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WINDFALLS  
of  
POESY



Mary A. Rand



Mary A. Rand

# WINDFALLS OF POESY

\* \* \*

## TO MY FRIENDS.

A friend is one who understands,  
Whose heart is warm and true,  
A mind responsive to my own,  
A spirit to whom reverence due  
Is gladly given. Thank God for friends.  
No greater good has e'er been given  
Whatever else we may possess,  
Than just a friend, this side of Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

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# WINDFALLS

\* \* \*



COME, Honey, take your basket now  
And to the garden go,  
And gather some of the windfalls  
The apple tree below.  
Select the best ones you can find  
And bring them here to me.  
And I will make you something  
You'll like right well to see.

The Lord has a hidden garden,  
My tree of life grows there;  
He planted it for me Himself  
And hedged it about with care.  
He sends me to bring Him the windfalls  
Imperfect, small and few,  
That He may take and use them  
As only He may do.

The lad whose loaves and fishes  
The Lord Christ blessed that day  
He gave the hungry multitudes  
And sent them filled away,  
So proud and happy must have been  
To know his slender store,  
Had fed five thousand and had left  
Enough for many more.

Christ's word is just as potent now,  
His love is just as strong,  
He waiteth to be gracious still  
And He has waited long.  
There're many hungry souls to-day  
That we may help to feed,  
For He will take what we may give  
And bless it to their need.

O, Master! We have nothing  
But what Thou dost bestow,  
Use it according to Thy will  
And make Thy truth to grow  
Until the whole world shall be filled  
With knowledge of Thy word,  
And all our hearts rejoice to see  
The glory of our Lord.



## TO MY BROTHER ON HIS 77th BIRTHDAY.

\* \* \*

A mighty Sculptor, God sends forth  
An Angel men call Pain  
And every soul must feel his touch  
Nor tears nor prayers avail  
To stay his stroke, nor love can shield  
Our dearest from his hand.  
He spared not God's beloved Son  
On whom was laid—the Cross.

On Christ, he wrought his highest work  
And when a soul he finds  
Whose strength and nobleness and love  
Can bear the heaviest lines,  
Graves deep to bring the beauty out  
And those who watch may see  
The living likeness of our Lord  
As we have seen in thee.

And so we hush our murmuring hearts.  
“Dear God,” we pray, “Sustain  
And give full measure of Thy grace  
To his eternal gain  
And grant his patience and his love  
And sweet unselfishness  
May on our spirits do their work  
And his life, our lives bless.”

# BEYOND

\* \* \*

It is only a step to the Other Side;  
A touch, a breath, and the curtain lifts;  
We cross the threshold and pass within,  
Free, safe and happy forevermore—  
Safe and happy—we sigh with relief  
And a deep sense of pleasure, contentment and peace;  
But, O, what rapturous joy fills the soul  
When free. Free from pain, care, sorrow and sin;  
From all limitations of earth, free, O, free!

Free to do. All the powers we possess  
Undeveloped maybe, in the stress of this strife,  
Find perfect expression; What we think,  
What we wish, what we will, we may do.  
Free to be; all to which our utmost desires have aspired;  
Pure, beautiful, holy, all glorious within  
We may be more and more.  
Free to know, what here dimly is felt  
And grasped but by faith,  
We shall see, we shall know.

It is only a step that divides us  
From the Blessed who enter before;  
The curtain between us is woven of light;  
Time? Space? What are these to the soul?  
The darkness is only a cloud intervening,  
A mist of earth's night that the morn will dispel.  
Through the dark, through the mist  
Come sweet voices. O, Listen!  
To soothe, to strengthen, to cheer.  
Look up, the dawn shineth clear.  
Go forward in hope, for all light  
All pure life is beyond, is beyond.

## OLD WILLIAM.

\* \* \*

Old William sits in his easy chair  
On the porch by his cottage door.  
He hears the humming of hiving bees,  
The robin's note and the song of the lark,  
The ripple of water, the rustle of leaves,  
The sounds of a restful quiet and peace  
And the lines of care smooth out of his face  
As he rocks to and fro in a leisurely way  
And dreamily murmurs a happy refrain  
" 'Tis a beautiful day, a beautiful day."

The landscape he sees is familiar and dear  
With upland and meadow and river between,  
Cattle feeding content in fields of red clover,  
And children at play, and orchards in bloom,  
And farmsteads near by, a village in sight  
With spire pointing upward, "God's Acre" beyond,  
And over all bending the blue summer sky,  
White clouds like the wings of the angels drift by;  
As he looks, he repeats in a bright, cheery way,  
" 'Tis a beautiful day, a beautiful day."

Two boys, red with anger, rush up to his side.  
" 'Tis mine," cries wee Willie; "No, mine," Johnny cries.  
"Give it here," Grandsire says, and they hand him a knife.  
He listens to each, while with skill they admire,  
He fashions a boat from a block lying near;  
Talks of sails and of oars until peace is restored,  
Says a word, now and then, of love and of praise;  
And off they go, happy to share all together.  
Old William looks up and the boys hear him say:  
" 'Tis a beautiful day, a beautiful day."

And now Autumn comes with its ripening fruit,  
Its glory of color, and the wonderful haze  
Of Indian Summer transfigures the world.  
Old William grows feebler but still more serene,  
More kindly his word, more loving his look.  
A sweet, holy influence governs them all  
Which memory hallows and strengthens always.  
Heaven swings wide her gates and he waits but to say  
With its light on his face, in his own loving way:  
“ 'Tis a beautiful day, a beautiful, beau-ti-ful day.”



# ALL THE WAY.

\* \* \*

(Mrs. L. S. Rand's Birthday.)

\* \* \*

The years that quickly speed away.  
New graces bring for each birthday,  
From this, as from a height, survey  
The countless mercies of the way.

