

* Abiding In Him

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day,
and forever". Heb. 13:8

Christ was the Lord of all my yesterdays,

No matter where I stood:

In sad, in stonny, or in sun-lit ways,

I found His presence good.

Christ is the Lord of my today: The dawn

Beyond my morning hill

Comes up in glory when the night is gone;

And Christ is with me still.

So I can trust Him for tomorrow too,

Though skies be dark or fair:

It will not matter -- every sky is blue

When Christ, my Lord, is there.

* Kings Business

* A Blackbird Bathes

This strutting, sable bird defies
All old wive's fables: he denies
That black is meant for mourning. See
With what exquisite ecstasy
He savors life: the whole of bliss
To fluff his feathers and dismiss
The dust of earth, beneath this spray.
He dips and ducks and struts away,
To give his wings a furtive flip
And cock his head to watch them drip.
His somberness is but a guise
Perhaps if we were just as wise
As one small blackbird, we could rift
Our darkness too, and find the gift
From which his satisfaction springs;
The joy that lurks in simple things.

* Arizona Highways

* Above The Clouds

Like Great gray birds of doom above our plane,
The dark clouds threatened, broke in deluge, poured
Against the windows blinding sheets of rain.
The sky was ominous; but still we seared.
And then a sudden miracle of light:
The sun in all its glory, golden, warm;
And, far below, a sea of soft clouds, white
As driven snow. We flew above the storm.

On God's side, all our clouds must look like these.
What seems to us so sinister and grim --
The tears, the tests, the trials and tragedies --
Unfold as something beautiful to Him.
He knows what wonder waits beyond earth's strife.
Ride high with Him above the storms of life.

* War Cry

A Bride's Song

Your name is proud as lilies white and still,

Your name is deep as water without sound,

As radiant as sunlight on a hill,

As secret as the first buds out of ground;

Your name is quietness when trumpets flare,

Your name is singing when the silence palls,

As cool as curtains blowing in air,

As soft as elm trees when the first snow falls.

Beloved, you have given me this thing

That clothes me round with wind and star and dew,

With swift exulting and shy wondering,

That makes me not myself but part of you --

A strange new creature born of song and flame:

Beloved, you have given me your name!

* Acceptance

One day I thought to ask God, "Why?"
And then I looked into the sky
And saw His steadfast stars ride out
The storm. There was no talk of doubt.

I walked His fields and, underfoot,
I trampled petal, stalk and root.
The only answer to their doom,
From every blossom, was perfume.

A small bird, seeking crumbs in vain,
Fluffed up his feathers in the rain
And lifted up his voice to sing
Without a thought of questioning.

In star, in bloom, in small bird's trill,
I saw acceptance of God's will.
What base presumption then that I
Should dare to ask my Father, "Why?"

* Moody Monthly

A Child Watching Trees

When my Saviour came to me

He was cradled in a tree:

Rough and rude the manger-bed

Where Lord Jesus laid His head;

When my Saviour came to die

On a tree they nailed Him high;

This is how my child-thoughts run,

Watching green trees in the sun.

Young trees wear a joy with them:

Do they dream of Bethlehem?

Great trees keep such dignity ---

They remember Calvary.

* A Deserted House

Where is the joy, the laughter and the mirth

That once these walls, now crumbling ruins, held?

Fled, long since fled down scattered ways of earth;

One with the dust by vagrant winds dispelled.

Where are the feet that trod so lightly here,

The careless spoken words, the dreams unsaid?

Naught, naught remains of that forgotten cheer;

Silenced, the halls re-echo to no tread.

What tales of love, of romance, might unfold

If walls had lips, or windows were not dumb,

We may not know: they jealously withhold

All that has been from those who go and come; --

Save where we find among the rubbish cast

A child's broken toy, to link us with the past.

A Doctor's Prayer

God of the human body, let me be
Only an instrument employed by Thee:
The knowledge and the healing skill are Thine;
The ready hands, the willing heart, are mine.
Before I turn to the appointed task,
Discernment for decision I would ask.

Let me not work alone, unguided, blind:
Touch with Thy wisdom this surrendered mind.
The gift of life, so many hunger for,
Thy hand alone has power to restore.
God the human body, let me be
Only an instrument employed by Thee.

* A Dove At Dawn

Heart of the Dawn, I heard you after sun

Move through the trees while day was yet unsaid.

Soft stirred the leaves -- your brief throbs one by one

Fell on the ear like griefs uncomforted.

Pathos was there so rare and exquisite

I marveled. Did lost memories start awake,

Pull at your strings and move across the night,

That sudden you should rise, and sob, and break?

Heart of the Dawn, I knew you for a bird,

Gray wing, rose breast -- dawn's blended harmonies.

And yet I knew you not. I only heard,

Out of the shy confusion of the trees,

One white word lift and tremble -- spelling love.

Was it yourself O Heart, or God, or Dove?

* Contemporary Verse

Adventure

He could not tell what he sought in the wood,

But he kept going on;

Wonder pulled at his sleeve, brushed his coat ----

And was gone.

Squirrels scuttled up trees, and he stood

Transfixed with desire;

Something tickled his ear with two words --

"Farther, higher".

He could not tell what he wanted to find,

But he kept looking here,

Looking there, until small reaching hands

Closed on fear:

Until coldness crept down through his spine,

And his feet would not stir.....

Now he knew what he longed to embrace --

'Moth-er-ER!'

* Advice For Young Grief

Snap at the green twig, kick at the clod,

Bury the brown leaf under,

Say, "It is over", laugh at God.

Will that help much, I Wonder?

There will be other twigs that will grow,

Clods and brown leaves aplenty:

All that you learn you do not know,

When you are only twenty.

Eyes on the green twig, cheek on the clod,

Hands through the brown leaves creeping,

Say, "I am stupid, help me, God" ----

That is the end of weeping.

* Kalerdograph

Afternoon With Patricia

Ambition

My father says, "legitimate",

"Irregularity",

And "clerical". I hate such words --

They are too big for me.

My mother says, "Precisely so",

And "poise" and "womanhood"

I wouldn't want to talk like that --

Her words sound goody-good.

My sister gurgles, "my heart-throb",

And "ultra" and "divine";

The words she says are sickly-sweet --

They wouldn't do for mine.

My brother blurts out "foo-manchoo",

And "naa" and "goo" and "stuff";

If words like that make sense at all,

They still don't make enough!

Afternoon With Patricia (Continued)

But down beside the fishing wharf,
With crabs and queer sea-birds,

Lives Uncle Joe (I like him lots)

And my, he knows the words!

He mends the nets, and winks his eye,

And nearly lays me flat

With "fan my eyebrows", "blow me down" --

If I could talk like that!

Romance

The nicest man I ever knew

(You guess him, if you can)

Calls on us twice in every week --

Yes --- it's the garbage-man.

On Wednesdays and on Saturdays

He drives by and he yells,

'Hello, girls! Then he carries off

The most peculiar smells:

Afternoon With Patricia (Continued)

The awful things that float to us

On every passing breeze ----

Like orange peel, and sauerkraut,

And mouldy cottage cheese.

My father is an engineer,

And Dave says, "Art's the stuff";

But I shall marry the garbage-man

When I am old enough.

My sister says to choose your man

For all the gifts he brings ----

Like violets, and chocolate creams,

And furs and diamond rings.

I wonder if my sister knows

(She's older and she may) ----

But I'm in love with the garbage-man

For what he takes away!

After Quarreling

Oh, some may pine and some may pout,
But none can really do without
Earth's dearest treasure from above ---
That little item known as love.

Dear grown-ups replica of Duane,
Your stubbornness is all in vain:
Though sullenly to bed you creep
I kiss you all night in my sleep!

* After-Thought

If I could hold the Book of Life again

Wherein they say so many wisdoms hide,

Some great immortal Truth I might retain

When drifting out on death's eternal tide.

But as a willful child that will not con

The printed page when pictures may be seen,

So brave I found the beauty of the dawn,

So fair the night, I would not read between.

Before my vision page on page unrolled:

White noons, December twilights, twisted trees,

Dogwood and violets breaking earth's brown mold,

Wide burning deserts, and great living seas.

With one short lifetime scant enough to look,

I never read a line in all the book.

* Herald

* Age Is For Love

Youth is for love, the poets long have sung

In threadbare words of moon-mist and of dawn:

The great One Flame, lit bravely by the young,

Flickers with age, burns dimly -- and is gone.

They do not know, Beloved, these who make

A love that runs to music, leaps with light,

Quivers at stars, how struggle and heartbreak

Have lit a flame that burns on through the night.

Love is for age. When hearts no longer tread

The dangerous ascent, the deep abyss,

When all that needs audition has been said

And wonder wakes no longer in a kiss,

Still burns the flame. And two, in time of storm,

Draw up to love -- and find it safe and warm.

