

**JUST PUBLISHED**  
**THE POEMS AND**  
**VERSE**

*of*  
**BETTY**  
**SCOTT**  
**STAM**



*"These verses came warm from a school-girl's heart, from that of a student and a budding missionary. Taken together, they form to the understanding reader a spiritual biography of the author."*

This comment of Dr. Howard Taylor's on Betty Scott Stam's verses expresses the purpose of those who have brought them together for the joy of her friends.

**8vo Pp. xiv and 130 Price \$1.50**

Dear Mrs. Turnbull: - In Dec. '38 Helen Phillips sent this with loving lines gift to you

Hope you will like it, C. E.

BOOKS dealing with the life and martyrdom of John and Betty Stam have been widely read throughout the world, and the tragic circumstances of their death on December 8th, 1934, at Miao Sheo, near Wuhu, at the hands of Chinese communists, are known to all. The story of their lives is a record of devoted Service, and an inspiration to those who continue to "go about doing good".

From childhood days until the time of her death Mrs. Stam continued to write Poems and Verse, and as a result of repeated requests, these have now been collected in Book form under five headings:—

1. Poems of Childhood.
2. College Days.
3. Moody Bible Institute Days.
4. Missionary Days.
5. Love Poems.

# Order Form

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(INCORPORATED IN HONG KONG)

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SHANGHAI



*Dear Sirs,*

*Please supply* \_\_\_\_\_ *cop* \_\_\_\_\_ *of*

"THE POEMS AND

VERSE OF BETTY

SCOTT STAM"

at \$4.50 per copy

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

*Date* .....

BOOKS dealing with the life and martyrdom of John and Betty Stam have been widely read throughout the world, and the tragic circumstances of their death on December 8th, 1934, at Miao Sheo, near Wuhu, at the hands of Chinese communists, are known to all. The story of their lives is a record of devoted Service, and an inspiration to those who continue to "go about doing good".

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3. Moody Bible Institute Days.
4. Missionary Days.
5. Love Poems.

The following is the Foreword to the Book, written by Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Scott: —

*Among the hundreds of letters of sympathy received after the the death of our dear ones, John and Betty, very many wrote especially of Betty's poems, and expressed the hope that they might be put out in book form.*

*To assemble these for publication presented many difficulties, but gradually we have been able to collect more than eighty, written for the most part during eight busy student years, and reflecting in lighter vein as well as in more serious mood her love for nature and her deep heart experiences.*

*Some of the poems had been written for various members of her immediate family, on Birthdays and other special occasions; some had appeared in "Pharetra", her college magazine, and in various religious publications. An especially treasured collection was a little book of poems written by her own hand and given to her roommate and class-mate, Marguerite Luce, for a Christmas present.*

*But what helped us most was the finding of some of Betty's own note books among the wreckage of their home in Tsingteh, Anhwei, after its looting by communist soldiers. On some of the loose sheets of*

*Extracts from letters referring to Betty Scott Stam's poems are as follows:*

"Betty's poems are so full of beauty and love and a great understanding of her Master, and what He should mean to all of us, that I marvel that one so young should have ventured so far into His presence. I long to have known her in life as I feel I knew her through her writings. Her radiant personality envelops me and uplifts me, and helps me as no other so young has ever done. . . ."

"My husband and I have often noticed a strain in Betty's poems, as in 'I'm Standing, Lord,' hard to understand in a young girl leading such a sheltered and peaceful life. May it not have been a premonition that sometime she would encounter terrible things and suffer much for her faith. . . ."

"From Betty's poems it seems as if God had been preparing her for this supreme gift of herself,—and that in this way she could bring the greatest blessing to China. . . ."

## Romance Is - What?

Romance is never dead! It cannot die;  
Because God is - and God is on the throne  
Romance is living in a glad surprise;  
Not with an aching heart, nor by the Law.  
It is a happiness we have not planned.  
But recognize as what we waited for,  
No matter in what shape it both appear.  
It is the unexpected, ever new;  
Undreamed of beauty in a human face,  
Content and calm and courage born of Love;  
Unheard of tenderness, or strength, or tears.  
It is tremendous action or repose;  
A sight to see, in which one, looking, lives.

