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SUSAN MARTHA DANE.



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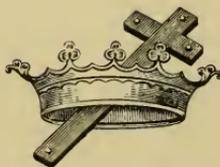
FROM A SICK ROOM,

OR

SONGS OF FAITH AND HOPE

BY

SUSAN MARTHA DANE.
" "



WITH BRIEF MEMORIAL SKETCHES BY

REV. B. P. SNOW,

REV. GEORGE LEWIS, D. D.

1898.

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TO MISS DORA JORDAN,

whose affectionate interest, kindly encouragement, and friendly criticism has been such valuable assistance in the preparation of these little poems for publication; they are gratefully and lovingly dedicated, by

MARY AND SUSIE DANE.

ALFRED, MAINE, 1898.

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MEMORIAL SKETCHES.



THE QUIET and secluded life may have in exercise the highest elements of faithfulness, for "those also serve who only stand and wait." We are sometimes inclined to think that the invalid must be inactive, but frequently those thus shut in are diligent and effective.

For quite a portion of her life, the subject of this sketch was debarred from ordinary pursuits, but, far from giving way to inaction or indifference, she continued to maintain a lively and wholesome interest in things social, intellectual, and religious. SUSAN MARTHA DANE, born May 20th, 1849, was the second daughter and youngest child of Nathan and Martha [Morse] Dane. She was a descendant, in direct and recorded line, of John Dane of Berkhamstead and Stortford, England (1589), and of John Dane who came to Ipswich, Mass., in 1636, a lineage of excellent quality and of high repute.

Making good use of all available opportunities of education, she was always fond of the higher pleasures of the intellect, and exhibited an intelligent and positive interest in books and culture. She expressed herself, by word and pen, with remarkable ease, fluency and accuracy.

Miss Dane inherited reverence for things sacred and religious, in a peculiar and marked degree, from both paternal and maternal ancestors, many of whom were remarkable for

their high ideals of christian duty and service, and their stalwart faith and conscientious performance of duty.

She once remarked to me "There had not been in their branch of the family for more than a century, a woman bearing the Dane name either by birth or marriage, who had not been a consistent church member."

Some of these pious ancestors, like Rev. Francis Dane of Andover, Mass., who served that church forty-eight years, (1640-1688)—Rev. John Hancock pastor of the church at Lexington, Mass., from 1698 to 1753, and Rev. Jonas Clark pastor of same church the following fifty years, exercised no small amount of influence, not only on their own church and community but the state and nation as well.

Miss Dane united with the Congregational church in Alfred in 1870, during the pastorate of Rev. George Lewis, and was, through all her years, an earnest and efficient member.

The last twelve years of her life she was an invalid, a member of the "Shut-In-Society" for seven years, for six of them sending, each day to some member of the society, letter, postal, helpful gift, suggestion of choice reading, or encouraging thought. Such things coming to herself were a joy and a support, and she, with an affectionate and enduring faithfulness, thus ministered to the needs of others.

Before illness came upon her, Miss Dane had in the Sunday school, for seven years a class of boys, in whom she manifested a deep and abiding interest, and for whom she prayed much, giving up her class only when compelled by the severe sickness of her sister, and the speedy failure thereafter of her own health. Though she could no longer study God's word with them, she did not lose her interest in "her boys;" and as they grew to manhood, and (many of them) went out into the

world, she still remembered them in her prayers, and who shall say that her sweet christian influence did not follow them, restraining from evil and inclining to purer, nobler, higher, lives.

She was also the leader of a Juvenile Temple, for the promotion of temperance among the young, and to this work she gave time, thought and effort without stint.

The beautiful in nature, and things noble in thought, in character, in conduct, appealed strongly to her admiration, and she having a poetic heritage from John Dane of England, and others of the line, often expressed in verse her belief, her wishes and aspirations.

