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POEMS

LEROY H. WHITE





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POEMS

LEROY H. WHITE



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DEDICATED

To the memory of that loved companion, whose counsels and faith, during thirty-two years of happy companionship, were a constant inspiration; and whose memory, during the coming years, will remain a helpful and ever-present influence.

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THE CHRISTIAN EVENTIDE

In a sermon preached in Evanston, Wyoming.

Oh pilgrim, in this vale of tears
Treading life's path with weary feet,
Though rough and dark the way appears,
Though threatening storms around thee beat,
Let this blest thought attend thy way
And put all anxious fears to flight;
Though clouds and darkness shade thy day
"At evening time it shall be light."

At eventide! blest eventide!
When cares are o'er and labor done,
The shield and helmet laid aside—
The battle fought—the victory won;
Then mists of earth shall roll away
And there shall burst upon thy sight
The radiant dawn of endless day—
"At evening time it shall be light."

A PARABLE

Written in the autograph album of a young bride
on the eve of her wedding.

Adown the slopes of verdant hills in merry sportive
glee,

Two brooklets started on their way toward the dis-
tant sea;

Each from the other far apart—each in its separ-
ate way,

The streams flowed on in different paths yet
nearer came each day;

Nearer and nearer still they came meandering o'er
the lea,

An unseen hand was guiding them in paths of
destiny;

And thus they moved until they met and blended
into one,

Then onward in a grander stream flowed till
their course was run.

A parable in this we find to teach the mystic way,
In which the current of two lives are blended in a
day;

Adown the sunny slopes of life from childhood's
happy state,

Each life flows on in separate course until it finds
its mate;

Then never more in ways apart each life goes on
alone

But by the alchemy of love the two are joined in
one;

And in a sweeter, happier life than 'ere was
known before

Flow onward down the slopes of time until this
life is o'er.

THE SONG OF LIFE

Written to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sutphin on the occasion of the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, Manistee, Mich., Jan. 1, 1896.

No siren strain which ear hath heard,
Nor rippling rill, nor warbling bird,
Nor trembling string, nor vibrant key,
Can yield so sweet a melody
As that unwritten song whose strains
Are deeds of love; and whose refrains
With magic power the heart enthrill
And all the life with music fill.

To you, dear friends, who all along
Your wedded life have sung this song,
Who've learned so well the sweet refrain
And sung it o'er and o'er again,
We bring our greeting; and we pray
That He who kept you all the way
May still, in love, your footsteps guide
And keep you ever near His side.

On this your anniversary day,
We touch the chords of memory,
Which stretch through five and thirty years,
And summon back the smiles and tears
And joys and griefs from which have come
The Song of Life which fills your home;
Each separate note and diff'rent key
Blended, by love, in harmony.

We call to mind that former day
When each began to learn the lay
Which lovers sing; and when the thought

Of singing SOLOS only brought
A tinge of sadness to the heart;
And each one pierced with Cupid's dart,
Agreed the SOLOS to forget
And sing thenceforth one long DUET.

In time another singer came
To share your home and bear your name,
And there resounded full and free
A little voice in MINOR key,
And as at night you paced the floor
She, waiting not for an ENCORE,
Began DACAPO the refrain
And sang once more the minor strain.

The years sped on; another came
To bless the home and keep the same
With music filled. The TRIO grew
To a QUARTETTE; and then you knew
The meaning of full harmony.
And yet what rich variety!
Now swelling strains, now cadence sweet;
Yet ever symphony complete.

But blessings rich were yet in store;
The family choir increased still more;
For in the home there came one day
Two happy twins; and so the way
Was paved with sunshine; and the song
Swelled to a CHORUS full and strong.
And love attuned each several voice
And made each separate heart rejoice.

The passing years have come and gone;
The children dear have gone from home
Themselves to sing Life's Song anew.

And now your hearts, forever true,
Sing once again the old DUET
Whose loving notes you'll ne'er forget;
Whose tones will blend your lives in one
Until your earthly course is run.

THE UNSEEN COMPANION

Read at the close of a sermon in the First Baptist Church of Evanston, Wyoming, on Sunday morning, July 16, 1893.

“Lo! I am with thee all the days,”
In every path of life's dark maze,
In winter's storm, in summer's heat,
In busy throng or lone retreat;
Lo! I am with thee.

Wherever duty bids thee go—
Midst scenes of joy or scenes of woe—
On land or sea, by night or day,
At every step along thy way;
Lo! I am with thee.

