

HELPFUL THOUGHTS

P S

3531

E9257H4

1915



Class PS3531
Book E957H4
Copyright N^o 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



F. OTIS PETTS

HELPFUL THOUGHTS

BY

F. OTIS PETTS



SPIRITUAL ALLIANCE CO.

PUBLISHERS

LAKE PLEASANT, MASS.

79-581
E957H4
1915

Copyright, 1915,
by
F. OTIS PETTS



AUG 26 1915

\$1.00

©Cl. A 410240

201

TO MRS. L. A. HALL MY
FOSTER-MOTHER
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

Perhaps a word in regard to how this book came to be published, may be of interest to the reader.

Writing of verse being out of my line until three years ago, one day in writing to a friend of mine I found in reading it over that I had written it in rhyme, and from that time I have continued writing under inspiration, and as they have been very helpful to me (spiritually) I felt it my duty to put them before the people, hoping they might bring consolation, and be an aid to the upliftment of humanity.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Prayer	1
The Keystone of Life	2
A Query: What is Prayer	3
The Beacon	4
The Angels are Near	4
An Appeal by Silver Star	5
A Reverie	6
God's Mercy	7
Twilight Thoughts	8
Do They Miss Me?	9
Christmas Time	10
A Prayer	10
They Gather Them in	11
The Pansy	13
Where	13
The Spirit's Message	14
Sweet Thought	16
A Thought of Love	16
Seeking the Light	16
A Pipe Dream	18
A Lesson from the Violets	20
A Tribute to Onset	22
Are You Ready?	23
My Answer	23
When the Roll is Called up Yonder	25
Angel Voices	26
Nobleness	27
Then and Now	28

Contents

	PAGE
Angel Loved Ones	29
Songs of the Night	29
An Appeal	30
A Loving Message	30
Someone's Boy	31
A Sweet Thought	32
An Old Proverb	32
The Call of the Master	33
Look Within	33
A Soliloquy	34
Not one Star	34
Memory	35
Another Day	35
To My Brother	36
Angel Voices	37
In Memory of Mother	38
Just Believe	40
I Wonder	40
In Memory	42
Our Loved Ones	43
Sunday Morn	44
Why	45
A Reverie	45
The Flower	46
Lines to a Lady	46
God is Love	47
A Christmas Greeting	48
The Tired Heart	49
Good Cheer	51
A Christmas Greeting	53

Contents

	PAGE
Memories of the Past	53
The Longing Heart	55
A Little Child	56
The Holy Spirit	57
Some Day Somewhere	58
Out of the Past	60
Which was it?	61
At the Fork of the Roads	62
Thankfulness	63
Mother Darling	64
Consolation	65
Sweet Rest	66
In Memory of a Friend	67
Christmas Eve	68
Which is Right?	69
The Ripened Grain	71
The Appeal	72
Courage	73
Don't	74
Clouds	75
The Mystic Sound	76
Beckoning to me	77
Hope	78
Be Ready	79
In Answer	80
To My Friend	81
Gone to Sleep	82
In Memory of a little Child	82
A Friend's Advice	84
Beautiful Rest	84

Contents

	PAGE
Beyond	85
Meditation	86
The Prayer	87
There are no Dead	87
The Spirit of Love	88
Silence	89
The Waif	89
New Life	90
Who	90
In Memory of a Friend	91
Memory of a Friend	92
Face to Face	93
Close to Thee	94
Some Day	94
The Beautiful Land	95
The Reaper	96
The Message	96
Mother Darling	97
Our Departed	99
Give Thanks	99
The Angels are Calling	100
Faith	101
A Lone Traveller	102
On the Passing to Spirit-life	103
A Memory	105
The Real Judge	106
Across the Border Land	107
A Dream of Heaven	108
A Thought	109
After Awhile	109

Contents

	PAGE
Sunshine	110
Lead Me On	110
Ask and Ye Shall Receive	111
The Twilight Hour	112
Prophecy	112
Days of Sunshine	113
Don't	114
Friendship	114
The Angel in the House	115



THE PRAYER

Oh! thou great and holy One,
Enter thou into our hearts tonight,
And bring us from the world beyond,
Thoughts that will make our life more bright.

We more than need thy gentle care
To guide our feet aright,
And thus we bow in silent prayer,
And ask for strength tonight.

For well we know that thou can'st give,
The healing balm to wounded hearts,
And give us strength that we may live,
To shun life's cruel darts.

The blessings of the Angel World,
Will fall in tenderest care,
On us the children of the earth,
Who lift our thoughts in prayer.

Not prayer alone can waft the soul,
To realms of peace and bliss,
But we must act as well, there by,
Help others to accomplish this.

Our Spirit friends extend a hand,
To help us in our striving,
To help our brother man we'll find,
That life is worth the living.

And now may thy blessing rest on us all,
The sick and the needy, the large and the small,
The rich and the poor, may they go hand in hand,
That all may be blended in one spiritual band.

And then will our lives be one living song,
And be heard round the world near and far,
And when we pass on, for it will not be long,
We'll enter our rest through the gate just ajar.

The Keystone of Life

THE KEYSTONE OF LIFE

Over the gate of heaven,
There is an arch of light,
Set with jewels three in number,
Representing, God is might.

Truth, wisdom, love, are
The jewels that I see,
And as I gaze upon them,
This message comes to me.

Truth is the foundation,
Which we should treasure for its sake,
Wisdom, is the keystone of life,
Of which we should all partake.

Love, is the Godly Principal,
With which we should fill the heart.
And no one here has got so low,
But still he is a part.

Why seek the bad when there is so much
Of good within the soul,
Are we more capable to judge?
Than the Divine? Judge of us all?

Do we think our house more cleanly?
Than our neighbors o'er the way?
That we should judge so harshly,
Come tell me: do I pray.

There's none of us without our faults,
No hearts so pure I wean,
But if we searched them closely,
We would find them far from clean.

Then let us speak in kindness,
Of our brother man my friend,
For with all their faults there is some good,
Which will count for them in the end.

A Query: What is Prayer?

Our mission here upon the earth,
Is to uplift, and guide
Our weaker brother who lacks the strength,
His weaknesses to subside.

When we have reached the portal,
When we have crossed the bar,
When the soul has left the mortal,
And has gone from earth afar.

If we have fulfilled our mission,
In kindness and in love,
Our loved will give us welcome,
When we reach our home above.

There's a crown of glory waits you,
Set with jewels rich and rare,
Made by hands you love so dearly,
For you'll know each other there.

Then let us strive to win the prize
That awaits us there on high,
Where we'll meet our Angel loved ones,
In that grand sweet by and by.

A QUERY: WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer? Why prayer is the thought that ascendeth
From the innermost depths of the soul,
That our spirits with God may be blended,
For we all are a part of the whole.

A thought that goes forth in anger,
May bring us discomfort and pain,
For thoughts are but prayers, though unspoken,
And to us will return once again.

The Angels are Near

Then let us beware of the thought we send forth,
For we'll reap the same that we sow,
Let our thoughts be the seeds of kindness and love,
That the harvest an abundance may show.

THE BEACON

Keep the Beacon light a-burning,
Let it shine out near and far,
It may pilot some wrecked sailor,
Into port inside the bar.
Don't neglect your trust, my brother,
Temptation's rocks are in the way,
Of the ships tossed on life's ocean,
Let your light shine out today.

THE ANGELS ARE NEAR

The Angels are hovering o'er us today,
The air is filled with love,
They come that we may be inspired,
With thoughts of home above.

Resist temptation while you may,
Is the thought that comes to me,
For if you don't, some other day
May bring you misery.

When our hearts are filled with gladness,
Then our thoughts ascend on high,
Then our souls are freed from sadness,
And echoes from the loved ones nigh.

Let us give a smile of welcome,
As each earthly friend we meet,
Extend the hand of friendly greeting,
That shall cause the heart with love to beat.

An Appeal by Silver Star

Sow the seed of human kindness,
As we wend our way each day,
It will sooth our own heart's sorrow,
Make us feel more blithe and gay.

Never mind the things of earth, dear,
Have your thoughts for things on high,
And they'll rebound again to your credit,
In that long sweet bye and bye.

AN APPEAL BY SILVER STAR

Oh, Angel of dawn, descend today,
To gladden the hearts of the sad and the gay,
And drop in their hearts a seed of love,
That may grow and blossom in the garden above.

For there is not one, on the earth so bad,
But in their heart there's a grain of good,
And if approached in a gentle way,
It will spring into life at a kindly word.

Oh, Brothers and Sisters, it behoves us now,
As through life's pathway we wend our way,
To send a thought as in prayer we bow,
That will bring some loved one to God today.

Oh, may the time come on apace,
To do the work marked out for me,
That I may see thy loving face,
And lift the veil that they may see.

It makes me sad as I look around,
And see the gloom around me placed,
But then I know in the great beyond,
That the spirit of love will that gloom efface.

A Reverie

Take courage then, Oh sad of heart,
And give your thoughts to those above,
For in that haven all things lie,
For God is love, and love can never die.

Oh, Angel of Love, send forth that power,
That shall brighten our pathway here,
And the essence of love to us be brought,
And make our vision clear.

My thoughts are ever going forth,
To the loved ones gone away,
To that beautiful home beyond the blue,
Where they will greet me too, some day.

A REVERIE

Did you ever stop to think dear friend,
Of the home just over there?
Where we in the evening twilight,
Waft our thoughts in quiet prayer?

Did you ever feel the softness
Of the touch of a loving friend?
As they lay their gentle fingers
On our head, that in grief we bend?

Just think, that your friends are near you,
Just think, they have not gone far,
That there is only a thin veil between you,
That they've only just crossed the bar.

That they're waiting there to meet you,
When your Earth life's work is o'er,
With a smile they'll wait to greet you,
And throw open wide the door.

God's Mercy

They are doing all they can, dear one,
To make our sad hearts light,
To tell us of the life beyond,
Of the home so fair and bright.

Then let us help them all we can,
Their loving message to us bring,
To so uplift our brother man,
That we may their praises sing.

Then let us seek the good of others,
And think not of the bad,
For know ye not, they are our brothers?
That we must try and make them glad?

For the spirit must soon lay aside,
This earth form to arise,
To dwell with those beyond the tide
In that home beyond the skies?

There we will meet the loved ones,
That we thought had gone afar,
But we'll find when we awaken,
That they've only crossed the bar.

GOD'S MERCY

God in his mercy will make things right,
And smooth out our sorrows and cares,
And all things in the future will look more bright,
For uplifting our thoughts in prayers.

What today we think is wrong,
Tomorrow will seem more clear,
And our hearts now sad, will burst forth in song,
That will wipe away the tear.

Twilight Thoughts

For he hath said, come unto me,
When the heart is sore oppressed,
And I will give love that you may see,
That all things are for the best.

For good deeds are the records
Of love born in the heart,
Derived from acts of kindness,
Of which God is a part.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

To-night as I sit thinking,
Thinking of the days to come,
Wondering what there was before me,
And if I'd have to roam?
When I heard a voice beside me,
Whisper softly in my ear,
"Do not worry for the future,
All is well, thy friends are near."

It gave me renewed courage,
To know our friends are near,
So I think I'll still keep forging on
Without a doubt or fear.
It puts new life into our hearts,
To know a helping hand
Is ever ready to lend aid,
Another start may be more grand.

Then do not give up hope, my friend,
For life is what we make it;
And if you've had a doubtful thought,
I pray you now forsake it;
For seed that's sown on mellow soil,
Takes root and brings forth bloom.
And will repay you for your toil,
And give you courage to resume.

Do They Miss Me?

The harvest will be greater, and
Fill the store house full of grain,
That will repay you for the toil,
Relieve the heart from grief and pain,
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
I think I hear you sing,
O, Grave where is thy Victory?
O, Death, where is thy Sting?

DO THEY MISS ME?

Do they miss me at the fireside,
As the twilight hour draws near?
Would they miss my humble presence,
If it did not bring them cheer?

Would my voice be missed in singing,
Of the hymns we sang that night,
When we gathered in the circle,
And the future seemed so bright?

Many times my thoughts turn backward,
To the days that have been spent,
From cheery conversation,
That the powers above had lent.

If the angels have our destiny,
In their hands as people say,
I wonder they don't tell us,
So that we may know the way.

If they would so impress the brain
That we could know for sure,
Which step to take for betterment,
And avoid the evil door.

But the step we take and think is right,
Oft proves to be the wrong,
And the only thing that I can see,
Is to do our best and struggle on.

A Prayer

For we can never change or mar,
Old Mother Nature's plan,
So I am content to leave my fate,
To the loved in Spirit land.

CHRISTMAS TIME

Another year has rolled around,
And brought Christmas to our door,
To delight the hearts of children,
With gifts from Santa's store;
We can hear their shouts of laughter,
Ringing through the frosty morn,
And hear the bells proclaiming
Unto us a child is born.

Children singing Christmas Carols,
Of the birth at Bethlehem,
Telling us the joyous tidings,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Let us shout our glad hosannas,
That shall ring through heaven's dome,
Echo, and re-echo ever,
Till we reach our heavenly home.

A PRAYER

God of love, give us thy blessing,
As we meet here to sing thy praise,
Help the sick, the poor, the needy,
As in song their voice they raise.

Fill their hearts with love and kindness,
That shall spread through all the land,
And will give to others gladness,
Coming from thy loving hand.

They Gather Them In

Teach us all to do our duty,
Help the pilgrims on their way,
Then the soul in all its beauty,
Will reflect another day.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
The sun will shine again at dawn,
And our hearts, though sad and weary,
Will be lightened with the morn.

