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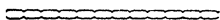
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QUOTABLE
POEMS



VOLUME ONE

Each in His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high —
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in —
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty —
A mother starved for her brood —
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Car

What Christ Said

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black,
There is nothing but noise and din;"
And he wept as he sent me back,
"There is more," he said, "there is sin"

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?"

It will not seem hard in Heaven
 To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
 Then set my face to the town;
 He said, " My child, do you yield?
 Will you leave the flowers for the crown? "

Then into his hand went mine;
 And into my heart came he;
 And I walk in a light divine,
 The path I had feared to see.

George MacDonald

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishment the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

My Prayer

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
 Than that I may not disappoint myself;
 That in my action I may soar as high
 As I can now discern with this clear eye.
 And next in value, which Thy kindness lends,
 That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
 Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
 They may not dream how Thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
 And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
 That my low conduct may not show,
 Nor my relenting lines,
 That I Thy purpose did not know,
 Or overrated Thy designs.

Henry David Thoreau

Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I.
 Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
 Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
 I knock unbidden, once at every gate!
 If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
 And they who follow me reach every state
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore —
I answer not, and I return no more.

John James Ingalls

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to fly from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise again and be a man!

Walter Malone

Sonnet On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide:
 "Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.
 His state
 Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 —They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton

Where Is the Real Non-Resistant?

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with the
 stranger,
 Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost danger
 All for the enemy, Man? Who can surrender till death
 His words and his works, his house and his lands,
 His eyes and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned toward
 it daily.
 Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or gaily:
 Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious and
 queenly;
 Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their feathers
 serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so transcendent,
 So heated with love of his kind, so filled with the spirit
 resplendent
 That all of the hours of his day his song is thrilling and
 tender,
 And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace
 Surrender, surrender, surrender?

Vachel Lindsay

Faith

{ O World, thou chooseth not the better part!
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,
 And on the inward vision close the eyes,
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
 Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
 Save one that Faith deciphered in the skies;
 To trust the soul's invincible surmise
 Was all his science and his only art.
 Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
 That lights the pathway but one step ahead
 Across a void of mystery and dread.
 Bid, then, the tender light of Faith to shine
 By which alone the mortal heart is led
 Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

George Santayana

A High Way and a Low

{ To every man there openeth
 A way, and ways, and a way,
 And the high soul climbs the high way,
 And the low soul gropes the low;

And in between, on the misty flats,
 The rest drift to and fro.
 But to every man there openeth
 A high way and a low,
 And every man decideth
 The way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham

The World Is Too Much With Us

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus, rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

William Wordsworth

The Celestial Surgeon

If I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no shining morning face;

If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,
 Books, and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain: —
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake.

Robert Louis Stevenson

✓
 Vestigia

I took a day to search for God,
 And found Him not. But as I trod
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
 I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
 Far off in the deep shadows, where
 A solitary thrush
 Sang through the holy twilight hush —
 I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
 God gives us Heaven here and now,
 In stir of wind that hardly shook
 The poplar leaves beside the brook —
 His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
 Homeward, and thought what I had learned
 And all that there was still to probe —
 I caught the glory of His robe
 Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
 I looked and longed for any part
 In making saving Beauty be . . .
 And from that kindling ecstasy
 I knew God dwelt within my heart.

Bliss Carman

✓
 Be Strong!

{ Be strong!
 We are not here to play — to dream, to drift.
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
 Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
 Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce. — O shame!
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
 It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
 Faint not — fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.
Maltbie D. Babcock

✓
 Blind

{ "Show me your God!" the doubter cries.
 I point him to the smiling skies;
 I show him all the woodland greens;
 I show him peaceful sylvan scenes;
 I show him winter snows and frost;
 I show him waters tempest-tost;

I show him hills rock-ribbed and strong;
 I bid him hear the thrush's song;
 I show him flowers in the close —
 The lily, violet and rose;
 I show him rivers, babbling streams;
 I show him youthful hopes and dreams;
 I show him maids with eager hearts;
 I show him toilers in the marts;
 I show him stars, the moon, the sun;
 I show him deeds of kindness done;
 I show him joy, I show him care,
 And still he holds his doubting air,
 And faithless goes his way, for he
 Is blind of soul, and cannot see!

John Kendrick Bangs

Not By Bread Alone ✓

{ If thou of fortune be bereft,
 And thou dost find but two loaves left
 To thee — sell one, and with the dole
 Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

But not alone does beauty bide
 Where bloom and tint and fragrance hide;
 The minstrel's melody may feed
 Perhaps a more insistent need.

But even beauty, howe'er blent
 To ear and eye, fails to content;
 { Only the heart, with love afire,
 Can satisfy the soul's desire.

James Terry White

From God Prays

And the Lord God whispered and said to me,
 "These things shall be, these things shall be,
 Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies,
 Till the people rise!
 Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
 I cannot speak till the people speak;
 When men are dumb, my voice is dumb —
 I cannot come till my people come."

And the Lord God's presence was white, so white,
 Like a pillar of stars against the night,
 "Millions on millions pray to me
 Yet hearken not to hear me pray;
 Nor comes there any to set me free
 Of all who plead from night to day.
 So God is mute and Heaven is still
 While the nations kill."

Think you I planted my image there
 That men should trample it to despair?
 Who fears the throe that rebellion brings? "
 "Help them stand, O Christ!" I prayed,
 "Thy people are feeble and sore afraid."
 "My people are strong," God whispered me,
 "Broad as the land, great as the sea;
 They will tower as tall as the tallest skies
 Up to the level of my eyes,
 When they dare to rise.

Yea, all my people everywhere!
 Not in one land of black despair
 But over the flaming earth and sea
 Wherever wrong and oppression be
 The shout of my people must come to me.

Not till their spirit break the curse
 May I claim my own in the universe;
 And this the reason of war and blood
 That men may come to their angelhood.
 { If the people rise, if the people rise,
 I will answer them from the swarming skies.”

Angela Morgan

The Carpenter

I wonder what he charged for chairs at Nazareth.
 And did men try to beat him down
 And boast about it in the town —
 “I bought it cheap for half-a-crown
 From that mad Carpenter?”

And did they promise and not pay,
 Put it off to another day;
 O, did they break his heart that way,
 My Lord, the Carpenter?

I wonder did he have bad debts,
 And did he know my fears and frets?
 The gospel writer here forgets
 To tell about the Carpenter.

But that's just what I want to know.
 Ah! Christ in glory, here below
 Men cheat and lie to one another so;
 It's hard to be a carpenter.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

The Problem

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below —
 The canticles of love and woe;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew; —
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

.
 These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
 And the same power that reared the shrine
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
 Ever the fiery Pentecost
 Girds with one flame the countless host,
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
 And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
 The word by seers and sibyls told,
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,

Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world hath never lost.

.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

✓
 The Nameless Saints

What was his name? I do not know his name.
 I only know he heard God's voice and came,
 Brought all he had across the sea
 To live and work for God and me;
 Felled the ungracious oak;
 Dragged from the soil
 With horrid toil
 The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
 With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side;
 And at the end, without memorial, died.
 No blaring trumpets sounded out his fame,
 He lived — he died — I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
 Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
 Only a cheerful city stands
 Built by his hardened hands.
 Only ten thousand homes
 Where every day
 The cheerful play
 Of love and hope and courage comes.
 These are his monuments, and these alone,
 There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?

Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?

Some oak for me to rend; some sod,

Some rock for me to break,

Some handful of His corn to take

And scatter far afield

Till it, in turn, shall yield

Its hundredfold

Of grains of gold

To feed the waiting children of my God?

Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.

Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.

And though this body lie where ocean rolls,

Count me among all Faithful Souls.

Edward Everett Hale

He Cometh Late

The strings of camels come in single file,

Bearing their burdens o'er the desert sands.

Swiftly the boats go plying on the Nile —

The needs of men are met on every hand,

But still I wait

For the messenger of God who cometh late.

I see a cloud of dust rise on the plain.

The measured tread of troops falls on my ear.

The soldier comes, the empire to maintain,

Bringing the pomp of war, the reign of fear.

But still I wait

For the messenger of God who cometh late.

They set me watching o'er the desert drear,

Where dwells the darkness, as the deepest night;

From many a mosque there comes the call to prayer —
 I hear no voice that calls on God for light.
 But still I wait
 For the messenger of God who cometh late.

Author Unknown

To Love, at Last, the Victory

There was a man who saw God face to face.
 His countenance and vestments evermore
 Glowed with a light that never shone before,
 Saving from him who saw God face to face.
 And men, anear him for a little space,
 Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
 Those whom the light did blind rose angrily.
 They bore his body to a mountain height
 And nailed it to a tree; then went their way;
 And he resisted not nor said them nay,
 Because that he had seen God face to face.

There was a man who saw Life face to face,
 And ever as he walked from day to day,
 The deathless mystery of being lay
 Plain as the path he trod in loneliness;
 And each deep-hid inscription could he trace;
 How men have fought and loved and fought again;
 How in lone darkness souls cried out for pain;
 How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
 Was red with blood of men slain wantonly;
 How tears of pity warm as summer rain
 Again and ever washed the stains away,
 Leaving to Love, at last, the victory.
 Above the strife and hate and fever pain,
 The squalid talk and walk of men,

He saw the vision changeless as the stars
That shone through temple gates or prison bars,
Or to the body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean action of the life that is,
The marvel of the Life that yet shall be.

David Starr Jordan

/ The Choir Invisible

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, — saw within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love, —
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
 Unread forever. This is life to come, —
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach
 That purest heaven, — be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion even more intense.

{ So shall I join the choir invisible
 { Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot

They Softly Walk

{ They are not gone who pass
 { Beyond the clasp of hand,
 { Out from the strong embrace.
 They are but come so close
 We need not grope with hands,
 Nor look to see, nor try
 To catch the sound of feet.
 They have put off their shoes
 Softly to walk by day
 Within our thoughts, to tread
 At night our dream-led paths
 Of sleep.

They are not lost who find
 The sunset gate, the goal
 Of all their faithful years.
 Not lost are they who reach
 The summit of their climb,
 The peak above the clouds
 And storms. They are not lost
 Who find the light of sun
 And stars and God.

Hugh Robert Orr

• In Such an Age!

{ To be alive in such an age!
 With every year a lightning page
 Turned in the world's great wonder-book
 Whereon the leaning nations look
 Where men speak strong for brotherhood
 For peace and universal good;
 When miracles are everywhere
 And every inch of common air
 Throbs a tremendous prophecy
 Of greater marvels yet to be.
 O, Thrilling Age!
 O, Willing Age!
 When steel and stone and rail and rod
 Welcome the utterance of God
 A trump to shout his wonder through
 Proclaiming all that man can do.

To be alive in such an age!
 To live in it!
 To give in it!
 Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees,

What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
 The passion of a larger claim
 Will put thy puny grief to shame.
 Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
 And link thy hope with humankind:
 Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
 Think highly of thy brother's need.
 Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
 Crave but to have in it a part —
 Give thanks and clasp thy heritage —
 To be alive in such an age!

Angela Morgan

✓
 The House by the Side of the Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the place of their self-content;
 There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran —
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 Where the race of men go by —
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat
 Nor hurl the cynic's ban —
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss

Reply

Man prayed his way up from the beast
And drove his will with love and pain
And each slow failing trial increased
His infinitesimal gain.

We cannot know if dawning came
 Upon a snow-wrapped solitude,
 Or as a spirit-bearing flame
 Through a dark wood.

Perhaps on the appointed day,
 When great trees fanned the golden air,
 The wild thing slept, from joyous play,
 With visions vast and fair.

While with the young at her warm breast,
 Their helplessness beneath her eyes,
 Some mother-creature sudden guessed
 At human love; surmise

Of the long struggle for the right
 Against the sum of human ills,
 Then turned her eyes to a far light
 Beyond the shadowed hills.

Each found, god-hid, a strange belief
 In something always past the goal
 That gave them love and work and grief
 To find a soul.

They never saw the stony climb
 Beyond the foothills of the day,
 Nor knew they pledged eternal time
 Unto the Way!

Janet Norris Bangs

✓
 Citizen of the World

No longer of him be it said,
 "He hath no place to lay his head."

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by his small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by his face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, he calls me to his feet.

Imprisoned for his love of me
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin
The King of Glory enters in.

Joyce Kilmer

Chartless

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson

We Break New Seas Today

{ Each man is Captain of his Soul,
 And each man his own Crew,
 But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,
 And he will bring us through.

We break new seas today —
 Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,
 And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,
 The mystic circles leap
 To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities,
 Bringing us — What?

Dread shoals and shifting banks?
 And calms and storms?
 And clouds and biting gales?
 And wreck and loss?
 And valiant fighting times?
 And, maybe, death! — and so, the Larger Life!

For, should the Pilot deem it best
 To cut the voyage short,
 He sees beyond the sky-line, and
 He'll bring us into Port!

John Oxenham

✓
 Look to This Day

Look to this day!
 For it is life, the very life of life.
 In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your
 existence:
 The bliss of growth;

{ The glory of action;
 { The splendor of beauty;
 { For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only
 a vision;
 { But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
 A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Look well, therefore, to this day!
 Such is the salutation of the dawn!

From the Sanskrit

Lord, Take Away Pain

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God,
 " Lord, take away pain!
 The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made;
 The close-coiling chain
 That strangles the heart; the burden that weighs on the
 wings that would soar —
 Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,
 That it love Thee the more! "

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:
 " Shall I take away pain,
 And with it the power of the soul to endure,
 Made strong by the strain?
 Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to heart,
 And sacrifice high?
 Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
 White brows to the sky?
 Shall I take away love, that redeems with a price,
 And smiles at its loss?
 Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine
 The Christ on his cross? "

Found on the wall of a Denver hospital

Prayer of Steel

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
 Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
 Let me pry loose old walls;
 Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God!
 Beat and hammer me into a steel spike.
 Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
 Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
 Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue
 nights into white stars.

Carl Sandburg


 I Saw God Wash the World

I saw God wash the world last night
 With his sweet showers on high,
 And then, when morning came, I saw
 Him hang it out to dry.

He washed each tiny blade of grass
 And every trembling tree;
 He flung his showers against the hill,
 And swept the billowing sea.

The white rose is a cleaner white,
 The red rose is more red,
 Since God washed every fragrant face
 And put them all to bed.

There's not a bird; there's not a bee
 That wings along the way

But is a cleaner bird and bee
Than it was yesterday.

I saw God wash the world last night.
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.

William L. Stidger

Why?

Why do we follow, like a flock of sheep,
Tradition with a crook,
Or leave the vastness of the calling deep
To paddle in a brook,
When on the hills of sunrise stands the Lord —
Triumphant with a lifted flaming sword?

Why, when upon our lips the great new Name
Waits eager to be said,
When cloven tongues of Pentecostal flame
Burn over every head,
Do we build Babel towers to the sky
From bricks and mortar, who have wings to fly?

Robert Norwood

Days

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will.
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Prayer for Courage

{ Why should I long for what I know
 Can never be revealed to me?
 I only pray that I may grow
 As sure and bravely as a tree.

I do not ask why tireless grief
 Remains, or why all beauty flies;
 I only crave the blind relief
 Of branches groping toward the skies.

Let me bring every seed to fruit,
 Sharing, whatever comes to pass,
 The strong persistence of the root,
 The patient courage of the grass.

Heartened by every source of mirth,
 I shall not mind the wounds and scars,
 Feeling the solid strength of earth,
 The bright conviction of the stars.

Louis Untermeyer

Credo

Not what, but Whom, I do believe!
 That, in my darkest hour of need,

Hath comfort that no mortal creed
 To mortal man may give.
 Not what, but Whom!
 For Christ is more than all the creeds,
 And his full life of gentle deeds
 Shall all the creeds outlive.
 Not what I do believe, but Whom!
 Who walks beside me in the gloom?
 Who shares the burden wearisome?
 Who all the dim way doth illumine,
 And bids me look beyond the tomb
 The larger life to live?
 Not what I do believe, but Whom!
 Not what, but Whom!

John Oxenham

Prayer

White Captain of my soul, lead on;
 I follow thee, come dark or dawn.
 Only vouchsafe three things I crave:
 Where terror stalks, help me be brave!
 Where righteous ones can scarce endure
 The siren call, help me be pure!
 Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
 What once they scorned, help me be true!

Robert Freeman

Jesus of the Scars

If we never sought, we seek thee now;
 Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;
 We must have sight of thorn-pricks on thy brow,
 We must have thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;
 In all the universe we have no place.
 Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?
 Lord Jesus, by thy Scars we claim thy grace.

If when the doors are shut, thou drawest near,
 Only reveal those hands, that side of thine;
 We know today what wounds are, have no fear,
 Show us thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but thou wast weak;
 They rode, but thou didst stumble to a throne;
 But to our wounds God's wounds alone can speak,
 And not a god has wounds, but thou alone.

Edward Shillito

The Man With the Hoe

*Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting of a
 brutalized toiler.*

{ God made man in his own image,
 L in the image of God made He him. — *Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

{ Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
 To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
 And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
 Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this —
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
 More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this Man?

How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
 When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
 After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham

Ich Dien

I serve.

With unaggressive mien I fit into
 The niche designed for me, nor murmuring raise
 That in the dull, eventless hours of praise
 No fair emoluments to me accrue.

I serve.

{ I serve the will of God. In my estate
 I train my soul contented to abide;
 Meseems 'tis nobler thus, than if I tried
 With futile efforts to o'erride my fate.

I serve.

Perchance the greater heroes scorn my part;
 Seen from their loftier altitude it may
 Appear ignoble. Be it so, I say,
 Their smiles derisive shall not vex my heart.

I serve;

From my appointed path nor sway nor swerve.
 What tho' the Eternal Wisdom did accord
 Mean use for me? His love is my reward
 If in mine own allotted sphere, I serve.

Susie M. Best

Awareness

{ God — let me be aware.
 { Let me not stumble blindly down the ways,
 Just getting somehow safely through the days,
 Not even groping for another hand,
 Not even wondering why it all was planned,
 Eyes to the ground unseeking for the light,
 Soul never aching for a wild-winged flight,
 { Please, keep me eager just to do my share.
 { God — let me be aware.

God — let me be aware.
 Stab my soul fiercely with others' pain,
 Let me walk seeing horror and stain.
 Let my hands, groping, find other hands.
 Give me the heart that divines, understands.
 Give me the courage, wounded, to fight.
 Flood me with knowledge, drench me in light.
 Please, keep me eager just to do my share.
 God — let me be aware.

Miriam Teichner

Submission

{ A crystal mirror, I;
 Fate flung me — how prosaic — in the dust;
 Now, shattered, here I lie.
 Dear God, O help me try
 To be a rare mosaic — in the dust!

Jessie E. Williams

The Disciple

I could not leave thee, Christ! For when I tried
To leave thee for alluring ways aside
From thine own way, thy power withheld me, kept
My feet from wandering too far, inept
And aimless, down a dwindling path that led
Through mazed confusion to the house of dread.

I could not leave thee, Christ! For when I yearned
With passionate intensity and burned
With fiery torment to assuage my thirst
For freedom by a turbid stream that burst
In gushing torrents from a naked hill —
Thou ledst me back to waters deep and still.

I could not leave thee, Christ! For when I sought
To fling aside thy counsel, when I thought
That in my crazy freedom I should find
Some way of life for body, soul and mind
Better than thou didst teach, I heard thee say,
“Come back to me, for thou hast lost thy way.”

I would not leave thee, Christ! For I am lame
From wandering, and the consuming flame
Of passion has gone out and left my soul
A smouldering ember, and the criss-crossed scroll
Of life ends as it started with the line,
“I cannot leave thee, Christ! For I am thine.”

Dwight Bradley

We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

Thomas Curtis Clark

The Night Has a Thousand Eyes

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon

My Pilot

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me with the billows' might —
I shall not fall;

If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land — safe to the land,
 The end is this;
 And then with him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

Washington Gladden

The Journey

I go not where I will but must;
 This planet ship on which I ride
 Is drawn by a resistless tide;
 I touch no pilot wheel but trust

That One who holds the chart of stars,
 Whose fathom-lines touch lowest deeps
 Whose eye the boundless spaces sweeps,
 Will guide the ship through cosmic bars.

My soul goes not a chosen way;
 A current underruns my life
 That moves alike in peace or strife,
 And turns not for my yea or nay.

Not on the bridge, but at the mast,
 I sail o'er this far-streaming sea;
 I will arrive: enough for me
 My Captain's smile and words at last.

John T. McFarland

The Mystery

He came and took me by the hand
 Up to a red rose tree,
 He kept his meaning to himself,
 But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray him to lay bare
 The mystery to me;
 Enough the rose was heaven to smell,
 And his own face to see.

Ralph Hodgson

Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out —
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
 But Love and I had the wit to win:
 We drew a circle that took him in!

Edwin Markham

Approaches

When thou turn'st away from ill,
 Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turn'st toward good,
 Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, "Father, pardon!"
 Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to watch
 Then his hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
 Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
 Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then Christ is thy very soul.

George MacDonald

✓
The Song of a Heathen

If Jesus Christ is a man —
And only a man — I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him
And to him will I cleave always.

If Jesus Christ is a god —
And the only God -- I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

Richard Watson Gilder

Seekers

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us — for such as we —
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the rain,
And the watch fire under stars, and sleep, and the road again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells,
And we find the sunny mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about the
street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the wide world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

John Masefield

Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

I Am the Last

Stricken to earth, the sword snapped in his hand,
Shield cast away, down-beaten to the knee,
He sees the foes he made above him stand —
Now he has only Me.

The towers are fallen; at his feet they lie
Wrecks of the hopes that now he will not see,
Naked unto the blast, Death drawing nigh —
Now he has only Me.

But he has Me. The last illusions fade,
The trumpet sounds no more, and man, set free
From tyranny of dreams his pride has made,
At last has only Me.

For many loves he now has only one,
 His many gods before the tempest flee,
 His light is dying, and his day is done,
But he at last has Me.

Edward Skillito


 The Quest

I asked for bread!
 Life led me to a plain,
 And put a plough at hand,
 And bade me toil until my bread I earned.

I asked for drink!
 Life led me to a sand
 As dry as tearless grief —
 Forced me to find the springs of sympathy.

I asked for joy!
 Life led me to a street,
 And had me hear the cries
 Of wayward souls who waited to be freed.

I asked for words!
 Life led me to a wood,
 Set me in solitude
 Where speech is still and wisdom comes by prayer.

I asked for love!
 Life led me to a hill,
 And bound me to a cross
 To bear and lift and to be hanged upon.

Chester B. Emerson

Brothers of the Faith

{ In Christ there is no East nor West,
 In him no South nor North;
 But one great fellowship of love
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

In him shall true hearts everywhere
 Their high communion find;
 His service is the golden cord
 Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
 Whate'er your race may be;
 Who serves my Father as a son
 Is surely kin to me.

{ In Christ now meet both East and West,
 In him meet South and North;
 All Christly souls are one in him
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

John Oxenham

From Abt Vogler

Builder and maker Thou, of houses not made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
 expands?
 There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live
 as before;
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good
 more;
 On the earth the broken arc; in the heaven, the perfect
 round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor
 power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
 melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
 Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

Robert Browning

These Are the Gifts I Ask

These are the gifts I ask
 Of Thee, Spirit serene:
 Strength for the daily task,
 Courage to face the road,
 Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
 And, for the hours of rest that come between,
 An inward joy of all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
 Would have Thee take away:
 Malice and cold disdain,
 Hot anger, sullen hate,
 Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
 And discontent that casts a shadow gray
 On all the brightness of the common day.

Henry van Dyke

Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti

✓
Lost and Found

I missed him when the sun began to bend;
I found him not when I had lost his rim;
With many tears I went in search of him,
Climbing high mountains which did still ascend,
And gave me echoes when I called my friend;
Through cities vast and charnel-houses grim,
And high cathedrals where the light was dim,

Through books and arts and works without an end,
 But found him not — the friend whom I had lost.
 And yet I found him — as I found the lark,
 A sound in fields I heard but could not mark;
 I found him nearest when I missed Him most;
 I found him in my heart, a life in frost,
 A light I knew not till my soul was dark.

George MacDonald

My Faith

This body is my house — it is not I:
 Herein I sojourn till, in some far sky,
 I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
 Till all the carpentry of time is past.
 When from my high place viewing this lone star,
 What shall I care where these poor timbers are?

What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam —
 I shall have left them for a larger home!
 What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
 When earth hath dwindled to a glimmering spot!
 When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll immerse
 My long-cramped spirit in the universe.