In sunless days when joys have fled
And darker days when hope seems dead;
In lonely days when friends are rare,
In toilsome days when worn with care;
Lo! I am with thee.

In gladsome days, when earth is bright
And all is tinged with joy and light;
In days of health and days of cheer,
When life is sweet and heaven seems near;
Lo! I am with thee.

Lo! I am with thee all the days;
And hold thy hand and guard thy ways,
And note each tear and pain and grief;
And in each change that brings relief;
Lo! I am with thee.

Go, then, and sound the gospel call;
Tell out the glad, good news to all,
And midst the labors of each day
Be this thy comfort all the way;
Lo! I am with thee.

OBEDIENCE

Into the waters at thy word
I follow thee my blessed Lord
Before the world I take my stand
And yield myself to thy command.

Thy voice my sleeping soul did wake,
Thy love my stubborn will did break,
Into my heart thy life hath come
By grace to seal me as thine own.

In token of the change within
In token of my death to sin,
I now am buried 'neath the wave
Of the baptismal wat'ry grave.

As from the liquid grave I rise,
O grant me grace in fresh supplies,
In life renewed from sin set free,
That I may ever walk with thee.

WHAT THEN?

Oh ye men who live only for this present life
And whose thoughts are all merged in its glamour
and strife;
Who think not of God, and who care not for
heaven;
If the fullest success to your plans should be given,
What then?

If the hopes which now charm you and dazzle your
eyes
Should be fully achieved; and you win every prize
Which ambition may crave or which heart may
desire;
If you reach every summit to which you aspire,
What then?

If the wealth which you long for shall all be at-
tained
And the honor and fame which you seek for be
gained;
If your brow with the laurels of praise shall be
graced
And the scepter of power in your hand shall be
placed,
What then?

When the roses of health from your cheeks shall de-
part
And the advent of death sends a chill to your heart;
When the record of life shall forever be sealed
And the great judgment throne to your sight be re-
vealed,

What then?
Oh what then?

AN AUTOGRAPH

MISS KATIE:

You wish me to write a line or two,
But what can I say that will be new?
I've read through your album and do declare
That there's scarcely a wish or hope or prayer
For your welfare and happiness but is there.

Some pray that success your efforts may crown,
And that fortune may smile but never frown.
Some wish you a bride both lovely and fair
And hope that your fortune may be so rare
As to marry a rich old millionaire.

Some flatter and praise with a great deal of pains;
Some pencil their thoughts in musical strains;
Some looking beyond this world of woes
Trust that when death your eyelids shall close
Your spirit may slumber in sweet repose.

On all these themes I can say nothing new;
And will only add before bidding adieu.
That, knowing all ladies are sure to do
That which they are cautioned to eschew,

I hope you will ever
All lovers evade;
And long live to be
A Jolly OLD MAID!

May prosperity and happiness be your life com-
panions and
May all your bright dreams end in brighter reality.

FORTUNE RETRIEVED

Written on the occasion of the marriage of Mr.
Earle C. White to Miss Nettie Fickle.

In Evanston there dwelt a youth
Whose hair was red and curly;
He was often late in getting up,
Yet people called him Early.

He went way off to Iowa
To market some old horses:
But prices were so very low
The profits were all losses.

Alas! thought he what can I do
To make this trip successful.
A happy thought flashed through his mind
Which made him feel quite restful.

He'd set his cap for some fair belle
With view to matrimony;
He chuckled, grinned, then laughed outright
The project was so funny.

He found a girl—a lovely girl
But soon was in a pickle;
With all her charms she had one fault;
Alas! his girl was Fickle.

But Cupid's dart so pierced his heart
He loved her more than ever
And sought with all love's magic art
This fault from her to sever.

A remedy at last he found
In love's unwritten mystic lore;
He wooed and wedded her, and lo!
She was a Fickle girl no more.

SPARKLETS

Written on the occasion of the giving of an engagement ring by Mr. Leroy B. White to Miss Caroline F. Frees.

A sparkler from the Spark-er
Is given the Spark-ee.
The Spark-ee wears the sparkler
With modest digni-tee.
The brilliant hues that sparkle
With many colored light
When you Frees them, by the sparking
Become intensely White.

GREETINGS

To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Bucyrus,
O., in response to a greeting in verse—Christmas,
1906.

Greetings for greetings
And cheer for cheer
For the Christmastide
And the glad New Year.
Thoughts from the heart
And words from the pen
Forging new links
For friendship's chain.

