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*Where We Call  
Each Other  
Honey*



*Luella Knott*





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Book

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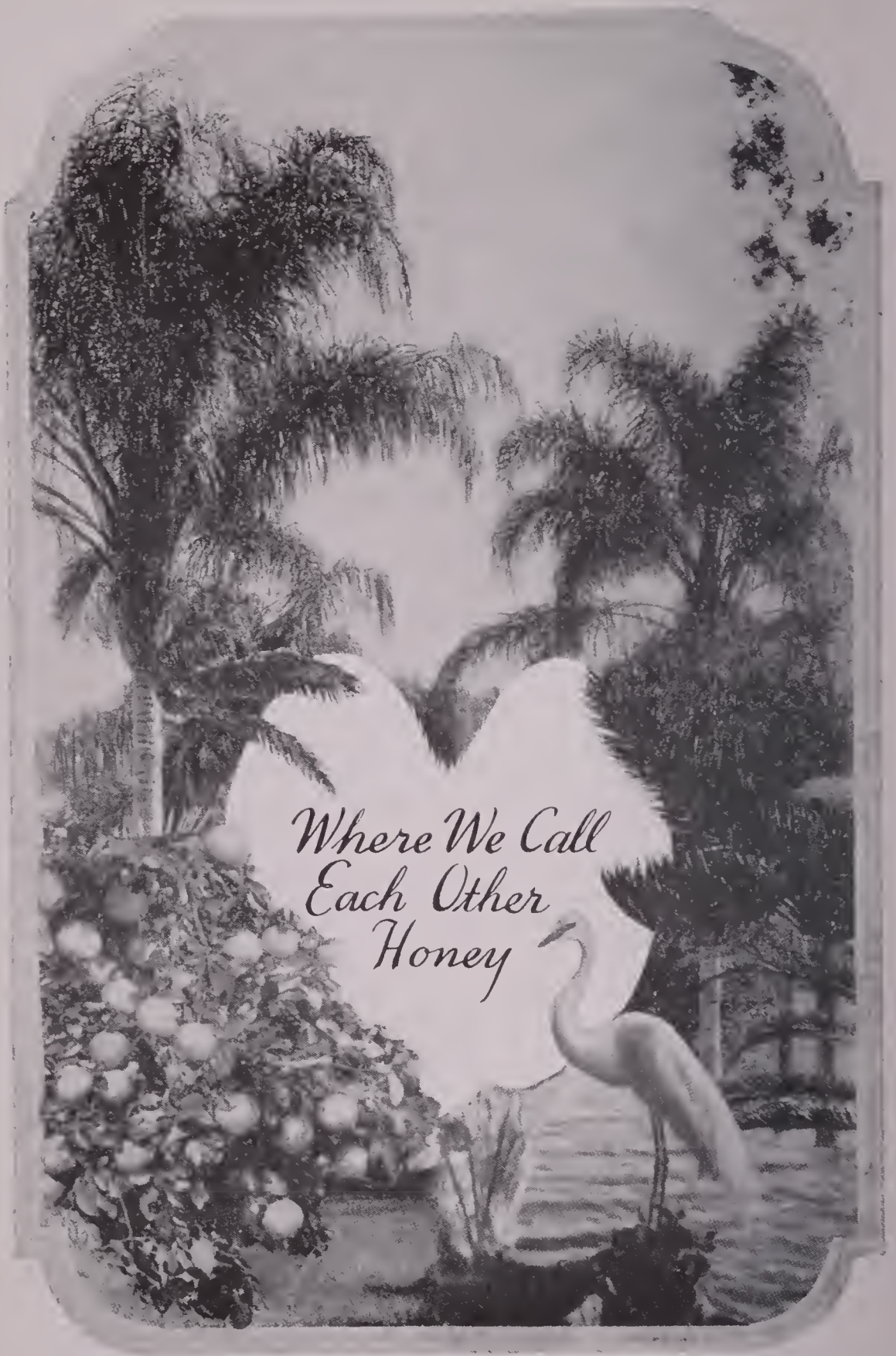
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WHERE WE CALL  
EACH OTHER  
HONEY

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*Where We Call  
Each Other  
Honey*



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WHERE WE CALL  
EACH OTHER  
HONEY



BY

*ms.* LUELLA KNOTT



MACON, GEORGIA  
THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY

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To one I love these lines I dedicate,  
My mental spouse, my heart's true mate;  
Whose sweet affection doth my every weakness cover,  
My friend, my husband and my lover.

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WHERE WE CALL  
EACH OTHER  
HONEY

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## WHERE WE CALL EACH OTHER HONEY

I live down south,  
Where we call each other Honey!  
Where everything was born to sing,  
And skies are bright and sunny.  
Each Honey has two hands to work,  
A heart to do and dare,  
And I'd rather be his Honey,  
Than be a millionaire!

We own a million dollars' worth  
Of flowers and sunshine,  
A million-dollar orchestra  
Is singing all the time.  
We have million-dollar diamonds  
On the surface of the seas;  
And currency of green and gold  
A' hanging on the trees.