Through uncomputed silences of space
 I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
 The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,
 As Moses monarch's the dividing sea.
 This body is my house — it is not I;
 Triumphant in this faith I live, and die.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles

✓
Earth Is Enough

We men of earth have here the stuff
 Of Paradise — we have enough!
 We need no other stones to build
 The stairs into the Unfulfilled —
 No other ivory for the doors —
 No other marble for the floors —
 No other cedar for the beam
 And dome of man's immortal dream.
 Here on the paths of every-day —
 Here on the common human way —
 Is all the busy gods would take
 To build a Heaven, to mold and make
 New Edens. Ours the task sublime
 To build eternity in time!

Edwin Markham

✓
Who Knows a Mountain?

Who knows a mountain?
 One who has gone
 To worship its beauty
 In the dawn;
 One who has slept
 On its breast at night;
 One who has measured
 His strength to its height;

One who has followed
 Its longest trail,
 And laughed in the face
 Of its fiercest gale;

One who has scaled its peaks,
And has trod
Its cloud-swept summits
Alone with God.

Ethel Romig Fuller

Youth and Death

{ Death is but life's escape: a rung
On which life climbs from where it clung
To a new height of youth. Forever
Death clogs our feet in vain endeavor
To hold us — trying still to keep
Life fast in habit, ease or sleep,
In sluggard blood and ageing brain . . .
Forever life breaks free again,
Outwitting death by death. We perish
To wake us from the graves we cherish.
We lose — that youth may gain — our breath,
And God remains alive by death.

E. Merrill Root

From The God-Maker, Man

{ As the skull of man grows broader,
So do his creeds;
And the gods they are shaped in his image,
And mirror his needs;
And he clothes them with thunders and beauty,
He clothes them with music and fire,
Seeing not, as he bows by their altars,
That he worships his own desire;
And mixed with his trust there is terror,
And mixed with his madness is ruth,

And every man grovels in error
 Yet every man glimpses a truth.

For all the creeds are false, and all the creeds are true;
 And low at the shrines where my brothers bow, there will
 I bow too;

For no form of a god, no fashion
 Man has made in his desperate passion
 But is worthy some worship of mine;
 Not too hot with a gross belief,
 Nor yet too cold with pride,
 I will bow down where my brothers bow,
 Humble, but open-eyed.

Don Marquis

From ✓ *Fragments*

Let me go where'er I will
 I hear a sky-born music still;
 It sounds from all things old,
 It sounds from all things young,
 From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
 Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of women heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things
 There alway, alway, something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
 Not in the cups of budding flowers,
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,

Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
 But in the mud and scum of things
 There alway, alway, something sings.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Break Down the Walls

Break down the old dividing walls
 Of sect, and rivalry, and schism,
 And heal the body of Thy Christ
 With anoint of Thy chrism.

Let the strong wind of Thy sweet grace
 Sweep through Thy cumbered house, and chase
 The miasms from the Holy Place!

Let Thy white beam of light beat in,
 And from each darkest corner win
 The shadows that have sheltered sin!

Cleanse it of shibboleths and strife,
 End all the discords that were rife,
 Heal the old wounds and give new life!

Break down the hedges that have grown
 So thickly all about Thy throne,
 And clear the paths, that every soul
 That seeks Thee — of himself alone
 May find, and be made whole! —

One church, one all-harmonious voice,
 One passion for Thy high Employs,
 One heart of gold without alloys,
 One striving for the higher joys,

One Christ, one Cross, one only Lord,
One living of the Holy Word.

John Oxenham

The Anvil — God's Word

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

“How many anvils have you had,” said I,
“To wear and batter all these hammers so?”
“Just one,” said he, and then, with twinkling eye,
“The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.”

And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word,
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed — the hammers gone.

Author Unknown

In Thy Presence

{ Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee!

Archbishop Trench

A Warrior's Prayer

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray,
 "Lord, who prevailest, with resistless might,
 Ever from war and strife keep me away,
 My battles fight! "

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
 And if my brother after all be right;
 But mine shall be the warrior's plea to Thee—
 Strength for the fight.

I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray,
 And drive the warring foeman from my sight;
 I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,
 Strength for the fight.

When foes upon me press, let me not quail,
 Nor think to turn me into coward flight,
 I only ask, to make my arms prevail,
 Strength for the fight!

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Comrade Jesus

Thanks to Saint Matthew, who had been
 At mass-meetings in Palestine,
 We know whose side was spoken for
 When Comrade Jesus had the floor.

“Where sore they toiled and hard they lie,
Among the great unwashed dwell I; —
The tramp, the convict, I am he;
Cold-shoulder him, cold-shoulder me.”

By Dives' door, with thoughtful eye,
He did tomorrow prophesy:
“The kingdom's gate is low and small;
The rich can scarce wedge through at all.”

“A dangerous man,” said Caiaphas;
“An ignorant demagogue, alas!
Friend of low women, it is he
Slanders the upright Pharisee.”

For law and order, it was plain,
For Holy Church, he must be slain.
The troops were there to awe the crowd,
And violence was not allowed.

Their clumsy force with force to foil
His strong, clean hands he would not soil.
He saw their childishness quite plain
Between the lightnings of his pain.

Between the twilights of his end,
He made his fellow-felon friend;
With swollen tongue and blinding eyes,
Invited him to Paradise.

Ah, let no local him refuse!
Comrade Jesus hath paid his dues.
Whatever other be debarred,
Comrade Jesus hath his red card.

Sarah N. Cleghorn

✓
Symbol

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
 Wove on a doubtful loom, —
 Until there comes, each showery spring,
 A cherry tree in bloom;
 And Christ who died upon a tree
 That death had stricken bare,
 Comes beautifully back to me,
 In blossoms, everywhere.

David Morton

From Intimations of Immortality

{ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

William Wordsworth

Soliloquy from "Hamlet"

{ To be, or not to be; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die; to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death —
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveler returns — puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

William Shakespeare

We Would See Jesus

We would see Jesus! We would look upon
 The light in that divinely human face,
 Where lofty majesty and tender grace
 In blended beauty shone.

We would see Jesus, and would hear again
 The voice that charmed the thousands by the sea,
 Spoke peace to sinners, set the captives free,
 And eased the sufferers' pain.

We would see Jesus, yet not him alone —
 But see ourselves as in our Maker's plan;
 And in the beauty of the Son of Man
 See man upon his throne.

We would see Jesus, and let him impart
 The truth he came among us to reveal,
 Till in the gracious message we should feel
 The beating of God's heart.

W. J. Suckow

Sanctuary

Let us put by some hour of every day
 For holy things! — whether it be when dawn
 Peers through the window pane, or when the noon
 Flames, like a burnished topaz, in the vault,
 Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
 Its plaintive monody; some little hour
 Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul,
 From sordidness and self a sanctuary,
 Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
 And touched by the White Light Ineffable!

Clinton Scollard

Simon the Cyrenian Speaks

He never spoke a word to me,
 And yet he called my name,
 He never gave a sign to me,
 And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, "I will not bear
 His cross upon my back;
 He only seeks to place it there
 Because my skin is black."

But he was dying for a dream,
 And he was very weak,
 And in his eyes there shone a gleam
 Men journey far to seek.

It was himself my pity bought;
 I did for Christ alone
 What all of Rome could not have wrought
 With bruise of lash or stone.

Countee Cullen

My Garden

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Fern'd grot —
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not —
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Thomas Edward Brown

Invocation

Truth, be more precious to me than the eyes
 Of happy love; burn hotter in my throat
 Than passion, and possess me like my pride;
 More sweet than freedom, more desired than joy,
 More sacred than the pleasing of a friend.

Max Eastman

The Zest of Life

Let me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul.
 Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal;
 Not mourning for the things that disappear
 In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy heart, that pays its toll
 To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
 So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
 Still seeking what I sought but when a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
 I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
 Because the road's last turn will be the best.

Henry van Dyke

Give Us Great Dreams

Give us great dreams, O God, while Thou art giving,
 And keep the end; it is enough if we
 Live by the hope, nor falter in the living,
 That lures us on from dust to dignity.

Give us the courage of the soul's high vision,
 Though its fulfillment here we never see;
 The heart to make and keep the brave decision,
 And faith to leave the ultimate with Thee.

Marie LeNart

✓
 Sundown

When the wounded in hospital came to die, said a British officer, their last request in many cases was for the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

When my sun of life is low,
 When the dewy shadows creep,
 Say for me before I go
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end,
 I have sown and I must reap;
 There are no more ways to mend—
 Now I lay me down to sleep.

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
 Nothing more to give or keep;
 Say for me the children's prayer,
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way—
 Primrose path or stony steep—
 More of wisdom than to say,
 "Now I lay me down to sleep"?

What have you more wise to tell
 When the shadows round me creep?
 All is over, all is well. . . .
 Now I lay me down to sleep.

Bert Leston Taylor

Earth's Common Things

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
 In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
 In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
 In stars and mountain summits topped with snows.

{ Go not abroad for happiness. For see,
 It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!
 Bring love and justice home, and then no more
 Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;
 The simple duty that awaits thy hand
 Is God's voice uttering a divine command,
 Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought,

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
 Men look for God and fancy Him concealed;
 But in earth's common things He stands revealed
 While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

Minot J. Savage

A Prayer for Inspiration

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
 If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
 My unassisted heart is barren clay,
 Which of its native self can nothing feed;
 Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
 Which quickens where Thou say'st it may;
 Unless Thou show us then Thine own true way.
 No man can find it! Father, Thou must lead!
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred .
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
 The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of Thee
 And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

Michelangelo Buonarotti, translation

by William Wordsworth

Haste Not! Rest Not!

Without haste! without rest!
 Bind the motto to thy breast;
 Bear it with thee as a spell;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
 Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
 Ponder well, and know the right,
 Onward then, with all thy might!
 Haste not! years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.
 Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
 Go and dare, before you die;
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time!
 Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate!
 Duty be thy polar guide —
 Do the right whate'er betide!

J. W. von Goethe

Purpose

We know the paths wherein our feet should press;
 Across our hearts are written Thy decrees;
 Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
 With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
 Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
 Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edged with steel,
 To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not — knowledge Thou hast lent;
 But, Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need;
 Give us to build above the deep intent
 The deed, the deed.

John Drinkwater

Courage

I love the man who dares to face defeat
 And risks a conflict with heroic heart;
 I love the man who bravely does his part
 Where Right and Wrong in bloody battle meet.

When bugles blown by cowards sound retreat,
 I love the man who grasps his sword again
 And sets himself to lead his fellow-men
 Far forward through the battle's din and heat.

For he who joins the issue of life's field
 Must fully know the hazard of the fray,
 And dare to venture ere he hope to win;
 Must choose the risk and then refuse to yield
 Until the sunset lights shall close the day
 And God's great city lets the victor in.

Ozora S. Davis

From Rabbi Ben Ezra

Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith "A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

.
 Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man born but to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed
 beast?

Rejoice we are allied
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Let us not always say
 "Spite of this flesh today
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"

As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry " All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
 soul! "

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its turn:
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the undeveloped brute; a god though in the germ.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Aye, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay —
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 " Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize today! "

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:

Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

.

So, take and use Thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Robert Browning

From Pippa Passes

All service ranks the same with God:
 If now, as formerly He trod
 Paradise, His presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills
 Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small" ?
 Costs it more pain than this, ye call
 A "great event," should come to pass,
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed!

Robert Browning

"Follow Me"

Will not our hearts within us burn
 On the darkening road,

If a White Presence we can discern —
Despite an ancient load?

Whither goest thou, pilgrim Friend?
Lone Figure far ahead,
Wilt thou not tarry until the end —
And break our bread?

Follow we must amid sun or shade,
Our faith to complete,
Journeying where no path is made —
Save by His feet!

Joseph Fort Newton

Vision

We by no shining Galilean lake
Have toiled, but long and little fruitfully
In waves of a more old and bitter sea
Our nets we cast; large winds, that sleep and wake
Around the feet of dawn and sunset, make
Our spiritual inhuman company,
And formless shadows of water rise and flee
All night around us till the morning break.

Thus our lives wear — shall it be ever thus?
Some idle day, when least we look for grace,
Shall we see stand upon the shore indeed
The visible Master, and the Lord of us,
And leave our nets, nor question of his creed,
Following the Christ within a young man's face?

Edward Dowden

Polonius' Advice to Laertes

There, — my blessing with you!
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. — Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

William Shakespeare

From "Hamlet"

To a Waterfowl

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink

Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a Power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,

At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant

✓
Hour by Hour

God broke our years to hours and days, that
 Hour by hour
 And day by day,
 We might be able all along
 To keep quite strong.
 Should all the weight of life
 Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
 With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
 At just one place,
 We could not go;
 Our feet would stop; and so
 God lays a little on us every day.
 And never, I believe, on all the way,
 Will burdens bear so deep
 Or pathways lie so steep
 But we can go, if by God's power,
 We only bear the burden by the hour.

George Klinger

✓
Man-Making

We are all blind until we see
 That in the human plan
 Nothing is worth the making if
 It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
 If man unbuilt goes?
 In vain we build the work, unless
 The builder also grows.

Edwin Markham

Creeds

How pitiful are little folk —
They seem so very small;
They look at stars, and think they are
Denominational.

Willard Wattles

The Singing Saviors

“ Dead men tell no tales! ” they chuckled,
As the singing saviors died,
A few serene, the many shackled,
Scourged, tortured, crucified.

Dead men tell no tales. . . . Is Shelley
Dust blown dumbly over the ground?
Are Keats and Burns silenced wholly?
Do Milton's stiff lips give no sound?

Is Shakespeare voiceless, Dante tongueless?
And, in this black, protesting year,
Is the dead Jesus wordless, songless?
Listen. . . . They are all that you can hear!

Clement Wood

Anchored to the Infinite

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands

To grasp upon a further cliff and draw
 A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
 Till at last across the chasm swung
 The cable — then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
 Across the void, out to God's reaching hands
 Send out our love and faith to thread the deep,
 Thought after thought until the little cord
 Has greatedened to a chain no chance can break,
 And — we are anchored to the Infinite!

Edwin Markham

✓
 Service

There are strange ways of serving God;
 You sweep a room or turn a sod,
 And suddenly, to your surprise,
 You hear the whirr of seraphim,
 And find you're under God's own eyes
 And building palaces for Him.

Herman Hagedorn

✓
 Song

What trees were in Gethsemane,
 What flowers were there to scent,
 When Christ for you, and Christ for me,
 Into his garden went?

The fragrant cedar tree was there,
 The lily pale and slim;
 They saw his grief, they heard his prayer,
 And wept their dews for him.

And that is why the cedars green
 And why the lilies white
 Do whisper of the Master's love
 In gardens, late at night.

Charles G. Blanden

Barter

A book you may buy for a shilling
 Where quaint little shops tempt the throng,
 And love, though your guineas are useless,
 Perhaps may be had for a song.

✓ { You may, should the volume displease you,
 Exchange it or sell it again;
 { But love that you buy with your singing
 Can only be bartered for pain.

Earle V. Eastwood

If Hearts Are Dust

If hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
 And somewhere, far beyond the plane
 Of earthly thought, beyond the sea
 That bounds this life, they will meet thee,
 And hold thee face to face again;
 And when is done life's restless reign,
 If I hereafter but regain
 Heart's love, why should I troubled be
 If hearts are dust?

By love's indissoluble chain
 I know the grave does not retain

Heart's love; the very faith in me
 Is pledge of an eternity,
 Where I shall find heart's love again,
 If hearts are dust.

James Terry White

✓
Via Lucis

If ever I dig out
 Into the upper air —
 Through dogma, creed and doubt —
 I'll surely find Him there.

But ever as I mount,
 I hear some wise one say:
 "Your striving does not count;
 Truth walks the priestly way."

Charles G. Blanden

Barnacles

My soul is sailing through the sea,
 But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
 The Past hath crusted and cumbrous shells
 That hold the flesh of cold sea smells about my soul.
 The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
 Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
 And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past, let go and drop i' the sea
 Till fathomless waters cover thee!
 For I am living and thou art dead;

Thou drawest back, I strive ahead the day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind;
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

Sidney Lanier

Thy Blessing, Lord, on All Vacation Days!

Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days!
For weary ones who seek the quiet ways,
Fare forth beyond the thunder of the street,
The marvel of Emmaus Road repeat;
Thy comradeship so graciously bestow
Their hearts shall burn within them as they go.

Grant those who turn for healing to the sea
May find the faith that once by Galilee
Flamed brighter than the glowing fire of coals.
And when thou hast refreshed their hungry souls,
Speak the old words again, beside the deep,
Bid all who love thee, Master, feed thy sheep!

Be thou with those who bide where mountains rise,
Where yearning earth draws nearest to the skies!
Give them the peace, the courage that they ask:
New strength to face the waiting valley task,
New light to lead through shrouding valley haze!
Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days!

Molly Anderson Haley

Quatrain

✓ { Here is the Truth in a little creed,
 Enough for all the roads we go:
 In Love is all the law we need,
 In Christ is all the God we know.

Edwin Markham

He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of
 doubting,
 For mist and the blowing of winds, and the mouthing of
 words he scorns;
 Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly
 shouting,
 And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million
 morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of
 roaming;
 All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight
 he knows,
 But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
 And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call, and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of
 sorrow,
 At death and dropping of leaves and the fading of suns
 he smiles,
 For a dreamer remembers no past, and scorns the desire
 of tomorrow,
 And a-dream in a sea of doom, sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable
 marches,
 From the dust of a day's long road he leaps to a laughing
 star,
 And the ruins of worlds that fall he views from eternal
 arches,
 And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

Shaemus O'Sheel

Our Christ

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe
 Could in the God-head be;
 I only know the Manger Child
 Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's cross
 A world from sin could free:
 I only know its matchless love
 Has brought God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's tomb
 Could solve death's mystery:
 I only know a living Christ,
 Our immortality.

Harry Webb Farrington

God

God is beauty,
 God is love,
 God is understanding,
 God is quietness and rest,

God is peace. God is the song of ecstasy, that bursts in the
springtime;

God is the blue of a calm day in summer.

God is the faith that comes where there is no reason for
faith.

God is the voice of a bell, the peal of a trumpet.

God is timeless, spaceless.

God is all heights and all depths.

God is law and the maker of law,

God is beyond all and in all.

God is simplicity, enveloped by us in complexity.

God is perfection among imperfections.

God is a perfect poem,

God is God.

Catherine Cate Coblentz

A Prayer for Christian Unity

O Master of the Galilean Way,

Forgive us for the vows we fail to keep:

Forgive us that we so neglect thy sheep,

So idly waste this shining harvest day!

Forgive us for the stumblingblocks we lay

Along the paths by which men seek thee!

Sweep

From our small minds the strife that holds thee cheap!

Break thou the bread of life with us, we pray!

{ What matter if we cannot understand
The mystery of Love that is Divine,
Nor pierce the veil! Dear Lord, our faith increase
To know that, since our hands may reach thy hand,
Our lives are made all-powerful, through thine,
To heal a wounded world and bring it peace!

Molly Anderson Haley

Windows of the Soul

Let there be many windows in your soul,
 That all the glory of the universe
 May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
 Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
 That shine from countless sources. Tear away
 The blinds of superstition. Let the light
 Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself,
 And high as heaven. . . . Tune your ear
 To all the wordless music of the stars,
 And to the voice of Nature; and your heart
 Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
 Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
 Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights;
 And all the forces of the firmament
 Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
 To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

From "Progress"

For A' That and A' That

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by;
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp —
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that?

Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that —
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might —
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, —
 As come it will for a' that, —
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet, for a' that —
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

Robert Burns

Years Are Coming

Years are coming, years are going, creeds may change and
pass away,
But the light of love is growing stronger, surer, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morning, like the beautiful dawn un-
fold,
With your radiant lives adorning all the world in hues of
gold.
Selfish claims will soon no longer raise their harsh discordant
sounds,
For the law of love will conquer, bursting hatred's narrow
bounds.
Human love will spread a glory filling men with glad some
mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story of a fair, transfigured earth.
Author Unknown

Paul

He found life a pattern
Woven by the Law
And men colorless threads in the fabric;
Save one,
Whose face shone
While jagged stones carved the last darkness,
And Another,
Whose light and voice
Illumined a desert road.
Thereafter,
Frail but unafraid,
He journeyed into the dawn—
Tearing the pattern to shreds
To free souls
From the tyranny of the dark. *Earl B. Marlatt*

The Teacher

He sent men out to preach the living Word,
 Aflame with all the ardor of his fire;
 They spoke the Truth, wherever truth was heard
 But back to him they brought their hearts'-desire;
 They turned to him through all the lengthening days
 With each perplexity of life or creed.
 His deep reward, not that they spoke his praise,
 But that they brought to him their human need.

Hildegarde Hoyt Swift

God's Dreams

Dreams are they — but they are God's dreams!
 Shall we decry them and scorn them?
 That men shall love one another,
 That white shall call black man brother,
 That greed shall pass from the market-place,
 That lust shall yield to love for the race,
 That man shall meet with God face to face —
 Dreams are they all,
 But shall we despise them —
 God's dreams!

Dreams are they — to become man's dreams!
 Can we say nay as they claim us?
 That men shall cease from their hating,
 That war shall soon be abating,
 That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
 That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
 That the love of humanity shall prevail —
 Dreams are they all,
 But shall we despise them —
 God's dreams!

Thomas Curtis Clark

Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest, —
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway, —
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

William Shakespeare

From "The Merchant of Venice"

My Creed

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all — the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter

✓
Just For Today

{ Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray:
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for today.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for today.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey,
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for today.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say:
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for today.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
Let me be gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for today.

And if today my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, today.

So for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for today.

Samuel Wilberforce

Closing the Doors

I have closed the door on Doubt,
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call —
I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall,
I serve, and Thy service is kind.

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift up my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly by;
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view;
I must seek for my soul a wider room
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

Irene P. McKeehan

His Name

I have lifted my eyes to the strength of the hills
At the dawn of the day;
Felt the quickening stir of power that thrills,
Seen the night drift away;
Caught the first flush of dawn. Who is this, then, that fills
With His spirit my clay?

He that slumbereth not while I slumber, nor sleeps
 While, protected, I sleep;
 Who creates, shall sustain — who gave life shall renew —
 Who hath promised, shall keep:

My shade from the sun and my shelter from the storm,
 In the dark a clear flame,
 It is He — ever Friend and Preserver, O Soul!
 The Lord is His name!

Charles Poole Cleaves

His Cross

✓ { He burned no fiery cross
 To frighten men at night;
 He bore his burning pain
 In sharpest noonday light;
 He wore no hiding mask
 Below his crown of thorn;
 He healed the flesh of men
 Whose flesh by men was torn.

He offered love to all
 And took with soul unbowed
 Jeering, abuse, and blows,
 The spittle of the crowd.
 How strange it is that men
 Should lift his banner high
 When they go out to kill
 As he went out to die!

Marguerite Wilkinson

The Common Things

{ I have a cup of common clay,
And from its depths I drink each day
The water of a living dream
Drawn from a bright and nameless stream.

I have a cloak of common stuff;
A faded thing, and coarse and rough;
But we have weathered night and storm
And kept a heart serene and warm.

And with my staff of common wood,
A happy pilgrim, I have stood
Beside the temple all day long
And bought contentment with a song.


I go upon a common way,
And every night and every day
Is full of common peace, and pain,
And dew and stars, and dust and rain.

{ And when I die a common death,
And close my eyes and yield my breath,
Let me lie down in common earth,
Where all green growing things have birth.


Barbara Young

✓ Out of the Vast

{ There's a part of the sun in the apple,
There's a part of the moon in a rose;
There's a part of the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows.


 Out of the vast comes nearness;
 For the God whose love we sing
 Lends a little of His heaven
 To every living thing.

August Wright Bamberger


 Into the Sunset

Let me die, working.
 Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone!
 Clean to its end, swift may my race be run.
 No laggard steps, no faltering, no shirking;
 Let me die, working!

Let me die, thinking.
 Let me fare forth still with an open mind,
 Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find,
 My soul undimmed, alert, no question blinking;
 Let me die, thinking!

Let me die, laughing.
 No sighing o'er past sins; they are forgiven.
 Spilled on this earth are all the joys of heaven;
 Let me die, laughing!

S. Hall Young

The Surgeon's Hands

His face? I know not whether it be fair,
 Or lined and grayed to mark the slipping years.
 His eyes? I do not glimpse the pity there,
 Or try to probe their depths for hopes or fears
 Only upon his wondrous hands I gaze,
 And search my memory through so fittingly

To voice their loveliness. In still amaze
I bow before their quiet dignity.
They make the crooked straight and heal old sores;
The blind to see, the war-torn clean and whole.
Throughout the suffering world they touch the doors
That open wide to life. The bitter bowl
Of pain they sweeten till the weary rest,
As though the hands of Christ had served and blest.

Ida Norton Munson

✓ Three Gates

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
These narrow gates: First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

From the Arabian

✓ Myself

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I want to go out with my head erect;
 I want to deserve all men's respect;
 But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
 I want to be able to like myself.
 I don't want to look at myself and know
 That I'm bluster and bluff and empty-show.
 I never can fool myself, and so
 Whatever happens I want to be
 Self-respecting and conscience-free.

