me
What a splendid place to live in would this
old world be.
But it seems so very strange to me tho' argu-
ments be strong
Folks prefer to see things their way even tho'
their way be wrong.
But I'm glad the day is coming when the
crooked will be straight.
And my patience be rewarded tho' I had so
long to wait.
The next world will be ideal, for I'm certain
as can be
That those who get to Heaven will be just
like me.

Shine and Shadow



Let's think about the sunshine that makes this old world bright,
And talk about the pleasant things that make the sad heart light.
Let's clear the windows of the heart and let the sun's bright ray
Illumine every path we tread until the close of day.
And let's forget the night that passed in beauty into morning
And only see the splendor grand the Eastern sky adorning.

Remember every cloud so dark has always silver lining.
Then let us turn them inside out to show the side that's shining.
Let's think that ere the stars can shine the glorious sun must set.
That ere the flowers can blossom forth with rain-tears must be wet.
And let's not grieve if in our lives the tear-drops sometimes fall
Remembering 'tis the Father's plan that worketh good for all.

Let's think that ere the day can dawn we must have known the night.
That the darkest hour in darkness sent is the hour before the light.
Then let's each morning open up the windows of the heart
And let the blessed sunshine in to gladden every part.
Then let the songbirds teach our hearts the anthems of thanksgiving,
And just be glad each day we live that we are still a-living.

One of God's Lessons.

A tiny seed had lain sleeping,
Close covered by Nature's hand,
Until waked by whispers above it
That it scarcely could understand—
The hum of the wind-kissed grasses
And the bird-song blithe and gay,
Till the seed was stirred with a longing
To rise from where it lay.

And there in the utter darkness
It lifted its hands in prayer.
Close-folded it pressed them upward,
Up toward the light and air.
And the darkness parted before it.
The dark old earth gave way,
Until, pressing upward, upward,
It stood in the light of day.

And there in the beautiful sunlight,
With the song of the bird and bee,
It at last with its lovely blossoms
Stood crowned where the world might see.
So if we, when the darkness presses,
Will but lift our hands in prayer,
We will find the darkness parting
And light breaking every where.

Then growing in grace and wisdom;
We will gladden some heart each day
With our own little bit of brightness,
As they're passing along our way.
And our hearts in God's beautiful sunlight
Will list while the angels sing,
And our lives be crowned with beauty
In the presence of God, our King.



The Wonderland of Childhood,



In the wonderland of childhood let me wander,
Where each day-dawn beams in beauty bright and
fair.

Where the summers last forever and forever.
And life neither knows a burden nor a care.
Where the treetops toss their giant, restless branches
'Gainst the sky from out whose blue the angels
smile.

Where the angel voices seem to softly whisper—
Angels voices our dull ears have lost awhile

In the wonderland of childhood let me wander,
Where each bird and bee and blossom seems a part
Of the wonders God has lent our world of beauty,—
Where we seem so close to Nature's throbbing heart
Where the breezes play within the leafy tree tops
Sweetest music while the birds in chorus sing,
Till our childish fancy hears the harps of heaven
Mingle softly as the strains the sweeter ring

In the wonderland of childhood let me wander
When the darkness draws a curtain o'er the light,
And God sends His angels out to light the candles
Where they brightly twinkle, twinkle all the night
Where in beauties ever blending, never ending,
Sunset glory soon is changed to morning beams
While the angels watching o'er our midnight pillow
Fill the hours for us with joyous, happy dreams

In the wonderland of childhood let me wander.
Heaven to childhood's sinless heart draws very near;
And the messages our waiting hearts now long for,
To our childish ears were whispered plain and clear.
Let me wander back to childhood's sinless morning,
That my heart may catch the message from above,
That my soul may know that pure and sweet communion,
And my life be lost in His Almighty love.



Easter Thoughts

Dark seemed the dawn as slowly on
With sad bowed heads they went their way—
Two lonely ones, for Him they loved
They mourned as dead that Easter day.
But when they reached their Savior's tomb
An angel speaking to them said,
"He whom you're seeking is not here.
For He is risen from the dead."

Glad were their hearts that Easter morn,
And glad today our anthems ring,
"O, grave, where is thy victory?
O, death, where is thy sting?"
For more than they had asked or sought
He gave the world thro' His dear Son;
A life triumphant over death,
A life with every victory won.

Does life seem dark? Do your hopes lie
Deep hidden thro' the passing days?
And does your soul in anguish cry
And grope in doubt thro' darkened ways?
Weep not, for lo, in God's good time,
It may be days, it may be years—
God's angels shall roll back the stone
And give you joy for all your tears.

That Easter morn He gave us life,
Life everlasting, full and free,
And with that gift, oh, faithful one,
Shall all abounding blessings be.
And He who freely gave us life,
Life thro' that sacrifice sublime,
Will grant these little things, dear heart,
If you'll but wait His own good time.



When Your Wife Cleans House.

My wife is cleaninghouse. How I dread these awful cleanings!
Not a bit of peace or comfort can you get till they are done.
You come home tired and worried, ready for a bit of cheering,
And hear, "John, you beat the carpet while I get the dinner on,"
And you whack, whack, whack,
Till you think you'll break your back,
While you wonder if that dinner-time will ever, ever come.

Might as well go beat the carpet for there's not a chair to sit on.
The couch is piled with pictures, and one rocker holds a hat,
While another's full of clothing, and the rest are loaded likewise,
And you look at the confusion till you wonder where you're at.
Better whack, whack, whack,
Tho' you think 'twill break your back,
Than try to sit you down to rest in such a room as that.

Must be women like house-cleaning or they'd never, never do it,
Don't see any sense in cleaning on a scale so mighty vast.
But no use to tell your wife so, for she's sure her part's the hardest,
And all arguments against it are like chaff to whirlwinds cast,
So just whack, whack, whack—
Never mind about your back—
But you'll wish you were a bachelor till these cleaning days are
past.



