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The Slighted Stranger

and other
Poems

By Charles H. Gabriel

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Greeting

These hymn-poems have been selected from several hundreds written during the last thirty-five years.

Without an exception they have been set to music, and many of them have been sung around the world.

The presence of different metres in the same hymn is accounted for by the demand of the music written thereto.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER

A STRANGER stands outside the door,
And longs thy guest to be;
He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er
He softly calls to thee!
His hands are pierced, His brow is torn,
His face is sad, but sweet—
It is the Lord of Paradise!
Arise! Thy Savior greet.

From lonely, dark Gethsemane,
Thro' Pilate's hall of shame,
Up over cruel Calvary,
To thee in love He came!
Despised! rejected! crucified!
O love, O grace unknown,
That He should still remember thee,
And claim thee for His own!

Yet still He waits and calls to thee,
Altho' you scarce can hear
His pleading voice, so often has
It fallen on your ear.
O Soul, arise and let Him in,
Lest from the bolted door
In sorrow He should turn away
To call for thee no more.

He was wounded for thy transgressions,
He was bruised for thy sin;
Yet He stands at thy heart's door pleading,—
Why, O why not let Him in.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE CHRIST OF CALVARY

SOME happy day I'll go to be
With Him who died on Calvary;
'Tis not for me to know how soon—
It may be morning, night, or noon,
Yet, with the eye of faith I see
The mansion fair that waits for me
Built by the nail-pierced hands of Christ
Who for my sin was sacrificed.

Some happy day, all care laid down
My cross shall change unto a crown,
Sorrow and longing cease to be,
And sin forever lost in me;
No more sad partings, no more tears,
No more these yearnings, doubts and fears;
Love, never-failing, mine shall be
Infinite as eternity.

Some day within the golden west
The sun of life will sink to rest,
And I shall sleep 'till morning clear
Bids clouds and darkness disappear;
Then when the light of day shall break
And in His likeness I awake,
Just to see my Christ of Calvary
Will be the joy of Heav'n to me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee
Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary,
On whom my only hope is stayed,
To whom my only prayer is made;
To Thee my soul appeals for aid;
Speak, saying: "Be thou not afraid."
Dark is the night, I can not see,
Wilt Thou my guide and keeper be?

Cleanse Thou anew this heart of mine;
Baptise me in Thy love divine;
Strengthen me, Lord, Thy will to do,
Create and fashion me anew;
Weakness am I, but Thou art strong;
Lead o'er the pathway rough and long;
Open the flood-gates of Thy grace,
Let me behold Thy blessed face.

Tho' I be willful, yet forgive;
Teach me, that I for Thee may live;
Thy will to do is my desire,
Send Thou the Pentecostal fire.
Consume my sin! O, make me pure,
That to the end I may endure,
And from Thy hand my crown receive,
With Thee forever more to live.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE WAS DESPISED

“HE WAS despised and rejected of men”—
My wonderful Savior, Redeemer, my King!
“As one from whom men hide their faces” was He,
Who came from His glory, my salvation to bring.

“He was despised and rejected of men!”
As light, was his love, as eternity deep,
And yet for the anguish He bore for my soul,
The angels beholding, in their pity might weep.

“He was despised and rejected of men!”
Was ever another such Gethsemane known?
It was for my sins that in mercy He shed
Those blood-drops of sorrow, as He prayed
there alone.

“He was despised and rejected of men!”
Was crucified, buried, yet in triumph arose,
We, too, thro’ His own resurrection may rise,
Victorious forever o’er the last of our foes.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE DREAM CITY

THERE'S a city that hath no need of light
Of the moon, or the stars or sun;
There is no noon, neither is there night,
For the day and night are one.
There is no sin there, neither pain or care,
Toil or sorrow, death or decay;
Everlasting beauty abideth there,
That shall never pass away.

I have dreamed of that city I shall see
When the mists roll in splendor away
And morning dawns, as it will for me
At the close of life's brief day.
Of its jasper walls and its pearly gates,
Of its streets of bright shining gold,
And the home therein which for me awaits
When the portals bright unfold.

I have thought I could hear the angels sing
As, unnumbered, they stood 'round the throne
On which One sat whom they crowned their King,
And I knew Him—Christ, my own!
As He looked at me I beheld Him smile,
And His tender voice I could hear
Saying: "Tarry yet but a little while,
For the morning draweth near."

Swing, ye golden gates,
For a pilgrim waits
At your portals fair,
For an entrance there;
Let the glad song ring,
As the ransomed sing:
"Hallelujah! welcome Home."

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

JUST FOR JESUS' SAKE

ARE you heavy hearted and oppressed with grief and care,
Weary of the duty-burden you in silence bear?
Faithful be, and patient—never yielding to despair,
Bear it, bravely bear it just for Jesus' sake.

Do you long for pleasures that allure on ev'ry side?
Think of Him, the Man of Sorrows—by His own denied!
Count it joy to suffer in His name, however tried,
Bear it, bravely bear it just for Jesus' sake.

When temptation whispers: "'Tis for **other** hands to do!"
Think what He endured in dark Gethsemane for you;
Take the cross He gives you! To the blessed One be true—
Bear it, bravely bear it just for Jesus' sake.

Be a Christian brave and true,
Bear the cross He gives to you;
Heavy though it prove,
Yet, in faith and love
Bear it, bravely bear it just for Jesus' sake.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ALL IN ALL TO ME.

ALL IN all to me is Jesus!
Ev'ry need His grace supplies;
Day by day He guides and keeps me,
No good thing to me denies.

All in all to me is Jesus,
Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend;
Tender Shepherd, He will guard me,
And from ev'ry foe defend.

All in all to me is Jesus,
Blessed One of Calvary;
I will never cease to love Him
Who has done so much for me.

All in all to me is Jesus,—
I am His and He is mine;
To His love, and in His service,
Ev'ry thing I now resign.

In His love I am abiding,
Ev'ry thing to Him confiding;
'Neath His wing my soul is hiding,—
He is all in all to me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ONWARD TILL THE DAWNING

IN THE service of the Master
Our days are passing by;
Thro' shadow and sunshine
We're marching to our home on high.
Our Leader unto us is calling:
"Come on! be not dismayed
For I, ever I am
Before thee, be thou not afraid!"

Often, while the battle rages,
While skies above us frown,
While weak and discouraged
We all but lay our armor down,
We hear our great Commander saying:
"I fought the fight for thee!
I suffered! and canst thou
Not bear the cross a while for me?"

When our marching days are over,
When war and strife shall cease,
When victors triumphant
We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,
Then we shall see Him in His beauty,
Shall look upon His face,
And praise Him forever
Who loved and saved us by His grace.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THY WILL IS MINE

DEAR Lord, I cannot see
Where Thou art leading me!
I cannot tell if thorns or roses strew the way;
My future is concealed;
Thou hast not yet revealed
Thy will in me, nor do I for the knowledge pray.

What streams I have to cross,
Of sorrow, pain, or loss
Are not for me to fear—I shall not be dismayed;
Content if Thou, my Guide,
Art ever near my side,
That I may hear Thee whisper: "Child, be not afraid!"

Rejoicing, on I go!
I do not ask to know
The path I tread, or whither be the way I take!
Thy will be done in me!
This is my only plea:
Forgive, and love, and guide me, for Thy mercy's sake.
Thy will be done in me, Lord!
My all I yield to Thee, Lord.
In life, in death, be Thou my Guide
And I shall then be satisfied.

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OH, IT IS WONDERFUL

I STAND all amazed at the love Jesus offers me,
Confused at the grace that so fully He proffers me;
I tremble to know that for me He was crucified—
That for me, a sinner, He suffered, He bled, and died.

I marvel that He would descend from His throne divine
To rescue a soul so rebellious and proud as mine;
That He should extend His great love unto such as I,
Sufficient to own, to redeem and to justify.

I think of His hands pierced and bleeding to pay the debt!
Such mercy, such love and devotion can I forget?
No, no! I will praise and adore at the mercy-seat
Until at the glorified throne I kneel at His feet.

Oh it is wonderful
That He should care for me
Enough to die for me!
Oh it is wonderful,
Wonderful to me!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

CLINGING TO JESUS

CLOSE to Thee, my blessed Savior,
Keep me walking day by day;
Let me feel Thy presence with me,
Be my refuge all the way.

I am helpless—lost without Thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Underneath Thy wings of mercy
Hide and keep me all Thine own.

Thou hast died for me, Lord Jesus,
How can I such love forget?
Not on earth or in Thy presence
Can I ever pay the debt.

Ev'ry day I grieve Thy spirit,
Wound the heart that broke for me,
Yet in Thy great love and mercy
Cast me not away from Thee!

Help me live as Thou wouldst have me;
Cleanse me, Lord, and keep me pure;
Give me grace and strength that safely
To the end I may endure.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A NEW NAME

BEAUTIFUL story,
Fragrant with glory,
Promise of God while time shall endure;
Guerdon of duty,
Golden with beauty,
And, as the heavens, eternal and sure.

If we believe it
We shall receive it—
Faith in His word shall have its reward.
Who can devine it?
Who can define it?
Marvelous hope through Christ, our Lord.

There is no sorrow
In that tomorrow,
And we are told no night shall be there;
Joys that forever
Flow like a river
With all the ransomed we shall share.

We shall have a new name in that bright land,
When, thro' grace, before the great King we stand
There in all its beauty His face we shall see
And shall reign with Him thro' eternity.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GALILEE

I LOVE to think of Galilee
Where Jesus lived, and loved, and taught;
Of all its mountains, hills, and sea
Where His great work of love was wrought;
Of Bethlehem, that lowly town
To which the shepherds made their way,
When by the angel they were told
That He was born;—O blessed day!

I love to ponder o'er His words,
Who spake as no man had before,
Or shall, till sun and moon grow pale,
And even time shall be no more.
I think I see His beaming face,
When from the Jordan up He trod,
And hear the voice from heav'n that cried:
"Behold! behold the Lamb of God!"

I see Him sleeping 'mid the storm;
I hear Him saying: "Peace, be still!"
What kind of man must He have been,
Since wind and sea obey His will!
But, hark! A pray'r falls on my ear:—
"Forgive them, Father, for they know
Not what they do!"—the pleading words
Of Christ, the Lord, who loved me so.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GROWING DEARER EACH DAY

HOW sweet is the love of my Savior!
'Tis boundless and deep as the sea,
And, best of it all, it is daily
Growing sweeter and sweeter to me.

I know He is ever beside me!
Eternity only can prove
The height and the depth of His mercy,
And the breadth of His infinite love.

Wherever He leads I will follow,
Thro' sorrow, or shadow, or sun;
And tho' I be tried in the furnace
I can say: "Lord, Thy will—be it done!"

Some day face to face I shall see Him,
And oh, what a joy it will be
To know that His love, now so precious,
Will forever grow dearer to me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

"WHOSOEVER!"

ARE you worn and weary,
Burdened and oppressed?
Do you sigh in vain
For comfort, peace and rest?
Lo! 'tis freely offered—
Freely then receive;
Only trust Him,
And upon the Lord believe.

For the yoke is easy
And the burden light;
Soul, no longer thy
Redeemer slight.
Canst thou not remember
What He bore for thee
All the way from
Bethlehem to Calvary?

"Whosoever will," the
Invitation reads;
"Whosoever will!" still
The Spirit intercedes.
"Whosoever will!" O
Grace as full and free!
"Whosoever will!" praise
The Lord, includeth me!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BEHOLD THE LAMB

I SEE upon the rugged cross the Lamb of God
That taketh away the sin of the world;
And how I love to tell the saving love abroad,
That taketh away the sin of the world.

In ev'ry time of trouble unto Him I go,
That taketh away the sin of the world;
There is no other love in heav'n or known below
That taketh away the sin of the world.

Tho' earthly friends forsake me, I have yet my King
That taketh away the sin of the world;
And thro' eternal years I shall His praises sing,
That taketh away the sin of the world.

I worship and adore Him for the love and grace
That taketh away the sin of the world;
And some day with the ransomed I shall see His face
That taketh away the sin of the world.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHY SHOULD I?

WHY should I fear that the way will be dreary,
Why should I dread what the morrow may bring?
Why should I murmur, or ever be weary
Since Jesus is with me, my Savior, my King?

Why should I look for the thorns that are hidden
Under the roses that bloom by the way?
Why should I crave what my Lord has forbidden,
Why question His law, or refuse to obey?

Why should I want, when the Wonderful Giver
Freely supplieth the least of my needs?
Why should I doubt in His pow'r to deliver,
His grace to sustain, or the way that He leads?

Why do I sigh when my heart should be singing?
What need I more than His grace will supply?
Why should I mourn when my song should be ringing,
Since Jesus is with me, and all things have I?

Praise Him forever
He leaveth me never
But grace and compassion upon me bestows.
In Him abiding,
Securely I'm hiding,
His love in my soul like a fountain o'erflows.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHAT WILL IT BE?

IF TODAY, amid the storms of life that
Wildly beat around us
We the rainbow of our blessed Lord can see,
And rejoice to hear Him calling, as when
First the Shepherd found us,
When we stand in His presence, what will it be?

If His love so freely shed abroad can
Fill our hearts with glory,
If the sweetest song of earth is: "Come to me!"
If such blessing it affords us just to
Tell the precious story,
When we stand in His presence, what will it be?

If our faith in Him can fill our hearts with
Joy to overflowing,
And the Lord, unseen, to us so dear can be,
If we love Him while in tears and pain for
Harvest we are sowing,
When we stand in His presence, what will it be?

If when those we love are taken from us
We can still adore Him,
And to Him in that dark hour for comfort flee,
As we clasp their hands on yonder shore, to
Cast our crown before Him,
When we stand in His presence, what will it be?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE BRIGHTER HOME

THERE is a brighter home,
Where sorrows never come,
Where grief and pain and care are felt and feared no more.
A land of cloudless skies,
Where not a storm shall rise
To mar the beauty of that deathless shore.

Beyond the bounds of time,
Where bells of glory chime
Lies that immortal land our eyes of faith behold;
There fruits celestial grow,
There placid rivers flow
Thro' sunny banks of green, o'er sands of gold.

There heavenly mansions be,
Prepared in love for me
When Jesus shed His blood to pay the price of sin.
There face to face I'll stand
With Him whose wounded hand
Unlocked the gate of heav'n to let me in.

O happy land,
Immortal land,
O blessed Homeland of the soul
Where tears are never shed,
Where no goodbyes are said
While to eternity the ages roll.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE GLORY SONG

WHEN all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

When by the gift of His wonderful grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joys like a river around me will flow,
Yet, just a smile from my Savior, I know,
 Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Oh that will be
Glory for me!
 When by His grace
 I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IS HE SATISFIED

WHEN I think of Jesus and His love
So wonderful, so free,
And consider my unworthiness,
This question comes to me:—
Is He satisfied with me?

There's so much I might have done for Him
In years that have gone by,
That I marvel how He can forgive
A sinner such as I.

When He prayed—"Forgive them, Father, for
They know not what they do!"
Can it be it was for me He plead—
For me, so false, untrue?

When He cometh in the clouds of heav'n
To gather His elect,
May there be no question in my soul
That me He will reject.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DOWN THE VALLEY

DOWN the valley of the shadow alone I must go,
When my feet, tired of travel, reach the grave;
But the darkness and danger I dread not, for O
My Redeemer is waiting there to save.
He will send forth His angels to bear me away;
His voice I shall hear in tenderest tone;
I shall tremble not, nor falter, but sing as I go
Down the valley of the shadow all alone.

Down the valley of the shadow alone I must go,
All my friends left behind or gone before!
Yet I dread not the silence that dwelleth, for, lo,
Thro' my faith, light is shining more and more.
I shall enter the river with praise on my lips,—
The way, tho', to me is wholly unknown;
Still I'm trusting in my Savior, and fear not to go
Down the valley of the shadow all alone.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD WILL ANSWER YOUR PRAYER

LONG you have plead at the throne of His grace,
Shed bitter tears in that hallowed place,
Yet, tho' it seems He is hiding His face,
Keep on praying—God will answer your prayer!

Doubt not His love, nor His promise assail,
Only believe, for His word cannot fail;
"Ask what ye will" and your plea shall avail,
Keep on praying—God will answer your prayer.

In His own time, in His own perfect way,—
He knoweth best,—it is thine to obey;
Tho' you receive no assurance today,
Keep on praying—God will answer your prayer.

Never despair! He is faithful and true;
Keep holding on! There is vict'ry for you;
All you can ask He is able to do,—
Keep on praying—God will answer your prayer.

Keep on praying,
Keep on praying
You shall have your reward sometime, somewhere!
Trust Him, believe,
And thy guerdon receive,
Keep on praying—God will answer your prayer!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ABIDE WITH ME

DEAR Lord, I need Thy saving care about me;
 Into Thine arms of refuge would I flee.
I could not live—I dare not die without Thee,
 In mercy, then, abide with me.

When foes without, and foes within assail me,
 And I am tossed upon a troubled sea,
When, in my weakness, hope and courage fail me,
 In mercy, then, abide with me.

When o'er my way the sun is brightly shining,
 My Counsellor, my Guide and Keeper be;
And in the hour of sorrow and repining,
 In mercy, then, abide with me.

When I am near the dark and unknown river
 Lord, who in earth or heav'n can save, but Thee?
'Tis Thou alone hath power to deliver,
 In mercy, then, abide with me.

Abide with me! I need Thee ev'ry hour!
Abide with me, I fear the tempter's pow'r!
Abide with me in sunshine and in show'r—
 "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

AN EVENING PRAYER

HOW shall I pray?
O Thou blessed One,
Art Thou still mindful of me,
While, 'mid the toils
Of the day now done
I was so tho'tless of Thee?

Blessings untold
Thou hast sent on me,
Weak tho' I am, and poor;
Let tears of shame
Be my strongest plea
Mercy and peace to secure.

Faithful? not I!
Many times this day
Of Thee neglectful I've been!
Yet, blessed Lord,
Once again I pray:
Love and forgive me. Amen.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IS IT WELL WITH YOUR SOUL?

IS IT well with your soul today,
Is it well with your soul today?
Have you doubts that molest?
Is your conscience at rest?
Is it well with your soul today?

Can you look up in faith today,
In unwavering faith today
To the Crucified One
And say "Thy will be done!"—
Is it well with your soul today?

Have you thought of eternity,
Of an endless eternity,
Where unmeasured time
Will be dirge or chime?
Is it well with your soul today?

Have you loved ones gone on before,
Just a little way on before?
For you, watching, they wait
At the beautiful gate—
Is it well with your soul today?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A WASTED LIFE

A WASTED life! How like a knell
From some loud mocking funeral bell,
And yet no ear can hear the toll
That clangs within my deathless soul.

A wasted life! I hear the roar
Of breakers on th' eternal shore;
The spray, wind-tossed, now smites my face,
And night falls on the day of grace.

A wasted life! My God! To know
That I whom Thou hast honored so
With talent, health and blessing rare
Drift on the ocean of despair!

A wasted life! Of fruit I've none
And yet the day, for me, is done,
The summer's ended, harvest past,
And justice claims his own at last.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

CALLING THE PRODIGAL

GOD is calling the prodigal
Come without delay!
Hear, oh, hear Him calling,
Calling now for thee;
Tho' you've wandered so from His
Presence, come today,
Hear His loving voice,
Calling still!

Patient, lovingly, tenderly
Still the Father pleads,
Hear, oh, hear Him calling,
Calling now to thee;
Oh, return while the Spirit in
Mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice,
Calling still.

Come! there's bread in the
Home of thy Father, and to spare!
Hear, oh, hear Him calling,
Calling now to thee
Lo! the table is spread and the feast
Is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice,
Calling still.

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THE SILENT STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DEATH AND ETERNITY

COMING with the morning light,
Coming when the day is bright,
Coming in the silent night,
 Coming, coming—
 Death and Eternity!

Coming with unhindered sway,
Coming ev'ry fleeting day,
Coming with the shadows gray,
 Coming, coming,
 Death and Eternity!

Coming to the young and proud,
Coming to the gray head bowed,
Coming with a pale-white shroud,
 Coming, coming,
 Death and Eternity!

Coming to the sinful one,—
Coming when this life is done,
Gath'ring to the judgment throne,
 Coming, coming,
 Death and Eternity.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD IS HERE

IN the silence of the night,
In the dawn of morning light,
In the breezes soft and warm
In the thunder of the storm
Speaks a voice that all may hear,
Ever saying: "God is here!"

In the blended rainbow hue,
In the glint of morning dew,
In the roar of ocean wave,
In the newly fashioned grave;
In the burning, blinding tear
Still repeating: "God is here!"

In the quiet, restful bow'r,
In the rush of busy hour;
In the halls of wealth and pride,
In the forest wild and wide;
In the hour when death is near,
Still it whispers: "God is here!"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME

S O PRECIOUS is Jesus, my Savior, my King,
His praise all the day long with rapture I sing;
To him in my weakness I trustingly cling,
For He is so precious to me.

He stood at my heart's-door 'mid sunshine and rain,
And patiently waited an entrance to gain;
What shame, that so long He entreated in vain,
For He is so precious to me.

I stand on the mountain of blessing at last,
No cloud in the heavens a shadow to cast;
His smile is upon me, the valley is passed,
For He is so precious to me.

I praise Him because He appointed a place,
Where, some day, thro' faith in His wonderful grace
I know I shall see Him, shall look on His face,
For He is so precious to me.

'Tis heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
For He is so precious to me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

FORWARD

LIKE a tidal wave of glory
Reaching over land and sea,
Sweeps the grand old gospel story
Of the cross of Calvary!
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp unceasing
Of the heralds of the King!
Daily are the ranks increasing,
Loud their songs of vict'ry ring.

Satan's forces flee in terror
At the coming of the host;
Sin and wrong, deceit and error
Of their skill no longer boast.
Loud their subtle theme is chanted
As, reluctantly they yield,
And Jehovah's flag is planted
Farther out upon the field.

What a song of joy and gladness
Will resound from shore to shore,
When the night of gloom and sadness
Shall be light forevermore!
When from ev'ry land and nation
Souls redeemed shall voices raise
To the God of our salvation,
One united song of praise.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WALKING WITH JESUS

WALKING with Jesus! O how delightful,
Leaning upon Him day after day;
Beauties anew to me are unfolding,
As to my soul He talks by the way.

Walking with Jesus, fearing no evil!
Thus we together journey along;
Brighter the sunshine, lighter the burden
Clearer the sight, and sweeter the song.