Many of these poems, so thoughtful, so full of christian devotion, and speaking forth faith, hope and charity in tones so persuasive, found their way into print, touching many hearts with inspiration to struggle after more courageous and faithful living and with others, have since her departure been gathered by her sister, at the request of many friends, into this little volume; "that she, being dead," may yet mayhap still speak the word of hope and encouragement. The verses called "Redeeming the Time," well express her own unselfish spirit, and the practical aim of her life.

Of Miss Dane, it could be truly said that her christian convictions were the key to her character, and constituted the guiding principles of her life. From these resulted her beautiful gentleness and modesty, her unselfishness, her sincerity, her lively interest in others, her remarkable love of flowers and plants, which tell us God's thoughts, her strong and enduring faith, and her heroic fortitude. Of her filial and sisterly affection, so fresh and full and abiding, one would say much, were it not coming too close to the sacred privacy of her home.

She never lost patience, never repined, through the weary years of weakness and suffering, but had ever a sweet smile of welcome, a loving hand clasp and a pleasant greeting for all. Though for twelve long years denied the privilege of attending the services of the sanctuary she did not lose her interest in them, and often sent some fitly chosen text of scripture or some helpful thought to the prayer and conference meetings, as token that though absent in body, she was present with God's people in spirit. For many years her pastor on his way to church left at her door a slip of paper on which was the hymns to be sung, the portions of scripture to be read, the text and usually a brief outline of the sermon.

She used, as she said to "preach herself a sermon" from it, softly singing the hymns and reading the scripture portions from the well-worn family Bible in which the sermon texts of many years were marked by her father's hand. She was constant and generous in her contributions to all the benevolent objects of the church, and for everything that conduced to the welfare or happiness of those around her.

Miss Dane was fond of children, delighting to draw them around her, even when confined to her bed she loved to have them visit her and tell her of their little plans and pleasures into which she heartily entered, and often had for them in her "treasure box," as she called it, some bright card, ribbon, or little gift, often the work of her busy dainty fingers. Few homes indeed are there in the village that have not some token of her love.

The last eight months she suffered constantly, often intensely. Long before the end came she knew her illness was hopeless, but her faith and cheerfulness of trust never wavered.

She made plans and preparations for her departure as one going on a pleasant journey, leaving for every friend some little gift, from her store of books and keepsakes, with some sweet and fitting message; only a few hours before she sank into unconsciousness she had some little baskets of fruit and flowers from her garden prepared and sent with loving messages, thoughtful and unselfish to the very last.

Sinking gradually, "willing rather to be absent from the body and be present with the Lord," the end which came on August 20th, 1896, had been long foreseen by her as a happy transition, and such in reality it seemed to be to her. To her faith, it was entering into perfect peace, an abundant entrance into exceeding joy.

B. P. SNOW.

YARMOUTH, Feb. 22, 1898.





HERE are few things more lovely than to see a young girl giving her heart and her life to Jesus Christ and dedicating the whole wealth of her nature to him who died for her. Miss Susie Dane did this in her young life, and made her heart's deepest and truest home with the people of God. It was my privilege to know her at the time she united with the church in Alfred, and I have always remembered how the clear faith and the strong love of her soul for the Lord shone out at that time.

During the subsequent years of trial and of almost complete isolation from society that came to her, I think it never occurred to her to doubt the tender love of her Lord for her any more than to doubt the love of her Mother. Jesus Christ was so large a part of her own life that to doubt him would have been like rending her own soul in pieces. She lived *with* him and *in* him to a remarkable degree. Her songs grew out of her life in him just as naturally as roses bloom because the bush lives in sunshine and shower. Such lives as hers make earth a sweeter dwelling place for others. She has gone away but the fragrance of her spirit lingers round the earthly home, and those who knew her once will never forget her. As Mrs. Browning said of Mrs. Hemans, so may we say of Miss Susie Dane.

“Albeit softly in our ears her silver song was ringing,
The footfall of her parting soul was softer than her singing.”

GEO. LEWIS.

SOUTH BERWICK, Feb. 14, 1898.



Songs for Easter.



EASTER MORNING.