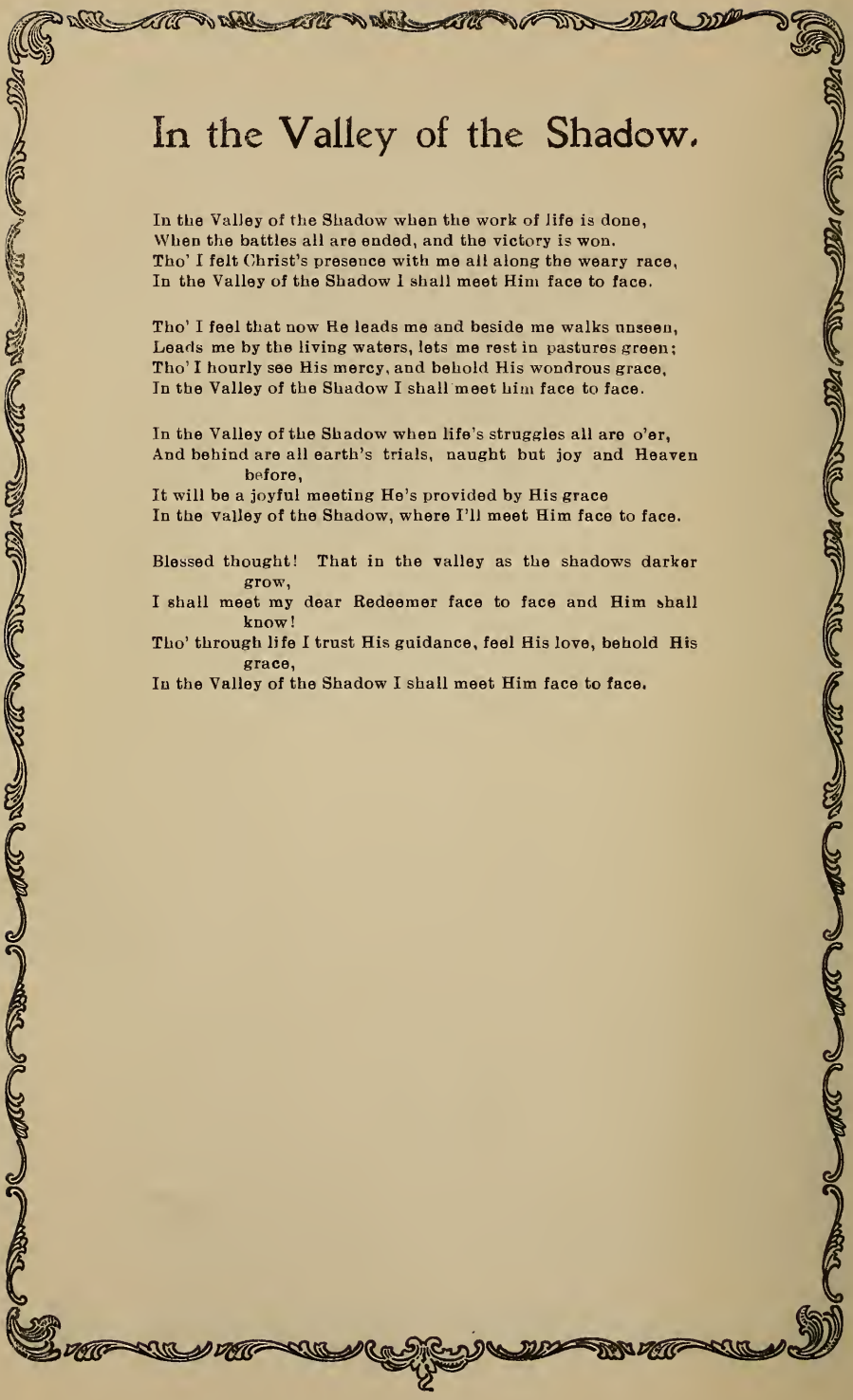
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The Cow Bells

In the gathering hush of the twilight hour,
From meadows sweet with dew-damp flower,
 Come those beautiful bells,
Tinkling the tales that the butterfly told
As he paused near the cowslip's heart of gold
And murmured the tale ever new, yet old.
 Ring on, oh, beautiful bells.

You passed 'neath the beech by the brooklet's
 side,
Heard the whip-poor-will sing in the eventide,
 Oh, beautiful bells,
Repeat to me now, with your silvery chime,
The music you heard as you paused for a time
'Neath the beech and list to the brooklet's
 rhyme.
 Ring on, oh, beautiful bells.

Sing of valleys green and sunkissed hills,
Of rushing rivers and rippling rills,
 Oh, beautiful bells,
Sing the life you see to these lives of ours,
That from happy brooklet and lovely flowers
We may learn a lesson for life's dark hours.
 Ring on, oh, beautiful bells.

A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the text.

In the Valley of the Shadow.

In the Valley of the Shadow when the work of life is done,
When the battles all are ended, and the victory is won.
Tho' I felt Christ's presence with me all along the weary race,
In the Valley of the Shadow I shall meet Him face to face.

Tho' I feel that now He leads me and beside me walks unseen,
Leads me by the living waters, lets me rest in pastures green;
Tho' I hourly see His mercy, and behold His wondrous grace,
In the Valley of the Shadow I shall meet him face to face.

In the Valley of the Shadow when life's struggles all are o'er,
And behind are all earth's trials, naught but joy and Heaven
before,
It will be a joyful meeting He's provided by His grace
In the valley of the Shadow, where I'll meet Him face to face.

Blessed thought! That in the valley as the shadows darker
grow,
I shall meet my dear Redeemer face to face and Him shall
know!
Tho' through life I trust His guidance, feel His love, behold His
grace,
In the Valley of the Shadow I shall meet Him face to face.

A Hero in Gray

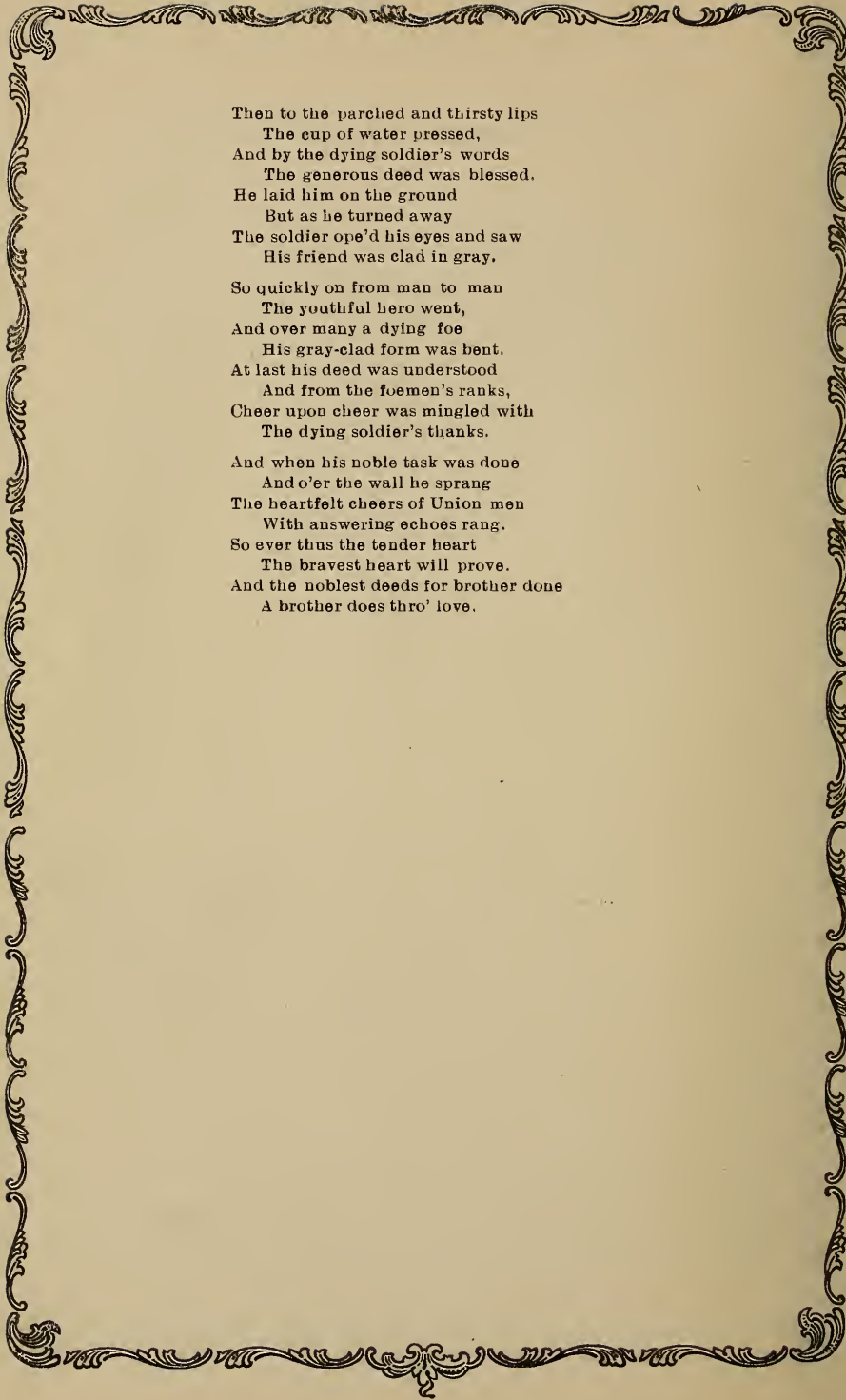
Upon the field of Fredericksburg
After the battle's close,
Two armies camped. Between their lines
A thick stone wall arose,
And on one side was seen encamped
The gray Confederate ranks.
Ten rods away, beyond the wall,
Encamped the blue-coat "yanks."