We cannot make an hour; the years are planned;  
Today the walls of Jericho shall fall;  
Tomorrow, lawless bandits turn to flee  
An undefended hut white angels guard;  
And, only yesterday, Queen Esther cried,  
"Thou art the man!" - a lonely girl was she,  
Who braved a villain and an Emperor.  
But God is never awed by miracles;  
The sea and sun have never disobeyed.  
His ways are wonderful, His thoughts are high;  
He will do stranger things before the end.  
But God has marvelled at one thing alone;  
The time or two some mortal showed Him faith.

Elizabeth A. Scott  
Moody Bible Institute  
Jan. 16, 1931



*Our sunny cottage at Pei Tai Ho Beach, where we want Bunny & Ted*  
Home Thoughts in Summer *next summer (1936) to join us*  
*Charles & S.*

It is hot; along the highroad lies the dust on field and tree,  
And my heart returns with longing to a cottage by the sea.

I can see it - broad and low, and brownish-orange in its hue,  
With a sturdy stone foundation, and a porch well-screened from view,

There's a tennis court beside it, with a smooth and sandy floor.  
And nasturtiums, gay and juicy, flaunt and flourish 'round the door.

I can see my dear old family, in a sort of savage dance,  
Bursting forth to go in swimming, with a warwhoop and a prance:- prance.

Laddie, striped in black and white, and patched profusely on the seat,  
Never stick nor stone disturbs the toughness of his swarthy feet;

Helen, in a wollen suit of brown and orange, -very cute;  
Kewpie, in a smaller size of Laddie's bathing suit.

Kewpie wears an ancient, very "millydewed" chapeau,  
Worn by me- I am the oldest- in the ages long ago.

Bunny's suit, a winter dress bereft of sleeves, deserves much praise,  
It has served her very staunchly, though it once saw better days.

Bunny bears a massive bath tow'l, ~~which~~ draped in Greco-Roman folds;  
Laddie flips a tiny face tow'l, which he by the fringes holds;

Kewpie wears a tummy-dooza; Helen waves a large barett,  
And a bathing cap of green prevents her hair from getting wet.

When their chasing and their shouts have in the distance died away,  
Here comes Daddy forth, and Mother, for to join the merry fray.

Daddy wears a one-piece knitted suit of navy blue,  
Which admits his brawny arms and big, brown shoulders to the view;

Daddy wears a tummy-dooza, and he picks his way with care  
For the path is rather rocky and, you see, his feet are bare.

Mother wears a bathing suit like ladies wore in 1903,  
And her arms and legs are soft and white, as darling as can be.

Daddy opes the door for Mother; then he whistles in surprise.  
"What! The children gone already? Why, they just came out!" he cries.

Then they hasten on together, stopping now to pull a weed,  
Now to speculate on where to get the best of garden seed.

Do you wonder that I'm wishing it was home again for me,  
That I'm longing for my family in the cottage by the sea?

(\* Scott family name for a wollen piece of cloth pinned around the waist  
to protect the stomach!)

Elizabeth Alden Scott

July, 1924



## Romance Is - What?

Romance is never dead! It cannot die;  
Because God is - and God is on the throne  
Romance is living in a glad surprise;  
Not with an aching heart, not by the Law.  
It is a happiness we have not planned,  
But recognize as what we waited for,  
No matter in what shape it doth appear.  
It is the unexpected, ever new;  
Undreamed of beauty in a human face,  
**C**ontent and calm and courage born of love;  
Unheard of tenderness, or strength, or tears.  
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A sight to see, in which one, looking, loves.

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His ways are wonderful, His thoughts are high;  
He will do stranger things before the end.  
But God has marvelled at one thing alone,  
The time or two some mortal showed Him faith.

Elizabeth A. Scott  
Moody Bible Institute  
Jan. 16, 1931

Many new poems found in the debris of Betty's home  
ruined by the Reds.

Note:

Found among the debris in the home of Betty and John at Tsingteh after its wrecking and looting by the Reds. This and some other poems were wrapped by the faithful Cook around some dishes rescued. The trampled odd papers on floor and elsewhere that were usable were scarce. C.E.S.