And first, by pious parents blessed,  
The strength and virtue they possessed,  
They gave you a heritage.  
Thank God for Christian parentage!

Our childhood memories! More dear  
They grow with each succeeding year.  
Our childish laughter, childish tears,  
Our youthful hopes and thoughts and fears  
Transmuted by the touch of time,  
In fadeless beauty glow and shine.

The deeper joys of womanhood,  
The struggle for the ideal good,  
The earnest purpose, steadfast will,  
Life's noblest duties to fulfill,  
These all our powers of soul engage,  
And form the happiness of age.

No life but knows, however bright,  
The shadow dark of sorrow's night.  
Yet One draws near our souls to bless  
With His own love and tenderness.  
His promises are sure and true,  
His strength upholds the long day through.

## GOOD INDIAN'S PRAYER

\* \* \*

Great Spirit of the Red Man  
Make me strong to endure,  
Wise to know, brave to act.  
Defend me from the wiles of the  
Great enemy, and help me to overcome  
All that weakens my spirit.  
May I be faithful to my friends,  
Generous to my foes, and always  
Able to strike a blow against  
The wrong, and to uphold the right.  
Keep my tongue from crooked talk  
And let my words be worth while.  
If I suffer, let it be in silence.  
Help me to win, but if I lose,  
Let me still be master of myself.  
Give me to go hence unafraid, singing  
The victor's song, with my feet set  
In the straight path that leads to the  
Happy Hunting Grounds where I  
May dwell in peace with mine  
Own people. Spirit of Life,  
My prayer is before thee.

# BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

\* \* \*

The days we do not remember  
When we lay on Mother's breast  
And knew not joy or sorrow  
But only peace and rest.  
Enwrapped with love most holy,  
Most tender and most true  
As life goes on do not these days  
Seem beautiful to you?

The days of our happy Childhood,  
When all the world was bright  
When sun and shower, and bird and flower  
Were marvels of delight;  
When we roamed the field and wildwood,  
The hillside, stream and lea  
And life was one long play-day  
Brimful of joy and glee.

"Behold a dreamer cometh."  
The world bows down to him  
And life takes on a glory  
No doubt comes near to dim.  
O, dreams most sweet and beautiful  
Of all brave deeds and true;  
O, days of youth, how fair ye shine  
As we backward glance at you.

Now come the days that try us  
When we must stand or fall.  
We meet the shock of battle,  
Hear duty's trumpet call;  
Feel the rapturous joy of triumph,  
The sting of sad defeat;  
So life grows strong and noble  
That else were incomplete.

The day is done, and the twilight  
    With its mellowed light serene  
Gives to each part a beauty,  
    And softens all the scene;  
And we sit in the twilight and listen,  
    And hear in each whispering sigh  
An echo of all the heart's music  
    From the beautiful days gone by.



# HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND.

\* \* \*

(Written for the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. G.  
Sherwin, Hyde Park, Vt.)

\* \* \*

## I.

Happy the bride of years ago  
But happier now that she has won  
By fifty years of faithfulness  
This golden day of happiness.  
    Gone are the youthful looks and graces  
    But better things are in their places.  
    Fair is the tree in bridal white  
    Its ripened fruit gives more delight.

## II.

The love that on their wedding day  
These friends united, came to stay.  
It was of old New England stock  
Firm and enduring as a rock.  
    Or like the hills that round us rise  
    In rugged beauty to the skies.

## III.

Homes of New England! Who can tell  
What faith and courage in them dwell?  
Stay, Lord, we pray, the rising tide  
Of fashion, luxury and pride  
    And give us homes like these to shine  
    As beacons on the hills of time.

IV.

Still the mad rush of Folly's throng  
To hear again the dear old song  
Of "Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble  
    There's no place like home,  
    There's no place like home."

V.

With love, and faith and cheerful song  
The home is happy, safe and strong,  
And Elbridge cannot help but sing  
More than a bluebird can in spring;  
    He's always sung, is singing still  
    And we expect he always will.

VI.

We make our homes and they make us  
Home is the test of all of us.  
If sometimes Net has "spoke her mind"  
And El has "answered back" in kind  
    The little breeze has cleared the air  
    And made the sunshine still more fair.

VII.

The wife has proved a helpmate true  
The husband given her honor due.  
Together they have always stood  
For all things honest, pure and good  
    And generous hearts and open hand  
    Have made them honored in the land.

VIII.

They've shared their fireside's friendly cheer  
With friends and neighbors far and near.  
The very names by which they're known  
Show that we claim them as our own.  
    It means far more than we can tell  
    To be "Aunt Net" and "Uncle El."

IX.

So we have come with love today  
To speed you on your onward way  
The love and joy of fifty years  
Have made a rainbow of your tears,  
    A bow of promise shining clear  
    To brighten every future year.

X.

Dear friends, your golden wedding day  
Will in your memory live alway  
For better than gold and greater than fame  
Is love and good will and an honored name.  
    We rejoice with you and unite in praise  
    To Him who crowneth all our days  
    Till in His home of heavenly love  
    We keep the Wedding Feast above.

# THE CUP OF LIFE.

\* \* \*

## I.

Would'st feel the joy of life  
New thrilling in your breast?  
Then take the cup Spring offers  
Home-brewed from herbs of grace,  
Where deep within some forest dell  
The little spring upgushes, pure and sweet,  
And violets bloom and wild birds sing  
In freedom to their nestlings.  
And all around you feel and see  
The wondrous mystery of growth,  
Until your heart expands, as flowers  
In sunshine do, and knows itself a part  
Of all the life God doth create  
Anew with each returning year.  
Give me thy cup, O, Spring.

