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A BOOK OF POEMS

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY
The Rev. Jacob Walters



Florence, South Carolina
1922

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Dedication

To my wife who has shared with me the trials and the joys of my ministerial life, this little volume of poems is affectionately dedicated by

The Author

FOREWORD

I have written and compiled these poems at different times with a desire to be an inspiration and a comfort to others. I have given due credit to authors of poems written by others than myself.

In this world of sin and sorrow it behooves everyone to do all the good possible. I send these poems forth, praying that, through the blessing of our Heavenly Father, they may cheer many weary ones along life's rugged road.

THE AUTHOR.

Farewell to the Farm

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare-you-well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing.
Good-bye, good-bye to everything.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Our Soldier Dead

The cruel war has ended,
The foe has turned and fled,
No more the air is rended,
In stillness sleep the dead.

No call disturbs their slumbers
Though all the peaceful night,
No foe augments their numbers
At early dawning light.

Their country's call they heeded,
To strike with free men's might;
To give their lives where needed,
And fell for freemen's right.

The snow will softly cover
The long, long rows of mounds,
And breath of Spring will hover,
Above these hallowed grounds.

A nation mourns their falling,
And tears bedim the eye;
While grief our hearts appalling,
We honor where they lie.

—Edmund Spencer Allhands.

A Prayer

Father, I need Thee every hour
In this vile world of sin;
Keep me by Thy grace and power,
Help me the prize to win.

I'm sinful, Lord? and need thy grace
To walk the narrow road;
I want to run and win the race,
That leads me up to God.

I come to Thee for grace to bear
My trials and my grief;
At Thy blessed throne I would appear?
And find a sweet relief.

I need Thy grace the cross to bear,
While in this world below;
Father! I count all things but dross
If I, Thyself may know.

There Is No Night in Heaven

In that blessed Home far, far away,
The mansions bright and fair,
It's never night, but always day
Because the Lord is there.

In that blessed Home we'll live again,
From sin and sorrow free;
And with the Lord forever reign
Through all eternity.

We hope to meet each other in
That happy home above;
And in that Land where is no sin,
To live with God who's love.

And when we've reached the glory Land
And all our task is done,
It's then we'll join the ransomed band
And worship 'round the throne.

O, blessed hope, O, joyful thought,
The christian's staff and rod
While journeying thence where storms
are not,
The City of our God.

O, Wonderful Words of Jesus

O, wonderful words of Jesus,
They tell of the Father's love;
They tell of the blessed redeemer
Who came from the courts above.

O, wonderful words of Jesus,
They have power to bless and to save:
For they tell how he died upon Calvary?
And rose again from the grave.

O, wonderful words of Jesus,
They tell of that home on high,
Where we WILL LIVE in joy forever
With angels beyond the sky.

O, wonderful words of Jesus'
I love them more 'and more?
And will follow the light of their teach-
ing
Till I reach the heavenly shore.

And when in the mansions of glory
Where no sorrow comes to the soul?
I will sing and shout the glad story
While the years of eternity roll.

In That Blessed Home

In that blessed Home to which we go,
No sorrow there we e'er shall know;
For, there all tears are wiped away,
And there is one eternal day.

There we shall meet our friends, be-
loved,
In that bright, happy Home above;
And there on that Celestial Shore
We'll dwell with them forever more.

In that blessed Home there's room for
all,
Who heed the Master's loving call;
And there the Saviour's face may see
And with Him spend eternity.

There we shall walk the streets of gold,
And rest secure in Jesus' fold;
Freed from all sorrows, grief and pain,
We, there with Christ shall ever reign.

In the Resurrection Morning

In the Resurrection morning,
At the coming of the Lord,
We shall hear the trumpet sounding
We shall harken to his word.

Then we'll rise o'er death triumphant
And will join the happy throng
Of the saints of every nation,
As they sing their glorious song.

Then we'll meet the Lord in glory,
And will joyfully sing
Grave, O, Grave, where is thy vict'ry,
Death, O, death, where is thy sting?

Then we'll meet our loved and lost ones
In the Land of pure delight,
Where no sorrow ever cometh,
But where all is fair and bright.

Go, Tell the Story

Go, you forth and tell the story
Of the Saviour from above,
Who did leave his home in glory,
Moved by his eternal love.

Tell to all of the dear Saviour,
Who did die on Calvary,
That the lost might have God's favor
Now and in eternity.

Tell them that he rose triumphant;
And that now the saints can sing,
"Grave, O, grave, where is thy vict'ry?
Death, O death, where is thy sting?"

Tell them that he reigns in Heaven,
And to him the angels bow;
That he's now our mediator
Go, and speak this message now.