* Radio P.C.

A Handy Thing

She who dons a wedding ring
Needs this handy little thing:
She can roll and cut and bake,
Things like Mother used to make;
Piecrust will be flakier ---
This should make a hit with her.

And, for keeping Dad in line,
Here is something very fine,
Something smooth and sleek and trim,
That will make a "hit" with him
When she "konks him on the dome" ---
If he ever starts to roam.

A Lady Chooses Rust

"Give me the rust", she said, and in her eyes

There was a look that went beyond the gown:

I knew that she was walking with clean skies

Beyond the noisy confines of the town;

I knew that russet leaves, in drifted heaps,

Crowded the corners of her mind; that part

Of some lost hope the life defeated keeps

Was pushing up the windows of her heart.

I knew she was remembering the way

The country ages, mellowing to rust,

That she had found a dream from yesterday

And she was nibbling at it, like a crust.

The sales girl wrapped the package and she went.

It was no sale: It was a sacrament.

* Hollands

Alas! How True

A dandelion in the Spring
Can be the most confounded thing!
Within its bright-eyed stare you sense
Impertinence.

For well you know that, on the sly,
The little thing will multiply
And dandelions everywhere
Get in your hair.

And when you find them there you'll moan
To see how blond your hair has grown.
Blond hair, blond lawn, take much shampoo --
Hard work and you!

A Legend Of Childhood

God grew so tired of sitting

Way up in Heaven alone,

He said, "I'll make a new thing,

Something my very own.

The earth that I have fashioned

By men has been defiled."

And so, to please His fancy,

God made a little child.

He took a burst of sunshine

And wrought a golden smile,

Then wrapped it in a little heart

Simple and free from guile.

Twin stars He stole from Heaven

To make the shining eyes,

And rosy cheeks were fashioned

Out where the sunset lies.

A brook came dancing, sparkling,

He caught its silver note,

And lo! a rippling laugh was heard

Spilled from a tiny throat.

A Legend Of Childhood (Continued)

And then, because all laughter

Is sweeter mixed with pain,

He made some tear-drops for his child

From little drops of rain.

It was a lot of labor;

But when the little child

Played round the door of Heaven

God often watched, and smiled.

And Heaven was a different place,

Till, looking down one day,

He saw a lonely woman --

And gave His child away.

Alien

Within the still, white room that gave me birth,

My body bloomed, the counterpart of two

Who bore me; but alone, across the earth,

Miles from that place, the heart they never knew

By wise moon fairies on a far high hill

Was being woven out of threads of mist;

Its fragile beauty was a thing more still

Than any lake the wind has ever kissed.

And I have borne it secretly within,

A shy soft wonder sleeping at my breast.

And such has been dissemblance I could win

That even those who bore me have not guessed,

When misty moonlight blows from tree to tree,

How near they are at last to finding me.

* A Little Sister Of St. Mary's

Thy face is still as quiet words that slip

Into forgotten silences; and yet,

There is suggestion in the up-curved lip

Of hidden smiles that one cannot forget.

Thou hast an air of being strangely wise,

As though thy dignity great comfort were,

But there are mocking lights within thine eyes,

And laughter in thy draperies astir.

Most grave, most still, think not that thou canst blind

These eyes of mine with wisdoms of the face!

I know thee, -- little sister of the wind

That laughing flits from place to forest place, --

Beneath these robes that play at dignity

Thou hast a heart all youth, all gaiety!

* Herald

* All For You

(1) There is HILL on which the Savior died,
There is a Cross where Christ was crucified,
There is a Love that opens heaven wide -
And this is all for you.

CHORUS:

All for you the pain He bore,
All for you the thorns He wore;
Sinner come, I now implore -
Christ has died for you!

(2) There is a Light to shine upon your way,
There is a Hand to reach you when you stray,
There is a Voice to guide you day by day -
And this is all for you.

(3) There is a peace this world cannot afford,
There is a way the soul can be restored,
There is a fellowship with Christ the Lord -
And this is all for you.

(4) There is a joy that only Christ can bring,
There is a song that only sinners sing,
There is a hope to which the lost can cling -
And this is all for you.

* All That Is Most Important Yet Remains

Be not discouraged, though the way seems hard --

All that is most important yet remains:

Beauty still comes at daybreak to your yard,

Dressing each corner with exquisite pains;

Color and song, and laughter in the eyes

Of little children yet too young to know,

Still lend to earth a glint of paradise

And light the long dark journey here below.

Be not discouraged, though the days of toil

Yield little increase and the self-denial

Seems hard to bear -- gold is a meager spoil;

And that which is eternally worthwhile,

God from His gracious bounty still lets fall --

Nor asks one single penny for it all.

* Holland's

* All Things Are New

Not for the newness of the year ----

 Though it is joy to see

How faithfully Thy seasons pass

 In continuity,

How summer, fall, and winter move

 In never-ceasing ranks

Toward the earth's awakening ----

 But not for this be thanks.

Not for the newness of the world,

 The spring in tender green,

But for the newness of the heart,

 But for the life washed clean,

But for the glad security

 That hallows all we do,

The knowledge that in Jesus Christ

 Behold, all things are new.

* Sunday School Times

* All Was Changed

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy
victory? I Cor. 15:55

The garden seemed a shrouded thing,

And all the night was still:

The lonely stars looked down upon

Three crosses on a hill.

Like furtive forms the shadows moved,

The earth was wrapped in gloom:

That night the Hope of all the world

Lay sealed within a tomb.

But on the morrow all was changed,

Man's grief was joy instead:

The risen Savior walked the world ----

And only Death was dead.

* Baptist Standard

* All We Like Sheep

" All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." -- Isaiah 53:6

All we like sheep have gone astray, to seek

The greener pastures and the larger streams;

All we like sheep have wandered, worn and weak,

To nibble at the fringe of empty dreams.

What depths of desolation and despair

Would be our lot, if we had never known

The Shepherd's voice, if God had left us there

To perish in our wanderings, alone!

But not our God, but not our blessed God;

On Christ was laid the burden of our sin:

The weary way to Calvary He trod,

And died, that every man might enter in --

To rest by quiet waters, fresh and clean,

To feed where pastures are forever green.

* Moody

Alma Mater Song

When spring returns to Campbellsville,
And dogwood blooms on College Hill,
In fancy then our spirits too
Will seek again the paths they knew.

And when the flaming maples burn,
In autumn dreams we will return,
Recalling hopes as brave and high
As windless ways where wild geese fly.

And every sunset sky will be
Through all the years of memory,
However far our feet may stray,
A glimpse of garnet and of gray.

CHORUS

Dear Alma Mater, we will lift
In praise of you a choicer gift
Than song can be - the gift of youth,
Committed to the Word of Truth.

* A Meadowlark At Dusk

At dusk, a meadowlark! And all my heart,

That has known weariness through countless days,
Leaps in response. What sweet tumultuous art

That brave, bright note of bubbling bliss betrays.

Above the greening fields, perched on a wire,

Unconscious of my listening ears below,

He lifts aloft his glad song high and higher

He lifts my spirit with it - Does he know?

For six brave minutes by the kitchen clock

By singing beauty is my heart set free,

And then he flies - perhaps to join the flock;

Night - and the stars - and duty still for me

But weariness slips from me like a husk -

Healed by a song - a meadowlark at dusk.

* Women's Magazine - England

* America's Hope

Oh, bright against the clouded sky,

The well-loved banner gleams;

Its silken folds the ancient hope

Of all our patriot's dreams.

Yet never, through the troubled years,

Has love of land sufficed:

That nation only shall endure

That bows to Jesus Christ.

* Win

A Mother's Song For Her Daughter

I cannot tell her all she means to me:

There is no word that mothers find to say
For love so deep; but I can toil that she

May have the leisure to be young and gay.

I watch her sometimes and she does not know

How I am blessing her for all the dear
Abandon of her joy; and how I grow

In strength and wisdom just be have her near.

A daughter gives herself with out restraint,

Her youth drops brightest wonder at my feet;
And though I'm selfish sometimes, no complaint

Of mine shall mar these days she makes complete.

I cannot tell her now; but when the years

Have taught us understanding, then we two
Will find some word -- and through a mist of tears

I'll say, 'My daughter, I have lived in you'.

* A Mother's Thanksgiving

Now is the time for giving thanks,

And I will give mine, too:

Thanks be to God for simple tasks,

And hands with which to do.

Thanks be to God for little feet,

So happy in their play;

Lord, give me patience, love, and faith

To guide them on their way.

Thanks be to God for little lips

That can be taught to sing

The old, old songs, the tender tunes

Of Jesus, Lord and King.

Thanks be to God, when feet shall fail

And fading sight grow dim,

That Christ will do what I can not.

Thanks be to God --- for Him.