### Open My Eyes

Open my eyes, that I may see  
This one and that one needing Thee,  
Hearts that are dumb, unsatisfied,  
Lives that are dead, for whom Christ died.

Open my eyes in sympathy,  
Clear into man's deep soul to see;  
Wise with Thy wisdom to discern,  
And with Thy heart of love to yearn.

Open my eyes in power, I pray,  
Give me the strength to speak today,  
Some one to bring, dear Lord, to Thee,  
Use me, O Lord, use even me!

Elisabeth A. Scott

4

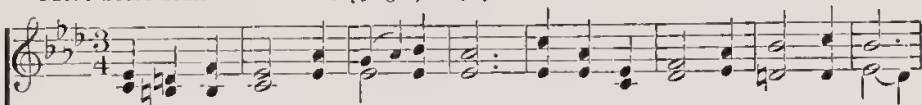
# MY PRAYER

(Poem found in the Stams' China Inland Mission home after their martyrdom, Dec. 8, 1934.)

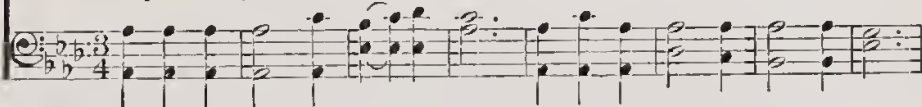
BETTY SCOTT STAM

Copyright, 1936, by Paul White

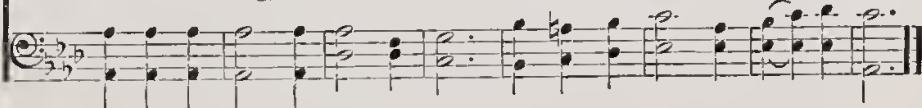
PAUL WHITE, (Theme-N. F.)



1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see This one and that one need-ing Thee;
2. O - pen my eyes in sym-pa - thy, Clear in - to man's deep soul to see;
3. O - pen my eyes in faith, I pray; Give me Thy strength to speak to-day,



Hearts that are dumb, un-sat - is - fied, Lives that are dead, for whom Christ died.  
Wise with Thy wis - dom to dis - cern, And with Thy heart of love to yearn.  
Some-one to bring, dear Lord, to Thee: Use me, O Lord, use e - ven me.



*Copies:—The Musical Whites, Highland Park, Ill.*

"THEIR SOUL SHALL BE AS A  
WATERED GARDEN"

Jer. 31 : 12.

---

A SONNET OF PRAYER

*I Passed a thorny desert soul one day—  
A soul as fruitless as a painted mast,  
So harsh and hard and dry I stood aghast,  
And would have helped, but had no time to stay;  
Yet, half in doubtfulness, began to pray  
To Him, the Source of living streams. . . At last,  
Returning, I beheld, a velvet-grassed,  
Abundant garden; saw the rainbow spray  
Of fountains shimm'ring high against the trees;  
Saw old-time flowers, bluebells, and sweet peas,  
Pink-hearted phloxes, heliotrope, heart'sease.  
Rambling roses hung from arches there;  
The scent of hidden orchards filled the air.  
And there were children's voices everywhere.*

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT

Wilson College. '28.

ex. "Sunday School Times".

Dec. 1927.

The distinguishing mark of Betty's character became the sincerity, depth and power of her prayer life.

Charles Ernest Scott

"THEIR SOUL SHALL BE AS A  
WATERED GARDEN"

(Jer. 31:12)

---

A SONNET OF PRAYER

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A soul as fruitless as a painted mast,  
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And there were children's voices everywhere.*

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT

Dec. 1927. Wilson College. '28

ex. "Sunday School Times".

The distinguishing mark of  
Betty's character <sup>has</sup> become the  
sincerity, depth and power  
of her prayer life.

Charles Ernest Scott



(Written for her father's birthday)

**"STAND STILL, AND SEE"**

(A Message of Peace.)