---

We've eyes to see God's universe  
Of boundless compensation,  
His jewels rare spread everywhere,  
We own *the whole creation!*  
With hearts afire, we never tire  
Of labor anywhere;  
And I'd rather be his Honey  
Than be a millionaire!

---

## I WOULD SING ONLY OF YOU

There are songs about moonlight,  
May-day and June night,  
    Music and roses and bright skies of blue;  
Sunshine and twilight,  
Starry-eyed dream-night,  
    But I would sing only of you!

There are flower and tree songs,  
Perfume and breeze songs,  
    Daffodils, violets, shining with dew;  
Soft-tinted rainbows,  
Songs where the brook flows,  
    But I would sing only of you.

Your voice is the breeze  
In whispering trees,  
    Your lips are the dawn and the sweet-scented dew;  
I sing of Earth's sweetness,  
All joy and completeness,  
    When I would sing only of you!

---

## MORE THAN CONQUERERS

There are so many things in the world to do,  
And so many things to be;  
There are so many graces, and so many places,  
Waiting for you and for me.  
There are so many ways to turn,  
And so many things in view;  
There is so much to see and so much to be,  
And so many **BIG THINGS** to do!

There are so many things in the world to do.  
And nothing can ever prevail  
Against our desire to work and acquire  
And **ACHIEVE**, and never say: Fail.  
For the soul that is true cannot fail,  
Though Earth, with her agencies, tire  
And give up the fight, the soul that is right  
*Must Win*, in each righteous desire!

---

For there is something within us,  
Far bigger than aught that assails;  
And in each denial, each test and each trial,  
This wonderful Something prevails.  
And the wonderful things of the world,  
Are waiting for those who are true,  
Wherever we turn, there is so much to learn,  
And so many BIG THINGS to do.

---

## MY NEIGHBOR

My neighbor dropped in this morning,  
In an old-fashioned, neighborly way;  
For she has time—this neighbor of mine—  
An old-time visit to pay.  
She wore a pretty pink gingham,  
And smiled like a sun-lit sea.  
She brought a huge glass of jelly  
And a bunch of red roses to me.

It isn't the jelly nor roses  
Nor what she brings in her hands;  
But the better part in her mind and heart,  
The trifles she understands.  
She's a cunning little artist,  
Who can sing and paint and spin;  
And the whole world glows with gold and rose  
Whenever she breezes in!

---

I wonder if sometime, somewhere,  
When neighboring's over down here;  
She'll happen to be in the mansion next me,  
And still be my neighbor up there?  
Do you know, I would far rather have her  
Than dear old Elijah or Moses!  
And I want her to wear that pink gingham,  
And bring me some jelly and roses!



---

## TO EACH OF MY OWN

There was a time when Love could not deny  
Aught that was asked, and it was joy indeed  
To grant requests and ever gratify  
All that a loving heart might plead.  
But Love grows strong with passing years of learn-  
ing,  
Till Wisdom leads with feet that never tire;  
'Tis thy best good for which my heart is yearning,  
'Tis thy completeness I would now require.  
For though so pure and good, my Love desireth  
A purer purity, a better good  
Than that which any master mind requireth,  
Or human heart hath ever understood.

I'd even pain inflict to purify thee  
And make thee what my heart would have thee be;  
My Love hath grown so great it can deny thee,  
Although thy pain is more than pain to me.  
For oh, the grief of grieving thee! was ever

---

Test more supreme or love more sorely tried?  
To kindle into flame the fires that never  
Shall wane until our souls are purified?  
*We love*, and so, we sit with the Refiner,  
And, like Him, we shall not be satisfied  
Till His refining fires make us diviner,  
And burn until our souls are glorified.

Love me, my own, with Godlier affection,  
And spare me not the pain of Love's sweet rod;  
Tell me of every fault and imperfection  
And help me climb the lonely hills of God.  
Take heed! for each must ever be reminded,  
Oft'times, you're strong when I am weak and  
numb;  
Your eyes are often open when I'm blinded,  
And you can speak when my poor lips are dumb.  
God meant us thus to love and help each other,  
To spare not, till His love is satisfied;  
So, no reproof within thy bosom smother,  
Till we shall stand together *glorified!*

---

## WHEN YOU COME HOME TO STAY

There are gray days and gay days,  
    There are days when the clouds hang low;  
There are glad days and sad days,  
    When the shadows come and go:  
There are days of rosy visions,  
    And days when I can not see;  
But all is bright with sunlight,  
    When you come home to me.

There are long days and wrong days,  
    There are dark days full of fear;  
But the dear days and clear days,  
    Are the days when you are near.  
There are blue days, and a few days,  
    When the whole wide world is true;  
When you are home with me, Dear,  
    And I am home with you.

---

## BEHIND THE VEIL

As the calm surface of the sea  
Reflects Earth's beauty far and wide,  
Deep down within my soul and me,  
Life's most intrinsic beauties hide.  
And on the crystal surface bright,  
'Mongst other things which we possess,  
God's image shines—a mirrored light,  
Behind the veil of quietness.