Bless thy children here, now gathered
To commune with loved ones gone,
It will give them peace and comfort,
Cheer the heart, now sad forlorn.

And we ask of thee, O Father,
To give them the strength of will,
That they may not ever falter,
To go forth and do thy will,

Oft times life seems hard to battle,
As we journey o'er the road,
But we know that with thy kindness
We can bear the heaviest load.

Now we ask thee in conclusion,
As we wend our weary way,
To cleanse our hearts from all confusion,
And make us happy all the day. Amen.

THEY GATHER THEM IN

They gather them in to the Shepherd's fold,
One by one, one by one,
The glories of heaven to behold,
After the earth life's toil is done.

They Gather Them In

Though the road of life has been hard and rough,
With thorns and tares o'er grown,
They have done their best and that is enough
To give then a place in the heavenly home.

Oh, do not weep for the cherished one,
Whose life on earth is ended,
For she awakes where all is peace,
For her life with God is blended.

Her place at the fireside can never be filled,
No matter how hard you may try;
The kind word, the smiles, she gave while here,
Is reflected by them, from on high.

Then let us smile as we wend our way
To the place where the form shall rest,
Well knowing her spirit this bright spring day,
Has its birth in the realms of the blessed.

The loving companion of years in the home,
Has left you in sorrow and grief,
But remember her sufferings now are o'er,
For the Reaper has brought her relief.

She stands by your chair, her hand on your head,
Her fingers are smoothing your hair,
Just think of your loved one as living, not dead,
And waiting for you over there.

So they gather them in one by one, one by one,
Your time will soon come, then you'll meet
The loving companion who left you to mourn,
But waiting your coming to greet.

The love that she bore you here below,
Is still retained above,
And through the spirit makes you know,
They still live on above.

Where?

They gather them in to the shepherd's fold,
Where the fields are fresh and green,
And waters flow from founts of gold,
And they're with us here, though by us unseen.

THE PANSY

This morning I picked a pansy,
And as I gazed into its face,
I thought, or at least I fancied
I saw within a modest grace.

A lesson of contentment,
Is what it would teach to thee,
As it raised its sweet face heaven-ward,
In humble simplicity.

What difference, if the other flowers
Are dressed in brighter hue,
I am just as God intended me,
And I can't change whate'er I do.

So I'm content with nature's plan,
And my mission I here fulfill,
By making man's pathway brighter,
And thereby do my Father's will.

Now brother, try and teach thyself,
Contentment, peace, and love,
By being patient with thy lot,
And all things will be righted when
You reach the home above.

WHERE?

Where, oh where is Shadowland,
We hear so much about,
Is it away off in some distant land
In some far place remote?

A Spirit's Message

Is it up among the mountains,
Or in the oceans blue,
Or in the dark deep caverns,
Set aside for the chosen few?

Ah! no, dear heart, not so, not so,
The Shadowland I mean,
Is here within our midst, although
We cannot see beyond the screen.

Our vision is not keen enough
To penetrate the cloud-drift,
Until we've learned the lesson here,
To forgive, and others to uplift.

And when we've reached that height of love,
Toward all creatures grand,
Then we shall get a glimpse of heaven
Within the Shadowland.

Then we shall know the meaning
Of the mystery of God's hand,
Then we shall see beyond the vale,
Into that Shadowland.

A SPIRIT'S MESSAGE

Let not the clouds of sorrow
Obscure the rays of light,
That radiates from heaven,
The home where all is bright.

Our friend has just passed over
The threshold into realms of love,
Free from the pangs of grief and pain,
That are of earth, but not above.

A Spirit's Message

Her mission here has been fulfilled,
Upon this mundane earth,
She has gone to Him to dwell in peace,
The God, who gave us birth.

Don't think she has left you here alone,
For that's not God's decree,
But to inspire us with the love,
That emanates from them to thee.

It throws a pall of sadness o'er,
The Spirit that has gone,
To look back from the other shore,
And see our hearts forlorn.

I hear this message wafted,
Back from the home above,
That mother still is with you,
And still sheds a mother's love.

And remember, I am with you,
Though the veil obscures your sight,
To guard, to bless, and keep you,
In the pathway of the right.

I was with you as you gazed upon
The form I left behind,
And tried to tell you then, dear,
That God is ever kind.

So put aside the sorrow,
That fills your heart today,
And on the coming morrow,
Try and be more light and gay.

For I will be more happy,
Here in my home above,
In the home I'll come and cheer you,
For you'll feel my touch of love.

Seeking the Light

It won't be many years, my child,
Before we'll meet again,
In the summer land of promise,
And the heart is free from pain.

Look up and onward ever,
Let your thoughts ascend on high,
And I'll greet you in the morning,
In that grand sweet by and bye.

SWEET THOUGHTS

Praise the Angels now here gathered
From the heavenly home above,
With greetings from our loved ones,
And messages of love.

They tell us of the beauties
That await us there on high,
And the songs of love awaiting
Our coming bye and bye.

A THOUGHT OF LOVE

Dear friend, let thy light so shine, that its rays may reach to some poor wayfarer who is struggling along the dark road of despair; that he may find it a beacon light of truth which may guide him into the harbor of faith and love, and thereby fill his heart with that divine love that passeth all understanding.

SEEKING THE LIGHT

Draw near unto thy child tonight,
From thy abode above,
That we may feel the love light
That comes from thy great love.

Seeking the Light

I am sitting alone in the silence,
Searching with all my might
The innermost part of my being,
Trying to find the light.

And I question myself in this way,
Who are you? that you should judge,
Your fellowman's shortcomings,
When your own you wont divulge.

How easy it is to see the faults,
Of our neighbor across the way,
Whose life may be burdened with grief and care,
Without a kind word from day to day.

Put yourself in their place,
With environments the same,
And see if you could better do
Before you others blame.

There is many a one that goes to church,
With a sanctimonious face,
That, when at behind closed doors,
Make a Hades of the place.

Ye who are without sin, saith the Lord,
The first stone, cast with all thy might,
But none was cast, but with hanging head,
They disappeared from sight.

They who are free from taint themselves,
No poison darts will fling,
For they see no evil in the world,
But of its beauties sing.

Our duty to that weary one,
Is plain, we all can see,
Then speak a word in kindly tone,
Smooth out their troubled sea.

A Pipe Dream

Let us pledge ourselves this duty,
And to that pledge be true,
Do unto others that ye would,
That they should do to you.

If these thoughts are sent out daily,
They will spread out far and near,
And the world will be far better,
To live in while we are here.

And when our time shall come
To close our weary eyes,
May the Angels bid us welcome,
To that home beyond the skies.

And as we pass within the gate,
To the land of peaceful rest,
May we say to those we leave behind,
"I am glad, I've done my best."

A PIPE DREAM

One eve as I sat blowing,
The smoke from my old clay pipe,
These thoughts from my heart went flowing,
Out into the bright moonlight.

I thought I saw an Angel bright,
Descend from heaven's blue dome,
Dressed in garments pure as light,
To tell me of the heavenly home.

And as she stood beside my chair,
I saw within the wreaths of smoke,
A vision of beauty, oh, so rare,
And as it formed the Angel spoke.

A Pipe Dream

I thought she laid her hand in mine,
And said, just come with me,
To where the fields are fresh and green,
And view the home prepared for thee.

She led me to a shady nook
Its banks bedecked with flowers rare,
Beside a little babbling brook,
And every bloom a prayer.

And hidden in among the trees,
A cottage stood and it was made of pearl,
And in the doorway, hands out stretched,
Stood waiting, my little girl.

Oh, papa, welcome to our home,
Come in and take a seat,
And as I clasped her in my arms,
My heart with rapture beat.

The air was filled with music sweet,
I asked from whence it come,
She said it was the Angel choir,
Singing to welcome me to their home.

I drank in the perfume of the flowers,
I sipped the waters cool,
I basked in the bright warm sunshine,
I bathed in the crystal pool.

And soon there came a host of friends,
To greet me with a smile,
My heart was full of gladness,
Without a thought of guile.

I felt so light and airy,
No ache or pain had I,
It seemed like the home of a fairy,
With all my loved ones nigh.

A Lesson from the Violets

Then suddenly the vision passed,
My pipe dream then was o'er,
But then I know some future time,
I shall see my child once more.

The pain that your going has caused me, poor child,
Can never be healed this side of the grave,
But knowing your presence is here, it helps soothe,
And to ease us of pain and help us be brave.

So Father in Heaven, draw near to us now,
Impress us with that, which may gladden our
hearts,
And lay thy soft hand on our aching brow,
And say we shall meet again, never to part.

A LESSON FROM THE VIOLETS

While roaming through the wild-wood,
One bright warm day in June,
And thinking of God's wondrous ways,
And the flowers that fade so soon,
I came upon a patch of blue
Whose violet faces sweet,
Were nodding to the warm bright sun,
In their bed of green so neat.

And as I sat me down to rest
Beneath a shady tree,
The perfume of these bright blue flowers,
Brought these sweet thoughts to me.
Why so much happier are the flowers,
That dwell in yonder dell,
Than we who dwell in houses?
Violet, to me the secret tell.

Then a wee little face looked up and said,
"You first must contentment learn,
Before you find the happiness
For which your poor heart yearns.

A Lesson from the Violets

For it was God's hand that placed you here,
To carry out the plan,
Of progress, which will fit you
For your home, in that brighter land.

“ We care not what the world may think,
Or what the world may do,
As long as we do our duty,
And it should be the same with you.
We are often crushed by man's dull tread.
Left in pain and sorrow here,
And forgive, as we raise our bruised head,
For we know God's hand is near.

“ To sustain us in our sorrows
And this lesson we give to you,
And we say in our pain, ‘ Father forgive,
For they know not what they do.’
No matter if our forms are bent,
By the cruel tread of man.
If our souls are only pure and clean,
And we do the best we can.

“ So let it be the same with you,
Forgive, harsh word, or blow.
For God in his mercy, will care for us all,
And that is enough to know,
To feel that we are doing right,
No matter what others may say,
As long as the sun in our heart is bright,
And we feel we have done some good today.

“ Look upward and onward,
And keep pressing on,
And you will find in contentment,
Life, is one long sweet song.”
And as I turned homeward,
My heart was more gay,
For the violets had taught me,
A grand lesson that day.

A Tribute to Onset

The birds singing anthems,
The trees breathing prayers,
Had relieved my tired heart
Of its sorrow and cares.
And now, reader, take warning,
And try contented to be,
Like the violets whose secrets,
Were revealed unto me.

A TRIBUTE TO ONSET

There is a cottage at old Onset,
That they call the Lodge of Rest,
Where I spent a week this summer,
It's a cozy little nest.

Young maples, oaks, and pine trees,
Grow round the cottage door,
With a pleasant chatty hostess,
Need one ask for any more?

At the wigwam in the valley,
One can get good spiritual food,
And if you have an illness,
Healers there will do you good.

At the Temple, one can get his fill,
Of wholesome food for thought,
That the inspired speakers give him
Right from God, that can't be bought.

If one seeks the spirit's guidance,
And will live the golden rule,
He will find his life more happy,
And sweet peace unto the soul.

My Answer

ARE YOU READY?

Are you ready, brother, ready,
For the call of the reaper Death?
Are you ready for the summons,
That shall end your earthly breath?

It is not reaper Death that takes,
Us from this earthly plane,
It is reaper Life, that gathers in
The ripened wheat and grain.

Don't wait until you hear the call
Before your cry for help is made.
But seek your angel loved ones,
Who are anxious for to aid

Your tired soul to so expand,
Your heart to lighter grow,
That you may feel the gentle touch
Press softly on your fevered brow.

God gave to us the mandate,
To love our brother man,
Which will bring us peace and comfort,
And bring us nearer Shadowland.

It is only just beyond the vale,
Where fields are fresh and green,
And the air is filled with voices
Of loved ones, yet by us unseen.

MY ANSWER

You ask me why I'm lonely?
Why I'm blue and sad of heart?
My friend I'd tell you, only
It makes the old wound smart.

My Answer

My life has been so dreary,
One long and darksome road,
That I hate to talk about it,
Dread to lift the heavy load.

Once my hopes and aspirations
Were as bright as burnished gold,
Till a cloud shut out the sunlight,
And my heart grew hard and cold.

And it seemed as if I'd perish
From the blow that pierced the heart,
But this thought I deeply cherish,
God is good, He soothed the smart.

Do not censure for not imparting
That which was buried long ago,
To tell it would cause me many a heartache,
The like, I hope you'll never know.

"The darkest clouds are lined with silver,"
Sang the Poet in his song,
But for me there is no brightness
Breaking through the clouds at morn.

For my loved ones all are dwelling
In the home beyond the blue,
In songs their voices now are swelling,
Songs of old, though ever new.

Patiently I wait the summons
Of the boatman on the shore,
To bear me to that land supernal,
In peace to dwell for evermore.

Me-thinks I feel their angel presence
As in silence I sit alone,
For o'er me steals that soothing essence
That radiates from our heavenly home.

When the Roll is Called up Yonder

Let me live my own life, my way,
Doing good where e're I can,
For it makes my heart the lighter
Helping my brother man.

Oh, come with me, my sister, brother,
Along the road that leads to bliss
Where spirit can commune with spirit
And the angel world sheds light on this.

We need no creeds or dogmas,
No sermons preached by man
To tell us of the beauties
Of that glorious Shadowland.

Our inner self will teach us
If we harken to the voice
That prompts us to our duty,
And bids us take our choice.

Of going forth to battle
With inharmony for our sword,
Or, sending forth a love thought
Followed by a kindly word.

Bear ye one another's burdens
As you go through life, my friend,
And you'll find your own the lighter
As you near your journey's end.