Walking with Jesus, onward and upward
Dreading no danger, fearing no foe;
Blessings I need He showers upon me,
As, with rejoicing, onward I go.

Walking with Jesus, safe in His shelter,
Kept by His pow'r, upheld by His grace;
Never to leave Him, never to wander,
Until in heav'n I look on His face.

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WONDERFUL LOVE

WITH Calvary standing before me, I look,
And One thereon hanging I see,
Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul,—
“Beloved, I suffer for thee!”

The halo divine overhanging His brow,
Speaks love which the world never knew,
For, hark! He is praying the Father above—
“Forgive! they know not what they do!”

Again, as I look, lo! a darkness descends,
His face from my vision to hide,
And there in that hour to my God I confess—
“It was for my sin that He died!”

In anguish I cried from the depths of my soul—
“Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!
I come, leaving all at the foot of Thy cross,
Thine, Lord, Thine forever to be!”

Wonderful love of the Crucified!
Wonderful love of the One denied!
Wonderful love, that for me He died,
Wonderful, wonderful love,

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHEN I KNOW AS I AM KNOWN

THE path wherein He leadeth me
I do not know, nor ask to see;
I am content, what e'er betide,
While sheltered in His wounded side.

What here, by faith, I dimly see
Shall there be bright and clear to me,
When I behold Him on His throne,
And see and know as I am known.

Though burdened here, and sorrow-tried,
I shall, indeed, be satisfied
To catch sweet glimpses of His face,
And share in His redeeming grace.

When storms of trial hide the skies,
To Him I lift my longing eyes,
And cry amid encircling gloom:
"My Father leads me safely home!"

(Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman)

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM

WE shall be like Him! O wonderful thought;
Blessed the hope the assurance hath wrought;
Changed from the sorrow and trial of years,
We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears.

Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ever heard
What we shall be, but a voice from His word
Whispers a message that charms all our fears—
We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears!

Why, then, repine, when the road-way is rough?
Are not His word and the promise enough?
Rainbows of love span the valley of tears—
We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears.

We shall be like Him, the hope of the soul;
We shall be like Him—made perfectly whole;
Caught up with saints, as the firmament clears,
We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears.

We shall be like Him!
O how the promise cheers!
We shall be like Him,
When Jesus appears.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHERE JESUS IS, IS HOME TO ME

WHERE Jesus is, is home to me,
Where all is bright and fair;
He daily walks and talks with me,
And keeps me in His care.
To Him my soul is clinging,
While bells of joy are ringing,
For all the time I'm singing:—
Where Jesus is, is home to me.

Where Jesus is, is home to me,
And all my soul desires;
To be with Him by day and night
Is all my heart requires.
His grace I cannot measure;
His Love?—a constant pleasure!
He is my only treasure—
Where Jesus is, is home to me.

Where Jesus is, is home to me,
In palace, hall or mart;
And, tho' the world may turn aside,
From Him I cannot part.
His watchful care is o'er me;
His love is all my story,
And I shall sing in glory:
"Where Jesus is, is home to me!"

Where Jesus is, is home,
A stranger tho' I roam;
My latest breath
Shall sing in death:—
"Where Jesus is, is home to me."

(Copyright, 1903, by E. O. Excell)

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST

O H, soldier brave, in strength arise.
Equip with sword and shield;
The trumpet blast rings thro' the skies
And calls thee to the field.
The hosts of sin and wrong,
In phalanx deep and strong
Contend to sway
The world today,
That should to Christ belong.

Above the noise and din of strife
Thy Leader's voice rings out,
While answ'ring millions of the foe,
In their derision, shout,
To arms, without delay!
In strength divine, away!
Up, meet the foe!
Give blow for blow,
And you shall win the day.

Go forward, not in human strength,
But in Jehovah's might;
For who thus goes shall put, at length,
A thousand foes to flight.
Guard well each secret place;
With caution run the race;
In Jesus find
Your strength of mind.
And full sustaining grace.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHEN JESUS CAME

JESUS came to me a stranger,
Pleading with my heart its guest to be;
Called me by my name,
Yet, be mine the shame
That I closed the door and turned the key.
Full of doubt, and weighed by human grief
I was chained to self and unbelief,
And without a word I turned away
My King, my Lord, my God, that day!

Yet again in love returning,
Holding out His pierced hands He cried:
"Wilt thou not believe?
Wilt thou not receive
Even Me, whom thou hast crucified?"
This was more than human heart could bear
And I cried aloud in my despair:
"Blessed Lord, if Thou wilt cleanse my sin,
Cime in, O Lamb of God, come in!"

O what joy it is to know Him,
And to walk and talk with Him each day;
I am satisfied
To be near His side
As I journey on my homeward way.
I am waiting for the dawn to break,
When to Him my soul its flight shall take,
For I know He has prepared a place
Where I shall see Him, face to face

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHEN I THINK OF JESUS

WHEN I think of Jesus, and His love for me,
Of the years of trial He endured in Galilee,
Of the sorrow words of mine cannot express,
Of His love and mercy, grace and tenderness,
How I long to serve Him—to be clean and pure,
Faithful, willing ever all things for Him to endure.

When I think of Jesus in Gethsemane,
Of His pray'r, and of the tears of blood He shed for me,
Of the bitter heartache He endured alone—
Even doubted and neglected by His own—
How my sins appall me, as to Him I cry:
"Mercy, Lord, have mercy! Let me not, a sinner, die!"

When I think of Jesus—of His thorn-crowned brow.
And behold Him meekly to the cruel scourging bow;
When upon the cross I see my Savior there,
Pleading for the sinner with His dying pray'r,
How my soul is lifted, pulsing with desire
To be worthy, even tho' I must be purged with fire.

(Copyright, 1904, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I AM READY—ARE YOU?

THERE is need of deeper consecration
To the work the Master bids us do;
He has called us, and the way is open,—
I am ready,—are you?

Not with trumpet blast or flaming banner,
That the world our work of love may view,
But with deep humility in service,—
I am ready,—are you?

Mighty works are waiting for the faithful,
But, alas, the loyal ones are few
Who, renouncing self, take up the burden,—
I am ready,—are you?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL

SHEPHERD of Israel,
Patient and gentle,
Guarding thine own with
Tenderest care;
We as Thy flock, the
Sheep of Thy pasture,
Come at Thy call, Thy
Bounty to share.

Shepherd of Israel,
Kindest and truest,
In ev'ry hour of
Danger be nigh;
Temper the wind and
Speak to the tempest,
Out of the darkness
Answer our cry.

Shepherd of Israel,
In Thy compassion
Look upon us in
Mercy and love,
Till by Thy hand we
Safely are gathered
Into the fold
Forever above.

Patiently lead us,
Graciously feed us,
Seek for the one that goest astray;
Ever attend us,
Shield and defend us,
Guide us and guard us day after day.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

PRAYER OF THE SOUL

WHEN clouds of sorrow darkly overshadow me;
When friends forsake, and all my earthly comforts flee;
Still, clinging to Thy word, my daily prayer shall be
"O Lord, Thy will be done."

Where e'er Thou ledest, with Thee will I gladly go;
No other guide my loyal, trusting soul shall know;
I'll say in ev'ry joy, in ev'ry grief and woe,
"O Lord, Thy will be done."

If, when Thou hast counted over all that I have wrought,
All I have hoped for, measured all that I have sought,
O bid me not, "Depart from Me! I know you not!"
O Lord, Thy will be done.

Thy will, O lord, not mine, be done;
I'll trust Thy hand to lead me on
'Till life is past and heav'n is won;
O Lord, Thy will be done.

(Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I AM THE WAY

IN FROM the byways,
In from the highways,
Gather souls in Jesus' name;
Publish the story,
Herald His glory,
Unto the world His message proclaim.

Go to the erring,
Kindly and cheering,
Point them to the Crucified;
Rescue the prayerless,
Plead with the careless,
'Till they in Jesus safely abide.

Go, then, believing,
Blessing receiving,
You shall reap reward above;
Jesus is calling,
Darkness is falling,
On with the blessed labor of love.

(Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BRING YOUR BEST TO JESUS

BRING your best to Jesus, and, withholding nothing,
Lay it on the altar of His love today;
Time and talent He is lending for a purpose,
Use them for His glory; labor, watch, and pray.

Lay your treasures up in heaven; be not vainly
Striving for possessions that but fade and flee;
Put your trust in Him who careth for the sparrow,
For He knoweth what is right and best for thee.

Help to spread the gospel Jesus died to bring us;
'Tis a work the angels fain would share.
They who gather jewels for the Master's crowning
As the stars in heav'n shall shine forever there.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IN ALL THINGS

MY hope is in Thee!
Lord, help me to be
More worthy of all I desire;
Each day that I live,
New service to give,
More love and more grace I require.

My trust is in Thee!
Lord, help me to see
More clearly Thy will should be mine;
What Thou shalt decree,
Make precious to me;
Thy wisdom I cannot define.

My help is in Thee!
I make but one plea
In all I may say, think, or do;
Oh, lead, in Thy light,
My footsteps aright,
That I to the end may be true.

In all things and always I'll trust Thee;
No sorrow Thou sendest unjustly;
Yea, try me with fire, if it must be
I still will be loyal and true.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MAY I BE FAITHFUL

THE Master has gone to a distant country
And left me a charge to keep,—
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping,—
A shepherd, to guard His sheep.

There's labor for me that no other can do,
A place I alone can fill;
Then why should I not be among the chosen,
Rejoicing to do His will?

Shall others go forth to the field of harvest
While I with the idlers stand?
The talent He gave me, shall I not use it
In following His command?

The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing
He hath not revealed to me,
Yet, if He but find me a faithful servant
A glorious day 'twill be.

May I be faithful unto the trust
He assigned me,
Constant in service,
Earnest in all that I do;
May I be faithful! Out in the field
May He find me
When He returneth,
Patient and loyal and true.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HOSANNA

AS NIGH unto Jerusalem
In triumph Jesus came,
The multitude that throng'd His way
Sang praises to His name;
"Hosanna to the son of David!"
Rang with one accord,
"Behold the King that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

Tho' not with sword of conquest, not
With scepter in His hand,
The Lord Jehovah reigneth, and
Hath given His command;
Not praise alone should be the tribute
Unto Him we bring,
But faithful, willing service
Render unto our King.

Until His praise shall fill the earth,
And ring from shore,
Salvation's wondrous story we
Will publish o'er and o'er;
We'll tell of Him whose love and grace
Redeemed us from the fall,
'Till all men ev'rywhere shall
Crown Him Savior of all.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MORE LIKE JESUS

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
I want to be more like Jesus;
In strength or weakness, peace or strife,
I want to be more like Jesus.

As from His word I daily read,
I want to be more like Jesus;
For grace and patience for my need,
I want to be more like Jesus.

When crosses weigh my spirit down
I want to be more like Jesus;
And when, by faith, I view my crown,
I want to be more like Jesus.

When by temptations tossed about,
I want to be more like Jesus;
When sinking in the sea of doubt,
I want to be more like Jesus.

While I can sing, my song shall be:—
I want to be more like Jesus;
And through a long eternity
I want to be more like Jesus.

(Copyright, 1894, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE MASTER IS COME

O H, HAVE you not heard that the Master has come?
He waits at the door and He calls for thee!
His heart in compassion goes out to His own.
The guest of thy sorrow He fain would be.

The Master is come and He calls thee by name!
Arise, and the word of His message heed;
Confide in His goodness, His promises claim,
And patiently follow where He may lead.

The Master is come, go ye out with a song,
Thy sorrow and tears at His word shall cease!
The arm of His mercy will lead you along,
In paths that are perfect in ways of peace.

(Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MORE LIKE THE MASTER

MORE like the Master I would ever be,
More of His meekness, more humility;
More zeal to labor, more courage to be true,
More consecration for work He bids me do.

“More like the Master” is my daily prayer,
More strength to carry crosses I must bear;
More earnest effort to bring His kingdom in,
More of His spirit the wanderer to win.

More like the Master I would live and grow,
More of His love to others I would show;
More self-denial, like His in Galilee,
More like the Master I long to ever be.

Take Thou my heart! I would be Thine alone;
Take Thou my heart and make it all Thine own;
Purge me from sin, O Lord, I now implore,
Wash me and keep me Thine forevermore.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

LORD, I COME

ALL my human weakness feeling,
In Thy blessed name appealing,
Now for more of Thy revealing,
Lord, I come.

Nothing of my own possessing,
Sin and selfishness confessing,
For an undeser-ved blessing,
Lord, I come.

Tho' I often have denied Thee,
'Twas my sin that crucified Thee!
Yet, forgive me, love me, guide me!
Lord, I come.

Kindle now the sacred fire
In my soul for Thee, and higher
Lift me; for this one desire,
Lord, I come.

From death's dark, mysterious river
Thou wilt my poor soul deliver;
To be Thine, yea Thine forever,
Lord, I come.

Hold Thou still the cross before me;
Watch in tender mercy o'er me
Till I see Thy face in glory;
Lord, I come.

All upon Thine altar leaving,
Ev'rything from Thee receiving,
Unto Thee in faith believing,
Lord, I come.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BRING THEM IN

BRING them in and keep them
From going astray again,
Precious souls of Jesus,
Souls for whom He died;
Think not when you've rescued them
Out of their sin and stain,
They will safely ever
In His love abide.

Sore temptations hover
Around and about their way;
Satan, loath to lose them,
Follows close behind,
Whispers glowing promises,
Leading the soul astray;
You must be a brother,
Faithful, true, and kind

Bring them in! for Jesus
Commanded you so to do;
Bring them from the highways
And the wastes of sin;
To the fold eternal, in
Heaven, prepared for them;
While the door is open,
Lead, O lead them in.

You must help them upward,
Cheer them on their way,
And in loving kindness
Help them day by day;
You must lead them gently
Toward that world above,
'Till their feet are firmly
Planted in His love.

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SOULS FOR JESUS

WHEN thro' grace I awake in His likeness complete,
Safe at home on the shore where no storms ever beat,
What a joy it will be to lay down at His feet
Precious souls I for Jesus have won.

When I look on the beautiful face of my King,
When I hear the glad song which the glorified sing,
O how sweetly that chorus immortal will ring
From the souls I for Jesus have won.

Should they enter before me that land of the blest,
They will welcome me unto the mansions of rest
Where I'll join in the song that is sweetest and best,
With the souls I for Jesus have won.

If in heav'n a regret or a sadness can be,
'Twill be mine, if, at last, in His mercy, I see
There a crown without jewels, and starless, for me—
Not a soul I for Jesus have won.

Souls, souls, souls!
This is my song
The whole day long;
Give me souls, give me souls,
Give me souls for Jesus!

(Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SEND THE LIGHT

THERE'S a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave;
"Send the light!"
There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
Send the light.

We have heard the Macedonian call today,
Send the light.
And a golden off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light.

Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound,
Send the light.
And a Christ-like spirit ev'rywhere be found,
Send the light.

Let us not grow weary in the work of love,
Send the light.
Let us gather jewels for a crown above,
Send the light.

We will spread the everlasting light
With a willing heart and hand;
Giving God the glory evermore,
We will follow His command.
Send the light, the blessed gospel light,
Let it shine from shore to shore!
Send the light, and let its radiant beams
Light the world forevermore.

(Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I WANT TO BE TRUE

WHEN I think how the Lord could have mercy
on me,
And pour out His love at my penitent plea,
Could suffer and die my Redeemer to be,
I want to be true to Him.

When I think how compassionate, tender, and
kind
He was to the poor, to the sick and the blind;
When nothing but love in His pathway I find,
I want to be true to Him.

When I think of Him there in the garden alone,
And see Him despised and befriended by none,
Neglected, forgotten, betrayed by His own,
I want to be true to Him.

When I think of the thorns that were placed
on His head,
And look on the wounds on His hands, that were
spread
On Calvary's cross, where He hung in my stead,
I want to be true to Him.

When I think of the friends that have gone
on before,
Who rest in His care, and are safe evermore—
To meet them again, on that beautiful shore,
I want to be true to Him.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE IS MY GUIDE

I KNOW not what before me lies,
God kindly veils the distant skies;
I trust His love—He knoweth best,
His way will lead me into rest.

I know not how, or when, or where
He'll lift the heavy cross I bear,
But **this** I know, when 'tis laid down
I shall receive for it a crown.

Sometimes the way is rough and steep,
The fords of sorrow dark and deep;
And yet I know when these are past,
I'll reach my home in heaven at last.

There with the loved ones gone before,
United, we forevermore
Shall sing the wonders of His grace
As we behold Him, face to face.

He is my guide—He knows the way;
He keepeth me from day to day;
Just as He wills my path shall be,
For oh, I know He leadeth me.

(Copyright, 1907, by Chas. M. Alexander)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE STORY NEVER OLD

THE sweetest story told on earth,
Or heard in heav'n above,
Is told of Jesus and His birth,
Of Jesus and His love.

He, like a shepherd kind and true,
Came seeking for His own;
Yet, see! In Pilate's judgment hall
He stands despised, alone!

He took upon Himself the guilt
Of all my sins and thine,
And on the cross of Calvary
He paid thy debt and mine.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in."

"O dearly, dearly hath He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming grace,
And try His works to do."

O story never old,
The sweetest ever told!
Until the gates of gold
Swing back for me
I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
And then on yonder shore
It still forevermore
My song shall be.

(Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SHOWERS OF MERCY

JESUS is mine! In His divine
Mercy and grace I have a place!
Showers of love
Fall from above
 With numberless, measureless blessings.

With me He walks, with me He talks;
What need I fear when He is near?
He is my Guide,
He will provide
 With numberless, measureless blessings.

All that I need—more than I plead
Crowneth my way, day after day;
Nothing I give!
All things receive
 With numberless, measureless blessings.

Jesus, my King, how shall I sing
Praise that shall be worthy of Thee?
Why shouldst Thou, Lord,
Me thus reward
 With numberless, measureless blessings?

Showers of mercy and love,
Falling like rain from above,
Over me roll,
Flooding my soul
 With numberless, measureless blessings.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WOUNDED FOR ME

THOU infinite Savior, on Thee I depend;
Thou art my salvation, Redeemer and Friend.
To Thee, in my weakness, for refuge I flee,
And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

Tho' all the vain things of the earth should unite
To draw me away from Thy presence and light,
I'll rest in Thy love, with Thy blood for my plea,
And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

Tho' sorrows may come, and temptations assail,
Thy grace is sufficient—Thy love shall avail;
For tho' I should perish, Thine, Lord, I would be,
And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

When down thro' the valley of shadows I go,
Thy Spirit shall guide me, no fear shall I know,
For out of the gloom I will cry unto Thee,
And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

I HAVE often been told of a wonderful country,
A land that no mortal hath seen,
Where rivers of crystal forever are flowing
Thro' fields of perpetual green.
There summer and sun are forever unclouded,
And never there falleth the night;
A land where the brightest of flowers are growing
In gardens eternal and bright.

They say in that land is a glorious city
Whose walls are of jasper and gold,
With glittering streets of most wonderful beauty,
And wealth that can never be told.
They say the inhabitants never grow weary,—
They never know sorrow or care,
That joy without measure and peace everlasting
Are given the blessed ones there.

I read in the bible the wonderful story,
How Jesus was nailed on the tree,
And how in the bitterest agony dying,
He opened that country to me.
By faith in His love and the grace that He gives me,
I look to that country divine,
And know that among the rewards there awaiting
A home and a crown shall be mine

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SOME HAPPY DAY

SOME day I'll reap what I have sown,
Some day—I know not when,
But fruit and tares together grown,
Will all be gathered then.

Some day my deeds of good and wrong,
Some day—it may be soon
Will rise before me in a throng,
Clear as the light of noon.

Some day the Judge upon the throne,
Some day—will speak to me,
Will either welcome or disown
Me for eternity.

Some day—I cannot tell
Just when, but, Lord, I pray
That I may go with Thee to dwell
Some day, some happy day.

(Copyright, 1900, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DO YOUR BEST

WHILE the sun is shining while the skies are blue,
While the morning flow'rs of life are wet with dew,
There are duties great and small awaiting you,
But trust in God and do your best.

Make your daily life a happy song of praise;
You can brighten up the world in many ways.
Do not mar the future beauties with delays—
But trust in God and do your best.

Have you felt discouraged with the progress made?
With a task before you have you been dismayed?
Never doubt or falter, never be afraid,
But trust in God and do your best.

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SOMETIME I'LL UNDERSTAND

JUST why it was the path He chose for me
Led thro' the desert's burning sand,
I know not now, but His all-wise decree
Sometime I'll understand.

Just why the flow'rs I loved and cherished so
Seem'd rudely taken from my hand
I question not, nor do I ask to know—
Sometime I'll understand.

What tho' the yoke He gives seems hard to wear,
'Twas fashioned by a Master-hand,
And why 'tis best that I its weight should bear,
Sometime I'll understand.

It matters not, for thro' the flame or flood
I'll go, If He shall so command;
And why it was for me He shed His blood,
Sometime I'll understand.

I'll bear the cross He gives for His dear sake,
Where love my ev'ry step has planned,
For when, thro' grace, in Heaven I awake
Sometime I'll understand.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

KEEP ON TELLING IT

G O OUT in the world and tell again
The story so grand and true,
Of God and His love for sinful men,
Of God, and His love for you.

Tell how for the world His Son He gave
To die upon Calvary;
How His only was the pow'r to save
A poor sinner, even me.

He looked on the cross while Jesus died,
Beheld Him in agony,
Nor yielded when His beloved cried:
"Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

O love so amazing, full and free,
So deep, so profound, divine!
Come, spirit of God, descend on me,
And seal me forever Thine.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

COME INTO MY LIFE

I LONG to be worthy, dear Savior, of Thee
From all that is sinful I long to be free;
That I in Thy service more faithful may be,
Come into my life, be the King of my heart.

That I may have purity day after day,
In closer communion with Thee by the way,
And more of Thy Spirit for others to pray,
Come into my life, be the King of my heart.

That I may have counsel to guide me aright,
In leading the wanderer into the light,
Oh, merciful Giver, of "songs in the night,"
Come into my life, be the King of my heart.

That I may be counted as worthy a place
Some day, thro' the gift of Thy marvelous grace,
To stand in Thy presence, to look on Thy face,
Come into my life, be the King of my heart.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MY SAVIOR'S LOVE

I STAND amazed in the presence
Of Jesus, the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

For me it was in the garden
He prayed—"Not my will, but Thine."
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

In pity angels beheld Him,
And came from the world of light
To comfort Him in the sorrow
He bore for my soul that night.