So when my soul looks into me,  
With deep and holy retrospect,  
We find each other beautiful  
Through beauty which the depths reflect.  
And while we're but the afterglow,  
Receiving no applauding cry;  
Nor hear one word of praise, *we know*  
We're beautiful—my soul and I!

---

## THE WORLD IS FULL OF YOU

In the early morning hours  
When the dew is on the flowers,  
    The world is full of you!  
When the dew is kissed away  
By the rosy lips of day,  
    The world is full of you!  
When the sun has climbed the stair  
Of the noonday bright and fair,  
    Into the cloudless blue;  
When the sunset is aglow  
And the shadows come and go,  
    The world is full of you!

In the springtime when I see  
Tender buds on every tree,  
    The world is full of you!  
When the air is all in tune,  
In the sunny month of June,  
    The world is full of you!

---

When the summer's passed away,  
And the autumn leaves are gay  
    With a glory ever new;  
When the winter's snow is deep  
And the flowers have gone to sleep,  
    The world is full of you!



---

## LITTLE HOUSE O' DREAMS

In my little house o' dreams,  
Where the cozy firelight gleams,  
    There are mystic shadows dancing on the wall;  
Gray shadows come and go,  
In the fire's ruddy glow,  
    And airy, fairy voices croon and call.

Overhead, the starlight gleams,  
In my little house o' dreams,  
    The air is full of music, love and light!  
I do not sit alone,  
There's a hand within my own,  
    A loving Presence lingers day and night.

We sit together there,  
The firelight on your hair,  
    The love-light and the starlight softly gleaming;  
O, how wonderful a shrine,  
Is this little house o' mine,  
    Where we sit together, dreaming, dreaming,  
    dreaming!

---

## FROM MY HEART TO YOUR HEART

From my heart to your heart,  
There's something goes each day;  
It matters not how far apart,  
Nor rough the way.

Through mountains and valleys,  
On swift and silent waves;  
There something comes from you to me,  
That keeps and saves.

On white wings of silence,  
Through dark skies and blue;  
God sends this something back and forth  
To keep us true.

And when we ask Him why  
This law we each obey,  
He says: "Through love of human hearts,  
I work my way."

---

## 'TIS SPRING

The skies are blue, the winds are sighing,  
The flowers bloom, the birds are nesting;  
Earth's beauties manifold are lying  
Where they will prove most interesting.  
There's something in the air today,  
A subtle perfume, gently stealing,  
That leads our fancy far away,  
And stirs anew the depth of feeling.

The budding trees are gently swaying,  
Alive with merry, noisome twitting,  
The world today has gone a'Maying,  
And at a Cupid's feast is sitting.  
The sky and trees and birds and flowers,  
The fragrance ling'ring all around us,  
Still brighten all the golden hours  
And find us true as once they found us.

---

With snow-white dogwood everywhere,  
And Cherokees so wildly clinging;  
And jasmine odors in the air,  
No wonder that the birds are singing.  
So, with the world, we go a'Maying,  
And with the world our hearts still sing;  
And even though our heads are graying,  
Our hearts are youthful as the Spring.

---

## TO THE NEWLY-WED

The world is big and the world is wide,  
Bigger than just you two;  
So don't walk over it side by side  
As if it were built for you!  
True love embraces the universe;  
'Tis high as heav'n and higher;  
She linked you two for good or worse  
To work out her desire.  
Too wise is she to lead astray,  
Too good to e'er deceive you;  
But if you try to *form a trust*,  
She'll surely turn and leave you.

For love is bigger than just you two,  
She covers the whole creation;  
A limitless way you now pursue  
Of boundless compensation.  
So let your love be brave and strong  
And broad and firm and true,  
Take all humanity along,

---

As you your way pursue.  
For love is far too great and wide  
To shelter just a few;  
She can not leave the world outside  
And fondle only you.  
For oh, the world is big, my dear,  
And you are only two!



---

## CINDY LEE

White-capped waves are leaping high,  
Stars are twinkling in the sky,  
    Moon is shining bright and clear,  
    Cupid standing mighty near;  
Palms are waving by the sea,  
Where I left my Cindy Lee.

Where the Alamandas shine  
'Neath the tall Australian pine,  
    Where the red poinsettias grow  
    And the bright hibiscus grow;  
Waiting on the beach for me  
Is my Cindy—Cindy Lee.

Birds are singing everywhere,  
Summer-time throughout the year,  
    Sea below and moon above—  
    Just the place for making love!  
Everything I want in reach,  
With my Cindy on the beach.

---

## WHERE OLD-TIME ROSES GROW

There's a quaint old Southern town  
That I see in every dream;  
Where old-time roses grow  
And the yellow jasmines gleam.  
I can hear your church bells ringing,  
Tallahassee!

And your mocking birds a singing,  
Tallahassee!

I can see your bamboo vine  
And your honeysuckle twine  
'Round that dear old home o' mine,  
Tallahassee!