·**N**OW as flowers from earth are peeping,
 And all nature wakes from sleeping,
 Comes again the radiant dawning
 Of the resurrection morning.
 Alleluia! Christ is risen!

Opened now is death's dark portal,
 Now made sure the life immortal;
 Since o'er all His foes victorious
 Christ the Lord arose most glorious.
 Alleluia! Christ is risen!

Sin's long reign at last is banished,
 Terror from the grave has vanished,
 While in Heaven and earth are blending
 Songs of joy and praise unending,
 Alleluia! Christ is risen!

To our waiting hearts appearing,
 Christ proclaims the tidings cheering,
 "It is I, your risen Savior,
 Ye in Me have life forever."
 Alleluia! Christ is risen!

As we come God's house adorning
On this holy Easter morning,
Let our hearts o'erflow with praising
While our lips are anthems raising,
Alleluia! Christ is risen!

April, 1896.



EASTER DAWN.

CHRIST having burst the bands of death
In that all glorious hour
Became the Lord of life and light,
And resurrection power.

Now let our hearts unite to raise
The joyful Easter songs,
As tribute to our Risen Lord,
To whom all praise belongs.

CHRIST OUR RESURRECTION.

HAIL, Easter morn! Whose radiant dawning
Hath pierced the darkness of the tomb,
Transforming it, by thine effulgence,
And robbing death of all its' gloom.

We'll lift our hearts in joyous anthems,
Giving to our Redeemer praise,
And fill the air with notes triumphant,
Thus crowning it as day of days.

Bring to the altar as fitting emblems
The Easter lilies, white and fair;
Their fragrance rises as sweet incense
And lifts our souls on wings of prayer.

Myriads of springtime flowers awaking
Now from the cold damp earth arise
Each year as type of resurrection,
For e'en in nature life ne'er dies.

When the sun's mighty power doth draw them,
Quick they obey the call from night ;
So should we heed the upward drawing
Toward Him who is our Sun, our Light.

Christ has arisen ! Sweet this assurance,
We, too, from out the grave shall rise ;
And throughout the eternal ages,
Shall dwell with Him in Paradise.

Here how weak our best attempts to praise Him !
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
There shall we lift unceasing anthems,
And Easter keep forevermore.

Easter, April, 1896.

Her last Easter on earth.



EASTER HOPE.

John 11: 25; 1 Cor. 15: 53.

FRIENDS sought the tomb at break of day
 To find the stone was rolled away;
 And as they stooped and looked within
 They only found a trace of Him.

The linen clothes aside were lain
 But Christ himself had risen again.
 "Weep not, ye friends," the angels said,
 "Why seek ye Him among the dead?"

"No longer look within the grave
 From which His mighty power can save;
 With trust look up to Him for peace
 Who can from sin and death release.

"To-day to every soul He saith,
 Behold, I break the bands of death,
 As ye my power and glory see,
 Believe, confide, rejoice in me.

‘Go tell to all the earth around
How Christ the Savior now is found ;
That still He lives to save and bless
And lead the way to holiness.

‘As now your hearts within you burn,
To Heaven let your spirits turn ;
These bodies though they mortal be,
Shall put on immortality.

‘Henceforth no longer be ye sad,
Let each believing soul be glad ;
For death robbed of it's sting shall be
Since Christ hath gained the victory.’”

April, 1887.



CHRIST IS RISEN.

Luke 24.

LOOK not within the empty tomb
 To find Thy Lord! He is not there.
 No more the grave it's prisoner holds;
 No more let thy fond heart despair.

His resurrection power is proved,
 Since He hath burst the bands of death.
 Look up! Behold thy Savior lives;
 He speaks! Dost hear thou what He saith?

“O slow of heart! Why not believe
 All I have suffered for thy sake?
 Since man's last foe doth vanquished lie
 Of life eternal now partake.”

This gift accept,—repent, believe,
 And follow all thy Lord's commands;
 His peace He bids thee now receive,
 And preach His name in every land.

Spread wide the tidings through the earth,
 And let it's echo gladly ring,
 Victorious over sin and death
 Thy risen Lord is Savior, King.