When with the ransomed in glory,
His face I at last shall see,
'Twill be my joy thro' the ages
To sing of His love for me.

How marvelous, how wonderful,
And my song shall ever be—
How marvelous, how wonderful
Is my Savior's love for me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IN HIS LIKENESS

SOME day, with my face t'ward the gold-tinted west
I'll see the light fade, and lie down to my rest,
But O what a joy when the morning shall break,
And I, in His likeness made glorious, awake!

With friends I have loved and have lost for a while,
Again I shall meet where no sorrows beguile;
Thro' ages unending His glory to sing,
To worship and praise at the feet of my King.

Where death never comes, where none ever grow old,
Where all are at rest in that City of gold,
'Tis there while the years of eternity roll,
I'll dwell with my Lord in that Home of the Soul.

When I awake in His likeness!
O what a meeting,
O what a greeting,
When I awake in His likeness.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN GOD?

IN THE glare of earthly pleasure,
In the fight for earthly treasure,
'Mid your blessings without measure,
Have you forgotten God?

You are thoughtful of the stranger
From the palace or the manger,
And the weak you shield from danger—
Have you forgotten God?

While His daily grace receiving
Are you still His spirit grieving
By a heart of unbelieving—
Have you forgotten God?

While His bounty you're accepting,
Are you His commands neglecting,
And His call to you rejecting—
Have you forgotten God?

See, the shades of night appalling
On your pathway now are falling.
Hear you not those voices calling—
Have you forgotten God?

Have you forgotten God?
O soul, I plead!
Beware, take heed!
Have you forgotten God?

(Copyright, 1914, by Homer A. Rodeheaver)

NOT IN VAIN

ONE there was, born in a poor and lowly manger;
One spotless and pure—without blemish or stain,
Who came to earth in the person of a Stranger,
To die for us! And shall His death be in vain?

'Twas not the least He could do the Lord extended
To us that we might life eternal obtain;
But in the depths of His love He condescended
To die for us! And shall His death be in vain?

Searching, He found us astray,—His sheep neglected,
Unguarded and scattered o'er mountain and plain;
He, to redeem us, became despised, rejected,
And died for us! And shall His death be in vain?

Why should the King in whose hand the mighty ocean
Reclineth, have sent His own Son to be slain?
Yet on the altar He laid Him in devotion
To die for us! And shall His death be in vain?

No, not in vain He came to earth a Stranger
To save me;
The sacrifice He made alone my debt to pay!
No, not in vain His life a ransom freely
He gave me,
For now my sins are, by His blood, all washed away.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BECAUSE HE IS MY SAVIOR

WHEN clouds of despair hide the glory of the day,
And weary my feet plod along my pilgrim way,
 Come joy or sorrow, good or ill,
 I yield myself unto His will
Whose mercy guides and keeps me still,
 Because He is my Savior!

He will not forsake me in seasons of distress;
My weakness He knows, and He's always near to bless;
 His mercy, boundless as the sea,
 His grace, so rich, so full, so free,
In floods of glory cover me,
 Because He is my Savior.

The poorest and lowest are not beneath His care;
No burden, no sorrow too great for Him to share.
 His ear can hear the faintest call;
 He sees and marks the sparrow's fall;
In life, in death, He is my all,
 Because He is my Savior.

So patiently He walks and talks with me along the way,
 My soul is sweetly satisfied
 To trust His love, what e'er betide;
He leads me, cheers me, helps me, keeps me ev'ry
 passing day,
 In life, in death, He is my Guide,
 Because He is my Savior.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SOME DAY BY AND BY

SOME day and somewhere my Lord I shall see,
Some day behold Him who suffered for me;
Saved by His grace, I shall see the great King,
Then what a wonderful song I shall sing.

Some day the myst'ries of life I shall know,
And understand why the Lord loved me so;
There in His beauty His face to behold,
There where none sorrow, or ever grow old.

Some day I'll join in the song of the blest;
Some day awake in the mansions of rest;
There with my Lord, and the friends gone before—
O what a joy to be parted no more.

Some day, some day
By and by
How I shall sing
When I see the great King
Some day, by and by.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SPEAK TO ME

SOMETIMES the way of life is rough and steep,
Sorrows roll o'er me like waves o'er the deep,
Yet peace is mine, tho' sorrows round me sweep,
For I hear my blessed Savior speak to me.

Come cloud or sun, come pleasure, grief or pain,
I'll bear the cross, nor will ever complain,
True to the last I ever will remain,
While I hear my blessed Savior speak to me.

When thro' the valley I am called to go,
When from my sight fadeth all things below,
I shall rejoice in Jordan, for I know,
I shall hear my blessed Savior speak to me.

(Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

UP, YE SOLDIERS

ALL around the battle rages
With the hosts of sin and wrong;
Only to the true and loyal
Shall the victory belong.
Lo! our Captain goes before us!
Shall we follow where He leads?
Who is willing for the service?
Who is ripe for noble deeds?

Lo, the ranks of sin and error,
How they crowd upon our way!
How they crush the souls immortal,
Which for help unceasing pray!
Shall we, then behold them perish,
Lifting not a helping hand,
Speaking not a word of comfort,
Tho' it be the Lord's command?

Let us, then, arouse and hasten
To the thickest of the fight;
Let us bravely do our duty
In the struggle for the right.
Precious souls of men are dying,
And shall we be not to blame
If we sit in idle dreaming,
Going not, in Jesus' name?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

LET HIM COME IN

O H, EMPTY heart, behold a heav'nly stranger
Stands at the door entreating thee for room;
Lonely art thou; without are darkness and danger,
Sorrow within, desolation and gloom.

Hark! Hear ye not how gently He is knocking,
Patiently waiting thy delayed reply?
Soul, know ye not by silence Him thou are mocking?
Thrice be the shame such a Guest to deny!

Dark is the night, and cold the storm is beating,
Why longer thus thy Lord and Savior grieve?
'Tis for thy soul immoral He is entreating,
Open the door, thy Redeemer receive!

Let Him come in,
Let Him come in!
Patiently yet thy Savior stands,
Showing the nail-prints in His hands!
Grieve Him no more!
Open the door
And let Him come in,
Let Him come in.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH

O YE of little faith, why will ye doubt?
Why will ye not the truth receive?
Thy Lord stands waiting just outside the door,
And calls: How can you still His Spirit grieve?

Who is He yonder in Gethsemane,
His hair all wet with midnight dew,
Who prays alone in agony of blood
For you, for you, O careless one, for you!

Lo, He is standing at your side just now!
Hark! For He softly speaks to thee;
Turn not away! Perhaps when next you hear
His voice, it will be in eternity!

If you could see Him suffer on the cross,
Could hear His dying prayer:—
“Forgive them for they know not what they do!”
O then would you believe Him, hanging there?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

JESUS, SAVIOR

O VER the plains of Bethlehem
A silence reigned supreme;
Voices of night were sombre
As the echoes of a dream.
Nature lay sleeping,
Star-eyes were keeping
Vigil o'er valley, moor and fen,
While in a manger
Slumbered the Stranger
Jesus, the Savior of men.

Out on the hills Judean lay
The flocks all fast asleep,
Tended by shepherds stationed there
A faithful watch to keep.
Suddenly o'er them,
Streaming before them
Shone a light, fairer than the morn,
As one from glory
Came with the story,
Jesus, the Savior is born!

Suddenly with the angel there
Appeared a shining throng
Voicing their joy and gladness in
A strange and new sweet song!
Still it is ringing,
Still we are singing
"Peace on earth" today, as then
Let us believe Him,
Let us receive Him,
Jesus, the Savior of men.

(Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

NO ROOM FOR THEE

WHEN the books are opened
On the judgment morning,
And the angel loudly cries;
When the seas surrender
Their immortal treasure,
And the countless dead arise,
What a glad awakening,
Or a time of sorrow
To the millions that will be,
As the Judge eternal crieth;—
“Come, ye blessed,” or—
“There is no room for thee.”

On that day the sun shall
Fade away forever!
Moon and stars grow pale and cold;
Distant worlds, dissolving,
With the earth shall crumble,
As the heav'ns are backward rolled.
From the wrath of God there
Will be no deliv'rance,
No appeal from His decree!
If you have denied Him here, be
Sure that morning there
Will be no room for thee!

(Copyright, 1903, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

KEEP THE HEART SINGING

WE MAY lighten toil and care,
Or a heavy burden share,
With a word, a kindly deed, or sunny smile;
We may girdle day and night
With a halo of delight,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

If His love is in the soul,
And we yield to His control,
Sweetest music will the lonely hours beguile;
We may drive the clouds away,
Cheer and bless the darkest day,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

How a word of love will cheer,
Kindle hope and banish fear,
Soothe a pain, or take away the sting of guile;
Oh, how much we all may do
In the world we travel through,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

Keep the heart singing all the while!
Make the world brighter with a smile!
Keep the song ringing! Lonely hours we may beguile,
If we keep the heart singing all the while.

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HARVEST SONG

LOOK! the harvest fields are teeming
With the rich and ripened grain!
Wide it spreads before us,
Bright the skies are o'er us;
In the sunlight, golden gleaming
Heaving like the restless main;
"Reapers are needed!"
Resounds o'er hill and plain.

In the markets and the byways,
Whiling precious hours away,
Many stand complaining,
Idle still remaining,
Loit'ring in the dusty highways
Hearing not the Master say:—
"Reapers are needed!
O who will work today?"

Hear ye not the faithful singing
Of the labor and the yield?
Rouse ye, then O sleepers!
Join the happy reapers!
To the wind your sorrows flinging
Patiently the sickle wield;
"Reapers are needed!
Awake, and to the field!"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

HOW little we thought when we said "Good night,"
Of the day and its work undone,
Of the record stained by the vows unkept,
Of a task detained while our conscience slept;
How little we got of the good we might
Have possessed at the set of sun.

How carelessly, idly, thro' golden hours
Did we many a duty slight;
There was much to do, as we knew full well,
More important, too, than we now can tell;
It should have been grain, but we gathered flow'rs
That lie withered and dead tonight.

The "Good-by" at morn we forgot to speak—
Oh, how little it meant just then,
But the heart that ached for the words unsaid
Was at rest that night when we came home—dead!
Our tears of regret on the pallid cheek
Were the dregs of what might have been.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I SHALL KNOW MY SAVIOR

I SHALL know my Savior
When I reach that city
 With its jasper walls
 And shining streets of gold;
When my eyes are opened
In that world of beauty,
 His dear face will be
 The first I shall behold.

I shall know my Savior
When He bids me enter
 To His presence, where
 My heav'nly mansion stands;
By His voice—far sweeter
Than the angels' music,
 By His face, and by
 His blessed wounded hands.

I shall know my Savior
When I cross the river—
 I shall look for Him
 In heav'n the first of all;
How my heart will quiver
With the joy of meeting
 Him, and at His feet
 In ecstasy to fall.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I SHALL BE SATISFIED

AFTER the storms and the trials are past,
After the shadows which sorrow has cast,
And I am at home with my Savior at last,
I shall be satisfied.

In that bright world where there cometh no night,
Where ev'ry hope is perfected in light,
When faith shall be changed into wonderful sight,
I shall be satisfied.

When I awake in that City of Gold,
When those I loved I again shall behold,
Amid all that rapture and beauty untold,
I shall be satisfied.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I'LL GO WITH HIM

HE WILL hide me in His pavilion,
He will shield me from the foe,
He will lead me in pastures vernal,
Where the cooling waters flow.

“He will cover me with His feathers,”
Me from famine He will keep;
He, the Shepherd, will not forsake,
Tho' a wayward, wand'ring sheep.

He will guide me to fields eternal
When the day of life is past;
Thro' the valley of shadows safely
He will lead me home at last.

(Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HIS NAME FOREVER

HIS name above all other names
Shall men and angels sing
In time and in eternity—
Redeemer, Savior, King!
'Tis written on the walls of time;
Emblazoned on the trees;
The mighty thunders speak it,
And 'tis whispered by the breeze.

He built the heav'ns, He made the stars
And gave to each a place;
The waters in His hand He holds,
And keeps the sun in space.
Creation is His handiwork!
Eternity His plan!
His pow'r in nature He displayed—
His image gave to man.

Almighty, everlasting God,
How wonderful Thou art!
O may Thy will in service be
The joy of ev'ry heart.
Direct us, love us, guide and keep
Us in Thy tender care,
And in Thine own good time and way
May we Thy glory share.

(Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

CONSCIENCE BELLS

THERE is work awaiting you
That no other one can do,—
Will you listen to the bells of conscience ring?
They have rung for you before!
Heed them, lest they ring no more,
For their message is an order from the King.

Falling softly on the ear,
Or with clanging loud and clear
They are telling of a work that must be done.
It may mean a sacrifice!
But, no matter what the price,
Your reward will be the greater when 'tis done.

Scatter deeds of love and cheer;
Brush away the falling tear;
Feed the hungry, lead the blind, support the lame!
As the widow's mite of old
Far exceeded gifts of gold,
So may yours, if given in His blessed name.

Hear the bells of conscience ringing
As the days go by!
Wait no longer! Give today
Your heart's reply.
To their clanging now take heed!
All around you there is need
That your hand alone is
Able to supply.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE LIVES, HE KEEPS, HE SAVES

'T WAS not the Father's will to show
The way decreed for us to go,
But this, thro' faith in Him we know,
He lives, He keeps, He saves!

He tempers ev'ry wind that sweeps
Adown the stormy mountain-steep;
His eye of pity never sleeps—
He lives, He keeps, He saves.

He holds the waters in His hand;
He formed each leaf and grain of sand;
The stars respond to His command,
He lives, He keeps, He saves!

When doubt and fear molest our way,
When clouds shut out the light of day,
He hears the weakest when they pray,
He lives, He keeps, He saves.

His constant care is over us;
His wings of mercy hover us;
His arms, protecting, cover us,
He lives, He keeps, He saves.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HIS GRACE IS SUFFICIENT

GLADLY the will of my Lord I obey;
He is my keeper from day unto day;
He is my Guide, and He knoweth the way,
His grace is sufficient for me.

Not over things of the world will I grieve;
All that He sends I will gladly receive,
Satisfied just to look up and believe
His grace is sufficient for me.

Tho' I may see but one step at a time,
As up the pathway to glory I climb,
Yet I believe in the promise divine,
His grace is sufficient for me.

Living, I'll serve Him wherever I go,
E'en tho' it be where the dark waters flow;
Dying, I'll praise Him, for well do I know
His grace is sufficient for me.

(Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HOLD UP THE CROSS

HOLD up the cross of Jesus,
And to the world proclaim
The majesty, the glory
And beauty of His name
Who built the heavens, and holdeth
The waters of the sea,
Yet who, in His compassion
Was lifted up for thee.

Hold up the cross of Jesus
Until the sacred lore
Of ages shall emblazon
Upon it more and more
The hope we have eternal
Of peace from care and strife,
The Source of our salvation,
The Open Door of Life.

Hold up the cross of Jesus,
And once again repeat
The old, old precious story
Of grace divine, complete;
Lift higher yet, and higher
The emblem of His love,
Nor cease until He calls you
To reign with Him above.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE SWEETEST SONG OF ALL

THERE'S a song my heart is ever singing,
And the world seems with its echoes ringing,
O'er and o'er it rings and sings,
For sweetest peace to me it brings,
O'er and o'er it rings and sings
For sweetest peace it brings.

At the morn I hear it from the flowers;
At the noontide from shady bowers;
And when evening breezes blow,
Again I hear it soft and low;
And when evening breezes blow,
I hear it soft and low.

"Come to me" it's every line repeating
Calls in tones so tenderly entreating;
'Tis the sweetest song of all,
For 'tis my blessed Savior's Call;
'Tis the sweetest song of all,
For 'tis my Savior's Call.

(Copyright, 1909, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE SHEPHERD MASTER

THE Lord is with us, let our courage falter not;
He leads the way before us—what have we to fear?
His everlasting arms are underneath us,
And His voice in ev'ry time of trial we may hear.

The foe, however strong, shall flee before us, and
The clouds that rise shall rifted be, and bright the day;
His word of promise is: "I will be with thee;
I will go before, and lead thee in the perfect way.

To do His perfect will our daily prayer shall be;
Wherever He may call or need us we will gladly go;
A Shepherd, and a Master, kind and patient,
He will point the way, and grace abundant will bestow.

Where the Shepherd leads us, we His voice of love obey;
And the hand that feeds us, we will follow all the way.
Where the light preceeds us, we will go without delay;
Where the Master needs us, we will work today.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HARVEST TIME

GLAD is the song that the reapers sing,
As they are joyfully mowing!
Hither and thither they bend and swing,
Zeal to the effort bestowing.
Louder and sweeter the echoes ring
Patience and loyalty showing,
As in the field
The sickle they wield,
Gathering sheaves for the King.

Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear,
Swiftly the moments are flying;
Harken! the voice of the Master hear,
Loudly for laborers crying,
While in the markets afar and near
Many are waiting, denying
Service they might
With joy and delight
Give ere the shadows appear.

Look up, the harvest is truly great!
Golden and ripe it is gleaming!
Wondrously wide is thy Lord's estate,
In its magnificence teeming;
Reapers are needed, and still you wait
Idle and carelessly dreaming?
Go you today,
And reap, while you may!
Go, ere you enter too late!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MY GUEST

I HAVE heard thee softly calling,
Jesus, Friend divine,
When remorse for sin appalling
Filled this heart of mine;
I have heard Thee when the tempest
Beat above my way,
Plead with my soul for shelter, yet,
I turned Thee, Lord, away.

I have heard Thee, Savior, calling:
"Open unto me!
Lo, the shades of night are falling,
I, thy Guest would be."
Spurned, rejected, Thou didst linger,
Calling o'er and o'er,
Yet, selfish, proud in unbelief,
I turned Thee, Lord, away.

I have heard Thee, Savior, calling
In the hour of need,
And, tho' chains of sin were galling,
Still I would not heed.
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow
Thou didst bear for me!
And yet today my Guest Thou are,
And shall forever be.

(Copyright, 1903, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

JEHOVAH IS KING

I WILL sing the praise of Jehovah while I live,
I will crown Him in my heart and life the King of kings;
All there is within me, of good, to Him I give,
For he hides me 'neath His shelt'ring wings.

Where He bids me, I, His ambassador, will go;
His command shall be my law, His word my guide and stay;
All of self I yield, satisfied His will to know,
As I walk beside Him day by day.

I shall fear no ill, tho' the pow'rs of sin assail;
He is able to deliver, faithful to defend;
He is just and true, and His love shall never fail;
He will guide and keep me to the end.

He is the King forevermore;
He rules in love from shore to shore;
His mandates shall the worlds obey,
Till sun and moon shall pass away,
The tempest yields unto His will;
He speaks, and lo! the waves are still!
The sons of earth His praise shall sing.
For He is King! He is the King.

(Copyright, 1910, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poem*

“THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM”

THERE they crucified Him,
The Lamb of Calvary!
From His thorn-crowned brow the blood drops
Flowing down for me!
Faultless One! Behold Him,
Look on His wounded side!
Scorned, rejected and despised,
My blessed Savior died.

There they crucified Him!
And mocked Him in His pain,
Clam'ring at His agony—
This Lamb for sinners slain.
Casting lots before Him,
His garments they divide;
There in sorrow and in shame,
My blessed Savior died.

There they crucified Him,
The shameful deed was done!
Earth, in terror, saw and trembled,
Darkness hid the sun,
Grieving nature shuddered.
When He in anguish cried:
“It is finished!” and for me
My blessed Savior died.

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SAIL ON!

UPON a wide and stormy sea,
Thou'rt sailing to eternity,
And thy great Adm'ral orders thee,
"Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Art far from shore and weary worn,
The sky o'er-cast, thy canvas torn?
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne,
"Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Do comrades tremble and refuse,
To further dare the taunting hues?
No other course is thine to choose,
"Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Do snarling waves thy craft assail?
Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?
Take heart! God's word shall never fail—
"Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

Sail on! Sail on! the storms will soon be past,
The darkness will not always last.
Sail on! sail on! God lives and He commands—
"Sail on! sail on, sail on!"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE SAVIOR'S LOVE

S AVIOR, Thy dying love
Exceeds my fondest thought!
Calvary did for me its fullness prove,
When my poor soul was bought.

Sin framed that cross of Thine!
O shame that knew no bounds!
Sin forged the nails that gave, O Lord divine,
Thy hands and feet their wounds.

Love bore all this for me!
Love laid Thee in the grave!
Now, by that love, forever I am free,
For love my soul can save.

Unbounded, unmeasured that love was giv'n
For sinners unworthy—for even me;
It opened the beautiful gates of heav'n,
Where, some day, Thy face I shall see.

(Copyright, 1915, by H. A. Rodeheaver)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE PROMISES OF GOD

THE promises of God were never broken,
And from age to age they ever shall endure;
The rainbow of His word remains a token,
As eternity enduring, just and sure.

The promises are made to whosoever
Will His cross in meekness and in patience bear;
His mighty arm is present to deliver
From the pow'r of ev'ry evil, ev'ry snare.

The promises of God are life eternal
Unto those who are the children of His love,
And they shall dwell in mansions bright, supernal,
An inheritance divine, in worlds above.

His promises are sure!
His word, it shall endure
When sun and moon have faded,
And when earth has passed away!
The hand that built the skies
Beneath each mandate lies,
O, let us then be faithful
And His will obey.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

CROWN HIM

ALL HAIL the power of Jesus' name!
Let men and angels loud proclaim
The wonders of His works and ways,
And raise to Him unending praise;
He built the heav'ns, the stars He made;
By Him was earth's foundations laid;
Before Him let all nations fall
And crown Him Lord of all.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
To seek and save the lost He came
To earth a stranger, and unknown,
A ransom for His loved, his own;
He came to break the bonds of sin,
Our souls from Satan's pow'r to win;
He speaks—O hear His righteous call,
And crown Him Lord of all.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame
That such a Savior was denied,
Was scourged, condemned and crucified!
Yet, blessed news—He lives again!
The pow'rs of darkness were in vain!
Let all the earth His name extol,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GO BID THEM COME

LO, now the feast of the King is ready,
And there still remaineth room!
Unto the poor with the invitation
Quickly go, and bid them come!