**"I'M STANDING, Lord.**

*There is a mist that blinds my sight.  
Steep jagged rocks, front, left, and right.  
Lower, dim, gigantic, in the night.*

*Where is the way?*

*"I'm standing, Lord.*

*The black rock hems me in behind.  
Above my head a moaning wind  
Chills and oppresses heart and mind.  
I am afraid!*

*"I'm standing, Lord.*

*The rock is hard beneath my feet.  
I nearly slipped, Lord, on the sleet.  
So weary, Lord, and where a seat?  
Still must I stand?"*

*He answered me, and on His face  
A look ineffable of grace,  
Of perfect, understanding love,  
Which all my murmuring did remove.*

*"I'm standing, Lord.*

*Since Thou hast spoken, Lord, I see  
Thou hast beset; these rocks are Thee;  
And, since Thy love encloses me,  
I stand and sing!"*

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT; Wilson' 28.

FROM "THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES"

22 JUNE, 1929.

Dear Friend:

Betty wrote me, "This poem expresses the distress of soul and fear of mind that was mine before I surrendered my all, even inmost motive, (so far as I know) to God's control.

The four-line stanza is His gracious answer of assurance to me that he accepts my unworthy self.

The last five-line stanza is my satisfaction and joy in the peace of guidance that Christ my Saviour, and now Lord of my life, gives me."

Charles Ernest Scott

Some lines elucidating, confirming,  
Sidney Lanier's discerning phrase,  
"Good Paragon, the Crystal Christ"

## "WHITER THAN SNOW"

(A Help to Real Christian Cheer and  
Gratitude to God)

### I

*When snow has fallen the night before,  
Covering all the grayness o'er  
With a delicate robe of mystery,  
Woven from stars of purity,  
Of whiteness dazzling the human eye,—  
With the eyes of sense I look, and cry:  
"Nothing at all in the world I know  
Whiter than newly fallen snow."*

### II

*The snow is fair; but fairer still  
Are the Christ-filled heart, and the Spirit-led will,  
And the soul at rest and free from sin,  
And the face that shines from His joy within.  
Though as filthy rags be the sinner's soul,  
Jesus can make him pure and whole;  
By His precious, cleansing blood I know  
He can wash one whiter than the snow.*

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT.,

Wilson College '28.

From "Sunday School Times"

Dear Friend:-

"Whiter than Snow" illustrates the reverence and awe for Jesus Christ, also the complete consecration to Him, in the spirit of pure worship of Him as God—holy, eternal, adorable, worthy of our best—that so characterized Betty. All this was reflected in many of her poems.

Charles Ernest Scott

"I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY  
STRENGTH".

(Lines of Self-dedication to Christ.)

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God  
And Son of Man;  
Thy love no angel understands,  
Nor mortal can!  
Thy strength of Soul, Thy cleanest purity,  
Thy understanding heart of sympathy;  
The vigor of Thy mind, Thy poetry,  
Thy Heavenly wisdom, Thy simplicity—  
Such sweetness and such power in harmony!  
Thy perfect oneness with Thy God above,  
The agony endured to show Thy love!  
Thou Who didst rise, triumphantly to prove  
Thou art the Living God,  
Before Whom Death and Hell  
Must shake and move!  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of Man,  
Thou Son of God,  
Grant me Thy face to see,  
Thy voice to hear, Thy glory share,  
Never apart from Thee,  
Ever Thine own to be  
Through all eternity. Amen!

ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT  
Moody Bible Institute  
Sept. 1928.

*Dear Friend:—*

*Scores of people have, in Betty's poems, remarked that, along with the maturity of thought and the quality of lyric expression, there was high devotion to her Lord. It was as if in preparation, out of her peaceful and sheltered life, she had prescience of terrible things that she, some day, would encounter for Him, and also be called upon to suffer for His dear sake; meantime her real heart was in spiritual training for the tragic test; while word artistry was given her to voice her loyalty to Christ and firm faith in His Holy Word.*

CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT.

# "I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY STRENGTH".

Psalm 18:1.

---

(Lines of Adoration and Self-dedication to Christ.)

---

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God  
And Son of Man;  
Thy love no angel understands,  
Nor mortal can!  
Thy strength of Soul, Thy radiant purity,  
Thy understanding heart of sympathy;  
The vigor of Thy mind, Thy poetry,  
Thy Heavenly wisdom, Thy simplicity—  
Such sweetness and such power in harmony!  
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Ever Thine own to be  
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ELISABETH ALDEN SCOTT

On entering Moody Bible Institute,  
after graduation from College  
Sept. 1928.