NED'S EASTER OFFERING.

EARLY in the cold, gray dawning
Of the Easter Sabbath morning,
On his little snow white cot,
With his cheeks all fever hot,
Crippled Ned in pain awoke
Yet no word aloud he spoke
Lest his tired mother, lying near,
From her light sleep should rouse to hear.

'Neath the half raised curtain peeping,
Neddie saw one star still keeping
Watch o'er all the silent town,
And the hillsides bare and brown ;
And he whispered, "Little star,
From your azure home afar,
Oh, were you watching o'er our earth
Upon the morn of Jesus birth ?

'And did you see Him when He lay
In the rude manger on the hay ?
Did you hear the angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King ?'
Did you watch Him when a child
Pure, obedient, gentle, mild ;
Or when He in the temple taught
His every word with wisdom fraught ?

“And did you follow all His way
Until the crucifixion day?
 Judas sold his Lord for gold,
 But the grave could not Him hold,
 For He rose from out the tomb
 Robbing death of all it's gloom ;
Now He reigns o'er all victorious,
In His Father's home most glorious.

“And now on every Easter morn
We with sweet flowers God's house adorn ;
 Gifts we bring, and joyful raise
 Anthems, chants, and songs of praise ;
 To the church I cannot go,
 But I may my love to show
Send in the Easter lilies fair
I long have watched with tender care.

“I hope the sun will brightly shine,
My lillies' buds unfold in time ;
 Half I hate to let them go
 I have grown to love them so,
 Yet I would not be denied
 Giving them to Him who died
That through our faith in His dear name
We, by His death, shall live again.”

“Dear Savior, take my childish heart,
And unto me Thy grace impart ;
 Freely all my sins forgive,
 Make content to die or live ;
 Help this weary pain to bear
 ’Till Thou come to take me where
Pains cease, all tears are wiped away,
And I with Thee may always stay.

“Now I will try to sleep awhile ;”—
His blue eyes closed, a tender smile
 His little weary face illumed,
 And while he slept the lily bloomed,
 But when the sun in beauty rose
 Pale Neddie’s eyes did not unclose,
For angel hands had borne away
His ransomed spirit, ere ’twas day.



EASTER ANTHEM.

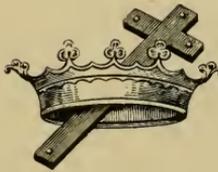
HARK, the Easter bells are ringing,
 Myriad voices glad are singing
 Of the coming of that day
 Angels rolled the stone away ;
 And the Lord of Life arose
 Triumphant o'er all His foes.

Fragrant flowers from earth upspringing
 Unto Him their incense bringing ;
 Murmuring waters as they glide
 To their home in ocean wide ;
 Happy birds on tuneful wing,
 All to Him their homage bring.

Then how can we for whom Christ died
 While from His precious piercéd side
 Flowed His life blood freely given
 Us to cleanse and fit for Heaven
 Silence keep ? No, glad we'll raise
 Songs of grateful, loving praise.

Christ bore our sins upon the tree
In grievous pain and agony,
That believing on His name,
Pure and freed from every stain,
We may share His home above,
All its joy, and peace, and love.

For all the mercy and the grace
That thus redeems our fallen race,
Takes away our every sin,
Makes us pure and true within,
We would ceaselessly adore
Love and praise Him evermore.





Thanksgiving · and
Other · Holidays.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Rev. 14: 14-20 vs.

LORD of the harvest's garnered sheaves,
To Thee we offer praise ;
Thanksgiving for Thy grace received,—
The good which crowns our days.

For daily mercies through the year,
Too numberless to name,
And all especial blessings sent,
Thy goodness we proclaim.

May we, whose tables Thou dost fill
From out Thy boundless store,
Ere we partake with grateful thanks,
Bestow upon Thy poor.

For how can thanks sincere be given
For all Thy gifts so good,
If we neglect these gifts to share
With those who lack for food?