* Sunday School Times

* A Mother, To Her Children, On Mother's Day

When you were young, you brought your brief heartaches

To me to mend, and put them in my hand.

I eased the small, hurt places, for your sakes.

You knew me as the one who understands

And cares. And I knew you as purest joy,

Each tiny tear-stained face, each curly head
Bowling in grief above some broken toy.

You came for comfort -- I was comforted.

And now I bring my great heartaches to you.

You wrap me in your love: remembering
The long, lost years, as grown-up children do, --

The lovely years of childhood's tender spring:

And I, again, am blest -- and lifted far
Above the place where any heartaches are.

* New York Times

* "And Peter" Mark 16:7

How like our Lord to add, "and Peter" --- knowing

That one would walk the world in cruel shame,
Forever haunted by a far cock crowing,

And idle boast, and eyes that held no blame
But looked with brave compassionate reminding

Into his own. How like our Lord, to know
That somewhere Peter, stumbling on through blinding
And bitter tears, would need that message so.

That somewhere, Peter, all his spirit broken,

Past pride, past fear, past all save grim regret,
Would find in two small words a tender token

That all his lifetime he would not forget:

The sweet assurance that he still belonged,

In spite of all, unto the Lord he wronged.

* Kings Business

* Andrea Paula

Andrea Paula, sculptor, carved a heart,
 Carved it of dead dreams and a block of stone.
 Grace, beauty, color, dignified his art;
 It all but lived. He worshiped it alone.
 But oft at dusk he nursed a secret grief,
 Kneeling before the thing his hands had wrought:
 "It will not live," he sobbed. At last belief
 Was crystalized into one frenzied thought:

Andrea Paula while the gray world slept,
 Stole from his breast the heart that was his own,
 Crushed it to fragments and on calm knees crept
 Out through the dark and worked it into stone.
 They have not, critics say, since time began
 Found art so human -- nor so cold a man.

* Contemporary Verse

An Old Man

His back is bent with weight of care.

 Too many years have lain

Upon his brow and traced their flight

 In crooked lines of pain.

His feeble footsteps beat the earth

 With faulty resonance,

That all too long have traveled down

 The way of circumstance.

His hands are shapeless, trembling things,

 That once were firm and strong,

They speak of weary days of toil

 And duty served too long.

Only within his sunken eyes

 The fire of youth still gleams --

His eyes that all his life have been

 The mirror of his dreams.

* "And It Was Night"

John 13:30

And it was night. Not calm, familiar night,

With hill and star, with darkness cool and kind;
Not these, but total abstinence of light,

Like sudden midnight coming on the blind:
No drowsy settling of weary wings,

No light wind shyly fingering the air,
But darkness that was gross, like that which clings
To doom and desolation and despair.

And it was night. And Judas went alone ---

But how alone, or at what cruel cost
He gave the kiss that made the Saviour known,

He did not dream. Until, too late, too lost,
He cast his portion on the potter's sod ---
And turned forever from the Son of God.

* Sunday School Times

* "And Redbud Quickens"

All is forgiven now that dogwood blooms

And redbud quickens on the burnished bough,

And every honeysuckle hedge perfumes

The countryside. All is forgiven now,

The clean cool curve of furrows freshing turned,

Young blackbirds strutting sleekly by the plow,

Are harbingers whose meaning we have learned:

Spring has come back - all is forgiven now.

And what of us who, winter long, have moped

Beside the fire and let earth's bleakness sift

Into our souls? Now, better than we hoped,

God gives again His reassuring gift:

Another Spring. Shall we not do our part

And thaw the long, long winter of the heart?

* World Outlook

Anniversary Song

(To Dad)

Do you remember when our love,

 The little helpless dear one,

Was still so small the whole delight

 Was just to keep it near one?

When every day was holiday,

 In any kind of weather,

Because we nursed our little love

 And tended it together?

The years have seen that love grow up

 To such supreme dimensions

It hardly ever asks for now

 The fond heart's small attentions.

It seldom seeks the boon of arms,

 The hand-clasps and carresses,

This sturdy love we lean upon

 Through failures and successes.

Anniversary Song (Continued)

We are so fortunate to have

 This fire to warm December,

This safe and certain flame of love ---

 But sometimes I remember:

Sometimes (I know it's foolish, dear)

 It seems this tall new stranger

Might grow beyond us. Do you think

 There could be any danger?

* Another Moment

Another moment, and the earth may loose

Ten thousand furies bearing us to doom:

A second, even, and without excuse

Silence of death may fall upon this room --

For it is written men shall not discern

The final hour when these things must be.

Another moment -- and so much to learn,

A world of wonder still to hear and see!

How fresh is mountain laurel in the spring! --

I may not see it now, nor hear again

The wild sweet note the Huitacochees sing,

Nor sense the earth's green odors after rain ...

But no -- the moment passes ... and I stay!

Up! Up! I will drink beauty while I may!

* Herald

* The Anti-Climax

As two grown tired, we lay aside the volume....

But stay one moment! Let us mark the place:
Tomorrow brings again the sun to heaven,

The dew to earth -- but not your face.

No more together shall we read Love's story;

But haply in the years that are to be,
My idle fingers, turning through the pages,

Shall chance on this -- and linger lovingly.

Remembering a romance still unfinished,

A tale whose climax we can never know --

And I shall sigh and "Would it," I shall wonder,

"If we had turned the page, have ended so?"

* Herald

* A Prayer For Love

I pray that Love will find me on a day

Not too much fretted by the common tasks.

(Lord, thou dost surely know a woman's way

Of liking to be loved!) My spirit asks

That for this once -- if Love should be my lot--

I may go forth to meet him joyously,

As one on terms with happiness, and not

Bowed by the daily cares that fall on me.

But if the lighter way be never mine,

The little, foolish fancies of the heart,

Lord, by thy grace this folly I resign

So only thou shouldst give me for my part --

Though torn by toil the youth that once was I --

If Love should come he will not pass me by.

* Herald

* April Assault

Marching over rain-drenched meadows,

Rank on rank they swarm:

Little legions, flower forces,

Take the world by storm.

First confuse the eye with color,

Then with fragrance fret

All the cautious, all the prudent,

All the hard-to-get.

Fiercely move the bright battalions

Under April skies:

Stab with stamens, pelt with petals,

Devastate disguise.

Lost the heart, though well it may be

Wary to a fault ---

None can stand before such brilliant

Beautiful assault!

* Good Housekeeping

Argonne Forest

All night the rain, in blinding sheets,
Along the war-scarred landscape beats;
Trees rock, and heavy banks of snow
Plunge headlong into pools below;
And mournfully, from dark to light,
The winds go howling through the night.

In Argonne Forest Dead Men walk --
All silently: They do not talk
Of other days when, side by side,
They fought the noble fight -- and died,
But with unseeing eyes they stare
Into the empty night. They beau
No arms to wield against the foe,
But still in solem ranks they go,
These tattered heroes, -- on and on
Through gloomy swamps of old Argonne.

In Argonne Forest, when the spring
Shall smile again, and birds shall sing,
And deep within that Forest's gloom
Light winds shall waft a faint perfume

Argonne Forest (Continued)

From hidden flowers, when over all
The dreary landscape light shall fall
And sunshine penetrated the deep
Dark glooms where Dead Men cannot sleep, ---
The eye shall look in vain for them:
Those tattered hungry forms of men
Will lurk no more, -- They will be gone
When Spring shall come to old Argonne.

Only, beside the river there,
The trees shall wear a loftier air,
As though those Souls of wandering men
Had somehow entered into them:
For each shall whisper unto each
The Loving Truths that Dead Men teach.
And when the solitary night
Shall brood o'er Argonne, lo! the light
From many million stars shall keep
A silent watch -- where Dead Men sleep.

A Song For Any Father

Strong men survive in steel; the sensitive

Persist in song and sermon. In his way

Each struggles by accomplishment to live

Beyond the margin of earth's little day.

But simple men have learned a deeper truth:

They choose to build in flesh and blood and bone,

And recklessly and proudly squander youth

To give it to the sons they call their own.

Men choose their monuments. Who builds a boy

Builds strength and beauty welded into one:

Adventure, humor, everlasting joy,

And dreams to hold beyond life's setting sun.

Who builds a bridge may serve posterity;

Who builds a boy outwits eternity.

A Spanish Serenade

Softest zephyrs fan my cheek,
As I wander through thy moonlit garden;
Faintly on the breezes borne
Comes the sound of sweet guitar and castanets;
Here I linger in thy hour,
Where I've come at dusk to serenade thee;
Love I wait to greet thee,
For thee I love, and thou art mine, Sweetheart!

Chorus

Come where the wild flowers
Sway in the moonlight,
Whispering of love.
Ah they speak of thee,
Bid thee come to me;
Night is for love, dear,
Love is my life, dear, -
Ah bid me live!
Waken, sweet,
Thy lover greet, -
Or dawn shall break above
A broken heart.