*Deor Friend :—*

*Scares of people hove, in Betty's paems, remarked thot, olang with the maturity af thought ond the quolity af lyric expressian, there wos high devotian ta her Lord. It was os if in preporotian, aut of her peoceful ond sheltered life, she had prescience af terrible things thot she, some doy, wauld encounter for Him, ond olsa be colled upan to suffer for His deor sake; meontime her leol heart was in spirituol troining far the trogic test; while ward artistry wos given her to voice her layolty to Christ and firm faith in His Holy Ward.*

CHARLES ERNEST SCOTT.

To a young American Missionary and His Poet  
Wife, John and Betty Stam, "Beheaded for Jesus" in  
China by the Reds, at Miao Sheo, Anhwei Province,  
8th December 1934.

A Sonnet  
on  
"THEIR WELCOME IN HEAVEN"  
by Hugh Richardson Fitch:

In that far choir, bright choir, where martyrs stand  
In white-winged, white-robed splendor, row on row,  
And sing of One with locks like purest snow,  
Or sing of conquered sword, rack, hissing brand,  
Of slanders, jeers, of torments Devil-planned,  
Of joy through tribulation and great woe —

In that white choir I see two new souls go  
No tears — for Christ takes each one by the hand.

One is a mother — she a poet sweet,  
And one a preacher — he with blessed feet;  
And crowding round with joyous, swift wing-beat,  
The courteous, sweet-faced Chinese martyrs greet  
Them, saying: "Yours was martyrdom complete,  
Dear Reapers, reaping alien fields of wheat."

Hugh Richardson Fitch is a Poet-teacher in an American university; the son of a senior colleague and revered friend, now honorably retired, the Rev. J. Ashley Fitch DD., and formerly of Wei Hsien Station, Shantung, of our American Presbyterian Mission, (and to whose place, incidentally, our son-in-law, The Rev. Geo. Gordon Mahy, Jr. has been assigned).

As the son of a missionary and sympathetic with the missionary view-point, and as understanding and loving the Chinese, Professor Hugh Fitch has written in this sonnet of the Chinese martyrs with a fineness of spirit, a delicacy of touch, and a noble appreciation that is admirable.

C. E. S.



## MY TESTIMONY

(On decision made for service in China)

### I.

And shall I fear  
That there is anything  
That men hold dear  
Thou wouldst deprive me of,  
And nothing give in place?

### II.

That is not so,  
For I can see Thy face;  
I hear Thee now:  
**"My child, I died for thee;**  
And, if the gift  
Of love and life you took from Me,  
Shall I one precious thing  
Withhold to all eternity —  
One beautiful and bright,  
One pure and precious thing, withhold —  
It cannot be."

Elizabeth Alden Scott

Moody Bible Institute.

Feb. 22, 1929 (Betty's birthday)

Given to each guest at the "Triumph Service", held  
at the home of Rev. & Mrs. C.E. Scott, 18th Dec., 1934.

*conducted by next-door neighbor, R. G. Toney Jr.*

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One beautiful and bright,  
One pure and precious thing, withhold —  
It cannot be."

Elizabeth Alden Scott

Moody Bible Institute.

Feb. 22, 1929 (Betty's birthday)

Her life motto verse, written on her photo, given to many friends on occasion of her graduation from M.B.I. was Phil.1:21.

'In his last noble letter, while in hands of the Reds, before translation of this Shining Pair, -John used Phil.1:20

Heb-2<sup>14</sup>; Mt-11<sup>29</sup>; Rom 6<sup>5,3</sup>

1 Cor 11<sup>1</sup>; 2 Cor 11<sup>23-28</sup>

Heb-11<sup>36-40</sup>

Rom 8<sup>31-37</sup>

A Letter to Bunny, in College; Betty In Moody Bible Institute.

The last few weeks I have been inspired to write two poems, which I thought you'd like to see. ( By the way, did I ever tell you how I treasure that dear little Christmas Lullaby you wrote ~~for~~ for the Pharetra? ) The first was written after seeing a miniature plan of the stars in Adler Planetarium.