Quaint old city of the hills,  
Hid away in Dixie land,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
When I see your beckoning hand.  
My heart is calling, calling:  
Tallahassee!

---

And my tears are falling, falling,  
Tallahassee!  
I am coming home today,  
I'm already on my way,  
And I mean to always stay,  
Tallahassee!

---

## THE FOOT OF THE HILL

We've been so long together,  
Climbing the hill with a song,  
Your hand in mine through shadow and shine,  
Helping each other along;  
Climbing the lofty summit  
With a happy noonday thrill,  
Till nearer still and dearer still,  
We're going down the hill.  
You're such a part of me, Dear,  
And I'm so used to you;  
We'll still be one when the day is done  
And the long journey's through.

We've lived so long together,  
Loving each other so long;  
From the hope of youth to the heights of truth,  
Loving has made us strong.  
The valley of rest is waiting  
In the distance cool and still,

---

And a Presence waits at the open gates  
Down at the foot of the hill.  
I'm such a part of you, Dear—  
You've always been so kind!  
We'll still be one at the set of sun,  
When the hill lies far behind.

---

## E A S T E R

Sometimes, we grow so tired along the way!

We say: "'Tis needless to evade the truth,  
I'm growing old!" . . . Then, dawns an Easter  
day,

When bright buds smile and flowers gay

Proclaim the gospel of eternal youth.

In flowering fields we see new buds unfold,

We smile—'Tis Easter, and no life is old.



---

## THANKSGIVING

Many are thanking Thee, Lord, today  
For earthly blessings and gifts and powers,  
For wealth and pleasure along Life's way,  
For strength and sunshine, song and flowers.  
But what of the sorrows we often know,  
The weakness, pain and sore disease;  
The haunting poverty, grief and woe,  
Do we thank Thee, Lord for these?

Any, O Lord, the faithless and the vain  
Can thank Thee for the sunshine and the light;  
We would do more—We thank Thee for the pain,  
For sorrow, and the darkness of the night.  
For "as the eagle stirreth up her nest",  
Till hidden thorns shall force the young to rise  
And fly, so dost Thou pierce the human breast,  
That we may our weak pinions exercise,  
And, leaving things of earth, may do our best  
To strive and to attain the heavenly prize.

---

## CHRISTMAS

“For unto you is born this day in the city  
of David a Saviour, which is Christ the  
Lord”.

The music of that angel song today  
Is sweet as when the shepherds heard the lay.

The music which the wise men heard that night  
Rings o'er the world today! Our spir'tual sight  
Still sees the messengers! Our spir'tual ears  
Still catch the music, floating down the years.

This is no idle dream—this song we hear;  
This is no shepherds' fancy! Far and near  
The Christmas strains are swelling, floating on:  
“For unto you this day a Saviour's born!”

If we but humbly listen now, as then,  
We'll hear their “Peace on earth, good will to  
men!”

---

Ah, let us cease our toiling for a day  
And rest a little while upon the way.

Let us look upward, and awhile be still  
And hear the angels sing their "Peace, good will!"  
With spir'tual senses wakened, we shall know  
As much as did the shepherds, long ago.

If we behold the star in heaven's blue  
And follow, as the angels bid us do,  
*We'll* find just what *they* found, when they  
Followed the star, that first sweet Christmas day!

---

## NEW YEAR'S GREETING

The year is drawing to a close,  
And little good 'twill do for you and me  
To sit and weep, because its records shows  
So little done, nor will we ask to see  
Why we have failed so many times to be and do  
What we desired. We'll save our tears  
For better things, and seek to know  
How we may better serve in future years.

Perhaps we've walked too much alone,  
And trusted to ourselves, from day to day;  
Our hands were somehow severed from His own,  
And thus we sometimes stumbled on the way.  
But with a purpose born of faith and prayer,  
Close by His side we'll take a firmer stand;  
And clinging closer through the coming year,  
Be this our daily prayer: "Hold Thou my hand!"

---

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

He landed on a golden Easter morn,  
And surely he had steered the boat aright,  
For there beneath the smiling of the dawn  
An Easter land was nestling, warm and bright.  
In Easter garb the shores were decorated,  
The sky threw Easter lights into the sea;  
Each color of the rainbow radiated  
From shrub and flower and every budding tree.

A soldier, strong in enterprise and daring,  
(Granada Moors had trembled at his name,  
Hispaniola's richest treasure sharing  
Had added wealth to military fame.)  
Bent with the weight of years this Easter morn,  
He landed with the little Spanish crew;  
Upon the floral shores new hopes were born,  
"This Easter land will all my youth renew!

"Oh, land of Easter, show to me the fountain,  
Where I may sink this weight of years I bear;  
For surely, in this Easter land of beauty,  
The fount of youth is hid away somewhere."

---

Into the depths of wild and verdant woodland,  
Far into regions unexplored they go,  
Nor fear to test each stream, as on they wander,  
Still seeking where the magic waters flow.