The intervening space between
The blue-coats and the wall,
Was thickly strewn with their brave men
Shattered by shot and ball.
Hundreds lay still in death's embrace,
Yet hundreds still remain;
And cries of, "Water," mingled with
The groanings of their pain.

A young lieutenant clad in gray
Sought his commander's side,
And begged that he might water give
To these men ere they died.
"To pass beyond that wall is death!"
The General made reply.
But still the boy undaunted asked,
"But, General, may I try?"

"Try? Yes! And may God save you, lad.
How could I say you, 'No,'
When your brave heart, my noble boy,
Calls you and bids you go."
With, "Thank you, sir," he turned and filled
With water his canteen,
And quickly o'er the wall, his form
Was by the blue-coats seen.

A volley his appearance met
The shots fell thick and fast,
Around his form the musket balls
Went whizzing swiftly past.
Amid the flying balls he knelt
Upon the blood-stained ground,
And lifted up a dying head
While shots rained thick around.

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Then to the parched and thirsty lips
The cup of water pressed,
And by the dying soldier's words
The generous deed was blessed.
He laid him on the ground
But as he turned away
The soldier ope'd his eyes and saw
His friend was clad in gray.

So quickly on from man to man
The youthful hero went,
And over many a dying foe
His gray-clad form was bent.
At last his deed was understood
And from the foemen's ranks,
Cheer upon cheer was mingled with
The dying soldier's thanks.

And when his noble task was done
And o'er the wall he sprang
The heartfelt cheers of Union men
With answering echoes rang.
So ever thus the tender heart
The bravest heart will prove.
And the noblest deeds for brother done
A brother does thro' love.

America



H, glorious country of the free!
Eternal thy foundation
Rests upon truth and liberty,
The watchwords of our nation.
Forever may our Union stand
By bonds of love united
And her brave sons fulfill to her
The vows of truth they plighted.

Her brave boys proved at Lexington
They loved their country's glory.
And round the fires of Valley Forge
'Twas the same old story.
Nor vain the prayers of Washington
Ascended up to Heaven,
Nor yet in vain from heroes' hearts
Was lifeblood freely given.

Upon those battle fields today
No din of warfare clashes.
The campfires built at Valley Forge
Are long consumed in ashes.
But Liberty her flag unfurls,
Our dear beloved "Old Glory,"
And tho' a hundred years have passed,
Repeats the same old story.

Evening Shadows.

Wife, the evening shadows are falling. The sun has
sunk to rest,
For the wondrous glow and beauty is fading from
out the West.

Come sit by me in the twilight as the shadows longer
grow

And hand in hand we'll wander back to the long ago,
Back to our life's bright morning filled with the song
of birds.

Filled with a joy and gladness never expressed in
words.

Back where the children's laughter its answering
echoes found
Calling from out the forest that girded our cabin
round.

Ah, some of those childish voices that rang thro' the
forest old

Ring to-night thro' the twilight down from the streets
of gold.

Don't you hear those voices calling to us in the twi-
light, dear,

Down from the heavenly portals in accents so sweet
and clear?

Yes, the evening shadows are falling, but the voices
of long ago

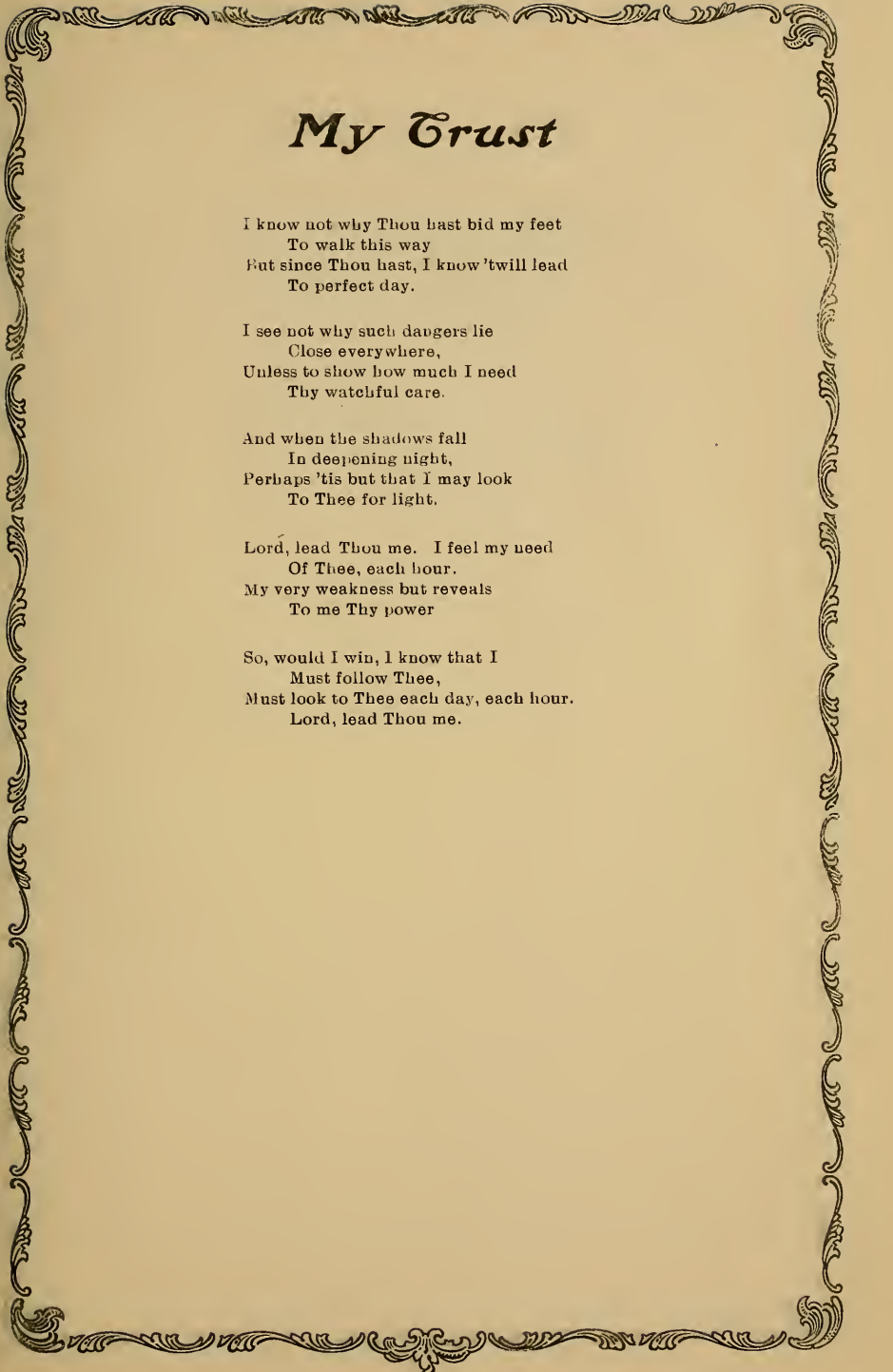
Call to another morning beyond this sunset's glow.