### Astronomy

I look into the heavens, and I believe  
Thou knowest all about ~~the~~ these worlds, and more;  
The portal of the utmost is the door  
Through which high-praising creatures can receive  
Immediate access to Thy Throne or leave.  
The Milky Way is vast - its suns are hoar;  
And yet 'tis but a feather, on the floor  
Before the Great White Throne, a breath would heave.  
The Mighty Spirit worketh not as we;  
He dwelleth not in temples made with hands;  
He knew the million feathers at His feet;  
And yet, seeing creation incomplete,  
Descended, years and years of light, for - me!  
In such a love no angel understands.

January, 7, 1931



Found in the debris of Betty's home  
ruined by the Reds

The final phrase of John's noble letter, of 6th of Dec., penned after their seizure, was "But as for us, whether by life or by death that Christ may be magnified". (Phil. 1;20) Perhaps the spirit of the young couple is nowhere more adequately expressed than in Betty's

### A Song of Sending

(Tune "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast"—Burns).

#### I.

When Christ the Saviour lived on earth,  
                     Long, long ago, long years ago,  
 He bade us tell to all the world,  
                     "God loves you so! He loves you so!"  
 He gave command to heal the sick  
                     From sin- wrought woe, all sin-wrought woe;  
 He said to cleanse the leper, too,  
                     As white as snow, yes, white as snow.

#### II.

Lord Jesus, Thou art waiting still.  
                     We hear Thee call, so clearly call;  
*"Who loves Me, forth! and follow Me!*  
                     *Though weak and small, so weak and small,*  
 In God's own Spirit shall he go,  
                     *He shall not fall, no, never fall;*  
*That man I need to move the world,*  
                     *Who gives Me all, to Me his all"*

#### III.

See, all the careless multitudes  
                     Are passing by, now passing by.  
 The world is sick with sin and woe.  
                     All men must die, some day must die.  
 The time set for our Lord's return  
                     Is drawing nigh, draws ever nigh.—  
*Send us in all Thy cleansing power—*  
                     *Lord, here am I! Here, Lord, am I!*

(Dedicated to "Pat" O'Brien)

Elisabeth Alden Scott

June 1929, Moody Bible Institute

*Note:* This was set to music, and sung over the Radio from Chicago, as a surprise to Betty,

Yours in His faithfulness, love, and sustaining power

Clara and Charles Ernest Scott.

THE TRAVELER'S SONG

By Elisabeth Alden Scott

(His Scott is a daughter of Rev. C. E. Scott, famous missionary to China)

I sought for beauty o'er the earth,  
And found it everywhere I turned:  
A precious stone from Singapore  
That sapphire shone and sapphire burned;  
A rajah's ransom it was worth.

Eternal grandeur brooded deep  
In Egypt's pyramids of stone,  
And still I smell the orange bloom,  
I see the frosty stars that shone  
And cooled the tranquil Nile to sleep.

I loved the skies of Italy,  
The swarthy, singing boatmen there,  
The Virgins of the Renaissance,  
With grave, sweet eyes and golden hair;  
The land of Art and Melody!

Fingers long into the night  
On snowy peaks the Alpine glow,  
And every lake is loveliest,  
And there, amidst the endless snow,  
I picked the edelweiss so white.

Before a Chinese city gate,  
The entrance to an ancient town,  
I saw the men fly dragon-kites;  
While, by the willows weeping down,  
Their wives beat clothes, from dawn till late.

Then home I came, as though on wings,  
The joy of life in heart and eyes;  
For, everything was glorified—  
The earth, the ocean, and the skies,  
And even all the common things!

1898

Found no debris of Betty's home  
ruined by the Reds.



January 7, 1932

The Light of the World

1.

The Father of Lights, unseen in His glory.  
Sent forth the Son of His love,  
To tell in His life and death the story  
Of grace from Heaven above, -

For Jesus Christ is the Image bright  
Of the Loving God, of the great "I AM";  
That powerful, precious, holy Light  
Whose countenance shines as the sun in his night.

2.