Author Unknown

The Book

Softly I closed the book as in a dream
 And let its echoes linger to redeem
 Silence with music, darkness with its gleam.

That day I worked no more. I could not bring
 My hands to toil, my thoughts to trafficking.
 A new light shone on every common thing.

Celestial glories flamed before my gaze.
 That day I worked no more. But, to God's praise,
 I shall work better all my other days.

Winfred Ernest Garrison

The Inevitable

I like the man who faces what he must
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
 Who fights the daily battle without fear;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
 That God is God; that somehow, true and just

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
 Than living in dishonor; envies not,
 Nor loses faith in man; but does his best
 Nor ever mourns over his humbler lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 { To every toiler; he alone is great
 Wh' by a life heroic conquers fate.

Sarah K. Bolton

Hymn for a Household

Lord Christ, beneath thy starry dome
 We light this flickering lamp of home,
 And where bewildering shadows throng
 Uplift our prayer and evensong.
 Dost thou, with heaven in thy ken
 Seek still a dwelling-place with men,
 Wandering the world in ceaseless quest?
 O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

Lord Christ, the bird his nest has found,
 The fox is sheltered in his ground,
 But dost thou still this dark earth tread
 And have no place to lay thy head?
 Shepherd of mortals, here behold
 A little flock, a wayside fold
 That wait thy presence to be blest —
 O Man of Nazareth, be our guest!

Daniel Henderson

✓
The Stream of Faith

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
 The hidden river runs;
 It quickens all the ages down,
 It binds the sires to sons —
 The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
 Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
 Whose meadows are the holy lives
 Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
 And fresher, fuller, grows.
 A sense as if the sea were near
 Towards which the river flows.
 O Thou who art the secret Source
 That rises in each soul,
 Thou art the Ocean, too — thy charm,
 That ever-deepening roll!

William Channing Gannett

Child

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
 And asks questions of the old men, questions
 Found under running water for all children,
 And found under shadows thrown on still waters
 By tall trees looking downward, old and gnarled,
 Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,
 Singing a low song in the loneliness.
 And the young child, Christ, goes on asking
 And the old men answer nothing and only know love
 For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

Carl Sandburg

✓

About Ben Adhem

About Ben Adhem — may his tribe increase —
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said:
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And shewed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

✓

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
 The water pure that bids the thirsty live:
 I want to help the fainting day by day;
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
 The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
 Beauty for ashes may I give away:
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
 And into angry hearts I want to pour
 The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
 I want to do all that the Master saith;
 I want to live aright from day to day;
 I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

Author Unknown

A Virile Christ

Give us a virile Christ for these rough days!
 You painters, sculptors, show the warrior bold;
 And you who turn mere words to gleaming gold,
 Too long your lips have sounded in the praise
 Of patience and humility. Our ways
 Have parted from the quietude of old;
 We need a man of strength with us to hold
 The very breach of Death without amaze.
 Did he not scourge from temple courts the thieves?
 And make the arch-fiend's self again to fall?
 And blast the fig-tree that was only leaves?
 And still the raging tumult of the seas?
 Did he not bear the greatest pain of all,
 Silent, upon the cross on Calvary?

Rex Boudy

Ultima Veritas

In the bitter waves of woe,
 Beaten and tossed about
 By the sullen winds that blow
 From the desolate shores of doubt —

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace; —

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

Washington Gladden

There Is No Unbelief

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod —
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says beneath the sky,
“ Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,”
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow —
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says “ tomorrow,” “ the unknown,”
“ The future,” trusts that power alone
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
For this by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny.
God knoweth why.

Elizabeth York Case

The Real Christ

Behold him now where he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken. . . .

Ah, no! thou life of the heart,
Never shalt thou depart!
Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To thy height serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more.

Richard Watson Gilder

Waiting

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me;
 No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
 My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
 And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder heights;
 So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs

St. Francis

Would I might wake St. Francis in you all,
 Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
 Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor;
 Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
 Come, let us chant the canticle again
 Of mother earth and the enduring sun.
 God make each soul the lonely leper's slave;
 God make us saints, and brave.

Vachel Lindsay

From Our Master

We may not climb the heavenly steps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he;
 And faith has still its Olivet
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of the dead
 Are burdened with his name.

Our Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call
 We test our lives by thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier

The Faith of Christ's Freemen

Our faith is not in dead saints' bones,
 In altars of vain sacrifice;
 Nor is it in the stately stones
 That rise in beauty toward the skies.

Our faith is in the Christ who walks
 With men today, in street and mart;
 The constant Friend who thinks and talks
 With those who seek him with the heart.

We would not spurn the ancient lore,
 The prophet's word or psalmist's prayer;
 But lo! our Leader goes before,
 Tomorrow's battles to prepare.

His Gospel calls for living men,
 With singing blood and minds alert;
 Strong men, who fall to rise again,
 Who strive and bleed, with courage girt.

We serve no God whose work is done,
 Who rests within His firmament:
 Our God, His labors but begun,
 Toils evermore, with power unspent.

God was and is and e'er shall be;
 Christ lived and loved — and loves us still;
 And man goes forward, proud and free,
 God's present purpose to fulfill.

Thomas Curtis Clark

Jesus the Carpenter

If I could hold within my hand
 The hammer Jesus swung,
 Not all the gold in all the land,
 Nor jewels countless as the sand,
 All in the balance flung,
 Could weigh the value of that thing
 Round which his fingers once did cling.

If I could have the table Christ
 Once made in Nazareth,
 Not all the pearls in all the sea,
 Nor crowns of kings or kings to be
 As long as men have breath,
 Could buy that thing of wood he made —
 The Lord of Lords who learned a trade.

Yea, but his hammer still is shown
 By honest hands that toil,
 And round his table men sit down;
 And all are equals, with a crown
 Nor gold nor pearls can soil;
 The shop of Nazareth was bare —
 But brotherhood was builded there.

Charles M. Sheldon

Steadfast

It fortifies my soul to know
 That though I perish, truth is so;
 That, wheresoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Hugh Clough

The Dream

Ah, great it is to believe the dream
 As we stand in youth by the starry stream;
 But a greater thing is to fight life through,
 And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

Edwin Markham

From The Eternal Goodness

I know not what the Future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 Thy bruised reed He will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their froned palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier

Extracts from "In Memoriam"

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
 A beam in darkness, let it grow.

.

I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp with divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night:
 An infant crying for the light:
 And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope through darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

.

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Alfred Tennyson

Acceptance

I cannot think nor reason,
 I only know he came
 With hands and feet of healing
 And wild heart all aflame.

With eyes that dimmed and softened
 At all the things he saw,
 And in his pillared singing
 I read the marching law.

I only know he loves me,
 Enfolds and understands —
 And oh, his heart that holds me,
 And oh, his certain hands!

Willard Wattles

Love and Law

True Love is founded in rocks of Remembrance
 In stones of Forbearance and mortar of Pain.
 The workman lays wearily granite on granite,
 And bleeds for his castle 'mid sunshine and rain.

Love is not velvet, not all of it velvet,
 Not all of it banners, not gold-leaf alone.
 'Tis stern as the ages and old as Religion,
 With Patience its watchword, and Law for its throne.

Vachel Lindsay

The All-Loving

{ So the All-Great were the All-Loving too —
 So, through the thunder comes a human voice
 Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
 Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
 But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
 And thou must love me who have died for thee! "

Robert Browning

The Goal

{ All roads that lead to God are good;
 What matters it, your faith, or mine;
 Both center at the goal divine
 Of love's eternal brotherhood.

A thousand creeds have come and gone;
 But what is that to you or me?
 Creeds are but branches of a tree,
 The root of love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch proves withered wood,
 The root is warm with precious wine;
 Then keep your faith, and leave me mine;
 All roads that lead to God are good.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Unchanging

{ Let nothing distress thee, nothing affright thee;
 All things are passing, God never changeth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Our Calvary

The tree
 That fell last year
 Knows now just why it fell;
 Why came that hell
 Of axe and saw, and leaping, clear blue flame.
 To the world's uses it was set
 In pit, or ship, or polished cabinet,
 Or other needs of man.
 The spirit of the tree
 Knows now the plan
 Of that, its agony.

So we,
 Fall'n in the mire,
 Shall some day surely know
 Why life held blow
 On blow, and sacrificial fire and knife;
 Seeing one stand the firmer for our rout,
 Or some brave, laughing ship of youth sail out
 The braver for our pain.
 So — knowing, seeing — we
 Shall smile again
 At this, our Calvary.

Constance Holm

From The New Spoon River

The urge of the seed: the germ.
 The urge of the germ: the stalk.
 The urge of the stalk: leaves.
 The urge of leaves: the blossom.

The urge of the blossom: to scatter pollen.
 The urge of the pollen: the imagined dream of life.
 The urge of life: longing for tomorrow.
 The urge of tomorrow: Pain.
 The urge of Pain: God.

Edgar Lee Masters

Spinning

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
 I tread my days;
 I know that all the threads will run
 Appointed ways;
 I know each day will bring its task,
 And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin,
 I only know that someone came,
 And laid within
 My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
 Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
 I know wild storms are sweeping past
 And fear that I
 Shall fall; but dare not try to find
 A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
 That time and place,
 In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race
 My threads will have; so from the first,
 Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
 From one short word
 Said over me when I was young —
 So young, I heard
 It, knowing not that God's name signed
 My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
 Within, without,
 It matters not. The bond Divine
 I never doubt.
 I know He set me here, and still
 And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread
 Who bear the finished web away,
 And cut the thread,
 And bring God's message in the sun,
 "Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Helen Hunt Jackson

Faith

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
 The blessed fields of heaven where once my Faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul from One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the place
 Within me where He dwelt in Power and Grace,
 What do I gain by what I have undone?

William Dean Howells

Good Company

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
 These seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
 And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
 That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.
 The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
 Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
 And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue
 smoke —

*Lord, who am I that they should stoop — these holy folk
 of thine?*

Karle Wilson Baker



Spirit's House

From naked stones of agony
 I will build a house for me;
 As a mason all alone
 I will raise it, stone by stone,
 And every stone where I have bled
 Will show a sign of dusky red.
 I have not gone the way in vain,
 For I have good of all my pain;
 My spirit's quiet house will be
 Built of naked stones I trod
 On roads where I lost sight of God.

Sara Teasdale

The Kingdom of Heaven

Said the Lord God, "Build a house,
 Cleave its treasure from the earth,

With the jarring powers of hell
Strive with formless might and mirth,
Tribes and warmen build it well."

Then the raw red sons of men
Brake the soil, and lopped the wood,
But a little and they shrill,
"Lord, we cannot view thy good,"
And the wild men clamor still.

Said the Lord God, "Build a house,
Smoke and iron, spark and steam,
Speak and vote and buy and sell;
Let a new world throb and stream,
Seers and makers, build it well."

Strove the cunning men and strong,
But a little and they cry,
"Lord, mayhap we are but clay,
And we cannot know the why,"
And the wise men doubt today.

Yet though worn and deaf and blind,
Force and savage, king and seer
Labour still, they know not why;
At the dim foundation here,
Knead and plough and think and ply.

Till at last, mayhap, hereon,
Fuse of passion and accord,
Love its crown and peace its stay,
Rise the city of the Lord
That we darkly build today.

Gilbert K. Chesterton

From The Higher Catechism

And what is faith? The anchored trust that at the core
of things
Health, goodness, animating strength flow from exhaustless
springs;
That no star rolls unguided down the rings of endless maze,
That no feet tread an aimless path through wastes of empty
days;
That trusts the everlasting voice, the glad, calm voice that
saith
That Order grows from Chaos, and that life is born from
death;
That from the wreck of rending stars behind the storm and
scathe,
There dwells a heart of central calm; — and this, and this
is faith.

Sam Walter Foss

✓
The Larger Prayer

At first I prayed for Light:
 Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
 To everlasting day.

And next I prayed for Strength:
 That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet and win
 The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
 Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
 Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
 Deep love to God and man,
 A living love that will not fail,
 However dark his plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
 Are opening everywhere;
 God only waited for me, till
 I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney

The Chambered Nautilus

{ This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign
 Sails the unshadow'd main —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purple wings,
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chamber'd cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed —
 Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step the shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings, —

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
Oliver Wendell Holmes

✓

The Happiest Heart

Who drives the horses of the sun
 Shall lord it but a day;
 Better the lowly deed were done,
 And kept the humble way.

The rust shall find the sword of fame,
 The dust will hide the crown;
 Ay, none shall nail so high his name
 Time will not tear it down.

✓ The happiest heart that ever beat
 Was in some common breast
 That found the common daylight sweet,
 And left to Heaven the rest.

John Vance Cheney

Indirection

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculpture is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lift the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of
 the wooing;
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
 heights where those shine,
 Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of
 life is divine.

Richard Realf

✓
 When I Awake I Am Still With Thee

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness awakening,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.


So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
 Oh, in that hour fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Via, et Veritas, et Vita

- “ You never attained to Him? ” “ If to attain
 Be to abide, then that may be.”
 “ Endless the way, followed with how much pain! ”
 “ The way was He.”

Alice Meynell




 Rain Song

It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining daffodils;
 In every dimpling drop I see
 Wildflowers on the hills.
 A cloud of gray engulfs the day
 And overwhelms the town;
 It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
 But fields of clover bloom,
 Where any buccaneering bee
 May find a bed and room.
 A health, then, to the happy,
 A fig to him who frets;
 It isn't raining rain to me,
 It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman



 A Poet Lived in Galilee

A Poet lived in Galilee,
 Whose mother dearly knew him,
 And his beauty like a cooling tree
 Drew many people to him.

He had sweet-hearted things to say,
 And he was angry only
 When people were unkind. That day
 He'd stand there straight and lonely,

And tell them what they ought to do:
 "Love other folks," he pleaded,
 "As you love me and I love you;"
 Yet almost no one heeded.

A Poet lived in Galilee.
 They stared at him and slew him.
*What would they do to you and me
 If we could say we knew him?*

Witter Bynner

✓
Guilty

I never cut my neighbor's throat;
 My neighbor's gold I never stole;
 I never spoiled his house and land;
But God have mercy on my soul!

For I am haunted night and day
 By all the deeds I have not done;
 O unattempted loveliness!
 O costly valor never won!

Marguerite Wilkinson

My World

God gave my world to me,
 And I rebelliously
 Cried out, "How small!
 And is this all?"
 His words were sad, yet mild:
 "All that you love, my child."

Myself that moment died,
 And born anew I cried:
 " Love, take control
 And lead my soul
 To serve my small estate; "
 And lo, my world is great!

C. R. Piety

The Way

{ Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
 May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
 While he who walks in love may wander far,
 But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

Henry van Dyk,

Revelation

All things burn with the fire of God —
 Violets bursting from the sod;
 The hill-top, tip-toe cherry tree,
 Shouting with silver ecstasy;
 Wild birds blowing down the wind;
 Blue-brook music far and thinned;
 Many-hued roses; rains that beat
 On spreading fields of yellow wheat;
 Sun-flame, moon-flame, flame of star;
 Opal-walled heaven where bright clouds are;
 Dreams, and pain, and love's desire. . . .
 All things burn with God's white fire.

Verne Bright

✓
 God Give Us Men! ✓

God give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty, and in private thinking;
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

Josiah Gilbert Holland

“ I Am the Way ”

Thou art the Way.
 Hadst thou been nothing but the goal,
 I cannot say
 If thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see —
 I, child of process — if there lies
 An end for me,
 Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
 The road that winds, my feet that err,
 Access, Approach
 Art thou, Time, Way, Wayfarer.

Alice Meynell

In His Good Time

I go to prove my soul,
 I see my way as birds their trackless way,
 I shall arrive. — What time, what circuit first,
 I ask not: but unless God send His hail
 Of blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
 In some time, His Good time, I shall arrive;
 He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

Robert Browning

Pippa's Song

The year's at the spring,
 The day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven:
 The hillside's dew pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in His heaven —
 All's right with the world!

Robert Browning

From "Pippa Passes"

The Heart of the Eternal

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber

Gradatim

✓ { Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
 We may borrow the wings to find the way —
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dream departs, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound:
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

J. G. Holland

From The Vision of Sir Launfal

“Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold, it is here — this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,
 The water his blood that died on the tree;
 The holy supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three —
 Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.”

James Russell Lowell

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty springs are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

A. E. Housman



Tomorrow and Tomorrow

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps on this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

William Shakespeare

From "Macbeth"

Our Little Life

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare

From "The Tempest"

The True Need

I do not wish to see my sins more plain,
 But this: to know Thy life, without a stain.

I would not see the vileness of my heart,
 But this would know: how pure and true Thou art.

I would forget my paltry life, so small,
 And know Thy greatness, Thou, my All in All.

Oh! teach me not how deep my spirit's night,
 But flood me with Thy beams, Thou Perfect Light!

Thomas Curtis Clark

Others

Lord, help me live from day to day
 In such a self-forgetful way
 Than even when I kneel to pray
 My prayers will be for OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do
 To ever be sincere and true
 And know that all I do for YOU
 Must needs be done for OTHERS.

Let Self be crucified and slain
 And buried deep, and all in vain
 May efforts be to rise again
 Unless to live for OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is done
 And my new work in heaven begun
 May I forget the crown I've won
 While thinking still of OTHERS.

Others, Lord, yes, others
 Let this my motto be;
 Help me to live for Others
 That I may live like Thee.

Charles D. Meigs

Self-Dependence

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am and what I ought to be,
 At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye, who from my childhood up have claimed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer —
"Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O, air born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear —
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

Matthew Arnold

When Night Comes

{ When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
 'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
 But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say:
 There's one sun more strung on my Bead of days.
 What's good score up for joy; the bad, well scanned,
 Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

Henry Vaughan

The Pilgrim Way

But once I pass this way,
 And then — and then, the silent Door
 Swings on its hinges —
 Opens . . . Closes —
 And no more
 I pass this way.
 So while I may
 With all my might,
 I will assay
 Sweet comfort and delight
 To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way,
 For no man travels twice
 The Great Highway
 That climbs through darkness up to light,
 Through night
 To day.

John Oxenham

✓
 The Unknown God

The Unknown God — alas! His feet
 Go ways we know not of.

Nay, here where morn is fresh and sweet,
He walks the fields we love.

Yet often have I seen His face
And felt Him touch my brow —
Within a blossom's kiss and grace,
When I bent down the bough.

Charles G. Blanden

The Luminous Hands of God

Out of the base, insensate clod
The luminous, strong Hands of God
Have shaped us; and all sin can do
Cannot prevent the shining through
And on our lives of that pure light
Which God's effulgent Hand keeps bright.

Eleanor Kenly Bacon

Life

{ Life is like a wayside bloom
The butterfly disdains,
But where the probing honey-bee
Finds nectar for her pains.

Wayne Gard

Boundaries

Man cannot look round the roadway's curve
Or beyond a mountain see,
And yet he dares to fashion creeds
And bound eternity.

Catherine Cate Coblenz

✓
 ✓ Thy Sea Is Great, Our Boats Are Small

O Maker of the Mighty Deep,
 Whereon our vessels fare,
 Above our life's adventure keep
 Thy faithful watch and care.
 In Thee we trust, whate'er befall;
 Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

We know not where the secret tides
 Will help us or delay,
 Nor where the lurking tempest hides,
 Nor where the fogs are gray.
 We trust in Thee, whate'er befall;
 Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

When outward bound we boldly sail
 And leave the friendly shore,
 Let not our hearts of courage fail
 Until the voyage is o'er.
 We trust in Thee, whate'er befall;
 Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

When homeward bound, we gladly turn,
 Oh! bring us safely there,
 Where harbor-lights of friendship burn
 And peace is in the air.
 We trust in Thee, whate'er befall;
 Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

Beyond the circle of the sea,
 When voyaging is past,
 We seek our final port in Thee;
 Oh! bring us home at last.

In Thee we trust, whate'er befall;
Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

Henry van Dyke

Knowledge

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:
Yea, with one voice, O, world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod.
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, though thou then shouldst strike from him his glory,
Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,
Even on the cross would he maintain his story,
Yes, and in hell would whisper, I have known.

Frederick W. H. Myers

From "St. Paul"

The House of Pain

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair —
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there, —
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the
sight,
And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow —
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection with the snow —
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows
melt,
And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain! — what lessons there are
bought! —

Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught;
Amid its loneliness and bloom, grave meanings grow more
clear,

For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely near!

Florence Earle Coates

The Doors in the Temple

Three doors are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking;
They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
They doubt where their reason fails,
But their minds' despair is the ancient prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

Father, give each his answer —
Each in his kindred way.
Adapt thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

George Matheson

From The Marshes of Glynn

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all space 'twixt the marsh and the
 skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
 Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
 The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

Sidney Lanier

Unrest

A fierce unrest seethes at the core
 Of all existing things:
 It was the eager wish to soar
 That gave the gods their wings.

From what flat wastes of cosmic slime,
 And stung by what quick fire,
 Sunward the restless races climb! —
 Men risen out of mire!

There throbs through all the worlds that are
 This heart-beat hot and strong,
 And shaken systems, star by star,
 Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest
 These joyous spheres are mute;
 But for the rebel in his breast
 Had man remained a brute.

When baffled lips demanded speech,
 Speech trembled into birth —
 (One day the lyric word shall reach
 From earth to laughing earth.) —

When man's dim eyes demanded light,
 The light he sought was born —
 His wish, a Titan, scaled the height
 And flung him back the morn!

From deed to dream, from dream to deed,
 From daring hope to hope,
 The restless wish, the instant need,
 Still lashed him up the slope!

.

I sing no governed firmament,
 Cold, ordered, regular —
 I sing the stinging discontent
 That leaps from star to star!

Don Marquis

God Is Not Dumb

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more!
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
 And findest not Sinai — 'tis thy soul is poor!
 There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
 Which whoso seeks shall find — but he who bends
 Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
 Sees it not — neither hears its thundered lore.

James Russell Lowell

✓ Prayer

Be not afraid to pray, to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst with hope, but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, — or sick with long delay.
 Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou canst not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge

✓
Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
“This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Henry van Dyke

The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
 The gardener, God, to pardon
 All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
 And make them rose-like in His name.

Richard Burton

Silence

I need not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
 Are quiet trees and the green listening sod;
 Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent;
 The hills are mute: yet how they speak of God!

Charles Hanson Towne

Prospice

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,

Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns to the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Robert Browning

Faith

O never star
Was lost; here
We all aspire to heaven and there is heaven
Above us.
If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge some day.

Robert Browning

Betrayal

Still, as of old,
Man by himself is priced.
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ.

Author Unknown

Alpha and Omega

Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sin-
ning,

Christ shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

F. W. H. Myers

From " St. Paul "

Men Told Me, Lord

Men told me, Lord, it was a vale of tears
Where Thou hadst placed me; wickedness and woe
My twain companions whereso I might go;
That I through ten and three score weary years
Should stumble on, beset by pains and fears,
Fierce conflict round me, passions hot within,
Enjoyment brief and fatal, but in sin.
When all was ended then I should demand
Full compensation from Thine austere hand:
For 'tis Thy pleasure, all temptation past,
To be not just but generous at last.

Lord, here am I, my three score years and ten
Are counted to the full; I've fought Thy fight,
Crossed Thy dark valleys, scaled Thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all the burdens Thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, three score years and ten.
Before Thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pay Thee as a meet reward?

I ask for nothing! Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know, or may confess

But swells the weight of my indebtedness;
 Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
 Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,
 For Love, with all the rest, Thou gavest me here,
 And Love is heaven's very atmosphere.
 Lo, I have dwelt with Thee, Lord! Let me die:
 I could no more through all eternity!

David Starr Jordan

✓
 Home at Last

To an open house in the evening,
 Home shall men come,
 To an older place than Eden,
 And a taller town than Rome.
 To the end of the way of the wandering star,
 To the things that cannot be and that are,
 To the place where God was homeless,
 And all men are at home.

Gilbert K. Chesterton

God Is at the Organ

God is at the organ;
 I can hear
 A mighty music echoing,
 Far and near.

God is at the organ
 And the keys
 Are storm-strewn billows,
 Moorlands, trees.

God is at the organ,
I can hear
A mighty music, echoing
Far and near.

Egbert Sandford

From The Fire-Bringer

I stood within the heart of God,
It seemed a place that I had **known**:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair —
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
He spoke; His words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

“Here is my meat and wine,” He said,
“My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.”

“ Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
 Summer the same, and autumn spills
 The fruits I look for; everything
 As on my heavenly hills.”

William Vaughn Moody

Duty

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
 Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
 He will depart only to come once more
 And bring seven other duties to your door.