And, wife, though the darkness deepens, we can look
beyond the night

To where the dear ones wait us in the morning's
light.

Yes, wife, I can hear them calling, calling for us to
come,

And soon in Life's golden morning we will meet with
them all "At home."

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My Trust

I know not why Thou hast bid my feet
To walk this way
But since Thou hast, I know 'twill lead
To perfect day.

I see not why such dangers lie
Close everywhere,
Unless to show how much I need
Thy watchful care.

And when the shadows fall
In deepening night,
Perhaps 'tis but that I may look
To Thee for light.

Lord, lead Thou me. I feel my need
Of Thee, each hour.
My very weakness but reveals
To me Thy power

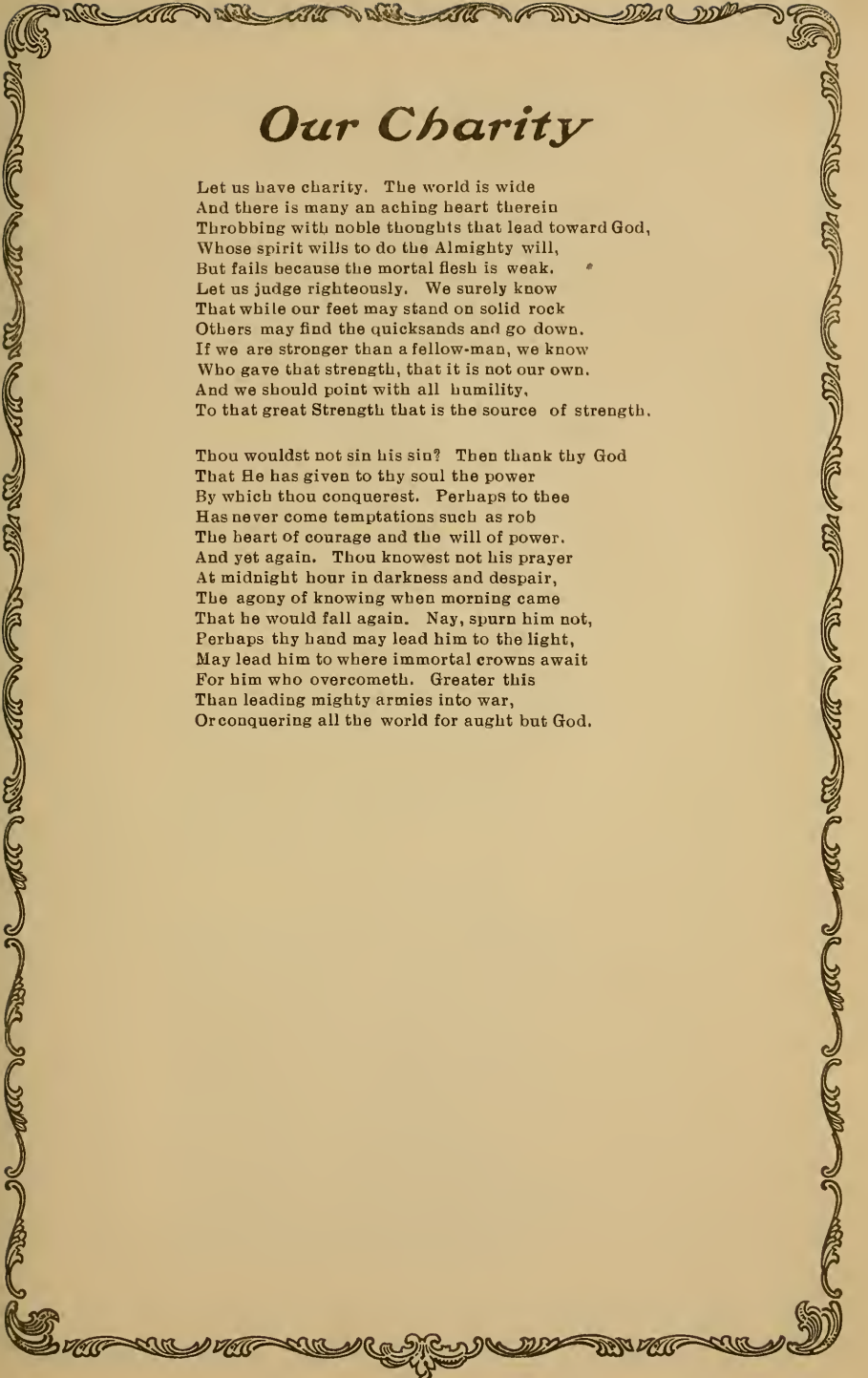
So, would I win, I know that I
Must follow Thee,
Must look to Thee each day, each hour.
Lord, lead Thou me.

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My Comfort

"He cannot come to me." Adown the years
My feet must journey on their way alone.
No baby feet to patter by my side,
No little baby hand to clasp my own.
An angel came and whispering words of love
He bore him from me to his home above.
"He cannot come to me."

"But I can go to him." Across the years
My feet will haste to meet my baby boy,
And when I reach the pearly gate I know
He'll meet me there with all his old-time joy
And so, tho' lonely be my heart today,
Hope's star lights up with glory all the way.
For "I can go to him."

A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the text.

Our Charity

Let us have charity. The world is wide
And there is many an aching heart therein
Throbbing with noble thoughts that lead toward God,
Whose spirit wills to do the Almighty will,
But fails because the mortal flesh is weak.
Let us judge righteously. We surely know
That while our feet may stand on solid rock
Others may find the quicksands and go down.
If we are stronger than a fellow-man, we know
Who gave that strength, that it is not our own.
And we should point with all humility,
To that great Strength that is the source of strength.

Thou wouldst not sin his sin? Then thank thy God
That He has given to thy soul the power
By which thou conquerest. Perhaps to thee
Has never come temptations such as rob
The heart of courage and the will of power.
And yet again. Thou knowest not his prayer
At midnight hour in darkness and despair,
The agony of knowing when morning came
That he would fall again. Nay, spurn him not,
Perhaps thy hand may lead him to the light,
May lead him to where immortal crowns await
For him who overcometh. Greater this
Than leading mighty armies into war,
Or conquering all the world for aught but God.