When you pass beyond the border
Of the cloud-drift, then you'll find,
That by being kind to others
You have gained God's love divine.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When I hear the angel voices call me to the other
shore,
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair,

Angel Voices

When the loved of earth shall meet to dwell in peace
for evermore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning, where the
fields are fresh and green,
And our hearts are free from sorrow and from
care,
We shall meet our loved in glory and shall know as
we are known.
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Oh, the joy of greeting loved ones as we cross the
border-land
And the burdens of the sad, then we may share.
We shall sing the song of peace and love, in that
happy angel band.
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder
I'll be there.

ANGEL VOICES

Listen, don't you hear the singing
Of that angel choir grand,
Messages of love they are bringing
To us from that summer land.

Sweetest music, how angelic,
Played upon their harps of gold
And in song their voices blending
Tells the story, new yet old.

Nobleness

Rising, falling, like a cloud-drift
Floating round us to and fro,
Filling hearts with joy and gladness
While they are singing soft and low.

Always happy, always joyous,
Hearts brim full of love and peace,
Some day we will join their number,
Some day earthly cares will cease.

Then we'll see the holy city,
Many mansions there we'll see,
Then they'll ask in tones of pity
If there's one that's built for me.

Mansions there are, built while living
On the earth plane here below,
With kind deeds, kind words, and giving
Charity to those in need, you know.

NOBLENESS

What is more noble in mankind
Than one with a will of his own,
Who dares to say no, and means it
When temptations around him are thrown;
Who follows the teachings of Mother
That she taught when a child, at her knee,
Who to self dares be upright and honest,
That is the Man for me.

Don't mind the laughter of comrades
When you tell them you don't smoke and drink,
For they in the end will respect you,
Ah yes, my boy, more than you think,
And your friends, and the angels, will guard you
Into paths that are narrow and straight,
That leads to the portals of heaven
With a welcome of joy at the gate.

Then and Now

THEN AND NOW

Years ago when in my childhood
Thoughts of heaven came to me,
When I roamed throughout the wildwood
Or knelt at night at mother's knee.

Hosts of faces came before me,
Faces framed in mist it seemed,
And they smiled on me so kindly,
Kindly, like a warm sunbeam.

But in years, as I grew older,
Again they came all wreathed in light,
And they'd tap me on the shoulder,
Till I'd hide my face in fright.

Now, I know it was the loved ones,
From the unseen world above,
Come to teach me life eternal,
And all there is to life is love.

Now I see with clearer vision
Than I did when in my youth,
And I know it is our mission
To spread forth the spiritual truth.

And I hope to do my duty
Unto those to truth are blind,
That their hearts may see the beauty
In the act of being kind.

That their hearts may be the lighter,
And their soul may so expand,
And their lives may be the brighter,
When they reach the summer land.

Songs of the Night

ANGEL LOVED ONES

Angel loved ones, gather here,
Bring us messages of love,
Let us feel your presence near,
Radiant from your home above.
For we need thy guiding hand,
E're our feet should go astray,
Lead us to the summer land,
Into the realms of perfect day.

Fill our hearts with sweet content,
While on earth we struggle on,
When our earthly life is spent
We may greet the gladsome morn.
Loving friends we then shall see,
Waiting on the tideless shore,
With our own we'll surely be,
And we'll part with them no more.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

Oh, sing me a song of the eventide,
As nature is sinking to rest,
The birdlings all nestled beneath the
Wing, and close to their mother's breast.

I love to hear the night bird's coo,
As they sing their love songs to their mate,
And the wise old owl sings to-who, to-who,
As he sits on the garden gate.

The oriole, calling its mate to rest,
To its home in the maple tree,
And to hear the cry of the whip-poor-will,
Is oh! such sweet music to me.

A Loving Message

And as my head on my pillow I lay,
And list to the songs of the night,
It fills my heart with love, and I say
God is good and all things are right.

And I drift away to the land of nod,
To the songs of the eventide,
And I know if I die, I'll go to God,
O'er the waves of the crystal tide.

AN APPEAL

Loving friends draw near to me,
Let me of thy beauties see,
Open up the gate-way wide,
That I may get a glimpse inside.

The portal of the heavenly spheres,
From whence the light of life appears,
And teach us wisdom, love, and peace,
And make our hearts as white as fleece.

A LOVING MESSAGE

Mother, I come to greet you,
To fill your heart with cheer.
To tell you that your spirit friends
Are with you now and here.

The longing of your lonely heart
Sometime will be fulfilled,
Within that land of promise
By God, for He so willed.

Be patient, calm and cheerful
And smile instead of frown,
To fret and mourn is fearful
And will never win the crown.

Someone's Boy

When the ripened grain is ready
For the reaper's sickle keen,
With a stroke that's strong and steady
He will lay it low I wean.

But though laid low, 'twill rise again
In living fields of green,
To wave in golden glory
Forever on the scene.

SOMEONE'S BOY

I have a little offering,
It isn't very great,
But it may ease the suffering
Of someone near the gate.

One day a weary pilgrim
Drew near my outer door,
And asked if I would help him,
For he was very poor.

I gladly gave him food to eat,
A warm coat for his back,
God grant that I may never
A deed of kindness lack.

He thanked me o'er and o'er again,
It filled my heart with joy,
To know I eased another's pain—
For he was some mother's boy.

So let us ever help the sad,
That o'er our pathway stray,
T'will ever make our own hearts glad,
By doing kind deeds day, by day.

An Old Proverb

It's darkest just before the dawn,
Is a proverb old and true,
And shadows flee at approaching morn
For me as well as you.

Then don't despair, for joy will come,
And life will seem more bright,
Reflections from our heavenly home
Will make all things come right.

A SWEET THOUGHT

Sweet the hour when I shall greet you,
Child of love, so pure and sweet,
For I know that I shall meet you,
When life's journey here's complete.
For I know that you'll be waiting
By that ever tideless sea,
For the coming of the boatman
That shall bear me home to thee.

AN OLD PROVERB

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Is a proverb we've heard for years,
And a true one, for which I can vouch for,
For it banishes trouble and fears;
For when we are joyous and happy,
In our life no trouble finds place,
So then each day let us always
Be seen with a smile on our face.

It's one of the best of cure-alls,
Of the ills we imagine we have,
And by laughing we avoid many pitfalls,
That we meet on land and on wave.

Look Within

If you meet a grouch on your travels,
Looking for trouble or fight,
Just laugh and tell him it's folly,
And most always he'll say you are right.

So it pays to speak in kindness,
To the pilgrims we meet on the way,
It may help to free them from blindness
Of anger, which they might display,
A laugh and a kindly word spoken,
Will cause wrath to turn into love,
And by so doing, the angels of heaven,
Will shower blessings on you from above.

THE CALL OF THE MASTER

Did you ever sit by the bedside
Of a *friend* just passing away?
And notice the expression of sweetness,
That over *their* features would play?
The expression of peace, joy and gladness,
That in life you had ne'er seen before,
T'was the joy that *they* feel at the greeting
Of loved ones they meet on the shore.

Should we feel the sadness of parting?
With those we have loved long and well,
When we know their going from earth life,
Means progress of life! Who can tell?
My faith stronger grows as I witness,
The peaceful expression of death,
And I long for the call of the master,
And will welcome the reaper called Death.

LOOK WITHIN

I look within my inner self to see if
All is well,
And if a fault I find therein, unto
My God I tell,

Not One Star

In humble prayer and faith I ask
To free my heart from guile,
In meek and lowly humbleness,
As if I was a child,
Before the bar of God I stand, with
Meek and contrite heart,
And pray to him, the oversoul
To remove the poisoned dart,
And when I knock upon the door,
Wide open it will swing, and I hear
The angels voices say, dear child, come, enter in.

A SOLILOQUY

Why is it my lot to be lonely,
With no companion to bless?
The last years of life, if I only
Had some one to love and caress.
I cannot see why I should suffer,
I've done the best that I could,
I've wasted my life for another
And have tried to do as I should.
My wife, children all, have been taken,
And left me alone to my fate,
And I'm lonely, so lonely and shaken,
That the end now I patiently wait.
God grant that the strength may be given
To me till the summons shall come,
That calls weary pilgrims to heaven,
To dwell in that beautiful home.

NOT ONE STAR

There's not one star a shining,
To guide me on my way,
To ease the heart's repining
Of the sorrow of today,

Another Day

Perhaps when dawn awakens,
 There will be a hand stretch forth,
To guide me to that haven,
 Where the spirit has new birth.

Oh, that the gate might open,
 That I might enter in,
For I am tired of traveling
 Through this weary world of sin;
Not that I would shun my duty
 Or not another's burden share,
But I'm weary, weak, and footsore,
 And to go is now my prayer.

MEMORY

Memory is the master, and it wields a scepter bold,
And fills our hearts with sadness, as to us the past
 unfolds,
But a smiling face hides many a pain, in the heart of
 vain regret,
And the more we try, the harder we strive, the less
 we can forget.

ANOTHER DAY

Another day is ended, the time for rest has come,
Our souls, will soon be blended in our celestial home;
We'll know no care or sorrow there,
 But peace and joy and love,
With loving friends, we then will share,
 The heavenly home above.

And as we lay us down to rest upon our downy bed,
 We'll wake perhaps among the blessed,
For we know there are no dead,
 For Christ, who died and rose again,

To My Brother

Into that brighter realm,
Is captain of our destiny,
And is ever at the helm.

He'll guide our bark with safety,
Into that harbor fair,
Where we will meet our loved ones,
For we'll know each other there.

Then come, thou fount of every blessing,
Let thy love spread near and far
May its light the way illumine,
The loving souls, who cross the bar.

May the boat that bears them over,
Have for pilot, God's right hand,
That they may safely reach the harbor
Of that bright, that promised land,
Free our hearts of words, of hatred—
Plant within the seed of love,
Nourish them with thoughts of kindness
To be garnered in the home above.

TO MY BROTHER

There's a light in the window my brother, for thee,
in the window of the soul,
And if you follow that light, I see you reach someday
the goal,
Temptations will spring up along your path, and
hard to resist they will be,
But if steadfast and honest to self, you will find, that
others will help you to be.

Strength will be given you day by day
If you ask the All Father for aid,
And the angels of love will put in the way
A light that will illumine the shade;

Angel Voices

So be steadfast in purpose and steer your barque
straight
For the harbor that now is in sight,
And your success is sure, though to you it seems
late,
And your future will ever be bright.

God in his mercy will lighten the way
That now seems dark and drear,
For His loving kindness endures always,
And His guardian angels are near
To help and strengthen us here below
As we wend our weary way,
Though our path is rough, and our progress slow,
We will reach the goal someday.

We must not think of our own heartache
For there are others who need our care,
And to help to lighten their burdens today
Will help to lighten our share,
In meeting a poor weary one on the road
Just give them a nod and a smile,
It will give them new courage, and ease
Up their load, and we'll know in our hearts it's
worth while;
For the seeds that we sow in this life you'll find,
Will grow, be they evil or good,
And we'll reap the same, which ever the kind
So be watchful, and sow as we should.

ANGEL VOICES

Listen to the angel voices
Whispering in thy ear,
Telling of that life supernal,
Relieving us of fear.

In Memory of Mother

Telling us that all is brightness,
Be not afraid to cross the strand,
For as you enter the vale of shadows
God will take you by the hand.

And lead you out into the sunlight,
Into fields and pastures green,
By the waters pure as crystal,
Glistening like a silver sheen.

Why those tears? because I am leaving,
This old earth for pastures new,
You should not, my friend, be grieving,
Just because I leave your view.

You should know that I'll be near you,
Ever near you in the home,
Help to guard you and to guide you,
Through life's pathway, let what may come.

And as your spirit nears the gateway,
Of that land of sweet delight,
I will lighten up the pathway
That leads to where there is no night.

So dry those tears and be more cheerful,
Let thy heart be light and free,
For e'er long I'll come and take you,
Just beyond that tideless sea.

There you'll sing and shout with gladness,
There with friends you'll be once more,
There you'll find no sign of sadness,
There you'll dwell for evermore.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Another flower has withered,
The petals now have dropped,
The fragrance now is scattered,
For earthly life is stopped.

In Memory of Mother

It is gathered by the chemist,
In the laboratory of his love,
And perfume of their presence
Will descend from the home above.

You will miss the earthly presence
Of the mother in the home,
But you will feel the love of spirit,
For she'll linger in the home,
In the twilight of the evening,
In the sunshine, just the same,
You may feel her loving presence
As you sweetly speak her name.

She'll be ever near to guard you,
Help to ease your earthly pain,
So don't mourn the loved ones going,
For your loss is her great gain;
Loved ones waited at the border
Of that bright and glorious shore,
Loving hands stretched forth to help her
Into peace for ever more.

There's another in the home life,
A companion old and gray,
Who will soon receive the summons
To that land of perfect day,
Just think of the happy meeting
In that realm of spiritual life,
Of brothers, sister, loved ones,
Best of all, husband and wife.

Soon the veil for us will render,
And we'll see beyond the bar
Our heavenly home in all its splendor
Just within the gates ajar,
They'll be waiting, watching calmly,
Ever on that tideless shore,
Till the boatman bears them upward,
Where they'll meet to part no more.

I Wonder

JUST BELIEVE

May the love of the great Jehovah
Linger in my heart for aye,
And when the earth life's journey's over,
Take me to that perfect day.

There no evil can assail me,
There no sorrow, grief or care,
That's where peace and joy await me,
There with friends his love I'll share.

God is good, why should we doubt him?
Every burden he'll relieve,
Just have faith and trust within thee,
Cast out doubt and just believe.