Edwin Markham

I Know a Name

I know a soul that is steeped in sin,
 That no man's art can cure;
 But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
 That can make that soul all pure.

I know a life that is lost to God,
 Bound down by things of earth;
 But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
 That can bring that soul new birth.

I know of lands that are sunk in shame,
 Of hearts that faint and tire;
 But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
 That can set those lands on fire.
 Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,
 I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
 That will set those lands on fire.

Author Unknown

✓
Creed and Deed

What care I for caste or creed?
 It is the deed, it is the deed;
 What for class or what for clan?
 It is the man, it is the man;
 Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
 Who is high, and who is low?
 Mountain, valley, sky, and sea,
 Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
 It is the soul, it is the soul;
 What for crown, or what for crest?
 It is the heart within the breast;
 It is the faith, it is the hope,
 It is the struggle up the slope,
 It is the brain and eye to see,
 One God and one humanity.

Robert Loveman

✓
Sculptors of Life

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
 With his marble block before him,
 And his eye lit up with a gleam of joy
 When his life dream passed before him.

He carved it well on the shapeless stone
 With many a sharp incision;
 That angel dream he made his own,
 His own that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the time when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it well on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
That angel dream we make our own,
Our own that angel vision.

George W. Doane

What is the Church?

The Church is man when his awed soul goes out
In reverence to a mystery that swathes him all about.
When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his search,
Then in that hour, that living man becomes the living
Church,
Then though in wilderness or in waste, his soul is swept
along
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up altar-stairs
of song,
And when man fronts the mystery with spirit bowed in
prayer,
There is the universal Church — the Church of God is there.

Sam Walter Foss

One Ship Drives East

One ship drives east and another west,
While the selfsame breezes blow;
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the air are the ways of fate,
 As we journey along through life;
 'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
 And not the storm or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Enough

The grass creeps everywhere,
 But only here and there
 A rose looks up;
 The gods are kind indeed:
 The draught we mostly need
 Is in our cup.

Charles G. Blanden

City Priest

So he droned on, of parish work and claims;
 Of weddings, funerals, the constant call
 Upon his time and strength; and through it all
 Came mention of rich men with powerful names,
 Who were his friends. He spoke of sport and games
 To lure the young from the low dancing-hall,
 And while he talked I watched the lift and fall
 Of well-kept hands, gesturing of his aims.
 I did not follow all the things he said.
 Those smooth hands vanished from my sight. Instead,
 A picture built itself before my sight
 Of a rough work-bench, where with saw and blade
 A young Lad labored at his Father's trade.
 I cannot think that Jesus' hands were white!

Anne Higginson Spicer

Creativity

This poem is recognized as one of the oldest Chinese folk-poems which has come down to the present time. It may be roughly dated 2500 B.C.

When the sun rises, I go to work;
 When the sun goes down, I take my rest;
 I dig the well from which I drink;
 I farm the soil that yields my food.
 I share creation; kings do no more.

Translation by Y. S. Han

Testimony

My garden bears testimony to divinity;
 I sow the seed, itself a mystery;
 Invoke the graces of the sun;
 Implore the ministry
 Of the rain; and yet, when this is done,
 It is God
 Who thrusts up
 Through the imprisoning clod
 Miracles of emerald leaf and radiant bloom,
 Fashioned of fabrics from a heavenly loom.
 Surely none but God can,
 Within a seed's pin-point of space,
 Pack a blue-print of the cosmos' swaying grace,
 Or, from a dry brown root release
 The phlox in all its still white peace.
 He hangs the rose upon the thorn,
 And lifts the lily's samite cup
 Brimmed with the dewy nectar of the morn.

It is God alone, knowing infinity,
 May be so prodigal of beauty
 That he gives to the errant winds the poppy
 And the rose, or yields to winter's devastating hold
 Autumn's arabesques of flame and gold.

Eva Moad Turner

But When Ye Pray

But when ye pray, say *our* — not *mine* or *thine*;
Our debts, *our* debtors, and *our* daily bread!
 Before the thronged cathedral's gracious shrine,
 Or in thy closet's solitude instead,
 Whoe'er thou art, where'er thou liftest prayer,
 However humble or how great thou be,
 Say *our*, thy brother man including there,
 And more and more it may be thou shalt see
 Upon life's loom how thread to thread is bound;
 None for himself, but man and fellow-man,
 Or near or far, meet on one common ground,
 Sons of one Father since the world began.
 So shall God's Kingdom come in might and power
 When all can pray, not mine, or thine, but *our*.

Frances Crosby Hamlet

For An Hour

I may not keep the heights I gain
 In those rare hours of ecstasy
 When, scorning ease, despising pain,
 Forgetting self, and winning free
 From all that most entangles me,
 I leave the low miasmatic plain
 Of sloth and doubt and greed to be

Companion of the heavenly train
 Who tread the loftier ways; who keep
 A tryst with stars, nor shrink nor cower
 In craven fear or sluggish sleep,
 Nor seek the ease of blossomed bower.
 My earth-bound soul lacks breath and power
 To hold a path so nobly steep,
 Yet God be praised that for an hour
 I gained the heights I could not keep.

Winifred Ernest Garrison

✓ The Bible

We search the world for truth. We cull
 The good, the true, the beautiful,
 From graven stone and written scroll,
 And all old flower-fields of the soul,
 And, weary seekers of the best,
 We come back laden from our quest,
 To find that all the sages said
 Is in the Book our mothers read.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Sympathy

Ask God to give thee skill
 In comfort's art,
 That thou may'st consecrated be
 And set apart
 Unto a life of sympathy,
 For heavy is the weight of ill
 In every heart;
 And comforters are needed much
 Of Christlike touch.

A. E. Hamilton

Gather Us In

Gather us in: we worship only Thee;
 In varied names we stretch a common hand;
 In diverse forms a common soul we see;
 In many ships we seek one spirit-land;
 Gather us in!

George Matheson

Prayer for the Churches

O God, within whose sight
 All men have equal right
 To worship Thee,
 Break every bar that holds
 Thy flock in diverse folds;
 Thy will from none withholds
 Full liberty.

Lord, set Thy churches free
 From foolish rivalry!

 Lord, make all free!
 Let all past bitterness
 Now and forever cease,
 And all our souls possess
 True charity.

John Oxenham

Man and God

Whoso draws near to God one step through doubtings dim
 God will advance a mile in blazing light to him.

Author Unknown

The Country Faith

Here in the country's heart
 Where the grass is green
 Life is the same sweet life
 As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
 And the bell at morn
 Floats with a thought of God
 O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
 And the crop grows tall—
 This is the country faith,
 And the best of all!

Norman Gale

A B C's In Green

The trees are God's great alphabet:
 With them He writes in shining green
 Across the world His thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky
 With a gay, leafy lettering,
 For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,
 And every star and bird
 Repeats in dutiful delight His word,
 And every blade of grass
 Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,
 I stand at summer's knees,
 And from the primer of the wood
 I spell that life and love are good,
 I learn to read.

Leonora Speyer



The Book of Books

Within this ample volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries.
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom their God has given grace
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way;
 But better had they ne'er been born
 That read to doubt or read to scorn.

Sir Walter Scott

Cling to Faith

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
 And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith;
 She reels not at the storm of warring words;
 She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No";
 She sees the best that glimmers through the worst;
 She feels the sun is hid but for the night;
 She spies the summer through the winter bud;
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls;
 She hears the lark within the songless egg;
 She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage!"

Alfred Tennyson

The Stimulus of Friendship

Because of your firm faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp set stones my strength had almost spent —
I could not meet your eyes, if I turned back,
So on I went.

Because of your strong love, I held my path
When battered, worn and bleeding in the fight —
How could I meet your true eyes, blazing wrath?
So I kept right.

Author Unknown

Live Each Day

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then do not fret over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou may'st have left behind
Live each day as if thy life were just begun.

J. W. von Goethe

From Divina Commedia

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er,
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,

Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

✓
From Life

Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lost their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day!

Emily Dickinson

If Still They Live

If still they live, whom touch nor sight
Nor any subtlest sense can prove,
Though dwelling past our day and night,
At farthest star's remove —

Oh, not because these skies they change
For upper deeps of sky unknown,
Shall that which made them ours grow strange,
For spirit holds its own;

Whether it pace this earth around,
Or cross, with printless, buoyant feet,
The unreverberant Profound

That hath no name nor mete! *Edith M. Thomas*

Despised and Rejected

Homeless!
 The Living Bread
 Hungered
 While all beside were fed.
 To their warm holes the foxes ran,
 Birds flew to nest when the west was red,
 But the Son of Man
 Had not where to lay His head.

Open Door
 Henceforth for all
 Hungers,
 Hearth and Banquet Hall
 For hurt and loneliness is He
 Thrust from Nazareth to roam
 Vagabond of Galilee,
 Who is every outcast's Home.

Katharine Lee Bates

Test

Not those elate upon the mountain height
 Of his transfiguration, who declare
 Their will to rear crude tabernacles there,
 Are worthy liegemen in the Master's sight.
 True ministers of grace are those who dare
 Descend with him into the irksome night
 Below, where blind souls whimper for the light,
 And tortured bodies wait their healing care.

Not weary sleepers in Gethsemane,
 Who wake to flee from sin's pursuing host,

Then go a-fishing back to Galilee —
 But those who labor though the cause seem lost,
 To spread abroad the flames of Pentecost,
 Shall find in Christ — peace, after victory.

Helen Pursell Roads

In the Way of Peace

Jesus, whose love rekindles dying fires
 Flickering to ashes in our aching hearts,
 Be Thou the goal of all our best desires,
 The dawn from which our longing ne'er departs.

When night's grim loneliness throbs like a wound,
 And day's bright sunshine stabs us like a sword,
 Us, with thy peace, like traveler's cloak, around,
 Enfold as we go forward, O our Lord.

Through the sharp thorns that lie along our way
 Make thou a path for tired and bleeding feet;
 And bring us to the wonder of that day
 When Love and Memory in Thee shall meet.

Lauchlan MacLean Watt

Fishers

Tangled in nets
 Of our wild philosophy,
 Caught in the backlash
 Of ideas ill-cast,
 Heaving the lead
 Into unplumbed infinity,
 Baffled, we stand

Beside the shore at last.
 Snagged barbs, snarled lines,
 Torn sails! What fishers we!
 Teach us thy skill
 O Man of Galilee.

Albert Reginald Gold

The Master Blacksmith

He beats us out upon the anvil of the days
 And tempers us in strange and secret ways.
 He heats us in the passions and the joys
 And happiness of life — such fire employs;
 Then cools us in the sorrow and the pain —
 Heats us, and cools — then cools us once again;
 Till, if the iron be good, He makes us men,
 Or if the iron be poor, He scraps us then
 Perchance to try again another day
 To temper in some surer, sterner way.

Arnold Andrews

A Prayer

Dear God, the light is come, our outgrown creeds
 Drop from us as a garment, and our sight
 Grows clear to see ourselves and Thee aright;
 We trust our love to meet our utmost needs,
 And know Thy hand sustains us. The foul breeds
 Of nameless doubts and fears that thronged the night
 Like phantoms disappear in Truth's clear light;
 Self only, now our upward way impedes:
 For Thou hast given new bottles for Truth's wine: —
 Hast given a larger faith to help us live

A larger life; new knowledge that will give
 A lamp to lead us on to the divine:
 And though our feet may falter in the way,
 Yet shall our eyes behold Love's Perfect Day!

Author Unknown

What If

What if we carved truth in the graveyards?
 Would the dead arise
 And push up the stones defaming their bones,
 And in pained surprise
 Demand we explain why their peace was undone
 . . . But the dead may sleep — our conventions hold
 That naught but good of their lives be told.

What if we wrote truth in the press?
 Would the public read
 If we should sometime delete all the crime?
 Would headlines recede
 If life, sound, unspoiled, were the news broadcast?
 As a people do we a press maintain
 For national good or for personal gain?

What if we preached truth in the pulpit?
 Would the theme be fresh?
 Would the world crowd in as it flocked to him
 Who was God made flesh?
 Would they know the truth, that it makes them free?
 . . . Would the church be aggrieved as on that day
 When Christ years ago pointed out the way?

What if we chose truth as our lodestar?
 Could we find the way?
 Is the truth for you just what I must do?

Could we spend our day
 In blazing the road for timorous feet,
 Through loneliness, scorn and personal loss?
 There was One who did — he died on the cross.

Gertrude B. Gunderson

Building

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
 Design thy structure of tomorrow. Lay
 Strong corner-stones of purpose, and prepare
 Great blocks of wisdom cut from past despair.
 Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
 Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
 Believe in God — in thine own self believe,
 All thou hast hoped for thou shalt yet achieve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

True Brotherhood

God, what a world, if men in street and mart
 Felt that same kinship of the human heart
 Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
 Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Search

No one could tell me where my soul might be;
 I searched for God, and He eluded me;
 I sought my brother out, and found all three.

Ernest Crosby

The Bible of the Race

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves, or leaves of stone.
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While rolls the sea, while mists the mountain shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

James Russell Lowell

Duty

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
 I woke, and found that life was Duty.
 Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A truth and noonday light to thee.

Ellen Sturgis Hooper

Live and Help Live

"Live and let live!" was the call of the Old —
 The call of the world when the world was cold —
 The call of men when they pulled apart —
 The call of the race with a chill on the heart.
 But "Live and help live!" is the cry of the New —
 The cry of the world with the Dream shining through —
 The cry of the Brother World rising to birth —
 The cry of the Christ for a Comrade-like earth.

Edwin Markham

The Soul of Jesus Is Restless

The soul of Jesus is restless today;
 Christ is tramping through the spirit-world,
 Compassion in his heart for the fainting millions;
 He trudges through China, through Poland,
 Through Russia, Austria, Germany, Armenia;
 Patiently he pleads with the Church,
 Tenderly he woos her.
 The wounds of his body are bleeding afresh for the sorrows
 of his shepherdless people.
 We besiege him with selfish petitions,
 We weary him with our petty ambitions,
 From the needy we bury him in piles of carven stone,
 We obscure him in the smoke of stuffy incense,
 We drown his voice with the snarls and shrieks of our dis-
 gruntled bickerings,
 We build temples to him with hands that are bloody,
 We deny him in the needs and sorrows of the exploited "least
 of his brethren."
 The soul of Jesus is restless today,
 But eternally undismayed.

Cyprus R. Mitchell

The Whole Duty of Man

{ To love our God with all our strength and will;
 To covet nothing, to devise no ill
 Against our neighbors; to procure or do
 Nothing to others which we would not do
 Our very selves; not to revenge our wrong;
 To be content with little; not to long
 For wealth and greatness; to despise or jeer
 No man, and, if we be despised, to bear;

To feed the hungry; to hold fast our crown;
 To take from others naught; to give our own —
 These are his precepts, and alas, in these
 What is so hard but faith can do with ease?

Henry Vaughan

Love's Vigil

Love will outwatch the stars, and light the skies
 When the last star falls, and the silent dark devours;
 God's warrior, he will watch the allotted hours,
 And conquer with the look of his sad eyes:
 He shakes the kingdom of darkness with his sighs,
 His quiet sighs, while all the Infernal Powers
 Tremble and pale upon their central towers,
 Lest, haply, his bright universe arise.

All will be well if we have strength to wait
 Till his lost Pleiad, white and silver-shod,
 Regains her place to make the perfect Seven;
 Then all the worlds will know that Love is Fate —
 That somehow he is greater even than Heaven —
 That in the Cosmic Council he is God.

Edwin Markham

Forgive

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
 The rival altars that we raise,
 The wrangling tongues that mar thy praise!

Thy grace impart! In time to be
 Shall one great temple rise to Thee —
 Thy Church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
 Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
 Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
 Confessing, in a world's accord,
 The inward Christ, the living Word.

That song shall swell from shore to shore.
 One hope, one faith, one love restore
 The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

John Greenleaf Whittier

Gardens

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
 Thou workest never alone;
 Perhaps he whose plot is next to thine
 May see it and mend his own.

Author Unknown

Revelation

I made a pilgrimage to find the God:
 I listened for His voice at holy tombs,
 Searched for the print of His immortal feet
 In dust of broken altars: yet turned back
 With empty heart. But on the homeward road
 A great light came upon me, and I heard
 The God's voice singing in a nestling lark;
 Felt His sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
 Received His blessing from a wayside well;
 Looked on His beauty in a lover's face;
 Saw His bright hand send signals from the suns.

Edwin Markham

Faith to Each Other

Taught by no priest, but by our beating hearts:
 Faith to each other; the fidelity
 Of men whose pulse leaps with kindred fire,
 Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
 Nay, in the silent bodily presence, feel
 The mystic stirrings of a common life
 That makes the many one.

Author Unknown

The Universal Language

The wise men ask, "What language did Christ speak?"
 They cavil, argue, search, and little prove,
 O Sages, leave your Syriac and your Greek!
 Christ spoke the universal language — LOVE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Poet's Simple Faith

You say, "Where goest Thou?" I cannot tell,
 And still go on. But if the way be straight
 I cannot go amiss: before me lies
 Dawn and the day: the night behind me: that
 Suffices me: I break the bounds: I see,
 And nothing more; believe and nothing less.
 My future is not one of my concerns.

Victor Hugo

Trans. by Edward Dowden

We Live by Faith

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave
 Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's;
 Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
 What asks our Father of His children, save
 Justice, mercy and humility,
 A reasonable service of good deeds,
 Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
 Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
 The Master's footprints in our daily ways.

John Greenleaf Whittier

I am the Door

A traveler once, when skies were rose and gold
 With Syrian sunset, paused beside the fold
 Where an Arabian shepherd housed his flock;
 Only a circling wall of rough, grey rock —
 No door, no gate, but just an opening wide
 Enough for snowy, huddling sheep to come inside.
 "So," questioned he, "then no wild beasts you dread?"
 "Ah, yes, the wolf is near," the shepherd said.
 "But" — strange and sweet the words Divine of yore
 Fell on his startled ear: "*I am the door!*
 When skies are sown with stars, and I may trace
 The velvet shadows in this narrow space,
 I lay me down. No silly sheep may go
 Without the fold but I, the shepherd, know.
 Nor need my cherished flock close-sheltered, warm,
 Fear ravening wolf, save o'er my prostrate form."
 O word of Christ — illumined evermore
 For us his timid sheep — "*I am the door!*"

Author Unknown

A Voice

The Father too, does He not see and hear?
 And seems He far who dwells so very near?
 Fear not, my child, there is no need to fear.

The days may darken and the tempest lower;
 Their power is nothing to the Father's power;
 Lift up thy heart and watch with me this hour.

The Shepherd loves and seeks the straying sheep;
 Them that are His He must forever keep;
 Oh dry thine eyes, there is no need to weep.

Though night falls round Him and cold rains are blown,
 And bleak the hills, He searches still alone,
 And search He must until He find His own.

Samuel Valentine Cole

Jesus Christ — And We

Christ has no hands but our hands
 To do his work today;
 He has no feet but our feet
 To lead men in his way;
 He has no tongue but our tongues
 To tell men how he died;
 He has no help but our help
 To bring them to his side.

We are the only Bible
 The careless world will read;
 We are the sinner's gospel,
 We are the scoffer's creed;

We are the Lord's last message
 Given in deed and word —
 What if the line is crooked?
 What if the type is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
 With other work than his?
 What if our feet are walking
 Where sin's allurements is?
 What if our tongues are speaking
 Of things his lips would spurn?
 How can we hope to help him
 Unless from him we learn?

Annie Johnson Flint

A Prayer for Love

God, give me love! I do not only pray
 That perfect love may be bestowed on me;
 But let me feel the lovability
 Of every soul I meet along the way.
 Though it be hidden from the light of day
 And every eye but Love's, Oh! I would see
 My brother in the monarch and the bee —
 In every spirit clothed in mortal clay!

Give me the gift of loving! I will claim
 No other blessing from the Lord of Birth,
 For he who loves needs no high-sounding name,
 Nor power nor treasure to proclaim his worth;
 His soul has lit at Life's immortal flame
 A lamp that may illumine all the earth.

Elsa Barker

✓
For Us

If we have not learned that God's in man,
 And man in God again,
 That to love thy God is to love thy brother,
 And to serve thy Lord is to serve each other —
 Then Christ was born in vain!

If we have not learned that one man's life
 In all men lives again;
 That each man's battle, fought alone,
 Is won or lost for everyone —
 Then Christ hath lived in vain!

If we have not learned that death's no break
 In life's unceasing chain,
 That the work in one life well begun
 In others is finished, by others is done —
 Then Christ hath died in vain!

If we have not learned of immortal life,
 And a future free from pain,
 The Kingdom of God in the heart of man,
 And the living world on heaven's plan —
 Then Christ arose in vain!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

A Hymn of Unity

We come, we come, we come
 O'er mountain, plain and sea,
 Whose feet have trod the ways of God,
 We come to thee,
 With one accord
 To sing one faith for life and death,
 One hope, one Lord.

But not alone we come,
 The valiant ones we boast,
 The saints who pray for us today,
 A glorious host;
 With one accord
 We cry with these from bended knees
 To thee our Lord.

From clamorous strife we come,
 From fearing rivalries,
 To sue thy grace for all our ways,
 Thy healing peace;
 With one accord
 From many lands we raise our hands
 To thee our Lord.

One brotherhood we come,
 Our glory in one Name,
 One cross our sign, one love divine
 Our hearts to inflame;
 With one accord
 We sing one faith in life and death,
 One hope, one Lord.

Robert Freeman

The Bible

When I am tired, the Bible is my bed;
 Or in the dark, the Bible is my light;
 When I am hungry, it is vital bread;
 Or fearful, it is armor for the fight.
 When I am sick, 'tis healing medicine;
 Or lonely, thronging friends I find therein.

If I would work, the Bible is my tool;
 Or play, it is a harp of happy sound.

If I am ignorant, it is my school;
 If I am sinking, it is solid ground.
 If I am cold, the Bible is my fire;
 And wings, if boldly I aspire.

Should I be lost, the Bible is my guide;
 Or naked, it is raiment, rich and warm.
 Am I imprisoned, it is ranges wide;
 Or tempest-tossed, a shelter from the storm.
 Would I adventure, 'tis a gallant sea;
 Or would I rest, it is a flowery lea.

Does gloom oppress? The Bible is a sun.
 Or ugliness? It is a garden fair.

Author Unknown

God's Dream

"The man's a dreamer!" Good! That places him
 In close relationship with God. For down
 In the most wretched quarter of town
 God stands and dreams *His* dream; amid the grim,
 Ensanguined battle wreckage; in the dim,
 Cold twilights where old superstitions frown;
 And where the mutterings of race hatred drown
 The sacred cadences of Love's fond hymn.

Today I met him on an uptown street
 Calling for dreamers, — pleading in the heat
 Of holy passion for more dream-swept hearts
 To hold in all the world's discordant parts
 The Torch of Brotherhood, that its Love-gleam
 Might speed the progress of His gracious Dream!

William Norris Burr

A Prayer

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like the first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong and sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side
In thee, in thee, so sure confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline
And feel thy heart make mine divine.

John D. Long

The Quest

For years I sought the Many in the One,
I thought to find lost waves and broken rays,
The rainbow's faded colors in the sun,
The dawns and twilights of forgotten days.

But now I seek the One in every form,
Scorning no vision that a dewdrop holds,
The gentle Light that shines behind the storm,
The Dream that many a twilight hour enfolds.

Eva Gore-Booth

By One Great Heart

By one great Heart the Universe is stirred;
 By its strong pulse stars climb the darkening blue;
 It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
 And thrills through low sweet song of every bird;

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
 Joy feels that heart against his rapturous own,
 And on It Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan:
 It bounds through gladness and the deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all Time and Space,
 Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,
 Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
 Or man's heart break, because of some dead face!

'Tis felt in sunshine, greening the soft sod,
 In children's smiling, as in mothers' tears:
 And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
 Men's hungry souls have named the great Heart, God!

Margaret Deland

A Prayer

God of the Granite and the Rose!
 Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
 The mighty tide of Being flows
 Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
 It leaps to life in grass and flower,
 Through every grade of being runs,
 Till from Creation's radiant tower
 Thy glory flames in stars and suns.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
 Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
 The mighty tide of Being flows
 Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
 Thus round and round the circle runs,
 A mighty sea without a shore,
 While men and women, stars and suns,
 Unite to praise Thee evermore.

Lizzie Doten

Flower in the Crannied Wall

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies,
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower — but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

Alfred Tennyson

Preparedness

For all your days prepare,
 And meet them ever alike:
 When you are the anvil, bear —
 When you are the hammer, strike.