## II.

O, Summer, bring your perfumed cup  
And give me of your magic wine  
Distilled from potent, spicy blooms,  
In the alembic of the golden noon.  
And summon sunny-hearted Joy  
To open all her treasures  
Of color, fragrance, melody,  
Earth's myriad voices all attuned  
To songs of love and happiness.  
For Summer brings to perfectness  
All that hath life. No lowest form  
But lives its life, complete and full.  
And so would we, our hopes, desires,  
And purposes of life, fulfill.

### III.

One law divine through all obtains.  
"Not for ourselves," all life proclaims.  
For others blooms the wayside flower,  
And starry splendors gem the skies.  
With waving banners red and gold,  
Resplendent in her royal state,  
Comes Autumn with her harvest sheaves,  
And from crushed grape and broken grain  
Prepares the sacramental bread and wine,  
The chosen emblem of that wondrous life  
That gave itself that we might live.  
And shall we fail **this** cup to take,  
This cup of willing sacrifice?  
Help us, O, Father, that we do **not** fail  
But with true hearts true service give,  
And know the joy such service brings.

### IV.

Come frosty nights that kill the flowers.  
The song-birds leave for sunnier climes,  
The trees are bare. Their dry leaves whirled  
In dizzy circles by the gypsy winds,  
Or lie in withered heaps beneath our feet.  
Stored is the harvest for the winter's needs;  
Chill is the air and drear the skies.  
And **then** the Indian Summer comes  
Its genial warmth, its purple haze,  
Enfolds the earth in heavenly calm.  
So when we give our all of life,  
And **only** then, can we receive  
The fulness of God's love. The peace  
That passeth understanding now.  
That is that cup whereof to drink,  
Gives life immortal, pure and blest.  
Drink deep, my soul, drink deep.

## THE WORLD OF HIS GRACE.

\* \* \*

O, rest in the promise of Infinite Love  
    “My grace is sufficient for thee.”  
Thy strength is but weakness, yet list to His word  
    “My grace is sufficient for thee.”  
The waters of Jordan, the soul overwhelms  
    “My grace is sufficient for thee.”  
All the greatness of God is pledged to thy need  
    “My grace is sufficient for thee.”  
And His heart rejoices when thy heart responds  
    “Thy grace is sufficient for me.”

## A GODLY ANCESTRY.

\* \* \*

In days of long and long ago  
    Whene'er I showed a wilful spirit  
To do the things I wanted to  
    Without regard to lawful limit,

So earnestly my mother said,  
    And raised a warning finger,  
(Her uplift look and gentle voice  
    Still in my memory linger),

“My child, you must be good, you know  
    You have a Godly Ancestry,  
Not wealth, or fame, or rank had them,  
    But held to goodness sacredly.”

Though Mother's voice was wholly sweet  
    I felt an awesome thrill,  
Something of what she felt and meant  
    I caught, as children will.

Her look, her voice, her word remains  
    A helpful memory;  
“Noblesse oblige” it is to have  
    A Godly Ancestry.

## LITTLE MARY.

\* \* \*

When God would give new joy in Heaven  
And set the Angels singing  
A new sweet song of love divine  
With highest rapture thrilling,  
He sends His brightest Angel down  
To bring to Him Earth's fairest  
And makes a holiday in Heaven  
To welcome hom His dearest,

And Christ Himself comes hastening,  
His face with gladness shining;  
For little children are His own.  
Beyond our poor divining,  
His love enfolds and blesses them  
With joy we can not measure.  
O, hearts that grieve, this comfort take:  
Our Saviour hath your treasure.

**HOLIDAYS THAT ARE  
HOLY DAYS**

**Christmas, Easter,**

**Memorial Day**

# CHRISTMAS.

\* \* \*

It is the blessed Christmas Eve  
The Christ-child comes to-night  
And still His guiding star of love  
Is shining clear and bright.  
And every loving heart may hear  
The song the Angels sing  
And with the Wise Men kneel and pay  
Glad homage to the King.

Myrrh and frankincense! What have we  
To offer in their place?  
A song of gratitude and praise  
And prayer for His dear grace,  
A humble and a contrite heart  
Intent to do His will.  
These are more pleasing unto Him  
For they His love fulfill.

The gold of willing service  
And love's most precious gem  
Are gifts that we may render  
For He has need of them.  
But all of luxury and pride  
Are worthless in His eyes.  
They must be freed from selfishness  
Made pure by sacrifice.

The Babe of Bethlehem was born  
Of our humanity  
And by His spirit we may share  
In His divinity.  
For we are all God's children  
Though far from Him we stray.  
O, may the Christ be born anew  
In us this Christmas Day.

## EASTER MUSIC.

\* \* \*

O, the wonderful, dear coming of the Spring,  
The sweet, fresh, tender beauty of every growing thing,  
The happy, happy laughter of the water flowing free,  
The love song of the birds who built on blossom-laden tree;  
For very joy and gladness, the swelling heart must sing  
The rapturous song of love and praise—The Choral Song  
[of Spring.

O, the blessed, blessed coming of the Spring;  
The Spirit wakes responsive to its gentle summoning.  
Hope springs anew, Faith lifts the exultant strain—  
Life triumphing o'er death, and love o'er mortal pain.  
It is the Easter Music, the Song the Angels sing,  
And Earth repeats it ever in the coming of the Spring.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

\* \* \*

Do angels keep Memorial Day  
Those we have loved and lost?  
Do they look down on us and say  
"Grieve not for us so hopelessly;  
Be comforted. Still are we thine  
As when on earth we dwelt with thee;  
Closer our love to love divine,  
Be patient yet a little while"?

And do they share our loneliness,  
And long for us as we for them?  
By patience, love and faithfulness  
Can we give joy to them in Heaven?  
Help us, O, Father, that we may  
Live near to Thee and so to them.  
And make of our Memorial Day  
A blessed ministry of love.

# JOAN D'ARC.



I.

HER CHILDHOOD.