A Spanish Serenade (Continued)

All the voices of the night
Call to wake thee from thy peaceful slumber;
Nightingale breathes forth his song, -
Wildest flood of longing love and melody!
All the air throbs with love's cry,
And I cannot, cannot bear to leave thee;
Love, my heart is breaking,
Oh thou must hear and thou wilt come, Sweetheart!

A Song For Any Father

Strong men survive in steel; the sensitive

Persist in song and sermon. In his way

Each struggles by accomplishment to live

Beyond the margin of earth's little day.

But simple men have learned a deeper truth:

They choose to build in flesh and blood and bone,

And recklessly and proudly squander youth

To give it to the sons they call their own.

Men choose their monuments. Who builds a boy

Builds strength and beauty welded into one:
Adventure, humor, everlasting joy,

And dreams to hold beyond life's setting sun.

Who builds a bridge may serve posterity;

Who builds a boy outwits eternity.

* A Song For Today

Give over dreaming! All too soon the day

That even now illumines the eastern sky

With blush of morn, will take the twilight way

And fade in dusk. Up, Heart! forbear the sigh

That trembles for a dream that may not be:

Behold the promise that this day bestows,

With courage face the morn; tonight may see

A faith renewed, a hope reborn -- who knows?

Give over dreaming! What has never been

May yet bear fruit, but what can never be

'Twere better to forget. This hour may mean

The gateway that unlocks Eternity.

Old doubts, old griefs, old burdens, cast away --

Awake! oh Heart, arise! ---fulfill Today!

* Telling Tales

A Song Of Mop Sticks

Sing a song of mop sticks

And of life, their brother:

Youth is at the one end,

Age is at the other.

Youth is like the mop rag:

Running hither, yonder,

Age is like the handle:

Taking time to ponder.

Youth is bound to fix things,

Busy with its cleaning;

Age has found an old wall -

Glad to stand there leaning.

* A Son, To His Father, On Father's Day

This is your day, my father, and the world
Will pause to do you honor for a space.
Last night I watched you, and my slow thoughts curled
About the growing lines upon your face.
My thoughts were not of baseball, nor brown arms
Of swimmers, cleaving water in the sun;
My thoughts were life -- its burdens, its alarms,
And, over all, the courage you had won.

This is your day, my father. We are men.
You will not want the flowers Mother would;
But let me tell you, just between us: When
A boy's dreams fail, remembering you is good,
Remembering you is like a sudden, strong,
Clean gust of wind --- to bear my youth along.

* War Cry

* As The Rain Cometh Down

Isiah 55: 10, 11

Softly the rain is falling in the night,

Over the hills and valleys, promising

God will reclothe His world in robes of bright

And living verdure: soon there will be Spring.

Along the barren bough new life will creep

And quicken in each tender blade and shoot:

The earth will waken from her long, long sleep,

There will be bud and blossom, leaf and fruit.

Into my heart His gentle promise falls

Like falling rain. All is not yet destroyed:

Though strife and sorrow rule, and sin appals,

God's Word shall not return unto Him void --

It shall accomplish all His purpose plained.

Upon this blessed hope the heart can stand.

* Sunday School Times

* A Student Prayer

My Father is an architect in stone:

His granite pinnacles projecting high
Into a far place, secret and alone,

Stand sentinel against the quiet sky.

Their beauty is a deep and still delight,

Their solid strength a challenge to the soul --

Calling my spirit to some lonely height,

Lifting my life toward some splendid goal.

Beholding these, I am remembering

Another Stone, rejected once of men:

When earth's foundations totter, let me cling

To Jesus Christ, the Rock of Ages; when

I build my young life, tall and straight and slim,

Oh let it be a structure built on Him.

* Tahquitz Pines

At Home With God

At home with God.... Now, in that blest abode,

She rests, her earthly burdens all laid down.

How was it when she took the last long road

That led from earth to glory and her crown?

I cannot think she said goodbye and turned

To walk down dark and unfrequented ways.

This was familiar ground to one, who learned

To be at home with Him through all her days.

* At The Cross

"And sitting down they watched him there". Mathew 27:36

And sitting down they watched Him there, the One

Who stilled the tempest, multiplied the bread,
Walked on the water and, from sun to sun,

Laid hands upon the sick, and raised the dead.
They saw Him dying on the cross of shame.

Some watched with pity, some with scorn; and some,
A faithful few who had believed He came

To reign as King, with grief were stricken dumb.

They watched Him there. But oh, they did not know

How many, through the years, would watch Him, too,
And never be the same again, but go

From that dark Hill, regenerated, new:

No longer victims of sin's deep despair,

But born again -- because they watched Him there.

* Sunday School Times

* A Woman To Her Lover

Of those dim others whom my heart revered

Be not afraid, Beloved, nor let live
One jealous thought; their spirits are endeared

Only as dreams to me. Love does not give
Itself so much to persons, as to all

The shy sweet wonder of a world that moves
Through magic days. The intimate, the small,

And mostly love itself, the lover loves.

And less to men than to the wind and trees,

The silent stars, I made my early vows.
You drink my soul with every breath of these,

While those pale shades before whom memory bows,
Forgotten are their names, their faces gone;
Only the love they woke, in you lives on.

* Sun Magazine

A Tryst With Hills

I have a tryst to keep when spring returns,

A tryst with hills, green garbed and wondering
Through all these winter days within me burns

The fever of the song my lips shall sing
When free at last, to keep my tryst I go

Out of the citys gate unto the hills.

Green hills awaking from a dream of snow

To long day-dreams of wind and daffodills.

While yet remembrance of departed rain

Lurks in a few lost tears on blade and leaf
I will arise and seek them once again.

Fling from my shoulders days of winter grief
Stoop to the earth and kiss them every one

Hills I have loved through long, long days of sun.

* Attitudes

The days are mirrors that reflect ourselves,

And who shall say if life be this or that?

Regardless of the proof for which man delves,

The world, in truth, is neither round nor flat,
But many-sided, myriad and strange,

As limitless in scope as all desire,

All duty, all resolve, all dreams that change

The boundaries of earth to something higher.

Unto the bee the world is all perfume,

Blown skyward from the rose. Unto the mole,
Darkness, the friendly feel of earth, and room -

To stretch the flesh. And each has proved the whole:

For life is not a pattern cut to fit --

We make it by the way we look at it.

* Herald

* Autumn

Now summer wanes, and from the western slope,

Where late the trees in vernal beauty stood,
Blue haze drifts in and like a gleam of hope

A crimson flush pervades the dying wood.

Here yet by many a path and wayside brook

The goldenrod uprears its jaunty head,

But days grow cool and summer is a book

That autumn shuts with half the pages read.

From oak to maple leaps the kindled gleam --

Expiring beauty mounts in glorious blaze,

Then fades as fades a dim remembered dream,

And loneliness and silence haunt these ways.

Lo echoes wake save yon lone whippoorwill;

The memory is a thing so still -- so still.

*American Poetry Magazine

* Autumn Twilight

Here in the autumn twilight beauty lies

Upon the hills, as motionless as sleep.

There will be stirring where the shadows creep

Down in the marsh grass, as the heron flies,

And motion higher, in the dreaming skies,

When homing wings reach up and climb the steep

Ascent of heaven; but the hills will keep

Beauty, so still, one wonders if it dies.

There is no name for beauty that can be

A thing so quiet as that far, faint line

Of purple silence, guarded by a tree

So straight, so still, it scarcely seems a pine.

Here in the shadowed dusk one can but see,

And reach for wonder words will not confine.

* Lyric

Aviator

(To Dale Downing)

Out of the dust I rise and go to be
A part of heaven's arched immensity:
Now I am one with all the birds that try
The vast uncharted regions of the sky.

I climb the air, below me lies unfurled
The gold and azure beauty of a world
Of sand and sea, of mountains reaching too
For something that awaits them in the blue.

These are the things that He has made. But now
I leave them far beneath and go to plow
The meadows of the sky, with every clod
A fleecy cloud bank from the hand of God.

A child of space, earth baffles me no more.
And life's perplexities resolve. I soar
With hope restored again, and faith renewed:
Alone with God, my soul gains altitude.

Though well I know this place of sun and star
Is not my home -- I dwell where people are --
Through all earth's dusty days my spirit sings:
I feel the pull of sky, the lift of wings!

* A Village Churchyard

The silence of unuttered dreams has turned

This village churchyard to a thing more still

Than starlight sleeping on a winter hill;

For fled is now the wild romance that burned

In youthful hearts; and aged ones, that yearned

For greater wisdom, can no more fulfill

Their own desires. At rest from good or ill,

They sleep in silent trenches, unconcerned.