De Leon, one of earth's deluded millions,  
Who seek in vain to know and understand;  
Thy bleach-ed bones mark out a path mistaken,  
"A way that seemeth right unto a man".  
'Tis not where weary men are ever searching,  
It does not flow from depths of earthen clay!  
The Fount of Youth is hid within thy bosom,  
Aye, deep within thy heart 'tis hid away.

For when the heart is young and strong and hope-  
ful,  
No age can blight, no years can prove a foe;  
And truly, 'tis an Easter land of beauty—  
This kingdom where the living waters flow.  
The Florida that Spanish crew discovered,  
Doth rediscover life and light and truth  
For those who seek, for in unburdened spirits,  
Flows joyously the magic fount of youth!



---

## THE VICTOR

Victory Bridge crosses the Apalachicola river just below the junction of the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers. A striking feature of the Apalachicola is the distinction between the blue water of the Flint and the red of the Chattahoochee, the line being very distinct for several miles, in certain weather conditions.

When old red Chattahoochee met  
Bright, limpid Flint, so clear and blue;  
He said: "Come join me on the way  
To Apalachicola Bay,  
There's room enough for two."

And so, the two sped on, as one,  
And breast to breast they closely lie;  
Each to his source, remaining true,  
The one still red, the other blue;  
They sleep and dream and sigh.

United in one narrow bed,  
With common aim and common name;  
The Apalachicola gleams  
With blue and red of dual streams—  
A water twin of ancient fame.



---

But one day, while the waters slept,  
A bold and threatening giant came;  
With ears that hear, and eyes that see,  
A friend to East and West was he,  
And Victory was his name!

With strength of iron and steel and stone,  
He counted neither gain nor loss;  
And ere the twins defeat confessed,  
With arch-ed feet upon their breast,  
He bravely, boldly marched across.

Today, he leads his thousands on,  
The way is made, his work is done;  
Another twin—The East and West—  
Is brought to make the final test,  
And lo! the twain, today, is one.

There is no East, there is no West,  
No line for any other claim;  
A fast-cemented seal is wrought,  
The twins together have been brought,  
And FLORIDA is her proud name!

---

## CHEROKEE

An Indian legend tells the story of Lucosee, a Florida Seminole, who loved and married Yalaha, a South Carolina Cherokee Indian girl. In bringing her to Florida, she scattered Cherokee rose seed all the way, from which grew our first Cherokee roses. These verses are the story of a white man's love for their daughter, Cherokee.

Sweetest of Indian maids down in the Everglades,  
    Waiting for me;  
She loves the air and sky, beautiful butterfly—  
    My Cherokee!  
Lucosee's fairest daughter, she loves the woods and  
    water,  
    Tropics and calm;  
She waits her pale-face lover, no Indian suitors  
    hover  
    'Round her wigwam.

Long years have come and gone, fortune and fame  
    have shone  
    Brightly on me;  
But I would give it all for one wild Indian call  
    From Cherokee.  
Her big, black eyes are shining, her big, sad heart is  
    pining,

---

Waiting for me;  
On Okechobee's brim, where alligators swim,  
My Cherokee!

Cherokee roses climb now as in olden time,  
Fragrant and wild,  
Yalaha's seed were cast, roses sprung thick and fast!  
Yalaha's child  
Is now the fairest flower in all Yalaha's bower,  
Blooming for me!  
I'm going back to claim her where clinging roses  
name her  
My Cherokee!

---

## FLORIDA

Water-bordered, flower-strewn,  
Golden sun and silver moon,  
    Surging waters always singing,  
    Soulful songbird echoes ringing;  
Sunny lakes and rivers shining,  
    Threading through the golden sand,  
Clouds that turn their silver lining  
    Ever toward our sunny land.

Lo, the land of Easter calls,  
Charms entices and enthralls,  
    Holds and binds while we discover,  
    For each eager beauty lover,  
Gifts of green and gold unsparing,  
    Florida, our happy land!  
Rich and Poor alike are sharing  
    Sunny smiles and helping hand.

---

Ocean grand and gulf serene,  
Florida lies just between,  
Radiant wreaths of bud and bloom,  
Water-bordered corridor;  
All the time is blossom time  
Everywhere in Florida.

---

## LITTLE THINGS

She is so busy day by day  
    With service crude and commonplace,  
With stern commands she must obey,  
    With obligations she must face,  
She has no time for *noble deeds*,  
    To which the World its tribute brings;  
She must supply Earth's urgent needs  
    By doing simple, little things!  
The little things that can not wait,  
    That come in legions manifold,  
Are things she never can relate  
    Because, somehow, they can't be told.

Though she may long for soaring wings,  
    And mighty deeds the Great proclaim,  
Earth calls her back to *little things*,  
    —The little things that have no name.  
O modest, rare and lowly state,  
    Of which the World is sad bereft;

---

Whose right hand never dares relate  
Its humble service to the left.  
'Tis not for man to read or hear  
The part they play in human strife;  
But in the great Unknown, Somewhere,  
They are the *biggest things in life!*



---

## DEEP DOWN IN THE HEART O' ME

Suggested by "SMILES" and the many similar songs that followed it.