Edwin Markham

Jesus

Jesus, whose lot with us was cast,
 Who saw it out, from first to last:
 Patient and fearless, tender, true,
 Carpenter, vagabond, felon, Jew:

Whose humorous eye took in each phase
 Of full, rich life this world displays,
 Yet evermore kept fast in view
 The far-off goal it leads us to:
 Who, as your hour neared, did not fail —
 The world's fate trembling in the scale —
 With your half-hearted band to dine,
 And chat across the bread and wine:
 Then went out firm to face the end,
 Alone, without a single friend:
 Who felt, as your last words confessed,
 Wrung from a proud unflinching breast
 By hours of dull ignoble pain,
 Your whole life's fight was fought in vain:
 Would I could win and keep and feel
 That heart of love, that spirit of steel.

Author Unknown

The Testing

When, in the dim beginning of the years,
 God mixed in man the raptures and the tears,
 And scattered through his brain the starry stuff,
 He said, "Behold! Yet this is not enough,
 For I must test his spirit to make sure
 That he can dare the vision and endure.

"I will withdraw My face,
 Veil Me in shadow for a certain space,
 And leave behind only a broken clue,
 A crevice where the glory glimmers through,
 Some whisper from the sky,
 Some footprint in the road to track Me by.

"I will leave man to make the fateful guess,
 Will leave him torn between the no and yes,

Leave him unresting till he rests in Me,
 Drawn upward by the choice that makes him free —
 Leave him in tragic loneliness to choose,
 With all in life to win or all to lose.”

Edwin Markham

A Hymn for the New Age

O Master of the modern day,
 Our hearts are kindled as we know
 Thou walkest still along life's way
 As in the ages long ago!
 And by the magic of Thy will
 New worlds Thou art creating still.

We thank Thee that the truth moves on
 With wireless wave and healing ray;
 That yester's noon was but the dawn
 Of brighter glories in our day.
 And now by faith, in holy dream
 We glimpse tomorrow's grander gleam.

We thank Thee that thou rulest still
 This goodly orb on which we dwell —
 That Thou dost still reveal Thy will
 To those who would the dark dispel —
 That upward o'er the peaks of time
 Thy plan unfolds in form sublime.

Help us to keep Thee as our guest
 While speeding o'er the highways grand,
 Or cleave the air at Thy behest
 To give some soul a helping hand!
 Thy tireless Spirit leads the way
 To heal the woes that throng our day!

Enlarge our minds to grasp Thy thought,
 Enlarge our hearts to work Thy plan,
 Assured Thy purpose faileth not
 To put Thy spirit into man!
 God of the present age and hour,
 Thrill us anew with holy power!

William Steward Gordon

Thy Neighbor

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 Oh, enter thou his humble door
 With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim;
 With words of high sustaining hope
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave;
 Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;
 Go share thy lot with him.

Author Unknown

“ For God So Loved the World ”

“ For God so loved the world ” — nor you, nor me,
Nor any favored few;
Nor any numbers, if but numbers be
The world within our view.

Who loves the rose may find each petal fair,
And count them one by one,
Yet is the total life and beauty there
A something not undone.

Who builds a house builds more than wood on wood,
Builds more than room with room;
Nor day by day can tell the total mood,
The hearth's consummate bloom.

No wind-blown sand hill of dissevered souls,
No riven mine, or thine,
This world that with the cosmic rhythm rolls,
This unity divine.

Nor any fragmentary love enfolds
One sprout of life unfurled;
But all with all in one communion holds,
For God so loved — the world.

Robert Whitaker

Prayer

I asked for bread; God gave a stone instead.
Yet, while I pillowed there my weary head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upward to celestial mountains led.

And when I woke beneath the morning's beams,
 Around my resting place fresh manna lay;
 And, praising God, I went upon my way.
 For I was fed.

{ God answers prayer; sometimes, when hearts are weak,
 { He gives the very gifts believers seek.
 But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
 And trust God's silence when He does not speak;
 For He whose name is Love will send the best.
 Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure,
 But God is true, His promises are sure
 For those who seek.

Author Unknown

The Christ of Common Folks

I love the name of Christ the Lord, the Man of Galilee,
 Because he came to live and toil among the likes of me.
 Let others sing the praises of a mighty King of kings;
 I love the Christ of common folks, the Lord of common
 things.

The beggars and the feeble ones, the poor and sick and blind,
 The wayward and the tempted ones, were those he loved to
 find;
 He lived with them to help them like a brother and a friend,
 Or like some wandering workman finding things to mend.

I know my Lord is still my kind of folks to this good day;
 I know because he never fails to hear me when I pray.
 He loves the people that he finds in narrow dingy streets,
 And brings a word of comfort to the weary one he meets.

My job is just a poor man's job, my home is just a shack,
 But on my humble residence he has never turned his back.
 Let others sing their praises to a mighty King of kings;
 I love the Christ of common folks, the Lord of common
 things.

George T. Liddell

Seeking

Where the sun shines in the street
 There are very many feet
 Seeking God, all unaware
 That their hastening is a prayer.
 Perhaps these feet would deem it odd
 (Who think they are on business bent)
 If someone went
 And told them, "You are seeking God."

Mary Carolyn Davies

Specula

When He appoints thee, go thou forth —
 It matters not
 If south or north,
 Bleak waste or sunny plot.
 Nor think, if haply He thou seek'st be late,
 He does thee wrong.
 To stile or gate
 Lean thou thy head, and long!
 It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
 Upon a tower,
 Or in thy counting
 Thou hast mista'en the hour.

But, if He comes not, neither do thou go
 Till Vesper chime,
 Belike thou then shalt know
 He hath been with thee all the time.

Thomas Edward Brown

Quit You Like Men

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a burden to bear,
 There's a grief to share,
 There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care —
 But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a battle to fight,
 There's a wrong to right,
 There's a God who blesses the good with might —
 So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a work to do,
 There's a world to make new,
 There's a call for men who are brave and true —
 On! on with the song!

Quit you like men, be strong;
 There's a year of grace,
 There's a God to face,
 There's another heat in the great world race —
 Speed! speed with a song!

William Herbert Hudnut

I Have a Rendezvous With Life

I have a rendezvous with Life,
In days I hope will come,
Ere youth has sped, and strength of mind,
Ere voices sweet grow dumb.
I have a rendezvous with Life,
When Spring's first heralds hum.
Sure some would cry it's better far
To crown their days with sleep
Than face the road, the wind and rain,
To heed the calling deep.
Though wet nor blow nor space I fear,
Yet fear I deeply, too,
Lest Death should meet and claim me ere
I keep Life's rendezvous.

Countee Cullen

How Did He Live?

So he died for his faith. That is fine.
More than most of us do.
But stay. Can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim —
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live; every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
 Never turning aside?
 Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
 Never mind how he died.

Ernest Crosby

“Thy Will be Done”

“Thy will be done.” Why always bow the head
 In anguish when these sacred words are said?
 More light than darkness falleth from above;
 The will of God shows clearest through His love.

Why should we kneel in fear, as God were foe,
 When unto Him we pray, “Thy will be done”?
 Why learn to “bend and kiss the rod” in woe?
 On just and unjust shines His blessed sun.

“Thy will be done.” Is there no other way
 Than crying out of sorrow, thus to pray?
 God's daily gifts outweigh the heaviest loss;
 The crown is ours as surely as the cross.

If aught we know, we know that joy reigns there;
 Then let us, as we pray the Christ-taught prayer,
 Lift up our hearts in joy at blessings given:
 Thy will be done on earth, *as it is done in Heaven.*

Louise Peabody Sargent

The Builder

Smoothing a cypress beam
 With a scarred hand,
 I saw a carpenter
 In a far land.

Down past the flat roofs
Poured the white sun;
But still he bent his back,
The patient one.

And I paused surprised
In that queer place
To find an old man
With a haunting face.

“Who art thou, carpenter,
Of the bowed head;
And what buildest thou?”
“Heaven,” he said.

Willard Wattles

Quiet Work

One lesson, Nature, let me learn from thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

Matthew Arnold

The Light of God is Falling

The light of God is falling
 Upon life's common way;
 The Master's voice still calling,
 "Come, walk with me today."
 No duty can seem lowly
 To him who lives with thee,
 And all of life grows holy,
 O Christ of Galilee.

Who shares his life's pure pleasures,
 And walks the honest road,
 Who trades with heaping measures,
 And lifts his brother's load,
 Who turns the wrong down bluntly,
 And lends the right a hand;
 He dwells in God's own country,
 He tills the Holy Land.

Where human lives are thronging
 In toil and pain and sin,
 While cloistered hearts are longing
 To bring the Kingdom in,
 O Christ, the Elder Brother
 Of proud and beaten men,
 When they have found each other,
 Thy Kingdom will come then.

Thy ransomed host in glory,
 All souls that sin and pray,
 Turn toward the cross that bore thee;
 "Behold the man!" they say:

And while thy Church is pleading
For all who would do good,
We hear thy true voice leading
Our song of brotherhood.

Louis F. Benson

Wanderers

Our feet have wandered from thy path,
Thou lowly Christ of Galilee,
Sweet prophet of the helping hand,
Meek Lord of love and sympathy.

Thy faith was but to walk with God
With humble heart and open mind,
But we have builded shrines of stone
In which to worship — spirit-blind!

We lift our heads in loveless prayers,
We glory in our well-wrought creed,
Though righteousness alone avails,
Though mercy is the only need.

Break down, O Christ, our heartless faiths,
And give to us that spirit fine
Which feels in thee a Comrade strong,
In every soul a friend of thine.

Thomas Curtis Clark

Evening Prayer

If I have wounded any soul today,
If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have walked in my own willful way —
Good Lord, forgive!

If I have uttered idle words or vain,
 If I have turned aside from want or pain,
 Lest I myself should suffer through the strain —
 Good Lord, forgive!

If I have craved for joys that are not mine,
 If I have let my wayward heart repine,
 Dwelling on things of earth, not things divine —
 Good Lord, forgive!

If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold,
 If I have longed for shelter in Thy fold
 When Thou hast given me some part to hold —
 Good Lord, forgive!

Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee,
 Forgive the secret sins I do not see,
 That which I know not, Father, teach Thou me —
 Help me to live.

C. Maud Battersby

Real Presence

Not on an altar shall mine eyes behold Thee;
 Though Thou art sacrifice, Thou too art Priest;
 Bend, that the feeble arms of Love enfold Thee,
 So Faith shall bloom, increased.

Not on a Cross, with passion buds around Thee,
 Thorn-crowned and lonely, in Thy suffering;
 Nay, but as watching Mary met and found Thee,
 Dawn-robed, the Risen King.

Not in the past, but in the present glorious,
Not in the future, that I cannot span,
Living and breathing, over death victorious,
My God . . . my Brother-Man.

Ivan Adair

Lo, I Am With You Always

Wide fields of corn along the valleys spread;
The rain and dews mature the swelling vine;
I see the Lord in multiplying bread;
I see him turning water into wine;
I see him working all the works divine
He wrought when Salemward his steps were led;
The selfsame miracles around him shine;
He feeds the famished; he revives the dead;
He pours the flood of light on darkened eyes;
He chases tears, diseases, fiends away;
His throne is raised upon these orient skies;
His footstool is the pave whereon we pray.
Ah, tell me not of Christ in Paradise,
For he is all around us here today.

John Charles Earle

A Creed

In fellowship of living things,
In kindred claims of Man and Beast,
In common courtesy that brings
Help from the greater to the least,
In love that all life shall receive,
Lord, I believe.

In peace, earth's passion far above,
 In pity, measured not nor priced,
 In all souls luminous with love,
 Alike in Buddha and in Christ,
 In any rights that wrongs retrieve,
 Lord, I believe.

In truth that falsehood cannot span,
 In the majestic march of Laws,
 That weed and flower and worm and man
 Result from one Supernal Cause,
 In doubts that dare and faiths that cleave,
 Lord, I believe.

Ellen Glasgow

On the Twenty-third Psalm

In "pastures green" ? Not always; sometimes He
 Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
 In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by "still waters" ? No, not always so;
 Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
 And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
 Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
 And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

So, where He leads me, I can safely go,
 And in the blest hereafter I shall know,
 Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

Author Unknown

Tomorrow's News

There will be news tomorrow:
 News of sorrow
May be; hard and sharp and cutting:
 Shutting
 Off a breath of sweetness,
 Life's completeness
 Shattering further;
 Clashing hard on one another
Hope and faith: but God will choose
 The wisest news.
If I tonight
 Were given to write,
By my own will, the words to shape
Tomorrow's course, sleep would escape
 Me, and the wings
Of my light heart would be bound. God ordereth things;
 And I but pray:
 Shape Thou my destiny,
 And use me to Thy will.
 Or let me lie quite still
 Within Thy hand. The news
 Will be as God shall choose.

George Klinge

Our Dim Eyes Seek a Beacon

Our dim eyes seek a beacon,
And our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mystery
Seek a meaning and a key;

But a cross shines on our pathway,
 On it hangs the Crucified,
 And he answers all our longings
 With the whisper, " Follow Me."

{ Life is a duty — dare it;
 { Life is a burden — bear it;
 { Life is a thorn-crown — wear it;
 Though it break thy heart in twain,
 Though the burden bear thee down,
 Close thy lips and stand the pain,
 First the Cross, and then the Crown.

Author Unknown

God Meets Me in the Mountains

{ God meets me in the mountains when I climb alone and high,
 Above the wrangling sinners and the jangling devotees,
 Up where the tapered spruce will guide my glances to the sky
 And canyon walls will mutely preach their mighty homilies
 In hush so dense that I can sense — is it my pulses drum-
 ming?
 Or God's light footfall, coming through the silvery aspen
 trees?

Some way I seem to lose him in the jostle of the street,
 But on a twisty deer trail, as I trudge along alone,
 A mystic presence in the forest often stays my feet —
 No vision borrowed from a saint, but awesomely my own.
 I feel it smite my spirit white, the prophet's taintless passion,
 As ancient as the fashion of the pine tree's rugged cone.

For me no school could give it life, as none can deal it death.
 Up through the pines' red pillars and across the snow and
 shale.

Where science and theology alike are but a breath,
 I follow marks that make the wisest book an idle tale.
 Why should I squint at faded print to glimpse his timeworn
 traces?
 God walks the lonely places yet, where men first found his
 trail.

Where pines reach up the mountains and the mountains up
 the blue,
 And, tense with some expectancy, the lifting ledges frown,
 The high desire of the hills is my desire too,
 For there my spirit laughs to fling its worldly duffle down
 And, shaking free exultantly, calls to its great companion!
 God meets me in the canyon when I miss him in the town.
Badger Clark

✓ Life's Illusion

He toiled and saved his earnings every day,
 But starved his mind, and grasped at common things;
 His prisoned soul ne'er struggled out of clay,
 His better nature never found its wings.

He hoped to sit with Happiness at last,
 Mansioned, sufficient, when he would be old;
 But he was just a graveyard! and the past
 Left naught for him but a rude pile of gold.
Alexander Louis Fraser

Our Christ

In Christ I feel the heart of God
 Throbbing from heaven through earth;
 Life stirs again within the clod,
 Renewed in beauteous birth;

The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing His breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure Height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet,
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

Lucy Larcom

Gethsemane

There is a way which man hath trod
For lo, these thronging, countless years;
It is the way of life, of God;
It is the way of night, of tears;
Its winding we may not foresee;
It is the way — Gethsemane.

It is the way whereby we know
Life's larger meanings and its claims,
The fellowship of human woe,
Our partnership with others' pains.
It is the way which seems to be
Life's only way — Gethsemane.

Charles Russell Wakeley

The Passion Flower

Thou lowly, meek and lovely flower,
 But yesterday, at evening's hour,
 As trudged I upward with my load,
 I saw thee blooming by the road,
 And stayed my steps to wonder there
 That beauty so supremely fair
 Should waste its loveliness on me —
 Even as the Flower of Calvary!

Charles G. Blanden

The Welcome

God spreads a carpet soft and green
 O'er which we pass;
 A thick-piled mat of jeweled sheen —
 And that is Grass.

Delightful music woos the ear;
 The grass is stirred
 Down to the heart of every spear —
 Ah, that's a Bird.

Clouds roll before a blue immense
 That stretches high
 And lends the soul exalted sense —
 That scroll's a Sky.

Green rollers flaunt their sparkling crests;
 Their jubilee
 Extols brave Captains and their quests —
 And that is Sea.

New-leaping grass, the feathery flute,
The sapphire ring,
The sea's full-voiced, profound salute —
Ah, that is Spring!

Arthur Powell

Judean Hills Are Holy

Judean hills are holy,
Judean fields are fair,
For one can find the footprints
Of Jesus everywhere.

One finds them in the twilight
Beneath the singing sky,
Where shepherds watch in wonder
White planets wheeling by.

His trails are on the hillsides
And down the dales and deeps;
He walks the high horizons
Where vesper silence sleeps.

He haunts the lowly highways
Where human hopes have trod
The Via Dolorosa
Up to the heart of God.

He looms, a lonely figure,
Along the fringe of night,
As lonely as a cedar
Against the lonely light.

Judean hills are holy,
Judean hills are fair,
For one can find the footprints
Of Jesus everywhere.

William L. Stidger

Bread and Roses

(In a parade of the strikers of Lawrence, Mass., some young girls carried a banner inscribed, "We want Bread, and Roses too!")

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill-lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, "Bread and Roses, Bread
and Roses."

As we come marching, marching, we battle, too, for men —
For they are women's children and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes —
Hearts starve as well as bodies: Give us Bread, but give us
Roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of Bread;
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew —
Yet, it is bread we fight for — but we fight for Roses, too.

As we come marching, marching, we bring the Greater
Days —
The rising of the women means the rising of the race —

No more the drudge and idler — ten that toil where one re-
 poses —
 But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses, Bread and
 Roses!

James Oppenheim

Crusaders

They have taken the tomb of our Comrade Christ —
 Infidel hordes that believe not in Man;
 Stable and stall for his birth sufficed,
 But his tomb is built on a kingly plan.
 They have hedged him round with pomp and parade,
 They have buried him deep under steel and stone —
 But we come leading the great Crusade
 To give our Comrade back to his own.

Elizabeth Waddell

Reminder

{ Each star that rises and doth fade,
 Each bird that sings its song and sleeps,
 Each spark of spirit fire that leaps
 Within me — of One Flame are made!

John Galsworthy

If He Should Come

If Jesus should tramp the streets tonight,
 Storm-beaten and hungry for bread,
 Seeking a room and a candle light
 And a clean though humble bed,

Who would welcome the Workman in,
Though he came with panting breath,
His hands all bruised and his garments thin —
This Workman from Nazareth?

Would rich folk hurry to bind his bruise
And shelter his stricken form?
Would they take God in with his muddy shoes
Out of the pitiless storm?
Are they not too busy wreathing their flowers
Or heaping their golden store —
Too busy chasing the bubble hours
For the poor man's God at the door?

And if he should come where churchmen bow,
Forgetting the greater sin,
Would he pause with a light on his wounded brow,
Would he turn and enter in?
And what would he think of their creeds so dim,
Of their weak, uplifted hands,
Of their selfish prayers going up to him
Out of a thousand lands?

Edwin Markham

Immanence

And canst thou find God in the crystal sphere
Which hangs from every grass blade in the dawn?
And dost thou find the Infinite more near
When breath of summer bows the waving corn?
And has the formless deep of night no soul?
Is it mere chaos — or a God-filled whole?
Is silence nothing more than sign of death,
Or dull restraint of life's activity?

Canst thou not feel o'er all the Spirit's breath —
 That sure disproof of our mortality?
 And does the cosmic vast appal thy sense,
 Or canst thou smile to see God's immanence?

F. Barrie Flint

The Modern Saint

He looks not holy; simple in his belief;
 His creed for mystic visions do not scan;
 His face has lines cut there by others' grief,
 And in his eyes is love of fellow-man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care;
 He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
 To live in; and his mission everywhere
 Is strangely like the Christ's in olden time.

No medieval mystery, no crowned
 Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright,
 A Modern Saint! A man who treads earth's ground
 And ministers to men with all his might.

Richard Burton

The Unseen World

The spirits of the dead are with us still;
 Part of our being, instinct to our life,
 Familiars light and dark; all space is rife
 With influences that mould our plastic will,
 Unseen yet felt, unknown yet guessed at, till
 Death plucks away the mask of flesh, or strife
 Of soul wears out the body as a knife
 Frets through its sheath then feels a naked thrill.

For nature wars within us with a sense
 Mysterious, conjoined, yet not of her,
 Subduing yet subdued; but when the tense
 Bond of their union slackens, then the whirr
 Of the soul's wings is heard, our essence soars
 Transfigured, lighted from the eternal shores.

Craven Langstroth Betts

The Debt

Because the years are few, I must be glad;
 Because the silence is so near, I sing;
 'Twere ill to quit an inn where I have had
 Such bounteous fare, nor pay my reckoning.
 I would not, from some gleaming parapet
 Of Sirius or Vega, bend my gaze
 On a remembered sparkle and regret
 That from it thanklessly I went my ways
 Up through the starry colonnades, nor found
 Violets in any Paradise more blue
 Than those that blossomed on my own waste ground,
 Nor vespers sweeter than the robins knew.

Though Earth be but an outpost of delight,
 Heaven's wild frontier by tragedy beset,
 Only a Shakespeare may her gifts requite,
 Only a happy Raphael pay his debt.
 Yet I — to whom even as to those are given
 Cascading foam, emblazoned butterflies,
 The moon's pearl chariot through the massed clouds driven,
 And the divinity of loving eyes —
 Would make my peace now with mine hostess Earth,
 Give and take pardon for all brief annoy,
 And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
 Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

Katharine Lee Bates

✓
Alone God Sufficeth

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Translations from "Saint Teresa"

✓
Evolution

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

John Bannister Tabb

POEMS
FOR THE GREAT DAYS
OF THE YEAR

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year

**I am the New Year, and I come to you pure and unstained,
Fresh from the hand of God.**

Each day, a precious pearl to you is given

That you must string upon the silver thread of Life.

Once strung can never be unthreaded but stays

An undying record of your faith and skill.

**Each golden, minute link you then must weld into the chain
of hours**

That is no stronger than its weakest link.

Into your hands is given all the wealth and power

To make your life just what you will.

I give to you, free and unstinted, twelve glorious months

Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;

The days for work and rest, the nights for peaceful slumber.

All that I have I give with love unspoken.

All that I ask — *you keep the faith unbroken!*

J. D. Templeton

The Old Year

What is the Old Year? 'Tis a book

On which we backward sadly look,

Not willing quite to see it close,

For leaves of violet and rose

Within its heart are thickly strewn,

Marking love's dawn and golden noon;

And turned-down pages, noting days
Dimly recalled through Memory's haze;
And tear-stained pages, too, that tell
Of starless nights and mournful knell
Of bells tolling through trouble's air
The De Profundis of despair —
The laugh, the tear, the shine, the shade,
All 'twixt the covers gently laid;
No uncut leaves; no page unscanned;
Close it and lay it in God's hand.

Clarence Urmy

A New Leaf

He came to my desk with quivering lip —
The lesson was done.
“Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf,” he said,
“I have spoiled this one.”
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled,
“Do better, now, my child.”

I went to the throne with a quivering soul —
The old year was done.
“Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.”
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled,
“Do better, now, my child.”

Kathleen Wheeler

For the New Year

Are you sheltered, curled up and content by your world's
warm fire?

Then I say that your soul is in danger,
The sons of the Light, they are down with God in the mire,
God in the manger.

So rouse from your perilous ease; to your sword and your
shield!

Your ease is the ease of the cattle!
Hark, hark, where the bugles are calling: out to some field —
Out to some battle. *Edwin Markham*

To Age

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door;
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

.....
Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage:
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of age.

Walter Savage Landor

The New Year

A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

Horatio Nelson Powers

A Way to a Happy New Year

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold
Of the not worth while of the days grown old,
To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work and lift his load;
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a Happy New Year.

Robert Brewster Beattie

A New Start

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's
greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know
no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit
praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's
gaze.

I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is
shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;

I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with
mine.

Author Unknown

Ring Out, Wild Bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson

The Message of the New Year

I asked the New Year for some message sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused: he answered soft and low,
“ God’s will to know.”

“ Will knowledge then suffice, New Year? ” I cried;
And, ere the question into silence died,
The answer came, “ Nay, but remember, too,
God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked, “ Is there no more to tell? ”
And once again the answer sweetly fell,
“ Yes! this thing, all other things above:
God’s will to love.”

Author Unknown

Gratitude

For sunlit hours and visions clear,
For all remembered faces dear,
For comrades of a single day,
Who sent us stronger on our way,
For friends who shared the year’s long road,
And bore with us the common load,
For hours that levied heavy tolls,
But brought us nearer to our goals,
For insights won through toil and tears,
We thank the Keeper of our years.

Clyde McGee

Song

What have the years left us?
 What will they bring?
 Life — life's not bereft us:
 Still we can sing.