Haste you, for it is God's power
Sent to save the World from sin;
Haste you now, for at this hour
You, some precious soul may win.

Our Flag

Our dear old flag, how we love it,
'Tis the the flag of liberty;
There's none that we prize above it;
Our flag it shall ever be.

For it teaches us our duty
The duty of sacrifice
For it speaks to us by its beauty
And tells us of freedom's price.

And its beautiful stripes of white,
The emblem of purity
Speaks to all of justice and right
The heritage of the free.

Its stars united together
In a field of royal blue?
Says to all men? we are brothers:
This is the ideal for you.

May this dear flag forever wave
O'er every sea and land
Till all the race, from tyrants free?
Is in one happy band.

Heaven

We sing of Heaven, our Beulah Land,
Where friends long parted meet again;
And there with saints and angels stand;
And with the Christ forever reign.

We sing of Heaven our Home on high
And long to rest upon its Shore;
To reach that Land where none can die,
And be with Christ forever more.

Our Saviour's there; we'll see his face,
And in His beauty we shall shine;
We'll talk of all His wondrous love,
And of His glory so divine.

And when we've reached that home on
high,
Where pains and sorrows are unknown,
We'll join with saints in songs of love
To Him who sits upon the throne.

Jesus, I Am Coming to Thee

Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to thee,
That thou mayest cleanse me within;
I am wretched and vile, but thine would
I be,
Oh take me and save me from sin.

I am coming to thee, O, Saviour divine,
That thou mayest guide me aright;
Lead me to mansions that shall ever be
mine
In the Land where cometh no night.

I am coming to thee who died on the
cross,
That thy grace and love I may know,
For, the riches of Earth are nothing
but dross,
And vain are the pleasures below.

I am coming to thee to live and to die
In service delightfully sweet;
And when thou callest me to mansions
on high,
I will cast my crown at thy feet.

We Will Trust in Jesus

We'll trust in Jesus day by day
And follow him along the way
To heavenly mansions up on high
Where we shall see him by and by.

We'll love and serve him here below,
And then to that bright World we'll go
And live with him forever more
Upon that peaceful, happy shore.

He died for us that we might be
With him through all eternity:
How sweet the fellowship above
Where all is peace and joy and love.

He walks with us along the road
And always helps us bear our load;
But when on Earth we've run our race
How sweet 'twill be to see his face.

I Have a Home Above

I have a home above,
A mansion bright and fair
Where all is peace and joy and love,
Because the Lord is there.

In that blessed home on high,
Where sorrows are unknown,
The Christ, my Lord is ever nigh
To those he calls his own.

There I shall see the face
Of him who died for me,
And talk of all his wond'rous grace
Through vast eternity.

In that bright, happy home
I'll meet my friends again;
And worship him who bade me come,
The lamb for sinners slain.

We are Pilgrims, on a Journey

We are pilgrims, on a journey
To our Heavenly Home above,
Where we'll live in peace forever,
In that Land of light and love.

To that Home of many mansions
We are traveling day by day,
And our Saviour walks beside us,
And He guides us all the way.

Here we meet with many trials
In this world of sin and woe;
But we're going on to glory
Where no sorrow we shall know.

Here we've no abiding city,
But we seek the one to come;
And we're going on to Heaven,
On to our eternal Home.

Soon we'll pass within the portals,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Then we'll walk and talk with Jesus
In that Land of perfect peace.

Home

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gild-
ed;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart has
buildd!

Home! Go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room—
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer
it.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one who loves to meet
us.

—Charles Swaine.

The Tree in Winter

The tree was cold, the tree was bare,
She shivered in the frosty air,
Then she called to her friend, the dear
kind May,
"O bring me a leafy robe, I pray!"

But the spring had journeyed far away,
And would not return for many a day;
So old Jack Frost, that good little elf,
Said, "I'll make the tree a gown my-
self!"

He wove a robe all snowy white,
From frozen mist, with ice-fringe bright,
And the pretty tree, in her new gown
were best.

—Eleanor Smith.

The Weaver of Rugs

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a
dream

And brooded the summer through;
With tender love he's plotted his theme
And now His dream's come true.

He's spread His carpet over the hills.

Soft is its silken sheen
Of red and the color of daffodils,
Of rose, and orange and green.

And a patch of blue reflecting there

The color of autumn skies;
The pattern vague, but beyond compare
Are these clear, mysterious dyes.

Its knotted warp in the ground below,

Holds close its shimmering pile.
The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed it so,
And this is its Maker's smile.

The Weaver of Rugs has dreamed a
dream

And brooded the summer through
Over the forest, field and stream
And now His dream's come true!

—Beatrice Reynolds.

