

PS 3531

.I44 W5

1922

Copy 1

WHEAT
and
CHAFF

By B. ALICE PIERSON

Wheat and Chaff

BY

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"What is the chaff to the Wheat?"

Leesington, Ky.

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company. 1922*

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By B. ALICE PIERSON

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In Sacred Memory
of
My Grandmother

“But other fell into good ground, and
brought forth fruit.”

GRANDMOTHER

Grandmother dear though old and gray,
Was once like us quite young and gay;
But now as in her chair she rocks,
We gaze upon her snowy locks.

Many storms has she passed through,
While much good she tried to do;
The same is now in store for me,
And hope to be as good as she.

How we to her should be so kind;
Since of her youth we her remind;
Let no one ever hear us say,
"She's old and only in the way."

Her work on earth is nearly done;
She soon will say, "my race is run;"
With just a step from earth to heaven,
To reign up there, where all's forgiven.

MOTHER

Of all the friendships formed on earth,
There's none compares with mother;
She knows us, loves us from our birth,
Loves us as can no other.

'Tis she who toils from morn till night,
Then scarce a wink doth sleep;
And yet her face doth seem so bright,
We hate to see her weep.

Her household cares are hard indeed,
So much has she to bear;
So many mouths there are to feed,
So many clothes to wear.

From anxious care she's never free,
While she on earth does live;
But soon will she with Jesus be,
Who perfect rest will give.

LOVE

Love, so wonderful, divine,
How it doth our hearts entwine;
Love of beauty, so sublime,
Never changing with the time.

Love of man, is very deep,
Something he will always keep;
Love of woman, deeper yet,
She, her love, can ne'er forget.

Love of parents so sincere,
Often makes one shed a tear;
Love of children, sweet indeed,
How we them do clothe and feed.

Love of God, surpasses all;
Lifts us up whene'er we fall;
'Tis a love that never dies,
Living e'en beyond the skies.

HOME

Home, a place to us most dear,
Where our loved ones we revere;
Shed the sympathizing tear,
'Tis a place we have no fear.

Dear old home, it changes not,
'Tis to me a lovely spot;
I remember well the cot,
That I slept on when a tot.

At night before we went to bed,
Our father dear, the Bible read;
Then followed prayer in which he led,
And then the sweet goodnight was said.

The years are going very fast,
The storms of life will soon be past;
And we shall see our home at last,
Where God sees fit our lot to cast.

PLAYMATES

We have known each other since childhood,
Spent many pleasant hours,
In wandering through the wildwood,
Gathering fragrant flowers.

How pleasant it is to remember,
The times that we berrying went;
And how in the month of November,
For chestnuts and walnuts were sent.

To school we went always together,
Tried hard to keep in the same grade;
No matter how stormy the weather,
To us it no difference made.

And now as through life we do wander,
Experiencing sorrow and care,
'Tis often I sit down and ponder,
When shall we again meet, and where?

SCHOOLMATES

Oh, those dear old happy schoolmates,
Now are scattered through the "States";
They're no longer girls and boys,
But are through with childish toys.

One is now a famous preacher,
Another one, a college teacher;
Every sort of situation,
That demands a reputation.

What a change is wrought by years,
Which to all brings many tears;
For a truth I cannot say,
Whether any went astray.

Many dollars have we earned,
Many lessons have we learned,
In the school of daily life,
Which is full of toil and strife.

MY BIRTHDAY

Little birds do sweetly sing,
Church bells everywhere do ring,
On the day I'm twenty-seven!
Feel I'm one year nearer Heaven.

Friends do manifest their love,
Which is like to that above;
Gifts and flowers to me they give,
Why, I've just begun to live!

Many sorrows, many tears,
Many hopes and many fears,
Have I felt since life began;
After all, 'tis but a span.

Ere another year goes by,
God knows, I may have to die;
But to Him, I raise this prayer:
Take me to Thy tender care.

BOOKS

Books are deemed by me a treat,
Something very hard to beat;
Fond companions, oft are they,
That we meet for just a day.

Every topic one can name,
You may find a book on same;
Granting to us knowledge rare,
Telling us how others fare.

Some may many years be old,
Though to us, as good as gold;
Much amusement one derives,
Scanning over great men's lives.