Time, drop shades around us;
 Death, call us hame;
 Say not that you found us
 Sorry we came.

Charles G. Blanden

January

We pause beside this door:
 Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
 The footsteps of a Child
 Sound close beside us. Listen, he will speak!
 His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,
 Yet has he trod the world's press undefiled.
 "Enter through me," he saith, "nor wander more;
 For lo! I am the Door."

Lucy Larcom

The New Year

Standing with folded wings of mystery,
 The New Year waits to greet us — you and me.

Her arms are full of gifts; her feet are shod
 All fitly for rough roads or velvet sod;
 Her eyes are steady with belief in God.

Her voice falls sweetly as a vesper bell
Where trust and hope all lesser notes dispel;
Scarce knowing why, we feel that all is well.

She smiles a little as she turns away,
Breathing a promise for each coming day;
And we — we pause a little while to pray!

Lillian Gard

Live in the Present

Forget the past and live the present hour;
Now is the time to work, the time to fill
The soul with noblest thoughts, the time to will
Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower
Heaven has bestowed, to test our utmost power.

Now is the time to love, and better still,
To serve our loved ones, over passing ill
To rise triumphant; thus the perfect flower
Of life shall come to fruitage, wealth amass
For grandest giving ere the time be gone.

Be glad today, tomorrow may bring tears;
Be brave today, the darkest night will pass,
And golden rays will usher in the dawn;
Who conquers now shall rule the coming years.

Sarah K. Bolton

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

The Martyr Chief

Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating as by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A seamark now, now lost in vapors blind,
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.

.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes:
 These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

James Russell Lowell

From Lincoln, *The Man of the People*

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
 The smack and tang of elemental things:
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff,
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves,
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well,
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
 The secrecy of streams that make their way
 Under the mountain to the rifted rock,
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky.

.
 So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
 And when the judgment thunders split the house,
 Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
 He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
 The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
 Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise —
 Towering in calm rough-hewn sublimity.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham

He Leads Us Still

Dare we despair? Through all the nights and days
 Of lagging war he kept his courage true.
 Shall doubt befog our eyes? A darker haze
 But proved the faith of him who ever knew

That right must conquer. May we cherish hate
 For our poor griefs, when never word nor deed
 Of rancor, malice, spite of low or great,
 In his large soul one poison-drop could breed?

He leads us still! O'er chasms yet unspanned
 Our pathway lies; the work is but begun;
 But we shall do our part and leave our land
 The mightier for noble battles won.
 Here truth must triumph, honor must prevail:
 The nation Lincoln died for cannot fail!

Arthur Guiterman

On a Bust of Lincoln

This was a man of mighty mould
 Who walked erewhile our earthly ways,
 Fashioned as leaders were of old
 In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height
 Of brow — a will not wrought to bend!
 Yet in the eyes behold the light
 That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test
 Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;
 Supreme in all the broadest, best,
 We hail American.

When bronze is but as ash to flame,
 And marble but as wind-blown chaff,
 Still shall the luster of his name
 Stand as his cenotaph!

Clinton Scollard

Lincoln

Hurt was the nation with a mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.
Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief.
Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife;
A minor note swelled in the song of life
Till, stirring with the love that filled his breast,
But still unflinching at the right's behest
Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed, from afar —
The mighty Homer of the lyre of war!
'Twas he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,
Muted the strings that made the discord, Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.
O mighty Master of the mighty lyre,
Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,
And wrote thee down among her treasured few!

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

The Eyes of Lincoln

Sad eyes, that were patient and tender,
Sad eyes, that were steadfast and true,
And warm with the unchanging splendor
Of courage no ills could subdue!

Eyes dark with the dread of the morrow,
And woe for the day that was gone,
The sleepless companions of sorrow,
The watchers that witnessed the dawn.

Eyes tired from the clamor and goading,
 And dim from the stress of the years,
 And hollowed by pain and foreboding,
 And strain by repression of tears.

Sad eyes that were wearied and blighted,
 By visions of sieges and wars,
 Now watch o'er a country united
 From the luminous slopes of the stars.

Walt Mason

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(November 19, 1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth
 upon this continent a new nation,
 Conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that
 all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether
 that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedi-
 cated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final
 resting place for those who here gave their lives that
 that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot con-
 secrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have
 consecrated it far above our poor power to add or
 detract.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say
here,
But it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the
unfinished work which they who fought here have thus
far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task
remaining before us;

That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to
that cause for which they gave the last full measure of
devotion;

That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have
died in vain;

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of free-
dom;

And that government of the people, by the people, and for the
people,

Shall not perish from the earth.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is
won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up— for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
 trills;
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the
 shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning:

Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head;
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and
 done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

The Master

(In Memory of Lincoln)

We need him now — his rugged faith that held
 Fast to the rock of Truth through all the days
 Of moil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld
 By very God was he — that God who stays

All hero-souls who will but trust in Him,
 And trusting, labor as if God were not.
 His eyes beheld the stars, clouds could not dim
 Their glory; but his task was not forgot:

To keep his people one; to hold them true
 To that fair dream their fathers willed to them —
 Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew
 Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.
 Such was his task, and well his work was done —
 Who willed us greater tasks, when set his sun.

Thomas Curtis Clark

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Washington

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldier eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours and all men's — Washington.

James Russell Lowell

Washington

Oh, hero of our younger race!
 Great builder of a temple new!
 Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
 Warrior who sheathed the sword he drew!

Lover of men, who saw afar
 A world unmarred by want or war,
 Who knew the path, and yet forbore
 To tread, till all men should implore;
 Who saw the light, and led the way
 Where the gray world might greet the day;

Father and leader, prophet sure,
 Whose will in vast works shall endure,
 How shall we praise him on this day of days,
 Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors
 Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.
 Through its white halls a shadowy cavalcade
 Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors —
 Men whose brawned arms upraised these colors high
 And reared the towers that vanish in the sky, —
 The strong who, having wrought, can never, never die.
Harriet Monroe

Inscription at Mt. Vernon

Washington, the brave, the wise, the good,
 Supreme in war, in council, and in peace.
 Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear, confident
 without assumption.

In disaster calm; in success moderate; in all, himself.
The hero, the patriot, the Christian.
The father of nations, the friend of mankind,
Who, when he had won all, renounced all, and sought in the
bosom of his family and of nature, retirement, and in
the hope of religion, immortality.

Washington

Long are the years since he fell asleep
Where the Potomac flows gently by,
There where Mt. Vernon's green stretches sweep
Under the blue Virginia sky.
Warrior and statesman and patriot true,
Well had he wielded both sword and pen.
Truly, they said as they laid him to rest,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."
Long are the years — and the land he loved
Stands among nations, grown strong and great;
True to his vision of long ago,
Proud of the hand that so shaped her fate.
Time but adds splendor to fame so fair,
Years but test greatness — and now as then
Sleeps he in peace on Mt. Vernon's hill,
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."
B. Y. Williams

LENT AND EASTER

A Ballad of Trees and the Master

Into the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to him,
 The thorn-tree had a mind to him
 When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 And he was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo him last,
 From under the trees they drew him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew him — last
 When out of the woods he came.

Sidney Lanier

Judas

They called him King; and I would have no King:
 Let all be equal, ay, let none be best.
 Why should the weakling John be ever pressed
 Against his bosom, Peter urged to fling
 His clumsy zeal about, while I must bring,
 Forsooth, the bag behind, and feed the rest,
 Never be praised or flattered or caressed,
 Although so watchful in my stewarding?

They called him Son of God. In rage I saw
 This vain idolatry. Was I not wise,
 Not honest, not in truth administering
 The holy precepts of our sacred law? —
 Oh, God! Those pleading, tender, earnest eyes!
 Oh, God! Oh, God! why did I do this thing?
Gamaliel Bradford

Gethsemane

Breathes there a man who claimeth not
 One lonely spot,
 His own Gethsemane,
 Whither with his inmost pain
 He fain
 Would weary plod,
 Find the surcease that is known
 In wind a-moan
 And sobbing sea,
 Cry his sorrow hid of men,
 And then —
 Touch hands with God. *Edmund Leamy*

Gethsemane

All those who journey, soon or late,
 Must pass within the garden's gate;
 Must kneel alone in darkness there,
 And battle with some fierce despair.
 God pity those who cannot say:
 "Not mine but thine"; who only pray:
 "Let this cup pass," and cannot see
 The purpose in Gethsemane.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Atonement

Atonement? Lord, who doth atone today?
 Uplifted on the Cross, canst thou not see
 Atonement died somewhere along the way
 Between the Tomb and dark Gethsemane?

Thine be the hyssop and the bitter draught,
 Thine be the anguish and the ridicule:
 They were not all at Calvary who laughed —
 The knave, the soldier, Pharisee and fool!

They were not all at Calvary who bid
 Their tawdry baubles for thy seamless robe,
 Or, while the very sun its radiance hid,
 The spear upraised, thy tortured flesh to probe.

And yet, dear Lord, a few keep watch with thee,
 A few thy truth with earnest hearts still seek,
 Like those who slumbered through thine agony —
 The spirit willing, though the flesh be weak.

And so, with traitor, thief and Magdalene,
 In thine immortal prayer include us too,
 And by the sacrifice that maketh clean
 Forgive us — we know not what we do!

Marie LeNart

Men Follow Simon

They spat in his face and hewed him a cross
 On that dark day.
 The cross was heavy, Simon bore it
 Golgotha way.
 O Master, the cross is heavy!

They ripped his hands with driven nails
And flayed him with whips.
They pressed the sponge of vinegar
To his parched lips.
O Master, thy dear blood drips!

Men follow Simon, three and three,
And one and one
Down through valleys and up long hills
Into the sun.

O Master, Master — into the sun!

Raymond Kresensky

His Hands

The hands of Christ
Seem very frail,
For they were broken
By a nail.

But only they reach
Heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.

John Richard Moreland

The Dying Thief

“ Even on the cross a man will make a prayer.”
Ay, but when eyes grow faint with instant death
And the voice fails, to have beside you there
In range of darkening eye and thickening breath,

Grace superabundant, grace that more outstrips
 Desire than even desire outruns our due —
 To meet the pitiful half ironic plea
 Just uttered ere the lips
 Relax in silence — giving rendezvous
This very day in Paradise with Me!

Did ever paladin adventuring out
 To face the great uncharted enterprise,
 Choose for companion in the crucial bout
 A sorrier squire with whom to agonize?
 Yet in that earthquake — darkened after
 Of dereliction, when the seventh sword
 So pierced the Dolorous Mother's heart that she
 Was fallen dumb in swoon,
 Thou midst the railers didst salute thy Lord —
 Thou hadst the heart to cry, *Remember me!*
J. S. Phillimore

Indifference

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged him on a tree,
 They drave great nails through hands and feet, and made a
 Calvary;
 They crowned him with a crown of thorns, red were his
 wounds and deep,
 For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was
 cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham, they simply passed him
 by,
 They never hurt a hair of him, they only let him die;
 For men had grown more tender, and they would not give
 him pain,
 They only just passed down the street, and left him in the
 rain.

Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them for they know not what they do,"
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched him through
and through;
The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to
see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.
G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

Calvary

If he could doubt on his triumphal cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?
William Dean Howells

Good Friday

You drove the nails in his white, white feet:
I pierced each tender hand:
And we laughed as we lifted the cross on high —
Too wise to understand.

You gave him the gall and vinegar;
I thrust the lance in his side;
Yet they say it was years and years ago
That the Saviour was crucified.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

There is a Man on the Cross

Whenever there is silence around me
 By day or by night —
 I am startled by a cry.
 It came down from the cross —
 The first time I heard it.
 I went out and searched —
 And found a man in the throes of crucifixion,
 And I said, " I will take you down,"
 And I tried to take the nails out of his feet.
 But he said, " Let them be
 For I cannot be taken down
 Until every man, every woman, and every child
 Come together to take me down."
 And I said, " But I cannot hear you cry.
 What can I do? "
 And he said, " Go about the world —
 Tell everyone that you meet —
 There is a man on the cross."

Elizabeth Cheney

I See His Blood Upon the Rose

I see his blood upon the rose
 And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
 His Body gleams amid eternal snows,
 His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower;
 The thunder and the singing of the birds
 Are but his voice — and carven by his power
 Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
 His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
 His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
 His cross is every tree.

Joseph Mary Plunkett

The Thief on the Cross

Three crosses rose on Calvary against the iron sky,
 Each with its living burden, each with its human cry,
 And all the ages watched there, and there were you and I.

One bore the God incarnate, reviled by man's disdain,
 Who through the woe he suffered for our eternal gain,
 With joy of infinite loving assuaged his infinite pain.

On one the thief repentant conquered his cruel doom,
 Who called at last on Christ and saw his glory through the
 gloom.

For him after the torment souls of the blest made room.

And one the unrepentant bore, who his harsh fate defied.
 To him, the child of darkness, all mercy was denied;
 Nailed by his brothers on the cross, he cursed his God and
 died.

Ah, Christ, who met in Paradise him who had eyes to see,
 Didst thou not greet the other in hell's black agony?
 And if he knew thy face, Lord, what did he say to thee?

Harriet Monroe

Good Friday

Peter and James and John,
 The sad tale runneth on —
 All slept and thee forgot;
 One said he knew thee not.

Peter and James and John,
 The sad tale runneth on —
 I am that one, the three;
 Thus have I done to thee.

Under a garden wall
 I lay at evenfall;
 I waked. Thou calledst me;
 I had not watched with thee.

Peter and James and John,
 The sad tale runneth on —
 By the priest's fagot hot
 I said I knew thee not.

The little maid spake out:
 "With him thou wentest about."
 "This Man I never met —"
 I hear the cock crow yet.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

Calvary

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,
 Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,
 Stung by the mob that came to see the show,
 The Master toiled along to Calvary;
 We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,
 Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;
 We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly —
 And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame
 Still clings, and we have not made good the loss
 That outraged faith has entered in his name.

Ah, when shall come love's courage to be strong!
Tell me, O Lord — tell me, O Lord, how long
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

Edwin Arlington Robinson

For Me

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die,
For me!

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread,
Cross-laden on he sped,
For me!

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him did beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
For me!

Thus wert thou made all mine,
Lord make me wholly thine,
Give grace and strength divine,
To me!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do; oh! lead my feet
E'en though they bleed,
To thee!

Author Unknown

Waking Thought

Waking I look to Jesus on the Rood
 And thank him that the ghostly night is gone;
 Until my soul had seen the Holy Cross
 I never knew the dawn.

All colors were as darkness save the hues
 That even our dull bodily eyes can see,
 But now is God grown fair beyond the East
 Upon His blessed tree.

Marguerite Wilkinson

Good Friday

I for thy sake was pierced with heavy sorrow,
 And bore the cross,
 Yet heeded not the sharpness of the arrow,
 Nor shame and loss.

So faint not thou, whate'er the burden be,
 But bear it bravely, even to Calvary.

Girolamo Savonarola

In the Garden

My sins, my sins, my Savior!
 Their guilt I never knew
 Till with thee in the desert
 I near thy passion drew;
 Till with thee in the garden
 I heard thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody
 That told thy sorrow there.

J. B. S. Monsell

Recognition

When Christ went up to Calvary,
 His crown upon his head,
 Each tree unto its fellow-tree
 In awful silence said:
 " Behold the Gardener is he
 Of Eden and Gethsemane! "

John B. Tabb

The Stranger

I saw him where the rose was red
 Pressing the cruel thorns between
 His hands until his pale palms bled,
 As he walked through my garden-space
 And on his face
 Such sorrow as I had not seen.

" Sad Stranger, who are you that walk
 Where loveliness has birth?
 Why are your palms all torn and dark? "
 He broke another rose blood-red
 And turned and said:
 " Yourself stripped of your mask of mirth."

John Richard Moreland

Immunity

Think you to escape
 What mortal man can never be without?
 What saint upon earth has ever lived apart from cross and
 care?

Why, even Jesus Christ, our Lord, was not even for one hour
free from his passion's pain.

Christ says, "He needs must suffer,
Rising from the dead,
And enter thus upon his glory."

And how do *you* ask for another road

Than this — the Royal Pathway of the Holy Cross.

Thomas à Kempis

Crucifixion

"Lord, must I bear the whole of it, or none?"

"Even as I was crucified, My son."

"Will it suffice if I the thorn-crown wear?"

"To take the scourge, My shoulders were made bare."

"My hands, O Lord, must I be pierced in both?"

"Twain gave I to the hammer, nothing loth."

"But surely, Lord, my feet need not be nailed?"

"Had Mine not been, then love had not prevailed."

"What need I more, O Lord, to fill my part?"

"Only the spear-point in a broken heart."

Frederick George Scott

The Ninth Hour

After the shameful trial in the hall,

The mocking and the scourging, and the pain

Of Peter's words; to Herod, and again

To Pilate's judgment-seat, the royal pall,

To cross itself, the vinegar and gall;

The thieves close by, discipleship proved vain,
The scoffing crowd, his mother's tears like rain,
There came one moment, bitterest of all.
Yet in that cry, when flesh and spirit failed,
Last effort of the awful way he trod,
Which shook the earth, nor left the temple veiled,
In that exceeding great and bitter cry
Was conquest. The centurion standing by
Said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

Caroline Hazard

Christ's Giving

The spirit of self-sacrifice
Stays not to count the price.

Christ did not of his mere abundance cast
Into the empty treasury of man's store:
The First and Last
Gave until even he could give no more;
His very living,
Such was Christ's giving.

Anna E. Hamilton

If Easter be not True

If Easter be not true,
Then all the lilies low must lie;
The Flanders poppies fade and die;
The spring must lose her fairest bloom
For Christ were still within the tomb—
If Easter be not true.

If Easter be not true.
 Then faith must mount on broken wing;
 Then hope no more immortal spring;
 Then hope must lose her mighty urge;
 Life prove a phantom, death a dirge —
 If Easter be not true.

If Easter be not true.
 'Twere foolishness the cross to bear;
 He died in vain who suffered there;
 What matter though we laugh or cry,
 Be good or evil, live or die,
 If Easter be not true?

If Easter be not true —
 But it is true, and Christ is risen!
 And mortal spirit from its prison
 Of sin and death with him may rise!
 Worthwhile the struggle, sure the prize,
 Since Easter, aye, is true!

Henry H. Barstow

My Risen Lord

My risen Lord, I feel thy strong protection;
 I see thee stand among the graves today;
 I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,
 I hear thee say,
 And all the burdens I have carried sadly
 Grow light as blossoms on an April day;
 My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
 This Easter day.

Author Unknown

The Strife is O'er

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee!
Alleluia!

Author Unknown
Translated by Francis Potts

There Was a Garden

A cross — One staggering beneath the weight.
(Golgotha shivered, but knew not why)
A mob — goading with spears of scarlet hate
This One condemned to die.

“ Now in the place where he was crucified
 There was a garden.” Her olive trees
 Leaned over the wall and shuddering sighed
 To the sobbing breeze.

The lilies stirred from sleep and wept at the sound
 Of the tumult cleaving the day;
 And the grasses said: *We stand on holy ground —
 It was God who passed this way.*

Men mocked him. Their frenzy billowed and grew
 To ghastly impact on Calvary's sod.
 Only the garden bowed her heart and knew
 He was the Son of God.

Marie Barton

Easter Sacraments

There is a Soul Gethsemane
 Where I must kneel,
 A prayer which I must pray
 Till I can feel
 That, though the anguish redden on my brow,
 And Calvary's begun,
 From him I'll take the sacrament of Love —
 “ Thy will, not mine, be done.”

There is a Resurrection Life
 That I must share,
 A tomb that I must leave;
 And though I bear
 The wounds which I have won upon my cross,
 Transfigured, they will shine —
 A sacramental pledge of Love with Faith,
 To make his rising mine.

Henry Park Schaufler

For Palm Sunday

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry:
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
 With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

Henry Milman

Rest Remaineth

Easter day breaks!
 Christ rises! Mercy every way is infinite —
 Earth breaks up; time drops away;
 In flows heaven with its new day
 Of endless life —
 What is left for us save in growth
 Of soul to rise up . . .
 From the gift looking to the giver,
 And from the cistern to the river,
 And from the finite to infinity,
 And from man's dust to God's divinity.

Robert Browning

Calvary and Easter

A song of sunshine through the rain,
 Of spring across the snow;
 A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
 A peace surpassing woe.
 Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
 And be ye glad of heart,
 For Calvary and Easter Day
 Were just three days apart!

With shudder of despair and loss
 The world's deep heart is wrung,
 As, lifted high upon his cross,
 The Lord of Glory hung —
 When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
 Stole forth in street and mart,
 But Calvary and Easter Day,
 Earth's blackest day, and whitest day,
 Were just three days apart.

Author Unknown

Resurrection

Waken, O world, if you would glimpse the wonder
 Of God's great primal plan.
 Open, O ears, if you would hear the thunder
 Hurl'd from the heights to man.
 How long shall Christ's high message be rejected?
 Two thousand years have passed since it was told.
 Must One again be born and resurrected
 Ere man shall grasp again the secret ages old?

What, then, the miracle of Easter Day?

What meant the riven tomb, the hidden Might
That conquered death and rolled away the stone

And brought the Master back to mortal sight?

This! That throughout the worlds, One Life, unbroken —
Rushes and flames in an unending vow.

Death *cannot* be, and never has been, spoken —

God and immortal life are *here and now!*

Angela Morgan

Easter Carol

O Earth! throughout thy borders

Re-don thy fairest dress;

And everywhere, O Nature!

Throb with new happiness;

Once more to new creation

Awake, and death gainsay,

For death is swallowed up of life,

And Christ is risen today!

Let peals of jubilation

Ring out in all the lands;

With hearts of deep elation

Let sea with sea clasp hands;

Let one supreme Te Deum

Roll round the World's highway,

For death is swallowed up of life,

And Christ is risen today!

George Newell Lovejoy

Easter Music

Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,

Blow soft upon the perfumed air;

Bid the sad earth to join our song,
 " *To Christ does victory belong!* "

Oh, let the winds your message bear
 To every heart of grief and care;
 Sound through the world the joyful lay,
 " *Our Christ hath conquered Death today!* "

On cloudy wings let glad words fly
 Through the soft blue of echoing sky:
 Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear,
 " *Through Death immortal Life is here!* "

Margaret Wade Deland

An Easter Wish

May the glad dawn
 Of Easter morn
 Bring joy to thee.

May the calm eve
 Of Easter leave
 A peace divine with thee.

May Easter night
 On thine heart write,
 O Christ, I live for thee!

Author Unknown

What Does Easter Mean to You?

What does Easter mean to you?
 Stately church with cushioned pew,
 Where, Lenten season gone at last
 And days of self-denial past,

Richly-clad, devoted throngs
Of worshipers unite in songs
Of praise in lily-scented air?
Is this what makes your Easter fair?

Does it mean the end of winter's reign,
Bright skies and welcome warmth again,
Singing of birds, budding of trees,
Sweet spring odors on the breeze
From daffodil and crocus bed
And balsam branches overhead?
Sad is the world and cold and gray,
If this is all of Easter Day.

But if this blessed season brings
A firmer faith in holy things;
Assurance of a living Lord;
A strengthening of the tender chord
Of love that binds us to the life to come
Where loved ones 'wait us in the heavenly home,
No pain or loss can e'er efface the bliss,
Dear friend, of Easter when it means all this.

May Ricker Conrad

Easter

Sing, soul of mine, this day of days.

The Lord is risen.

Toward the sunrising set thy face.

The Lord is risen.

Behold he giveth strength and grace;

For darkness, light; for mourning, praise;

For sin, his holiness; for conflict, peace.

Arise, O soul, this Easter Day!
Forget the tomb of yesterday,
For thou from bondage art set free;
Thou sharest in his victory
And life eternal is for thee,
Because the Lord is risen.

Author Unknown

An Easter Prayer

Lord, now that spring is in the world,
And every tulip is a cup
Filled with the wine of thy great love,
Lift thou me up.

Raise thou my heart as flowers arise
To greet the glory of thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are,
And white as they.

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since Life and Light break through thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.

Show me that thou art April, Lord,
And thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft spring winds,
I'll hear thee pass!

Charles Hanson Towne

For Easter

Oh, let me know
The power of the resurrection;
Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection;

Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts thou freely gavest;
Oh, let me live
With life abundantly because thou livest.

Frances Ridley Havergal

Easter

Say not that death is king, that night is lord,
That loveliness is passing, beauty dies;
Nor tell me hope's a vain, deceptive dream
Fate lends to life, a pleasing, luring gleam
To light awhile the earth's despondent skies,
Till death brings swift and sure its dread reward.
Say not that youth deceives, but age is true,
That roses quickly pass, while cypress bides,
That happiness is foolish, grief is wise,
That stubborn dust shall choke our human cries.
Death tells new worlds, and life immortal hides
Beyond the veil, which shall all wrongs undo.
This was the tale God breathed to me at dawn
When flooding sunrise told the night was gone.