The Weaver

Mrs. Hasbrouck Delamater

Though winter snows are deep and
white,

And winter fields are bare,
And ice is on the little pools,
And frosty is the air,
And days are dark with wind and storm,
And nights are thick with gloom,
A weaver sits among the trees
And plies the busy loom.

She works upon a ground of green,

The violets clustered blue,
And golden crocuses inwrought,
With beads of silver dew,
The rose of dawn, the russet brown
Upon the thrush's wing:
'Tis Nature weaving in the woods
The fabric of the Spring.

The Singing World

By the Bentztown Bard

The whole earth is quiet and at rest:
they break forth into singing.—Isaiah,
xiv. 7.

I saw an old fellow, with one arm and
lame,
With a bundle of papers to sell, but so
game,
Why, in spite of his wrinkles of trouble
and care,
And many a strand of snow-white in his
hair,
His eyes twinkled brightly, he shifted
his load,
And crying his papers went down the
highroad.
He had seen better days, but he wasn't
a shirk—
And he sang at his work!

A little child passed me whose eyes
seemed to tell
A tale out of torment and sorrow of hell:
Her wan cheeks, forgetting how ruddy
they'd been,
Were pale with the hardship of hunger,
and thin;
She hurried to toil, she was earning her
bread,
And she lifted her heart with a toss of
her head,
Forgetting the' darkness of life and its
murk—
And she sang at her work!

I saw an old farmer bent over a plow,
With the wrinkles of labor and age on
his brow;
His voice had grown weak through the
toil of the years,
But his eyes shone with smiles, not with
shadow and tears;
He yelled to his horses as lusty as
youth,
And plowed up the field as if plowing
up truth,
With nothing to harm him and nothing
to irk—

And he sang at his work!

I came by a mill where the spindles
were roaring,
And many pale women by the huge
looms were pouring,
And standing all day in their places to
wind
The spools and the shuttles, for women
must find
Some work at something to help in the
strife
That keeps the red wolf from the door-
ways of life;
But these seemed as gay as sweet maids
of the kirk—
And they sang at their work!

Oh, this is the world of the singers, I
say.
The singers of toil at the hardships of
day,
That find in hard labor the sweet of
content,
That go to their tasks with a double in-
tent—
Of toiling and slaving, if such things
must be,
But keeping up heart and a sound bit
of glee,
And looking at life with a quip and a
quirk—
And they sing at their work!

I Am the Way

Art Thou the way Lord? Yet the way
is steep;
And hedged with cruel thorns and
set with briars
We stumble onward, or we pause to
weep,
And still the hard road baffles our de-
sires,
And still the hot noon beats, the hours
delay,
The end is out of sight—Art Thou the
way?

Art Thou the way, Lord? Yet the way is
blind!

We grope and guess, perplexed with
mists and suns;
We only see the guide-posts left behind,
Invisible to us the forward ones;
The chart is hard to read, we wind and
stray,
Beset with hovering doubts—Art Thou
the way?

Art Thou the way, Lord? Yet the way
is long!

Year follows year while we are jour-
neying still,
The limbs are feeble grown which once
were strong,
Dimmed are the eyes and quenched
the ardent will,
The world is veiled with shadows sad
and gray;
Yet we must travel on—Art Thou the
way?

Art Thou the way, Lord? Then the way
is sweet,

No matter if it puzzle or distress,
Though winds may scourge, and blind-
ing suns may beat,
The perfect rest shall round our wear-
iness,
Cool dews shall heal the fevered pulse
of day;
We shall find home at last through
Thee, the way.—Susan Coolidge.

A Seed by the Wayside

E. C. Baird

The pilgrim paused on his weary way,
And planted a seed at the close of day;
Planted a seed by a garden wall,
As the sun went down—and that was
all.

Many came where the flower grew,
And enjoyed its fragrance; but no one
knew—
No one knew who planted the seed;
No one witnessed the sunset deed.

One came that way in bitter grief,
Lingered awhile and found relief;
Found sweet relief in flowing tears,
And forgot the burden of the years.

Another came, all steeped in crime,
Paused and pondered for a little time,
And then he left, no more a knave,
But to plant a flower on his mother's
grave.

A maiden came with blushes red,
Tempted the path of shame to tread;
But the flower nodded and seemed to
say:
"You'd better be true to the uphill
way."

Thus the pilgrim slept in his unknown
grave,
While the flower its beauty and fra-
grance gave,
Pointing the way from the dust and sod
The way that leads to Home and God.
2521 St. Joseph Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

Our Childhood Home

We think of home, our childhood home,
And long to wander there once more;
And walk the paths that we have trod
With friends and loved ones gone before.