May blessings attend you
Wherever you go,
With joy never failing
Your cup overflow.
May the Infinite Father
Direct all your way,
And your pathway grow brighter
And brighter each day.

THE LATEST THINGS

Written for the Up to Date Club, comprising a few congenial friends, among whom was the author. Romeo, Mich., Sept., 1898.

I dreamed a dream the other day
Of one who sought to learn the way
 The latest things were done;
He traveled all the Country o'er,
And looked through every open door
Of mill and factory and store,
 And houses one by one.

He called on men of every rank,
He stopped at office, school and bank,
 And shop of every kind;
To cities near and far he went,
And many messages he sent;
And many toilsome days he spent,
 The latest things to find.

He saw the famous "Polychrome"
And "Woman's Bible," which had come
 Fresh from the printer's hand;
He looked upon the "Logia" too,
New found Papyri not a few,
And other relics brought to view
 By digging in the sand.

The latest specialty in schools
Is mastering the football rules,
 And practicing the yell;
And he whose lungs are strong and sound,
And who can run and kick and pound,
And rush the other side around
 Has learned his lessons well.

Professor Gill has ushered in
The latest thing in discipline
 By which the scholars learn
Self rule; and like a city great,
With Council, laws and Magistrate,
Make all offenders feel the weight
 Of laws both just and stern.

The powers 'round the table wait
With eager face and empty plate
 To get some Turkey rare;
But none can get a little piece
The Sultan says he has no Greece,
And prays the clamor soon may cease,
 No Turkey can he spare.

They say the Sultan is a sham
And turn toward the Land of Ham
 With eager wistful eyes;
They seek their hunger to appease
With slices large; and hope with ease
The richest, choicest parts to seize
 And claim them as a prize.

But cunning England all the while
Is settling down upon the Nile
 And strengthening her hold;
And from Good Hope extends her hands
To gather in the neighboring bands
And thus secure their fertile lands
 Their diamonds and their gold.

The British Lion feeds with zeal
Upon the rich Alaskan seal,
 But makes it very plain
That other nations now should cease

From killing seals; and foster peace
By waiting till the herds increase
And fill the seas again.

Poor Cuba's appetite is bad
And Mother Spain is very sad,
But hopes her point to gain,
And seeks with strict economy
In lieu of rice and hominy
To feed her on autonomy,
Which goes against the grain.

But Uncle Sam would much prefer
Plain Sandwich for his bill of fare
And reaches out his plate;
The Czar and Kaiser boldly seek
To make their sideboards more unique
And with new China, so antique,
Their tables decorate.

These bits of China rich and rare
They safely guard with jealous care,
And keep them in their view;
The Japs look on in mad surprise;
And Uncle Sam looks very wise,
While England wipes her weeping eyes
And says "I want some too."

The field of science was so rich
In latest things, he knew not which
To first investigate,
For Telescopes and Telephones
And Microscopes and Microphones
And Phonographs and Gramaphones
His coming did await.

Astronomers were scanning o'er
The starry dome, and by the score
 Bringing new stars in sight;
They fain would catalogue them all,
Both stars and planets—great and small,
And name each whirling, shining ball
 That wears a robe of light.

They'd weigh and measure every sphere,
And make its circling path so clear
 That none need have a doubt;
Its composition too they'd know
And by the spectroscope would show
Its formula complete; and so
 Trace all its secrets out.

The chemists seek in ways untold
To transmute silver into gold
 And thus their fortune make;
And rumor says there may be seen
In Syracuse a queer machine
Which runs itself from morn to e'en
 Without a single break.

The latest cars 'tis said will go
Gliding along their track of snow
 To Klondike bleak and cold;
And trolley wires both strong and tight
Will guide balloons in aerial flight,
To scale the lofty mountain height
 And reach the land of gold.

The very last financial scheme
Would seek the greenbacks to redeem
 And none of them disburse;
But men in humble circumstance

Find the worst problem of finance
Is, how to get by work or chance
 Some greenbacks in the purse.

A new reform in human speech
A common language seeks to teach
 To all our scattered race;
The "Esperanto" is its name,
And great indeed would be its fame
If all mankind should speak the same
 With eloquence and grace.

The Literati of the day
Have struck a very novel way
 Of catering to the taste;
The grist of every age and land
Is sifted o'er with careful hand
By Warner and his faithful hand,
 Who gather up the best.

Enough! Enough! For time would fail
To mirror forth in full detail
 The host of latest things;
But still the train of progress speeds;
And larger hopes and larger needs
Will pave the way for stranger deeds,
 And stranger happenings.