Gather them in from the world's waste places,
High or lowly, rich or poor;
Go where the famine is raging sorely,
Bring them in, there's room for more.

Say to the world that the King is waiting
With a robe for ev'ry guest;
Bid them delay not to meet the Bridegroom!
Come, and enter with the blest.

Forth to the highways bear the blessed invitation!
Bid them come from ev'ry land.
Call ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry nation,
Bid them come—'tis God's command.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM

“G O ye out to meet him!”
Is the midnight cry,
Telling us that Jesus
The King, is drawing nigh.
Many yet are sleeping,
Unmindful of the day;
Rouse them! bid them hasten
To meet Him on the way.

Go ye out to meet Him!
Give up the ways of sin
And a life of service
For Jesus now begin.
All the while He tarries,
Each passing hour improve;
Do His work in patience,
In faith, in hope, in love.

Go ye out to meet Him,
And at His feet lay down
Treasures you have gathered
As jewels for His crown.
Be not empty-handed,
Nor go with faded leaves,
For the Lord of glory
Demandeth golden sheaves.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE LOVE OF CHRIST

ERE I knew the blessed fullness of
The love of Christ, the Man of Galilee,
Within my soul, I felt its latent pow'r,
Like waters flowing over me.

I was wand'ring in the desert, lost,
When first I saw Him beckon from afar,
And as He raised His blessed hand to me,
I saw that cruel, crimson scar.

Doubting, trembling, hoping, mock'd by fear,
At last I caught the beauty of His face,
And as I cried aloud to Him that hour,
He saved me by His wondrous grace.

Sweeter than the music of the stars,
As they together sang at birth, will be
The blessed name of Jesus to my soul
Through time and in eternity.

The love that once I despised, rejected,
Is far beyond all I had expected;
Oh, that I had not so long neglected
The One who died for me on Calvary.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

JESUS, THE SAVIOR

O VER the plains of Bethlehem
A silence reigned supreme;
Voices of night were sombre as
The echoes of a dream.
Nature lay sleeping;
Star-eyes were keeping
Vigil o'er valley, moor and fen.
While in a manger
Slumbered the Stranger,
Jesus, the Savior of men!

Out on the hills Judean, lay
The flocks all fast asleep,
'Tended by shepherds stationed there,
A faithful watch to keep.
Suddenly o'er them,
Streaming before them,
Shone a light brighter than the moon,
As one from glory
Came with the story:
"Jesus, the Savior, is born!"

Suddenly with the angel there
Appeared a shining throng
Voicing their joy and gladness in
A strange, new song!
Still it is ringing,
Still we are singing
"Peace on the earth" today as then!
Let us believe Him;
Let us receive Him,
Jesus, the Savior of men.

(Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A SONG OF VICTORY

LOUDLY unto the world is a chorus resounding
From the hosts of the Lord, as they march along;
Rich in harmony, sending the echoes rebounding,
Swelling mightily from the victorious throng.

Pressing on to the battle, each soldier rejoices,
Singing joyfully unto the gracious King;
Earth is joining her praise with the tumult of voices,
While the arches of heaven with music ring.

Glory! glory to God in the highest forever!
For the King in His beauty shall yet appear!
Shout aloud, for Jehovah, our God, will deliver;
His the battle, and victory draweth near!

Victory! victory! Rings aloud the battle cry
Until the glorious echoes reach the vaulted sky!
Over the world
Now be unfurled
His flag from shore to shore.
Loyal and true in the ranks each faithful soldier stands,
Gladly obeying in whatsoever He commands.
He is the King,
And the Kingdom His
Forevermore!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

COME TO THE FEAST

ALL things are ready, come to the feast!
Come, for the table now is spread;
Ye famishing, ye weary, come
And thou shalt be richly fed.

All things are ready, come to the feast!
Come, for the door is open wide;
A place of honor is reserved
For you, at the Master's side.

All things are ready, come to the feast!
Come, while He waits to welcome thee;
Delay not while this day is thine,
Tomorrow may never be.

All things are ready, come to the feast!
Leave ev'ry care and worldly strife;
Come, feast upon the love of God
And drink everlasting life.

(Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

FOLLOW ON

"FOLLOW ME!" rings out to the world today
In a clear, commanding tone;
For the Lord our King, and the cause we love
There is work that must be done.
He is passing by, and He calls again
As He called in days of old;
O arise and go! He will lead the way,
And your mission will unfold.

Tho' it be to fields that are far away
He should call you to repair,
Falter not, but go! Let His will be thine,
Ready be the cross to bear.
Let your faith increase as the days go by,
Tho' you walk thro' valleys dim;
Jesus goes before you to guard and guide,
Follow on and trust in Him.

There's a task for you, and a work for me
That no other hands can do;
Shall we prove to Him who has called us forth
Idle servants and untrue?
His command is giv'n—we have heard the call,
And our labor shall not cease
Till with victory we are crowned at last
By the conq'ring Prince of Peace.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE DAY OF GLORY

WHEN my labors here on earth are o'er,
And I reach my home on that eternal shore,
With my Savior there forever more,
O what a day of glory that will be!

No more sorrow there, no pain, no tears,
No more anxious longing, no more haunting fears,
No more waiting thro' the lonely years—
O what a day of glory that will be!

When the beauty of eternal skies
Breaks in all its splendor on my op'ning eyes,
When the countless dead in Christ arise,
O what a day of glory that will be!

Where a shadow nevermore is cast,
Where all tears and trials are forever past,
As we sing together: "Home at last!"
O what a day of glory that will be!

The time will come!
And when at last I reach my home
I'll look into His face
And Thank Him for the grace
That paid the price
Of sin at such a sacrifice—
O what a day of glory that will be!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

THE reapers are loudly singing
As out in the harvest field
They gather the grain
From valley and plain
With willing and tireless hand.
The winds from afar come bringing
Glad news of abundant yield,
Of work to be done,
Of souls to be won
For God, at His own command.

“The field is the world!” Oh, reaper,
There’s plenty for all to do!
Arise and begin
The work that shall win
For you an immortal crown.
The Lord is thy Guide and Keeper,
He’ll carry you safely through;
He calls you today,
Then trust and obey,
And reap till the sun goes down.

The Master hath each commanded
To labor, and watch, and pray;
To diligent be,
And faithful, if we
Would share in the vict’ries won.
Then why will you empty-handed
Appear at the close of day,
Accounting to give,
And hope to receive
A blessing for nothing done?

(Copyright, 1907, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ALL THIS FOR ME

DRAWN by the cords of infinite love,
Grace to a world of sinners to prove
Jesus came down from glory above—
All this for me.

He was a stranger, stricken with grief,
Yet was there none to bring Him relief;
Hated, despised as even a thief—
All this for me.

He became poor, was tempted and tried,
Taunted reviled, cast out and denied;
Nailed to the cross, in anguish He died—
All this for me.

Wonderful, wonderful
Savior omnipotent!
There was no other my debt could pay.
Lovingly, patiently,
Tenderly, graciously
Keep me, be near me, and love me, I pray.

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HE LIVES

NO ROMAN guard or seal of man
Had pow'r to break th' Almighty's plan!
Behold! the stone is rolled aside,
And Jesus lives, who for us died!
No human eye beheld the sight
That changed the darkness into light,
But this we know: He lives who once was slain,
Our Savior lives again!

Had we beheld that empty bed,
Had we believed that He, once dead,
Could of Himself come forth again
To stand before the eyes of men?
And would our faith have been as clear
As theirs, who lived, and lingered near?
Could we have said: He lives who once was slain,
Our Savior lives again!

This day we know that He arose
Triumphant o'er the last of foes;
Victorious from the grave He came,
All glory be unto His name.
Let all the earth rejoice and sing
The praises of our mighty King,
For this we know: He lives who once was slain,
Our Savior lives again!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I SHALL SEE HIM

I HAVE had sweet dreams of my eternal home,
Whose beauties never can be told,
And have often wondered what the joy will be
When I my Savior's face behold.

There are loved ones over in the Homeland fair
Received thro' wonder of His grace.
'Twill be joy to meet them—but, the first of all
I long to look upon His face.

While the unrecorded ages onward roll,
My joy and my delight shall be
With the blood-washed throng to worship and adore
The Lamb of God who died for me.

I shall see Him in His beauty
In the morning of the resurrection day!
I shall see Him in His beauty
When the mists have forever rolled away.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BLESSED JESUS

THERE'S One who can comfort when all else fails;
Who's able to save when the foe assails;
Once He traveled the way we go,
Felt the pangs of deceit and woe;
Who more perfectly, then, can know,
Than Jesus, blessed Jesus.

He heareth the cry of the soul distressed;
He healeth our wounds and He giveth rest;
Tho' so often denied is He,
Spurned the love that built Calvary,
Still with pleading of "Come to me"
Stands Jesus, blessed Jesus.

He never forsakes in the darkest hour;
His arm is around us with keeping pow'r;
When from lov'd ones we're called to part,
When the tears, in our anguish, start,
None can comfort the breaking heart
Like Jesus, blessed Jesus.

When summer is ended He'll come again,
O let us be ready to meet Him then.
When we enter the Shadow-land,
When at Jordan we trembling stand,
He will meet us with out-stretched hand,
This Jesus, blessed Jesus.

What joy it will be when we see His face,
Forever to sing of His love and grace!
Then at home on that Shining Shore,
With the lov'd ones gone on before
We will praise Him forever more,
Our Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

TO PLEASE JESUS

I WILL not go where I cannot take Jesus,
Jesus my Savior, my Friend and Guide,
For I should tremble to feel for one moment
That He was absent from my side.

I will not do what I know would grieve Jesus;
How could I spurn such a friend as He?
No! for a lifetime of tend'rest devotion
Cannot repay His love of me.

I'll not believe what I cannot tell Jesus,
Nor will I think upon things untrue,
For in the light or the darkness He surely
Knoweth all things we think or do.

I'll do whatever I know will please Jesus,
I will be faithful in ev'rything;
Yes, by the help and the grace that He gives me,
I will be loyal to my King.

Stay with me, Savior, keep me I pray;
Never a moment let me stray;
Help me more often Thy love to remember,
That I may live closer, closer to Thee.

(Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD IS LOVE

GOD is love! 'tis written on the flowers,
Breathing fragrance on the summer air;
On the trees, and in the shady bowers,
In the sunny brook, and ev'rywhere.

God is love! 'tis written on the mountain,
In the valley and upon the sea;
Jewel-like it sparkles in the fountain,
Purling in a ceaseless melody.

God is love! 'tis written on the blessings
Which in showers on us daily fall;
At His feet our gratitude confessing
We will lay our hearts, our lives, our all.

Nature-voices join to raise the happy song,
God is love!
In the air we hear it singing all day long,
God is love!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

IF YOU WILL

YOU today a wondrous work of love may do,
If you will;
To the Master and yourself you may be true,
If you will;
Waste no time in asking how,
Conscience tells you **go**, and **now**.
Grace and strength the Lord will give to help you through,
If you will.

There's no need to ask of Him to show the way,
If you will.
There is work awaiting for you ev'ry day,
If you will.

Here bestow a kindly deed;
Yonder help some one in need;
O there's **more** than you can do and not delay,
If you will.

You may cross the rolling ocean in His name,
If you will;
You may suffer pain and sorrow, grief and shame,
If you will.

But remember—In that day
God will wipe all tears away,
And that you at last, thro' Him, a crown may claim,
If you will.

If you will the Lord will lead you
Into ways that daily need you;
In the desert He will feed you,
If you will.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHEN I REMEMBER CALVARY

WHEN I remember Calvary,
Where Jesus suffered death for me,
My soul is overwhelmed within
To know He died because of sin.

When I remember Calvary,
Again comes back Gethsemane
Where I in prayer behold Him bow,
And see the blood-drops on His brow.

When I remember Calvary,
And on the cross uplifted see
Those pierced hands, that wounded side,
I know it was for me He died.

When I remember Calvary,
Amazed I cry: "How can it be
That He could lay His crown aside
And for my sins be crucified?"

When I remember Calvary,
I comprehend eternity,
And know that by the cross He bore
I am redeemed forevermore.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DEATH

THEY have gone down, like the stars of the night
Only in some fairer region to shine!
And, as the stars reappear in the sky,
Even shall they, in a region divine.

They with their wages have gone to account;
Closed are the books, for the record is cast;
No more the poisonous beards of the grain
Chafe, or annoy them, for harvest is past.

Death, thou art surely an opulent stream,
Riches exchanging for poverty's rags;
Strange that the shores of thy river should be
Pictured as Goblin-inhabited crags!

Sweet as the silence that follows a prayer;
Pure as the dream of a newly born child;
Silent as faces that look from the wall,
True as the book which Almighty compil'd;

Deep as the space unattended by worlds,
Narrow, and fleeting, and quick as a breath;
Cold as the marble, and pale as the clay:
All this art thou, O immaculate Death!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE LIFTED ME

IN LOVING kindness Jesus came,
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depths of sin and shame,
Thro' grace He lifted me.

He called me long before I heard,
Before my sinful heart was stirred;
But when I took Him at His word,
For-giv'n He lifted me.

His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn,
When from my guilt and grief forlorn,
In love He lifted me.

Now on a higher plane I dwell,
And with my soul I know 'tis well;
Yet how or why, I can not tell,
He should have lifted me.

From sinking sand He lifted me;
With tender hand He lifted me;
From shades of night to plains of light,
Oh, praise His name, He lifted me.

(Copyright, by Chas. M. Alexander)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

UNTO ALL THE WORLD

TO THE world we offer Christ, the risen King
Whose love thro' coming ages men shall sing;
Whose name shall live, tho' worlds decay,
Whose words of life shall never pass away.

He hath borne our griefs, our sorrows made His own—
Behold Him in Gethesemane alone!
Our ev'ry sin on Him was laid,
And by His death our peace with God was made.

Like a shepherd, patiently He leads His sheep
To pastures green, by waters cool and deep;
He knows and calls each one by name,
And guards them safely from the flood and flame.

To the world, then, offer we the risen Christ,
The Lamb of God, for sinners sacrificed;
Believe, receive, His name extol,
And crown Him King of kings and Lord of all.

Unto all the world
His banner is unfurled!
Grand, victorious, great and glorious,
He shall reign from shore to shore.
Nations yet shall own
And worship Him alone.
Wonderful, marvelous King,
And Lord of lords forevermore!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

PRAYER SONG

LORD hear us while we pray,
On this, Thy holy day;
Thine ear turn not away—
Our cry attend.
Unworthy tho' we be,
Yet, in humility
We bend in dust to Thee,
Our only Friend.

Our sins are manifold,
Yet do Thou not withhold
Thy love and grace untold,
But hear us pray.
Thou art our God alone!
No other God we own;
As Thou hast mercy shown,
Hear us today.

Tho' we have turned aside,
And even Thee denied,
Reviled and crucified
Again, again!
Forgive the sins we bear;
Us for Thyself prepare;
O Father, hear our prayer,
Amen! Amen!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE DIED FOR ME

MY soul rejoices in His love,
So perfect, full and free,
For, come what may, I cannot doubt,—
I know He died for me!

I see Him hanging on the cross,
I hear His dying prayer,
And in my soul I know it was
My sin that nailed Him there!

I see the broken bars of death,
I see the empty grave,
And know it was for sinners like
Myself, His life He gave.

I see Him into heaven ascend,
I hear the angels sing
For joy around the great white throne,
And know He is my King.

O wondrous love! O boundless grace
So marvelous! How can it be?
And yet, thro' faith in His dear name,
I know He died for me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ALL WILL BE RIGHT

TEMPTED and tried, encumbered with care,
Under the yoke that is heavy to bear,
Never a moment yield to despair,—
God rules the world, and all will be right!

Broken with sorrow tho' you may be,
Think not the Lord is unmindful of thee;
With clearer eye some day you shall see,—
God rules the world, and all will be right.

Strength may forsake you, foes may alarm;
Fear not; the Father will shield you from harm.
Trust in His might, and lean on His arm,—
God rules the world, and all will be right.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE QUIET HOUR

O THE quiet hour with Jesus,
In communion sweet;
Ev'rything to Him confessing—
Conquest, or defeat.
Seeking for the light that shineth
From His blessed face,
Pleading for the help that cometh
Only by His grace.

There the door of heaven opens,
And a joy divine
From the heart of the Eternal
Enters into mine;
Peace beyond all understanding
Lulls me into rest,
And His voice, like sweetest music,
Speaks, and I am blest.

Strength for battles near He gives me;
Courage He renews,
And a flaming zeal from slumber
By His Spirit woos.
O the quiet hour with Jesus,
How it cheers the soul,
Calms the storm, and bids the raging
Billows cease to roll.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE

WHY should I rebel when the cross is hard to bear?
Why repine in sorrow, or tremble with despair?
Jesus still is with me—His promises are sure,
And throughout the ages forever, shall endure.

When the day is darkest, and trouble-billows roll,
Sweetly this assurance comes stealing o'er my soul:—
"I am He that liveth! Hope on, nor be afraid!
Trust in Me for refuge, and be thou not dismayed."

Tho' He sends me trials, 'tis but to make me strong,
And the fiery furnace shall echo with my song;
In my weakness He will give strength for ev'ry day,
Loving, guiding, keeping, sustaining all the way

Some day I shall see Him to know Him as He is;
Some day I shall feel my hand closely held in His;
Then, with all the loved ones who've journeyed on before,
In His presence I shall rejoice forevermore.

I will never leave thee!
Sorrow shall not grieve thee!
In my arms I'll hold thee and wipe thy tears away;
I will not forsake thee!
Foes shall not o'ertake thee!
I, the Lord, will keep thee secure against that day.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A CHILD OF THE KING

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus spake
Unto my fainting soul:
"Come, of the waters of life partake,
And thou shalt be cleansed, made whole."

Guilty was I whom He sought to win;
Trembling, I heard His voice;
Fully persuaded, I entered in,
And made Him, that day, my choice.

Sins that were crimson He made as wool,
Gave me a glad new song;
Now of salvation my cup runs full,
I'm happy the whole day long.

Of Him to others, where e'er I go,
Daily my glad heart sings;
I am, for time and eternity,
A child of the King of kings.

All glory to Jesus!
So precious is He.
His name! in my soul, how it rings!
Redeemed by His blood,
He has called me to be
A child of the King of kings.

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FEAR NOT, I AM WITH THEE

WHAT though the way is rough
And skies are over-cast,
Joys untold are waiting thee
When all the storms are past;
Trust in the promise, and the
Lord will hold thee fast—
"Fear not, I am with thee, even unto the end."

Go where He bids you! Do
His will, whate'er it be;
Give your talents unto Him
Who gave so much for thee.
Rainbows of love declare
His word from sea to sea—
"Fear not, I am with thee, even unto the end."

Though through the waters dark
And deep thy pathway lies,
Shrink not when the chilling waves
Of care and trial rise;
He'll wipe away the tears
From sorrow's weeping eyes;—
"Fear not, I am with thee, even unto the end."

When in the valley of
The shadow dark and deep,
He will still be with thee,
Able, willing, strong to keep;
In Him to die is but to
Gently fall asleep—
"Fear not, I am with thee, even unto the end."

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE WONDERFUL STORY

O SWEET is the story of Jesus,
The wonderful Savior of men,
Who suffered and died for the sinner—
I'll tell it again and again.

He came from the brightest of glory;
His blood as a ransom He gave
To purchase eternal redemption,
And, Oh, He is mighty to save!

His mercy flows on like a river;
His love is unmeasured and free;
His grace is forever sufficient,
It reaches and purifies me.

O wonderful, wonderful story,
The dearest that ever was told!
I'll repeat it in glory—
That wonderful story,
Where I shall His beauty behold.

(Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell)

PENTECOSTAL POWER

LORD, as of old at Pentecost
Thou didst Thy pow'r display,
With cleansing, purifying flame
Descend on us today.

For mighty works for Thee prepare
And strengthen ev'ry heart;
Come, take possession of Thine own,
And nevermore depart.

All self consume, all sin destroy!
With earnest zeal endue
Each waiting heart to work for Thee;
O Lord, our faith renew!

Speak, Lord! Before Thy throne we wait;
Thy promise we believe
And will not let Thee go until
The blessing we receive.

Lord, send the old-time power,
The Pentecostal power!
Thy flood-gates of blessing
On us throw open wide!
Lord, send the old-time power,
The Pentecostal power,
That sinners be converted
And Thy name glorified

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE GLAD GOOD NEWS

“**W**ITH an everlasting love,”
Came the message from above,
“I have loved thee!” God hath spoken,
 Tell the news!
Hearken, soul, unto His voice,
And forevermore rejoice
That His word cannot be broken—
 Tell the news!

Tho’ unmindful we have been,
And have wandered on in sin,
Still His voice is ever speaking—
 Tell the news!
He, rejected o’er and o’er,
Still is waiting at the door
And thy soul in mercy seeking—
 Tell the news!

Open now to Him your heart,
Lest forever He depart,
And accept the gracious blessing—
 Tell the news!
“With an everlasting love!”
Let us each the message prove,
And, with joy His name confessing,
 Tell the news!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I WILL NOT FORGET THEE

SWEET is the promise—"I will not forget thee,"
Nothing can molest, or turn my soul away;
E'en tho' the night be dark within the valley,
Just beyond is shining one eternal day.

Trusting the promise—"I will not forget thee,"
Onward will I go with songs of joy and love;
Tho' earth despise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
I shall be remembered in my home above.

When at the golden portals I am standing,
All my tribulations, all my trials past,
How sweet to hear the blessed proclamation—
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last."

"I will not forget thee or leave thee;
In my hands I'll hold thee,
In my arms I'll fold thee!
I will not forget thee or leave thee;
I am thy Redeemer,
I will care for thee."

(Copyright, 1889, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE GRAND OLD BIBLE

HOLD up the grand old Bible to the people!
Deny it or neglect it never!
Unfailing it has stood the test of ages,
And it shall stand unchanged forever.

Hold up the grand old Bible and proclaim it
The Word of God by prophets spoken;
His seal imprinted glows upon its pages,
And not a precept can be broken.

Hold up the grand old Bible of our fathers,
And send it unto ev'ry nation;
It is the cloud by day, the fire in darkness,
That lights the way unto salvation.

Hold up the grand old Bible, proudly own it,
Believe and search its sacred pages;
There you may find the way of life eternal—
Immortal life thro' endless ages.