A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the text.

The Storm

The storm in fury raged. The wind
Swept o'er the waters of the deep
And lashed to waves and billows wild
What but before had seemed asleep.
The thunders rolled. The lowering sky
Its wrath against the waters hurled
As tho' some mighty army had
Against the foe its flag unfurled.

But deep beneath the wind-tossed waves
All undisturbed by ceaseless roar
The ocean slept in peace as tho'
No tempest swept its waters o'er.
And thus to-day the tempests sweep
Across the ocean of my life.
Each helpless, wind-tossed wave sweeps on
Before the tempest's angry strife.

Rage on, oh, storm! Within my soul
There is a depth beyond your power,
A depth so calm that, undisturbed
It rests tho' mighty tempests lower.
For He who gives the sea its calm
While tempests rage without, above,
Shall give my soul its sweet repose
Within the stillness of His love.

Song of Nature

All nature listens for the voice of God
And, hearing she obeys. Then filled with joy
And rapture in the presence of her Lord
Bursts forth in melody, The ancient hills
Rear their gray heads to heaven as if they fain
Would leave the dark foundation where they rest
And how their hoary heads in the Divine
And awful presence of a living God,
The heavens do declare His glory, who
Has set each planet in its course and marked
Its path, as thro' the trackless space above
It follows where His finger points the way.

The sun, celestial wanderer, shines today
As on creation's morn, when, thro' the heavens
Robed in eternal darkness, came the words
In the Creator's voice, "Let there be light."
And still he rules the day as when he shone
On Eden's blooming bowers ere man had sinned.
And when the evening comes he wraps himself
In mantling clouds of crimson and of gold
And sinks to rest, while gently round his couch
The darkness draws its curtains.

One by one
Night's messengers, the shadows, softly come
To light the candles of the dark'ning skies.
Then thro' the gates where in the morning, burst
The sun in regal glory, now comes forth
The silver moon in queenly robes arrayed
To rule the night as God commanded her.
And so thro' all the universe we see
That nature listens for the voice of God
And hearing, she obeys.

Shall all these things—
The rocks inanimate, the vernal vales,
The brooks whose murmured music on the air
Fills up the space the song-bird vacant left—
Shall sun and moon and stars and rainbow hues
Declare His glory to the universe,
And we not hear the voice that speaks to us?
Hush! From the forest comes a melody
Wafted by zephyrs ; and the vernal hills
Catch up the soft refrain, and bird and bee
And blossom now bring forth melodious praise,
Caught by the echoes it is wafted up
Until the stars in the eternal space
Join in the glad refrain ; and higher still
'Tis borne along until the gates of Heaven
Are reached and angels there with golden harps
Take up the earthly strain and mingle there
Their heavenly harps and voices, until all
The universe is lost in one sweet song.

A Legend.

I read such a beautiful legend, a tale of the days of
old,
And I wish to pass on to you, friend, the story the
legend told,
It was this: That back in the ages when all was pure
and fair
They could look across into Heaven and behold God's
glory there,
They could see their loved ones crossing onto the
the shining strand,
And see the joys that awaited when they entered the
Glory land,

But their hearts were filled with such longing as they
gazed from this earthly shore,
That their only prayer was, "Take me to my loved
ones gone before!"
And they knew no rest nor gladness with the joy of
Heaven in sight,
But ever prayed to enter the city so fair and bright,
Till the Father, filled with pity at their longing for
glories unseen,
Drew, with His loving kindness, the curtain of Death
between.

It is there today, but beyond it, tho' hid from our
mortal sight,
Our dear ones walk in beauty, in Heaven's eternal
light.
We see not the joys they have entered, for only the
eye of faith
Can look beyond the darkness of the curtain that we
call "Death."
But just beyond they await us, and we'll find these
glories true
When by angel hands the curtain is lifted for me and
you.

Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?

Two women that fair Easter morning
Were wending their way to His tomb,
In their hands they bore spices and perfumes,
But their hearts were heavy with gloom.
For they thought of the stone far too heavy
For their feeble hands to remove,
And it lay between them and their Master
And hindered their mission of love.

And they said, "Who shall roll from the door-
way

The stone, for it is very great?"
But no voice replied to their question
Nor eased the sad heart of its weight.
But lo, when they stood at the portal
In the light of the dawning of day,
The stone that for them was too heavy
An angel had rolled it away.

So we, as we follow their footsteps
And go on God's missions of love,
So we find things in our pathway
Too heavy for us to remove.
And our hearts grow faint as we journey,
Our footsteps heavy and slow,
But we only press on toward the Master,
For there's nowhere else we would go.

Take courage, faint heart, and draw nearer,
The angels are waiting us there
They will give to the sad heart the message
God has sent as an answer to prayer,
And we'll find as we draw near the portal
In the light of the dawning of day
The stone that for us is to away,
God's angel has rolled it away.



His Comic Valentine

I sent her an awful one last year,
The very worst one I could find,
For she had been smiling on Henry
Who sat in the seat just behind.
I thought I was glad when I sent it
But my anger began to relent
When she showed me, with tears on her lashes,
The valentine someone had sent.

I laid awake long after midnight
A thinkin' how mean I had been,
And I vowed that next year I would send her
The best one the stores had in.
That's today! But out on the hillside
Where the snow lies so heavy and deep,
As pure and as white as the snowdrift,
Little Bessie is lying asleep.

And I'd give all my toys and my marbles
Had I sent her a nice one last year.
If I only had known she would leave us
I would never have caused her that tear.
But it's done, and I cannot undo it,
No matter how hard I repent,
I still see the hot tears on her lashes
O'er the valentine some one had sent.

My Opinion of It



I don't think much of that 'ere school the fellers call the "U."
I'm so discouraged 'bout my John I don't know what to do.
Now my son John he just sot out an' left the farm an' went
Because he said some day he's goin' to run fer President,
An' needed that 'ere trainin' he'd get at that 'ere "U"—
But 'taint agoin' to help him none I'm sartin thro' an' thro'.

'Cause when that boy of mine came home to spend the hollowdays,
He brought along back with him the most shockin' clothes an' ways.
He had a pair of panterloons that looked like mattresses,
All padded thick and quilted, an' say! my color riz
To think that any boy that left the farm agoin' to run
Fer President, would think of it with such an outfit on.

He called 'em "foot-ball panterloons" an' tired to make us see
How they'd keep off the kicks an' sech as easy as could be.
But if he's got to run in clothes so heavy an' so thick
He'll be so far from President he'll never need a kick
I'll tell yer, ye must look the question fairly in the face
An' not have things to hender in a Presidential race.

But John he's so determined an' so sot in his own way
That he took them football panterloous when he went back today.
But if he wears 'em when he runs fer President I know
He surely will get beaten fer he'll have to run so slow.
An' then perhaps he'll think of what I said when it comes true
An' allow Dad knowed about as much as them fellers at the "U".



The Real and the Fancied



As the day exceeds the night-time in the
brightness of its glory
So the sweetness of the story of a life ex-
ceeds its dreams.
And the beauties ever blending with the sweet-
ness never ending
Of the realized soul-fancies far exceeds
that which but seems.