The world in the shadow of sin is lying;  
It gropes for it cannot see;  
And millions are daily stumbling, dying;  
The Light is shining on me.

If Jesus Christ is the Image Bright  
Of the Loving God, of the great "I AM";  
It is only just, it is only right,  
That I should bear witness of that Light.

3.

Oh, many the lights that are not of Heaven!  
They flicker, grow dim, and die;  
But only the Son Who God hath given  
Forever can satisfy.

For Jesus Christ is the Image Bright  
Of the Loving God, of the great "I AM";  
And He Who sent Christ from the glory-height  
Sends us to bear witness of that Light.

4.

The Spirit of God, most gentle and gracious,  
Invites to the city above;  
Her light is like unto a stone most precious;  
The Lamb is the Light thereof,--

For Jesus Christ is the Image bright  
Of the Loving God, of the great "I AM";  
And we who shall walk in robes of white  
Are sent to bear witness of that Light.

Betty Scott.

## TO MONA LISA

---

Mona Lisa, smiling from the bed-room wall,  
And the sharer of my thoughts when I was small.  
Mona Lisa, fascinating now as then,  
Mona Lisa, what can you reveal of men?  
Subtle smiler, though a simple merchant's wife,  
You, if anyone, have really fathomed life.

What is love, or fear, or hate, or sympathy?  
Why do I believe in things I cannot see?  
Is my body really, I, or what's within?  
What is happiness, and why do people sin?  
Could there ever be a soul completely bad?  
Why is loneliness more powerful when sad?  
Mona Lisa, is it true each father's son  
Thinks he feels as no one else has ever done?  
Does a woman love a man because he's strong,  
Or because she wants to smooth his way along?  
Why are people both so simple and so deep?—  
Mona Lisa, did you ever, ever weep?

Though the little child pretends he is a man,  
And imagines grownup power all he can,  
Though intelligence increase with muscle might,  
Mona Lisa, do we ever grow up, quite?

**Elisabeth Alden Scott**

Wilson College 1928

**"Their Soul Shall Be As A  
Watered Garden**

**A Sonnet of Prayer**

I Passed a thorny desert soul one day—  
A soul as fruitless as a painted mast,  
So harsh and hard and dry I stood aghast,  
And would have helped, but had no time  
to stay;  
Yet, half in doubtfulness, began to pray  
To Him, the Source of living streams . . .  
At last,  
Returning, I beheld, a velvet-grassed,  
Abundant garden; saw the rainbow spray  
Of fountains shimm'ring high against the  
trees;  
Saw old-time flowers, bluebells, and sweet  
peas,  
Pink-hearted phloxes, heliotrope, heart'sease.  
Rambling roses hung from arches there;  
The scent of hidden orchards filled the air.  
And there were children's voices everywhere.

**Elisabeth Alden Scott**

**Dec. 1927. Wilson College.**



## **With Apologies to Wordsworth**

---

The world is too much with us. History  
Is happening too fast before our sight.  
We can't digest the facts we're forced to bite.  
These things that Mussolini's Facisti  
Are doing for their native Italy;  
The way these fifty Chinese gen'als fight;  
The way these Tutankhamens come to light;  
Bewilder us. Indeed, I'd rather be  
A Crusoe on an unknown desert isle.  
So might my brain assume some liberty;  
So might I have a chance to lose awhile  
That awful strain that still envelops me.  
I think that I could welcome with a smile  
The thought that round me there was only sea.

**Elisabeth Alden Scott**

Wilson College 1928.

## The Traveller's Song

---

1. I sought for beauty o'er the earth,  
And found it everywhere I turned :  
A precious stone from Singapore  
That sapphire shone and sapphire burned;  
A rajah's ransom it was worth.
2. Eternal grandeur brooded deep  
In Egypt's pyramids of stone,  
And still I smell the orange bloom,  
I see the frosty stars that shone  
And cooled the tranquil Nile to sleep.
- 3 I loved the skies of Italy,  
The swarthy, singing boatmen there,  
The Virgins of the Renaissance,  
With grave, sweet eyes and golden hair;  
The land of Art and Melody!
4. Lingers long into the night  
On snowy peaks the Alpine glow,  
And every lake is loveliest,  
And there, amidst the endless snow,  
I picked the edelweiss so white.
5. Before a Chinese city gate,  
The entrance to an ancient town,  
I saw the men fly dragon-kites;  
While, by the willows weeping down,  
Their wives beat clothes, from dawn till late.
6. Then home I came, as though on wings,  
The joy of life in heart and eyes;  
For, everything was glorified—  
The earth, the ocean, and the skies,  
And even all the common things!