O blessed book—the only book,
The pow'rs of earth can change it never!
The test of fire and flood
Through ages it hath stood,
And it shall stand unchanged forever.

(Copyright, 1907, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

*With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. Torrey, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old Book—the BIBLE.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SOMETIME,
 SOMEWHERE,
 SOMEHOW

SOMETIME, somewhere my toil shall cease,
And I from care shall find release
In everlasting, perfect peace,
 Sometime,
 Somewhere,
 Somehow.

Sometime, somewhere I'll fall asleep,
And, from a dreamless slumber deep
I'll waken never more to weep,
 Sometime,
 Somewhere,
 Somehow.

Sometime, somewhere, soon, it may be,
The skies will rift and I shall see
The Reaper's hand held out to me,
 Sometime,
 Somewhere,
 Somehow.

Sometime, somewhere, some blessed place,
Thro' wonders of amazing grace
I'll see my Savior face to face,
 Sometime,
 Somewhere,
 Somehow.

Sometime, somewhere! I'll trust and wait
Thro' early morn or ev'ning late,
Till He for me unlocks the gate,
 Sometime,
 Somewhere,
 Somehow.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SERVANTS OF GOD

SERVANT of God, awake unto thy duty!
Why will ye doubt, why falter, why delay?
Look on the fields that wave in golden beauty,
While thou art dreaming precious hours away.

Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie before thee
Ripe unto harvest; thrust the sickle in!
High in the heav'ns the sun is burning o'er thee—
Still thou art idle! Now the work begin.

Up! In the name of Him who died to save you
Seek for the erring as He sought for you;
Always remember what in love He gave you,
And be a servant loyal, brave and true.

"He that endureth," is the word recorded,
Shall joy and everlasting life obtain;
To him at last a crown shall be awarded,
Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sinners slain.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

READY TO FOLLOW THE MASTER

JESUS, Thou art my Redeemer,
All in all Thou art to me;
Thou didst suffer death to save me,
Yet, what have I done for Thee?

What would now be my condition
Had there been no Calvary?
O how marvelous Thy goodness,
Yet, what have I done for Thee?

Thou hast borne my heavy burden,
Pour'd out blessings full and free;
Day by day in love hath kept me,
Yet, what have I done for Thee?

Lord, I'll take Thy yoke upon me,
I will daily follow Thee
Till in heaven I shall praise Thee
For what Thou hast done for me.

I am ready to take up my cross for Thee;
I am ready to count all but loss for Thee;
I am ready to go where Thou sendest me,
I am ready, dear Lord, to follow Thee.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

RECONCILED

TO reconcile the world God gave His Son
To bear the sorrows of Gethsemane,
To feel the scourge and wear the crown of thorns,
And die upon the cross of Calvary.

Ambassadors for Christ we now proclaim
Salvation unto all who will believe;
Return to God! O be ye reconciled,
And by His death eternal life receive.

The gift that cometh from a vengeful heart,
Tho' laid upon the altar, is in vain;
Go, seek thy brother—be at peace with him,
And glorify the King, for sinners slain.

Rejoice that now are we the heirs of God,
Redeemed and reconciled by love and grace;
Sing praises! Laud and bless His holy name,
Until we meet and praise Him face to face.

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WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION

YOU are chosen of the Lord a work to do,
And a special service He requires of you;
Great or small, it matters not, if you are true,—
Work out your own salvation.

With a prayer to guide you, go in love today,
Lead some wand'rer back into the narrow way;
Search the mountain for the careless one astray,—
Work out your own salvation.

Let your life be earnest, and your heart sincere;
Make your daily purpose unto others clear;
To your God be loyal, lab'ring in His fear,—
Work out your own salvation.

Whatsoever you may find to do,
Do it for the sake of Him who died for you,
To your Lord be faithful, to your soul be true,
Work out your own salvation.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

OUR GOD

OUR GOD! How great and good is He,
How wonderfully true and kind!
Nor height nor depth can in part record
The measure of His Master-mind.
His voice is heard in the ocean's roar,
And whispers in the evening breeze;
His wrath displaces the mountain steps,
His eye the helpless sparrow sees.

The morning sun at His mandate shines,
And evening follows after noon;
The stars He hurled from His finger-tips,
He spake, and, lo! A silver moon!
Should He but will to dissolve the world,
He need but speak, and it were done,
For He whose hand rocks the mighty deep,
Designed and holds the blazing sun.

He sent His Son to the world to die
That sinners might be reconciled,
To show His love, deeper yet by far
Than one who comforteth her child.
Such wondrous love, such amazing grace,
So deep, so wide, so full, so free!
And by the gift of His Sacrifice,
I know He cares for even me.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SOMEONE MUST

SOMEONE must go to the field and labor,
Shall it be you—or I?
Go for the sake of a friend or neighbor,
Shall it be you—or I?
Rich for the harvest the world is waiting,
Why will ye stand idly hesitating?
Who'll go, their all freely consecrating,
Shall it be you—or I?

Someone must go with the blessed story,
Shall it be you—or I?
Go in the name of the King of Glory,
Shall it be you—or I?
Souls, precious souls now in darkness lying
Long for the light, and for help are crying;
Who'll go to save and reclaim the dying,
Shall it be you—or I?

Someone must go, for the Master calleth,
Shall it be you—or I?
Go, ere the shade of the ev'ning falleth—
Shall it be you—or I?
Out in the highways and byways pleading,
Patiently, tenderly interceding,
Who'll go the lost to the Master leading,
Shall it be you—or I?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE STRANGER

HE STOOD just outside my door, knocking—
I heard Him speak to me—
But Satan said: "Why should that stranger
At this time call on thee?
He surely hath not been invited—
Thy robe thou hast not on;
If answer thou givest unto him,
Request him to be gone."

As, pond'ring, I waited and listened,
Again His knock I heard,
And, tho' I was troubled to slight Him,
I answered not a word;
But conscience said: "Throw the door open!
To bar it, is to sin!
So long He has patiently waited,
Rise, let the stranger in!"

Once more came the knock! It was midnight—
The earth in silence lay;
He called me by name, oh, so sweetly,
The while He turned away;
Then quickly, in shame and repentance
I rose, unlocked the door
And cried: "Come and be, blessed Stranger,
My Guest forevermore!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

OPEN THE WINDOWS

OPEN the windows! The blessings come down
In bountiful showers of grace from above!
Make room to receive from the bountiful hand
Of infinite mercy the gifts of His love.

Banish the tempter, bid doubtings depart!
No longer remain in the shadow and gloom;
Throw backward the shade, draw the curtains aside,
And glory on glory will enter the room!

Showers of blessing are falling on thee,
Such blessings as thou hast not room to contain,
Of goodness and mercy, of pardon and peace,—
To measure the fullness, our knowledge is vain.

Open the window, thou poor struggling soul!
Now streams o'er thy prison a flood of delight.
Oh, let in the sunlight of infinite love,
To scatter thy darkness and banish thy night.

(Copyright, 1896, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

NEVER TURN BACK

IF YOU have started out in the way you know
To be the right and the only way to go,
Then, with a soldier-tread,
March boldly straight ahead,
And suffer, yea, perish! but never turn back!

If you would gather grain, seed must soon be sown;
Can you expect to reap where you have not strown?
Then to the field away!
Work thro' the heat of day,
And suffer, yea perish, but never turn back!

Have you a promise made to your God above
That you would faithful be to the cause you love?
Be loyal, brave and true!
He has a work for you!
Then suffer, yea, perish, but never turn back.

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MORE ABUNDANTLY

THERE'S a message that comes to the soul in its need,
'Tis a wonderful message, and all the world may read.
'Twas spoken for him whosoe'er will give it heed—
"I am come that they might have life more abundantly."

'Tis a message that tells of an infinite love,
That could bring One to earth from His throne of light above
To save us from sin, and His wondrous grace to prove—
"I am come that they might have life more abundantly."

'Tis a message of gladness the world cannot give,
And its fullness of meaning we freely may receive;
'Twas given for him who on Jesus will believe—
"I am come that they might have life more abundantly."

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

KEEP THE HEART-BELLS RINGING

KEEP the heart-bells ringing as you travel onward
Up the rough and rugged road of life;
For their music sweet will cheer you when a-weary,
It will lighten toil, and sweeten strife.

Keep the heart-bells ringing when the path is lonely,
When the threat'ning sky is cold and gray;
They will give to ev'ry cloud a silver lining
That will help to drive the storm away.

Keep the heart-bells ringing, for their cheering music
May be heard by someone fainting near;
He will listen, and his spirit will awaken,
As their cadence falls upon his ear.

Keep the heart-bells ringing!
Fill the world with singing
Until echoes answer ev'rywhere;
They will color duty
With a rainbow beauty,
And souls may rescue from despair.

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MY SAVIOR'S VOICE

LIKE music floating on the evening air;
Like vespers, ringing out the hour of prayer,
Like echoes, answering round me everywhere,
My Savior's voice falls on my ear.

As when it rose above the angry sea;
As it in love commanded: "Follow me!"
As when it plead in dark Gethsemane,
My Savior's voice falls on my ear.

As when it spake the dead to life again;
As to the sleeping ones He called in vain;
And as it rang with His expiring pain,
My Savior's voice falls on my ear,

When heaven's music breaks upon my ear,
As I, with all the ransom'd hosts appear,
The sweetest tones of all that I shall hear,
Will be His voice, my Savior's voice.

He speaks, and darkness changes into day,
He speaks, and all my sorrows flee away;
He speaks and in my soul I hear Him say:
"I died for thee, O come to me!"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

JESUS NEVER FORSAKES

DEEP in my heart, like a river,
Flames the assurance divine
That Jesus, the Savior of sinners,
Is now forever mine.

Tho' I may often forget Him,
Often be selfish and blind,
He never will leave me to perish,
So patient is He, and kind.

Friends I call dearest may fail me,
Yet He is ever the same;
He comes to my rescue whenever
I call on His blessed name.

Why should I fear for the morrow,
When He is mindful of me,
Or why should I tremble at sorrow,
With such a defense as He.

Jesus will never, never forsake me.
My trials and strength He knows;
Safely, He'll guide me, securely will hide me,
From even the last of foes.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SUNRISE IN MY SOUL

IN doubt and darkness long I wandered,
My will beyond control,
'Till Jesus came and brought the glory
Of sunrise in my soul!

The clouds were rifted in a moment,
I saw them backward roll,
And Oh, the beauty of the morning!
'Twas sunrise in my soul!

He satisfied my longing spirit,
He sweetly made me whole,
And all the day my heart is singing,
'Tis sunrise in my soul!

When earthly toil and care are ended,
And I have reached the goal,
I know that morning will forever
Be sunrise in my soul.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE WORK OF LOVE

THERE are those we must encourage,
Who are struggling and trying to win;
For we know not their temptations
Nor the fight they are waging with sin.

Is thy brother faint and weary?
Go and help him his burden to bear!
Has he wandered from the pathway?
Go and lead him to Jesus in prayer.

Here a loving word of comfort,
There an action of mercy and love;
Scatter sunshine all around you,
And the Lord will reward you above.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ALL THE WAY

ALL the way my Savior leads me—
Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;
And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll,
There is joy and sunlight in my soul.

All the way my Savior leads me—
Never can I doubtful be;
For he sweetly whispers in my ear,
"Child, be patient; I, thy Lord, am near."

All the way my Savior leads me—
And communion sweet have we;
Grace He gives me and such peace affords
That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.

All the way my Savior leads me—
And throughout eternity
I will praise Him for the love and power
That sustains and saves me every hour.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ONE SWEET HOUR WITH JESUS

ONE sweet hour with Jesus every day,
Hid from all the world apart;
Oh, what joy it is to hear Him say,
"Speak, my child; pour out thy heart."

One sweet hour with Jesus every day,
Where no eye but His can see,
Where no ear but His can hear me pray,
How it helps and strengthens me!

One sweet hour with Jesus every day,
Fore-taste of the joy to come,
When with all the blood-wash'd saints for aye,
I shall dwell with Him at home.

One sweet hour with Jesus every day,
How it helps the soul along;
How it cheers the heart along the way,
Like the music of a song.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

PRECIOUS WORD

LAMP to my feet wherever I stray;
Guide never failing from day to day;
Leading me homeward unto my Lord—
Counsel of wisdom, God's precious word.

Bread to my soul when famine is near;
Water of life, cool, refreshing, clear.
Strength in my weakness, never to fail;
Safety when trial and doubt assail.

Comfort when sorrows over me roll;
Hope all sustaining unto my soul;
Shelter that for all time shall endure,
Anchor eternal, unfailing, sure.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MY SOUL'S DESIRE

ONLY one thing my soul desires—
Just to be what my Lord requires,
Just to be such that he will own,
Just to be His and His alone.

Just to lay every idol by,
Ready to answer, "Here am I,"
Willing to let His will decree
Just what and where my work shall be.

Filled with the Holy Ghost may I
Labor for Him as days go by;
Let me a faithful reaper be
Gathering for eternity.

Jesus, the promise I would claim!
Kindle the Pentecostal flame!
Breathe upon me Thy spirit now,
As at the mercy seat I bow.

Just to go where He may lead me,
Ready the cross for Him to bear;
Just to work where He may need me,
Just to be faithful, is my prayer.

(Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MY GUIDE AND KEEPER

WHEN I grow weary, almost despair,
Under the weight of the Cross I must bear,
Sweetly He whispers, "Be thou not afraid!
I am thy God! trust and be not dismayed!"

When sorely tempted tried by defeat,
Helpless I fall at His merciful feet;
His love unfailing, so tender and true,
Reaches, encircles and saves me anew.

He knows my weakness, and by His grace,
Tempers the wind and the storms I must face;
Tho' I not always may fathom His will,
Surely I know He is leading me still.

When thro' the valley my way I take,
I know that morning eternal will break,
And that with loved ones there waiting for me,
In all its beauty His face I shall see.

He keeps me ever, forsakes me never;
Is always near me, to comfort and cheer me;
Thro' light and darkness He will guide,
In life, in death, He will with me abide.

(Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

CROWN HIM KING

HE WILL crown Christ King
And His glory sing
While the hosts unnumbered
Chant His praise above;
With united voice,
While our hearts rejoice
We will laud and magnify
His reign of love.

As His servants true
We His will will do,
Giving honor to our
Sovereign Lord of all;
He is worthy, and,
At His just command
With a song of joy
At His throne we fall.

On that morning bright,
In that land of light,
When, with sight made perfect
We behold His face,
We will crown Him there
And His glory share,
And forever praise Him
For His love and grace.

(Copyright, 1913, by Homer A. Rodeheaver)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GREAT JEHOVAH

GREAT is Jehovah, strong, everlasting
and reigning the King of Kings!
Goodness and mercy, plenty and
blessing flow from His hand forever:
Earth, sea and sky are thrilled with the
song the great voice of nature sings
Unto the only God we adore,
whose bounty hath failed us never!

Great is Jehovah, mighty in battle,
faithful to save and keep;
In ev'ry path where dangers await
me, safely His hand will guide me;
His mercy tempers ever the stormy
winds that around me sweep;
From foes without me, from foes within
securely His love will hide me.

Great is Jehovah! call ye upon Him,
fear Him, and bless His name.
Publish His greatness; tell of His
wondrous work, of His pow'r and glory.
Speak to the nations lying in darkness
how unto us He came;
Faint not, nor weary, but with
rejoicing go with the blessed story.

Sing unto Him with the harp and voice;
Exult in His praise!
Give Him all your days;
For man, reconciled, shall in Him rejoice,
And gladly shall walk His ways!
His name is engraved on the sea and shore;
He waveth His hand
And worlds understand
That He is their God, Creator and Keeper for evermore.

(Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HAIL THE DAY

WE STAND for right! We are in the fight,
And we'll never give up the battle
'Till rum goes out, and the victor's shout
Shall resound with the cannon's rattle!
When voters wake, then the chains will break
And the slaves of sin shall their freedom win;
With want no more standing at the door,
'Twill be joy to see all the people free!

We hail the dawn, for the night is gone
And the morning of joy is breaking;
Our longing eyes hail the clearing skies,
For the people are now awaking.
Deceit and crime, like a winter rime,
Shall be driven away with the sun of May;
With heart and voice shall the world rejoice,
As it hails the end of the tyrant's trend.

King Alcohol shall the world appal
With his travail and pain no longer,
For men of might are now in the fight
And the ranks of defense are stronger.
We'll vote and pray for a better day;
We will hope and trust for a law that's just;
We'll stand and fight for the truth and right,
For the God of love rules and reigns above.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE ONE AND HIS NAME

JESUS, the Homeless One who sought me,
A sinner lost in the night;
Jesus, whose love and pity brought me
From darkness into the light.

Jesus, by all the world neglected,
And by those He loved denied;
Jesus, by sinful men rejected,
Reviled, scourged and crucified,

Jesus! knew I no more of Him than
His prayer in Gethsemane
I would adore His name forever,
For what He did there for me.

Jesus! that name of benediction,
Whose joy-waves unceasing roll.
O! how I love to hear it, Jesus!
'Tis sweetest music to my soul.

Jesus! if all the worlds created,
Without Him were offered me,
I'd spurn the gift and cling to Him tho'
I perish in poverty.

(Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL

LIGHT of the gospel, how clearly and steadily,
 Fadeless in splendor it shineth today;
Beacon of beauty, it burneth unfailingly,
 Throwing a radiance over the way.

Hope of the helpless, and joy of the sorrowing,
 Shedding its rays in the darkest retreat;
Light of the mariner, guide of the traveler,
 Pillar of fire to the wanderer's feet.

Sun, moon and stars may be shorn of their brilliancy,
 Planets may pale with the aeons of time,
Yet will this light of the gospel increasingly
 Glow in its splendor and beauty sublime.

 Shining for thee,
 Shining for me,
Light of the gospel unfailing and bright!
 Shining for me,
 Shining for thee,
Light of the ages, beautiful light!

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DRAW NIGH TO US

DRAW nigh to us, O God of host
And fill us to the uttermost
With zeal to work for Thee today
In Thine all wise appointed way.
Reveal Thy will in us, and show
Thy hand divine that we may know
We are Thy children, Thou our guide
And hiding place, whate'er betide.

Draw nigh to us, O Mighty One;
Our shelter be from sun to sun;
Our Alpha and Omega Thou,
Before whom ev'ry knee shall bow;
Deliver us from ev'ry sin,
In us a mighty work begin;
Increase our faith, our strength renew,
Fit us a mighty work to do.

Draw nigh to us, Immanuel,
Thou mighty God of Israel!
Once more from Sinai's flaming height
Speak, that we may be led aright.
Almighty, everlasting King
Of kings, with contrite hearts we sing
The righteous majesty and love
Of Him who built the heaven's above.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BLESSED STORY OF EASTER

DEARER and dearer the Easter story grows,
Brighter and brighter with love divine it glows;
Clearer and clearer its depths is portrayed,
Greater and greater our debt that Jesus paid.

Even the lilies, which once He loved, I know,
Seem to look upward, their gratitude to show
For such a life as He gave to every one,
Our blessed Jesus—the Father's only Son.

Sometime I know I shall look upon His face,
For, said He not, "I'll prepare for you a place,
That where I am, then ye also may be!"
And I am sure that the promise is for me.

Blessed story of Easter,
So sad, but wondrously sweet;
Earth nowhere has its equal—
So tender, so full, so complete.
Ev'ry word is a treasure,
Each line more precious than gold.
Blessed story of Easter,
The sweetest that ever was told.

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MY EVER PRESENT FRIEND

MY HAND is in the hand of Him
Who guides me day by day,
Whose constant care is keeping me,
Who will not let me stray.
His glories o'er my pathway shine,
As on thro' life I go,
And patiently He leads me where
The cooling waters flow.

He knows the weight of ev'ry cross
And trial I must bear;
I am His child, and am content
To trust a Father's care;
His promise is: He never will
Forsake me to my foes;
He wills and guides the storm, and speaks
In ev'ry wind that blows.

Why He should love and care for me
I cannot understand,
But I am fully satisfied
To follow His command,
To do the work His wisdom has
Prepared for me to do,
To love Him, and at all times to
Be loyal, brave and true.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I SHALL BEHOLD HIM

I KNOW it was Jesus who suffered to be
The Savior from sin to a fallen race,
And that when His will is made perfect in me,
I shall behold Him, shall see His face.

I care not how rough or how long be the way,
Of this I am sure—thro' amazing grace,
With all the redeemed of the earth in that day
I shall behold Him, shall see His face.

What joy to believe, trust, yea, serve and adore
The Lord who for me has prepared a place
Where, with all the loved ones who've gone on before
I shall behold Him, shall see His face.

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SECRET PRAYER

SWEET secret prayer, comfort divine!
There, O my Lord, I know Thou art mine!
Great Master, there in secret with Thee,
Heaven comes nearer and nearer to me.

Sweet secret prayer, comfort divine!
There do Thine arms, Lord, 'round me entwine;
Rivers of love and mercy there flow,
Balm for all sorrow that mortal may know.

Sweet secret prayer, comfort divine!
There do I feel I truly am Thine.
Heav'n's windows open—Jesus is near,
Near to my soul, and the Father will hear.

Blessings attend and follow us there,
Heaven comes nearer and nearer in prayer.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

I BELIEVE IT

YOU ask me why I'm happy—
Why I'm singing all the day,
Why I smile at tribulations
That would hinder or dismay:
'Tis because the Savior promised
To be with me all the way—
And I believe it!

You ask me why the burdens
Of the world cannot oppress—
Why the many cares and trials
That I meet cannot distress:
'Tis because the Savior promised
To be with me, and to bless,
And I believe it!

You ask me how I hope to meet
The loved ones gone before
In a bright and glad tomorrow,
On a fair eternal shore:
'Tis because the Savior promised
Love and life forevermore,
And I believe it!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD LIVES!

THE sun may forget to shine by day,
The moon may forsake the night;
The stars that bestud the heavens may
Withhold their reflected light;
The mountains beneath the sea may hide,
The rivers and streams run dry;
But God, their creator, shall abide—
He lives, and can never die!

Before time began He built His throne,
And fashioned the world's unborn;
The darkness He conquered, and alone
He painted the blush of morn.
Worlds leaped into space at His command;
The heaven He raised on high;
The waters lay hidden in His hand—
He lives, and can never die.

His image divine He gave to man,
And unto the sparrow, wings;
For His was a wise, a Master plan,
Beyond and above all things.
Almighty, Supreme, Eternal One,
Shall we, then, a God deny,
By whom such a wondrous work was done,
Who lives, and can never die?