The Bible, though, is king of all;
While telling us of Adam's fall,
It points to us, the way to Heaven,
And tells us we may be forgiven.

MY BIBLE

To me was given a volume,
When I was but a child;
It guides me unto Heaven,
And keeps me meek and mild.

When troubles overtake me,
My Bible proves a friend,
Who never does forsake me,
But ever help does lend.

I've read it since a maiden,
Yes, read it o'er and o'er;
To me, it has grown precious,
I love it more and more.

With books, it has no rival,
None with it can compare;
My soul, with food supplieth,
I prize this treasure rare.

MY NEIGHBOR

I used to have a neighbor,
Who treated me so kind;
For me she did oft labor,
Besides, was so refined.

It was to her a pleasure,
To take me by surprise;
And always gave good measure,
Was thoughtful, kind and wise.

Upon my birthday morning,
This neighbor dear of ours,
Without a bit of warning,
Sent me a cake and flowers.

Shared alike, were weal or woe;
Such pleasant hours spent we;
And often, "Now before you go,
We'll have a cup o' tea."

RELIGION

Religion, so divinely sweet,
Which does all whims and fancies beat;
It reigns within, from sins release
The sinner, and gives perfect peace.

A balm to those who do profess,
In times of sorrow and distress.
In case of loss, all tears are vain,
Since it does yield a greater gain.

One may be all alone in life,
Without a friend, or even wife;
But like a valley full of flowers,
It helps to while away the hours.

Who could its wondrous power doubt?
I could not, would not be without;
It keeps me free from sin below,
And though I die, with me shall go.

PRAYER

Oh the wondrous power of prayer,
To the one so full of care;
Brings to him such sweet relief,
If he only has belief.

When I truly feel His need,
Then I answer get indeed
To my prayer, which is sincere,
As it brings the flowing tear.

Prayer has cleared away all doubt,
I could no more be without;
Even though I lost my voice,
In my heart, could I rejoice.

'Tis through prayer, I hope to meet
My Redemeer, kind and sweet;
To be joined with Him in heart,
Never more from Him to part .

MUSIC

Music, sublime, oh wondrous art;
Balm of peace to the saddest heart;
A relic it is, of Paradise
Sweetest when heard beyond the skies.

It makes my heart with pity melt,
To think of souls, who never felt,
The rapturous joy that music brings,
To one who oft of heaven sings.

When weary oft with toil and care,
I to my instrument repair,
And strike the chords that tune my heart,
Which never fails fresh life to impart.

How slow indeed the years would roll,
Had I no music in my soul;
I long to sing in realms above,
Proclaim the wonders of His love.

SOLACE

“Be still and know that I am God,”
May we heed the blessed text;
“I love thee, pass under the rod,”
A balm to the mind perplexed.

“The Shepherd knoweth His sheep.”
None should ever go astray;
“He giveth His beloved sleep,
Who “work while it is day.”

“To cleave to that which is good,”
May we be duly taught;
And for “our daily food,”
Trust Him as we ought.

“Faith without works is dead,”
So let us be up and doing;
“And verily thou shalt be fed,”
According to your sowing.

THE BEST OF LIFE

What is the best of life, you ask,
And say you find it all a task;
The best of life, I always find,
Is to my neighbors and friends be kind.

Could we the good from evil sift,
How much swifter our years would drift;
But no, we choose the darker side,
Instead of in the Lord confide.

This life of course, is full of care,
And yet, we can the burdens bear,
Far better, if we lean on God,
Who hath the thorny pathway trod.

The sun shines brighter, after rain;
The pleasure sweeter, after pain;
And peace far dearer after strife,
These are among the best of life.

OUR FRIENDS

Who are our friends? We fain would ask,
To answer which, might prove a task;
Our friends, the ones both true and tried,
In troubles deep, stand by our side.

Our friends are they who never fail,
To lend a hand, whatever ail;
That joy, when we in pleasure steep,
That grieve with us, when tears we weep.

They who regard us when alone,
But see us not in busy throng,
Are far indeed, from being such;
In fact we know them by their touch.

If smiles we win because of dress ,
A frown's more welcome, I confess;
'Tis safe to say, that friends are few,
But I am grateful for the "few."

HE

He who numbers the hairs of your head,
Observes the tears that you shed;
He who hearkens to you when you pray,
Will lead you aright in the way.