Then you'll see with clearer vision
All the workings of his love,
Then you'll know, what is your mission,
To gain a home with him above.

Tarry not, oh weary pilgrim,
Be the roadway smooth or rough;
God is good, and He'll sustain thee,
Tell me, isn't that enough?

I WONDER

I wonder if it's sinful
If we want to pass along,
Into the world celestial, among the angel throng,
To be tired of the struggle, that is always with us
here,
To be always longing, longing, for the summer land
so near.

I wonder if the tired heart will ever find its rest,
Or are the stories told us nothing but a jest?

I Wonder

Why is it that our spirit friends one day tell us
things are fair?

And before us see no sorrow, no pain, no grief, no
care.

Next day they see no brightness, but darkness all
around,

And not a ray of sunshine, in our aura can be found;
It seems so very strange to me, but then I cannot
doubt,

For oftimes through the cloud drift, I can see our
loved about.

It's then that I take courage, to go on as before,

Then I hear a wee voice whisper,

Look up, and grieve no more.

There are others round about you, worse off, but
don't complain,

Seek out the weaker brother and try to ease his
pain.

It will make your own heart lighter

By helping others on,

And your life will be the brighter,

And give thanks that you are born;

No matter if you have not wealth

In wordly things of earth,

The mansion that you build in heaven

Is what will prove your worth.

So lay aside the thought of self

And do the best you can

To lift your brother's thoughts on high

And try and be a man.

The Christ cared not for earthly praise,

Nor what the world might say,

He only did his duty in his quiet pleasant way.

Take pattern by the Master and his principles
emulate,

It will uplift and give you joy

In Memory

And guide you to the gate.
Then forge along and think not of the cares that
gather round thee,
For as ye do it unto them, ye do it unto me.

The angel world looks from afar
And smiles on all good deeds,
You do not have to go to church
Or follow out their creeds.
To be a christian is to help
Your fellow men arise
To get a glimpse of God's bright home
Beyond the deep blue skies.

Then do not give up hope, my friend,
For life is what we make it,
And if you've had one doubtful thought
I pray you now forsake it.
For seed that's sown on mellow soil,
Takes root and brings forth bloom,
And will repay you for your toil
And give you courage to resume.

The harvest will be greater and
Fill the store-house full of grain,
That will repay you for the toil,
Relieve the heart from grief and pain;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
I think I'll hear you sing,
O grave where is your victory,
O death, where is your sting?

IN MEMORY

As I gaze upon the features
Of the friend whose mortal clay,
Who has gone the way of all God's creatures,
And joined the throng, just o'er the way.

Our Loved Ones

Many years he mingled with us,
By the tie of kinship dear,
But he's gone to meet the loved ones
Who are waiting over there.

Awaking just across the river,
Amidst the fields of emerald green,
Where all is peace and joy forever,
And not a cloud to mar the scene.

On the banks there stood to welcome
The companion of early days,
Among the host of loving angels,
Pure and white, now meet his gaze.

The shouts of welcome overwhelmed him
As his bark touched on the shore,
In his arms he clasped the loved one
Who had crossed the border just before.

Oh, the pleasure of reunion
Of loving hearts that beat as one,
Where we'll meet no more to sever
Just beyond the setting sun.

OUR LOVED ONES

Our loved have left the mortal,
To dwell in fairer lands,
They have stepped within the portal,
A home not made with hands.

They are waiting there to greet you
As you cross the sands of time,
And will be the first to meet you
In that home of peace sublime.

Sunday Morn

Be happy mother darling,
Don't mourn for me today,
For some day I'll be calling,
And will meet you on the way.

I am not dead but living,
In a land so bright and fair,
And with angels sweetly singing,
And someday I'll meet you there.

SUNDAY MORN

The bells are ringing their gladsome songs, to call the
people out
To church to pray and worship, and anthems there
to shout,
But I prefer to worship, in silence in my room,
And commune with loving angels, alone within the
home.

There I can get in rapport with the divine spirit of
us all,
And feel the heavenly presence as his blessings o'er
me falls,
My heart is filled with kindness, and peace, from the
home above,
And from out that room of silence I bring sweet
thoughts of love.

No shrine to me so sacred as the one we built at
home,
And consecrate to the oversoul, in the silence of our
room.
Then let our thoughts be thoughts of love, let us live
them day by day,
And then perchance the time may come we'll have
no need to pray.

A Reverie

WHY

Why do you doubt the spirits message
Flowing from the fount of gold,
When they tell you of the blessings
In a story new, yet old?

Time is nothing there in heaven,
For the year is but a day,
So accept of what is given,
It may help you on your way.

For your guardian spirits gather
Round your pathway every day,
And if you'll trust to them your welfare,
They will guide you, come what may.

Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
All your friends are working there,
To relieve you of all bother,
So, dear one, why need you fear.

A REVERIE

The country air is laden
With the perfume of God's flowers,
And it fills my heart with gladness,
To sit in Sylvan bowers.

It brings us nearer to the gate
Of our bright home above,
Where we may rest our weary souls
In realms of peace and love.

We've only a little time to wait
Before the veil will rend,
And our tired heart away will float
With our loved ones, there to blend.

Lines to a Lady

THE FLOWER

Flowers of the summer are fading away
Like the physical bodies from day to day,
To bloom again, in the garden above
Nourished and watered by God's divine love.

No seed time or harvest will there us assail,
For life is eternal and fair,
And God in his mercy and love will prevail
In that beautiful home over there.

Then fondly cherish each flower of earth,
No matter how small it may be,
For we'll see them again at the spirit's new birth
As we cross o'er the bar, you and me.

LINES TO A LADY

May your path be strewn with flowers
Of the brightest, glorious hue,
Gleaned from heaven's choicest gardens,
Filled with blessings dear for you.

May they fill your heart with gladness
Freshed by the heavenly dew,
And your happiness be unbounded,
Is my greatest wish to you.

May the step you think of taking
Never cause you grief or pain,
And the mate who stands beside you
Help to fill your life with gain.

God is Love

May no sorrows cross your threshold
As through life you wend your way,
And that love may guard and keep you
Through life and all eternity.

Help each other with affection
Though you may be near or far,
And the angel band will bless you
Till you cross the harbor bar.

GOD IS LOVE

God is love, oh man of earth,
Why will you! can you doubt
God is love and love is God,
And love we cannot do without;
With love to guide us on our way
For He hath said believe in Me,
We surely cannot go astray,
And He'll lead us to eternal day.

Extend a helping hand to those
Who deeply need thy care,
For that ye doeth unto them
Is in accord with God and prayer,
Don't preach my friend and idle be,
But practice, that's what counts,
And your heart will fill with joy
That gushes from the heavenly founts.

Let thy best thoughts go out to them
Who in distress are calling thee,
And God will bless you with his love
And say, well done, come unto Me.
So climb the ladder rung by rung
That leads to heaven above,
And on life's journey you will find
That love is God and God is love.

A Christmas Greeting

And as you near the golden shore
Your loved ones there to greet,
And from them never more to part,
And they'll guide your weary feet.
Then let your watchword ever be,
That God is love and love is God,
And in this motto you will find
That love is everything to thee.

Then to the loved ones up above
Our praises should be given,
For through the God of light and love
Their messages are given.
A message from a dear kind friend,
A word from those above,
It proves to us there is no end
To God's eternal love.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

This is the time our hearts grow light
When Christmas tide draws near,
For friends and kindred then unite
Around the fireside's cheer.
This greeting is from a friend whose hand
Is writing this to you,
Inspired by a spirit friend
At one time whom you knew.

He sends you greetings from above,
And hopes you'll understand
That he'll be waiting there for you
To help you o'er the strand.
It won't be long you'll have to wait
Before you'll clasp the hand
Of Him who watches at the gate
To greet you in the summer land.

The Tired Heart

THE TIRED HEART

Although surrounded by our friends
There is a tie that binds
Us to the loved ones gone before,
Beyond the balmy winds.

A tie that never can be broke,
For its welded here by love
Of years of toil, of grief and joy,
And it still survives above.

And as I'm sitting here alone
Upon this Christmas night
My thoughts go back to years gone by
When all ahead seemed bright.

For it is hope that keeps us up,
And keeps us forging on,
But hope oftentimes turns to despair,
And leaves our hearts forlorn.

There is many a slip twix cup and lip
In this sad life of ours,
And when we think we are most blest,
Oft proves the saddest hours.

I oftentimes think my heart is free
Of the love that's of the past,
But in a moment there comes a flash
That tells me it will ever last.

The love I gave was pure and true,
But it struck no answering cord,
Upon the heart I gave it too,
But that is now with God.

The Tired Heart

And so, dear friend, I think it best
To lay aside this mortal coil,
For life gives me no happiness,
It matters not how hard I toil.

It matters not how hard I strive
The old love to forget,
It's like to me a grand old oak
Whose roots are firmly set.

Why do we give our heart's best love
To those whose hearts are cold,
It seems unjust wisdom from above
To give us lead for purest gold.

And now my mind is firmly set
On going far away,
Where friend or foe shall never know
Where this old form doth lay.

To die alone is my desire
Beside the babbling brook,
That my tired heart may pass up higher
From nature's quiet nook.

Forgive, dear friend, if this you see
And lisp a silent prayer,
For one who from this world departs
To dwell with loved ones there.

And now, dear friend, as I depart
I send you this farewell,
I know I'll wake in heaven,
For to me there is no hell.

God in his love, created us all,
He knew what our life would be,
And so instead of condemning
He will say, dear child come unto me.

Good Cheer

For well He knoweth our sorrows,
Our heartaches are all of his plan,
Do you think after all we have suffered
He'll deny us his love, which is grand.

Ah! no dear, his love is far reaching,
His mercy spreads out near and far,
He'll stand at the heavenly portal
And help us across the bar.

Then why should I waver and falter
To enter the heavenly fold,
To lay my heart on God's altar,
Which to him is more precious then gold.

I'll watch for your coming, my dear one,
I'll wander along by the shore,
And I'll be the first one to greet you
When we'll meet to part never more.

Then bid me God speed on my journey,
I don't wish to tarry you see,
For my loved ones are urging me onward
To dwell in eternity.

GOOD CHEER

Give me the house that is full of laughter,
Give me the home that is full of mirth,
One that rings from pit to rafter,
That's the home where love has birth;
Where the heart is glad and joyous,
That's where sadness cannot dwell
But where little things annoy us,
O! gee whiz! that's worse than H--l.

Good Cheer

In the morning let us greet them
With a bright and sunny smile,
Then our burdens will seem lighter
And our hearts be free from guile.
Nothing like a kind word spoken
To the dear ones here below,
For kind thoughts ascend to heaven
And rebound to us you know.

Never let a chance go by thee
That a kindness can be shown,
And my friend beyond the portal
We shall know as we are known.
Do to others as you would then
Have them do unto your own,
For you know that God's command, friend,
That descends down from the throne.

Don't you know they are our brothers,
Yours, dear friend, as well as mine,
For all things around above us
Are the works of love divine.
Let us always wear a smile here,
It may gladden some poor heart,
That is weary and oppressed dear,
Give their life a freshened start.

Nothing like a bright good morning
With a kind and sunny smile,
For each word in kindness spoken
Will be answered with a smile.
For the seed you sow in kindness
You will reap again on high,
And a wrong you do in blindness
Will be forgiven bye and bye.

Memories of the Past

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Please accept this Christmas greeting
From the spirit friends above,
Sent you through the hand of friendship,
Written by the hand of love.

Heavenly bells are chiming sweetly
In your home this Christmas tide,
Angel voices sing hosannas
As they stand there by your side.

They are singing Christmas carols
For the birth at Bethlehem,
Glory be to God the Father,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Let our thoughts ascend up higher
As the old year fades away,
That our hearts may be the lighter
On that gladsome New Year's day.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Oh! for the days of my childhood
Just to return to them once more,
When we together roamed the wildwood
And o'er the rock bound shore.

Drove the rabbits from the thicket
And the plover from the glen,
And watched father from the wicket
Feed the chicks and mother hen.

As we strolled out in the spring time,
Through the meadows wet with dew,
Plucking flowers of rarest beauty,
And I gave them all to you.

Memories of the Past

I can see your bright eyes sparkle
As they did long years ago,
When I took your hand in mine, dear,
As we wandered to and fro.

I remember well the spring, dear,
Where we drank the nectar sweet,
And the violets and daisies
Scattered there beneath our feet.

I can hear the rippling brook dear
As it glides along its way
And the humming of the bees, dear,
See the butterflies at play.

There our life was but a song, dear,
One sweet song from morn till night,
As we tripped the light fantastic
Through the flower-decked meadows bright.

And oh for those days of my childhood
When I stood at my mother's knee,
And could hear her once more singing
Of that lullaby to me.

Hush my babe, lay still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
And to feel her soft hand pressing,
Pressing lightly on my head.

But those days have gone forever,
Life is but a passing dream,
And we soon will be furgotten
Like a leaf tossed on the stream.

But she's gone beyond the portal
To that heavenly home above,
And she's waiting there to greet me,
Greet me with a mother's love.

The Longing Heart

And I'm longing for the time, dear,
When I too shall cross the strand,
Where my loved ones now are waiting,
Waiting with extended hands.

I can hear them softly whisper
As they hover o'er my bed,
Come with me, fear not, my darling,
All is life, there are no dead.

Then the veil was rent asunder
And I saw with vision clear
My heavenly home in all its brightness
And loved ones whom I once knew here.

Then I woke to life again, dear,
On my cheek a tear drop gleamed,
And I thought I'd been to heaven,
But it only proved a dream.