He lives! God eternal and forever!
He lives, rules and reigns supreme on high!
He lives! and in His hand
He rocks the sea and land,
He lives, and can never die.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SILENT VOICES

THERE are silent voices calling
From the gates that stand ajar;
Hands unseen are reaching downward,
As they beckon from afar.

Friends who now are over yonder,
Do they watch for us and wait?
Will they meet us, will they greet us
When we reach the pearly gate?

How we love those silent voices
Sweetly calling all the way!
And the loving hands that beckon,
We will follow day by day.

(Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

LET DOWN YOUR NET

“**L**AUNCH out into the deep, and let down your net!”
Said the Master a long time ago,
As He sat within the ship on Lake Genneseret.
In the days of His mission below.
Then Simon answered, saying: “Lord, all the night
We have labored, and toiled, but in vain!
Yet, as Thou hast bidden, I will let down the net.”
So he cast it, and tried once again.

With wonder and amazement Simon beheld,
As he cried to the men on the shore,
That a multitude of fish were enclosed in his net—
More than ever were taken before.
He trusted in the Master—willing to do
Whatever the bidding might be;
And, behold! his net was full—so full that it break
With the weight of the fish from the sea.

Oh, never then despair, tho’ all efforts fail,
And the work of thy life seem in vain;
Tho’ you labor hard and long on the rough, angry sea,
Never fear! Cast the net in again.
There’s fish within the sea that still may be caught
And the Master will surely reward
Those who faithful are to do the work of His love—
Cast thy net, then, and trust in the Lord.

(Copyright, 1891, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

HAD we only sunshine all the year around,
Without the blessing of refreshing rain,
Would we scatter seed upon the fallow ground
And hope to gather flowers, fruit and grain?

Had we not a sorrow or a cross to bear
For Him who bore the burden of our sin
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Or even strive eternal joy to win?

Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain,
Repining when the days are dark and drear?
Can we hope for pleasure, yet deny the pain,
Or share the joy of life without the tear?

Sunshine and rain, refreshing, reviving rain,
Light of faith and love,
Showers from above;
Sunshine and rain to nourish the growing grain,
Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain!

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FALSE PROPHETS

THINK not there is no condemnation!
False prophets around you remain,
With heresies for contemplation,
Denying the Lamb that was slain.
And many shall follow their pathway,
By reason of evil they speak;
They covet the soul that's immortal,
Tho' clad as the lowly and meek.

God's judgments are righteous and perfect;
He spared not the angels that fell,
But cast them away from His presence,
In regions of darkness to dwell;
He spared not the world that rejected
His message thro' Noah, of old;
While Sodom and wicked Gomorrah
Condemned to destruction, behold!

The Lord knoweth how to deliver
The godly from regions of harm—
Dividing temptations asunder
And giving them righteous alarm.
Beware of the evils around you!
Pass over and out of their way;
Be deaf to their wily entreaty—
Who seek but to lead you astray.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DO WHAT YOU CAN

WILL you do what you can for the Master's cause?
Will you help to rescue the lost in sin?
Will you gird on the armor and go with prayer
That you may some soul from destruction win?

You have tasted the sweets of a Savior's love,
You have felt the gladness of sins forgiv'n;
Will you do what you can other souls to win,
Pointing them to joys that await in heav'n?

Will you do what you can for the wanderer
Who has left the way that the Master trod?
Will you scatter the rays of the light divine
That may lead the prodigal back to God?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

JESUS WILL NEVER FAIL

I HAVE a friend divine, sincere,
One who is always ling'ring near,
Dearest of all I ever knew,
And He will be a friend to you!

When I am tempted He defends,
Strength for my weakness always sends;
With me in ev'ry thing I do,—
And He will be a friend to you.

When I am faint and weary worn,
Wounded by many a cruel thorn,
Faithful is he, and kind, and true,
And He will be a friend to you.

When at the river's bank I stand,
Waiting to hear the dread command,
He will be there to lead me through—
And He will be a friend to you.

He never will leave me,
He never will grieve me;
Sorrows may come, and foes assail,
Jesus will never, never fail!

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

REAPERS ARE NEEDED

STANDING in the market places all the season through,
Idly saying: "Lord, is there no work that I can do?"
O how many loiter while the Master calls anew—
"Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"

Ev'ry sheaf you gather will become a jewel bright
In the crown you hope to wear in yonder world of light;
Seek the gems immortal that are precious in His sight!
"Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"

Morning hours are passing, and the ev'ning follows fast;
Soon the time of reaping will forevermore be past!
Empty handed to the Master will you go at last?
"Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DO SOMETHING FOR OTHERS

MANY a soul, in the battle of life,
Trembles with fear at the din and the strife,
Bearing alone, amid trial and care,
Burdens and sorrows God bids you to share.

Many in doubt or in fear of the way,
Mutely appeal for your guidance today;
On your demeanor the choice may depend—
Are you concerned for the stranger or friend?

Many, disheartened by cruel deceit,
Broken and worn by the pangs of defeat,
Doubting, despairingly, hopelessly stand,
Waiting, perhaps, for your strengthening hand.

Many are turning away from the right
Into the maze of the shadows of night;
Go to them, speak to them, over them pray,
Help them, support them—do something today.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THY BOUNDLESS GRACE

MY LORD, my God, I will adore,
Will serve and praise Thee more and more;
And it shall be my chief delight
To call upon Thee day and night.

Blest day of grace it was to me,
When Thou did'st plead my Guest to be;
When I, so false, so full of sin
Cried out: "My Lord, my God, come in!"

Now let Thy will, not mine, control;
Lead me until, a ransomed soul
I join with those gone on before
To worship Thee forevermore.

Thy boundless grace, Thy love for me,
The theme of all my song shall be!
And when my day of life is past
I'll sing Thy praise in heav'n at last.

(Copyright, 1910, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

YOU MAY, IF YOU WILL

IF YOU will, you may know the gladness
Of your sins forgiv'n;
If you will, you may make the angels
Sing for joy in heav'n.

If you will, you may close the door and
Let Him knock in vain;
If you will;—but His spirit may not
Ever strive again.

If you will, there are souls that you may
Lead to life and love;
If you will, there's a crown that you may
Wear in heav'n above.

If you will, you may sing in heav'n for-
Ever with the blest;
If you will, you may meet the loved ones
In that home of rest.

(Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ALL HAIL

ALL hail to the blessed Redeemer!
Join heaven and nature to sing
In honor of Bethlehem's manger,
Where lieth our Savior and King.

The darkness is broken forever,
O shout the glad tidings again;
Messiah has come with salvation,
Salvation forever, Amen.

Then carrol the heavenly tidings,
Let ev'ry voice join in the psalm
Of praise to the blessed Redeemer,
The lowly, immaculate Lamb.

All hail, blessed Redeemer!
Joyfully, joyfully sing;
He comes, comes to redeem us,
Our Savior, Messiah, our King.

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PRAYING AND TRUSTING

KEEP praying and trusting,
There's no time for repining,
The Father in mercy
Is watching over all.
Just yonder above you
The sun is brightly shining!
Be brave and courageous,
You shall not faint or fall!

Keep praying and trusting,
Tho' wild the tempest rages,
Tho' darkness and danger
Attend thy stormy way;
Be patient and loyal!
The tempest but presages
The dawning in beauty
Of an unclouded day.

Keep praying and trusting
In whatsoever station
The Master, in wisdom,
Has called you to fulfill;
"With fear and with trembling
Work out your own salvation,"
Content and rejoicing
To do His holy will.

(Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE GLORY OF THE LORD

LORD, how wonderful Thy glory,
And how marvelous Thy ways!
All creation tells the story,
Earth is vibrant with Thy praise!
In the hollow of Thy hand are hiding
Worlds unnumbered, evermore confiding
In Thy love, and safely there abiding
Unto Thee their anthems raise.

Lord, how wonderful Thy glory,
Filling earth and heav'n above!
All Thy handiworks adore Thee,
And Thy majesty approve.
Lo! Thy hand is for the world's foundation!
Yet Thou'rt mindful of Thy least creation!
O how perfect is the consummation
Of Thy mighty deeds of love!

Lord, how wonderful Thy glory,
Greater yet was never known!
In humility before Thee
We Thy sov'reignty would own.
We will praise Thy holy name forever,
For the love and grace that faileth never!
Who is able Thee from Thine to sever?
Thou art God, and Thou alone.

(Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HE NEVER FORSAKES ME

I HAVE a friend of all others the best,
He never forsakes me;
Trusting in Him I am sweetly at rest,
He never forsakes me.

Trials may compass me, sorrows be mine,
He never forsakes me;
Closer the arms everlasting entwine,
He never forsakes me.

Tho' the world sever my tenderest ties,
He never forsakes me;
Tho' the stars fade, and the light from the skies,
He never forsakes me.

He thro' the valley my soul will attend,
He never forsakes me;
Praise to His name, He'll be true to the end,
He never forsakes me.

He never forsakes me,
I am the child of His care;
His arms are around me,
Pleasure and sorrow to share,
Grace freely bestowing
All of my burdens to bear
He never forsakes me,
He's with me ev'rywhere.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BELIEVE ON THE LORD

BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ
And thou shalt be saved;
Believe that His death has sufficed,
And thou shalt be saved.
His wonderful love is unspoken!
His promise has never been broken!
Then come with faith as your token,
And thou shalt be saved.

Denying thyself, take His sword,
And thou shalt be saved,
In all things have faith in the Lord,
And thou shalt be saved.
'Tis written He said "Whosoever!"
O then be your earnest endeavor
Your heart from all evil to sever,
And thou shalt be saved.

Walk humbly before Him alway,
And thou shalt be saved.
His ev'ry commandment obey,
And thou shalt be saved.
Believe in His blessed salvation;
Proclaim Him your only oblation;
To Him give a life-consecration,
And thou shalt be saved.

(Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD'S HAND

IN EV'RY walk of daily life;
In ev'ry hour with duties rife;
In all that's good; in toil and strife,
God's hand appears.

In ev'ry sorrow, grief or care;
In ev'ry cross we're called to bear;
And in the galling yoke we wear,
God's hand appears.

In ev'ry happiness we find;
In ev'ry anxious, troubled mind;
In fetters which in secret bind,
God's hand appears.

In ev'ry flower, bush and tree;
In ev'ry brook that courts the sea;
In song of bird, or croon of bee,
God's hand appears.

In ev'ry cloud, or sky of blue;
In ev'ry drop of shim'ring dew;
In thorn, in rose of varied hue,
God's hand appears.

Then let us love Him more and more,
And serve Him better than before;
His praises sing, His name adore,
Till HE appears.

(Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

FOR JESUS' SAKE

ARE you heavy hearted, and oppressed with grief and care,
Weary of the duty-burden you are called to bear?
Faithful be, and patient, never yielding to despair,
Bear it, just for Jesus' sake!

Do you long for pleasures that allure on ev'ry side?
Think of Him, the Man of Sorrows, by His own denied!
Count it joy to suffer in His name, however tried—
Bear it, just for Jesus' sake!

When temptation whispers: "'Tis for other hands to do,"
Think what he endured in dark Gethsemane for you!
Take the cross He gives you; to the blessed One be true,
Bear it, just for Jesus' sake.

(Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

TELL THE STORY

O F the Savior and His love, to those you meet
Tell the story.
Make it clear and plain, unbroken and complete,
Blessed story of a Savior's love.

"Go ye into all the world" is His command,
Tell the story.
In a way that ev'ry soul may understand,
Tell the story of a Savior's love.

What tho' some may scoff, and others turn away,
Tell the story.
Falter not, or wait a more convenient day,
Tell the story of a Savior's love.

Scatter good seed that will unto harvest grow,
Tell the story.
Can you hope to reap, if you refuse to sow?
Tell the story of a Savior's love.

(Copyright, 1913, by Hope Publishing Co.)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

OUR SHEPHERD

LOUD hosanna we sing unto Christ our Redeemer!
Ev'ry morning but showeth anew His worth.
Noon and ev'ning more clearly revealing His goodness,
For His mercy encircles and fills the earth.

Who can measure the heights of His wondrous compassion,
Or the breadth of His infinite, matchless love?
Who is able to fathom the depths of His mercy,
Or the blessings He showers us from above?

O Thou Shepherd of Israel, Thee we will follow!
Lead us, guard us, and keep us from ev'ry snare;
Call us, when into dangerous places we're straying;
Keep us in Thy beneficent, matchless care.

(Copyright, 1908, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HIS LOVE DECLARE

A SONG of joy is ringing
Above the planes of life,
Where countless hosts are singing
Amid their care and strife;
It fills the world with glory—
It reaches heav'n above,
And tells to all the story
Of Jesus and His love.

It echoes from the hill-side,
Is wafted o'er the plain,
And cheers the reapers, toiling
Amid the fields of grain;
They catch the notes of beauty
That rings thro' heav'n above,
And join the legions singing
Of Jesus and His love.

Above the roar of billows
Is heard the glad refrain,
And silent desert places
Are vibrant with the strain;
Ring on, O song of beauty,
Till earth, with heav'n above
Shall sing the blessed story
Of Jesus and His love.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

KEEP THE BANNER FLYING

IN the Christian warfare with the hosts of sin,
Only in the name of Jesus can we hope to win;
Not in self-reliance, not in strength or skill—
Only by a meek submission to the Master's will.

Satan's hosts are marshalled and equip'd with care;
In the path of duty you will find them ev'rywhere.
Yet be not discouraged, nor from duty flee—
"I have overcome the world," the Master says to thee.

Having faith, then doubt not, neither be afraid!
Tho' thy way be strangely cast, yet, be thou undismayed!
Take His spirit with you ev'rywhere you go;
Trust, obey, believe, and thou shalt conquer ev'ry foe.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

AT HOME FOREVER

THE silver cord is loosened,
And broken is the golden bowl;
The pain, the struggle over,
Now dwells in peace th' immortal soul,
He's gone—but fragrant mem'ries hover near;
He's gone—and yet his voice we almost hear.

'Tis but the old, old story
Of "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."
The weary hands are folded—
The hands that hold no broken trust.
He's gone—but just inside the gates of gold;
He's gone—but 'tis the same old tale retold.

Why should we mourn the absent,
And why should bitter tears be shed?
He is not lost forever,—
'Tis but a sleep,—he is not dead!
He's gone—but yonder on the golden shore
He's clasping hands with lov'd ones gone before.

(Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HASTEN, REAPERS

PATIENT reapers of the harvest,
Toiling in the burning heat,
Falter not, nor cease thy labor
In the field of ripened wheat;
Hear the promise He hath given—
“Be thou faithful”—in the strife—
“Unto death, and I will give thee”—
Hear ye Him—“a crown of life.”

Hast thou been since early morning
At thy labor in the field?
Weary not, nor be discouraged,
Fruit at last shall be revealed.
“He that shall endure”—’tis written
In His word—“unto the end,
Shall be saved.” Not all this meaning
Canst thou, reaper, comprehend.

Labor on a little longer
Adding to thy precious store,
Ere the sun, now bright in heaven
Shall go down to rise no more.
Then with all the happy reapers
Trooping homeward one by one,
Thou shalt have the Master’s welcome,
At the setting of the sun.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHOM HAVE YOU HELPED?

MANY are anxiously seeking today
For wisdom to guide them aright;
Almost discouraged, they grope on the way,
Like wanderers in the night.

Many have burdens of sorrow to bear,
And crosses you never have known;
Trembling, they halt on the brink of despair,
Dejected, unsought, alone.

Many around you are sorely in need
Of words you might easily speak;
Patiently, earnestly, mutely they plead
With you for the aid they seek.

Only a word, as you hurry along!
Who knows the good it may do?
Spoken in love, God will make it a song
Of blessing and peace to you.

Whom have you helped today?
Whose cares have you lightened?
Whose face have you brightened?
Whose tears have you wiped away?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE KING'S PRAISE

UNTO the King of our salvation
Let praise arise with exultation;
His name above all other names
Shall be our joy and song!
Unworthy, yet His bounty feeds us;
Ungrateful, yet He gently leads us;
Rebellious, yet He guides and keeps us
All the way along.

His love and mercy never faileth;
His grace for ev'ry need availeth;
We in His everlasting arms
Of love in peace abide.
The cloud by day He shows before us;
The fire by night He kindles o'er us;
While at His word the mountains tremble,
And the seas divide.

The way to life He has appointed
Is thro' the Lord, our Great Anointed;
Not one shall ever go astray
Who follows His command!
Hosanna to His name forever,
He will forsake or leave us never!
His word for ages hath endured, and
Shall forever stand.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WITH A SMILE

WE CAN drive the clouds away,
Turn the darkness into day
 With a smile.
We can pain and grief revoke,
Lighten sorrow's heavy yoke
 With a smile.
'Tis a simple little thing,
But 'twill joy and gladness bring,
And will cause the heart to sing—
 Will a smile.
As the world we travel thro',
If the heart is kind and true,
O the good we each may do
 With a smile.

There are hearts that long to know
Help and sympathy that glow
 In a smile.
They have weary grown with care
Which we easily could share
 With a smile.
Why not wipe away the tear,
Kindle hope, and banish fear,
And the heart in trouble cheer
 With a smile!
Heavy burdens we could lift,
Cause the low'ring clouds to rift,
By a simple little gift
 Of a smile.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Fellow trav'lers on the way
We can strengthen day by day
 With a smile.
Even doubts may be removed,
And a mighty vict'ry proved
 With a smile.
Hearts that lonely are, and sad,
We may help, and make them glad,
If to kindly words we add
 Just a smile.
More like heaven earth would be,
More its beauty we should see,—
Oh, there's much for you, for me,
 In a smile.

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I SHALL GO TO BE WITH JESUS

WHEN this busy life is ended,
And my work on earth is done;
When I lay aside my burden,
At the setting of the sun,

I shall go to be with Jesus;
I shall see His blessed face;
I shall sing His praise in glory,
Saved by His redeeming grace.

When the sun goes down forever,
And the moon her way forsakes,
With the dawn of judgment morning,
When my dust from sleep awakes,

I shall go to be with Jesus;
I shall see His blessed face;
I shall sing His praise in glory,
Saved by His redeeming grace.

Loved ones who have grown a-weary
And have left me by the way
I shall meet again, and, with them
At the breaking of the day

I shall go to be with Jesus;
I shall see His blessed face;
I shall sing His praise in glory,
Saved by His redeeming grace.

O Thou Everlasting Father,
Love me, guide me, keep me still,
That when Thou shalt have completely
Wrought in me Thy perfect will

I shall go to be with Jesus;
I shall see His blessed face;
I shall sing His praise in glory,
Saved by His redeeming grace.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

TEACH ME TO OBEY

WHAT though the task Thou hast for me,
Tedious, and long, and hard may be,
Speak to my soul that I may see,
And teach me to obey.

Thy will, O God, not mine, not mine!
Nothing have I that is not Thine,
So unto me the work assign,
And teach me to obey.

Lead me, no matter when or where;
Show me the burden that I must bear;
Only my selfish heart prepare—
And teach me to obey.

Keep me, O Lord, from self and sin;
Help me some soul for Thee to win.
Pure I would be without, within.
Oh, teach me to obey.

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COVERED WITH GLORY

C OVERED over with glory they're sleeping,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
No more wearisome night-watches keeping,
No more the dirge or the din of the fray.
Silent and lowly sleeping, they lie at rest
Sleeping sweetly, lowly sleeping.
Folded the weary hands o'er the brave noble breast
Sleeping the sleep no war shall molest.

Covered over with glory they're sleeping,
No more to wake at the bugle alarms:
No artillery booming disturbs them,
No more for country and right bear they arms.
Over them shall the flag of their country wave,
While they're sleeping, lowly sleeping:
'Twas for that glorious banner they tempted the grave,
Fought, bled and died their country to save.

Covered over with glory they're sleeping,
Waiting the sound of the last reveille,
When the millions of sleepers, awaking,
Mingle together in unending day.
Radiant beauties now o'er your slumbers blend,
Sleeping sweetly, lowly sleeping.
Parent, or brother, sister, or lover, or friend
Sleep 'till we meet you, world without end.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE ALL-WISE

WHO can understand Him,
Or his wise design?
Who explain His errors,
Or His ways define?

Who his goodness measure?
Who His mercies prove?
Who His grace and wisdom,
Who His boundless love?

He who built the heavens,
Spake the worlds unknown,
Made us in His image,
Formed us for His own.

Ere the stars of morning
Sang their jubilee.
He, the Great Creator—
God—our Trinity,
Ruled, a Mighty Sovereign,
Reigned the King of Kings.

At His word creation
Into being sprang,
And all earth and heaven
With His glory rang.
Then shall we not love Him,
Unto Him be true,
And, with earnest effort,
Try His works to do.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE SUMMER-LAND OF SONG

Pilgrim:

I am weary with my journey,
And my heart is troubled sore;
Clouds and darkness oft surround me,
And the distant thunders roar.

Christian:

Courage, weary, fainting pilgrim!
Tho' the way be rough and long,
Soon the light will burst upon thee
From the Summer-land of Song.

Pilgrim:

But the trial and the danger
Thro' which I am called to go!
Can I dare to hope for safety,
Since the way I do not know?

Christian:

Yes! for lo, a beacon brightly
Shineth o'er the troubled sea;
It will lighten up your pathway,
For it shines afar for thee.

Pilgrim:

But the dark and angry waves
That break upon the silent shore,—
Can I breast them all alone?
Oh, who will bear me safely o'er?

Christian:

Be of cheer! a boatman waiteth
And the ransomed ones will sing
As you near the blessed heaven—
Near the palace of the King.

(Copyright, 1894, by E. O. Excell)

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Pilgrim:

Grievous burdens sore oppress me,
And the many ills of life
Falling on my soul, distress me
With the turmoil and the strife.

Christian:

Weary pilgrim, look above thee!
See ye not the beck'ning throng
Calling thee away from sorrow
To the Summer-land of Song?

Pilgrim:

But the burning sun is beating
Down upon my aching head!
Is there not some other pathway
That my fainting soul may tread?

Christian:

Travel on! Ye shall not perish!
Hark ye! make no more complaint:
"Ye shall run and not be weary,
Ye shall walk and shall not faint!"

Pilgrim:

Oh, that voice I hear once more,
Like music falling on my ear!
Speak to me, O speak to me!
My Savior, stay thou near.