Yet here is quiet born not all of pain,

For budding grasses speak of hope not dead,

And mingled with green blades the poppie's red

Gives promise of desire that blooms again;

As though the dreams life would not let them keep,

The dead had found more beautiful in sleep.

* Herald

A Wild Rose

I came upon a fairy

 In her sylvan-glade boudoir ---

(She was at her morning toilet

 And forgot to shut the door!)

I saw her trailing bath-robe

 Made of shimmering folds of green

All trimmed in silver dew-drops,

 Like a jewelled fairy queen.

And I know she was a Princess,

 For I saw her gold crown gleam

As she bent her pink face downward

 To wash it in the stream.

(I'd like to find her name out,

 If anybody knows--

I went back once to ask her,

 But only found a rose!)

Ballad For Any Summer

He was a sailor's son,

 Born with the tug of water

Pulling hard at his sleeve

 She was a hill-man's daughter.

She was a woodland fern,

 Plucked from the quiet places.

He was a lifted sail,

 Stretched for the windy spaces.

He found her shyness sweet,

 Smiled at her naive greeting;

Something big in his heart

 Hastened her own heart's beating.

Under the August moon

 Faith that he thought enduring

Broke with the sea and sail,

 Finding her more alluring.

Once, when the silence spread

 Close as a cloak around them,

Love was a tide that swept

 In from the sea and drowned them.

Ballad For Any Summer

There in the moonlight, he

Promised never to fail her:

He was a lover now,

More than he was a sailor.

Ah, but he had no wit,

Not on the sea to reckon:

Scarce had the summer waned

When it began to beckon.

He was a sailor's son:

All that a sea-man misses,

Inland, pulled at his heart,

Smothering her young kisses.

Often her blue eyes brim:

Grieving to have bereft her,

Often he wakes at dawn.

Nevertheless, he left her.

Weep for the sea's bright call,

Weep for her hearts undoing:

She was a hill-man's child,

Born for a hill-man's wooing.

Continued

Ballad For Any Summer

She was a mountain maid,
Born to be wife and mother,
But for a sea-man's love,
Now she will wed another.

Now, as she tucks in seeds,
Out in her garden kneeling,
Eyes that are bright with dreams
Follow a lone gull's wheeling.

Follow a far sky trail,
Blue as the sea, for token.....
Never a sail turns home,
Home to a heart that's broken.

Weep for a summer's schemes,
Weep for the hearts that find them,
Follow, and then go back -
Leaving a dream behind them.

Ballad For Bettsey

Our Bettsey has a way with tots ----

 A way with all of us ----

And who could blame a certain lad

 For getting amorous?

So Bettsey's going to take the step,

 And she will never rue it,

If she can just remember this:

 "Let George do it!"

With dishes, or with diapers,

 It makes no difference,

This simple slogan of four words

 Is just plain sense.

For Bettsey. wearing dish-pan hands!

 (Base thought -- I do eschew it)

A better plan by far would be

 To "let George do it!"

For Bettsey is a glamor gal

 And pedagogue in one ----

A laughing sprite, a tiny grim

 Authoritarian;

Ballad For Bettsey (Continued)

And, having such a bright career,

 We hope she will pursue it.....

So, in the simple tasks of life

 Just "let George do it."

Good wishes, Bettsey, as you go;

 God speed you on your way,

And give you happy years ahead ----

 A happy wedding day.

We'd really like to "kiss the bride."

 Is she just only knew it,

But, since this might embarrass her,

 We'll "let George do it."

* Banner Of Love

His banner over me was love, was love!

Say not the way was long, nor fierce the strife:
For He was there, and every moment of

The earthly conflict was abundant life.

Speak not of hopes deferred, of dreams laid down ---

Through all of these His presence has sufficed.

This was my joyous privilege, my crown:

In every furnace, to have walked with Christ.

His banner over me was love. Let this

And only this, be written where I lie,

When all life's toil and tears I shall dismiss;

Raise over me this single battle cry ---

Write it in words of flame for all to read.

Who knows the Saviour has no other need.

* Sunday School Times

Beauty

Beauty on a sunny slope

Beauty in a tree

Spring is making beauty now

What is wrong with me?

Laughter in a robins song

Laughter in the dew

Spring is mixing laughter now

What is wrong with you?

Could I not be taking up

Beauty of the Spring

Shaping it and weaving it

In the songs I sing.

Could you not be wearing now

Laughter Springtime makes

Wearing it and sharing it

With a heart that breaks.

* Beauty Comes Singing

"My soul is dead to Beauty!" thus I cried,

Whose eyes with age-long weeping had grown dull,

"Oh give me back my vision---stab me God

With sudden beauty, swift and terrible!"

Then straight from heaven's gate one arrow sped,

One arrow downward to the heart of me ---

God loosed a bird and Beauty found a voice,

And blinded by a song, I see! I see!

* The Lyric

Because Christ Came

There is light on the mountains because of God's grace,

And glory that shines from above:

All nature is wearing a radiant face,

Because of the Gift of God's Love.

Chorus:

Because He came, Life has a fresh beginning,

Because the Savior came all things are new;

Because He died to make an end of sinning,

The trusting heart can have its springtime too.

Because He rose, all earth repeats the story,

All nature wakes to join the glad refrain;

Sing, now my soul --- to Christ be praise and glory,

Because He lives, because He lives again!

There is peace in the valley, though shadows may fall,

When all of life's journey is run;

There is peace in the Valley of Death, now for all

Who trust in the gift of God's Son.

Because Christ Came (Continued)

There is peace in the valley and light on the hills,

And life in the quickening sod,

With grace that abounds and a rapture that thrills ---

Because of the Gift of our God.

* Because He Rose

They stumbled through the dark that Easter morning

And spoke in low, hushed voices of the Dead.

They brought their love, their spices for adorning,

But walked with broken hearts, uncomforted.

They did not know that, even while they worried

About the stone, the tomb had been defied:

How, with one simple gesture, calm, unhurried,

The Lord they loved had laid all death aside.

They did not know; but every heart that sorrows

Can know, today, the peace these words disclose:

"He is not here." And all earth's dark tomorrows

Will never be the same ---- because He rose.

* Sunday School Times

Because Of Calvary

Give me an uncomplaining heart

That is at terms with life,

Accepting graciously alike

Serenity, or strife.

Give me an understanding heart

That is at terms with men,

An overflowing love that gives,

Not asking "why," or "when."

Give me a consecrated heart

That is at terms with Thee,

Securely resting in Thy grace ---

Because of Calvary.

Because Of Calvary

We touch the fringe of God's magnificence

When we behold His earth and sky and sea;

But none of this is peace or permanence,

Until we glimpse our God at Calvary.

Chorus:

What peace it brings, what joy and ecstasy,

To know Christ died to set the sinner free!

It binds the heart to Him eternally:

Forever His ---- because of Calvary.

God's magnitude the heart cannot express,

Until it sees how much He sacrificed.

For God, who hung the world on nothingness,

Reveals Himself, alone, in Jesus Christ.

Why should we grasp at God's infinitude,

Why should we reach for starry realms of space,

When all of time is but an interlude

On which to pose the glory of His grace?

* Before The Easter Dawn

What whisper stirs among the olive trees,

Where late the Saviour prayed? What gesture lifts

The little leaves, as though some secret breeze

Were fingering the branches? Through the rifts

In darkness, what is this that slowly seeps

Like mellow sunlight through the garden gloom?

There is no wind, no sun, as yet. Earth sleeps.

This is the miracle within the tomb!

No passing breeze, no transitory breath

Of air, could move these trees in such a way.

This is the breath of Life, come back from death.

And this new radiance is not the day:

It is the Light of all the world, restored

Forever more --- in Christ, the risen Lord

*Kings Business

* Behind The Rain

What walks behind the curtain of the rain?

Stirs something there that is afraid to speak,

Afraid, or else some dim, forgotten pain

Has hushed the groping word, but through the bleak

Uncertain silences, distinct and near,

A footstep hovers---nay, a hand,

Reaching for something intimate and dear,

Something remembered in a long-lost land.

What time the wind makes utterance in leaves,

What time cool drops feel earthward, to and fro

Something behind the still rain moves and grieves,

Fretting the dusk with sounds that will not go

The way of words, but falter---pause---and break,

Wounding themselves upon an old heartache.

* Herald

* Behold, The Dawn!

Hills that have borne the burden of the night,

Lift to the sudden dawn bewildered eyes ---

For kindled heart the fires torturing the skies

With fear of flame, with something less than light

And more than beauty, are but cold affright

To hills on whom remembered midnight lies.

How slowly in each waking bosom dies

The dream it keeps of stars, serene and white!

But it will die, when out of space is born

The great One Flame. And now that wakes, that wakes!