He who suffers with you in your pain,
Rejoices with you in your gain;
He who watches o'er you while asleep,
Your pilot will be on the deep.

He who listens to you when you speak,
Pities the knees that are weak;
He who bears the weight of your cross,
Regrets when you sustain loss.

He who feedeth the lambs of His fold,
To each gives a crown of gold;
He who communes with you each day,
Will claim you on the judgment day.

SINNER, TAKE WARNING!

Sinner, if you knew the danger,
In this world of sorrow,
You would hail the passing stranger,
Ere would come the morrow.

Stranger now, but He would gladly,
Be your friend forever;
You may shun Him, but how sadly,
When from earth you sever.

Then you'll think of moments wasted,
And your life of leisure;
How you'll wish it could have lasted,
Till you found the treasure.

But you heeded not the pleading,
In your heart, so tender;
While He still is interceding,
Make a full surrender!

MY BEST FRIEND

Dear Jesus, the best friend of all,
Who always is near when I call,
Stands by me though trials befall,
He's proven the best friend of all.

So long as I trust and believe,
He patiently waits to receive;
And me of my burdens relieve,
Has never been known to deceive.

I know it would make His heart ache,
Were I ever Him to forsake;
But gladly I'll live for His sake,
While me a companion He'll make.

Oh, can you not love Him, as I?
I know that you can if you try;
Ask Him to receive you on high,
Then trust and believe till you die.

WARNING

When you wake up in the morning,
And reflect upon your dream,
You perceive it is a warning,
Though not always clear does seem.

Warnings come in various ways,
And at different times;
Sometimes, not fulfilled for days,
Oft, in distant climes.

Some there are who can foretell,
That a friend will die;
Even at the time he's well,
It will cause a sigh.

But the greatest warning,
Heard by every one,
"Prepare ye for the dawning,
Ere the day is done!"

PALM SUNDAY

On a beautiful Sabbath day,
I entered the temple of truth;
My sins on the altar I lay,
In the days of my innocent youth.

I seated myself in the pew,
With head bowed in earnest prayer;
My vows again did renew,
By placing myself in His care.

His heavenly peace did abound,
With radiant beams on me shone!
The echoes of heaven did resound,
In hosannas, around the throne.

My richest gifts were brought,
And showered at his feet;
All that my soul had sought,
Was found in Him complete.

MORE THAN DREAMS

A very strange world indeed,
Is this we're going through;
We may not know what next
We're going to say or do.

Inspired by what we hear,
Impressed by what we see,
Guided by those we meet,
Prompting us what to do.

Heaving today, a sigh,
Singing tomorrow, a lay;
Working with all our might,
Or trifling the time away.

Thus we go on and on,
Meaningless, though it seems,
But when the end shall come,
There may be more than dreams.

OUR LOVED ONES

I have loved ones far away,
Whom I often long to see;
But I know that some glad day,
We shall all together be

How the tears of joy do flow,
When we meet for just a day;
How we hate to see them go,
When they to their homes away.

'Tis so sad we have to part,
In this world of sin and care;
Yet we still are joined in heart,
And I hope, we'll meet up there.

Some have gone to youder clime,
Where all tears are wiped away;
Only waiting for a time,
When the earth shall pass away.

LONGING FOR HOME

How I long to be with Jesus,
In that home prepared for me;
Where his loving hand shall lead us,
When from sin and care we're free.

Oh, the bliss when we shall gather,
Where the saints and angels dwell;
Here we love to sing, but rather,
When we with the chorus swell.

It may be at "sacred vesper,"
He will beckon me to come;
Or at holy midnight, whisper,
"Follow me, I'll guide you home."

When we meet beyond the river,
All our sorrows will be o'er;
For no more from hearts we'll sever,
But remain upon the shore.

ANGELS OF EARTH

Right about us on the earth,
There are angels bright and fair;
Some are so from very birth,
Some with snowy hair.

These will make us think of good,
While they smile, and talk and sing;
Though they may partake of food,
And haven't even wing.

Loved ones who to us are dear,
Are these angels, good and true;
And we oft neglect, I fear,
Much for them to do.

Yet, we think of those above,
As the only ones there are;
All forgetful that it's love,
Makes them what they are.