Christian:

Calling o'er the troubled waters;
Speaking peace when waves are strong;
We will travel on rejoicing
To that Summer-land of Song

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

WHAT THEN?

WHEN the springtime sun turns the blossoms gray,
And the young birds fly from their nests away—
 What then?
After summer's reign, with her grass and flowers,
With her cooling shades and her scented bowers—
 What then?
When the fruit is gathered in autumn days,
And the sky's o'ercast with a dreamy haze—
 What then?
When the winter comes with his sleet and snow,
And the storm fiends howl as the wild winds blow;
When the frost his magic pencil weaves
Over the pane and along the eaves—
 What then?

After seasons come and are counted o'er,
And the years go by, score succeeding score—
 What then?
When we've gathered gold from the countless hills,
And the praise of men in our bosom thrills—
 What then?
When our hair is gray with the years gone by,
And the sight grows dim in our aged eye—
 What then?
When the time shall come (as 'twill come to all),
That the angel Death at our chambers call;
When we wildly cry for a stay of time
That shall be as vain as a funeral chime—
 What then?

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THY KINGDOM COME

THY kingdom come, Thy will be done
In earth as it is in heaven."
This precious thought our Savior taught—
For our daily prayer 'twas given.

Thy kingdom come! And are we dumb
To this command of the Lord we love?
What have we wrought or plan'd or sought
To make earth more like heav'n above?

Thy kingdom come! The work, begun
By our Redeemer in Galilee,
Is ours today! And shall we say
"Lord, this Thy work, my work shall be."

Thy kingdom come! Be this the sum
Of all our hope, our desire, our aim—
To speed the day when love shall sway
All nations with Messiah's name.

Thy kingdom come! Pray on, till from
All lands of the earth from shore to shore
The cry shall ring that crowns Him King
Above all kings forevermore.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

THE SHEPHERD

“**H**E shall feed His flock like a shepherd,
He shall gather the lambs with His arm.”
In His bosom they shall be ever
Safely shielded from all harm.
“He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,”
O how precious the promise to me!

Shepherd kind, how blest the assurance
That the lambs are dear to Thee!
“He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,”
O the depths of his infinite love!
Lead us, guide us, wonderful Shepherd,
Safe into Thy fold above.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GOD'S POOR

THERE are many little children
That in destitution roam
Through this great unfriendly city,
Without kindred, love or home.

God alone knows where they cuddle
Down to sleep, when night is nigh;
God alone knows how they suffer,
How they live, or when they cry.

Up some dark and dingy stairway
You may see them slyly creep,
Or within some wretched hovel
You may find them fast asleep.

Knowing not the name of mother,
They have never heard a prayer,
Nor have listened to the story
Of a heavenly Father's care.

Only waifs are they,—but angels
Watch around each chilly bed;
Only waifs—but Jesus loves them,
Though no evening prayer is said.

Homeless, friendless, loveless, nameless,
Yet so precious in His sight;
And when He shall count his Jewels,
These shall shine in heavenly light.

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HUSHABY

NOW close your little sleepy eyes,
For stars are twinkling in the skies;
The sun has gone behind the hill,
And, hush!—the plaintive whippoorwill
Is calling to his tardy mate,
And bids her tarry not so late;
The big round moon is rising, too,
And she must look in vain for you
From out her chariot in the sky,
So hushaby, oh, lullaby.

The birds are hidden in the trees,
And, rocking in the gentle breeze
They sweetly sleep with folded wing,
While thus to you, my own, I sing;
The flow'rs have closed their leaves up tight,
And to each other said: "Good night!"
The zephyrs croon an evening song
To soothe the restless, busy throng
In earth and air, and sea and sky,
So hushaby, oh, lullaby.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BE CAREFUL

LITTLE feet, be very careful where you go,
As in life you daily travel to and fro:
Never for a moment stray
From the straight and narrow way—
Oh, be careful, little feet.

Little hands, be very careful what you do!
Wrong or thoughtless actions you will surely rue:
Into mischief never go,
For 'tis very wrong, you know,
Oh, be careful, little hands.

Little eyes, be very careful—look ahead!
There are dangers in the pathway you must tread;
Then a faithful pilot be—
Turn from ev'ry wrong you see,
Oh, be careful, little eyes.

Little ears, be very careful what you hear;
When the tempter whispers to you, danger's near!
Tho' he promise ev'rything,
Ev'ry promise is a sting.
Oh, be careful, little ears.

Little hearts, be very careful to be true,
Love the Lord, and He will care for you.
Jesus will not enter in
Where there is the least of sin,
Oh, be careful, little hearts.

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DO THE RIGHT

NEVER be afraid to stand for
What you know is right,—
Be a Daniel, or a David, or a Saul!
Tho' the world may frown upon you,
Keep your honor bright!
God is good and true—He watches over all.

As He gave the arm of David
Pow'r to throw the stone,
He will strengthen you in ev'ry time of need;
Trust in Him to guide you—never
Try to go alone,
For thro' ev'ry danger He will safely lead.

In the hour of trial, when
The enemy is near,
Turn away from sin, be ready for the fight!
Clad in shining armor, there is
Nothing you should fear;
Your's the battle! Trust in God and do the right.

Do the right, be loyal and noble and true;
God has somewhere something awaiting for you;
Ev'ry duty willingly, faithfully do,
Keep your eyes upon the cross, and do the right.

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SLEEPY-REST

LITTLE blue-eyed angel
Nestling on my breast,
Now on wings of slumber
Enter Sleepy-Rest.

Little eye-lids drooping,
Scarcely wink at all;
Softly now, my darling,
Into slumber fall.

Little clinging fingers
Loosen now their hold,
As my dearie passes
Thro' the gates of gold.

O, what scenes of wonder
Burst upon thy sight!
To thy dreams I leave thee,—
Dearest one, good night.

Sweetest one, and dearest
As the rose thou art;
Cuddled in my bosom
Resting on my heart.

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LITTLE STAR

HOW wise you look, little star, away
Up yonder in the sky;
How many years have you twinkled there
Above the world so high?

I often wonder if you were there
When Christ lay in the stall,
And if you saw, from your dizzy height,
The infant Lord of all.

If you had listened
You could have heard the song
That floated down on the midnight air
From that angelic throng?

O yes, a wise little star are you,
Yet not a word to say;
You watch all night o'er the drowsy earth
And sleep all thro' the day.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

BROWNIE MYTHIES

WE'RE the little Brownie Mythies!
Carpenters are we, and smithies;
Building castles in the skies,
Only for the children's eyes.

How their little peepers glisten,
When for us they wait and listen;
For 'tis only while they're sleeping
That the Brownies come a-peeping.

Older people don't believe us,
And they say, "You can't deceive us!"
They've forgotten all about us;
That's the reason why they doubt us.

Let them think so, if they choose to—
Well we know they didn't use to;
Children cannot do without us,
For they talk and dream about us.

'Tis to us exquisite pleasure,
That you cannot count, or measure,
When we find what best will serve us:—
So, be careful to observe us.

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DIDN'T THINK

A BOY, when things against him go,
Will say he didn't think.
And accidents will come, you know,
To one who doesn't think.
They never mean to do a wrong,
But boys are boys, the whole day long;
And this is their amending song:—
"O well, I didn't think."

A mouse once saw a bit of cheese,—
But then, it didn't think.
It fairly made the mousie sneeze,—
But then, it didn't think.
For when it saw the cheese, said he:—
"Here is a breakfast, all for me";
But, ah! the trap it didn't see,—
Because it didn't think.

Four boys sat on a seesaw board,—
Because they didn't think;
Full room enough it did afford,—
Because they didn't think.
'Twas not a very strange mishap
When that old seesaw board went snap,
And down went every little chap,—
Because they didn't think.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SERVING JESUS

THESE little feet of mine
Must be very, very careful;
This little heart of mine
Must be very, very prayerful.

These little hands must be
Busy, busy—idle never;
But daily they must be
Learning to be clever, clever.

This little face of mine
Must be lighted up with beauty;
These little eyes be sharp
To detect, and claim a duty.

Daily striving to be true
In ev'ry little thing,
Serving Jesus faithfully—
Our blessed Lord and King.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A PICNIC DREAM

MY Grandma took me in her arms
And rocked me sound asleep;
But all at once I saw a wee
Small Brownie slyly peep
From out those bushes, over there,
And cautiously advance
Toward our baskets. On he came,
With many a furtive glance;
But, when he knew I was asleep,
He beckoned with his hand,
When out they came from ev'rywhere,—
The whole cute Brownie band.
The napkins and the linen spread
They tumbled on the ground!
Then, with their hands both full of cake,
They all went dancing 'round;
They sang the cutest little song
That ever I have heard;
And, though I listened all the while,
I couldn't catch a word.
They talked to one another, too;
At least it looked as though
They talked:—but then I'm not quite sure,—
I don't exactly know.
They stood up here, and there, at first,—
Then all stood in a row;
And every little shoe of red
Turn'd 'way up at the toe.
Then something must have frightened them,
For when their song was done
They each one grabbed a basket—and—
Skedaddled, every one!

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ROCKABY, LULLABY

ROCKABY, lullaby, drowsy one, rest thee;
Weary of waking, of toys and of play,
Slumber, nor visions of danger molest thee;
Angels are waiting to bear thee away
To the land of dreams—
Rockaby, lullaby.

Rockaby, lullaby, over thee bending,
Softly I'll sing to thee, dearie, my own,
Watching thee smile at the angels contending
Over the rose—fairest ever was blown
In the land of dreams,
Rockaby, lullaby.

Rockaby, lullaby, 'till thou art weary
Sailing the beautiful Slumber-land Sea;
Heav'n is not purer than thou art, my dearie!
Rest thee, and safely return unto me
From the land of dreams—
Rockaby, lullaby.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SANTA CLAUS

AWAY up in snowland there lives, so they say,
A little old man, with his reindeer and sleigh;
He's a queer little fellow, very chubby and stout,
But his age,—no one yet has exactly found out.

His little eyes twinkle with honest delight,
No matter how cold or how stormy the night;
He chuckles and laughs 'till he's red in the face,
Yet always preserving a dignified grace.

They say, although I'm not aware how they know,
That his whiskers are long and as white as the snow,
And that everywhere this little queer fellow goes,
He's bundled in furs, from his head to his toes.

They say that his reindeer are of an odd kind,
And that when he travels they go like the wind,
Away over woodland and valley and hill,
Wherever he pleases—they go at his will.

They say that his sleigh is chuck full of nice toys,
From dolls for the girls, down to tops for the boys,
That he comes with a sweep, and is gone with a
bound,
Yet once, only once in a year he comes round.

Some say he's a myth, and his reindeer a fraud—
But how could such stories be scattered abroad?
The truth of the matter and all that is right,
Will soon be determined; for he's coming tonight.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HUSH THEE, BABY

O H, hush thee, little baby dear,
Now close your eyes and sleep;
Thou hast no mother now to soothe
Thy many sorrows deep.
No more shall mother's evening song
Hush thee to quiet rest;
No mother's arms in love again
Shall fold thee to her breast.

Oh, hush thee, little baby dear,
For far in yonder blue
Thy mother'll watch thy cradle still,
But cannot come to you.
The stranger-hands that care for thee,
Her spirit-hands will guide;
So go to sleep till morning breaks,
While angels watch beside.

Oh, hush thee, little baby dear,
Close little weeping eyes,
For silent wings will hover near,
Till morning lights the skies.
The Lord of all will care for thee,
And mother, from on high,
In spirit-love will guide thy feet,
And greet thee to the sky.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

PASSING

FADES the sun in the golden west
Day is folding her arms in rest;
Shadows lengthen along the hill,
Earth is growing strangely still.

Slowly ding-dongs the evening bell;
How it echoes along the dell!
One more day into silence passed,
One more day of record cast.

Like the sand in the subtle glass;
Never ceasing they come and pass;
One by one do they hurry by
Like a dream, a song, a sigh.

Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Soft and deep
Be thy rest.
Unoppressed eyelids, close;
Sleep, sleep, sleep!
Angels keep
Watch o'er thee
Peaceful be thy repose.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A WORD OF CAUTION

AS you journey o'er the snow,
You must hold the reins just so;
Give your whip a merry snap,
Then pull down your little cap.

For the winds are very cold,
And the reindeer hard to hold.
Keep them guided in the way,
Lest they might upset the sleigh,

At the places where you stop,
From your sleigh then quickly hop;
Now select the proper pack,
Place it safely on your back.

Down the chimney now proceed,
But be careful, now take heed
That the folks are all asleep,
Lest at you they take a peep.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

DEAR LITTLE STRANGER

LOW in a manger,
Dear little stranger
Jesus, the wonderful Savior was born!
There was none to receive Him,
None to believe Him—
None but the angels were watching that morn.

Angels descending,
Over Him bending
Chanted a tender and silent refrain;
Then a wonderful story
Told of His glory
Unto the Shepherds on Bethlehem's plain.

Dear little stranger,
Born in a manger
Maker and Monarch and Savior all;
I will love Thee forever,
Grieve Thee? No, never,
Thou didst for me make Thy bed in a stall.

Dear little stranger,
Born in a manger
No downy pillow was under His head,
But with the poor
He slumbered secure,
With only a stall for His bed.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SMILE

IT only costs a little
To keep a sunny face,
Or have a kindly greeting
For ev'ry time and place.
The birds are ever singing,
While flitting here and there,
The bee a song is humming
That ev'ry one might share.

The river has a gurgle
Of gladness, seems to me,
And ev'ry little brooklet
Joins in its melody.
Then why should not the children
And other people, too,
Instead of ever fretting,
Be joyous, brave and true?

We see enough of sorrow
Around us every day;
The sunshine we should scatter
Will drive the gloom away.
Then let us do our utmost
To bring a cloudless sky;
And this be our endeavor,—
To smile instead of sigh.

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IN A MANGER

IN a manger a baby slept
While the angels a vigil kept
O'er the Child that was heaven-born,
Christ the Lord, on that Christmas morn.

Nowhere else for Him room was found;
There He lay, while about, around,
Surging, noisily people swept
All the while, as this Baby slept.

Who was He? 'Twas the Lord of all,
Born to earth in a lowly stall;
Holy angels a lullaby
Sang to Him from their home on high.

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OBEDIENCE

ONCE there lived a little mouse
Just beneath the pantry floor,
Where his mother had a nest,
Close beside the fam'ly store.
Oft the mother mouse had said
To this little mouse so gay—
“Dear, you must be very careful
Where you run about and play.”

Though his mother had forbade
Him to go beyond their nest,
“Yet,” said he, “I think I know
What for me is right and best.”
So one day this foolish mouse
Thought that he himself would please,
For he had up in the pantry
Spied a dainty bit of cheese.

Slyly then he crept along
With a chuckle of delight,
And from off that bit of cheese
Took a nibble, then a bite.
Dear me, I am very sure
You can guess what happened then,
For that little mouse's mother
Never saw her child again.

Mind what your mamma says!
She knows just what is best.
She's older and wiser,
So do not despise her
By daring to disobey,
But always believe her,
And try not to grieve her
By action, at work or at play.

(Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell)

CONFIDENCE

EVER since grandma was a child,
And long before that time,
Santa has traveled to and fro,
Thro' every land and clime.

Jolly and quaint and queer, is he,
So good, so true, and kind;
Never a single word that's cross,
And not a fault to find.

Softly he comes from—who knows where?
With merry, laughing jokes,
Singing a song, or playing tricks
On all the little folks.

Whoever heard that Santa Claus
Was anything but good?
Surely he's never been unjust,
He wouldn't be, if he could.

Christmas without a Santa Claus!
We'd miss him—wouldn't you?
He is so gay and full of fun,
So jolly, good, and true.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

SANTA CLAUS will have beautiful presents for all,
From the tiniest toy to a flaxen-haired doll;
He'll have skates for the boys, who are fond of the ice,
While for girls he will have everything that is nice.

There'll be little tin trumpets and whistles and tops,
And whole trains of cars, bright and new from the shops,
There'll be bicycles, tricycles, wagons and sleds,
With cradles and dollies and cute little beds.

There'll be books full of pictures we never have seen,
With their stories of wonder-land told in between;
There'll be tales of the fairies, who live in the trees,
Of brownies and sprites, who do just as they please.

Santa Claus is a jolly old elf, and I know
That his reindeer are now coming over the snow;
But how ever he gets down the chimney so small,
Is a strange thing to me, and the queerest of all.

(Copyright, 1895, by Fillmore Bros.)

THE SEWING CIRCLE

Sister Jones:

THESE ladies' sewing circles are such sisterly affairs,
There's never affectation, or a putting on of airs;
We feel a sense of freedom as we sit and stitch away,
Repudiating scandal that we hear from day to day.
Of course, we never venture an opinion of our own!
The truth of this assertion is a fact already known;
We simply do our duty, as ev'ry sister should,
Who loves to help the needy, and believes in doing good.

Sister Brown:

Yes, that is true! Our work is such
We seldom call, you know,
For, with the duties of our home,
We haven't time to go;
But, yesterday at Mistress B's
I called, and then at C's;
The day before at Mistress D's;
Two days ago at E's;
Three days ago at Mistress G's,—
And so on down to Z's;
And you may say just what you please,
I'd vow it on my bended knees,—
One must believe just what one sees,—
T's house is full of fleas!

Sister Smith:

Oh, dear! how can you say so?—appearances deceive!
Could you not be mistaken? I can not quite believe;
But then I guess it's all quite true!
I've heard it said that all they do
Is to watch for every fashion new,
And even purple wear with blue,—
But, anything to be in style.
Say, did you see the people smile
As she swept down the center aisle
At Sunday morning's service, while
The choir was singing? My, oh, my!
I laughed until I thought I'd die.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Sister Johnson:

Yes, people are queer in this world of ours,
They even find fault with the birds and flowers;
The summer's too hot or the winter's too cold;
Some one's too much or too little of gold;
This one's too free with the money in trust;
That one mustn't do so and so, or he must;
It's all little U, and prodigiously I,
They can't be pleased, and there's no use to try;
I think that Saint Peter looks on in surprise,
And holds the keys tighter, in fear and surmise.

Sister Wilson:

Now, sisters, one and all of you are very well aware
That talking in this idle way is foolish and unfair;
Yet, dears, I can not help but say our minister is vain,
And that sometimes his sermons give excruciating pain.
The elders of the church—ah—well—to mention it's no use,
Our congregation, too, must take a share of this abuse;
Our janitor is careless, and sometimes, I must confess,
The dust we pay him to remove, I find upon my dress.

Sister Simms:

Mistress Featherweight to me,
Just this morning said,—says she:
'Mistress So and So is blind,
Or else she has lost her mind,
For she did apologize,
And with tears in both her eyes,
Said that she had been so bold
As to say that I looked old!
'Tis a pity that she's ailing,
She's no idea of her failing!
'Tis a common supposition
That for one in her condition
There's no help, save in transition,
Or a technical elision.

All:

Yes, this is what the world says,
And 'tis unjust,—untrue;
I don't believe a word of it,—
I don't, indeed, do you?

FANCY

ONE time two little girls, they say,
Went out into the woods to play;
I don't suppose their mamas knew
Exactly what they meant to do.

They wandered on from flow'r to flow'r,
Till they'd been gone for more'n an hour.
Then, all at once, these children found
That they were tired; and, turning 'round,

They gayly started home—but, lo!
They didn't know which way to go!
They called, but no one made reply,
Till they at last began to cry.

They cried and cried, till sure and fast
They both went sound asleep at last;
Then little birds flew down by turns
And covered them with leaves and ferns.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MISS FROST

DOWN through the air I as dew had descended,
As on a Summer evening fair;
Gently I fell over meadow and woodland,
Mountain and valley everywhere.

Then from the North came the cold winds of Winter,
Blowing and biting, and stinging so,
That, when the morning awoke in its splendor,
Lo, I was white as the driven snow!

MISS SLEET

WITH the river I ran through the meadows green,
On my journey toward the sea,
When I felt myself lifted and borne aloft,
Over woodland and scented lea.

I grew dizzy, at first, and was much afraid,
I was carried so very high,
But soon understood there were many more
Of my kindred there in the sky.

The sun shone above us, while sailing on,
But the earth was a speck below;
Thus we sped through the air, until, with the rest,
I was fully content to go.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

We were hurrying on (though I knew not where),
When I felt myself sinking down;
The sun faded out as the earth grew near,
In its garments of gray and brown.

Then the bitter winds blew, and I saw the snow
Flying around us upon the breeze,
Till together we fell, and together we lodged
On the barren and leafless trees.

How the shrieking winds howled through the icy grove,
And the branches swayed in the blast;
But the storm passed away and the sun came out,
And I fell to the ground at last.

SNOWFLAKE

I AM only a snowflake, and, strange to confess,
Sometimes I appear in a different dress;
Tonight I wear white—but I've others instead,
For I have been known to appear all in red!

Of sisters I've many, some plain, and some gay,
At least I have over six hundred, they say!
Though only a crystal, congealed in the air,
God formed me, and I am content in his care.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

SANTA

OLD Santa sat in his great arm chair,
 Wrapped snug and warm in a cloak of brown;
His eyes were closed, and his long white hair,
 Like snow fell over his silken gown.

His sleigh, fresh painted—a pretty thing—
 Was jammed with packages large and small,
While now and then came a "Jingle-Jing,"
 Of silver bells from the reindeer stall.

His route was studied, his plans were laid,
 And preparations were all a-rhyme;
" 'Tis well," thought he, "I am not afraid
 But I shall make ev'ry house on time."

So there he sat in his great armchair,
 A trifle weary in mind and limb,
When from the firelight's flickering glare,
 A Christmas vision appeared to him.

He saw himself in his reindeer sleigh—
 He heard the carols the children sang;
And thro' his soul, with a thrill of joy,
 The sweet refrain of their music rang.

But what he heard, and the sights he saw,
 The children only can show to you;
They know—he knows, and you each may learn,—
 Who care to follow the story through.

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MY INDIAN MAID

WHEN the grass grows green in the forest deep,
When the ivy vine o'er the old oaks creep,
When the moon hangs low in the western sky,
And the zephyrs murmur their lullaby.
Then I love to stroll thro' the moonlit glade
With my dark-eyed Indian maid.

All the choicest bits of the chase I lay
At her tee-pee door at the close of day;
O'er the trackless plains when the hot winds blow,
For my bride-to-be I will gladly go;
With a glance of love I am well repaid
By my dark-eyed Indian maid.