Yea, our souls in deepest moments reach a
height our minds ne'er dreamed of,
And the things our fancy painted fade be-
side the things that are,
Clearer light the sunset dyeth than the paint-
er's brush portrayeth,
And the love our life enjoyeth than our
fancies is more fair.

Ah to live! how sweet the pleasure just to
know we have a measure
Of the riches of the treasure life is giving
to us all.
Just to live! To live is beauty, and to each the
path of duty,
Far outshines the perished fancies time
has swept beyond recall.



One Hour of Heaven

Life, thou art good to us. Countless treasures
Layest thou down each day at our feet.
Numberless blessings in fullest measures
Fall from above like the manna sweet.
But, if you will, through the countless ages
Take all the pleasures to morals given,
They'll not compare, though they number
many,
To the joys we would find in one hour o
Heaven.

Love hast thou given us, pure and holy,
Lighting our path as a light divine,
Be that path ever so rough and lowly,
Life, thou dost make it with beauties shine.
Peace, to those seeking it calm as a river.
Still and deep is to morals given.
But oh, the love, the peace and the beauty
We shall know in one hour of Heaven.

Eye hath not seen, nor in man's heart entered
The joys prepared for the ones that love
The Master's coming—whose hearts are
centered
On priceless treasures laid up above.
Treasures of earth we held most holy
God gives back to him who has given.
Not one missing—grown richer, rarer—
And oh, the joy of one hour of Heaven.

One hour? Ah, no! But forever and ever.
Lost in the joys of Eternity,
Our lives are but like a tiny river
Flowing out into a boundless sea.
And on and on through the endless ages
Joys untold shall to us be given.
But more than all that a lifetime gave us
We shall find in each hour of Heaven.



Say, Pa, Is That So?



Say, Pa, I heard some fellers say that they're a-goin' to vote 'Bout whether the saloons will stay another year or not. You know last year you voted for them, so of course they stayed, And that you'll vote for them again I know ma's half afraid. But, Pa, don't you remember how awful bad things went The years they've had saloons here—we don't seem to have a cent And will you celebrate the Fourth the way you did last year So I can't have no fire-crackers like the other boys around here? Say, Pa, is that so?

An', Pa, the boys are pokin' fun at these old shoes I wear, And if they get saloons again, must I wear them another year? And will you take the money you know we need for food To the saloon and blow it where it don't do us no good, Then go to Lawton's for some flour and ask 'em to be trusted, Or down to Berg's or the Cash Supply and tell 'em that yer busted?

Or maybe that you promise them that they will get their pay When the saloons are voted out—fer that's the only way. Say, Pa, is that so?

But, Pa, I'm only just a boy an' you're a growed up man An' I can't see things plain like you an' the other fellows can. So maybe when I'm all growed up I'll see these things like you, And spend my money too down there just like the way you do. 'Cause all the boys like me they say when they get to be a man, They'll be just like their fathers as nearly as they can. An', Pa, I'm goin' to be like you. I'll tell you so you'll see You'll have to be the kind of man that you want me to be. Say, ain't that so?

Then let me tell you something, Pa, I wish that you could see What happens every night you go and leave my ma and me And sister here alone. We all kneel down and pray That God will send you sober home and drive this curse away. An' wouldn't it be a good idee when votin' day is here To think about the fire-crackers an' shoes I want next year? To think about how happy our little home might be— We're worth more to you than saloons, sister an' ma an' me! Say, aint that so?

The Message of Christmas Time



When the Babe was born in the manger that
Christmas so long ago
The angels proclaimed the tidings that the
world its joy might know.
And the beautiful Christmas message sung by
the angels then
Is ringing across the ages, "Peace on Earth,
good will to men."

They sang it not to the mighty in palaces fair
and bright
But unto the simple shepherds as they watched
their flocks by night.
And the glory of God shown o'er them as the
angel chorus sang
And down from the gates of Heaven the
answering echoes rang.

So today no matter how lowly the path we are
treading lies
We may hear the song of the angels as it rings
through the midnight skies.
They may pass by palace and mansion where
the glittering things of earth
Have crowded away from the household the
things of heavenly worth.

While those who are out on the hillside, under
the skies of night
Behold the hosts of Heaven clad in celestial
light,
And see the Star still shining as they list' to the
glad refrain
Ringing across the ages, "Peace on earth
good will to men."



Them Germ-Bugs

Things are looking mighty scary when a fellow stops to think
About these germ-bugs swallowed every time he takes a drink,
Every time he eats a mouthful that his wife ain't cooked just right,
Every time he sleeps on pillows when he goes to bed at night,
Every time he breathes a breathful as he goes his work about—
Well he knows the things will catch him,

If
 he
 don't
 watch
 out.

Never used ter hear of sech things, sure they must be something new
Like the automobile wagon 'bout what there is such ado.
And I'll tell yer this old planet's gettin' queerer every day
Till a chap begins to wonder if it's really safe to stay,
But the worst things is them germ-bugs fer they've got so thick about
That a chap knows sure they'll catch him,

If
 he
 don't
 watch
 out.

If you're tired after working, sleepy when you go to bed,
Wake upsleepless in the morning, dizzy when you bump yer head,
If you feel full after dinner, hungry when its supper-time,
Cross when meals ain't always ready, or yer wife asks for a dime,
If you've any of these symptoms let me tell you without doubt
That the germ-bugs sure have got you

'Cause
 you
 hain't
 watched
 out.



The Old Man's Valentine

I'm sending this Valentine, sweetheart,
Don't smile when you see it's from me,
Nor think I'm too old for such "nonsense,"
I'm enjoying it much as can be.
For, wife, all the young folks are sending
To their sweethearts some token today,
So Im going to send one to my sweetheart,
Tho' our heads are both silvery gray.

The roses upon it are white ones—
A love through deep trials made pure.
The forget-me-nots woven among them
Are sweet mem'ries that ever endure.
And here's Cupid—ah well do we know him—
He's dwelt with us many a year,
For we've lived in the shine and the shadow,
And loved thro' the smile and the tear.

And beneath, if you'll lift up the blossoms,
I have written where no one may see,
A sweet little scrap of a poem
As sweet as a poem could be,
And you'll read it tonight in the twilight,
As you sit with a hand clasped in mine,
And your heart will be glad I remembered
To send you a sweet Valentine.



Do It Now.

Is there any act of kindness you have planned for by and by
To make someone's burden lighter,
To make someone's pathway brighter?
Do it now.
Life is passing swift away.
Good you've planned to do "some day,"
Do it now.

There are many aching bosoms in the crowd that passes by
Do you know some word that spoken
Might bind up the heart that's broken?
Speak it now.
Deem it not a little thing,
Peace and comfort it may bring.
Speak it now.

There is many a heart that hungers for the love your heart
can give.
Let your love be freely given
As the love that comes from Heaven.
Give it now.
Do not wait till from your side
Death has borne him o'er the tide
Give it now.

Ah, we need kind words and actions and the bright sun-
shine of love.
Then our burdens will be lighter,
And our pathway will be brighter.
Give them now
Life is passing swift away
Good you've planned to do "some day,"
Do it now.