PROHIBITION NATIONAL ANTHEM

(*Tune, Star Spangled Banner*)

All hail the glad day whose bright dawning is near,
When the traffic in drink shall be banished forever;

When the license of wrong shall no longer appear;
When crime shall be punished, but legalized never.

Yes, the day will soon come when the licensed saloon

From the land of the free shall forever be gone.

CHORUS

And the land that we love
From the sea to the sea,
From the traffic in drink
Shall forever be free.

No more shall the hand of the demon of rum
Wield the scepter of power on the day of election
No more shall the foe of the State and the home
Be upheld by the law and receive its protection;
No longer with silver and gold shall it buy
The permit to degrade and debase and destroy.

—CHORUS

Then rally, ye men! To your country be true!
And victory shall come to the State and the nation.

No saloon shall remain where'er the flag floats,
And our land shall be free from the great desolation.

With ballot in hand, for the right firmly stand
And vote the drink traffic from freedom's fair land.

—CHORUS

GROWING OLD

To Captain John H. Anderson, on the occasion
of the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birthday,
Manistee, Mich.

'Tis said that when the figure bends
 Beneath the weight of passing years,
And when the sun of life descends
 And in the western sky appears,
 A man is growing old.

They tell us that the furrowed face
 O'erwritten with Time's mystic pen,
The whitening hair, the slackening pace,
 Repeat the verdict o'er again.
 The man is growing old.

But, is this so? Is crumbling clay
 The sum and essence of the man?
Oh, no! The house may waste away
 And yet the hidden life within
 E'er keep from growing old.

No ravages of time can harm
 The soul that rests in Jesus' love.
Shielded by his all-powerful arm,
 Maturing for the home above,
 The man cannot grow old.

And so to thee, our brother dear,
 On this, thine anniversary day,
We bring our greetings and our cheer;
 And we, from thee, would learn the way
 To keep from growing old.

Thy years are three score, seven and ten,
But, tho' the shadows lengthen now,
The setting sun shall rise again
And youth immortal crown the brow
Which never shall grow old.

LOOKING BACKWARD

To my Father on the occasion of his eighty-eighth anniversary.

The slanting rays of setting sun
Shine on the white haired Pilgrim's way;
The crown of four score years and eight
Is resting on his head to-day.
And yet no cane is in his hand,
No glasses on his undimmed eye;
No time-worn furrows in his neck,
No cloud on mind or memory.

He pauses on the crested hill
And gazes backward o'er the way;
His vision sweeps the winding path
Which reaches back to childhood's day.
As one who views a landscape o'er
May linger on one spot alone,
So now his gaze is fixed upon
The blessings round his pathway strewn.

A boundless store of health and strength,
A fertile brain, an active mind;
A host of friends on every side,
A goodly list of neighbors kind.
A home with loving hearts and hands,

Ready for kindly word or deed ;
A generous store of earthly goods,
To minister to every need.

And higher blessings yet he saw,
The things which round his soul, entwine
The gospel message, pure and sweet,
The drawing power of grace divine.
As thus he gazed his eyes grew moist ;
He bared his head and reverent stood ;
And as he mused he gently said,
"The Lord is good, the Lord is good."

NO OPTION TO DO WRONG

(Tune, "Annie Laurie")

The day is surely coming when men will firmly
stand
For laws which give no option to evil in our land,
Then pass the word along. No option to do
wrong,
For we'll never, never sanction the option to do
wrong.

The fallacy of license has had its baneful sway ;
And now the scheme of option is leading men astray,
But this shall be our song. No option to do
wrong,
For we'll never, never sanction the option to do
wrong.

In the law proclaimed on Sinai no option e'er was
given
To change the moral standard revealed from God
in heaven

So this shall be our song. No option to do wrong.
For we'll never, never sanction the option to do
wrong.

In the teachings of the Master so full of truth and
light

No choice was ever given except to do the right
So this shall be our song. No option to do wrong.
For we'll never, never sanction the option to do
wrong.

Then we'll waste no time with option; but bravely
take our stand

For prohibition only throughout our glorious land,
And this shall be our song. No option to do
wrong,

For we'll never, never sanction the option to do
wrong.