THE LONGING HEART

Sitting in my chamber lonely,
Oh! how lonely no one cares,
Wondering what the future 'll bring me,
Rain or sunshine, smiles or tears.

Far away from all my kindred,
And the friends of long ago,
Will I hear again their laughter?
On the earth plane here below?

Do they think when twilight deepens
Of the one so far away,
Pray to God to guide his footsteps
That he may not go astray?

A Little Child

As they gather round the fireside
Do they see the vacant chair?
Do they miss the voice that mingled
With their own at evening prayer?

But I hear no answering echo
To the thoughts I send afar,
Perhaps they all have crossed the river,
Just beyond the harbor bar.

Soon I'll join with you, my dear one,
In the rest for which I long,
And you'll greet me with your laughter,
And I'll join with you in song.

There I'll have you with me always,
There my aching heart will cease,
In my arms my love I'll fold thee,
And my soul will be at peace.

A LITTLE CHILD

The sweetest thing on earth to me
Is the kiss of a little child,
With their little arms twined round my neck,
And their face all wreathed in smiles.

I love to feel their little hands
Pressed gently to my breast,
As I sing to them a lullaby
That lulls them off to rest.

I wonder when they sleeping lay,
And off to dream land go,
If they're talking with the angels,
I'd really like to know.

The Holy Spirit

Their little face lights up with smiles,
As if touched by angel hands,
I've often wished that I might know
If a guardian angel by them stands.

Oh! angel of glory, angel of light,
Shed o'er thy children thy blessing tonight,
Open their eyes that they may see
The home over yonder prepared by thee.

Oh! give them strength and vision clear,
That they may see thee when thou art near,
That they may feel thy gentle touch
On their brow for which they've longed so much.

To hear the whisper in their ear
Of loved ones who dwell in the other sphere,
To feel the breeze of their fluttering wing
And catch the strain of the songs they sing.

And still the dearest thing on earth
To me is a little child,
And I bless the God who gave them birth,
And their sweet and winning smile.

When Christ gave out the mandate
Little children come to me,
He chose the fairest flowers
Ever scattered o'er the lea.

Transplanted them to heaven
In his gardens up above,
Where they're watered by God's blessings
And nourished by God's love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Come holy spirit, heavenly dove,
And fill our hearts with kindness,
Many souls are taught God's love
By relieving them of blindness.

Some Day, Somewhere

If they could see the open door
Through which the light doth shine
Wouldn't they naturally wend their way
Towards that home divine?

Come and give us that which we seek,
Give us strength to meet the fray,
For the spirit is willing but the flesh too weak
To fight our battle day by 'day.

Oh loving angels from afar,
Take away all doubt and fear,
Come across the harbor bar,
That I may feel thy presence near.

We cannot teach our brother man
If we have not partaken
Of the manna that flows from God's right hand
And our worldly deeds forsaken.

Preaching can never cleanse the heart
Of earthly habits fraught,
But practice daily and each act
Will be a living thought.

Oh! then thou great spirit divine,
Help us to do thy will,
For my thoughts are wholly thine
Until this earthly form is still.

Oh! help me to forgive the thought
Of ill and hate to those
That I may know just what to do
Before in death my eyelids close.

SOME DAY, SOMEWHERE

Some day you will understand, my child,
When years have come and gone,
What it means to be alone,
No love, no friends, no home.

Some Day, Somewhere

Many times an aching heart is masqued
By smiles and words of cheer,
When all the time we are longing
For just one word of love so dear.

Your life is just beginning
When all looks bright ahead,
No clouds obscure your sunlight,
No pain, no sorrow dread.

May you never wake from dreamland
To the storms and ills of life,
May your pathway be a path of cheer
Without one thorn or care or strife.

And when you are sitting all alone,
Your head bowed with grief and care,
Remember in this wide, wide world
You have one friend somewhere.

Some one in whom you can confide,
Someone who thinks of you,
Someone who takes an interest
In everything you do.

Somewhere in this great universe
It may be far away,
But the distant call of friendship
Will bring them back some day.

We will leave you with the angels,
They will guide and lead you right
Till you reach the land of sunshine
And the home where all is bright.

Out of the Past

OUT OF THE PAST

Through the pathway of life as I wander along
And gaze on the beauties of earth,
There comes to my mind thoughts of sorrow and
strife
I have had to contend with since birth.

And I question myself if the struggle's worth while,
Will it pay to keep forging along,
With your heart filled with grief though masqued by
a smile
And the lips are giving forth song.

Have you ever had a loving friend?
One whom you held most dear,
In whom you placed implicit faith,
Was happy with them near.

Well, once I had a little maid,
The fairest in the land,
I thought she loved me dearly
When she gave to me her hand.

I cherished her beyond all else,
I thought that I was blessed
In having won a heart so true
To honor, love, caress.

And as the years rolled on apace,
Two little birdlings came
To bless our home and fireside,
That nothing could defame.

And after years of toil and strife
Into our happy home
Where peace and joy all that was life,
The tempter one day came.

Which Was It

He stole the loved ones from my hearth,
All that was life to me,
He crushed my heart, he killed my faith
In all humanity.

Years have passed with their sunshine and rain,
A break in the clouds I can see,
And God in his mercy has healed the pain,
And that is enough for me.

O friend! lay aside your own sorrow and grief,
Give to others kind words and a smile,
For as much as ye give you shall doubtly receive
And relieve your sad heart from its guile.

For God with love will heal our wounds
All sorrow and pain take away,
So be ready, dear friend, when the trumpet shall
sound,
To dwell in his presence always.

And the songs of the angels will lull you to rest
As you float on the elysian sea,
And there with your loved ones you'll dwell with the
blessed
Throughout all eternity.

WHICH WAS IT

While sitting by the window listening
To the sparrow's cheery song,
The sunlight through the pane was glistening
In beams so wide and long,
I thought I saw the angels
Descend that shaft of gold
And gather up the little ones
Into the Master's fold.

At the Fork of the Roads

Ascending and descending
Upon that ladder bright,
That leads from earth to heaven,
The land that has no night.
Within their eyes a light of love,
Upon their lips a smile,
All robed in garments snowy white
Without a spot of guile.

I thought they lead me to the gate
And bade me enter in
To the land of love and happiness,
Where all are free from sin.
I thought my loved ones gathered
Round me as in the long ago,
With all their loving kindness
And eager to me show

The beauties of the kingdom
Of God's bright home above
Where I would live in peace and love
When the Master bade me come.
I roused myself and found my eyes
With tears of joy were streaming,
I wonder had I been to heaven
Or had I just been dreaming.

AT THE FORK OF THE ROADS

At the fork of the roads I stood thinking
Of which I should travel today,
The one that leads down to the valley
Or that leads to the hills far away.

One leads to sin and destruction
Where pleasing temptations ensnare,
The other to fame on the hilltop
Which is reached by sorrow and care.

Thankfulness

Now which would you take, friend, come tell me,
If you stood at the forked roads today?
The road that leads to the valley,
Or the one to the hills far away?

I chose the one to the hilltop
Whose brow was sun kissed warm and bright,
Where I could look down in the valley
Where day was as dark as the night.

There no ray of light ever entered,
For there was no sunrise at morn,
And all who enter that valley
Are forever sad and forlorn.

If a pilgrim you meet where the roads fork,
Just start him aright on his way,
For the road that leads to the hilltop
Will end in eternal day.

Don't let him go down to the valley,
To grovel in darkness and sin,
But show him the way to the hilltop
Where eternal life he will win.

Let us put a sign there for the brother
Who knows not which road he should go,
That he may not descend to the valley
To find there destruction and woe.

It will point out the way to the hilltop,
Though through sorrow he reaches the crest,
He'll find at the end of his journey
The beautiful city of rest.

THANKFULNESS

Oh what a lot to be thankful for,
The sunshine, the rain and the flowers,
The fruit and the grain and the harvest
Garnered in from this green earth of ours.

Mother Darling

The health we enjoy and the pleasure
We derive from the meeting of friends,
The Master he gives us full measure
And continues the same to the end.

Then let us give thanks on the morrow
For the blessings received up to now,
Let us sing and laugh away sorrow
As we work with the sweat on the brow.

For nature has so planned the future
That we'll have enough and to spare,
So let us make this our prime feature
To offer thanksgiving and prayer.

MOTHER DARLING

Your loved one has left the mortal
To dwell in fairer lands.
She has stepped within the portal,
A home not made with hands.
She is waiting there to greet you
As you cross the sands of time,
And I'll be the first to greet you
In that home of peace sublime.

Be happy, mother darling,
Don't mourn for me today,
For some day I'll be calling,
And I'll meet you on the way.
I am not dead but living,
In a land so bright and fair,
And with angels sweetly singing,
And some day I'll meet you there.

Consolation

I am with you, mother darling,
In the home beside your chair,
And you'll feel my fingers resting,
Resting lightly on your hair;
You will hear my gentle whisper,
So don't think I've gone afar,
And for you I will be watching
When you start to cross the bar.

CONSOLATION

When life's mirror we gaze within,
All things will be revealed,
For then there'll be no mystery,
For nothing is concealed.
And when we feel forsaken
By earthly friends and kin,
We are watched by spirit friends,
And by doing right we'll win.

What profiteth us if all the world,
Should worship at our feet,
If our spirit friends forsake us,
And deny their love so sweet?
Let us lift our thoughts to those on high
For help we so much need
To guide our footsteps in the right,
Regardless of church or creed.

For all are stepping-stones to light,
Made bright by God's own hand,
And do His bidding with all our might,
That our lives may so expand,
That we may see no evil
In our fellow-man while here,
That our lives may so reflect the love
Of the spirit world so near.

Sweet Rest

SWEET REST

Rest, sweet rest, their weary toil is o'er,
They've gone to live in peace and love
Upon the other shore.

No veil obscures their vision now,
Their eyes are opened wide,
No gray hair crowns their placid brow
Upon the other side.

They're free from pain and sorrow,
And all the ills of life,
And perhaps upon the morrow
We'll be free from earthly strife.

They've joined the heavenly chorus,
Where harmony holds sway,
And voices blend in one grand strain
Of melody each day.

Oh speed the time, when I may add
My voice in tuneful song,
That may blend in loving kindness
Among that angel throng.

I'll wait patiently thy favor,
That shall call me up above,
To dwell in peace forever
With those I so much love.

I assure you I'll be ready,
When the boatman calls for me,
With my sails set firm and steady
To cross the crystal sea.

My record book all open,
The pages clean and neat,
That all may read it o'er and o'er,
And not ask me to repeat.

In Memory of a Friend

For those who seek the light on earth
The same to them is given,
And they will find the other birth
Is just a step toward heaven.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND

Sweet be thy rest, oh loving spirit,
Thy work on earth is o'er.
Thou hast left thy earthly casket,
To dwell in peace forever more.

Long you toiled in earth's condition,
Suffering pain with patience here,
Until the change we call transition,
Thou art gone, but still you're near.

Yes, we miss you from the fireside,
And the parting gives us pain,
But we know in realms immortal
We shall all meet you once again.

We shall wait a message, dear one,
Wafted to us from afar,
That shall ease our hearts now saddened,
From your home across the bar.

No more parting, no more sorrow,
Free from earthly joy and pain,
And perhaps that on the morrow
We may greet you once again.

Know we not when we shall sever,
From this mortal house of clay,
But we know 'twill be forever,
We shall dwell in perfect day.

Christmas Eve

It was God, who willed that all things,
Should evolve from low to high,
Therefore we shall join in singing,
With our loved ones by and by.

Should we weep when friends are going,
To that happy home above?
Isn't it enough in knowing
God so willed it with his love?

When a flower fades and withers,
With the blast of winter's breath,
We watch it rise again in spring time,
From conditions we call death.

Proof enough of life immortal,
Life continues on and on,
Thus it is beyond the portal
With our loved ones that are gone.

Then our tears will change to laughter,
Then we'll know as we are known,
Together in that grand hereafter
We will gather round the throne.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Another Christmas Eve is here,
With thoughts of joy and sadness,
And memories of loved ones dear,
Which fills my heart with gladness.

The gifts of love and kindness wrought
By hands long since grown cold,
We cherish now the loving thoughts,
Of those now in the fold.

Which is Right

Oh time, turn back, just one short while,
Make me a child again,
That I may lay on mother's breast,
To free my heart from pain.

That I may once more hear her voice,
While in her fond embrace;
To feel her breath upon my cheek,
Her kiss upon my face.

The saddest time of all the year,
To me is Christmas Eve,
For memories of the long ago,
Cause my poor heart to grieve.

Oh time, turn backward in thy flight,
Oh stay thy flowing tide,
Make me a child just for tonight,
With mother by my side.

My cup of happiness would o'erflow,
Could I but once more see
Her face and hear her loving voice,
Whispering unto me.

But well I know it cannot be,
This side the great divide,
But when the veil shall lift, I'll see
Her waiting on the other side.

WHICH IS RIGHT

There are so many ways to heaven,
I wonder which is right.
One says this, another that,
Against each other they all fight.

Which is Right

The Baptist claim that you must be
Baptized in waters deep,
Or you will go to a place so warm
That ice will never keep.

The Methodist do not baptize,
But sprinkle, so they say,
And go to church three times a day,
And sing, and shout, and pray.

The Orthodox are red hot too,
They have made some awful bulls,
For once they claimed that hell was paved,
With innocent infant's skulls.

How cruel is the Father
That would banish such as these,
To a life of endless torment,
Where sorrow ne'er would cease.

It's easy to consign a man to hell
If he is not of kin,
But otherwise, they'll manage
Into heaven to get him in.

These narrow minded people,
Close communion, and all such,
Will find when they reach heaven
That creeds don't count for much.