Merry Christmas to You



May we wish you Merry Christmas for the Christmas day that's coming,
Full of joy and cheer and sunshine as a Christmas day should be?
Yes, we wish you fullest measure of the gladness and the pleasure
That the glorious Christmas morning ever brings to you and me.

May the angel chorus singing, "Peace on earth, good will to others,"
Flood your hearts upon the dawning of the day when Christ was born.
That the beauty of the living and the spirit of the giving
Fill your hearts and hands for services on the beautiful Christmas morn.

And when Santa thro' the chimney comes asliding down at midnight
May he fill the waiting stockings with many a wished-for toy.
That the little white-robed figures creeping from the bed at daybreak
May find no disappointments to mar Christmas joy.

So we wish you Merry Christmas. To you all we send our greetings.
On your Christmas sunshine may no shadow fall,
But may peace and joy and pleasure fill the hours to fullest measure.
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to you all.

Beautiful Snow

Thro' all the day the sunbeams
Were hid from our sight away,
And the beautiful blue of heaven
Was changed to a murky gray.
The earth lay bare and frozen,
And wintry winds whistled keen.
No bird or blossoming flower
Cheered up the shadowy scene.

But as we gazed from the window
Up to the clouds on high,
Softly floated the snowflakes
Down from the murky sky.
They rested on field and meadow
Soft as an angel's wing,
And a robe of celestial whiteness
To the cold dark earth did bring.

They covered each scar and blemish
With a beauty we cannot tell,
And soft on our hearts a lesson
With the falling snowflakes fell.
How often our Heavenly Father
From out of the clouds above
Lets fall on our hearts a blessing,
A touch of eternal love.

And wrapping our human natures,
In robes of celestial white,
We stand in His holy presence
Beautiful, pure and bright,
And we prayed, "Our Heavenly Father,
Whose mercy is over all,
Soft on our hearts let the blessings
Like the beautiful snowflakes fall."

Woodland Whispers

There's a place I love to wander when the summer
days are fair,
Or the breath of beauteous Springtime floats upon
the balmy air.
There the songbird softly warbles to his mate his
sweetest lay,
And the woods are filled with music all the glad-
some summer day,
In its music and its sunshine life's dull cares so
soon depart
And all the noble thoughts find entrance to the
temple of the heart.

On the sunny sloping hillsides here and there the
shadows fall,
As they fall across the sunshine in the hearts of
one and all;
And from out the shade the songbird fills with
music every part
As the angels softly whisper thro' the shadows of
the heart.
O, the messages of beauty nature to our hearts
doth give,
Teaching us thro' shine and shadow of the nobler
way to live.

There the flowers are looking upward to the deep
blue sky above,
Where the stars look down forever, emblems of
eternal love.
And the soul, enraptured, strengthened, feels the
breath of Lord Divine
Breathing from the star-eyed blossoms and the
flower-like stars that shine,
Till the soul is lifted upward far above the com-
mon sod
To a plane of sweet communion with its Maker and
its God.



Watching for Papa

No matter how hard was the toiling
Nor tiresome the day's work might be,
I knew that the eve would be brightened
By the welcome that waited for me.
And my steps grew light as I hurried,
For I knew as I drew near my home
That a dear little face at the window
Was watching for "Papa to come."

Now I miss the sweet face at the window,
The patter of swift little feet,
The glad cry of "Baby meet Papa,"
As he hastened my coming to greet.
But I dream that in mansions of glory
As I draw near my Heavenly home
There's a dear little face at the window
Watching for papa to come.

And, oh, how it sweetens life's sadness
And lightens the toil of the way,
To know that my baby is waiting
To meet me at close of the day,
And again the glad cry of "Meet Papa,"
Will welcome my weary heart home,
And I'll enter Life's joys with the Baby
Who is watching for "Papa to come."

A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the text.

Gethsemane

What lesson 'twere for us that in the shades
Of dark Gethsemane where Jesus wept.
That 'twas alone he drank the bitter cup
In midnight darkness while the others slept,
Nor chided for weakness of the flesh,
But saw alone the spirit's willingness.

Give me, oh Lord, when midnight's lonely hour
My soul must spend in dark Gethsemane,
The strength to bear alone the heavy cross,
Or drink the bitter cup Thou givest me;
Nor waken from their restful slumbers deep
Those who would gladly watch with me and weep.

For well we know these other weary souls
Must watch alone in their Gethsemane
While others slumber. Must go forth to bear
Their crosses toward the heights of Calvary.
I cannot ask that they would bear with me
The midnight hour of my Gethsemane.

But I would ask that from the heights above
The angels watch with me the while I pray,
That I faint not tho' I should watch alone
While others slumber till the break of day,
This is my prayer. If thou grant this to me,
I'll watch alone in my Gethsemane.

Tired



Are you tired to-night, little mother?
Have the children been noisy today,
And driven the peace of the household
And the charm of its quiet away?
And now when the clatter is ended,
When resting is each curly head,
Do you sit with a big pile of mending
For the dear little toddlers in bed?

Ah, mother, I envy your evening
As you draw your chair close to the light,
I would give, oh, more than you dream of
If I could be tired to-night;
Tired with the noise of the children,
With the patter and rush of their feet,
With the endless asking of questions
And the ring of their laughter sweet.

But I sit here to-night idle-handed,
While upstairs is an empty white bed
By which in the once happy twilight
We bent o'er a bright golden head,
And the dear little garments that waited
My care at the close of the day
Have all been lovingly cared for
And tearfully folded away.

So I sit here to-night in the shadows
And live o'er the evenings now gone,
When I slipped from the dear little bed-side
And returned to the tasks to be done.
Yes, mother, I envy your evening
As you draw your chair close to the light.
I would give, oh, more than you dream of
If I could be tired to-night,

Just for Today

Teach me, oh Lord, Thy will,
 Just for today.
Teach me, this little hour,
 To walk Thy way,
Not in my strength, but in Thine own, I pray,
Teach me to do Thy will, just for today.

Let me not shun the path
 Thou hast chose for me,
Tho' it must pass thro' dark
 Gethsemane,
For today's journey Thou my guidance be,
And let Thy wondrous grace suffice for me.

Let me Thy presence feel
 This little hour,
Sustain my fainting heart
 By Thy great power,
Safe in Thy care, tho' mighty tempests lower,
No more their wrath I'll fear than summer
 shower.

So guide me, blessed Lord,
 Just for today,
Lead Thou my faltering feet
 Thine own way.
So leave me not alone in all the way
Until my soul has reached eternal day,

A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the text.

A Mother's Treasures

Upstairs in a chest safely folded away
From the light of the day is my treasure.
Little garments that loving hands fashioned
with care
And toiled o'er their making with pleasure.
There are fair, dainty garments my baby boy
wore—
His little coats, bonnets and dresses,
Each one has been dewed with a fond mother's
tears,
And folded with silent caresses.
I treasure each one as a miser his gold,
For each with sweet memories is laden,
But dearer to me than all of the rest
Are the little worn clothes that he played
in.

The Coming of Jack Frost

Jack Frost met Miss Autumn one bright crispy
morn,
And she asked him if he would the forest
adorn;
So seizing his paints to the forest he sped
And painted the forest leaves yellow and red.
But Jack is a mischief tho' seemingly meek,
For he pinched every apple on its red cheek.
He whispered strange words in the ears of the
corn
When he told them the farmer would shock
them next morn.