AN OLD MAXIM

"Qui facit per alium facit per se"
Is a maxim of truth to which all must agree;
'Tis a maxim so plain that but few will deny;
Yet hitting so hard that but few will apply.
For ways must be mended when men come to see
"Qui facit per alium facit per se"

There are many lamenting the traffic in drink
Who from voting for license most surely would
shrink;

And the curse of strong drink they will loudly de-
cry

And vote every time that the county go dry;
And yet who this truth are unable to see

"Qui facit per alium facit per se"

The people themselves in this land of the free
Are the rulers supreme; they alone can decree
What laws shall be passed—what laws be re-
pealed—
What laws shall continue their fruitage to yield;
And having such power it surely must be
“Qui facit per alium facit per se”

The men who in Congress are making the laws
Are simply the agents—as everyone knows—
Of the men who have sent them; and that which
they do
Is the act of themselves and their principals too.
As effect follows cause, so it follows you see,
“Qui facit per alium facit per se”

Hence the men who in Congress license the sale
And the making of whiskey, of beer, and of ale;
And who sanction the shipment to states that are
dry
Are the Agents of those who the traffic decry;
And who either cannot or else will not see
“Qui facit per alium facit per se”

So it comes the same people are pulling both ways,
And working by methods which truly amaze;
For they vote that the COUNTY may go dry; and
yet
By their Agents in Congress keep the WHOLE
NATION wet;
For it is as certain as certain can be
“Qui facit per alium facit per se”

THE DIVIDE

Upon the lofty mountain crest
Fair Isa's limpid waters rest;
Set high upon the great divide
From whence the rippling brooklets glide.
Two outlets to this lake are found,
And hence the name—"Two Ocean Pond;"
For through one outlet waters flow
To the Pacific far below;
While through the other outlet go
The waters of the melting snow;
And down the eastern slope descend
To reach Atlantic's wave-swept strand.

A drop of water floating round
The surface of this mountain pond—
Ah! who can tell or who foresee
What things may change its destiny.
A breath of wind—a splash of rain—
The movement of a fish's fin
May give the start and fix the trend
On which the future may depend;
For started once upon its course—
Whether for better or for worse—
It onward flows from day to day
Along the same unchanging way.

Oh, what a parable is here
To teach a lesson plain and clear;
To every life there comes a day
Which marks the parting of the way.
Life has its crest and its divide;
Life has its moments which decide
The slope on which its currents flow,
Whether it be for weal or woe.
And man may choose—and man must choose—
Whether the prize to win or lose—
Whether the slope of life and peace
Which leads the realms of endless bliss;
Or whether the slope which downward goes
To endless death and endless woes.

There's many a man on life's divide
With hesitant look to either side
Whose weal for eternity's day may hinge
Upon what may seem the smallest of things.
A little less doubt—a little more faith—
A little more thought on the heavenly path—
A little less hate—a little more love—
A little more longing for heaven above—
A little more striving the Tempter to quell—
A little more effort to turn the will—
And the face will be set toward the heavenly rest—
Toward all that is grandest and sweetest and best.

Yes, small the beginning and easy to choose;
But great the result—if we win—if we lose—
And happy is he, yes, happy indeed,
Who the lesson will learn and earnestly heed.

THE NEW YEAR

Be this our aim, and this our prayer,
That in this new and untried year
Whate'er of change, from day to day,
May mark our erring, fitful way,
Our lives may reach a higher plane;
And every summit we may gain
Be held secure—a treasured prize—
And made a step by which to rise,
With vision clear and purpose true,
To higher ground and broader view.

THE SWEETEST MUSIC EARTH HAS KNOWN

The sweetest music earth has known
Is not in rounded phrase or tone
But that expressed in loving deeds;
The grandest poems known to men
Are those unwritten by the pen—
The ministries to human needs.

THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY

Farewell, dear house of clay, farewell;
The clock of destiny strikes the hour
 Ordained by Heaven's decree,
When death should loose the silver cord
Which close in vital union bound
 My spirit life to thee.

Abiding place, and more, thou'st been;
Companion faithful all the years
 In mystic union sealed;
Thine eyes, thine ears, thy hands, thy feet,
The willing servants of my will
 Whene'er to them revealed.

Changeless and deep my love for thee;
Sacred the bond which made us one
 Though severed for a time;
On separate paths we enter now,
Each to fulfill in different way
 A destiny sublime.

The corn of wheat falls to the ground,
That it may leap its former bounds
 In nobler life to rise;
So thou, through process men call death,
Transfigured and resurged shall be
 For life beyond the skies.

For me there opes the golden gate
Of spirit realm called paradise,
 The ante-room to Heaven;
There taints of earth no more shall mar
But graces such as Angels wear,
 The ransomed shall be given.