The man who enters heaven
On Christ's merits is a sneak,
And the one that tells him that he can
Has a brain that's mighty weak.

The religion that they teach you
They don't believe themselves,
It's only for the dollars,
That helps fill their pantry shelves.

The Ripened Grain

The ministers tell us that we die,
And go to heaven or hell,
But no, dear friend, we're just transfered,
To the land where loved ones dwell.

What proof have they of the life beyond
The misty veil of blue,
Have they ever had a message?
And if so, would they tell you?

I thank the heavenly Father
I'm not bound by church or creed,
But try to live the golden rule
In thought as well as deed.

If we would use our reason,
And investigate the truth,
We would find our earthly teachings
Were a myth we were taught in youth.

We must stand on our own foundation,
And build the best we can,
And work out our own salvation,
And thereby deserve the name of man.

And when the Master calls the roll
In that heavenly home above,
You can answer "here," with thankfulness
That you are worthy of His love.

THE RIPENED GRAIN

The reaper has garnered the ripened grain
Into His home on high.
Relieved them from their earthly pain,
Where we'll meet them by and by.

An Appeal

Mourn not the dear one's going,
For they are free from care,
They are through with this life sowing,
And they'll harvest over there.

Though they could not voice their heart's best
thoughts
Like others here below,
They will sing the anthems with the throng
Of angels there we know.

Some day the mists will clear away,
Then we'll see beyond the veil,
And there we'll see her watching,
For our tiny bark to sail.

She'll reach across the river,
And clasp you by the hand,
And lead you into paradise,
The land that's far more grand.

Then weep not for the loved one,
Who has left the fireside cheer,
For its only the body you laid away,
Her spirit is ever near.

She has only left the mortal,
For the spiritual more fair,
And she'll wait beyond the portal,
For your coming over there.

AN APPEAL

Inspire us, oh Lord, with thy bounteous
Love, to do good to our fellow men,
That we may go forth with thy spiritual
Truth, and enlighten the world with our pen.

Courage

My heart is aggrieved as I gaze here and you
At the follies of earth here below,
And oh I long to lighten life's burden with song,
And by my example to show

If we have the Christ principle enshrined in our
heart,
And give smiles not frowns every day,
Then we will rejoice in doing our part,
To gladden some life on the way.

COURAGE

Cheer up, oh weary traveler,
Your journey is nearly o'er,
I see the dawn a-breaking,
For you on the other shore.

The clouds are tinged with crimson,
By the sun's approaching light,
And by that light dispelling
The darkness of the night.

It is a new life adawning,
For you as well as me.
So prepare thyself for sailing
Across the crystal sea.

You ask me if I'm ready,
If I am not afraid to die?
My answer is No, No, my friend,
For my spirit friends are nigh.

They reach across the river,
And take me by the hand,
They'll lead me home in safety,
Through that gulf of sinking sand.

Don't

And when the reaper life draws nigh
The field of ripened grain,
May the harvest yield be worthy
The Master's toil and pain.

Start your building now, my brother,
Don't wait until it is too late.
Don't depend upon another
To get you through the pearly gate.

Each one has got to earn his passport,
By living upright, just and true,
Let it be that at the roll call
The first to greet us will be you.

DON'T

Don't censure till you know, my friend,
The reason of the Why.
For every road-way has an end,
And we'll know by and by.

Don't think it hard and cruel,
Just because we're far away,
For oftimes the choicest jewels,
Are embedded in the clay.

Don't think because we wander,
That we do not think of you,
For absence makes the heart grow fonder,
And we trust it's so with you.

Circumstances change our plans,
Oftimes against your will,
And things we do sometimes seem strange,
But yet we do them still.

Clouds

Sometimes we'll understand, my friend,
Why pleasures are denied,
But conscious of our duties lend
Us strength our time here to abide.

Everything comes to those who wait,
With patience and with faith.
For ere the year rolls round we'll see,
That our troubles were a wraith.

Sometime the clouds will clear away,
Some day with keener eyes
We'll see the way as bright as day
That leads to paradise.

So keep up courage till the end,
It won't be very long I wean,
Before the sun will shine again,
And make the fields look green.

CLOUDS

The sun has set behind the hills,
Another day is done.
A few hours' rest and then we'll see
Again the rising sun.

And so we keep a struggling on,
Through this short life of ours,
And we must expect to find a thorn
Along our path of flowers.

What matter if the clouds are dark,
They all are silver lined,
We know that after rain the sun
Will shine out warm and fine.

The Mystic Sound

The clouds roll on forever,
And though dark at times they be,
Sometime the silver cord will sever,
Then we shall clearly see

The beauties of that other land,
Now hidden from our view.
Created by God's loving hand,
And be with friends we knew

Long years ago, who once have trod,
This earth plane here below,
Who now we feel are with us,
Some day we too shall know.

Some day the veil will lifted be,
Some day the clouds will break,
Then the sunshine we will see
Across the mystic lake.

For just beyond the darkness,
Those clouds are tinged with gold,
And we shall all be gathered
Within the Shepard's fold.

THE MYSTIC SOUND

Hark, hark, what sound is that I hear,
That is floating through the air?
It's like a message in my ear,
And it tells of a land more fair.

It's like the sweetest music,
Or like some tinkling bell!
Like an angel's whisper, saying
Fear not, all things are well.

Beckoning To Me

Ah! now I catch their meaning!
We are drawing near the shore,
Of that promised land of peace and love,
Where parting is no more.

The going through the shadows,
Of the valley dark called death,
Is nothing but the quenching
Of this earth life's fleeting breath.

Our guardian angel leads the way,
On through the shadowy vale,
Until we reach the point from which
Our tiny bark sets sail.

And as we near that shining shore,
The gate swings open wide,
We float along in peace and rest,
There ever to abide.

Our friends will bid us welcome,
With outstretched hands of love,
And clasp us to their bosom
In that heavenly home above.

They'll lead us to our mansion!
Surrounded by bright flowers,
The seed we planted here on earth,
To bloom in heaven's bowers.

As we draw near our passing,
Into the realms above,
We'll then receive the blessing,
Of God's redeeming love.

BECKONING TO ME

How sweet is the thought that our loved ones out
there,
Are waiting our coming, their blessings to share!
It will not be long before I shall see,
That beautiful shore, for they are beckoning to me.

Hope

Chorus:

Beckoning to me, beckoning to me,
The loved ones out yonder are beckoning to me.

When life's journey's o'er and our spirit takes flight,
We'll enter that harbor, where there is no night,
The friends that have left us we once more will see,
With loved ones we'll dwell, for they are beckoning
to me.

Be ready, dear friend, for the summons may come,
To take you away e'er the rise of the sun,
The reaper of death always comes silently,
It may be that now they are beckoning to me.

HOPE

It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.
If it were so we would not give life up without a
sigh.
But out there in that world of space, beyond the
ether blue,
We'll meet our loved ones face to face, and find their
hearts as true
As when they left us for that land of promise just out
there,
Within that heavenly garden, filled with flowers,
rich and rare.
Then we shall know the reason why earth's pathway
seemed so rough,
Then we'll find life's what we made it, be it honest or
a bluff,
We must always do our duty, what we feel is just and
right,
And if so we'll share the beauty of that promised
land of light.

Be Ready

When the veil is rent asunder, and our loved ones we
 behold,
Who are waiting just out yonder, within the Shep-
 herd's fold,
We'll thank God for lessons taught us, and we'll not
 regret the past,
For through trials and temptations we shall reach
 the goal at last.
So it is not all of life to live, neither all of death to
 die.
For we're always with our loved ones, for they are
 forever nigh.
So let us blend our thoughts with theirs, and seek for
 truth and light.
That we may see the way that leads to that land
 that has no night.

BE READY

Lead me to that life eternal,
 Out of darkness into light.
Fill my heart with love supernal,
 That shall make my life more bright.

I'll keep my lamps all trimmed and burning,
 That they may reflect my life's true aim,
That they who from their sin returning
 May find the path that leads to fame.

Though your light to you seems small,
 Its rays reach farther than you think,
It may rescue some weak brother,
 Who is drifting o'er the brink.

And your praises he will echo,
 To the oversoul of all.
And your heart will fill with gladness,
 Be your efforts great or small.

In Answer

When the reaper life shall call you,
To lay down your earthly cares,
If you've been faithful to your duty
You'll reap life's blessings over there.

The seed we sow in spring time,
In the fall we will reap again,
But oh! what of the harvest,
Will it bring us joy or pain?

Let the seed be thoughts of kindness,
Sown in soil of love and peace,
Watered by the tears of gladness,
Till our life on earth shall cease.

IN ANSWER

In answer to the question in the letter I received
I'll tell to you with candor, and I know that you'll
agree.

Harmony is the secret of the soul's emancipation,
And 'twas meant that we should live, from the time
of God's creation.

Our duty lies along these lines, though ridicule assail
us.

If conscience tells us we are right, let nothing else
prevail us.

If we more closely listened to the voice of God within
us,

Our lives would be far happier by the contentment it
would win us.

We should not let the gossip of the world our foot-
steps guide,

For it leaves us lost and weary among brambles by
the wayside.

To My Friend

If a little pleasure we do deny ourselves from time to
time,
Instead of marring it will bring to us content of
mind.
When we think of other's welfare, our troubles we
forget,
And in this way learn our lessons, through experi-
ence we have met.

It is grand to do for others more unfortunate than
we,
For by doing so we're building our home beyond the
mystic sea.
Now you see, my friend, my reason, and my mission
is of love,
That my spirit may be ready for that brighter home
above.

TO MY FRIEND

Speed away, speed away, on thine errand of truth.
Let thy wings bear thee on to perpetual youth.
The work is before you, thy mission is broad,
Then go forth with a will, and give out the word

That will lift up the pilgrim, now tottering along,
And it may lighten their burdens, fill their hearts full
of song.
Have courage, my brother, don't falter nor fall,
For success lies before you, though your efforts be
small.

If truth be thy beacon, thy guide, and thy light,
No fear but thy council will always be right.
For truth is a warrior that cannot be downed,
So have it your motto, thereby wear a crown.

In Memory of a Little Child

GONE TO SLEEP

Gone to sleep, a peaceful rest be unto thy tired
heart,
We know our loss is thy great gain,
Although 'twas hard to part.

Thy birth into the summer land,
We know was bright and fair.
And the loved ones took you by the hand,
And led you up the golden stair.

They lead you through the forest isle,
Out into meadows green.
Where flowers kissed by breezes mild,
And watered by the mountain stream.

Then through the open gates of pearl,
They lead you to the door
Of your home, and you meet the loved ones
Whom you'll part with nevermore.

IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE CHILD

(WHO HAS PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE)

The life of a rare sweet flower
That grows on the parent vine
Has gone to God who gave it
To earth for a little time.
In the garden of heaven she'll blossom
Into the perfect flower,
Nourished in God's warm bosom,
A light of love and power.

In Memory of a Little Child

You will miss her at the fireside,
In the circle of the home,
And you'll listen for the footstep
That on earth will never come.
You will miss her earthly presence,
Now she's free from pain and care,
But her spirit will be present,
As you bow in evening prayer.

The form you so much cherished
Was of earth, now cold and grim,
But her soul can never perish,
And to mourn is earthly sin.
God, He gave, and now He taketh,
To His home more bright and fair,
On the shore for you she waiteth,
For your coming over there.

Listen for her angel whisper,
For the message she will bring,
It will lift your thoughts toward heaven,
And your hearts with joy will ring.
She's not dead, the God who gaveth,
Never meant that life should die,
For the spirit ever liveth
In the realms of peace on high.

What seems death is but transition
To a higher life than this;
And she's left the earth condition
For a life of perfect bliss.
She'll be waiting at the portal,
Though your going may be late.
But when life has left the mortal,
She will meet you at the gate.

She will ever linger near you,
For her spirit's just out there,
And her voice at eve will mingle
As you bow your heads in prayer.

Beautiful Rest

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

When your heart is heavy laden,
And bowed down with grief and woe,
Look to Him to lift the burden,
He who all thy sorrows know.

Faith in Him will make you happy,
Drive all sorrow from thy heart,
And prepare your soul for glory,
Nevermore from friends to part.

If on earth no more I greet thee,
Dearest friend, oh don't forget,
That in heaven once more I'll meet thee,
Where the sun will never set.

If you should pass away before me,
To that bright celestial shore,
Friend, I hope you'll wait my coming,
In that bright far evermore.

When I see you struggling onward,
By the river I will wait,
There I'll wait to guide you homeward,
Lead you through the golden gate.

Now farewell, for I must leave thee,
Leave thee here, my new found friend,
All I ask is not forget me,
But be faithful to the end.

BEAUTIFUL REST

(DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND ALICE)

Beautiful rest! She now has gone
To dwell in love and peace.
Free from earthly strife, and storm,
For her all pain has ceased.

Beyond

Beautiful rest! no censure gave
In thought, in word, in deed,
But simple faith in God was hers,
And kindness was her creed.

We'll miss her kindly smiling face,
Her words of love and cheer.
Be proud, that we could call her friend,
As we gather round her bier.

Beautiful rest! earth's journey's end,
Her loneliness is o'er,
She now has joined her loving friends,
On God's eternal shore.

BEYOND

Out beyond the cloud-drift,
Where we all must go some day;
Where the oversoul has gathered,
Those who now have found the way.
Where the sun in all its brightness
Sheds its light on you and I,
And our loved ones now are waiting
To greet us by and by.

Where the flowers are ever blooming
On the hill and in the dale,
And peace and joy are radiant,
Just beyond the shadow vale.
From which love flows on forever,
To the earth plane here below,
That fills our hearts with kindness,
Which on others we bestow.