Thomas Curtis Clark

The Birth of the Flowers

God spoke! and from the arid scene
Sprang rich and verdant bowers,
Till all the earth was soft with green —
He smiled, and there were flowers.

Mary M. Fenolosa

Hope

He died!

And with him perished all that men hold dear;
 Hope lay beside him in the sepulcher,
 Love grew corpse cold, and all things beautiful beside
 Died when he died.

He rose!

And with him hope arose, and life and light.
 Men said, "Not Christ but Death died yesternight."
 And joy and truth and all things virtuous
 Rose when he rose.

Author Unknown

Resurrection

In this brown seed, so dry and hard,
 I see a flower in my door yard.
 You, chrysalis in winding sheet,
 Are butterfly all dainty sweet.
 All life is warmed by spring's sweet breath,
 And Christ our Lord has conquered death.

Agnes W. Storer

The Sacrament

"This is my body, which is given for you;
 Do this," he said, "and break, rememb'ring me."
 O Lamb of God, our Paschal off'ring true,
 To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

“ This is my blood, for sins’ remission shed ” ;
 He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round ;
 So let us drink, and, on life’s fullness fed,
 With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

Some will betray thee — “ Master, is it I ? ”
 Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear —
 Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
 To thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

But round us fall the evening shadows dim ;
 A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense ;
 In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
 And hear thy voice, “ Arise, let us go hence.”

Charles L. Ford

Sursum Corda

After the comfortable words come these:
 “ Lift up your hearts.”
 Before the altar he, we on our knees —
 Lift up your hearts.
 And powerless though we be then to obey,
 The high command goes with us through the day:
 Lift up your hearts.

From pondering earth’s long mysterious woe,
 Lift up your hearts.
 With sacrifices filled to overflow ;
 Lift up your hearts.
 Shame expiates the lifting up of sense —
 The lifting up of mind is life’s expense —
 Lift up your hearts.

No goodlier; no more vital words may be —
Lift up your hearts.
In mirth, in loneliness, in agony.
Lift up your hearts.
Nay, show no sign in look, in voice, in word;
Answer, We lift them up unto the Lord!
Lift up your hearts.

Annie Lake Townsend

Golgotha

Our crosses are hewn from different trees,
But we all must have our Calvaries;
We may climb the height from a different side,
But we each go up to be crucified;
As we scale the steep, another may share
The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,
But the costliest sorrow is all our own —
For on the summit we bleed alone.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles

The Bread of Life

Break thou the Bread of Life,
Dear Lord, to me;
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord.
My spirit pants for thee,
O Living Word!

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me — to me —
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace
My all-in-all.

Mary A. Lathbury

This is My Body

He was the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

John Donne

L'Envoi

O love triumphant over guilt and sin,
My Soul is soiled, but thou shalt enter in;
My feet must stumble if I walk alone,
Lonely my heart, till beating by thine own,
My will is weakness till it rest in thine,
Cut off, I wither, thirsting for the Vine,
My deeds are dry leaves on a sapless tree,
My life is lifeless till it live in thee!

Frederick Lawrence Knowles

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother O' Mine

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose tears would come down to me,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 If I were damned by body and soul,
 I know whose prayers would make me whole,
 Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
Rudyard Kipling

Mother's Love

Her love is like an island
 In life's ocean, vast and wide,
 A peaceful, quiet shelter
 From the wind, and rain, and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,
 By Patience on the west,
 By tender Counsel on the south,
 And on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light
 Shine faith, and truth, and prayer;
 And through the changing scenes of life,
 I find a haven there.

Author Unknown

The Mother of the House

Strength and dignity are her clothing;
 And she laugheth at the time to come.
 She openeth her mouth to wisdom;
 And the law of kindness is in her tongue.
 She looketh well to the ways of her household,
 And eateth not the bread of idleness;
 Her children rise up and call her blessed,
 Her husband, also, and he praiseth her, saying:
 "Many daughters have done virtuously,
 But thou excelleth them all."

Proverbs 31:25-29

Dear Old Mothers

I love old mothers — mothers with white hair
 And kindly eyes, and lips grown soft and sweet
 With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
 There is something in their quiet grace
 That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
 A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
 That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch about them weaves
 The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
 While all the echoes of forgotten songs
 Seem joined to lend sweetness to their speech.

Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,
 Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
 Sweet mothers! — as they pass, one sees again
 Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

Charles S. Ross

The Watcher — Mother

She always leaned to watch for us,
 Anxious if we were late,
 In winter by the window,
 In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
 Who had such foolish care,
 The long way home would seem more safe
 Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us —
 She never could forget!
 And so I think that where she is
 She must be watching yet,

Waiting till we come home to her,
 Anxious if we are late —
 Watching from heaven's window,
 Leaning from heaven's gate.

Margaret Widdemer

Our Mothers

O magical word, may it never die from the lips that love to
 speak it,
 Nor melt away from the trusting hearts that even would
 break to keep it.
 Was there ever a name that lived like thine! Will there ever
 be another?
 The angels have reared in heaven a shrine to the holy name
 of Mother.

Author Unknown

A Message

If there is any way, dear Lord
In which my heart may send her word
Of my continued love,
And of my joy in her relief
From pain — a joy not even grief
And loneliness may rise above,

Reveal it to me . . . for I long
To keep intact the tie so strong
Between us, from my birth,
That when we meet (as meet we must)
There shall be naught but perfect trust,
Such as we always knew on earth!

Anna Nelson Reed

To Mother — in Heaven

Now there shall be a new song and a new star,
A new voice in the wind to whisper me;
And I shall stand within this harbor bar
And watch a new light tossing down the sea.

My childish terror of the Lord shall cease;
And my dread fear of blind and horrid fate;
And from my sin I shall have sure release
Because in heaven She is my advocate.

Bennett Weaver

MEMORIAL DAY

Concord Hymn

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those spirits dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The New Memorial Day

“ Under the roses the blue;
Under the lilies the gray.”

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together today.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Albert Bigelow Paine

Decoration Day Prayer

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For those who paid the price;
Our stalwart youth, so brave and fair,
Who made the sacrifice.

They slumber in the cypress' shade,
They, who so nobly died;
Facing destruction unafraid,
All for a nation's pride.

We honor them and weep to think
Of youthful hearts so still.
O Lord, that youth like this should drink
So soon from Lethe's rill!

The price of peace is far too high
In youthful limb and life.
To You, O gracious God, we cry
Through clouds of hate and strife.

We pray that in the hearts of man
The flame of hate may die;
That clouds of war no more shall span
Our nation's peaceful sky.

Lord of our fathers, hear our prayer
For youth now free and gay;
We pray that You may ever spare
Them from the awful fray.

Arthur Roszelle Bemis, Jr.

Memorial Day

A day of tender memory,
A day of sacred hours,
Of little bands of marching men,
Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
Its mighty, throbbing pace,
It pays its meed of gratitude
And love with willing grace.

A day when battles are retold,
And eulogies are said,
When dirges sound, and chaplains read
The office for the dead.

A day when fairest, sweetest blooms
Are laid upon each grave,
And wreaths are hung on monuments,
And banners, half-mast, wave.

A day to keep from year to year
In memory of the dead;
Let music sound, and flowers be laid
Upon each resting-bed.

Emma A. Lent

“ Gone West ”

In the language of the trenches, “ Gone West ” means killed.

Out to the world's dim boundary line,
Where the sky burns red — blood red, like wine,
And the fairest of all the stars doth shine —
Gone West.

Out where beauty, in death still bright,
Casts her glove in the teeth of the night,
And, dying, still promises light, more light —
His rest.

Night may conquer, but hark how the morn
Calls to the stars on the new moon's horn,
Till, like a warrior king, comes dawn —
'Tis best.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

Little Green Tents

Little green tents where the soldiers sleep,
And the sunbeams play, and the women weep,
Are covered with flowers today;
And between the tents walk the weary few,
Who were young and stalwart in sixty-two
When they went to the war away.

The little green tents are built of sod,
And they are not long, and they are not broad,
But the soldiers have lots of room;
And the sod is a part of the land they saved,
When the flag of the enemy darkly waved,
The symbol of dole and doom.

The little green tent is a thing divine;
The little green tent is a country's shrine,
Where patriots kneel and pray.
And the brave men left, so old, so few,
Were young and stalwart in sixty-two,
When they went to the war away.

Walt Mason

Memorial Day

To all the heart-wounds touched afresh this day
As on the Soldier's resting place we lay
Thy flowers, Christ, in tender memory,
Give healing thou,
This eventide.

And for the sorrowing ones who yet remain,
To whom the heart-break and the bitter pain
Come like the memory of an old song's sad refrain,
Have pity thou,
This eventide.

For all the losses of the lonely years —
For all the weight of shed and unshed tears,
For all forebodings, and all coming fears,
Give quietness,
This eventide.

By all the flower of youth in battle slain,
By all the woman's heritage of pain;
The prayer that it may not have been in vain.
We leave with thee,
This eventide.

Emerette H. Dunning

INDEPENDENCE DAY

America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the fruited plain!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!
 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
 Who more than self their country loved,
 And mercy more than life!
 America! America!
 May God thy gold refine
 Till all success be nobleness
 And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katharine Lee Bates

From The Ship of State

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Stanzas from The Present Crisis

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's
aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to
west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him
climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

Careless seems the great Avenger: history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
own.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide;
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
side,
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the
right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that
light.

For humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;

Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots
burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden
urn.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good
uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast
of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pil-
grims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the des-
perate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
key.

James Russell Lowell

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword;

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
 camps;
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dewes and
 dampes;
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps;
 His day is marching on. — CHO.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
 deal."
 Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on. — CHO.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
 seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant my feet;
 Our God is marchng on. — CHO.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on. — CHO.

Julia Ward Howe

Your Flag and My Flag

Your flag and my flag,
 And how it flies today,
 In your land and my land,
 And half a world away!

Rose-red and blood-red,
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue,
With stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day;
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land
And half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute
And ripples to the sound.

Your flag and my flag!
And, Oh! how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight.
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed —
Red and blue and white.
The one flag — the great flag —
The flag for me and you
Glorified all else beside,
The red and white and blue.

Wilbur D. Nesbit

My America

More famed than Rome, as splendid as old Greece,
 And saintlier than Hebrew prophet's dream;
 A shrine of beauty, Italy-inspired;
 A nobler France, by truth and freedom fired;
 As hale as England, treasuring the gleam
 Of knightly Arthur; though a land of peace,
 As brave as Sparta — till all hellish wars shall cease.

In thoughts, as wise as is her prairie sea;
 In deeds, as splendid as her mountain piles;
 As noble as her mighty river tides.
 Let her be true, a land where right abides;
 Let her be clean, as sweet as summer isles;
 And let her sound the note of liberty
 For all the earth, till every man and child be free!

Thomas Curtis Clark

Love of Country

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said:
 " This is my own, my native land " ?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch concentered all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

Patriotism

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

Susan Coolidge

LABOR DAY

Aristocrats of Labor

They claim no guard of heraldry,
They scorn the knightly rod;
Their coats of arms are noble deeds,
Their peerage is from God!

W. Stewart

The Gospel of Labor

This is the Gospel of Labor —
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk —
The Lord of love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted
Here in the thorn-cursed soil —
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest;
But the blessing of earth is toil.

Henry van Dyke

The Thinker

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought,
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel.

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor,
Which gives the work a soul.

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the bells that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust,
But back of them stands the schemer,
The thinker who drives things through,
Back of the job — the dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

Berton Braley

The Day and the Work

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;
And once, and no more, he is given to travel this way.
And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;
For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only your hands can avail;
And so, if you falter, a chord in the music will fail.
We may laugh to this sky, we may lie for an hour in the sun;
But we dare not go hence till the labor appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

We are given one hour to parley and struggle with Fate,
Our wild hearts filled with the dream, our brains with the
high debate.

It is given to look on life once, and once only to die:
One testing, and then at a sign we go out of the sky.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;
So your work is awaiting: it has waited through ages for you.

Edwin Markham

Song of Christian Workingmen

Our Master toiled, a carpenter
Of busy Galilee;
He knew the weight of ardent tasks
And oftentimes, wearily,
He sought, apart, in earnest prayer
For strength, beneath his load of care.

He took a manly share of work,
No thoughtless shirker he.
From dawn to dusk, before his bench,
He labored faithfully.
He felt just pride in work well done
And found rest sweet, at setting sun.

His Father worked, and he rejoiced
That honest toil was his —
To whom was given grace to know
Divinest mysteries:
And shall not we find toiling good
Who serve in labor's brotherhood?

Thomas Curtis Clark

The Master's Man

My Master was a worker
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker, too;
Then welcome honest labor
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
A trusty friend and true,
And he who would be like him
Must be a comrade too;
In happy hours of singing,
In silent hours of care,
Where goes a loyal comrade,
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,
The woes of life he knew,
And he who would be like him
Must be a helper too;
The burden will grow lighter,
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then, brothers, brave and manly,
Together let us be,
For he, who is our Master,
The Man of men was he;

The men who would be like him
 Are wanted everywhere,
 And where they love each other
 The Master's men are there.

William G. Tarrant

Work

Work thou for pleasure.
 Paint or sing or carve
 The thing thou lovest,
 Though the body starve.
 Who works for glory
 Misses oft the goal,
 Who works for money
 Coins his very soul.
 Work for the work's sake,
 Then, and it might be
 That these things shall
 Be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox

Labor

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
 And you hail us still unfed,
 Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
 But marks the workers' dead.
 We have yielded our best to give you rest,
 And you lie on crimson wool;
 For if blood be the price of all your wealth
 Good God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a mine blown skyward now
 But we're buried alive for you;
 There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
 But we are its ghastly crew;

Go reckon our dead by the forges red,
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your cursèd wealth
Good God, we ha' paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years,
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike of a week ago.
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes and wives,
And we're told it's your legal share;
But, if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,
Good God, we ha' bought it fair.

Author Unknown

COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, " Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Speak, admiral, what shall I say? "
" Why, say ' Sail on! Sail on and on! ' "

" My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

“ What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn? ”
 “ Why, we shall say at break of day,
 ‘ Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on! ’ ”

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 “ Why, now not even God would know,
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dead seas is gone,
 Now, speak, brave admiral, speak and say.”
 He said, “ Sail on! Sail on and on! ”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 “ This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite!
 Brave admiral, say but one good word.
 What shall we do when hope is gone? ”
 The words leaped as a leaping sword,
 “ Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on! ”

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a starlit flag, unfurled!
 It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.
 He gained a world, he gave the world
 Its grandest lesson, “ On and on.”

Joaquin Miller

The Prayer of Columbus

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
 That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
 Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
 For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
 Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
 The clouds already closing in upon me,
 The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
 I yield my ships to Thee.
 My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
 My brain feels rack'd, bewildered,
 Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
 I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
 Thee, Thee at least I know.

Walt Whitman

Columbus the World-Giver

Who doubts has met defeat ere blows can fall;
 Who doubts must die with no palm in his hand;
 Who doubts shall never be of that high band
 Which clearly answer — Present! to Death's call.
 For Faith is life, and, though a funeral pall
 Veil our fair Hope, and on our promised land
 A mist malignant hang, if Faith but stand
 Among our ruins, we shall conquer all.
 O faithful soul, that knew no doubting low;
 O Faith incarnate, lit by Hope's strong flame,

And led by Faith's own cross to dare all ill
And find our world! — but more than this we owe
To thy true heart; thy pure and glorious name
Is one clear trumpet call to Faith and Will.

Maurice Francis Egan

ARMISTICE DAY

This Is War

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife; and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul — save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street,
For yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!

The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous, grinning thing that stalks

Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this —
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

Richard Le Gallienne

The Jewish Conscript

They have dressed me up in a soldier's dress,
With a rifle in my hand,
And have sent me bravely forth to shoot
My own in a foreign land.

Oh, many shall die for the fields of their homes,
And many in conquest wild,
But I shall die for the fatherland
That murdered my little child.

How many hundreds of years ago —
The nations wax and cease! —
Did the God of our fathers doom us to bear
The flaming message of peace!

We are the mock and the sport of time!
Yet why should I complain! —
For the Jew that they hung on the bloody cross,
He also died in vain.

Florence Kiper Frank

Apparitions

Who goes there, in the night,
 Across the storm-swept plain?
*We are the ghosts of a valiant war —
 A million murdered men!*

Who goes there, at the dawn,
 Across the sun-swept plain?
*We are the hosts of those who swear:
 It shall not be again!*

Thomas Curtis Clark

The Victory Which Is Peace

When navies are forgotten
 And fleets are useless things,
 When the dove shall warm her bosom
 Beneath the eagle's wings;

When the memory of battles
 At last is strange and old,
 When nations have one banner
 And creeds have found one fold;

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
 With its dust of powdered suns
 Has hushed this tiny tumult
 Of sects, and swords, and guns,

Then hate's last note of discord
 In all God's world shall cease
 In the conquest which is service,
 In the victory which is peace.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles

Peace

O brother, lift a cry, a long world-cry
Sounding from sky to sky —
The cry of one great word,
Peace, peace, the world-will clamoring to be heard —
A cry to break the ancient battle-ban,
To end it in the sacred name of Man!

Edwin Markham

When War Shall Be No More

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as the songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Dead

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away; poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene
 That men call age; and those who would have been
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
 Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
 Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke

He Shall Speak Peace

Hatred and greed and pride shall die,
 Cannon and swords shall prostrate lie;
 Warring shall end, the world shall cry —
 For He shall speak peace.

Rivers shall nevermore run red,
 Terror shall hide his bloody head,
 Life shall no more for lust be shed —
 For He shall speak peace.

They shall not strive in earth again,
 Honor will come to dwell with men;
 Children will bide in safety then —
 For He shall speak peace.

Desolate plains, now bleak and cold,
Burst forth again in green and gold;
Birds of the trenches sing, as of old —
For He shall speak peace.

Thomas Curtis Clark

Victory

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life:
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens — their heritage to take —
"I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;
I saw the morning break."

Owen Seaman

The Man He Killed

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin.

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

“ I shot him dead because —
 Because he was my foe,
 Just so: my foe of course he was;
 That's clear enough; although

“ He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
 Offhand like — just as I —
 Was out of work — had sold his traps —
 No other reason why.

“ Yes; quaint and curious war is!
 You shoot a fellow down
 You'd treat if met where any bar is,
 Or help to half a crown.”

Thomas Hardy

Brotherhood

The crest and crowning of all good,
 Life's final star is Brotherhood;
 For it will bring again to Earth
 Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth,
 Will send new light on every face,
 A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way:
 Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
 Break the dead branches from the path:
 Our hope is in the aftermath —
 Our hope is in heroic men,
 Star-led to build the world again.

To this Event the ages ran:

Make way for Brotherhood — make way for Man.

Edwin Markham

Peace

Not with the high-voiced fife,
Nor with the deep-voiced drum,
To mark the end of strife
The perfect Peace shall come.

Nor pomp nor pageant grand
Shall bring War's blest surcease,
But silent, from God's hand
Shall come the perfect Peace!

Clinton Scollard

The Universal Republic

Upon the skyline i' the dark
The Sun that now is but a spark;
But soon will be unfurled
The glorious banner of us all,
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,
Republic of the World!

Victor Hugo

The Morning Breaks

Beyond the war-clouds and the reddened ways,
I see the Promise of the Coming Days!
I see His Sun arise, new charged with grace
Earth's tears to dry and all her woes efface!
Christ lives! Christ loves! Christ rules!
No more shall Might,
Though leagued with all the Forces of the Night,

Ride over Right. No more shall Wrong
 The world's gross agonies prolong.
 Who waits His Time shall surely see
 The triumph of His Constancy; —
 When without let, or bar, or stay,
 The coming of His Perfect Day
 Shall sweep the Powers of Night away; —
 And Faith, replumed for nobler flight,
 And Hope, aglow with radiance bright,
 And Love, in loveliness bedight,
Shall greet the morning light!

John Oxenham

The World-Man

Make room for the World-man!
 Prepare ye the way!
 And hasten the coming
 Of Love's Triumph-day.

Make room for the World-man!
 No power can withhold
 The dream of the ages
 By prophets foretold.

O hearts of the millions,
 List, list for the Voice!
 The deserts shall blossom,
 The nations rejoice.

O hearts of the nations,
 List, list to the call,
 And welcome the World-man,
 Great brother of all.

Where, where shall we seek him?
My vision is true!
O hearts of the millions,
He liveth in You!

Henry Victor Morgan

Peace Must Come as a Troubadour

They have pictured Peace at the wheel and loom
While swallows chirp in the nested eaves;
They have shown you fields with their tawny sheaves
And meadow vales where the daisies bloom.
But War rides out to the trumpet shout,
In scarlet and gold and silver and blue.
His strong old song throbs hard in you,
And you swing to your saddle with never a doubt.

They have pictured Peace in mauve and gray,
The pale old man in cowl and gown,
Walled in from the quiet old-world town,
Chanting the twilight hours away.
But down in the pushing, lusting crowd,
Down in the weary, sweating throng,
The faint, slow notes of Evensong
Are lost, for the horns of War are loud.

So Peace must come as a troubadour,
Singing to thatch and turret and spire,
Of smoking feast and of ruddy fire,
Of sleeping babes for the rich and poor.
But the song of Peace must soar and rise
To high adventure and pain and death,
For Youth will wager his dying breath
For a cause that wings to the very skies.

Marie Drennan

THANKSGIVING DAY

Prayer to the Giver

Lord, I am glad for the great gift of living —
Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;
Grateful for joy, with an endless thanksgiving,
Grateful for laughter — and grateful for pain.

Lord, I am glad for the young April's wonder,
Glad for the fulness of long summer days,
And now when the spring and my heart are asunder,
Lord, I give thanks for the dark autumn ways.

Sun, bloom, and blossom, O Lord, I remember,
The dream of the spring and its joy I recall;
But now in the silence and pain of November,
Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giver of all!

Charles Hanson Towne

We Thank Thee, Lord

We thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy Golden Silences —
Silence of moorlands rolling to the skies,
Heath-purpled, bracken-clad, aflame with gorse;
Silence of deep woods' mystic cloistered calm;
Silence of wide seas basking in the sun,
Silence of white peaks soaring to the blue;
Silence of dawns, when, their matins sung,
The little birds do fall asleep again;

For the deep silence of the golden noons;
Silence of gloamings and the setting sun;
Silence of moonlit nights and patterned glades;
Silence of stars, magnificently still,
Yet ever chanting their Creator's skill;
Deep unto deep, within us sound sweet chords
Of praise beyond the reach of human words;
In our souls' silence, feeling only Thee —
 We thank Thee, thank Thee,
 Thank Thee, Lord!

John Oxenham

Thanksgiving

Were thanks with every gift expressed,
 Each day would be Thanksgiving;
Were gratitude its very best,
 Each life would be thanksgiving.

Chauncey R. Piety

Harvest

Though the long seasons seem to separate
 Sower and reaper or deeds dreamed and done,
Yet when a man reaches the Ivory Gate
 Labor and life and seed and corn are one.

Because thou art the doer and the deed,
 Because thou art the thinker and the thought,
Because thou art the helper and the need,
 And the cold doubt that brings all things to naught;

Therefore in every gracious form and shape
 The world's dear open secret thou shalt find,
From the one beauty there is no escape
 Nor from the sunshine of the eternal mind.

The patient laborer, with guesses dim,
 Follows this wisdom to its secret goal,
 He knows all deeds and dreams exist in him,
 And all men's God in every human soul.

Eva Gore-Booth

A Thankful Heart

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
 A little house whose humble roof
 Is weatherproof. . . .
 Low is my porch as is my fate,
 Both void of state,
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor
 Who hither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guileless mirth.
 All these and better Thou dost send
 Me to this end,
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart.

Robert Herrick

Thank God!

Thank God for life!
 E'en though it bring much bitterness and strife,
 And all our fairest hopes be wrecked and lost,
 E'en though there be more ill than good in life,
 We cling to life and reckon not the cost.
 Thank God for life!

Thank God for love!
For though sometimes grief follows in its wake,
Still we forget love's sorrow in love's joy,
And cherish tears with smiles for love's dear sake;
Only in heaven is bliss without alloy.
Thank God for love!

Thank God for pain!
No tear hath ever yet been shed in vain,
And in the end each sorrowing heart shall find
No curse, but blessings in the hand of pain;
Even when he smiteth, then is God's most kind.
Thank God for pain!

Thank God for death!
Who touches anguished lips and stills their breath
And giveth peace unto each troubled breast;
Grief flies before thy touch, O blessed death;
God's sweetest gift; thy name in heaven is Rest.
Thank God for death!