When the Autumn wanes and the red leaves fall;
When the pale flow'rs die and the wild geese call,
When the chilling winds thro' the branches moan,
And the birds depart to a land unknown,
In my own wigwam from the storm I'll hide
With my dark-eyed Indian bride.

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THE CHILDREN AND UNCLE SAM

Children:

A TOAST to you, dear Uncle Sam,
The man that's neither fraud nor sham;
The man that's honest, upright, fair;
The man that's always "on the square,"
Whose hand is ever reaching out
To help the feeble, and to rout
The tyrant vulture from his prey,
And hold oppression's hoards at bay,
"In God you trust"—to him be true,
That, ages hence, when in review
The nations in procession move
Before the Judge whose name is Love,
The countless host, with low salam,
Shall doff their hats to Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam:

A blessing on the girls and boys!
And may they have dead loads of toys;
May not a girl, fat, lean or tall
Be left without a brand new doll!
Without the girls—Ah! spare the thought—
My glory soon would come to naught!
For in the hour of trial sore,
'Mid shot, and shell, and cannon's roar,
Why—just the thought of Jennie's prayer
Makes Jack a hero—proud to bear
"Old Glory" on the battlefield,
And say—"I'll die before I'll yield!"
And you—ye trifling, rascal boys,
You don't know how old Sam enjoys
This meeting with you here tonight!—
Brave, honest, loyal boys and bright,
On you my future must depend!
For you must with the hoards contend
To right the wrongs, protect the weak,
And words of warning wisdom speak,
I love you, girls! I love you, boys!
I love your fun, I love your noise!
I'm proud of you! shucks—that I am,
And proud to be your Uncle Sam.

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WHILE THOU ART SLEEPING

BABY'S in her cradle dreaming
Dreams that only angels know;
While the shadows, gently falling,
Round me, long and longer grow.
O what visions rise before me,
How they glitter, gleam and glow!

Where art thou, my precious darling?
Whose the hand that leadeth thee?
For a smile, the angel-token,
On thy baby face I see,
Ah! a sigh! What is its meaning?
Art thou grieving, dear, for me?

Would that I might keep thee ever
Pure and lovely as thou art,
Safely folded in my bosom,
Nestled on my loving heart;
May the coming year be kind to
Thee, my babe, when we must part.

Little one, rest thee!
Naught shall molest thee;
Over thee my prayers are said.
While thou art sleeping
Angels are keeping
Watch above thy cradle bed.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

ROCK-A-RING-LE-RAY-LO

ROCK-A-RING-LE-RAY-LO, baby go to sleep;
Close your little eyes while softly mama sings:
All the little birds are now in silence deep,
With their tiny heads tucked underneath their wings.

Rock-a-ring-le-ray-lo, 'way up in the tree
Sits the little owl behind the summer house;
All the day he slept, but: "Now's the time," says he,
"I must find some dinner—I must find a mouse."

Rock-a-ring-le-ray-lo, little eyelids close;
Now the bunny hops about upon the lawn;
He's a hungry bunny—there! away he goes!
And to By-lo land my baby dear is gone.

Rock-a-ring-le-ray-lo!
All the birdies say so
Hush-a-by, my baby, for you must not weep.
Rock-a-ring-le-ray-lo!
All the birdies say so
Little eyes are drooping—baby's gone to sleep.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

TO YOU AND YOURS

TO hear you say "Hello, old man!"
Or clasp your hand in mine,
Was not included in His plan,
Or His all-wise design;
But I tho't of you, and wrote your name
As one I call my friend,
To whom the pleasant right I claim
A Christmas-wish to send.
So here's to you and yours, and those
You love and know are true;
May ev'ry year that comes and goes
Bring "Peace, good will" to them and you.

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HURRAH FOR THE FLAG

HURRAH for the flag, "Old Glory,"
All hallowed in song and story!
Long, long may it wave in beauty
O'er scions of faith and duty.
 No tyrant shall mar
 One stripe or a star
No traitor, unchallenged, stain it;
 No alien deny,
 No foeman decry,
The blood that was shed to gain it.

Hurrah for the flag, we love it,
It's folds light the heav'ns above it;
Unsullied, triumphant ever
It floats o'er oppression never.
 Each star in it's field
 Is worn as a shield
Of justice to home and nation;
 All honor to thee,
 O flag of the free,
Thine, thine is our obligation.

Hurrah for the flag all glorious!
Hurrah for the flag victorious!
The symbol of love unspoken,
The emblem of slave-chains broken!
 'Til time is no more,
 From shore unto shore
Shall follow thy righteous sequel;
 In truth, love and right,
 In justice and might
All men shall be free and equal.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

HOPE, PATIENCE, LOVE!

HOPE sees a star in the darkest night,
While Patience abides the day;
But Love is the angel that brings the light,
And scatters the gloom away.

Hope braves the storm with determined zeal,
While Patience evolves the blast;
But Love is the pilot who turns the wheel,
And reaches the port at last.

Hope is the bird that sweetly sings,
While Patience broods o'er the nest;
But Love is the angel with shining wings,
Who hushes the soul to rest.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

MURMUR NOT

DID you ever stop to reason
With your anxious, longing heart,
How, in all His grace and wisdom,
In denying you a part
Of the blessing you were seeking
That your Father knoweth best?
Then, if he withhold the guerdon,
Cease repining—be at rest.

None can understand His wisdom
And your needs today may prove
For the morrow unavailing,
Then be still, and trust His love.
Know that He who feeds the sparrow,
He who hears the orphan's cry
Will, when you are strong and ready
For the answer, give reply.

No good thing will He deny you!
Ev'ry day but proves His care;
You have health, and food, and raiment,
And of all good things a share—
More, perhaps, than is your portion,
If compared with many another's lot.
Then be thankful for the blessings
Daily sent, and murmur not.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A CHRISTMAS WISH

SWIFTLY pass the years,
My remember'd friend;
Like the dawn they come,
Like a dream they end;
Once again the fires
Of the Yule we light,
And the children shout—
"Santa comes tonight!"

Ah, the children! Yes,
'Twas but yesterday—
So it seems—we felt
In the self-same way,
For we could, no doubt,
Should we closely look,
Find a broken toy,
Or a dog-eared book

That has lain concealed
Twenty years or more,
Like a priceless gem
In an empty store.
Let us hunt it out—
Let's be young again,
And have Christmas joy
Even now, as then.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Christmas seems the day
Best of all the year,
So let's make the most
Of its royal cheer;
Setting cares aside,
Let us turn once more
To the friendships, trusts,
And delights of yore.

If I've wronged you, friend,
In the year gone by,
Frankly tell me how, where,
And when and why!
I have tried to do what
I thought was right;
If I failed—forgive!
Let's be friends tonight.

Here's my hand once more,
And its grip is true!
Only "Peace, good will"
Do I wish for you.
Let's forget the past,
If it holds a grudge,
And between us—say,
Let the Lord be judge.

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SUNSHINE

WHAT would be sunshine with never the rain?
What the effect of maturing the grain?
What of the meadows, the trees and the flow'rs?
Had we but sunshine, and never the show'rs.

What of the fountain that bubbles in pride
Up from the rocks on the steep mountain side
Feeding the rivers that, swirling in glee,
Gurgle and sing on their way to the sea?

What of the rose, whose divine painted leaves
Nurture and life from the dewdrop receives?
What of the fruit of the garden and field,
Still in the bosom of nature concealed?

Sunshine we love, when the clouds flee away;
Showers we hail in the heat of the day;
Thus here on earth must they ever remain,
Soul-cheering sunshine, and life-giving rain.

God meant that sunshine should follow the rain;
Meant that rejoicing should follow our pain;
Meant that in calm after storm we should see
But a forecast of what heaven will be.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

A LEGEND OF THE ROSE

A little child heard the following lines:

'TIS said that a flow'r is a mother's love;
Its colors, her watchful care;
Its blending of shades, her hopes and fears;
Its perfume, her evening prayer.

After pausing a moment, in deep thought, she asked: "If God's love is so much greater and deeper than a mother's, what can represent to us His love?" The answer given was this:

Once upon a time, 'tis said (but 'twas so long ago
That history is silent, nor do the Sages know),
Came an angel down from heaven, from the courts above,
Seeking for an emblem that should speak the Father's love;
Looked he on the meadows, in their robes of summer green;
Then out o'er the valley, shim'ring, peaceful and serene;
Then upon the mountain, rugged, tow'ring to the skies;
Then upon the forest turned he eager, anxious eyes.

Then a gurgling, purling river fell beneath his longing gaze;
Next a rainbow spanned the heavens; next the sunset's golden
haze;

"None of these," said he, "can emblems be of love like the
Divine's."

Love that fadeless, faultless, ceaseless, into all creation shines.
As he turned away, all hopeless, with his great wings poised for
flight,

Saw he at his feet a flower—'twas a rose, and spotless white.
With a shout of joy, he plucked it—held it upward to the skies,
Saying, "This shall be the emblem of the love that never dies."

TIME

I AM not a king as kings are known;
I boast not the pomp of a human throne;
Nor ermine of lords, nor velvets rare,
Nor purple, nor monarch gems I wear.

I am not a king, as kings are known;
But monarch and emperor each must own
My power to hold undisputed sway,
And bow as I sweep their thrones away.

I am not a king, as kings are known,
But when into centuries shall have grown
These seconds of time, I yet shall reign
In power and might, over land and main.

I am not a king, as kings are known,
But, throughout the mouldering centuries flown,
I've numbered the years, and the months, and days,
And wielded the sceptre creation obeys.

I am not a king—yet I am a King!
Through unbounded space do my mandates ring!
The myriad worlds shall obedient be,
And crumble to atoms at my decree.

Yes, I am a king! and my reign began
Long ages before the birth of man;
But there comes a day on Omega's shore,
When even Time shall be king no more.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

EVENING

DOWN over the meadows the shadows fall,
As the night comes creeping on,
And the curfew tells us in solemn tones
That the day is almost gone.

The breezes sigh in the pine trees tall
Where the wood-bird makes her nest,
And the bending grass waves a last adieu,
As the Day-God sinks to rest.

The partridge springs from her hiding place,
And on whir-r-ring wings she flies,
While the squirrel barks in the old oak tree,
And the owl to his white mate cries.

The mournful coo of the turtle-dove
Is mingled with nature's song,
As here and there the swallow flits
In his zig-zag course along.

The woodpecker drums on the hollow tree,
And the bluejay's call is shrill,
While the martins chatter as home they fly
To their nests hid under the hill.

The flowers, closing their scented leaves,
Bend their heads to the coming night;
The breezes fall, as the moments go,
In respect to the coming night.

The shadows fail as the light grows dim,
And the birds hush their happy notes,
While the night creeps on with a stealthy tread,
And a gloom o'er the valley floats.

So the day of life, too, must fade and die,
And hands that are tired find rest;
But as night comes down o'er the dying day,
May we sink to our slumbers blest.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

THE WHITE CITY

THERE'S a strange white city on the hillside
Where never a word is spoken;
Where the people dwell in perfect union,—
Where never a law is broken.
When the ev'ning comes and shadows gather,
No lamps in the streets are lighted,
Neither is there heard the voice of greeting—
No vows of the lover plighted.

In that strange white city on the hillside
No dwellings are leased or rented;
Each of the inhabitants are owners,
And live peacefully—contented.
Not a sound of revelry or sorrow;
No sweet voices blend in singing;
Not a shout of mirth or a cry of anguish,
No gay wedding bells heard ringing.

In that strange white city on the hillside
No sad heart its watch is keeping,
For the people have no fear or longing,—
No eyes that are wet with weeping.
The sun goes down and the shadows gather,
But no thought of the night is taken,
For they're all asleep in that strange white city,
Nevermore, till the judgment day, to waken.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

YOUR MOTHER'S GOD

THE ways of the world may tempt you
With their glitter and glint of gold,
And its promises may allure you,
As you watch its mirage unfold;
False prophets, the thieves of Satan,
Like vampires entice their prey,
But stick to your mother's God,—
Her way is the safest way.

The palace of sin and pleasure
May appeal to your heart's desire,
For its music is strangely thrilling,
Like the strains of a golden lyre.
But stop! Ere you cross the threshold,
Look back to your childhood's day,
And stick to your mother's God,—
Her way is the safest way.

Her breast was your first warm pillow,
When she taught you to lisp His name;
Don't dishonor that blessed mem'ry
With the teachings of modern shame.
Keep on in the dear old pathway!
Let others do as they may,
But stick to your mother's God,—
Her way is the safest way.

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TO YOU

IT'S a good old world—
It's a grand old world,
And the best old world I've seen,
With its dole and fun,
With its cloud and sun,
With its sully, shade and sheen.

It's a fell old world—
It's a mean old world,
If you want to make it so,
But to some it seems
Like the land of dreams
All a-glitter and a-glow.

It's a dull old world—
It's a vain old world
To some folks we've heard about;
At the sun they growl,
At the moon they scowl,
At the stars—they've blown them out!

So to you, my friend,
Would I greeting send,
As though you were the only one;
On the course trot square,
In the game play fair,
Till the race and the game are won.

WHERE AM DE CHIL'REN?

WHA am de chil'ren a-singin' sweet,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd!
Once dat I used fo' to lub to meet,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd;
Dar on de sho' now I see dem stan'
Singin' de joy ob de angel ban',
Shoutin' away on de golden stran',
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd.

Loud in de meetin' dey use ter shout,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd;
"Neber de light ob de Lamb go out!"
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd;
Way ober Jordan dey shout an' sing;
Loud do de heabens wid der music ring,
Wearin' de robes ob de great White King,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd.

O may de good Lo'd a-bless my soul,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd;
Show me de way to de heab'nly goal,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd;
Washed in de blood ob de Lamb I'll fly
Wid hal-le-lu-jah to mah home on high,
Dar wid de brudders no more to die,
Hal-le-hal-le-lu-jah, my Lo'd.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

GO TO SLEEP, MAH HONEY

DE ole brack man he wo'k in de co'n,
A-hoin', a-hoin',
An' list'nin' fo' dat ole dinneh ho'n
A-blowin', a-blowin';
He lub de night-time mos' ob all;
He lub to hea' de cricket in 'e hidin' place call;
He git ti'ed a-fo' de day begun,
A-waitin' fo' de settin' ob de sun.

De sun's done gone to rest in de sea,
A-sinkin', a-sinkin';
De squinch-owl's wakin' up in de tree,
A-blinkin', a-blinkin';
De whip'-will's callin' from de rise;
De little twinkly sta's a-shinin' in de skies;
Ole man Nod's a-ridin' on yo' eye,
Awaitin' fo' mah little honey-by.

You'll hea dat banjo now mighty soon,
A-ringin', a-ringin';
You'll see dem nigga's dance by de moon,
A-swingin', a-swingin';
De wo'k's all done, de ash cake et,
An' heah ma little honey am a winkin' yet!
Shet yo' eyes, or Con-ju-man'll see
Dat yo' is awake as yo' can be.

Go to sleep, mah pooty little honey,
Fo' de squinch-owl now's a hootin';
Go to sleep, mah pooty little honey,
Fo' de ole ho'n's now done tootin';
Shet yo' eyes, fo' Mammy is a-watchin'
Fo' to see ole aunt Big-money;
Ole brer Coon
Is lafin' at de moon,
So go to sleep mah honey.

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

OLD BLACK SAM

An old colored man sits fast asleep, as the music (behind the scenes) begins: he awakens with a start and exclaims; "I's a comin'!" Massa—I'se a comin'!" A rheumatic pain seizes him, with which he tussles until the voices reach the 9th measure of the song, when he speaks.

I SPECT I mus' be gittin' ol',
Wid de rheumatiz, an' all,
Fo' jes as shoo as you is bo'n,
I hea'd ole Massa call;
I hea'd 'im say—"Come 'ere, you Sam,
Yo' lazy, triflin' boy!
De bes'est Marster in de lan'
Yo' shooly would annoy.
Wha' fo' you sleepin' in de sun—
Jes bilin' in de heat,
Wid all de wo'k not bein' done—
You aint wo'th what yo' eat."
Har! har! ol' Mars'e always joke
And kearry on dat-a-way,
And yet he know dis nigga'd die
For him mos' any day.

* * * * *

I 'clare I wish dat dream was true,—
I do mos' shooly, for
I was way back in Putnam,
In de days afo' de wahl
I heah dem darkies singin' now—
I heah 'm des as plain

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THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

As any colo'd man could heah—
Ha'k! listen to dat strain!
Is I asleep for trufe, or not?
I's feelin' pow'ful queer!
It can't be Lizy Johnson's voice,
Nor Cassy's w'at I year,
And yet it kearry's me way back yan
To dat ol' Fultonside,
W'ere Massa long ago was bo'n—
W'ere he was mah'd—an' died.
I ce'tainly neveh can fo'git
W'en he done pass'd away—
'Twas w'en de ev'nin' sun was low—
Jes at de close ob day.
De darkies, when dey got de wo'd,
Look lak dey mus' die, too,
For Massa was de kindest one
A darkey ever knew.
All night de hounds dey set an' howl-l,
Der sorrer at de moon,
W'ile in de big-house trees de owls
Dey screech der solemn chune.
De pickaninnies hesh der whimp,
An' mammys do der bes'
To git 'em closer in der a'ms,
An' fol' 'em to der bre's.
All dat long night, an' all nex' day
De darkies kearried on
Des lak der very hea'ts was broke,
Kase him dey love done gone.
Dey know'd w'at's boun' ter happen nex',—
W'at's comin' swif', fer true;
Dey know'd dat w'en he's in de groun,
De auction block was shoo,—
For Missis she done pass away

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Afo' him mo'n a yeah,
And now dat he was daid, dey know'd
De partin' day was neah.

* * * * *

I hea' dat tollin' bell go klang-g-g
Up in de ol' gray tow'r;
I sees dat 'cession windin' up
De road fo' mo'n a houah;
De flowas dey bend der haid wid grief,
De winds dey moan and sigh;
De birds hesh up and twis' der necks
To see de train go by.
De chu'ch is full er folks and kin,
De Pa'son's at de doo'l
He know he'll see dat ol' man in
Dat big gray chu'ch no mo'l
Dey sing a mou'nful, solemn song,
An' de Pa'son preach an' pray;
I hea' de sobs an' see de tea's
Dat flow'd lak rain dat day.
An' now I sees 'em ma'chin' down
De aisle towa'ds de bier,
Der tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—
It breaks my hea't to hear.
Now down de windin' way I see
Dem fo' brack hosses go,
Wid all de mou'ners, friends an' folks
A ma'chin sad an' slow,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp—
W'at's dat I sees ahaid?
A grea' big hole—a pile er clay—
Ol' Massa's bed done made.

Speaker listens to last two lines of music, and begins to speak again with 3rd verse of song

I'm back in mah ol' cabin now—
De moon am shinin' bright,
But I can feel mah ol' hea't ache
Des lak it did dat night.
It seem lak nothin' in de worl'

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Could all my sorrer drown,
Now dat ol' Massa good an' kin'
Was layin' in de groun'!
I shet mah eyes an' seem to heah
Dem darkies sing der lays
Des lak dey did long time ago
In d' ol' plantation days.

Speaker listens to last half of chorus.

It kum des lak we knowed it would!
Ol' Massa no mo'n col'
Till wo'd went all de country roun'—
We da'keys mus' be sol'!
Pears lak 'twas only yiste'day
De auction day was hel',
W'en chil' from mammy, man from wife,
Dey tuk us out to sell.
Some went to one, some to anner,
Same as a sheep er goat—
A daddy here, a mammy dar,—
No matter—man or shoat.
Dey bought our bodies, paid de price,
And had us for to hol',
But, bress de Lawd, dey never did
Buy one poor nigga's soul.
My Lizy wife, dey sol' her, too—
(We done been mah'd a yeah—)
An' from dat day to dis ob her,
Not one wo'd could I heah.
It kinda hu'ts when I remin'
Dem days so long ago,
But when ol' Gabri'l blows his ho'n,
'Twill all be right, ah know.

[Listen to last chorus.]

Har, har, har! 'Pears lak mah min'
Done los', or strayed erway!
I's at de ol' Campmeetin' now,
An' years 'em preach an' pray.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

"Come on, yo' sinners," de pa'son call,
"De cha'ot's passin' by!
Jump in an' git yo' sins fo' giv'
Befo' yo' got ter die!"
Ol' Eph, he holler "Bress de Lawd,
'E saved dis nigga's soul!"
Right den I know fo' mo'nin' come,
Some chickens' gwyn't be stole.
Some roll der eyeballs to de sky,
Some holler in der joy;
Some pull der wool and moan and clar'
Dey seen de old Bad Boy.
Ol' Tom an' Bill dey up an' clinch,
Des lak dey got de hants,
An Dicy, she tuck wid er spell,
An' fell down in er trance.
Dey poun' de mo'ners on de back,
Der han's and a'ms dey fling,
An' from de straw de Pa'son jumps,
And,—ha'k, I hears 'im sing—

[As the old man listens he is again attacked by acute pain.

'Pears lak dis rheumatiz ob mine
Done got er grudge gin me,
For when she ain't up in my h'a't,
She's down heah in mah knee.
But den, ol' gal, des do yo' bes',—
Y' ain't got long, ah know,
T' hu't and to-cha dis ol' man—
He's mighty nigh de sho'.
I reckon 'twon't be long no-how
Until de day is done—
Not long until de shadders fall,
Not long till set ob sun.
I wondah if ol' Massa'l know
Dis cripple w'en we meets,
And if he'll call me "Sam" once mo',

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER *and Other Poems*

Upon dem golden streets.

[Another paroxism of pain seizes the old man.

Keep on, keep on! I knows y'all
Can't hol' de whip an' reins
An' al'ays drive! Dis mule 'l balk
Some day, wid all dese pains.

* * * *

Yes, I's comin'—ol' black Sam—
I's mighty nigh de gate;
I see dem angels in de sky,
An' I ain't got long to wait.

* * * *

Heah comes de golden cha'iot, an'
Ah know she comes fo' me!
Good-by, ol' worl'! I's gwyn home
Wid mah Lizy gal to be!

* * * *

The dreamer's head dropped on his breast,
His hands fell to his side,
And only God and Nature knew
Just when the old man died.
The shadows deep like phantoms crept
Around the sleeper's bed
To mark the lonely, sacred spot
Where lay the faithful dead.
The midnight still and solemn came
And sang its requiem of peace,
While angels echoed back the strain
Of Old Black Sam's release.

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