\* \* \*

All peaceful lies the quiet vale  
The encircling hills between  
Beyond, the gloomy forest stands,  
Here, sparkling waters gleam.  
In verdant fields the flocks are seen,  
Led by the village maid,  
Who all day long in solitude  
Muses in sun or shade.

At home, close to her mother's side  
She lists to fairy lore,  
Peoples the wood with tiny folk  
Or hears in fountain more  
Than murmurs of its rippling flow  
E'en voices low and whispers sweet  
That speak of purity and love  
And with her spirit angels meet.

So pass her early childhood days.  
She dreams of angel and of saint,  
And when the music of the bell  
That calls to prayer, chimes sweet and faint  
Before the sacred shrine she bends.  
In humble love, devotedly,  
To God her life she consecrates;  
Her faith becomes reality.

## II.

### HER MISSION.

\* \* \*

But now through France, the stream of War  
Rolls fierce and fast, its bloody tide.  
No place so sheltered or remote  
But bears its vile defacement. Wide  
The carnage, dreadful is the woe  
That fire and sword and famine spread  
And France lies trembling, dying  
'Neath her Conqueror's tread.

Is there no eye to pity? None to save?  
Ah, Yes! God hath his chosen ones  
Who live unheeded by the world around  
Till God calls to them, "Rise, the hour is come."  
For them, what anguish comes before  
That hour reveals the appointed way.  
Then not the dearest love of earth  
Avails his messenger to stay.

So to this simple, dreaming maid,  
Beseeching God to save her land,  
Her heart all pity, loyalty and love,  
The angel voices gave command  
To go unto the king, France to redeem,  
The King to crown. It was God's will  
Thus should the maid,  
The ancient prophecy fulfill.

### III.

#### HER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

\* \* \*

Her way into the King she wins.  
Courage and faith within him rise  
And forth she leads the host inspired  
To valorous deeds and high emprise.  
Rude soldiers own her claim divine;  
For her restrain their oaths, and learn  
Before God's altars, night and morn,  
His grace to seek, from sin to turn.

On to Orleans, ye men of arms!  
Before ye rides the maiden fair.  
Her presence stirs their patriot blood  
The noblest deeds to do and dare.  
On to Orleans! What shouts arise  
"The Maid, The Maid of Prophecy."  
The siege is raised, the foe retires.  
So God rewards her fealty.

With pure white banner, lily-wrought,  
In glittering suit of armor bright,  
On snow-white charger rides the maid  
To give unto the King his right;  
Beholds him crowned the King of France  
And finds her mission now complete;  
With joyful tears, prays to depart,  
Her simple life and home to seek.

## IV.

### HER FATE.

\* \* \*

The King refused her earnest prayer;  
He listened to his coward fears.  
But all her confidence had gone,  
No guiding voices sounded dear.  
Deserted in the charge she led,  
She, bravely fighting to the end,  
Was captured by the English foe,  
Nor mercy found in foe or friend.

Life hath its dark and cruel side.  
"Man's inhumanity to man"  
How often mars the loveliest page  
And mars the noblest plan.  
I sometimes think God wills it so  
That those whose love is truest, best,  
Met here by scorn and torn by hate,  
May by Himself be recompensed.

The dark and cruel page you know.  
From prison-bar to prison cell,  
Questioned and tortured back and forth,  
Sick and alone, on charges fell,  
Her soul abhorred, her truth she held.  
At last, to save her life, she signed  
That which they offered, hardly knowing  
What she signed, for all her mind

Was held by that sweet thought  
"I shall once more be free."  
Not so; they willed her death  
Back in her prison, she

To save herself from insult  
Took the dress they made it sin to wear  
For this—the stake—O, let me stop.  
To tell her agonizing death, I cannot bear.

But sure am I, when loud and clear,  
God calls the names of those that heard His voice  
And followed faithfully at every cost,  
The Maid, Joan, can answer truly—"Here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Five centuries have passed away  
And France is fighting for her life again.  
The martyred maid becomes her guardian saint  
Inspiring faith, devotion, courage, now, as then,  
Four years of dreadful war and carnage  
Before the ruthless foe is beaten back  
In wild confusion and disgraceful flight  
And leaving death and ruin in his track.

But more than conquerors are they  
Who gave their lives for liberty  
That truth and honor might survive  
Nor yield the world to hate and tyranny  
Their noble sacrifice will ever be  
The glory of humanity  
Leading the way to righteous peace  
Freedom for all and unity.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \*  
\*

# FARMER BROWN

\* \* \*

Farmer Brown first came to me in a vision, one wearisome day in a hospital. I saw him clearly, sitting tipped back in a chair against the trunk of an old apple tree near the well, and I heard plainly all he said to the good looking young man who was also there.

I asked for paper and pencil, but was only allowed to write two minutes, and in this fashion, day by day, I tried to put down what I heard. It was in a quaint and homely rhyme at first, but after a little that changed, and so the story lost its unity of form.

I promised myself that later I would give it its original form. But time went on, and it was laid aside. Now that I would put it into shape, I find a great and most curious obstacle in the way. Farmer Brown has appeared and has refused in the most obstinate way to allow me to change it in any way. "It's the way I talk," he says, "and has got to be let alone." "I won't be dressed up in rhyme, so there." "But you did it yourself," I remind him. "Well, I stopped it, didn't I, and I tell you to let it be. Liddy doesn't like it anyway. She says it's redic'lus, and I guess it is." "There's nothing Liddy need to mind. What does the minister say?" "O, well, he is kinder on the fence. He wants to keep in with wife and me and he tells Liddy that I did not tell what they said and he don't care." "And your wife?" "Well, she—Marth Ann—(Marth Ann's kinder foolish 'bout me sometimes). She"—"There, father," came a clear voice, "Let me tell it." "I've always known he could tell good stories and make verses, too, if he was a mind to. They sounded real interestin' to me, and I sorter wanted to see how that one would look in print. But you better let it go as it is. Father's real cranky about it, and when he gets set, you can't stir him more than old Mansfield mountain. Now, Father, we'll go home. She'll do as you say." And that was the last I

heard. So here it is and if you do not like it, why Farmer Brown's to blame.