The fount to which our thoughts ascend,
When bowed with grief and care,
To that great source, the oversoul,
Who answers humble prayer.

Meditation

Then let us now on bended knee
Give thanks to Him on high.
For things that seem like hardships,
Are but blessings in disguise.

And with thoughts and deeds of kindness,
Towards our brothers, then
The world will be a heaven,
Peace on earth—Good will to men.

MEDITATION

While sitting by the window,
And looking into space,
I wondered when the veil would rend
And show me mother's face.
For oh! I get so lonely,
Since mother went away,
It seems as if I never could
Live through another day.

And then a calm comes o'er my heart,
And I hear a wee small voice,
Saying,—Cheer up, and don't complain,
It is thy Master's choice.
It is not long you'll have to wait,
Before the veil will lift;
When you can see within the gate,
Beyond the white cloud-drift.

There mother will be waiting,
And watching on the shore.
With outstretched arms, to greet you
Where parting is no more.
Then you will be with mother,
And other friends so dear,
Who are waiting for the rending,
Of the veil which now is near.

There are no Dead

THE PRAYER

Our Father, Who are in heaven,
To Thee we daily pray,
That health to us is given,
And strength, from day to day.
That we may do our duty,
According to Thy will,
That we may see the beauty
Of spiritual truth fulfilled.

Give us this day, our daily need,
And our trespasses foryive,
As we forgive our brothers,
And help them here to live.
From temptations free our pathway,
Our hearts from hate and sin,
And to Thee, be all glory,
Forever more, Amen.

THERE ARE NO DEAD

Another soul has entered
Into the Shepard's fold,
Wherein all life is centered,
For the half was never told
Of the truth, for which we're seeking,
In faith and steadfast mein,
That shall teach us of the beauties
Of that land by us unseen.

There they'll get a bright good morning,
From the angels at the gate.
Who will greet them at the dawning
Of the day for which we wait.

The Spirit of Love

There with open arms the loved ones,
Will enfold them to their breast.
And to their mansion they will lead them,
Where their souls may find sweet rest.

And at evening they may wander,
Back to the earthly sphere,
To try and ease the heartaches,
And dry the falling tears.
Try to make us see the folly
In the useless tears we shed.
And try to make us understand,
They live—there are no dead.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

Do not despair, if the way seems dark,
The clouds will pass away,
And the sun will shine as bright again,
At the dawn of another day.

For no cloud is so dense but a bright sunbeam
Can pierce it, and break the gloom
Of the saddest heart, and make it seem
As bright as the sun at noon.

So open the door of the soul, my child,
And let the sunlight in,
Invite the spirit of love and truth
To come and abide within.

And by so doing dispel the gloom,
That in thy heart now dwells,
For the spirit of truth, with its power of love,
Can maketh all things well.

The Waif

SILENCE

Go into thy chamber of silence,
And commune with the loved ones gone,
Whom once we knew in the earth life,
And will know in the life to come.

For they can help us, and guide us
In the pathway of the right,
That shall lead us into oneness,
With the fatherhood of light.

They know your cares and sorrows,
When in prayer our heads we bow,
And ask their help in earnestness,
They will cool our fevered brow.

Then let us sit in silence,
A little while each day.
That we may gain the strength of will,
To help us on our way.

THE WAIF

Pity the poor little waif tonight,
With no place to lay his head.
Whose heart is filled with grief and pain
For the parents, who are dead.

No one to care if they live or die,
Or a kindness to them show.
Or mind their little pitiful cry,
Or shelter them from the snow.

Can you give thanks to the God above
As you sit round the festive board,
When you know of a poor little waif in your midst
And not give from your bounteous hoard?

Who

There is many a one if you look around,
Who is hungry, sick, and cold,
Just open the door of your heart today
And gather them into its fold.

NEW LIFE

New life is born within my heart,
The sun shines bright today,
The clouds that gathered yesterday
Have all been swept away.
A loving spirit whispered
Unto my weary soul,
And I'll wait the call up yonder,
To answer to the roll.

WHO

I wonder who the next will be
To cross the river wide,
I wonder if it will be me,
To drift in with the tide.

I'm ready if the call should come,
My barge is on the shore,
To take me to my heavenly home,
To dwell in peace for evermore.

The reaper gives no warning
To the grain at harvest time,
But cuts it down, with sickle keen,
And lays it low in line.

He separates the good and bad,
And keeps the two apart,
Just as the oversoul of all,
Intended from the start.

In Memory of a Dear Friend

Its just the same with us, dear friend,
We know not how soon t'will be
That reaper life will cut us down,
To dwell in eternity.

He gathers in the flowers,
Into His mansion fair,
And blesses them with showers
That flow from fountains rare.

So cultivate the good in life,
Uproot the weeds of sin;
Replace the evil in the heart
With love, and you will win.

IN MEMORY OF A DEAR FRIEND

She has gone at last to heaven,
To the rest she so long craved;
And the veil for her is lifted,
Though her form lies in the grave.

Many years on earth she suffered,
Longing, waiting, for the call
Of the loved ones gone before her,
It's the destiny of all.

Loved ones helped her o'er the border
That so many feet have trod.
Now her earthly pain is ended,
And her spirit is with God.

Do not mourn the one departed,
Gladly welcome her demise,
Long she suffered, all is ended
Now with her beyond the skies.

In Memory of a Friend

Loving ties that once were broken,
Now are blended into one,
For she's joined the loved ones waiting;
Just beyond the setting sun.

Oh! what joy, for those awaiting
One whose barge has just set sail
For the shore, in realms celestial,
And the home beyond the veil.

I can hear their song of welcome,
As her spirit took its flight,
And she'll waken in the morning,
In the land that has no night.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND THIS POEM IS DEDICATED

A father has left the fireside,
To dwell in realms of light;
Just crossed the river of mystery,
To the land that has no night.

No more will we feel the hand clasp,
Or the loving warm caress,
As we listen for his footstep,
That no more comes home to rest.

You may not hear his gentle tread,
Or greet his gentle smile,
But rest assured he's with you,
Watches o'er you all the while.

His love is as strong as ever,
Though you may not see his form,
But his spirit hovers near you,
Ever near you in the home.

Face to Face

Don't mourn your loved one's going,
For your sorrow causes pain
To the spirit whose outflowing,
Was for betterment and gain.

He has only crossed the river,
Through with this life's toil and care,
And he'll wait beyond the portal
For your coming, just out there.

Seek the light of spiritual essence,
That will fill your soul with peace,
And the sorrow of his going,
Will for you forever cease.

Some day you will get a message
From the loved one gone before,
Saying, wife, I'm waiting, watching,
For your coming, on the shore.

FACE TO FACE

Some day the silver cord will break,
And from this world I'll take my flight
To dwell with loved ones gone before,
In that dear home where all is bright.

Some day my aching heart will cease,
Then I'll be free from earthly care,
The boatman waits to bear me o'er
The river, to that land more fair.

The veil will rend and I shall see
Within the pearly gates of light,
Where I shall be in one with thee,
And see thy face with clearer sight.

Some Day

And I shall see them face to face,
And be with them forever more.
Yes, I shall see them face to face,
Upon that bright celestial shore.

CLOSE TO THEE

God of love, in mercy grant,
This prayer to me tonight.
That I may make the songs to chant
In Thy home so fair and bright.

I see no lining to the clouds,
They look so dark, and drear.
So take me home to dwell with Thee,
I'm tired of staying here.

My friends are all beyond the veil,
My eyesight is too dim
To penetrate the clouddrift
That veils the sights within.

Thus I pray, oh loving Father,
Waft me o'er the golden sea,
That my soul in peace and gladness,
May ever more be close to thee.

SOME DAY

Some day, the angels will call us,
For the glad tidings we wait,
Joy it will be when we meet them,
Loved ones who wait at the gate.
Mother will wait for my coming,
On the banks of the chrystal sea,
And through the thin veil I can see them,
Waiting and watching for me.

The Beautiful Land

Long I have waited a message
From you, dear mother, so fair,
That I may know you are near me,
And happy in the home over there.
Some day we'll meet o'er the river,
Where parting we'll know never more,
And hear the sweet songs of my childhood,
When we meet on that beautiful shore.

Chorus:

Some day—Some day—
Some day we'll go to our rest,
Some day the angels will call us,
To dwell in the home of the blest.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND

Oh! let me go to that land of light,
To that beautiful land where there is no night.
Where all is brightness, free from sin,
And we can be in oneness with Him.

My heart is tired with the worldly strife,
Where the clouds hang low, and sin is rife.
But a kindly voice speaks in our ear,
Forget thyself, and help those near.

For in so doing, you build your home
In after life, when all things come,
To those who do their duty here,
They can enter that life without a fear.

For God imparts to every one,
The love that which if we have done
Our best toward our brother man,
Will give us our place with the angel band.

The Message

THE REAPER

The reaper of life's harvest, with his sickle tipped
with love,
Has gathered from earth's garden, for his garden up
above,
There to bloom in all its beauty, with others of its
kin,
That were taken from our fireside, to that land that's
free from sin;
Then let us wait in patience, for the time when we
shall be,
Transplanted to the garden, where from earth's toil
we'll be free.

Where we'll bloom in greater fragrance than we ever
hoped for here,
When we'll dwell in sweet contentment, with our
loved ones ever near.
There to roam through fields elysian, not a cloud to
mar the sky,
And join in the mighty chorus, singing anthems by
and by.

Oh! the joy we'll feel at meeting with the friends
who have gone before,
And to hear the shouts of greeting as we near the
other shore,
So have courage, brother, sister, for the time is
drawing near
When you'll hear the Master calling,
Come to me, and have no fear.

THE MESSAGE

My heart is sad while writing these lines to a friend
so dear,
But my thoughts will keep uniting with the spirit
that is near.

Mother Darling

So I feel it is my duty to obey this one command,
By giving you the message from one in summer
land.

A mother, sister, friend has gone,
One whom we all held dear,
She has crossed the chrystal river,
Though her spirit still is near.
Don't mourn for her departure,
For she has not gone so far
But what her love can reach you,
From her home across the bar.

She'll be happy with the loved ones
Who will meet her on the shore,
Of that land of life eternal,
Free from pain forever more.
I can see her looking earthward,
With a smile of sweetest love,
With a hand stretched forth to guide you
O'er life's pathway, from above.

Oh! what a grand reunion
It will be for us some day,
When we meet with all our loved ones
On that grand thanksgiving day.

MOTHER DARLING

Listen, mother dear, to the music in the air,
Can it be the angels singing,
In their heavenly home so fair?
Oh, yes they are calling, calling,
For me to join the throng,
So farewell, sweet mother darling,
Our parting won't be long.

Mother Darling

Don't weep for me, dear mother,
If you miss me from your side!
For I will be with brother,
Just on the other side.
Where we will wait your coming,
In that glorious morning land.
And when we see you coming,
We will take you by the hand.

So farewell, my mother darling;
Farewell, your child must go.
Don't you hear their voices calling?
And I must obey, you know!
Don't be sad now, little mother,
For my spirit won't be far.
And some day you'll hear me calling
You, from just across the bar.

Oh, look, mother, there stands brother,
Just within the open door,
And he's smiling, oh! so sweetly,
And he whispers, evermore.
We'll be together, sister,
In that home where all is bright,
And some day we'll come for mother,
When her spirit takes its flight.

Grandma stands just back of brother
And she beckons me to come,
So I must not linger, mother,
I must hasten to that home.
Take me in your arms, dear mother,
Lay my head upon your breast,
That's right, mother, kiss your darling,
I'm content, now I can rest.

Give Thanks

OUR DEPARTED

Tread softly, the angels have called them,
No more shall we see their dear form,
But yet in the evening twilight,
They will mingle with those in the home.

Speak softly, disturb not their slumber,
They are resting so peacefully there;
They'll awake to be greeted by numbers
Of friends, on the bright golden stair.

They were watching as God gave the summons,
That called them from earth life away,
A hand reached forth from a clouddrift,
And lead them to eternal day.

Don't mourn for the loved one just drifted
Away from your side for a while,
For e're long the veil will be lifted,
And they'll greet you again with a smile.

Look upward, be steadfast and kindly,
To those you meet every day,
And your burdens will rest on you lightly,
And help to make brighter your way.

A thought, a word of kindness,
Sent into the azure blue,
Will be felt by the sad, and the weary,
And return again unto you.

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks unto our spirit friends,
For the health that we enjoy
For by their aid the light extends
To other hearts, my boy.

The Angels are Calling

Patience brings its own reward,
To those who struggle on
Toward the spiritual light of truth,
With a heart filled full of song.

THE ANGELS ARE CALLING

The angels are calling me, mother,
To dwell in that beautiful land,
Where flowers, and green fields elysian
Are tended by God's loving hand.
Don't weep when I start with the boatman
To cross the deep river so wide,
For the Captain will pilot me safely,
Yes, safely over the tide.

The angels are calling me, mother,
I'm sorry for you, I can't stay,
But then, mother dear, I'll be near you,
Though to you I seem far away.
Don't think of me, mother, as there in the tomb,
For I shall be free from its shadows and gloom.
The angels will bear me through clouddrifts of light,
To wake in the morning, where there is no night.

I would like to kiss my papa before I go away,
But tell him how we missed him
On this our parting day.
And tell him I'll be watching
For the boatman, on the shore
That will bear him to that harbor,
Where we will part no more.

Good bye, my mother darling,
Kiss your child good night once more,
For I hear the angels calling,
To me from the other shore.