And stars are less than whispers blown about;

The peace of midnight is a thing outworn;

And from the hills a mighty triumph breaks,

Greeting the Sun with many-throated shout!

* Herald

Behold The Lamb Of God

I looked, and lo! a Lamb. Throughout the ages,

The endless eons of eternity,

The fairest picture found on heaven's pages

Will be the one that speaks of Calvary.

The sweetest anthem, even in the Glory,

Will not be some exalted new refrain,

But just the old familiar gospel story:

"How worthy is the Lamb for sinners slain!"

Behold the Lamb of God, O lost and lonely,

Behold Him here and now, if you would share

His presence in the other world. For only

The ones who love Him here will see Him there.

* Beloved It Is Night

Beloved it is night. Lift not thy face ----

Pass through the garden with a muted voice;

This is the hour of dreaming. This the place

Where out of time the One Dream of our choice

May suddenly be born. But speak no word --

Let fall one whisper even, and the rose

That sleeps by yonder casement, would be stirred

To dream of things not any flower knows.

Lift not thy face, Beloved. It is night ----

Dusk and a silence in the garden blend.

But in thy face is wonder born of light,

And in my heart a song that knows no end.

A light, a song....Beloved, turn away

Lest all the garden wake and call it day!

* New York Herald

* Benediction

When sleepy birds wake up to greet the dawn

With songs of praise, and like a silver scroll

The morning sky unfolds to wait upon

The coming of the sun, then lifts my soul

Its canticle of love, O Christ, to Thee ---

Creator of the whole. My glad heart pours

Its gratitude in floods of ecstasy

And, like a bird, my spirit sings and soars.

But comes the dusk, the time for sheltering,

When drooping pinions fold on drowsy birds,

My heart seeks out its shelter too. I sing

No more: Thou art too near for need of words;

Thy quiet hand is on my heart to bless,

And I am wrapped in Thy great gentleness.

* War Cry

Benjamin Franklin

I --- Visitor From Yesterday

Whoever reads may find himself a host

To more than words: a quaint, invisible,
Disturbing presence, moving like a ghost

From yesterday. A strangely lovable,
Engaging ghost, who cannot quite forget:

"Poor Richard" leans from out the past to peer
At how the line is spaced, the type is set.

He almost seems to say, "What have we here?"

II --- He Dreamed A Stove

Perhaps from out the gleaming coals it came,

When backs were freezing and each face grew hot,
The swift idea: why not capture flame

And lock it in a box? Why not, why not?
It might have been like this. Nobody knows

Just where the thought is born that makes the deed,
Nor really cares, just so it grows and grows

And reaches out to fill a heart-felt need.

Benjamin Franklin

II --- He Dreamed A Stove (Continued)

He dreamed a stove. But oh, he dreamed much more:

The smell of home-made bread and popping corn,
The old men gathered at the country store;

And children, huddled on some icy morn,
With hands outstretched. All cherished, all esteemed,
All simple, warm and friendly things --- he dreamed.

III --- Man With A Kite

Was he a boy upon a windy hill,

His kite-string in his hand, when first he knew
The wild applause of thunder and the thrill

Of lightning flashing on the startled view?

Was he a boy, when first he felt the pull

Of something stronger, stronger than the wind:
A young idea, bright and beautiful,

That could be more, if harnessed, disciplined?

Continued page -3-

Benjamin Franklin

III --- Man With A Kite (Continued)

And did he run along the hills with it

And toss it, with his kite, into the sky;

Then draw it to himself and try to fit

The thought into the scheme he meant to try?

How many years, how many kites took flight,

Before he knew he held the key to light!

IV --- Fire! Fire!

No matter where he went, or what he saw,

He had a spark that kindled into flame.

The fire of learning and the fire of law

Were both, alike, ignited in his name.

This is a truth philosophers confess,

These are the things that statesmen talk about.

But any dozing school-boy cares much less

For fires so started, than for those put out.

Continued page -4-

Benjamin Franklin

IV --- Fire! Fire! (Continued)

He planned protection. He could not foresee

The racing engines, screaming sirens, all
The frenzied furor that would one day be

Earth's high adventure for each eager, small,
Uplifted face -- ummindful of school books ---
Lost in a world of ladders, hose and hooks.

V --- Hometown (Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

The youth who walked the shabby streets of home,

Contesting for their shabbiness, could tell
What toil and tears it takes before men come

With confidence to hang the freedom bell:

The long, long look along the years, that must
Precede the written word, the law laid down.
For he, who holds the future in his trust,

Must walk beyond the streets of any town.

Continued page -5-

Benjamin Franklin

V --- Hometown (Philadelphia, U.S.A. Continued)

Most men find daily living dull and slow:

These only reach the ultimate by strife.

But some men garner greatness as they go

About the ordinary tasks of life,

Seeing in simple things what few can see ---

And these live larger than locality.

VI --- Here Was America

Here was no man --- but all men put in one:

Creative though, inventive skill, and zeal
For perseverance at a task begun.

Here was the high white hope that all men feel,
But few attain to. Here was reaching up,

And getting under, probing deep; the far,

Remote, ideal extended. Here the cup

Of living held one bright, imprisoned star.

Benjamin Franklin

VI --- Here Was America (Continued)

Here was America: the something more

Than land, or language, something yet to be,

Not found in field or forest, hill or shore:

The great enduring passion to be free.

Not just in documents upon a shelf,

But freedom written in the man himself.

* Beloved, Share Your Pleasure With The Wind

Go tell your joy to listening field and star,

Beloved, share your pleasure with the wind;

Run in the light and fling your laughter far,

In leaping wave and dancing sunlight find

Renewal of your mood,---but come not here.

You will not need my touch, my spoken words

To add one little measure to your cheer.

Beloved, give your singing to the birds.

But when your heart too quiet grows with pain,

Slip through the dusk and come again to me;

Sobbing your grief like soft insistent rain,

Yielding your broken faith to sympathy;

And in my woman's peace find grace to bear

The only moment's that our love can share.

* Herald

Bethany Supper

Lord, I have swept my house and taken out

Fine linen, silver, all to honor Thee;

And now at twilight, with these spread about,

My heart reminds me with strange irony,

With mute misgivings and with vague unrest:

I have no gift to give, no feast to spread.

At every table where Thou wert the guest,

It ever was Thyself who broke the bread.

Lord, I have been a Martha all the day,

And now as darkness falls I am aware

That quiet Mary chose the better way.

Thou Heavenly Guest, these hands would fain prepare

Thy welcome, but have naught to offer Thee ---

Have pity, break the bread of life to me.

Black Hounds Of Hades

Out of the darkness the black hounds are galloping:

Young flesh is tender and young flesh is sweet.

White in the moonlight, their bared fangs are ravaging

Every hushed heart in the cottage or street.

Fresh from each foray, with bloody jaws slavering,

Widly they skirt the world, hungry for more;

Few are the dreams will be left on the morrow by

Black hounds of Hades, the dark dogs of war.

He is so stalwart.....His bright face is clouded now.

Young flesh is tender and young flesh is sweet.

Does he lie wakeful, too ----wide-eyed and listening

Over and over to galloping feet?

The Blind

The blind man, on the corner every day,

Stands stretching forth his hand -- but not for alms:

He has the Truth of God to give away ----

A fresh supply of tracts. His trembling palms

Can hardly hold their treasure; and his lips

Cannot control the current of his song;

He hums the old hymns softly as he slips

A leaflet here and there among the throng.

He knows that most will pass and scarcely glance.

But still, in rain or sunshine, he must try
To give the gospel, though men look askance.

If he were peddling pencils they might buy,
In pity for lost sight; for most are kind.

They do not know he sees ---- and they are blind.

* Blindness

For sightless eyes no pity do I crave,

Who long have bowed submissive to Fate's will.

Life makes her gifts, and once to me she gave

To look on Beauty. Deep I drank, until

With very seeing did my eyes grow blind.

(There is a joy too great for human sight!)

Mine be the curse. Alone, I am consigned

Through endless days to walk in utter night.

And yet, for very blindness do I see

More faithfully and sure, who light dead eyes

With tapers from the shrine of memory.

For still, proud seas, gaunt peaks and tawny skies,

Gray clouds, and trees, hold converse down the years,

Remembered and undimmed by latter tears.

* Herald

* Books

As one who stands upon the brink of Time

And sees the planets circle into view,

So I regard my world of books. The new

Are undiscovered realms of prose and rhyme,

Who knows what depths of thought, what heights sublime

Of lofty truth, these shall invite me to?

But oh the old, my first-loves tried and true!

These are my land of home, my native clime.

A peaceful field I have in Emerson;

Scott is a peak, and Keats a quiet bay;

Browning the mighty sea, and Tennyson

A happy river singing on its way.

But Shakespeare, earliest love and most adored ---

A continent forever unexplored.