Since, Lord alike of poor and rich,
Thou deignest us to feed,
May we; with open hearts and hands
Supply our brother's need.

“Receiving much, much is required;”

“Thrice blessed ’tis to give,”

A grateful, generous spirit make

Within our hearts to live.

For Thee, dear Christ, best gift of all,

To earth from Heaven sent,

With ceaseless thanks, in deeds of love,

Shall not our lives be spent?

And, at the harvest of the world

That waits Thy stern decree,—

“Thrust in the sickle, quickly reap,

That all may garnered be;”

When rich and poor, the good and bad,

Must all before Thee stand,

Lord grant that we, in grateful praise

Be found at Thy right hand.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good
will toward men.”—Luke 2: 14.

WHY do we sing the Christmas songs,
And ring the Christmas bells?
Because, to all the world, this day
The birth of Jesus tells.

“Glory to God in Heaven above,
On earth be peace, good will ;”
This was the herald-angel’s song ;
Let us repeat it still.

“Glory to God, good will to men,”
At this glad Christmas time
Let overflowing hearts in praise
Surpass e’en music’s chime.

Why do we send good gifts around
To friends and kindred dear,
Do loving deeds of charity,
Speak words of kindly cheer?

As Christ came down from Heaven to earth
To give good gifts to men,
So we should strive on Christmas day
To gladden hearts again.

We'll scatter wide our gifts of love,
'Tis fitting thus to do ;
Since Jesus gave his life for us,
To show His love most true.

O gift of gifts! Salvation free!
Let every land proclaim
Let every soul be led to trust
In great Immanuel's name.

Xmas, 1890.

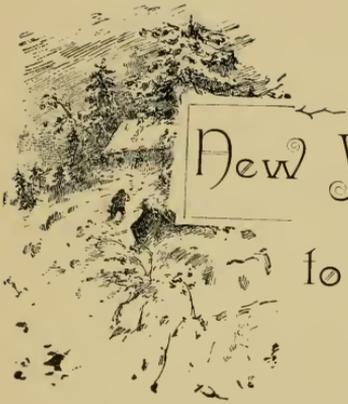


CHRISTMAS MORN.

AGAIN we celebrate the day
That gave the Saviour birth,
The great, the glad, the glorious day
Salvation came to earth.

Let all our hearts inspired with love
A grateful tribute bring ;
And render praise with service meet
To Christ our Saviour, King.





New Year's Greetings
to Various Friends.

TO E. T. K.

January 1st, 1890.

TO the Old Year we bid adieu,
As now again we greet the New;
All that awaits us ere its close
We trust with God, who only knows.

The boon I ask for you, dear friend,
Is truest joy that knows no end
Born of the hope, and peace, and love
That cometh only from above.

That day by day, while still below,
You nearer to God's likeness grow;
And when the ills of life are past;
That you be crowned by Him at last.

TO REV. AND MRS. G. L.

January 1st, 1894.

WHAT will the untried coming year
For thee, my dear friends hold ?

I wish a store of love and peace,
And happiness untold ;

But if dark shadows sometimes with
The sunshine must be blent,
I pray the Lord's sustaining grace
And presence shall be lent.

So enter this new year with hope,
And trust until its end,
That whether good or ill betide,
The Lord will thee defend.

And when life's work is ended here,
And He shall bid thee come,
These blessed words await thee there,
"My servants, welcome home."

TO T——J——S.

January 1st.

ON this cold and snowy night,
When the twelve months in their flight,
Have once more the New Year brought,
For your friendly ears I've sought ;
That unto you I may tell,
What perchance you know full well,
Now for every coming day
I God's blessing still would pray.

Pray that He will safely keep,
When you wake and when you sleep,
When you from your home must stray
Or by your own fire may stay ;
Shield you from the Tempter's powers,
Comfort all your lonely hours ;
Keep you brave, and strong, and pure,
Each day growing nobler, truer.

Send you happiness and health,
Length of days, abundant wealth,
 Many friends your lives to cheer,
 Much to hope for, naught to fear.
But beyond all earthly bliss
What I pray for most is this ;—
 That on Christ you may believe
 His salvation full receive.