DREAMING OF ANGELS

In my dreams, they hover near me,
And believe, they come to cheer me;
Angel guardians have we all,
Who responds to duty's call.

Sometimes, as I sit and ponder,
And my mind toward heaven does wander,
Think I of those angels fair,
Who are always free from care.

Then methinks, I see them soar,
Till they're at my very door;
Though so real, it all does seem,
After all, 'tis but a dream.

But, there'll come a time, when we,
Who are faithful and sincere,
In reality shall see,
What was but a vision here.

LIFE INSURANCE

A "policy," is said to give,
Ease of mind to those who live;
A fact that no one dare deny,
Nor even ask the reason "why?"

'Tis a friend in time of need,
As it does the orphan feed;
Pays up debts, which clears the wife,
Gives to her a start in life.

Wipes away the falling tear,
Feeling that a friend is near;
Pays the undertaker's bill,
And beside, the purse, does fill.

But, "insurance" cannot buy
Peace of soul for those who die;
So be wise and don't delay,—
"Lay up treasures" 'gainst that day.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day we celebrate,
The graves with flowers we decorate,
In honor of the dead;
While solemn words are said.

Brave soldiers who in battle fell,
Bruised and torn by shot and shell;
Some in cemeteries sleep,
Some lie buried in the deep.

Silently the tear-drops fall,
As our loved ones we recall;
Still in love our hearts entwined,
While we treasure them in mind.

Think ye, that ere very long,
The bell for us will too, be rung!
Our bodies, in the silent grave,
Our souls to God who kindly gave.

THOUGHTS

Wonderful the power of thought,
Which has good and evil wrought;
Evil thoughts do no one good,
Good ones are as wholesome food.

Singular are thoughts indeed;
We on good ones like to feed;
We should never let them stray,
Keep them pure, the livelong day.

Wicked thoughts always degrade;
Noble ones must elevate;
Keep them on a plane so high,
That they never cause a sigh.

Let yourself of dying think,
Since it is the precious link,
That connects your soul to God,
While your body's 'neath the sod.

THE POET

A poet's mind does never cease,
Fresh thoughts to entertain;
And often times does he release
An overcrowded brain.

His thoughts should very noble be,
His reader to inspire;
Devoid of all profanity,
Slang phrases, or satire.

He too, should always quote the truth,
Avoiding false assertions;
While being read by every youth,
Oft maketh bad impressions.

The poet does enjoy his work,
To him, 'tis naught but play;
Not often he behind does lurk,
When write does he for pay.

FAREWELL TO JUNE

Fair June, I'll say goodnight,
Ere I lie down to sleep;
Upon my snowy bed of white,
Nor shall I care to weep.

The months pass like a dream,
And though I do my best,
Within my mossy bed of green,
I'll soon be placed to rest.

And though I shed no tears,
I heave a little sigh;
But when the pleasant morn appears,
I'll wake to greet July.

And thus from friends we part,
Not knowing how or when;
Like time, with broken heart,
May never meet again.

WELCOME TO JULY

A grand welcome we give you,
Thou month of July;
We cannot but love you,
And well you know why.

'Twas yourself who gave birth,
To the "land of the free;"
The best land on earth,
To you and to me.

The harvest you yield,
Gives us plenty to eat;
The waving wheat field,
Is indeed a rare treat.

The warm July sun,
Makes the fruit ripe and sweet;
Of the months, you're the one,
We all like to greet.

FLOWERS

How delightful are the hours,
That are spent among the flowers;
Fresh and fragrant are the bowers,
Sprinkled by the summer showers.

How we love the roses fair,
Scenting sweet, the balmy air;
Calla lillies, very rare,
What with these, may we compare!

Forget-me-nots, a dainty blue,
And violets of the richest hue,
I name among the choicest few,
Because I know, they're liked by you.

Goldenrod is very fine,
Also the arbutus vine,
Which among the wood does twine;
All of these, I think sublime.

IN THE MEADOWS

In the meadows, on the hay,
Spent we all the Summer day;
After butterflies we ran,
While the lovely breeze did fan.

How the clover we did pluck,
Just to find and tell "our luck;"
Daisies white, and violets blue,
Told us who to us were "true."

Sweeter than the best perfume,
That we ever did consume,
Was the fragrance of the hay,
That o'er all the meadow lay.