To meet around the old hearthstone,
And there to kneel in fervent prayer,
And worship through God's only son,
With those beloved, who once were
there.

To hear again our mother's voice
As oft we heard in days gone by;
How it would make our hearts rejoice,
How it would dry the tear-dimmed eye.

But never in that home again
We'll meet the friends we had on Earth;
But, in that Home where Jesus reigns,
We'll meet them there with joy and
mirth.

The Two Ways

What though the path is sometimes
rough?

There's many a smooth place too;
Maybe the load is hard to bear,
But burdens help us grow.

What if the clouds are dark today,
The sun will shine again;
There'd be no flowers or fruit or grain,
If there should be no rain.

There is no smooth and easy way
To reach the mountain top,
And all the wide, enchanting view,
Is missed by those who stop.

The rugged road is the common way,
So why complain and scowl?
Best cheer each other as we go,
And grin instead of growl.

The upward path, God's own high-way,
Where all his saints have trod,
Is often steep and hard to climb,
But leads at last to God.

—Mrs. A. S. Brown.

The Rustle of the Corn

The gleaming knives are swinging in
the valleys of the morn,
And, oh, what sweeter music than the
rustle of the corn!

The drying blades that rattle
And the silken tassels gay
That top the shocks with beauty,
While the winds around them play.

The shocks are rows of wigwams on the
fields of harvest dream,
The singing of the cutters of the corn is
like a gleam.

The golden ears are heavy
As they droop upon the stalk,
And, oh, the magic music
Of the fairies talk!

Crows are waiting stately by the forest
edge to sweep
Among the garnered harvest when the
shadows are asleep.
Through the morning stealing,
In the twilight softly borne,
How beautiful the music
Of the rustle of the corn!

Tonight the moon will glory all the
world of autumn's spell
With feet of silver dancing on the hill
and in the dell.
The banjoes will awaken,
And the merry songs will ring,
But give me just the music
That the blades the harvest sing!

Give me just a music, as it echoes
through the morn,
Of silken, soothing beauty in the rustle
of the corn.
The shocks in stately grandeur,
And the world of mist and gleam,
A world of mellow glory
In the noble bloom of dream!
—Folger McKinsy, in Baltimore Sun.

My Pilgrimage

I've traveled many a weary mile
Along life's rugged road;
I soon will reach my journey's end
Where 'll lay down my load.

Day by day I'm nearing home,
That home of joy above,
Where sin's dark curse can never come,
Where all is peace and love.

Some of my friends have gone before,
And some will follow on;
We soon shall meet on Canaan's shore
When life's bright crown is won.

There I shall rest forever more,
My pilgrim days all past;
My suff'ring and my sorrows o'er,
I've reached my home at last.

Christ Will Come for Us

Christ will come for us when life's labors are done,
When the battle is fought and the victory is won,
And will take us with Him to His home
up on high
Where sin cannot enter the sweet by
and by.

By faith we look forward to that glorious day,
When suffering and sorrow shall all pass away;
And sin and temptation annoy us no more,
And we meet with our loved ones who
have gone on before.

As pilgrims and strangers on Earth we now roam
Away from our father, away from our home;
But we long for that Land where the ransomed will sing
Praises to Jesus, our Saviour and king.

And there with our loved ones we'll join the refrain,
And talk of redemption again and again;
And praise our dear Saviour who came from above,
Sent by the Father through infinite love.

Our Heavenly Home

Our Home is in the Heavenly Land
Where we shall join the ransomed band
And live forever more;
And sing around the throne above
The songs of Christ's redeeming love
With those who've gone before.

In that blessed Home there is no night.
For, Jesus always is the light
Of those who enter there;
And sin and death can never come
To mar the beauty of that Home,
That Home so bright and fair.

No sorrow shall we ever know
In that bright world to which we go
Redeemed by Jesus' blood;
Our trials there will all be past,
And in that Heavenly Home at last
We'll live with Christ the Lord.

We'll talk of all the wondrous grace
Of him who died to save the race
From sin and death and hell;
We'll praise the Lord from day to day,
Who is the truth, the life, the way,
While in that Home we dwell.

We'll make the arch of Heaven ring
With praises to our Saviour king
Through all eternity;
And in that Land where none can die,
We'll greet our loved ones by and by,
And his dear face we'll see.

I Love Thee, Blessed Jesus

I love thee, blessed Jesus
Because thou first loved me,
And left thy Home in glory,
From sin to set me free.

I love thee, blessed Jesus,
Thou friend of sinners, lost,
Who gave thy life a ransom
Upon the cruel cross.

I love thee for thy mercy
Which thou didst show the race;
I love thee for thy meekness,
Thy gentleness and grace.