Then when earthly life is done,
It's battles fought, it's victories won ;
 Past all sorrow, pain and sin,
 Past life's turmoil, strife and din,
Pray through Christ redemption given,
We, dear friends, may meet in Heaven ;
 They who enter Heaven's door
 Joyful meet to part no more.





Songs · of · Faith

and · Hope.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

LIKE as the sunshine draws the plant
Forth from the cold, damp sod,
So should our souls from this low earth
Be upward drawn to God.

Quickly the plant obeys the call
Which bids it to arise ;
So let us each be swift to hear
His summons from the skies.

Not in a single day nor night
Do plants their growth attain,
But leaf by leaf, with patient toil,
Grows up the stalk of grain.

For, first the blade and then the ear
Then the full corn we find ;
The time of harvesting must come
Ere the ripe sheaves we bind.

Not in one day nor many years
Our work shall reach its end,
But, we with patience step by step,
Our upward way must wend.

The flowers, the fruit, the grain must have
Allotted time to grow ;
While Nature on her children all
Much labor doth bestow.

The sun, the shower, the wind, the storm
Alike must do their share
Until to full perfection comes
The fruit which each should bear ;

Refreshed by dews of heavenly grace,
Descending from above,
With showers of gifts and blessings rich
And sunshine of God's love.

'Tis not alone the sun and shower
That He sees fit to send,
But clouds, and storms, and furious winds
Though 'neath them we may bend,—

For were life all of pleasure here,—
All joy, and peace, and love,
We scarce would turn our thoughts from earth
To better things above.

So mingling bitter with the sweet
Our daily cup He fills ;
Well may we learn to be content
Accepting what He wills.

We ought yet more and more to grow
 Into His image fair,
Reflecting it from day to day
 As we His presence share.

And when He sees we are complete
 And golden fruitage bear,
He will transplant to fields above
 Immortal bloom to wear.

April, 1896.

The last one from her pen.



LOOK FOR THE ROSES.

IS the path beset with barriers
Which on every hand we meet,
Causing us to sink discouraged
With our pierced and bleeding feet?

Is the way so lined with briars
That we scarce can find repose?
Let us look a little closer
'Mid the thorns to find a rose.

Here within this world of trouble
We, who are to sorrow born,
From experience learn full quickly
"There's no rose without a thorn."

But if we will search to find them,
Many trials shall disclose
That within their embrace hidden
Are few thorns without a rose.

Howe'er heavy be the sorrow,
Can we not with faith look up
And discover in affliction
Many blessings fill the cup ;

Trusting in the God of wisdom,
Who our faltering steps will lead,
Knowing that in ample measure
He will richly fill our need ?

Though the cross may seem too weighty
For our feeble strength to bear,
Surely there is One close by us
Who will all the burden share.

Let us then in sweet submission,
As each day we trials meet
So accept that they may help us
Find the roses at our feet.

Let us serve God 'till He call us,
When from earthly dross refined
We shall reach the home celestial
Roses without thorns to find.

DAILY TRUST.

“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

“AS thy days, thy strength shall be,”
 Let this be enough for thee ;
 Lean upon His promised word,
 Which can joy and peace afford.

Simply trust, each day, anew ;
 Thou shalt prove it ever true,
 Howe'er great thy burden be
 He will aid and succor thee ;

Grace and strength will surely give
 Unto thee, each day to live ;
 Therefore rest within His love
 Till thou reachest Heaven above.

CHRIST, OUR DAILY NEED.

DO we want Him, do we need Him
As we walk amid the flowers,
While around us all is sunshine
During spring-time's fleeting hours?

Yes, in youth we surely need Him
For we are to trouble born,
And must learn but all too quickly
"There's no rose without a thorn."

But we shall not need His counsel
When in mid life's even tread,
We can profit by youth's follies
And by Wisdom's hand be led.

For the way seems all so pleasant,
Smooth the paths on every hand.
Surely we shall need no Shepherd
Guiding to the better land.