So then we part; but not for aye;
In God's own time the severed bond
Of life shall be restored,
And then the twain, made one again
All radiant with the glory given
Shall triumph in the Lord.

Till that glad day—a fond farewell;
To that glad day expectant faith
Its onward way shall wing;
And swell the anthem full and free.
“Oh grave where is thy victory,
Oh death where is thy sting?”

THE PASTOR'S WIFE

When a Pastor is needed to shepherd the flock—
To lead them and feed them and teach them to walk
In the strait, narrow pathway which leadeth to
heaven,
And to follow the precepts the Saviour has given;
Many questions arise as to one who desires
To be called by the Church; and who rightly
aspires
To succeed to the work and the duties laid down
By the Pastor beloved who has recently gone.

Is he gifted and learned?—In what school was he
trained?
Is he fluent in speaking?—What degrees has he
gained?
Is his manner attractive? and his voice not too loud?
Is he genial and social?—Will he mix with the
crowd?
Is his stature too stubby?—Or is it too high?

Are his sermons too lengthy?—Or are they too dry?

Can he lead in the singing?—Can he sing every part?

Is his praying effective?—Does it comfort the heart?

These questions once settled, the new man is called
As the Pastor-elect and is duly installed.

But in all this transaction, scant thought is bestowed

On the Wife who must carry one-half of the load;
Who must put her whole heart and her soul in the work,

Ever zealous to labor, but never to shirk;

Who must visit the sick and be quick to respond

To the call of distress throughout all the year round;

Who must always be ready with welcome and cheer,

For the visiting Brethren from far and from near;

Who must teach every Sunday a class in the school,

And inspire them to live by the blest golden rule.

Yet this is but part of the work that is done

By the Pastor's good wife to help the cause on.

For, next to the Lord, the true Pastor depends

On his faithful companion to hold up his hands;

On her counsel and prayers—on her faith and her cheer;

On her love and devotion when troubles appear;

For spirit with spirit is blended in one,

And each helps the other in all that is done.

When the Master shall gather his loved and his
own;

And the books shall be opened and records made
known;

In the book of remembrance of the deeds of this life,
There will be a bright page for the Pastor's good
wife.

And her labors of love, oft unknown on the earth,
Shall be manifest then, and appraised at their
worth;

And the stars in her crown of rejoicing shall shine;
And her face be illumed with the joy that's divine.

THE UPAS TREE

(Tune, "The Old Wayside Cross")

INTRODUCTION

In the island of Java there is a tree known as the Upas Tree, which yields a poisonous sap and a poisonous gum. The poison is used by the Natives to poison their arrowheads.

It was formerly reported, and for a long time believed in England, that this tree was so pestilential and deadly in its nature, that neither plants nor animals could live in its vicinity. This was afterward proved to be untrue—its deleterious influence being greatly exaggerated. The legend has served, however, to make the Upas Tree the symbol of anything which yields a deadly influence. It is therefore a fitting symbol of the liquor traffic whose influence is, always and everywhere, deadly to all that is highest and best in life. In this song the Upas Tree represents the liquor traffic.

I

Rooted deep in the soil, spreading wide in the air,
There's a Upas tree shedding its blight everywhere;
O'er the hill and the vale, o'er the meadow and
plain,
It scatters its fruitage of sorrow and pain.

CHORUS

Dark, dark, are the homes where its shadow doth
fall;
Sad, sad, are the hearts which its terrors appall;

It scatters its seed far and wide o'er the land;
And death reaps the harvest with pitiless hand.

II

Nor pen can describe, nor tongue can portray
The bane and the blight of that dread Upas Tree;
The heart aches and tears, the crimes and the sin,
The hopes which lie shattered, the graves of the
slain.

—CHORUS

III

Oh, the roots of that tree have been nourished so
long,
That they have burrowed down deep and become
very strong;
They're imbedded in greed and in custom and law
And longer and stronger continue to grow.

—CHORUS

CLASS SONG

For old people's Bible class

(Tune, "*We Have an Anchor*")

Though the lengthening shadows mark our way,
As nearer draws the close of day
Though the form grow old with each passing year
Yet our hearts are young and full of cheer.

CHORUS

Classmates and Comrades, joyful we sing
Courage and cheer to each other we bring
Happy in the bonds of Christian love
As we journey on to our home above.

Though the head grow gray with the frost of years
And the line of care on the face appears;
Though the gathering mists may dim the eye
Yet our hearts are young as in days gone by.