(Farmer Brown speaking)

When you're gettin', get a plenty,  
Is the rule accordin' to some  
And the way to beat creation  
And make all business hum.  
Mebbe, I'm going on seventy-three  
An' Gran'ther's rul'll do for me  
An' in the long run beat the rest;  
His was, "When you're gettin', get the best."

I started here at twenty-one.  
Dad giv' me a suit,  
A "freedom suit" we called it then.  
Marm spun and wove it, dyed and made it.  
I felt when I had it on I wuz one of the men.  
Last year, I saw a lad of ten  
(Came down with his folks to board at Peck's,  
Big show place now on the old Marsh road)  
Struttin' round with coat and vest,  
White ties, gloves, watch and all the rest,  
Tippin' round in shiny boots.  
O, well, the boy wasn't to blame as I know  
But his father was one of them big-headed fools  
Who grabbed for his pile and got it somehow,  
But what was it wuth with a boy like that  
And he himself as round as a barrel  
With the wine and all the things beside;  
Had to have a chef, they said, to cook 'em.  
I don't want to jedge, but my folks were good  
And I wouldn't live that way if I could.  
And so ye see, I sticks to my tex'  
"When you're gettin', get the best  
And when you're livin' your life  
Live your best."

'Bout that boy now. Say, wouldn't you  
Rather have a regular, barefooted boy  
Whackin' 'round and whoopin' for joy?  
I'd give him shoes he could easy slip off  
In the wet grass o' mornings or down by the brook,  
Tiptoein' to look in a medder lark's nest  
Shinnin' up a tree for a crow's nest, perhaps,  
An' anglin' for bait an' fishin' for trout,  
Turnin' summersets, swimmin'  
And full all the time of mischief and fun,  
As an egg's full of meat;  
Doin' all he sees a man do  
And some things a man can't;  
Such a boy for your own? Course you would.

I knew uze all right when you lifted your hat  
Perlite's you please, to the old woman  
Who went down the path a while back  
With a basket of corn to feed to the hens.  
Yes, sir'ee—that was she—my wife.  
The best that the Lord ever made.  
Be ye married? Well, you will allow  
That a man will do well  
When he gets him a wife  
To get the best that he can.  
There's good gals left yet  
Thopgh the stock's gettin' low,  
But not many like her—  
Not many Marth' Anns.

Well, come now, see here,  
We've had a great talk  
I liked you first off when you came  
And asked for a drink and to rest in the shade.  
I watched you a bit. We hev to, ye know,  
To know how to jedge, an' to know what is best.  
An' I've kinder speculated in my mind  
An' I kinder calculate, and I sorter guess,  
You're our new minister. You be!  
Well, now, I'm glad, I tell you.

Here, Marth Ann! (She's never 'round  
When I want her most) Wish she'd come.  
You can't fool her much.

Came from the west? Lived here, when a boy!  
Look me square in the eye.  
There's a look there I bet that I know.  
Marth Ann! (she'd know in a minute)  
She's coming, you say, and a young woman with her?  
Hurry up, Marth Ann. Say, who've we got here?  
(A pretty trick trapesin' after that fool hen.  
Bet you got your feet wet! Don't do it again!)  
George West, you say. What, little Georgy West!  
So 'tis, yes, yes. Your mother went west  
After your father died. He wuz a good man.  
Yis, yis, an' I remember how you used to come  
And play with Ben. Our Ben, our boy, our only boy,  
He's gone you know, there's only Liddy now.  
Here, Liddy, you know George, I guess.  
She used to follow 'round with Ben an' you.  
You liked to have her go along? Well, yes,  
She was a pretty little gal them days.  
Hasn't changed much? Ha! ha! I think some so myself  
The stage a coming? Must you go?  
Well, come again; come soon, I wish you would.

Say, Marth Ann, if that don't beat the Dutch!  
Liddy, you better go and get the supper going.  
Your Ma'll sit and rest a bit.  
I feel a lettle mite shuck up myself.  
Say, Marth Ann, our Liddy favors you sometimes.  
Did you see her culler up when George?—  
You should think she would with me a talking so?  
Sho! Liddy knows it's only her old Dad.  
You thought 'twas him that cullered up?  
He did look kind of flustered come to think,  
You don't suppose—why, yes, I remember now  
A bringin' nuts and flowers to her  
Drawin' her on his sled from school,  
An' showin' just as plain as day  
He thought a heap of her.

I know 'twas boy and gal, but then  
Some things begun like that don't end.  
I know how 'tis, don't you, Marth Ann?  
We didn't forget, nor ever will.  
I mustn't say a word or let on to her?  
Marth Ann, I'm not a fool yet quite!  
It takes women folks to 'magine things,  
I'll set a while and smoke my pipe  
You better go and get a cup of tea.

Um-m-m 'Sposin'! There'd be enough for all.  
This farm's the best there is,  
All paid for in good honest work.  
Gran'ther lived to ninety-seven, I'm only seventy-three,  
Maybe there'd be a little chap a taggin' 'round,  
I guess Marth Ann'd like it well as me.  
Um-m-m 'Sposin'! Yes, I'll come.  
Seems to me I can't sit down a minit  
Without you want to roust me out,  
Yes, I'm coming, Yes, I hear you.

When Marth Ann says she thinks a thing  
It's pretty solid sense.  
But when she says she knows, why then  
I've found it's ginerally, as a rule,  
Most ginerally correct.  
Wall, I have been kinder mad at Liddy  
For havin' nothin' to say to Bill or Chad,  
But mebbe she's her father's gal  
A waitin' for the best,  
And sure enough, she'll git it  
If so be she gits West.