Faith

Just listen to the singing,
Of that angel choir so grand,
They have come to take your darling
To her home in morning land.

The angels are calling me, mother,
Just listen to their voices so sweet.
They come with garlands of flowers,
And drop them right here at my feet.
Hark! can't you hear the strains of the anthem,
That floats on the air of the room?
Good bye, mother dear, I must leave you,
To dwell in that beautiful home.

FAITH

Beautiful birds are singing to me,
From the trees in yonder wood,
I know they are there, though I cannot see
Them, but oh! I wish I could.

Like the birds, the spirit friends are near,
With their songs, and words of love.
Though we cannot see them, our hearts they cheer,
With messages from their home above.

Why should we doubt their coming then,
Though they are hidden from our sight,
We cannot see the power that feeds
The grand electric light.

The same force that rules the sun,
Gives them the power to come,
That we may know that they still live
And linger in the home.

A Lone Traveler

A LONE TRAVELER

A poor old traveler, was wending his way,
O'er a bleak, cold country road.
His coat was tattered, his hair was gray,
And he carried a heavy load.

His thoughts they wandered to the past,
When he was but a boy,
Then he was full of life and jest,
With a heart brim full of joy.

His life was all before him,
Aspirations grand had he,
The castles which he built with vim,
Were real to him you see.

He thought of the dear old swimming pool,
In the meadow neath the oak tree's shade.
Of the comrades he met at the old red school,
Of the games he once had played.

But that was in the long ago,
Long years have past since then,
His friends long since have passed away,
He knows not where or when.

He has no home, this poor old man,
No place to lay his head;
But he wanders along with his heavy load,
And thinking of the dead.

The dead? Oh no! they are not dead,
But just commenced to live.
They will lighten his load, and fill his heart
With love, that only God can give.

So forge along, thou martyred soul,
For you are nearing your journey's end,
Your loved ones await on the other shore,
A helping hand to lend.

On the Passing to Spirit-Life

The boatman waits while the angels sing
Songs of welcome and cheer,
And shout hello, from the summer land,
As they see you drawing near.

ON THE PASSING TO SPIRIT-LIFE OF THOSE BY THEIR OWN HAND

Dear friend, we know the sorrowful heart
That is yours this beautiful summer day,
Of the burden of grief which has been your part,
To carry along life's way.

But strength hath been given day by day,
By loved ones from the other side,
Although your cup to the brim was full,
And they still with you abide.

Look upward, not earthward, I hear them say,
For comfort in time of need
And your prayer will be answered by loved ones here,
And your heart from sorrow be freed.

Don't think because he stepped aside
From the timeworn beaten path,
That the God whose love forever abides
Will chasten him with His wrath!

For no one knows the pain he endured,
But the God who gave him birth,
And He will forgive the erring one,
Who has left this suffering earth.

Forgive, as ye wish to be forgiven,
Is the text of the golden rule.
And rest assured that the life in heaven,
Will be peace unto the soul.

On the Passing to Spirit-Life

Then let our lives so shine below
That when our time shall come
That we may meet the friends we know,
Who have gone to that heavenly home.

I think I hear the mother say,
As she now draws close to thee,
Be glad, not sad, for the one just gone,
For his soul from pain is freed.

No more on earth will you see the form,
As you gaze on the vacant chair,
That used to sit in the twilight gloom,
With the rest of the family there.

But from his home beyond the blue,
He will aid you as of yore,
And you will feel his presence,
More plainly than before

To cheer your saddened heart at eve,
Smooth out your furrowed brow.
And free your heart from all the grief
That shadows o'er you now.

Rejoice! and be glad, for the one that has passed
To the home of heavenly love,
Where his feet now roam, through the fresh green
grass,
With the loved ones who dwell above.

Mourn not for the brother who now has gone,
For his sufferings now are o'er.
He entered the valley of death alone,
Well knowing the welcome on the other shore.

For mother was there with open arms,
And father, and sister, and brother too,
To greet the weary heart who came
From the tired form to the dome of blue.

A Memory

We know it's hard to part with friends,
When they leave us here on earth;
But think of the joy that comes to them
By the means of the other birth.

Let us be ready to join the throng
In the land that has no night.
And mingle our voices with them in song
In the heavenly home where all is bright.

For the banks are lined from shore to shore
With hosts of loved ones dressed in white,
Who are waiting our coming, to part no more,
In that heavenly home where there is no night.

A MEMORY

Seated one day at the organ,
O'er the keys my fingers strayed,
The melody was of a dreamy tone,
I knew not what I played,
I thought the angel choir broke forth,
In heavenly strains so sweet.
They filled my heart with gladness,
And my soul with them repeat.

The words of God be with you,
Until we meet again.
And I heard the gladsome tidings,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
And then I heard the voices
Of the loved one from on high,
They told me of the life beyond,
That was mine in the by and by.

There is not a sparrow falleth,
But is guarded by His love,
He careth for their welfare,
And they'll live with Him above:

The Real Judge

How can you doubt the kindness
To His children here below,
Who are likened to His image,
On whom He his love bestows.

But that strain will ever linger,
In my heart, as long as life
Shall give me power to run the keys,
Or battle with the strife.
And when life's blood has ceased to flow,
And I am known no more,
Among the earth's great throng below
I'll mingle as I did before.

THE REAL JUDGE

God, the giver of all good,
Is just alike to all,
He chasteneth those who sing and pray,
As well as they who fall.
His principle we should uphold,
And live the golden rule,
And by so doing we will find
We all will reach the goal.

He placed us here to live the life
He preordained before,
And therefore we must do his will,
Just that, and nothing more,
It's not for us to judge a man
By what we see and hear,
He'll judge us all by what we've done,
And judge right, never fear.

Across the Border Land

ACROSS THE BORDER LAND

Just across the border land,
Beyond the mystic sea,
The loved ones now are waiting,
Waiting there, for you and me.
Their hands outstretched in welcome,
As our little bark sets sail,
And they'll sing their glad hosannas
At the rending of the veil.

What a gathering of the loved ones,
As they come from near and far,
To give us hearty welcome,
To their home across the bar;
O the glory of the dawning
Of that bright and happy day,
As they smile and say good morning,
When we meet them on the way.

Don't regret the hour of parting,
When the earth friend leaves your side,
For in spirit they will meet you,
When you reach the other side.
Then accept the Father's promise,
Of a life beyond the grave,
If we build our heavenly mansion
Here on earth by being brave.

Let us be like Christ our brother,
Living pure lives kind and true,
Doing unto one another
What you'd have them do to you.
Then this world would be a heaven,
Without need of Sunday School,
And we'll rise up and sing praises
For the Master's golden rule.

A Dream of Heaven

A DREAM OF HEAVEN

Last night, as I lay sleeping,
I had a dream so fair,
I thought I saw a ladder,
Reaching upward in the air.
The uprights were of jasper,
And the rungs were made of gold,
And the voice from up above me said
Come into thy Father's fold.

As I climbed that golden ladder,
Care and sorrow passed away;
And I felt my heart grow lighter,
As the night turned into day;
And I heard the sweetest music,
Made by angel voices sweet,
And I joined the heavenly chorus,
Which lent lightness to my feet.

And I met the loved and dear ones,
Whom I'd known before on earth;
All had come to greet and welcome me
Into that other birth;
And I plucked the rarest flowers,
Such I'd never seen before,
And the perfume overwhelmed me
As I stood upon the shore

Of that sea of brightest chrystal,
With its rippling waves of light,
And thanked God I'd crossed the border land,
In which there was no night.
But the awakening in the morning
Was the saddest of my life,
For I found myself once more among,
Earth's turmoils, sin and strife.

After Awhile

The experience of that glorious dream
Will ever fill my heart
With love toward my brother man,
Till from earth I do depart.
I know my loved ones liveth,
As in the vision shown to me,
And the God of love, who giveth,
Life beyond the tideless sea.

A THOUGHT

Seeds of kindness, sown in gladness,
Bring forth flowers of sweetest love,
Watered by the tears of sadness,
And nourished by the God above.

Though we suffer pain and sorrow,
On the earth plane here below,
They are but lessons for tomorrow,
That our lives may better grow.

AFTER AWHILE

After awhile, all will be o'er,
All sorrow, heartaches, pain and care,
Then we will live on that fair shore,
Free from the evil tempter's snare.

After awhile, we'll greet our friends
In the land of sunshine's golden light,
In the summer land of which we dream,
The land in which there is no night.

After awhile we'll awake to find
The friends who left us long ago.
Who will greet us with a love more kind,
In robes as white as purest snow.

Lead Me On

After awhile our faults we'll see,
The good, the bad, as they pass by.
Upon the panoramic sea,
And we'll exclaim! can that be I?

Oh! let us do what we think right,
No matter what the world may say.
And after awhile with the spiritual sight,
We will view our home, as bright as day.

SUNSHINE

Look inward, not outward,
Upward, not down.
And send out the sunshine,
Thereby win the crown.

By so doing the love light
Will shed light o'er your path.
For a word spoken kindly
Will turn away wrath.

LEAD ME ON

Lead me on, oh loving spirit,
To that burnished gate of gold.
That I may so do the duty,
Of my God the oversoul.

Lead me on, my child, to heaven,
In my heart create that love,
That shall blossom into beauty,
In that glorious home above.

Ask, and Ye Shall Receive

Lead me on, oh guiding loved one,
To do good to those of earth.
That may cheer the sad and weary,
Fill their hearts with joy and mirth.

Give me power to lead them onward,
Into light of spiritual truth.
That they may so see the beauties,
Of that bright eternal youth.

ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

Guide me, oh! thou great Jehovah
In the path that leads to God.
That I may sail the sea celestial,
Where none but Jesus' feet have trod.

Long I've wandered, lone and weary,
Through this life of vice and sin,
Till my heart is oh! so dreary,
Striving hard the goal to win.

Will there ever be a rending
Of the veil that I may see
Where peace and love are ever blending,
And a resting place for me?

Yes, my child, the clouds are breaking,
Dawn is peeping o'er the hill,
And the sun will soon be shining,
And the birds their songs will trill.

Then your heart will fill with gladness,
And your lips will give forth song,
And your soul be free from sadness;
Courage, child, it won't be long.

Prophecy

Angel friends are now preparing,
A mansion in that home above,
And e're long your soul will enter
Through the gate, where all is love.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

I love to wander through the woods,
At twilight's gentle hour,
And listen to the night birds' song,
Neath nature's quiet bower.

I sit me down beneath the trees,
And worship God alone.
It brings me nearer to the love
Of Him whose light so shone

That we might follow in the path,
That leads to peace and love.
For He who lives for others finds
His treasures up above.

Obey the laws of nature,
For transgression is a sin
And when you reach the pearly gate,
They'll welcome you within.

PROPHECY

I see in the future a path of light,
And it reaches from sea to sea.
It's the spirit of truth in its armour bright,
Bringing freedom to you and me.

Rays of Sunshine

Freedom from bondage of dogma and creed,
Whose chains have held us so long.
For the links in that chain I see grow weak
As our faith in the spirit grows strong.

For the truth of spirit has proven itself
The religion the world must accept.
And the angel world has opened the door
For us to enter step by step.

Not many years will roll around
Before we all will meet
In one grand church where love abounds,
And we'll worship at the feet

Of Him whose power of love went forth,
And healed the sick and lame.
And by His mediumistic power He raised
The dead to life again.

I also see, in that great day,
By angels to me shown,
That friend and foe will go hand in hand,
And we shall know as we are known.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE

Let us scatter rays of sunshine,
Instead of clouds of night,
That we may reap the harvest
In our heavenly home so bright.

Sow the seeds of human kindness
In the hearts of those you meet,
That they may enjoy the flowers
That spring up around their feet.

Friendship

The flowers are the kind thoughts,
That we sow from day to day,
And the harvest will be twofold,
That we'll reap along the way.

DON'T

Don't be weary in well doing,
Don't speak ill of friend or foe.
Cheer the weak, the sad, the erring,
By sowing roses as you go.

Don't repeat the idle gossip,
That you hear from passers by.
For if you say they said it,
The story they'll deny.

Don't frown upon your neighbor,
Just because they frown at you:
Wear a smile of friendly greeting,
And perhaps that they'll smile too.

Don't you know if you sow flowers,
Flowers you'll reap, as sure as fate.
And the harvest will surprise you,
When you enter through the gate.

FRIENDSHIP

It is sweet to be remembered
By those we love most dear.
To know that you are numbered
As a friend with heartfelt cheer.

The Angel in the House

To know that we are counted
As a friend, the same today,
Although our paths are severed,
And we are far away.

The time may come, it can't be long,
When we shall meet again.
I wonder will it be with joy,
Or will it give us pain?

God grant thy loving kindness,
May fill our hearts with love.
And mold our friendship stronger,
In that heavenly home above.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

There's an angel in our house,
And I hope she's come to stay,
And I know I'm not mistaken,
For I found her there today.
She's the sweetest little angel
Ever sent to earth below,
And if you could only see her,
You would say so too, I know!

Her eye's are blue, and her hair is brown,
And her cheeks just like the rose,
And her chin is like a snowdrop,
And the pinkest little toes;
Her ears are like a sea shell,
And the cutest little nose,
If you think we do not love her
Well, just ask someone that knows.

The Angel in the House

This tale of love a little child,
Was telling to her mate.
One day as I was passing by
Two children at the gate.
Someone had left this little babe,
On the door step of this home,
And they took it in, to take the place
Of one which now had gone.

The people they were happy,
And the child was too, we know,
And she knew it was an angel,
For her mamma told her so.
And now I tell this tale to you
As I heard it on that day,
And may God bless that little home
Forever and for aye.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 937 400 2