I love thee for thy promise
To guide me on the road
That leads unto that blessed Home
Where I shall live with God.

And when my days are ended
And I, thy face shall see,
I'll love thee more than ever
Through all eternity.

The Love of God to Man

O, the love of God, our Saviour,
To the world of sinners, lost;
He did give His son to suffer
And to die upon the cross.

Man was lost, O, sad condition,
Lost in folly and in sin;
But the Father in His mercy
Sent His son The lost to win.

And he came, the man of sorrows,
Scorned, rejected by His own;
To redeem a world from sinning
He did leave His Father's throne.

Can we ever know the suf'ring
And the awful agony,
When he died for man's salvation—
Died to set the rebels free.

Listen to His earnest pleading,
As he hung upon the cross,
Saying, Father, Oh forgive them,
For, they know not what they do.

O, you angels, high in glory,
As you chant your melody,
Can you tell the love of Jesus,
Which He showed on Calvary.

Thanksgiving Day

The little wistful memories, they woke
with me today
Amid the pale-lit primrose dawn that
streaked the snow-clouds gray,
For when the first wan light appeared
upon my chamber wall,
The little wistful memories, they waked
me with their call.

Across my frost-ferned window-pane a
hint of wood-smoke sweet,
Adown the hallways of my heart the
tiny, stirring feet
Of dear and lost Thanksgiving Days,
like children's ghosts astray,
And little wistful memories that woke
with me today.

The little eager memories, they crowded
at my board,
They stilled the kindly stranger-voice
that blessed our simple hoard
With low and half-heard whisperings in
tones of other years,
That thrilled my trembling heart-strings
through, and stung my eyes to tears.

The lighted room grows strangely dim,
and through my lashes wet
I see in all its older cheer another table
set;
Oh, present dear Thanksgiving joy, with
heartache underscored,
And little eager memories that crowd
around the board!

The little pleading memories, I heard
them where they crept,
When warm upon the wide-armed
hearth the dying fire-glow slept;
They slipped small fingers into mine,
and watched, while dimmed and
gray,
There paled the last red embers of each
past Thanksgiving Day.

O God, while here for present good I
bring Thee grateful praise,
I thank Thee, too, for all the joys of
old Thanksgiving Days;
For voices stilled, and faces gone, in liv-
ing presence kept
By little tender memories that sought
me where they crept.

—Martha Haskell Clark,
in "Scribner's Monthly."

For Jesus

We will sing for Jesus
All day long,
And will gladly praise him
With our song,
For he has redeemed us
By his blood
And is leading onward
Up to God.

We will work for Jesus
Day by day
And will follow Jesus
All the way
To his home in glory
Up on high
Where we'll live forever
By and by.

We will live for Jesus
Here below
And will tell the story
Where we go,
Of his love and kindness
To the lost
And of redemption and
What it cost.

When our work is ended
We will bring
Loud hosanna praises
To our king,
Then we'll live with Jesus
That dear friend
Then our bliss and joy will
Never end.

Welcome New Year

I do not know, I cannot see,
What God's kind hand prepares for me,
Nor can my glance pierce through the
haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules He who notes the sparrow's fall.

I know the hand that hath me fed,
And through the year my feet hath led;
I know the everlasting arm
That hath upheld and kept from harm.
I trust Him as my God and Guide,
And I know that He will still provide.

So at the opening of the year
I banish care and doubt and fear.
And, clasping His kind hand, essay
To walk with God from day to day;
Trusting in Him who hath me fed,
Walking with Him who hath me led.

I know not where His hand shall lead,
Through desert wastes, o'er flowery
mead;
'Mid tangled thicket, set with thorn,
'Mid gloom of night or glow of morn;
But still I know my Father's hand
Will bring me to His goodly land.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness
crowned,
A hand divine hath set thy bound.
Welcome the New Year, which shall
bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.

—Anon.

A Harvest Song

After the plowing and sowing,
After the burdens and heat,
After the seasons of striving,
Cometh reward that is sweet;
Cometh the rest-time we merit,
When labor is not in vain,
A time to laugh and be merry,
Singing the harvest refrain.

After the battle of effort,
After the sigh and the tear,
After the watching and waiting,
The time of reaping is near;
When the deeds and seeds bear fruit—
age
Cometh a time to be glad;
After the trouble is over,
Time to forget we were sad.

After the planting and tending,
Long after the fruits mature,
Cometh sweet rest for the weary,
And peace for those who endure;
A time for rejoicing cometh,
Then laugh, and thy youth prolong—
Toil's recompense is in reaping,
When cometh sweet rest and song.

—Margaret Scott Hall.