* American Poetry Magazine

Boys

Thanks be to God who gave us little boys ---

These swift tempestuous whirlwinds blowing by ---

Who had the wisdom and the grace to try

Our stock of patience with their scattered toys,

Who blessed us with a hundred humble joys

That only their fresh laughter could supply,

And lifted our endeavor mountain-high

To match the ardor that their youth employs.

Our wee girl-faces, full of tenderness,

Are beauty that no thought of time destroys,

Like fragile flowers -- fair as love's caress.

But life takes courage, life takes strength and poise,
High purpose for the years of storm and stress ---

So God be thanked who gave us little boys.

Boy's Fishing Song

Across the blue, blue water

I cast my shining fly,

And, if I'm very lucky,

A speckled trout will die.

Now I am just like Peter

When he was small: I wish

For boys' fun. Are boys' wishes ----

I wonder----just dead fish?

When I am big, like Peter,

I'll leave my line and rod

To boys, and find a man's wish

To catch live fish for God.

Bridegroom's If

If you can keep your head when all about you

She's losing hers, and blaming it on you;

If you can say, "I cannot live without you",

E'en when the dishes fly (and know it's true);

If you can find the bath-room all a-clutter

With silken garments hanging up to dry,

And neither rage, nor snort, nor stomp, nor sputter,

But whistle blithely on---nor bat an eye!

If you can taste each strange, uncertain mixture

She sets before you---claiming to be food,

And keep your grin a bright and steady fixture

While eating it---and even call it good;

If you can wait, and not grow tired in waiting,

While she adorns herself for other eyes;

And when she prates of self don't deal in prating

And yet don't act too good or look too wise;

Bridegroom's If (Continued)

If you can work for her and keep on griming,
 Though all night long with weariness you toss;
And rise and start again at the beginning,
 And never breathe a word about your cross;

If you can fill each drab domestic minute
 With sixty seconds worth of tenderness;
Then take the plunge, my boy---go on, begin it ---
 Your marriage will turn out a hugh success!

Brief Beauty

December twilight wanes. This dappled dusk

Lives but a moment. Stand beside the gate.

But utter nothing. Anything so brusque

As speech would shatter this brief beauty. Wait.

Wait while the new moon climbs above the hill,

One stitch of silver threading through the sky,

Wait wordlessly, Beloved, wait until

The darkness comes to cover us. Then cry.

Cry for the shortened days, the fading year,

The stricken branches barren now of leaf:

That loveliness is lost, and we are here;

And beauty is a thing so brief, so brief!

Brief Courage

I saw a maple flaunt the crimson flame
 Of one leaf on the air
A gallant gesture to disguise the shame
 Of branches stricken bare.

I lifted laughter up to sway and toss
 Where joy no more occurs,
And whispered, "Heart, so shall we make our loss
 Magnificent as hers."

Bright Assault

With circling scimitar of light,

Dawn creeps from out the ambush of the sky,
Cleaves downward to the earth---and startled night

Slinks into shadow with a stricken cry

That mounts in blue mist from the sleepy hills,

That curves in hazy drifts of gray and tawn,
That lifts and floats above the trees, and fills

Each hollow with the great sob, "I am gone."

Where will the wondering and secret things,

That hugged the dark, take refuge from the day?

Bereft of the cool covert of her wings,

Where will night's children run and hide? O stay

This bright assault, this battery of light!

Spare little frightened eyes that hunt the night!

Broadway Christmas

Above the traffic, suddenly there swells

An angel chorus---and the eyes grow wet,
While every shop with tawdry tinsel tells

The Old, Old Story men cannot forget.

What though they died along Judean hills,

Those angel voices---long ago---tonight
Above the tragedy of human ills

Comes back the ancient anthem born of Light.

Because, along this street, each hungry heart

Cries out for 'Peace, good will", the sacred throng
Traverses centuries again to start

Remembrance waking in the well-loved song

That falls on Broadway, as on Bethlehem ----

And men are hushed while God comes down to them.

Broken For You

'This is my body, broken for you." So

The Savior said; and climbed His lonely hill.

"Those were but words, and that was long ago,"

The scoffers say---and yet I hear Him still.

Whenever I reach out to break the bread,

Or take the cup, His stricken form appears,

His pleading voice entreats; and I am led

To go to Him in penitence and tears.

That broken body breaks my stubborn heart

And puts an end to all my foolish pride.

I weep as though no other had a part

In that for which our Lord was crucified:

The burden of His cross is mine to bear ---

As though my sin alone had put Him there.

Broken Fences

The brindle found it first. I wonder how

A broken fence line does effect a cow.

Did she peruse her passport carefully?

Or, quite consumed with curiosity,

Did she dash through the unexpected gate

Without a moment's pause to ruminate?

There was a broken fence line long ago,

Discovered by a boy I used to know,

He chose new pastures with the greatest ease,

And never did look back. Yet every breeze

Life-long, that stirred the curtains of his mind,

Blew, somehow, from that pasture left behind.

Broken Petals

Little Rose with broken petals,
Lying in my hand,
Tell me: do you grieve to lie so?
Do you fear to droop and die so?
I would understand,

Underneath those broken petals,
Do you fancy pain?
Fear not,--when the spring shall find you
Doubt and grief no more shall bind you:
You shall bloom again.

Life is made of broken petals,
Fallen e'en as those,---
Scattered bits of dreams forsaken:
But at Dawn, when we awaken,
Lo! another Rose.

Brooks And Women

Small streams and women have too much to say;

Ask any man and he will tell you that.

The constant babble of a brook at play,

And women dropping in to sew and chat,

Too soon grow tiresome. Every man agrees

Insessant chatter makes for little brain,

And so condemns the two, nor ever sees

How brooks and women talk to hide their pain.

Because the hearts of women are too proud

To stoop to tears, they bid their longings hush,
Smother their grief, and smile and talk too loud.

This is the way of women. And brooks rush

The same wild way, because they must forget

Old wounds of stick and stone that stab them yet.

* Burn, Candle, Burn

Burn, candle burn,
Across the Christmas night;
Say to a darkened world
That there is Light.
Shine through the gloom
Where trembling figures grope:
Say to each burdened heart
That there is Hope.

Burn, candle, burn:
God is not high and far ----
He dwells where cattle crunch,
Where children are.
Down every path
That weary mortals plod,
If you but listen, look,
You can find God.

Burn, Candle, Burn (Continued)

Burn, candle, burn

Until all strivings cease ----

Say to a troubled world

That there is Peace:

Once angels sang,

That all the world might sing.

Let every head be bowed ----

Remembering.

* Kings Business

* But Love Is More

Love is what all have said. But love is more:

More than the brimming cup of tenderness,
The word, the glance, the touch. These all explore

The fringe of love; but love is in excess
Of these. To realize its cherished goal,

Love climbs the lonely mountains of the mind,
Love probes the secret caverns of the soul.

Yet he, who thinks he sees love whole, is blind.

Love is what all have said. But love will be

What none can say until, with clearer sight,
Through fadeless ages of eternity,

We learn to read the simple word aright,

For God is love. The little we have known

Will find its ultimate in Him, alone.

* Christian Herald

But Not Our God!

God did not need to clothe the world with beauty,

He could have left it practical and plain:

He might have made all paths mere dust and duty,

Without the ministry of sun and rain.

But not our God, our gracious God!

The verdant hills, the quickened clod,

Within a world of storm and strife,

Proclaim He is the Lord of Life.

God did not need to deck the night with splendor,

He could have left the world to carry on

Without the stars, the moonlight warm and tender

He might have left earth desolate till dawn.

But not our God! He had to sow

The sky with stars, that we might know,

Through every dark and troubled night,

Our Father is the Lord of Light.

But Not Our God (Continued)

God did not need to leave His home in glory

To take the sinner's place at Calvary,

That every man might share salvation's story ----

He could have left us lost eternally.

But not our God! He had to die

At Calvary, that you and I

Might share with Him that home above ----

Because He is the Lord of Love.

* "But Ye Are A Chosen Generation"

I Peter 2:9

These are not facts that fence us in below

The doubts, the fears, the worry and the strife,

All of the vain earth problems that we know

Here in the grim monotony of life.

We are not creatures of mere circumstance,

Blown by the swift uncertain wind of time;

We nibble not the crumbled bread of chance ---

Ours is a heritage that is sublime.

There is a fact eternal in the skies:

God's Son has triumphed o'er this house of clay ---

Fromout our earthly bondage we shall rise

To glimpse the glory of His face some day.

This is the circumstance that knows no change:

Christ died for the ungodly long ago;

This is the wonder, beautiful and strange:

His fellowship the poorest soul may know.

* Sunday School Times

Candles

The stars are candles of the sky

With which God lights the gloom
To make the desert of the night

A garden rich with bloom.