Sweet admonitions are everywhere sung,  
Each eager list'ner beguiling;  
Daily and hourly, the old and the young  
Are given new lessons in smiling.  
But the song I would sing  
And the message I'd bring,  
In the light of the smiles that you see;  
Are the joys that are mine,  
In shadow or shine,  
Deep down in the heart o' me!

Follow instructions and do as you are told,  
Each facial feature defiling;  
Get out a camouflage heartless and cold  
And tell everybody you're smiling.  
But the smiles that have shone  
When you suffered alone,  
And the tears you have tried to subdue  
Are the rainbows that shine  
From your soul to mine,  
Deep down in the heart o' you!

---

## CAROLINA DAISIES

When the fields are white with daisies  
On the Carolina hills,  
When they're blooming in the valleys  
And beside the sunny rills;  
With their golden hearts aglow  
Under sunny skies of blue,  
With their frills as white as snow,  
They are calling me to you.

We shall walk through blooming mazes  
With our hearts atune with thrills,  
When the fields are white with daisies  
On the Carolina hills.  
With your golden heart aglow,  
In your gleaming frills of white,  
O, my Carolina Daisy,  
You are calling me tonight.

When the Carolina daisies  
Sprinkle all the fields with snow;

---

I shall speak romantic phrases  
To the sweetest flow'r I know.  
I shall stand with you among them,  
Where no troubles can pursue me;  
And we'll live right with the daisies,  
When the preacher gives you to me!

---

## THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

I didn't write the letter  
    I meant to write today,  
I didn't speak the message  
    I longed so much to say;  
I didn't carry sunshine  
To a single cheerless home,  
And my neighbor 'round the corner  
    Watched in vain for me to come.

Very early in the morning,  
    When the stars were growing pale;  
When the eastern sky was casting  
    Long, gray shadows in the vale:  
Something whispered to me, gently,  
    In the twilight soft and dim:  
"Come apart awhile and rest you,  
    Spend the day alone with Him!"

I shall write the letter later,  
    And between the lines there'll be

---

Something stronger, purer, sweeter  
Than the reader's eyes can see.  
Every word will carry with it  
Something He, alone, imparts,  
And my neighbors, who have waited,  
Will rejoice with throbbing hearts.

For my cup is running over—  
Filled with gladness to the brim,  
Peace and joy and strength abiding,  
Since I spent the day with Him!

---

## ALL THINGS ARE YOURS

'Tis an hypothesis, a dream, a prayer—  
This won'drous: "Whatsoever ye desire";  
That strange, undying urge in you and me,  
The spark within, whose burning proves to be  
Divine Potentiality on fire!

So may pause and hesitate, because  
They can not see! They do not understand  
The veil of darkness, that obscures the way  
And hides the goal for which they pray,  
Is but the *shadow of His guiding hand!*

---

## THE WAY OF LIFE

A table set for two in a little house so new,  
With everything so cozy and so clean  
That not a speck of dust and not a bit of rust  
Within the little house is ever seen.

A table long and clean with places for fourteen,  
A little house grown very high and wide;  
All filled with life and light and faces sweet  
and bright,  
Where love and peace and happiness abide.

The years go quickly by! They seem to fairly  
fly!  
And with them all the little ones have flown;  
No happy voices fill the rooms so hushed and  
still,  
For lo, they live in houses of their own!

And once again I see, as clean as it can be,  
A big and silent house so old and worn;  
And once again I view a table set for two  
And see an ag-ed couple *all alone!*



---

## WOULD YOU?

SUPPOSE that to your waiting soul — receptive,  
still—

Truth came and spoke a message, sweet and  
low;

Suppose that to your yearning heart she would re-  
veal

Things which your spirit most desired to know;  
Should she pour forth sweet strains of some rich  
melody

Ne'er heard by mortal man since time began,  
Would you rejoice that she had chosen you to hear  
And bear her revelation unto man?

Would you be strong and bold her message to pro-  
claim?

Would you rejoice that she had chosen you  
To stand alone, and seek to glorify the name  
Of Truth, in all that you might say or do?  
Suppose the message was of such import that you  
Could not explain in ways that satisfied

---

The bold demands of reason, nor pursue  
The paths which intellectual powers provide.

Would you be strong enough to say: "Behold I  
stand  
Where Reason is dethroned, and Observation  
Doth never more observe. Here, Reason's hand  
Is clasped and led by that of Revelation!  
Thus am I led to know the things not yet discerned.  
By eyes or ears or heart of natural man;  
And lo! unto a natural world I dare proclaim  
Things which the Spiritual only understand"?

---

## HOME

A throne where Love is king,  
Where Peace is given birth;  
A place where happy hearts may bring  
Heaven down to earth.  
An altar high against the sky,  
Where holy candles burn;  
A beacon light, a signal bright,  
To which our spirits turn.  
'Tis not the peasant's cot,  
Nor princes' lofty dome;  
'Tis just a nest for peace and rest  
Called home!