The Voice of the Brave Americans in France

The Country that is free
Is the Country for me;
And I will have no other one;
I will fight for this right
With my God-given might,
Till the glorious work is done.

I press forward each day
In the midst of the fray
That the flag of freedom may wave
Over nations oppressed
And peoples distressed
Because of the wrongs of a knave.

So onward I will go
Driving back the mad foe
That have marred the beautiful land;
My life I freely give
That the nations may live
Together in one happy band.

And when the war is past
And I come home at last
To live with my loved ones again,
The whole world will be
Safe from all tyranny,
For the people forever shall reign.

Anxious to Fight

We are waiting for our orders to go to
France and fight;
For, we long to see the Kaiser and his
army put to flight;
We'll give them such a threshing that
they'll never more design
To venture out of Germany, beyond the
River Rhine.

They thought to rule the world; but we
will show them their mistake
And let them know that we are fighting
for liberty's sake;
We will never sheathe the sword till the
vic'try is complete,
And autocracy lies forever at the peo-
ple's feet.

We will fight for humanity till the victory is won,
Then shout to all the race that the glorious work is done;
That our purpose is accomplished, and all men now are free
To follow the star of Hope, and work out their destiny.

And when the world is freed from autocracy's dreadful blight,
And nations are ruled by justice, and not human might;
War drums will cease forever, and carnage will be no more,
For there will be one royal brotherhood from shore to shore.

Longing for the Day

By Frank L. Stanton

I.

She says, when she's a-thinking
Of the far times that have been—
When we hear the Night Wind calling
Like it's wanting to come in:
"It's lonesome—it's lonesome:
The Wind has lost its way:
It's the Wind o' the Darkness,
Longing for the Day."

II.

"But why should it be sighing
So sad-like and low,
When stars are twinkling 'round it,
To show it where to go?"
"It's lonesome—it's lonesome".
That's still the word she'll say:
"It's the Wind of the Darkness,
Longing for the Day."

III.

Then Day comes, with sunshine.
And birds sing to the sky,
And we say to her: "Grandmother,
The Wind's forgot to sigh!"
And she looks from Here to Heaven,
In the dark Night's dreamy way;
"Longing for the day, child,—
Longing for the Day."

—The Atlanta Constitution.

No One Ever Trusted the Saviour in Vain

I will trust in the Lord as long as I live
For food and for raiment which to me
 he will give,
For, he sendeth the sunshine and send-
 eth the rain,
And no one ever trusted the Saviour in
 vain.

I will trust in the Lord to cleanse me
 within,
And save me from death and save me
 from sin
Through the blood that was shed to
 wash away stain,
For, no one ever trusted the Saviour in
 vain.

I will trust in the Lord to guide me
 along
The road that is traveled by the sancti-
 fied throng
To the Land where they know not a
 sorrow nor pain,
For, no one ever trusted the Saviour in
 vain.

I will trust in the Lord till life's latest
 breath
When he comes to go with me through
 the valley of death,
And then with the ransomed I forever
 will reign
Because I have not trusted the Saviour
 in vain.

Awake, O Church of God!

"Awake, awake, O Church of God!
 Comes now to thee the call
Of Christ, thy Lord, who bids thee on
 Till every foe shall fall.
What though the hosts of darkness
 stand,
 Their last fierce battle make?
The Victor, Christ, he summons thee;
 O Church of God, awake!

"O Church of God, lose not the day
What now has come to thee;
A world, awaking from its sleep,
Is waiting light to see.
On heathen altars fires burn low,
Forsaken temples are;
Now, now advance, let idols fall,
And Christ be known afar.

"The fathers heard; they followed fast,
And eager met the foe,
The prison's chain, the dungeon's gloom,
And drank the cup of woe.
With faith-cleared eye they saw the
Lord,
The meaning of His cross;
For mankind's sake, for Jesus' love,
All things they counted loss.
"The toil and labor of the years,
Let these not be in vain;
Haste, reap where others sowed in tears,
And weary served in pain.
Thy sons, thy daughters ready are
To dare for Jesus' sake;
O golden Hour! what call is thine!
O Church of God, awake!"

—Selected.

We Will Sing in Heaven

When we've crossed death's chilling
river
To the mansions bright and fair,
We will live and sing forever
With the loved ones over there.

Yes, we'll sing the song triumphant?
Death, O, Death, where is thy sting?
Christ will bring us home to glory
And his praise we'll gladly sing.

There we'll sing the loud hosanna
Unto Jesus Christ our King;
He, who gave his life a ransom,
We, his praise will gladly sing.

There we'll join the angel choir
And to Christ our tributes bring;
Let this thought our souls inspire?
That his praise we'll ever sing.