**Elisabeth Alden Scott**

April 1926. Wilson College.

## Whiter Than Snow

---

When snow has fallen the night before,  
Covering all the grayness o'er  
With a delicate robe of mystery,  
Woven from stars of purity,  
Of whiteness dazzling the human eye,—  
With the eyes of sense I look, and cry:  
"Nothing at all in the world I know  
Whiter than newly fallen snow."

The snow is fair; but fairer still  
Are the Christ-filled heart, and the Spirit-led  
will,  
And the soul at rest and free from sin,  
And the face that shines from His joy within.  
Though as filthy rags be the sinner's soul,  
Jesus can make him pure and whole;  
By His precious, cleansing blood I know  
He can wash one whiter than the snow.

**Elisabeth Alden Scott.**

Wilson College Jan. 1926.

**Mary Magdalene:**  
**Content in Heart-Worship**

---

In Simon's house, in Bethany, the Master  
sat at meat ;  
Holiness and strength and pity shone within  
His wondrous face,  
And the hearts of all were burning, at His  
words of heavenly grace—  
When a woman came and poured her pre-  
cious ointment on His feet.

Fragrance, as of Eastern gardens, lingered  
sweetly in the air,  
And the box that had contained the  
perfume, alabaster, exquisite,  
Shattered lay upon the floor, a rainbow  
curving in each bit ;  
As a woman, kneeling, weeping, wiped His  
feet upon her hair.

Then to disapproving murmurs the as-  
sembled guests gave vent ;  
For the world cannot endure the wasting  
of a priceless thing,  
When it is a gift of *loving consecration* to  
the King ;  
But a woman, once a sinner, kissed His  
feet, and found *Content*.

**Elisabeth Alden Scott.**

March 1927.    Wilson College.

### **"My Testimony."**

---

And shall I fear  
That there is anything that men hold dear  
Thou wouldst deprive me of, and nothing  
give in place?  
That is not so; for I can see Thy face,  
I hear Thee now:" My Child, I died for Thee;  
And, if the gift of love and life you took  
from Me,  
Shall I one precious thing withhold to all  
eternity—  
One beautiful and bright, one pure and pre-  
cious, thing withhold?—  
It cannot be",

**Elisabeth Alden Scott.**

**Moody Bible Institute. Feb. 1929.**

## **A Garden Sonnet**

---

I stole into the garden late one night,  
When in the moonlight gently drowsed the wind,  
And shadows were with jet outlined  
Upon a fairy world of silver-white.  
I saw my tulips in the pale-blue light, —  
Erect, though other flowers with sleep were  
blind, —  
I saw, and, seeing, wondered in my mind  
Just why they were so vigilant and bright.  
I looked within one tulip. Sound asleep,  
Curled in the cup a baby fairy lay.  
Between his locks wee elfin ears did peep,  
His blanket was a moth-skin, soft and grey.  
No wonder that the tulips vigil keep!  
Each cradles carefully a tiny fay.

**Elisabeth Alden Scott.**

June 1924. Wilson College.

Tsuan; 6 Oct 1830 <sup>Ans'd</sup>  
Dear Dr and Mrs Stevenson -  
Hearty thanks for good letter of  
22 June, my birthday.

We were disappointed not to have  
Donald & his Bide come to our  
Station <sup>as</sup> ~~at~~ announced &  
planned for; to do work <sup>for</sup> the  
students in our great City.

Herewith some of Betty's  
published poems, praised  
by Henry Van Dyke.

Hope they bring you cheer.

Dr Brewer (whom we have  
known for years) will bring  
much strength to the  
Beloved Seminary.

Clara joins in loving  
greetings.

Sincerely your friend  
Charles Ernest Scott