---

## MY MISSION

I hold today a piece of clay,  
So passive and so still;  
Responsive to my every touch,  
I mold it as I will.  
And yet, potentially, it holds  
Far more than I can say;  
The strength and power of giant forms  
Are in this piece of clay.

I tremble as I take the gift—  
This pleasurable care;  
For hidden deep, somewhere, there lies  
The Potter's image fair.  
He bids me labor to reveal  
The wond'rous power and might  
Of treasures hid in earthen clay,  
To show what God is like.  
And so, each day, I watch and pray  
And grow impatient, maybe,  
For O, dear Lord, I long to see  
Thine image in my baby!

---

## MY HEART'S DESIRE

I WOULD not ask that wealth or fame,  
Earth's glory and an honored name  
Be thine. My heart's desire would claim  
    More lasting joy!

A spirit, strong and brave and free,  
A heart of truth and purity,  
A life unfettered,—this for thee  
    I ask, my boy.

I would not ask a conqueror's crown,  
With many jewels weighted down;  
Bold exploits, nor a world's renown,  
    —Not this my prayer;  
But I would seek a higher goal,  
And ask that strong and true thy soul  
Be kept. That power and self-control  
    Sustain thee everywhere.

I seek for thee no earthly prize,  
I ask the wealth which heaven supplies,

---

For strength and power the world denies  
    To you and me;  
This earth is far too small to try  
My soul's best wish to satisfy.  
'Tis heaven alone can gratify  
    My heart's desire for thee.

---

## BABY AND I

Baby and I have entered school,  
And agreed to teach each other!  
I'm to instruct his baby mind,  
And he is to teach his mother.  
Our school begins at six o'clock,  
But does not close at evening;  
It lasts till we begin again,  
Progressing and achieving.  
He teaches me and I teach him,  
Many the lessons we each assign;  
We study and learn the whole day through,  
Page upon page and line upon line,  
I am a student and he is too,  
I am his teacher, and he is mine.

When Baby holds and clings to me,  
And trusts me through all false alarms;  
Resting in faith, upon my breast,  
Hiding in my encircling arms,  
He teaches me how I may cling  
Close to my Father's loving side;



---

How, in His everlasting arms,  
My soul may ever safely hide.  
And oft', when he desires a thing,  
Insisting with repeated cries,  
And I refuse to grant his prayer—  
How quickly, do I realize  
That God, likewise, withholds from *me*  
Things, which His very love denies.

Baby and I have much to learn,  
But do you know, I'd rather be  
My Baby's pupil day by day,  
Than have him come to school to me?  
His sweet submission to my will,  
His confidence in all I do,  
Increase my faith, and make me yearn  
To be a little baby too!  
His simple faith, his restfulness,  
His heart so pure and undefiled,  
Have taught me lessons new and strange,  
And made my wayward spirit mild.  
And lo! Each day, I kneel and pray:  
"O God, make me a little child!"

---

## DEAR BIG BOY

Many the songs they sang about you,  
When you were little, and nobody knew  
Whether you'd grow to be manly and true,  
Whether the wrong or the right pursue;  
Nobody knew! Nobody knew!  
Yet, they wrote verses and sang about you,  
Dear big boy!

When you were little, like all other boys,  
Too young to know of Life's sorrows and joys;  
Too young to judge of the good and the best,  
Too small to fly from your snug little nest!  
Nobody knew what you would do,  
Yet, they wrote verses and sang about you,  
Dear big boy!

---

Many the dreams I dreamed about you,  
Many the wonderful pictures I drew!  
Never an hour but my heart could see  
Wonderful visions of what you'd be!  
Dreaming, I smiled, for I always knew  
Some day, you'd make every dream come true,  
Dear big boy!

---

## MOTHER

If I should lose my way  
And fearful woes befall me,  
Through every tear I'd see you near  
And hear your dear voice call me.  
Should tragic ills beset  
And paths grow strangely rougher,  
Though few might sigh while passing by,  
YOU'D be the one to suffer!

Were I to fall so low  
No human hand could reach me,  
Though foe nor friend his aid would lend,  
Your love would ne'er impeach me.  
Should hades' depths engulf  
And gates of torment hold me,  
Your love would quell the imps of hell  
And your dear arms enfold me.

---

## MY LEGACY

Not what my *hands* have wrought,  
But what my yearning soul desires,  
First offerings that prayer has brought  
From altars of eternal fires.  
From mountain-side and valley green,  
The best my eager hands could glean,  
I leave to you!

Not money, bonds or lands,  
But strength to meet each threat'ning foe!  
A heart that feels and understands  
Each throb of Earth's relentless woe.  
Dark, stormy clouds and skies of gray;  
Midnight and dawn, work, rest and play,  
I leave to you!

Harvests of sighs and tears,  
Paths, that His light and love make plain;  
Endurance, that withstands the years  
Of Life's vicarious grief and pain.  
A faith that dares the High and Low,  
And through each trial, says: "I KNOW!"  
I leave to you!