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# WHEN SUNSHINE FOLLOWS STORM.

\* \* \*

The rain is o'er, the clouds are sped,  
The sky is clearest blue,  
The soft tints of the rainbow blend  
To show God's promise true.  
All things are fresh and beautiful  
As if the world were new.  
For, O, the earth is loveliest  
When sunshine follows storm.  
How beautiful, how bright it is  
When sunshine follows storm.

The grass is velvet emerald,  
Sweet fragrance on the breeze,  
The happy birds sing joyously,  
The leaves dance on the trees.  
The brook that took its listless way  
Now gurgles with delight.  
For, O, the world is glad and gay  
When sunshine follows storm.  
How sweet and glad and gay it is  
When sunshine follows storm.

Whenever sunshine follows storm  
Past troubles are forgot  
And pain and loss and every ill  
Become as they were not.  
And sunshine always follows storm,  
So think no more on sorrow.  
It rains to-day, perchance, but then  
The sunshine comes to-morrow.  
How fair, how good, how dear it is  
When sunshine comes to-morrow.

# THE TWO DOGS.

\* \* \*

When as a child my eager speech  
Performance far outran,  
Father would look at me and say,  
"Best see first if you can."  
And once when father was away  
He wrote to me this letter,  
"Say Well is a good dog, Dear,  
But Do Well is a better."

I rushed to mother's side with all  
My rage and shame and grief,  
She held me close until the storm  
Of tears gave some relief.  
With tenderest words of sympathy  
She soothed my wounded heart,  
And turned my thoughts to happier things  
With wise and loving art.

My mother spoke no word of blame.  
She calmed me, for I felt  
She understood. She made me see  
How rightfully my father dealt  
With what, unchecked, might come to be  
A very serious fault in me,  
And that I must be sure to **do**  
All that I said I was **going to**.

O, Father, Mother, now I know  
How great the debt to you I owe,  
Who gave me watchful loving care,  
And needful pain they did not spare.  
But most I thank them that they taught  
Me from my earliest youth  
To hate deceit and scorn a lie,  
And love and speak the truth.

Their fine simplicity of life,  
Free from all envy, hatred, strife,  
Exemplified the truth they taught  
By every deed, and word, and thought.  
Without pretense or vain display,  
The real from seeming good they knew,  
Fought the good fight of faith and won,  
As ever must the good and true.

My Country! O, my Country! Turn  
To the old ways our fathers trod,  
Trust not in gold, nor thine own strength,  
But humbly walk before thy God,  
And He will give thee power to be  
A nation truly great and free,  
And strong and steady, clear and bright,  
Shall shine for all thy beacon light.

Thy mission high, O, mar it not  
With boastful speech, or selfish greed.  
And though it comes in homely guise  
To Father's precept give good heed,  
For, "Say Well is a good dog  
But Do Well is a better."  
It is the spirit giveth life,  
And not the word or letter.



# OUR FATHER.

\* \* \*

## I.

God is our Father! Wondrous thought!  
Lord, make my soul to grow  
The sweetness, grandeur, blessing,  
Of that dear thought to know.  
God is our Father! Hold it close,  
Close to thy heart each day.  
Thy hope, thy joy, thy comfort, strength,  
Thy light on life's dark way.

## II.

A child of God! And at the word  
My spirit stirs its wings;  
Though lapsed so long in earthly dreams  
It knows diviner things.  
It wakens to its heritage  
To powers unfelt before;  
Grand possibilities of life  
Increasing more and more.

## III.

Till all that hinders, all that mars  
The soul's full growth in grace  
Shall pass away as shadows flee,  
Leaving no track nor trace;  
Nor bound by any past to earth  
His truth hath set us free,  
And clearly shines the way of life  
That leads, O, Lord, to Thee.

# A LIFE STORY.

\* \* \*

(In memory of Miss Curtis, for many years House-mother  
in the School for the Blind at Janesville, Wis.)

A child among the roses played  
—It was the month of June—  
With merry heart, she laughed and sang  
—It was a pretty tune—  
So blithe and fair and happy she  
—O, sorrow, come not soon.

A maid sat dreaming in the shade  
—It was a pleasant nook—  
And builded castles in the air  
—Like those in fairy book—  
With innocence and truth and love  
Her charmed way she took.

A noble woman, strong and sweet  
—A light is on her face—  
With earnest purpose, steadfast will.  
—Does sorrow work such grace?—  
And Childhood's glee and youths' bright dreams  
To life's demands give place.

Alone upon a drear wide plain  
—Alone among the throng—  
And many weary, bruised feet  
—The way is rough and long—  
And some are blind and others weep  
—How blessed to be strong.

A ministry of love and peace  
—Guerdon of toil, how sweet—  
And life becomes a sacrament  
—Who comes her step to meet?—  
His gracious word of welcome given.  
Her life-work is complete.

# THE CALL OF SPRING

\* \* \*

The air was full of music  
    One balmy morn in May,  
The happy birds were singing  
    Their sweet and joyous lay  
And all my throbbing pulses  
    Were with their song in tune.  
I breathed the life of spring-time;  
    I felt the coming June.

For, like a world all winter,  
    My heart had been asleep  
And counted that good fortune  
    Since then it need not weep.  
But grief has turned to gladness  
    As underneath the snow  
Were dreaming buds and blossoms  
    That now awake and grow.

Oh, Spring, God's strongest angel  
    In all the changing year,  
The strongest, yet the tenderest,  
    Love is thy atmosphere.  
A love so strong and tender  
    It will not turn away  
Though earth lies cold and silent  
    For many a weary day.