Wreaths of buttercups we made,
While we rested in the shade;
Took a bunch of golden rod,
Just before we homeward trod.

TREES

How pleasant to behold the trees,
When fanned by just a gentle breeze;
Their leaves so lovely, fresh and green,
Do help to beautify earth's scene

Among the wonders God has made,
Are trees which give us lovely shade;
More wonderful, that from a root,
A tree will grow and yield us fruit.

And what to fruit, may we compare,
As apples, plums and peaches rare;
All fruits, in fact, to me are dear,
Their seasons, even bring us cheer.

I wish that I might say of trees,
That they do every body please,
Just half as much as they do me,
And then they would rare beauty see.

BIRDS

The sweetest notes I ever heard,
Were warbled by a little bird;
It sat up in the tree top high,
Then flew away up in the sky.

I often wonder how they live,
Though many crumbs to them I give;
But then I know 'tis God who feeds,
And careth for their daily needs.

How sweet, how innocent are they,
And how they flit from day to day;
How can the bad boy ever rest,
To steal a birdling from its nest.

In Winter to the South they go,
In order to escape the snow;
Though sparrows often do destroy,
Yet after all, they give us joy.

THE CLOCK

How dare you stare at me all day;
Am not a fraud or thief,
Although I'm "serving time" always,
And never get relief.

Am never seen to leave my base,
Thugh time is said to "fly;"
Nor do I stop to wash my face,
While days and weeks go by.

If "time is money," as they say,
I haven't got a cent;
Although I work, I get no pay,
E'en though my hands are bent.

And still I'm said to gain and lose,
Now isn't that a joke!
Well let them say just what they choose,
I know when I am "broke."

HOME PLEASURES

Among the things we all enjoy,
Are music, books and flowers;
While prized by every girl and boy,
Bring many happy hours.

The home where music doth abound,
Is filled with life and light;
'Tis there that happiness is found,
And faces beaming bright.

In leisure hours we read the Book,
Which cheers us on our way;
And when we on its pages look,
We think of that "great day."

A flower within a vase we find ,
Which scents the room so sweet;
Now that's the home we like to find,
Wherein our friends to greet.

CONTENTMENT

Pray for a life of contentment,
If you would peace enjoy;
Treat naught with resentment,
And well your time employ.

Then rest content with your given lot,
Whatever in life it may be;
Try to feel that Home is the dearest spot
Of all on earth to thee.

Say when you kneel down in prayer at night,
I thank Thee oh Lord for my health;
And never look at a neighbor with spite,
Or covet another's wealth.

To few, very few, contentment is given,
They soon must depart from this earth;
But perfect they'll find it upon reaching Heaven,
When they have assumed the new birth.

THANKSGIVING

For protection through the year,
For the loved ones we revere,
For the sympathizing tear,
For the Autumn leaflet sere.

For the cold and for the heat,
For the daily food we eat,
For the kindred souls we greet,
For the blood bought mercy seat.

For the sunshine and the rain,
For the pleasure and the pain,
For the loss and for the gain,
For the knowledge we attain.

For the many blessings given,
For the sins that are forgiven,
Thanks we raise to God in Heaven,
Who will lead us to our haven.

BEYOND THE STARS

Who is able me to tell,
Who beyond the stars do dwell?
Men may inhabit the planet Mars,
But that is not beyond the stars.

Will it ever be revealed,
Or remain a mystery sealed?
It would be a great surprise,
To find that Heaven's beyond the skies!

Astronomers know all about,
And yet, have never found this out;
Though among the wisest men,
They will have to "try again."

I believe no one but God,
Beyond the stars has ever trod;
Just what He reveals to us,
Is all that we may here discuss.

A BOOK OF LIFE

Your life may be a book,
Known and read by men;
Your word, your tone and look,
Are judged time and again.

As chapters, count your years,
However long or short,
Be spent in smiles and tears,
In labor, grief or sport.

Each day, may be a page,
Fresh as morning dew;
Improved by very age,
Recognized by few.

The story of your life,
In calm and peace composed,
Unmixed by wrong or strife.
Is too sweet to be closed.

THE GENIUS

You, whom God endowed with wisdom,
Even in your embryo days,
Should indeed be an example,
Following in His works and ways.