I Go to Prepare a Place for You

A mansion for me the Saviour prepares
Where I shall be free from sorrows and
cares;!
And there in that Home I will ever more
dwell
And join with the angels his praises to
swell.

He has promised to take me to himself
on high,
To his own blessed Home? the sweet
by and by
Where I shall praise him who came
from above
And bask in the light of his infinite love.

And there with the loved ones who have
gone on before
To the Heavenly Country, where parting
is o'er
I shall behold the sweet, loving face
Of him who redeemed me by his won-
derful grace.

So I am waiting for Jesus to come
And take me with him to his own Hap-
py Home;
And in that Land where death is un-
known
I'll worship the Lamb who sits on the
throne.

Life

It isn't the victory that counts, lads,
It's the way that you put up the fight.
It isn't the path that you go, lads,
As long as you travel it right.

It isn't the goal at the top, boys,
That counts when the journey is
through;
But the fellows you've helped on the
road, lads,
That in the balance tell for you.

It isn't the pace that you go, lads,
It's the way the fellow climbs, bit by
bit,
Who plods when the others are first,
lads,
Yet stays when the others have quit.

It isn't the smile of the victor,
That weaves golden stars for his
crown,
But the twisted old grin that he gives,
lads,
To the fellow who smiles when he's
down.

It isn't defeat that will count, lads,
Or the things that we gain, you and I;
But the way that you shoulder your
fight, lads,
And lived when you wanted to die.

It isn't the things that we do, lads,
If we win, or stumble or fail,
But the heart that we've brought all the
way lads,
That will count at the end of the trail.

—Edna Jaques in
Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Make Others Happy

Scatter sunshine everywhere you go,
Bless and cheer the lonely in this world
below;
For, the days are passing, passing swift
away,
Do not wait a moment; do it while you
may.

Oh then be in earnest while on earth
you live,
Speak the words of kindness and much
of joy give;
For, the friends you meet you may
meet them never more
Till you meet them o'er death's river
on th' eternal shore.

Scatter flowers of beauty all along their
way,
Fill with joy and gladness every passing
day;
For, when cold in death, you shall see
them lie,
You will think of it if you have passed
them by.

But, when before the throne you and
they shall stand,
Gathered to the judgment with the ran-
somed band,
It will give you joy in that awful day
If you have scattered roses all along
their way.

On Heathen Fields

On heathen fields no crosses show
Among the flowers as they grow
To mark the graves of those who die;
In gloom their woeful spirits fly
Because no Christian felt their woe
On heathen fields.

Our sins have laid the nations low
Beause we Christians would not go
And take the hope of gospel light
To save them from eternal night
And lift the burden of their woe
On heathen fields.

The starving throng on heathen fields
To ev'ry Christian now appeals.
The bread of life we hold in trust—
And shall we save them? Yes we must
Today, just now, hear their appeals
On heathen fields.

We owe this service to the lost,
It makes no difference what the cost.
The task is ours to help, to save;
No more break faith with God who
gave
His Son to die to save the lost
On heathen fields, on heathen fields!

—J. H. Henderson.

Windom, Texas.

The Father's Love

Across the cloudless, sun-kissed golden
west

The luster of the dying day is shed.
Soon o'er the tired earth the midnight
calm

Will spread her soft, caressing wings
instead.

I will not try to pierce with weary eyes
The dark that marks with silent
bounds today,

Or read the message of tomorrow's
skies,

Or meet the duties of the dawn's first
ray.

It is enough that in my Father's hands
The burdens of an untrod day should
rest;

Enough to know that if I trust His love,
No day, however dark, can be unblest.

For He who marks the swallow's track-
less flight,

And guides its course, o'er hill and
valley, home,

Will keep in perfect peace His trusting
child,

Nor ever leave me friendless and
alone.

For He who marks my way knows just
how weak

The faltering feet that in that way
must tread,

And He alone must be my guide and
strength,

For He alone can conquer fear and
dread.

So I will leave tomorrow in His hands,
Content to do His will just for today,
And feel, through light or darkness,
day or night,

His love will lead me safely all the
way.—Selected.

Thoughts: A Prayer

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts. . . . saith the Lord."

The hammer thoughts,
That pound and shatter peace.
The rodent thoughts,
That gnaw and will not cease.
dressed
Could not tell whether leaves or snow

The brier thoughts,
That pull and prick and scratch.
The rover thoughts,
That I can never catch.

The serpent thoughts,
That leave their lairs at night.
The shadow thoughts,
That dim the new day's light.

These are my thoughts.
Oh, take them, Lord, I pray,
Out of my heart,
And cast them far away.

And in their stead
Give me those thoughts of Thine,
So crystal-clear,
So holy, high, and fine.