True children of the earth are we,  
    Our hearts no welcome give  
When He, the "Lord of Glory" comes,  
    That we in Him might live.  
And Spring is but the faintest sign  
    Of that true love divine  
That never wearies nor despairs  
    To bless thy heart and mine.

The summer hath its wealth of bloom  
That perfumes all the air ;  
The earth is filled with loveliness,  
Blossoms are everywhere.  
And summer a fair priestess seems  
Before his coming feet.  
She bendeth low her reverent head  
And offers incense sweet.

Tiny and delicate and frail,  
Pale flowerets of the spring,  
Summer hath naught so dear and sweet  
In all her blossoming.  
We feel the tie of sympathy  
That makes us near of kin,  
For they have known the winter's chill  
As we the blight of sin.

And winter held them long and fast  
But at the kiss of Spring,  
Love works anew his miracle  
And life from death doth bring.  
With energy each seed inspires  
To seek the world of light  
To bloom in beauty all transformed,  
A vision of delight.

Oh, soul of mine, new courage take,  
The Lord will give thee grace,  
The power of sin will yield at last  
And thou shalt see His face.  
Rise, put thy joyful garments on  
And give to Him thy praise,  
Thy weakness shall show forth His strength ;  
He knoweth all thy days.

Glorious the summer land of souls  
The heavenly paradise,  
There grace and honor, glory, power  
To full perfection rise.

And all the hosts of shining ones  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Praise God and bless His holy name  
Throughout eternity.

Poor, poor and weak beyond compare  
The love and praise we bring,  
Yet dear to Him. In them He sees  
The blossoms of our Spring.  
He gives the sunshine of His love,  
Refreshes by His grace,  
Till fostered by His loving care,  
They greet His smiling face.

Then banish every doubt and fear  
And heed the call of Spring,  
The call to live anew and share  
(As flowers that bloom, and birds that sing)  
The beauty and the joy of life  
That we are given to know and feel,  
And in our own appointed place,  
Some measure of God's love reveal.

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## ROSES.

\* \* \*

The rose-tree in my garden blooms.  
—O, Love, the time of roses—  
Its fragrant breath the air perfumes.  
—O, Love, the scent of roses—  
Clusters of roses crown each branch.  
—Take, Love, your fill of roses—  
With every flower a perfect rose  
—Come, Love, and choose your roses.

A bitter, biting wind went forth.  
—Alas, my Love, the roses—  
’Twas icy cold and cruel sharp.  
—O, Love, dear Love, our roses—  
No more, no more we breathe delight  
Or glad our eyes with roses;  
Black ruin in the garden now  
Where once Love gathered roses.

# LAKE MICHIGAN.

\* \* \*

Most beautiful thou art, yet grand and terrible;  
Dreadful thy power to smite with swift destruction,  
What time thy mighty deeps are stirred to anger  
And thy fierce waves are raging for their prey;\*  
And human life with all its love and longing,  
Its boasted triumph of the hand and mind,  
Is but thy scorn, the sport of thy derision,  
Dragged down to death, then tossed upon the sand.

Yet storms will pass and anger be forgotten  
And all thy surgings sink to gentlest calm.  
How soft the murmur of thy rippling waters,  
Cooing and laughing as they now embrace the shore.  
Thy sweet caresses woo to happy union  
Our hearts with all of Nature's good.  
The harp of life gives forth its sweetest music,  
With every jangling note in tune.

Here comes the wind, that wild and restless rover,  
Companion fit for all thy wayward moods,  
Tossing thy quiet with an outstretched finger,  
Until thy waves are curling into foam.  
With dash of spray and shout of glee  
Away they run and race together.  
Stronger the breeze and higher leaps the wave,  
Till frolic ends in turmoil, loud and long.

But far away from all this wild confusion,  
Far as the eye can reach, thy billows onward roll  
Till into Infinite's vast starry spaces  
Thy heaving tide of waters seem ever rushing on.  
Deep, strong and true, the pulses of thy being  
Beat time to chords of melody eterne,  
Exulting, joins the mighty chorus singing  
The sacred right of Freedom to the soul.

Now is thy strength to kindly service given ;  
In safety bears the commerce of a world ;  
Thy cooling breeze, a messenger of mercy,  
Brings health and comfort to the cities' throngs,  
While from thy broad and swelling bosom  
The mists are drawn up to the sun,  
Upon the thirsty earth descending  
In rain and dew, all growth to vivify.

The sun on thee in splendor shining  
Reveals the fullness of thy glorious beauty,  
Adorned with gems of light that gleam  
With colors richly blended, green and blue,  
With tints of opal, while the sunset's glow  
Lights up a golden pathway, wide and free  
Up to Heaven's portal where the sea and sky  
Meet and commingle at the horizon's rim.

—\* In a dreadful storm that raged on Lake Michigan  
I saw a large three-masted vessel wrecked near shore.  
No boat could reach it, and I saw men clinging to the rig-  
ging until strength failed them and they fell and perished  
in our sight.

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# THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.

\* \* \*

Anno Domini 1920.

Said one old crone to her crony mate  
"What do you think is doing?  
We'll put in our word and give it a stir  
There'll be a pretty brewing."

Said the crony mate to the other one  
"Do tell what folks are saying.  
We've had so much of peace and love  
And I'm sick to death of praying."

Said the first old crone to the other one  
"As sure as we're Slander and Spite,  
They'll very soon sing a different tune  
If we manage this business right."

"Well, what is up?" said the crony mate,  
"Has there been murder or stealing?  
There might come anything from the saloon  
That ruin and death is dealing."

"No, No, 'tis better for us than that.  
We'll take the best of the town  
And wind around them a tissue of lies  
And try to pull them down."

The whiter they are, the blacker they'll look  
When we have done our work.  
In the most innocent thing they do,  
The greatest danger will lurk.