All your many deeds and actions,
Seemingly as light as love,
Done to please your heavenly Master,
Which indeed does goodness prove.

Tho' by many you are envied,
Pass them by and heed them not,
This will aid in making impress,
All included in your lot.

May the Angel guides attend you,
To the summit of your fame:
There, by deeds and purest motives,
Carve for you a lasting name.

FRIENDSHIP

Give me the friendship of one so sincere,
That if sorrow o'ertake you will soon shed a tear;
That never will leave you whatever befall,
But stand by and soothe you right through it all.

I care not for friendship that lasts but in health,
Or boasts of your fame, your honor, and wealth;
That leaves you neglected when want does appear,
Then claims "no acquaintance," though once you were
"dear."

We all have our friends, but true ones are few;
Forsake not an old one to take up a new;
Though distance divides us we never forget,
Because of their absence, we sigh with regret.

Then prize "true friendship" as dear as your life;
It never was known to cause any strife;
True friends will always each other uphold,
Which is better by far than silver or gold.

SUMMER

Summer, always bright and gay,
Blossom of the year;
Time when farmers make the hay,
Season to us dear.

Merry birds sing everywhere,
Which doth make us glad!
Sweet perfume upon the air,
Vacation for the lad.

Fruits of every kind we eat,
What a pleasure rare!
Which alone would be a treat,
Far beyond compare.

Picnics for the girls and boys,
Such a lovely time!
Better far than books or toys,
Pleasant Summer time.

WINTER

Old Winter, dreary, bleak and bluff,
That comes with snow and wind so rough,
A boon to all the girls and boys,
Who so delight in winter joys.

The frozen ground protects the grain,
Likewise does snow, and also rain;
We should not mind the Winter cold,
Since it does bring to many gold.

Am sure it pleases him quite well,
Who rubber boots and shoes does sell;
The dealer too, in coal or wood,
As well as many kinds of food.

The farmer, by it too, does gain;
Why should we grumble at the rain!
Were it not for the Winter's blast,
I fear we'd all die pretty fast.

THE OLD YEAR

Just a short twelve months ago,
Many gifts you did bestow;
Welcome now no longer here,
But are termed the "old year."

You have brought to many, joy,
Also sorrow did employ;
Though 'tis wrong that you should be,
Treated mean, beyond degree.

But of course, it is your lot,
Or so cruel, they'd treat you not;
It is when you leave the earth,
That the next is given birth.

While the new is termed the best,
'Twill ere long be with the rest;
So 'tis often with a friend,
Who has reached his journey's end.

THE NEW YEAR

Every one o'er all the earth,
Hails with joy the New Year's birth;
'Tis a day on which we make
Resolutions, soon to break.

Money foolish will not spend,
Neither shall we any lend;
How we'll free ourselves from debt,
On no races will we bet.

How we promise every day,
To read the Bible and to pray;
Go to church throughout the year,
Not to shed a single tear.

All of these and many more,
We are going to do for sure;
But before the year is done,
May have broken every one.

LIFE

Life to all is very brief,
And we all experience grief;
So long as we on earth do live,
God doth to us His blessings give.

Some remind us of the flower,
Live to bloom for just an hour;
Some again, are like the oak,
Live until with age they croak.

Life is like a graded school,
Where attend both sage and fool;
When our studies here are done,
Then our earthly race is run.

Then promoted we will be,
To a school of higher degree;
Where we'll sing and praise His name;
May this be our highest aim.

DEATH

Death, instead of bitter grief,
Always should bring sweet relief;
'Twere better if the mourner sad,
Could smile and say that he is glad.

'Tis but a sleep that all must take,
From which we shall again awake;
And though we part upon the earth,
In Heaven are given a nobler birth.

To think that when we ope our eyes,
We find ourselves in Paradise;
Then why not here in patience wait,
'Till sent by God thro' Heaven's gate.

So after all, death has no sting,
It does us nearer Jesus bring;
Oh, that we all might ready be,
This beauteous, glorious change to see.

CONCLUSION

At the age of twenty-seven, during a "confinement," I labored under a "spell of inspiration" that compelled me to write the poems of

"WHEAT AND CHAFF."

May you sift the good grain, to store in your heart's garner.

B. A. P.



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