—CHORUS

Though the pulse may fail and the heart grow weak
Though the voice may falter when we speak;
Though the life may wane as a tale that is told
Yet our hearts are young and shall ne'er grow
old.

—CHORUS

THE EVENING HOUR

(Tune, "Music in the Air")

The rosy tints of morn
Linger in the sky no more
The noontide's flood of light
With its radiant glow is o'er.

CHORUS

But life's evening still is blest
Filled with comfort, peace and rest
And the pathway brighter grows
As the day draws near its close.

The powers of life have waned
Buoyancy of youth has fled
The skill once proudly gained
With the passing years has sped.
—CHORUS

The step may feebler grow
And the outward man decay
Yet the spirit life within
Be renewed from day to day.
—CHORUS

Be this our comfort sweet
Resting in the Father's love
His light shall guide our feet
Till we reach the home above.
—CHORUS

ODE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

Hail! garden of primeval mould
Where nature in her grandest mood
Reveals her beauties manifold
And sings the praise of Nature's God.

Here ages seem to backward swing
Their mystic doors; and ope to view
The plastic form of hill and plain,
When time was young and earth was new.

Here boiling pools of molten clay
The Potter's moulding touch await
That graceful curve and symmetry
Their changing forms may permeate.

Here steaming mountains puff and roar,
Their molten hearts with heat aglow;
While mighty crucibles of ore
Are rocking in the depths below.

Here steaming geysers heavenward rise
From boiling cauldrons far below;
Here lofty mountains pierce the skies—
Their summits crowned with spotless snow.

Here varied mineral waters flow
From smitten rock and mountain side;
Revealing treasures hid below
The winding paths o'er which they glide.

Here crystal pools in beauty glow
With colors caught from sunlit sky;
And vie with overarching bow
In brilliance and variety.

Here mirror lakes of green and blue
Reflect the towering pine clad hills ;
And sparkling waters freely flow
In bubbling spring and rippling rills.

Here rushing rapids wildly run
O'er rocky ledge with boulders strewn ;
And crystal streams go tumbling down
Their rough and rugged paths of stone.

Here foaming cascades plunge and roll
Along their steep descending course ;
And grand and glorious cataracts fall
With mighty and resistless force.

O garden beautiful and grand !
Aglow with beauties which reveal
The workings of that unseen hand
Which fashions with divinest skill ;

And robes with tints so wondrous fair
That they might almost seem to be
Vouchsafed that mortals here might share
The foregleams of the Jasper sea.

With reverent thoughts our hearts inspire,
For Him whose ways are wise and good ;
Kindle within the sacred fire
Of love and worship to our God.

THE CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT

We cannot penetrate the veil,
Which hides the future from our gaze;
We cannot see the toils and cares,
Concealed within the coming days.
But this we know, whate'er betides
He knows, He keeps, He loves, He guides.

We cannot scan the distant skies,
To know what storms may gather there;
We cannot know the joys or griefs,
Or smiles or tears which we shall share;
But come what may of weal or woes,
He loves, He guides, He keeps, He knows.

Whatever dangers mark the way,
Whatever trials may appear;
Whatever foes may gather round,
The trusting Christian, saved from fear,
May rest in Him who never sleeps;
He knows, He loves, He guides, He keeps.

Beneath—His everlasting arms;
Above—His glorious dwelling place;
Around—His overruling power;
Within—the sunshine of His grace;
Each passing day His goodness proves;
He knows, He guides, He keeps, He loves.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

On the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary
of the organization of the First Baptist Church of
Kalamazoo, Mich.

God of all grace, whose love and power
Have brought us to this sacred hour,
We gladly own thy sovereign care,
And gratefully thy mercies share.

For three-score fifteen years gone by,
Thy guiding hand and watchful eye
Have kept thy flock; and day by day
Have led it onward in the way.

The past, with all its sacred ties,
Is filled with precious memories;
A store of blessings rich and rare;
A heritage beyond compare.

Here wanderers have found the way
Which leads to gates of endless day,
Here burdened hearts with sin oppressed
Have sought and found the promised rest.

Here hearts bereaved, and rent with grief
Have found sweet comfort and relief;
Here zeal and courage have been fired,
And men to nobler deeds inspired.

Here men have heard the Spirit's call
To preach the word; and leaving all,
Have turned from hopes of worldly gain,
To serve and save their fellow men.