Author Unknown

We Thank Thee

Not for our lands, our wide-flung prairie wealth,
Our mighty rivers born of friendly spring.
Our inland seas, our mountains proud and high,
Forests and orchards richly blossoming;
Not for these, Lord, our deepest thanks are said
As, humbly glad, we hail this day serene;
Not for these most, dear Father of our lives,
But for the love that in all things is seen.

We thank Thee not for prestige born of war,
 For dauntless navies built for battle stress;
 Nor would we boast of armies massed for strife;
 These all are vain, O Lord of kindness.
 What need have we of swords and bayonets,
 Of mighty cannon belching poisoned flame!
 O, woo us from the pagan love of these
 Lest we again defile Thy sacred name.

We thank Thee, Lord, on this recurring day,
 For liberty to worship as we will;
 We thank Thee for the hero souls of old
 Who dared wild seas their mission to fulfill.
 O, gird our hearts with stalwart faith in good,
 Give us new trust in Thy providing hand,
 And may a spirit born of brotherhood
 Inspire our hearts and bless our native land.

Thomas Curtis Clark

Psalm

They have burned to Thee many tapers in many temples:
 I burn to Thee the taper of my heart.
 They have sought Thee at many altars, they have carried
 lights to find Thee:
 I find Thee in the white fire of my heart.

Jessie E. Sampter

CHRISTMAS DAY

The Time Draws Near

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will, to all mankind.

Alfred Tennyson

Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright.
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

Phillips Brooks

Unto Us a Son Is Given

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn — once sent,
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

Alice Meynell

Three Gifts

Gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Lord, they brought to Thee;
And myrrh was death, and incense prayer,
And gold was victory.

But first is last as last was first;
The myrrh they gave Thee in Thy thirst
 Upon the tree.
And through the solemn centuries
 The prayers of saints have risen
From hearth and chancel, crypt and tomb,
 From pyre and from prison.
Now never was the mystic power
 Of the gold fulfilled;
Yet draweth on the mighty hour
 By the Father willed
When every knee shall bow to Him
 Who on the cross was lift,
And every tongue acclaim Him king;
 This is the golden gift.

Edward Judson Hanna

The Shepherd Speaks

Out of the midnight sky a great dawn broke,
And a voice singing flooded us with song.
In David's city was he born, it sang,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord. Then while I sat
Shivering with the thrill of that great cry,
A mighty choir a thousand-fold more sweet
Suddenly sang, Glory to God, and Peace —
Peace on the earth; my heart, almost unnerved
By that swift loveliness, would hardly beat.
Speechless we waited till the accustomed night
Gave us no promise more of sweet surprise;
Then scrambling to our feet, without a word
We started through the fields to find the Child.

John Erskine

The Three Wise Men

The First

I came from Tigris' sandy plain
Where I beheld the wondrous star,
With my slow-creeping camel train
I nightly followed it afar.

The Second

I came from Persia's table-land
That lies beyond the Syrian dawn;
A candle in an angel's hand
It seemed, before the stars had gone.

The Third

And I, 'mid mountains heav'nward piled,
I saw the star that led them west;
I, too, with them would seek the Child.
I, too, would make the Holy Quest.

The Three

We asked in great Jerusalem,
But none could tell us of his birth,
And then to little Bethlehem
We came — the least of all the earth.

There came we to our journey's goal;
No farther had we need to roam;
There was a home for every soul
Where Christ himself could find no home.

John Finley

A Christmas Prayer

We open here our treasures and our gifts;
And some of it is gold,
And some is frankincense,
And some is myrrh;
For some has come from plenty,
Some from joy,
And some from deepest sorrow of the soul.
But Thou, O God, dost know the gift is love,
Our pledge of peace, our promise of good will.
Accept the gift and all the life we bring.

Herbert H. Hines

God With Us

There were three lights that night:
The star above the darkness, crystal fair,
The foremost angel's garment flaming white,
The baby's circled hair.

Three sounds upon the hill:
A sudden song; low drawn, a woman's sigh;
And, when the midnight deepened gray and chill,
A little, little cry.

Three woes: a witless lamb
Lost from the scattered flock; its mother grieving;
The long, deep slumber of the townfolk — blind
And deaf and unbelieving.

Three wonders: dark-browed kings
Riding from far; young shepherds' lifted faces;
The silver beauty raining from the star
On Bethlehem's dark places.

There were Faith, Hope and Love:
Faith that had known, Hope that had waited well,
Love that had wrought; and in their trembling midst,
Immanuel!

Nancy Byrd Turner

Star of the East

Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay —
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out tonight, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child —
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

Eugene Field

The Christmas Symbol

Only a manger, cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little Child;
And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of Heaven above;
And in the Christ-Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

Only an altar high and fair,
Only a white-robed priest,
Only Christ's children kneeling there
Keeping the Christmas feast;
And yet beneath the outward sign
The inward Grace is given, —
His Presence, who is Lord Divine
And King of earth and heaven.

Author Unknown

The Kings of the East

The Kings of the East are riding
Tonight to Bethlehem.
The sunset glows dividing,
The Kings of the East are riding;
A star their journey guiding,
Gleaming with gold and gem
The Kings of the East are riding
Tonight to Bethlehem.

There beams above the manger
The child-face of a star;
Amid the stars a stranger,
It beams above a manger;
What means this ether-ranger
To pause where poor folk are
There beams above a manger
The child-face of a star.

Katharine Lee Bates

How Far to Bethlehem

“ How far is it to Bethlehem town? ”
Just over Jerusalem hills adown,
Past lovely Rachel’s white-domed tomb —
Sweet shrine of motherhood’s young doom.

It isn’t far to Bethlehem town —
Just over the dusty roads adown,
Past Wise Men’s well, still offering
Cool draughts from welcome wayside spring;
Past shepherds with their flutes of reed
That charm the woolly sheep they lead;
Past boys with kites on hilltops flying,
And soon you’re there where Bethlehem’s lying.
Sunned white and sweet on olived slopes,
Gold-lighted still with Judah’s hopes.

And so we find the Shepherd’s field
And plain that gave rich Boaz yield;
And look where Herod’s villa stood.
We thrill that earthly parenthood
Could foster Christ who was all-good;

And thrill that Bethlehem town today
Looks down on Christian homes that pray.

It isn't far to Bethlehem town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.
The road to Bethlehem runs right through
The homes of folks like me and you.

Madeleine Sweeny Miller

The Way to Bethlehem

Long was the way to Bethlehem
To those who sought of old,
By burning sands and bitter springs
And nights of haunting cold,
Bearing their nard and frankincense,
Their precious gems and gold.

Hard was the way to Bethlehem,
So far it seemed, so far,
By flowerless vales and arid slopes
And barren heights that bar,
With ne'er an omen for a guide
Until they saw the star.

But then the way to Bethlehem,
It was no longer lone;
Joy was their comrade, those who trod
O'er bruising shard and stone,
Until they found for king a Child,
A manger for his throne.

Upon the way to Bethlehem,
 Till time shall bring release,
 However dim and rough the path
 May not our footsteps cease,
 Since at the end for us awaits
 The guerdon of his peace!

Clinton Scollard

The Christmas Tree

If Christ could ever be born again,
 Who would his Mother be?
 "I," said Sorrow; and "I," said Pain;
 And "I," said Poverty.

But how, were Christ so made again,
 Could one be born of Three?
 "Are not the griefs of earth a strain
 Of the Blessed Trinity?"

And who, on his birth-night, again
 His worshipers would be?
 "Love," said Sorrow; and "Pity," said Pain;
 And "Peace," said Poverty.

And who the seers, from what strange lands,
 Would come to look at him?
 "The simple and wise, with serving hands,
 And little ones light of limb."

And what would the kings of earth do then?
 "Put simple and wise to flight;
 While loud in the darkened homes of men
 Little ones cried for light."

What use, what use, if once again
The world rejects the Sign?
" Christ will still be a Lover of men,
And his heart may be yours and mine.

" For this is the Tree whose blessed yield
Bears seed in darkest ground;
And a wound by those bright leaves is healed,
Wherever a wound is found."

Edward Shillito

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
" There is no peace on earth," I said;
" For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men "

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
" God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men! "

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

That Holy Thing

They all were looking for a king
 To slay their foes and lift them high;
 Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
 That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
 Naught but thy presence can avail;
 Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
 Nor on the sea thy sail!

My how or why thou wilt not heed,
 But come down thine own secret stair,
 That thou mayst answer all my need —
 Yea, every bygone prayer.

George MacDonald

Peace on Earth

Shepherds there were who in the fields by night
 Kept watch, not wisting that a chorus bright
 Of angels would to them the news convey —
 The dawning of the world's most potent day.

Countless the nights of darkness and of fear
 The world has watched through, but the message clear
 Of prophets, martyrs, saints, and poets brought
 The healing word for which it blindly sought.

Visions from God — through men must come the word,
 Till the whole earth to action deeply stirred
 From war and dread and hatred wins release,
 And hails once more as King the Prince of Peace.

Helen Wieand Cole

Gifts

Three kings there were from Orient who came,
 Led by a star with strange, compelling flame,
 A Prince's sign;
 And shepherds, too, followed its beckoning light,
 Till in a manger, lo, ineffable sight,
 Godhood benign!
 That blessed the givers of the royal gold,
 But smiled upon the lambkin from the fold.

We, too, may bring our frankincense and myrrh,
 And pay our tribute there, as though we were
 Of kingly birth;
 But 'tis not gifts like these that He doth prize
 So much as those which come in lowlier wise
 From the poor of earth,
 Who having naught of gold or treasure-trove
 Bring that of which they have the chiefest, *love*.

Helen Wieand Cole

The Voice of Christmas

I cannot put the Presence by, of him, the Crucified,
 Who moves men's spirits with his love as doth the moon the
 tide;
 Again I see the Life he lived, the godlike Death he died.
 Again I see upon the cross that great Soul-battle fought,
 Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought
 Until it hath become the woof of human deed and thought —
 And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morning
 fill,
 His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill,
 Like some fresh grief from yesterday that tears the heart-
 strings still.

I cannot put his presence by, I meet him everywhere;
 I meet him in the country town, the busy market-square;
 The Mansion and the Tenement attest his presence there.

Upon the funneled ships at sea he sets his shining feet;
 The Distant Ends of Empire not in vain his Name repeat, —
 And, like the presence of a rose, he makes the whole world
 sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by barren
 creeds;
 About the globe from zone to zone, like sunlight he proceeds;
 He comes to give the World's starved heart the perfect love
 it needs —

The Christ whose friends have played him false, whom Dog-
 mas have belied,
 Still speaking to the hearts of men — though shamed and
 crucified,
 The Master of the centuries who will not be denied!

Harry Kemp

Star of My Heart

Star of my heart, I follow from afar.
 Sweet Love on high, lead on where shepherds are,
 Where Time is not, and only dreamers are.
 Star from of old, the Magi-Kings are dead
 And a foolish Saxon seeks the manger-bed.
 O lead me to Jehovah's child
 Across this dreamland lone and wild,
 Then I will speak this prayer unsaid,
 And kiss his little haloed head —
 "My star and I, we love thee, little child."

Except the Christ be born again tonight
In dreams of all men, saints and sons of shame,
The world will never see his kingdom bright.
Stars of all hearts, lead onward through the night
Past death-black deserts, doubts without a name,
Past hills of pain and mountains of new sin
To that far sky where mystic births begin,
Where dreaming ears the angel-song shall win.
Our Christmas shall be rare at dawning there,
And each shall find his brother fair,
Like a little child within:
All hearts of the earth shall find new birth
And wake, no more to sin.

Vachel Lindsay

**POEMS ON
IMMORTALITY**

IMMORTALITY

Crossing The Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson

I Am the Reaper

I am the Reaper.
All things with heedful hook
Silent I gather.
Pale roses touched with the spring,

Tall corn in summer,
Fruits rich with autumn, and frail winter blossoms —
Reaping, still reaping —
All things with heedful hook
Timely I gather.

I am the Sower.
All the unbodied life
Runs through my seed-sheet.
Atom with atom wed,
Each quickening the other,
Fall through my hands, ever changing, still changeless.
Ceaselessly sowing,
Life, incorruptible life,
Flows from my seed-sheet.

Maker and breaker,
I am the ebb and the flood,
Here and Hereafter,
Aped through the tangle and coil
Of infinite nature,
Viewless and soundless I fashion all being.
Taker and giver,
I am the womb and the grave,
The Now and the Ever.

William Ernest Henley

Death

I am the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place.

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
 Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief,
 The friend of those that have no friend but me,
 I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when earth's day is done,
 An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
 I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
 The waking from a dream that man calls — life.

Florence Earle Coates

Margaritae Sorori

(So Be My Passing)

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies:
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, gray city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rose-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night —
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

William Ernest Henley

From Compensation

And after he has come to hide
Our lambs upon the other side,
We know our Shepherd and our Guide.

And thus, by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
God brings us compensating good.

For Faith is perfected by fears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And Love looks into heaven through tears.

Phœbe Cary

Sorrow

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.
Aubrey De Vere

Prayer For One Dead

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
 In God's wide universe thou art today.
 Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?
 Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him,
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
 And somewhere, too, there may be valleys dim
 Which thou must pass to reach the heights sublime.
 Then all the more because thou canst not hear
 Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
 O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er
 In God's wide universe thou art today!

Julia C. R. Dorr

The Last Invocation

At the last, tenderly,
 From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
 From the clasp of the knitted locks — from the keep of the
 well-closed doors,
 Let me be wafted.
 Let me glide noiselessly forth;
 With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a whisper
 Set ope the doors, O soul!
 Tenderly — be not impatient,
 (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
 Strong is your hold, O love.)

Walt Whitman

Father, to Thee

Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who in Thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase —
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart Faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deepest meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

Frederick L. Hosmer

In My Father's House

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in our Father's mansion,
Living, in another room.

Living, like the man who loves me,
Like my child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or schoolbook,
Busy, in another room.

Nearer than my son whom fortune
 Beckons where the strange lands loom;
 Just behind the hanging curtain,
 Serving, in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
 Shall I think of death as doom,
 Or the stepping o'er the threshold
 To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
 Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
 When I know my loves are happy,
 Waiting in another room?

Robert Freeman

Envoy

Oh, seek me not within a tomb —
 Thou shalt not find me in the clay!
 I pierce a little wall of gloom
 To mingle with the day!

I brothered with the things that pass,
 Poor giddy joy and puckered grief;
 I go to brother with the grass
 And with the sunning leaf.

Nor death can sheathe me in a shroud;
 A joy-sword whetted keen with pain,
 I join the armies of the cloud,
 The lightning and the rain.

Oh, subtle in the sap athrill,
 Athletic in the glad uplift,
 A portion of the cosmic will,
 I pierced the planet-drift.

My God and I shall interknit
As rain and ocean, breath and air;
And oh, the luring thought of it
Is prayer!

John G. Neihardt

Death

Death is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust.
“Dissolve,” says Death; the spirit, “Sir,
I have another trust.”
Death doubts it, argues from the ground.
The spirit turns away,
Just laying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.

Emily Dickinson

Vespers

I know the night is near at hand:
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

S. Weir Mitchell

The Inn By the Road

Ne'er was the sky so deep a hue
 But that the sun came breaking through;
 There never was a night so dark
 But wakened to the singing lark;
 Nor was there ever a lane so long
 It had no turn for the weary throng;
 Nor heart so sad that sometime after
 There came no sound of lilting laughter:
 And Death's not the end — 'neath the cold black sod —
 'Tis the Inn by the Road on our way to God.

C. E. Warner

Who Goeth Hence

When death shall come to summon us at last,
 Some will remember children and the sound
 Of little footsteps hallowing the past,
 As driven snowflakes hallow oft the ground.
 Some will remember sunlight on a fence;
 And some the breath of blossoms in the rain;
 Some will glimpse stars. And all the going hence
 Of these will be a wishing to remain.

But some will think of one who said, " And I,
 If I be lifted up will draw to me
 All men." And when these latter come to die,
 With faces lifted to eternity
 They shall go forth with calm, untroubled eyes,
 Like children hasting to a glad surprise.

Helen Frazee Bower

The Victors

They have triumphed who have died;
They have passed the porches wide,
Leading from the House of Night
To the splendid lawns of light.
They have gone on that far road
Leading to their new abode,
And from curtained casements we
Watch their going wistfully.

They have won, for they have read
The bright secrets of the dead;
And they gain the deep unknown,
Hearing Life's strange undertone.
In the race across the days
They are victors; theirs the praise,
Theirs the glory and the pride —
They have triumphed, having died!

Charles Hanson Towne

The Sea of Faith

Passage, immediate passage! The blood burns in my veins!
Away, O soul! Hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovell'd here long enough, eating and drinking
like mere brutes?
Have we not darkened and daz'd ourselves with books long
enough?

Sail forth — steer for the deep water only,
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me,

For we are bound whither mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther sail!

Walt Whitman

From "Passage to India"

Something Beyond

Something beyond! Though now, with joy unfounded,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! in the fair Beyond
Thou'lt understand.

Something beyond! Ah, if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief today!
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the Now.

Mary Clemmer

Peace! Be Still

Peace! Be still!
In this night of sorrow bow,
O my heart! Contend not thou!
What befalls thee is God's will —
Peace! Be still!

Peace! Be still!
All thy murmuring words are vain —
God will make the riddle plain.
Wait His word and bear His will —
Peace! Be still!

Hold thou still!
Though the good Physician's knife
Seems to touch thy very life,
Death alone He means to kill, —
Hold thou still!

Shepherd mine!
From Thy fullness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine!

Author Unknown

Nearer Home

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home today
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even today than I think, —

Father, perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel, in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

Phæbe Cary

A Grave

A grave seems only six feet deep
And three feet wide,
Viewed with the calculative eye
Of one outside.

But when fast-bound in the chill loam
For that strange sleep,
Who knows how wide its realm may be?
Its depth, how deep?

John Richard Moreland

“ Be Quiet: Fear Not ”

Thou layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart
 And sayest, “ Be still! ”
 The shadow and silence are only a part
 Of Thy sweet will.
 Thy Presence is with me, and where Thou art
 I fear no ill.

Frances Ridley Havergal

Immortality

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well! —
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Joseph Addison

From “ Cato ”

At the Goal

Who would wish back the saints upon our rough
 Wearisome road?
 Wish back a breathless soul
 Just at the goal?
 My soul, praise God
 For all dear souls which have enough.

Christina Rossetti

Christus Consolator

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
 And felt a presence as I prayed.
 Lo, it was Jesus standing there;
 He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know;
 Restore again to life," I said,
 "This one who died an hour ago."
 He smiled: "She is not dead."

"Asleep then, as thyself didst say;
 Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
 Her prisoned eyes from ours away;"
 He smiled: "She doth not sleep."

"Nay, then, though haply she do wake,
 And look upon some fairer dawn,
 Restore her to our hearts that ache;"
 He smiled: "She is not gone."

"Alas; too well we know our loss,
 Nor hope again our joy to touch
 Until the stream of death we cross."
 He smiled: "There is no such."

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
 The while we yearn to feel them near,
 Albeit with thee we trust they are."
 He smiled: "And I am here."

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
 Still walk unseen with us and thee,
 Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
 He smiled: "Abide in Me."

Rossiter W. Raymond

Azrael

The angels in high places
Who minister to us,
Reflect God's smile — their faces
Are luminous;
Save one, whose face is hidden,
(The Prophet saith),
The unwelcome, the unbidden,
Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet, that veiled face, I know
Is lit with pitying eyes,
Like those faint stars, the first to glow,
Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,
Angels, by God's decree,
Bear wings of snow and fire, —
Passion and purity;
Save one, all unavailing,
(The Prophet saith),
His wings are gray and trailing,
Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet the souls that Azrael brings
Across the dark and cold,
Look up beneath those folded wings,
And find them lined with gold.

Robert Gilbert Welsh

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,

Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
*"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."*

Robert Louis Stevenson

Good-Night

"Good-night, sleep well!" we say to those we love,
And watch dear faces glimmer on the stair,
And hear faint footfalls in the rooms above
 Sound on the quiet air,
Yet feel no fear, though lonely they must go
The road of slumber's strange oblivion:
 Dark always wears to dawn,
Sleep is so gentle, and so well we know,
 Wherever they have gone,
They will be safe until the morning light,
 Good-night, good-night!

Good-night, sleep well, beloveds, when the last
Slow dusk has fallen, and your steps no more
Make music on the empty upper floor,
 And day is fully past.

We who so lightly let you go alone,
Evening by evening, from our trustful sight
Into the mystery of sleep's unknown —

 We need not fear, tonight,
Death is so gentle — dark will break to dawn . . .
Love will be safe until the morning light.

 Sleep well, good-night!

Nancy Byrd Turner

The Rainbow

Not in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years!
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

John Vance Cheney

In the Hour of Death

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb —
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And man is uncertain of his own name —
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead —
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small —
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Author Unknown

Christ and the Mourners

Down on the shadowed stream of time and tears
 Voice of new grief and grief of ancient years —
 Sad as when first from loving lips 'twas sighed —
 “ Hadst Thou been here, my brother had not died.”

Comfort us, Lord, who hears't poor Martha's plaint,
 Heal the sore heart, uplift the spirit faint —
 O Thou, the Peace that cometh after strife!
 O Thou, the Resurrection and the Life!

Katherine E. Conway

Epilogue

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
 When you set your fancies free,
 Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, im-
 prisoned —
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
 — Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless did I drivel
 — Being — who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
 triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
" Strive and thrive! " cry, " Speed — fight on, fare ever
There as here! "

Robert Browning

The Ways of Death

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet,
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She signs to come, and strife and song have been.

The summer night descending cool and green
And dark, on daytime's dust and stress and heat,
The ways of death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful, with triumphant mien
And hopeful faces look upon and greet
This last of all your lover's and to meet
Her kiss, the Comforter's, your spirit lean —
The ways of Death are soothing and serene.

William Ernest Henley

After Sunset

If light of life outlive the set of sun
That men call death and end of all things, then
How should not that which life held best for men
And proved most precious, though it seem undone
By force of death and woeful victory won,
Be first and surest of revival, when
Death shall bow down to life arisen again?

So shall the soul seen be the self-same one
 That looked and spake with even such lips and eyes
 As love shall doubt not then to recognize,
 And all bright thoughts and smiles of all time past
 Revive, transfigured, but in spirit and sense
 None other than we knew, for evidence
 That love's last mortal word was not his last.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

A Shining Hope

God grant that all who watch today
 Beside their sepulchers of loss,
 May find the great stone rolled away, —
 May see at last, with vision clear,
 The shining angel standing near,
 And through the dimly-lighted soul
 Again may joy's evangel roll
 The glory of the Cross.

Julia H. Thayer

Peaceful Death

Thee, holiest minister of Heaven — thee, envoy, usherer,
 guide at last of all,
 Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot called life,
 Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

Walt Whitman

Paradisi Gloria

There is a city, builded by no hand,
 And unapproachable by sea or shore,
 And unassailable by any band
 Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures — doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

Thomas William Parsons

Heaven

No night is there!
Though here the night comes dank and chill
And shadows every corner fill,
The deathless morning comes at last
When all of time for me is past,
No night is there!

No pain is there!
Though here pains wrench this mortal frame
And men are sick and weak and lame,
In that fair land awaiting me
I shall from ills and pains be free,
No pain is there!

No tears are there!
 Though here we miss the loved ones dear
 And lonely are and often fear,
 In heaven, our home, we'll meet them all
 And answer once again their call,
 No tears are there!

Our Christ is there!
 He'll come and take us to himself,
 And give to us for this world's pelf
 A mansion made by his dear hand
 And with us dwell in that fair land,
 Yes, Christ is there!

Clarence A. Vincent

Good-Night

Good-night! Good-night!
 Far from us day takes its flight,
 But ever God's eternal love
 Remains to guard us, as above
 The stars watch with celestial light.
 Good-night! Good-night!

Till tomorrow! Till tomorrow!
 Ah, we know not what may follow.
 Close our eyes tonight we may,
 Shall we see another day?
 Mayhap in vain we say tomorrow,
 Till tomorrow!

Victor Hugo

Paradise

I cannot think of Paradise a place
Where men go idly to and fro,
With harps of gold and robes that shame the snow;
With great wide wings that brightly interlace
Whene'er they sing before the Master's face —
Within a realm where neither pain nor woe,
Nor care is found; where tempests never blow;
Where souls with hopes and dreams may run no race.
Such paradise were but a hell to me;
Devoid of all progression, I should rot,
Or shout for revolution, wide and far.
Better some simple task, a spirit free
To act along the line of self forgot —
Or help God make a blossom or a star.

Charles G. Blanden

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