Then he said to the pumpkin, "I'll do you no
harm
For the boys with their candles will keep you
quite warm.
I only will add, when they do, don't make
faces,
'Twill surely not add to your well-rounded
graces."
A potato peeped out thro' its half-opened eye,
And a shudder ran thro' it when it saw who
passed by.
While out in the garden where grew things to
eat,
One softly exclaimed, "There's Jack Frost!
Well I'm beet!"

Jack laughed as he looked o'er his pranks of
the night,
Forgetting they'd show in the clear morning
light.
But the apple's red cheeks and the corn's ting-
ling ear
Told a tale that to all passers by was most
clear.
The beet looked half dead, and with a cool air
The pumpkin returned the potatoes' cold stare.
And so, tho' he fled at the first ray of light,
All the children cried out, "Jack Frost came
last night."

Today's Battle

If your country called for a sword, a banner
and battlefield,
Called for a strong right arm her honor and
truth to shield,
Your hand would be quickly raised, and
straight at the threatening foe
In the sight of the world would its strength
be hurled,
Dealing the conquering blow.

Your country calls for a sword and gives you
a battlefield,
Calls for a strong right arm her honor and
truth to shield,
Will that hand with the ballot be raised, and
straight at the threatening foe
In the sight of the world its strength be hurled
Dealing the conquering blow?

Will you press where the fight is thick and
close with the ranks of wrong,
Fighting the battle of right with a courage
firm and strong?
Will you against all odds to the temperance
cause be true,
And never yield to the wrong the field?
The victory depends on you.

Our Thanks to Thee



Father, we lift our hearts to Thee
In grateful praise
That with thy blessings Thou hast crowned
The passing days.
That in thy mercy Thou hast led
Where'er we trod,
That every path of joy or pain
Might lead to God.

We thank Thee, Lord that when the shades
Of sorrow's night
Closed over all, but brighter shone
Thy guiding light.
That when earth's dazzling pleasures met
Us every where,
The shadow of thy wings shut out
The alluring glare.

And as we journey on apace
From day to day,
We know thy guiding finger points
For us the way,
That life nor death nor present things
Nor things to come
Can shut us from the love of God
That leads us home.

We can but see how manifold
Thy gifts to all,
And feel that what our lives return
Is, oh, so small.
So, Lord, today we left our hearts
In grateful praise
That with thy blessings Thou hast crowned
The passing days.



The Old Year and the New

Tonight the Old Year folds his record books
And lays them by with those of other years.
Each day we wrote our little line therein
Illumined with smiles or blotted thick with tears.
That which was written—no matter what it be—
Remains unchanged throughout Eternity.

Some lines were written with fingers firm and strong
In burning words we would not wish effaced.
At some our fingers trembled, and the tears
Almost shut out the sentence which we traced.
Thou, Lord who judgest everything a right,
Which writing will best stand thy searching light?

But with the morn the New Year comes to us,
Her records all unwritten, pure and white.
And dare I take that record? Yea, I must,
It must be written be it dark or bright.
But He who marks the planet's pathless way
Will guide my little record day by day.

And this my prayer as gently in my hands
The New Year lays her record, that this year's
Be but a record of the good and true
Whether the lines be bright or dimmed with tears.
And if each day that comes I live my best
I, in my Father's care, can trust the rest.



Explained.



Two city dudes thro' the country strolled
One crisp November morn,
And as on they wandered their pathway led
By a field of fresh-shocked corn
It happened a honey-bee buzzed that way
In hopes it a flower could see
But never one had the poor bee found
Tho' it hunted faithfully.

The first city dude cried out as the bee
Paused to rest on a stalk of corn,
"Oh what can induce that poor little bee
To be out on this chilly morn!
Why he doesn't fly to his nice warm nest
I'm sure I can't comprehend.
He'll surely catch cold and his little life
Will meet an untimely end."

But the other quieted all his fears,
He saw no cause for alarm
For he had learned much in the three or four days
He had spent on his uncle's farm,
"Don't worry about it, Chawley boy,
'Tis plain enough to me,
For don't cher know here's a field of corn
And this is a husking-bee.

If I Had Just Today.



If I had just today in which to love thee,
If at its close my soul must pass away,
How much of love, how much of love's sweet kindness
My heart could put into this one short day,
If I had just today.

All sorrow in these hours would be forgotten,
My heart would overflow with love to thee.
My lips would find the way for its expression,
My soul would find with thine a harmony,
If I had just today.

I'll live today as tho' the twilight shadows
Must hear me whisper to the life's good night.
As tho' the angels waited for that whisper
To bear me from thee to the realms of light
And gave me just today.

And so today I'll live and love thee truly.
Thy heart shall know the fullness of that love.
Tomorrow morn may find my spirit waiting
For thine beside the pearly gates above—
I may have just today.

The Little Chap and the Snow Storm

Say, wasu't that a jolly snow came tumbling
down last night!
The wood-pile's buried to the top, the walks
is just a fright,
Pa had to do the shovelin', my head's been
achin' so,
And I've got a cold and hadn't ought to be out
shovelin' snow.
But Pa's got all the shovelin' done, my head
feels better, some,
Guess I'll call the fellers to the hill, we'll make
the old sleds hum.

Ma says I've got to bring in wood; Pa's shov-
eled to the pile.
I think they'd better let those sticks stay and
dry out awhile.
This wood is awful heavy when its loaded
down with snow,
Besides the boys have got a 'bob' and are
waitin' fer me to go.
I guess one armful is enough. I'll bring more
by and by.
Besides I think the pesky stuff ought to stay
out and dry.

Yes, boys, I'm comin'. Say, that 'bob' is buried
to the top!
But never mind, we'll haul her to the hill with-
out a stop,
Say, fellers aint this jolly, and see this glorious
drift!
Now, fellers, yank with all your might, we all
have got to lift,
There's lots more drifts like that one, but
we've strong arms, yours and mine.
Say, there's nothing like a snow storm to make
a chap feel fine.

Before Christmas



How glad I will be if I'm ever growed up
Like my Daddy or Uncle Joe;
For Santa don't care what the grown folks do,
It is just little boys you know.
He must spend most his time a-hangin' around
Between one Christmas time and the next,
And remembers the boys who sass back their mas,
And quarrel and fight and get vexed,
So you'll have to be good before Christmas.

And no matter how mean the other kids are,
I tell you it's no time to fight.
Just remember that Santa is listenin' round
And spunk up and say it aint right.
And then there's the girls—they're the worst of
it all—

No teasing till Christmas is past.
You can't hide their dolls, nor have one bit of fun.
Thank goodness! this wont always last!
But you've got to be good before Christmas.

When Sis has a beau you must slip through the
hall

And not peep thro' the keyhole a mite;
'Cause last year Sis said Santa would brought me
a gun,

But I peeked thro' the keyhole one night.
So these things that you'd like to do—just cut 'em
out.

It's tough on a fellow, I know,
But after New Year's you can make it all up
And folks will soon see you're not slow—
But you've got to be good before Christmas.

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