And faithful Laymen, year by year,
To fields of labor, far and near,
Have gone to teach, to pray, to give,
To help, to comfort and relieve.

And oh, what tender memories come
Of loved ones in the heavenly home,
Who here so faithfully have striven
To point the way which leads to Heaven.

O, Lord we bless thee for this Vine;
For fruitage borne through grace divine;
For blessings new, for blessings old;
For all the future years enfold.

And now O Lord our hearts inspire;
Baptize us with the sacred fire;
That from henceforth our powers may be
More fully yielded unto thee.

May sacred memories of our dead,
And hallowed ground on which we tread,
Inspire our hearts to carry on
The work so faithfully begun.

Help us our sacred trust to keep;
Help us in faithfulness to reap
The harvests sown with prayers and tears,
By other hands in other years.

Help us in coming days to prove
The larger promise of thy love;
With faith unfettered help us rise
To noble deeds of sacrifice.

Lead thou us on, from grace to grace,
Until we see thee face to face;
And gathered round thy glorious throne
We hear the gracious words "Well Done."

PEACE

I

"Peace upon earth, good will unto men"
Chanted the Angels o'er Bethlehem's plain:
Message descending from heaven to earth
Message proclaiming Immanuel's birth;
Message revealing the world's deepest need;
Calling from conflict and hatred and greed;
Calling from envy and turmoil and strife
Setting to music the discords of life.

II

"Peace upon earth"—was it only a dream?
Was it only to give but a vanishing gleam
Of hopes and desires which could ne'er be at-
tained—
Of blessings and joys which could never be gained?
Ah! such it would seem if the records we scan
Of the history written of Nations and men;
For war follows war like a crimson-hued flood
And the story of Nations is written in blood.

III

Oh! the sad desolation which warfare has wrought!
Oh! the tears and the sufferings which warfare has
brought

To the dwellers on earth since that far distant morn
When the message of peace by the Angels was
borne!
Not a land on the earth where its scourge and its
blight
Have not hung like a pall—like the darkness of
night.
Not a brief space of time—e'en the span of a life—
Which was free from the terrors of bloodshed and
strife.

IV

And the Nations of earth with each passing year
Are groaning 'neath burdens too heavy to bear—
The burdens of war-debts and pensions which come
From the battles and conflicts of years that are
gone.
Yet still are they struggling more warships to build
And raising more armies to put in the field
And making the burdens which toilers must share
More heavy and crushing—more grievous to bear.

V

Oh! why should disputes be appealed to the sword
When Arbitral courts can declare an award
Which will bring to both parties far greater good
And save useless shedding of rivers of blood?
Let reason and conscience and judgment have sway;
Let courts be established where each Nation may
Have the right to be heard and its grievance make
known—
Where wrongs shall be righted and justice be done.

VI

If the wager of battle uncivilized be
In a case where two neighbors shall fail to agree,
As a means of adjusting their opposite views—
Where the stronger must win—and the weaker
 must lose,
Then how can this method more civilized be,
In a case where two Nations shall fail to agree,
And where victory waits not on justice and right
But on armies and navies—on numbers and might?

VII

Then sheathed be the sword! and the cannon's voice
 stilled!
No more let the blood of earth's heroes be spilled!
No longer let brother with brother contend
In the struggle for spoils and for conquest of land!
No more let the nations with each other vie
To increase their armies; and to build or to buy
More dreadnaughts and cruisers and crafts of the
 air
With which to despoil and destroy and devour.

VIII

Let the crushing exactions of war be relaxed;
Let the burdens be lifted from those who are taxed
For the ruinous cost of the ruinous strife
Which is cursing the Nations and sapping their life;
For if each were to multiply armies by three
Then, relatively, neither the stronger would be
While if each one should sever its armies in twain
Their relative power and strength would remain.

IX

The past has gone by and its record is sealed;
But the scroll of the future shall yet be revealed.
And the song of the Angels o'er Bethlehem's plain
Shall live in the heart-throbs of Nations and Men;
The lessons of justice and peace shall be learned;
And the swords and the spears into plough shares be
turned;
And nation to nation its blessing shall give
Each ruled by the motto of "live and let live."

X

"Peace upon earth"—such a song cannot die.
Its music grows sweeter as ages go by;
For it sings of a time when the shadows of war
Shall darken the hearthstone and fireside no more,
And the song of the Angels tho lost in the din
And confusion of warfare shall burst forth again,
Its music shall vibrate o'er land and o'er sea.
Till the earth from the terrors of war shall be free.

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