And all the careless little words

You whispered long ago

Are candles which I light to make

The leaden present glow.

Carol

Not alone at Avonshire

Is the preaching done;

Everywhere and all the time

God lifts up His Son.

Every fragrant zephyr blown

Over a new-mown hay

Calls me back to Bethlehem

Where the wee Christ lay.

Not a silver ripple breaks

On a river's brim

But is Jordan lifting spray

As John buried Him.

When the twilight takes young hills,

Every silent tree

Is a finger pointing us

Back to Calvary.

Carol (Continued)

And I never hear the dove's

 Mating music swell

But I turn to Pentecost

 Where His spirit fell.

Not alone at Avonshire

 Is the preaching done;

Everywhere and all the time

 God lifts up His Son.

Certainty

Whatever comes or doesn't come,

 This I know,

There will be warm days again

 After snow.

There will be warm days, and buds

 Bursting through

Little coats to show themselves

 Pink and new.

There will be the buds and then,

 Almost near

Meadow larks will trill five notes

 Swift and clear.

There will be the meadow larks

 And a wall

Green with moss---and it may be

 That is all.

Certainty (Continued)

But I hope (oh dare I hope?)

There will be

Something dearer than them all ---

Just for me.

Child's Prayer

In Bethlehem the streets were dim,
As shadows fell; but over Him
God lit a star, and heaven smiled,
And there was light around the Child....
Now it is dark again: Oh, let
My candle shine, lest men forget.

Child's Song For The Sun

Red ball, red ball,

I have played with you,

Bounced you down a blue sky-road,

All the long day through.

Red ball, red ball,

I have lost you now ---

Bounced too high and let you roll

Over the hill's brow.

Red ball, red ball,

You are gone --- but please,

When you come down, give my love

To the young Chinese '!':.

* Choosing The Forever

I Samuel 1:24

He was so little ----

I can see her stand
Trembling, reluctant

To let go his hand.

Yet she was wise

Earth ties to sever:

She chose not now,

But the forever.

God give us mothers

Who will joy to see

Their sons remembered

Through eternity.

* Sunday School Times

* Christ Changes Things

He changed Golgotha's gruesome face,

That stark hill called The Skull:

By dying there, to save the world,

He made it beautiful.

Just so He changed the face of Death,

For those He came to save:

By coming forth a conqueror,

Triumphant, from the grave.

* Sunday School Times

Christ Is My Friend

1. When morning breaks, when day is new,
 Not far beyond the heaven's blue
 But close beside me, tender, true,
 My faithful Friend abides.

Chorus:

Christ is my Friend, to Him I bring
 The thoughts I think, the songs I sing.
 No matter what the day affords,
 One thought sustains: I am the Lord's!
 Though paths be smooth, or paths be rough,
 Christ is my Friend --- that is enough.
 No other friend could ever be
 What Christ, the Saviour, is to me.

2. When day's high noon with toil is rife,
 Not far beyond the fringe of life
 But close beside me in the strife,
 My faithful Friend abides.

Christ Is My Friend (Continued)

3. When shadows fall, when day is done,
Not far beyond the setting sun
But close and kind, the Blessed One,
My faithful Friend abides.

Set to music by William M. Bower
Written 21 days before Mother died.

* Christian Doctor

(To V.M.)

He knows the healing ministry of hands,

The drugs to give, the potion to impart ----

But, more than body ills, he understands

The deep, deep need of every patient's heart.

His kindness is a fire that lights the room

Against all chilliness: he has a way

Of smiling that dispels the deepest gloom,

And skies that clouded are no longer gray.

God enters with him through the sick-room door;

They probe together for the hidden hurt.

Men call him "doctor." He is this ---- and more.

With manner gentle, and with touch expert,

He heals our scars and takes away our pains.

And then he goes; but somehow, God remains.

* Christian Herald

* Christmas Lullaby

Sleep, my baby, gently slumber,

While the snow flakes fall:

God Himself was once a baby,

Cradled in a stall.

Sleep, my baby, gently slumber,

Dark the night and cold;

We will warm it with a story,

Sweetest ever told.

Sleep, my baby, gently slumber,

Blessed Jesus cares:

He who was Himself a baby

Hears a baby's prayers.

Sleep, my baby, gently slumber,

Jesus understands.

Oh, the love that God has proffered

In a Baby's hands!

* Christmas Party

With mink and with sable

For Christmas prepare,

(But God had a stable,

And cattle were there),

With strutting and strumming,

With fizz and with foam.

(Don't count on God coming:

He won't feel at home.)

* Kings Business

* Christmas Song For Children

Green trees talk at Christmas time,

Low and very low,

Wist ye what the green trees say,

Children, do you know?

Speak they of a golden room,

Toys upon the floor,

Twinkle-candles in a row?

Yes, of these --- and more.

Green trees talk at Christmas time,

Low and very low,

Of the world's first Christmas tree,

Long and long ago.

There was neither golden room,

Toy, nor candle-gleam;

But there was a Light indeed ---

Wist ye of its beam?

Christmas Song For Children (Continued)

It was still, oh very still,

Out on Calvary

When God hung His Christmas Gift,

Christ, upon the Tree.

Now, when Christmas candles shine,

Now, when yule-logs sing,

Children, hush, and bow the head,

Once --- remembering.

* Kings Business

* Christmas Wish

I wish I had been the star that pointed

Down through the long, long years

To the Christ who should come for sin's atonement

Making an end of tears.

Though all the night had been dark around me,

Though other stars grew dim,

I should have shone with a special splendor ----

Knowing I shone for Him.

I wish I had been the heart of Mary,

Simple and undefiled ----

Waiting the long, long watch with Joseph,

Eager to hold God's child;

Though all the world had been filled with music ----

Voices the shepherds heard,

I should have leaned my ear to hearken

Only the Word, the Word.

The star and the barn are an ancient story,

Clothed in the mists of time;

Christmas Wish (Continued)

And Mary has gone the way of women,

After her task sublime;

But I am alive, and wishful thinking

Happily I dismiss:

I am alive to shine and shelter

And there is need of this.

* Kings Business

Christ, The Lord, Has Come

1. When all the world was lost in sin,
And God seemed very far,
Above the darkness of the earth
He pinned a single star.
And shepherds, watching in the fields,
Were startled at the sight:
The angels sang, the shadows fled ----
And all they saw was light.

- Chorus: The song resounds,
The light abounds,
For Christ the Lord has come.
Today, as then,
He comes to men ---
Oh, make your heart His home!
2. Though all mankind had gone astray,
By sin and shame undone,
Our God could not forget His world:
He sent His only Son.

Christ, The Lord, Has Come (Continued)

And Mary, by the manger bed,
Sang softly to the Boy:
Her pain and weariness were gone,
And all she felt was joy.

3. Though sin and sorrow rule the world,
And man is born to strife,
Instead the ugliness of death
God gives Eternal Life.
And all who trust redeeming grace
Will find a sweet release:
The Lord has come, Give Him your heart,
He'll give you joy and peace.

City Park

Let me look long upon this cool and still

Green epic of the earth, wedged in between

The walls of industry, this quiet scene

Where comes no traffic rumble, nor the shrill

Newsboy announcing. Let me sit and fill

My homesick heart with other gold and green:

The sifted gold of sunlight through the lean,

Dark shapes of pines upon a far-off hill.

Man's most need, though he rush and toil and fret

For food and raiment, is not met in these.

The naked soul has need of canopies

Of silence; and the hungers that beset

The lone heart are appeased by nothing less

Than growing beauty, clothed in quietness.

Cling To His Hand

1. When the clouds of trouble gather,
 When the shades of night descend,
There is One who walks beside you ----
 He will keep you to the end.

 Chorus:
 Night may be long, but the heart need not fear it,
 Sky may be dark, but God's morning will clear it;
 Whisper a prayer, for the Savior can hear it ----
 Cling to His hand in the dark.
2. When you think you are forgotten
 By the friends that you have known,
There is One who still remembers
 One who never leaves His own.
3. Christ has been this way before you,
 He has walked each lonely road;
When the burdens seem too heavy
 Let the Savior share your load.

Cling To His Hand (Continued)

Only doubters faint and falter.

Walk by faith and not by sight ---

In the heart of every shadow

Dwells the lovely Lord of Light.

* Comme Il Faut

Love is a nectar --- we have tasted it,

A bloom and we have plucked it, you and I;

Love is a book wherein the gods have writ

Those mortal joys which they cannot supply;

Love is a mirror where we only see

Reflected what is comely to the view;

Love is a halo which you make for me,

And love a rod with which I measure you.

All this we know, and this does love fulfill

In all our hearts; yet are we not content

To deem our love immortalized until,

Groping for light in blind bewilderment,

We come at last, through sacrifice and loss,

To know love is a crown of thorns, a cross.

* Herald