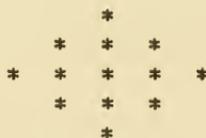
For you and I can peek and hark  
And twist and turn the truth,  
And motives impute of wrong and shame  
And spare not age or youth."

“Yes, that is fine. Come, let us begin.  
A famous broil they’ll be ;  
I’ll do my part, for I am Spite,  
And Slander follows me.”

So on they went. Their plans were laid  
With hellish care and art  
And Gossip took the matter up,  
’Twas something near her heart

For she takes little heed to know  
If what she says is true  
And finds her pleasure just in talk  
“Says I,” “Says she,” “Says you.”

But right is right and will prevail.  
The strife of tongues shall cease  
And truth and innocence will find  
Tranquility and peace.



# THE CHANGE OF SEASONS.

\* \* \*

Gay Autumn, when the world was young,  
And pristine freshness o'er it hung,  
To Mother Nature made complaint.  
"It was enough to vex a saint,  
The trees in everlasting green  
The flowers and fruit forever seen."

Her brother, Winter, grave and grim,  
Said, "it was all a bore to him,  
The little Zephyrs dance and sing  
But couldn't blow worth anything.  
He'd like to show them what to do  
And teach those winds a thing or two."

Summer and Spring were quite aghast  
And loud a protest raised at last.  
"The world was beautiful just so.  
They wouldn't have it changed. Oh, No.  
To heed such talk was surely shame  
And Mother Nature much to blame."

In vain she tried a weary while  
Their difference to reconcile.  
They couldn't, shouldn't, wouldn't do  
Another thing she told them to.  
And each one thought his way was best  
And yielded nothing to the rest.

At length an inspiration came;  
"Children, be quiet," said the Dame,  
"Since there is naught but discord here,  
I will divide the rolling year,  
And each in turn shall work his will  
And I be mistress of you still.

“Mine is the sunshine and the shower  
And every budding leaf and flower;  
I plant the verdure for Spring’s feet  
And Summer’s roses, fair and sweet;  
Give Autumn’s mantle, red and gold,  
And Winter’s snow and icy cold.

“Harmonious, ye were meant to dwell  
To bless the earth, we love so well  
With tempered heat and colors fair  
And waters cool and balmy air.  
Apart, your work imperfect lies  
Till joined again in Paradise.”



## THE SON OF GOD WHO WAS THE SON OF MAN.

\* \* \*

(Written for Mrs. Emma Booth Tucker, who sent a most graceful acknowledgment not very long before her death.)

He walked along the common way.  
No pride of place, no robe of state,  
No fellowship with rich and great  
Debarred Him from the multitude.  
The poor, the blind, the sick, the lame,  
Earth's wretched ones of every name,  
Crowded about Christ's blessed feet,  
Walking the noisy, dusty street.

In simplest words of common speech,  
His heavenly lesson gently taught  
And answered every soul that sought  
With "Go in peace. Thy soul is free  
From every sin. Believe in me."  
The outcast whom the world despised,  
Those tortured ones whom all men feared,  
Restored to life the hope again.

And some there are who love Him so,  
They take His life of sacrifice;  
They seek the lost in sin and woe;  
Proclaim His love and saving power  
And show the common walks of life,  
Glorious with faith and rich with joy.  
Honor that noble band and true  
Who give their lives, His work to do;  
God's worth to do, Christ's work to do;  
Who give their lives, His work to do.

# A SONG OF PRAISE.

\* \* \*

Our God, the infinite Father  
Tempt not nor can deceive,  
And every good and perfect gift  
We from his love receive.  
O, sing his perfect goodness  
His wondrous love proclaim,  
Till all his erring children  
Join in the glad refrain.

Abundant life He giveth  
Who is our life indeed,  
The fullness of His being  
Supplies our every need.  
O, sing His loving kindness  
A sweet and joyous strain,  
Till all His needy children  
Join in the glad refrain.

His Son, our loving Saviour  
Is calling us today  
To live as he has taught us  
The life, the truth, the way.  
O, sing the love of Jesus  
His saving grace proclaim  
Till all God's wayward children  
Join in the glad refrain.

He came that he might bring us  
That promised blessed day,  
When every sin is vanquished,  
And sorrow flees away.  
O, sing His glorious victory  
A loud, triumphant strain,  
Till all God's happy children  
Join in the glad refrain.

## MOUNTAIN VIEW BROOK.

\* \* \*

Here we sit in a shady nook  
Close beside this mountain brook  
That rushes and leaps its way along,  
Singing such a merry song,  
It drives away all anxious care  
And gives us of its joy a share.

The joy of being what God intends,  
Just going His way and serving His ends,  
With never a thought for more or less,  
The secret of all happiness.  
O, little brook, teach us to be  
As bright, as happy and as free.

From every thought of self as free,  
As happy as God's child should be,  
Reflecting brightly all His grace,  
Doing His will in every place;  
As you, the rocks, so we, each duty  
Transform into an added beauty.

## A FAREWELL

\* \* \*

As graves the sculptor the marble block,  
With now a deep cut, telling stroke,  
And then with delicate, exquisite lines,  
The ideal form of grace and beauty ;  
So doth God work with human souls,  
With now the gifts of love and joy,  
And then He takes away, as He sees best  
To fit us for the perfectness He plans.  
The statue can not feel or understand  
But we may know and trust His hand  
And yield our will to His who shapes our lives.

To us, also, is given the power  
To help or mar the growth of souls,  
Our own and others. O, shall we not  
Have sympathy with every true desire  
For truth, for beauty, for a noble life?  
It is the purest joy that we can have  
So to aspire with other souls  
Up to the source of light and love and good.  
May God so speed us on our way,  
And fit us for true service here on earth  
And for the blessed company of those  
Who do God's will in heaven, with nobler powers,  
Where none need say, as now, "Farewell."







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