---

Footprints of wounded feet

On rough and rugged mountain-side;  
Torn finger-stains of blood, that meet  
*Defeat*—and yet, is satisfied.

A journey rough and dark and long,  
A sunny path, a soothing song,  
I leave to you!

Not doubt, nor vain desire

For doctrines strange and new and bold;  
But old-time truths, whose cleansing fire  
Will burn the dross from out the gold.  
Vast wisdom, whose discerning look  
Finds TRUTH replete, in *one small Book*,  
I leave to you!

A strange, intransient struggle,

A burning, unrestrained desire  
To climb the steep with aching feet,  
That you may lift your brother higher.  
Power to suffer and achieve,

Faith, hope and courage! These, I leave,  
My child to you!

---

EDGAR ALLEN POE

1809-1849

Thou poor, heart-hungry, wild-eyed child,  
Whose wondrous and impassioned powers  
Create such horrors, thine own soul  
Doth fear them! And thy spirit cowers  
Before them, lest they snatch from thee  
These earthly terrors, mortal woes;  
And give in turn immortal fears  
And taunt thee with more fiendish foes;  
And then condemn thee to the worst  
That impish spirits yet have named;  
Target for all the fiery darts  
That hell itself has ever aimed.

Far-seeing child, whose intuition  
Saw things which duller men could not discern;  
Prophetic phrases speak in frank admission  
Things which the world has waited long to learn.  
So full of dreams, which speak themselves



---

In ghostly tales and jingling rhyme;  
So filled with grotesque imagery,  
Ridiculous, and yet sublime!  
Belched up from an inferno,  
And showered from the highest heaven;  
Thy thoughts have met midway on earth  
And mingled in melodious rhythm.

Men drink thy thought, and with each quaff  
They feel a strange exhilaration,  
Till they, too, "see things in the night"  
With uncontrolled imagination.  
The gloomy "House of Usher" stands  
In gaseous vapors, leaden-hued;  
We enter into shrouded halls  
By melancholia's power subdued.  
We walk with "Ragged Mountain's Man,"  
Our sense with his in close alliance;  
And find through strange experience,  
The essence of a future science.

---

We don thy magic "Spectacles,"  
New truths to learn, new sights to see;  
And lo! we each discern, somewhere,  
Our soul's affinity.  
It is not strange that we should hear  
"The Tell-Tale Heart" to throb and beat;  
We do not feel that death itself  
Could thwart a thing thy lips repeat.  
And e'en "The Black Cat's" wailing voice  
Is music to our willing ears;  
And every ghost that stalks abroad  
Creates most fascinating fears.

Thy jingling songs and wailing rhymes  
Have ever bound and captivated;  
And those who read and those who hear  
Are by thy thought inoculated.  
"The Bells" ring out a song today  
Men never heard or knew about

---

Until thy magic hand reached forth  
To draw the mellow music out.  
They had no language, spoke no tongue,  
Till thou didst make interpretation;  
But now we hear a message  
In each tintinnabulation.

There is "A City in the Sea,"  
"Where Death hath reared Himself a  
throne;"  
But none save thee have ever dared  
To tread its ghostly streets alone.  
Eulalie's curls still glisten bright,  
Fair Helen's starry eyes we see;  
All men adore thy sweet Lenore,  
And weep for Annabel Lee.  
Thou dreadful host of ravens,  
Thou dost beguile the heart and brain,  
Till we, ourselves, would gladly seek  
Uncanny birds to entertain.

---

Strange that thy weary life went out  
And years have passed, ere man could find  
The hidden beauties of thy thought,  
And learn the secrets of thy mind.  
Our ears were dull these many years;  
We could not hear thy soul's deep sighs;  
Our eyes were dim, we could not see  
The visions clear to keener eyes.  
Our heart strings were too coarse to feel  
The stroke of such ethereal hands;  
Our spirits had not reached a height  
To catch the song of other lands.

But now, awakened hearts unite  
In universal admiration;  
More sensitive ears and keener sight  
Induce a just appreciation  
Of all our rich inheritance—  
Thy legacy, so wondrous great;

---

With natures more in tune with thee,  
Our own heart strings reverberate  
And quiver at the magic touch  
Of genius! And at last we know  
That gifts and powers such as thine  
Could not from common sources flow.

And truly thou hast never seen  
As others saw. Nor hast thou thought  
As ordinary mortals think;  
Thy soul's deep agonies have wrought  
An innovation. Sorrow stands  
All clothed in beauty, soft and gray,  
And pain and suffering command  
The world's respect today.  
Life's thunder clouds are beautified.  
And, by the touch of artist hands,  
Her leaden skies somewhat reflect  
The glorious light of other lands.

---

Thou haunted child, the fires of fate  
Have ever kindled round thy soul;  
But they have burned the dross away,  
And left to us the gold.  
And all the moans and all the groans,  
The sighing and the sobbing,  
The yearning and the burning,  
And the horrible heart-throbbing,  
“The pain called Living” conquered,  
Thou art loved as ne'er before;  
And thy soul from out the shadows  
Has been lifted evermore.











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