That I shall grow,
By their pure grace enticed,
Worthy to think
The lovely thoughts of Christ.
—The Christian.

The Course of Human Things

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and
Fear,

If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end.

—In Memoriam. CXXVIII

Baby Grace

The sweetest thing in all this world
Is Baby Grace.
The sunniest smiles I ever saw
Are on her face;
The most mischievous twinkle ever seen
Is in her eyes;
She seems to think that life is fair,
And seldom cries.

She's like a golden sunbeam fair
Within our home.
Life seems to have a sweeter charm
Since she has come;
She rules with undisputed sway;
'Tis bondage sweet
To do her bidding when she calls,
With willing feet.

We watch her day by day unfold,
A blossom rare.
Some cunning way, some added charm,
Are always there;
She smiles and coos as playfully
As any bird;
Her laughter like a babbling brook
Is ever heard.

The dimples in her rosy cheeks
 Play hide and seek
With that one in her little chin,
 Demure and meek;
The smiles like April sunbeams play
 Across her face.
The sweetest thing I ever saw
 Is Baby Grace.

—New York Observer.

Passed On

(In memory of those who fell in the
 world war.)

They are not dead, not really; they are
 living,
Leading their columns as they led be-
 fore,
Leading their comrades up to heaven's
 door.

They are not dead, not they!
 Why, they are giving
Strength as they gave it on the battle
 line,
Courage to do the hardest task, and fine
Manhood to meet the test. * * *

They were our best—
They and the ones they led' into the
 fight.
They were the ones who challenged ter-
 ror's night,
They were the men who won at last to
 rest. * * *

They are not dead, not really; they are
 striving,
Just as they did on earth, across the
 way;
And we must show them that we are re-
 viving
Visions of all they suffered—yesterday.
We who are left must keep their spirit
 glowing,
We who are left must keep their mem-
 ory clear,
We who are left must feel that they are
 knowing,
We who are left must feel that they
 can hear.

—Margaret Sangster.

The Sweetbriar

Our sweet autumnal western-scented
wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower.
In all the blooming wastes it left behind,
As that the sweetbriar yields it; and the
shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's
bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor
man's door—
Such are the simple folk it dwells
among;
As humble as the bud, so humble be the
song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched
stand,
Not in the vase which sculptors deco-
rate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its
mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and
great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants; and
will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love
best,
That freshest will awake and sweetest
go to rest?

—John G. C. Brainard.

Life's Common Things

The things of every day are all so
sweet—
The morning meadows wet with dew;
The dance of daisies in the noon; the
blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows
lie;
The night, with all its tender mystery
of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
Oh, life—the whole of life—is far too
fleet.

The things of every day are all so
sweet.
The common things of life are all so
dear—
The waking in the warm half-gloom
To find again the old familiar room;
The scents and sighs and sounds that
never tire;
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of
baby's laugh;
The crackle of the open fire;
The waiting, then the footsteps coming
near;
The opening door, your handclasp—and
your kiss—
Is Heaven not, after all, the Now and
Here?
The common things of life are all so
dear.

—Alice E. Allen.

About What to Think

Oh think of the Father, Who loved us
so well
That He gave His own son to save us
from hell;
Of His wonderful love and His marvel-
ous grace,
And how sweet it will be to look on His
face.

Oh think of the Saviour, who died on
the cross
And arose from the dead to ransom the
lost,
And has gone on before to prepare us a
home,
Where we from His presence shall never
more roam.

Oh think of that day, when in judg-
ment we'll stand
(Will it be on the left or on the right
hand?)
To be judged for the deeds that in life
we have done,
And receive the reward that is due ev-
ery one.

Oh think of that Home, where no ill
shall betide;
Of Heaven above, where the saints shall
abide
Forever and ever with Jesus their king,
And join in the chorus his praises to
sing.

Oh think of the friends who have gone
on before,
And are waiting for us on yonder bright
shore:
They are free from all sin, from sorrow
and pain,
And soon by and by we will meet them
again.

The Christian's Hope

Oh how sweet it will be to meet by and
by,
In the land where death never comes;
Our friends there to greet in that home
up on high,
From which we shall never more
roam.

We are journeying on to that land day
by day
And soon we shall reach its bright
shore;
We are led by our Saviour—The truth,
life and way,
To where we shall sorrow no more.

Our lives will not end, and the grave's
not their goal,
But we'll live on and on ever more
In the mansions above—the home of
the soul,
With loved ones who've gone on be-
fore.

We will live in that City whose streets
are of gold
And whose walls are jasper so rare;
And whose pleasures and joys have
never been told,
Whose gates are eternal and fair.

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