Nay, the need is but the greater,
Cares and burdens heavier grew,
And to battle with temptation
God must fullest grace bestow.

Then it is our influence widens,
Life is not for self alone,
And we must account for talents
Whether good or ill be done.

Shall we want Him, shall we need Him,
As long life shall near its close,
When the firm tread grows unsteady
And hair whitens with the snows

Of the many winters beating
With their wild storms on the head,
Which will bring us slowly, surely,
Near the city of the dead?

Shall we enter the dark valley
All enwrap with shadows grim
Still dependent on our own light
Feeling we've no need of Him?

No, we need Him; let us trust Him
From our childhood to the grave;
Need His hand to guide and lead us
Need His pardoning power to save,

'Till we reach the heavenly portal
And the gates wide open swing;
Then we'll join the glorious anthem,
"Praise to our Eternal King."

WANING SUMMER.

THE August days are waning fast,
And soon the summer will be past,
With all its sunshine and its showers,
Its happy birds and lovely flowers.

So too our lives are fleeting fast
And soon our years will all be past,
With all their happiness and pain,
With all their losses and their gain.

Oh grieve not for the summer fled
For nature sleeping is not dead,
Another year will surely bring
Life, growth and sunshine in the spring.

We know the birds will surely come
Back from their southern winter home;
New flowers in beauty shall arise
Beneath another summer's skies.

So too, dear friends, in God's good time,
Within some brighter, fairer clime,
Our souls in beauty shall awake
And of immortal life partake.

RESTING IN GOD'S LOVE.

ARE you, friend, in sore distress,
Do life's burdens heavy press
With no hope your way to bless ?
Trust your Savior none the less ;
He the needed grace can give
Bravely day by day to live,
Leaning on His love.

Till in God's own time and place
You shall end your earthly race,
And through His abounding grace
Gladly meet Him face to face,
While unceasingly you raise
Anthems of adoring praise
For His changeless love.

Then when you review the way
That He's led you day by day
In your weary earthly stay,
You with grateful heart can say,
"All life's losses were but gain
All it's trials and it's pain
Only proved His love."

April, 1896.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

ONCE more I wake to day of care,
An endless round of duties plain,
Which, though performed on yesterday,
To-day must all be done again.

How can I bear the stress and strain
Of petty trials daily met?
Where find the strength my need to fill
When by temptations sore beset?

Ah! well I know to whom to look,
The source of strength that will supply
All grace in every trying hour
If I but on His help rely.

So, pleading all the promises,
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
And with new courage, trust, and hope
To this new day of duty rise.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

·ALL ye who know the Lord
Speak often of His love,
Kindle each other's hearts with zeal
And lift your thoughts above

Beyond the things of earth
That daily clog the way,
Unto the realm of perfect joy
Which nearer draws each day ;

Where every care shall cease
That here doth vex the mind,
And every burden laid aside,
Ye peace and rest shall find.

Lift up the feeble hands,
And hearts with grief oppressed ;
Pour out your souls for others' woes,
So shall your own be blest.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm 23.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
He surely will provide ;
In pastures green He leadeth me,
By the still waters side ;

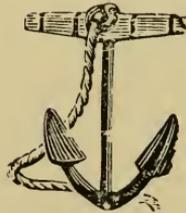
My fainting soul restores,
And gently leads the same
Within the paths of righteousness,
To glorify His name.

Though I walk through the vale
Of Death, with shadows grim,
E'en *there* no evil will I fear,
For I am led by Him.

What comfort and support
His rod and staff doth give ;
A table well prepared He spreads,
That I may eat and live.

My head He doth anoint
With oil divinely shed;
My cup with blessings overflow,
And I am richly fed.

Goodness and mercy sure
Shall follow all my days;
Within the house of God I'll dwell,
And ever give Him praise.



THE KING OF GLORY.

Psalm 24.

THE Lord doth rule the earth
And they that in it dwell ;
He foundeth it upon the seas,
And guideth all things well.

Who shall ascend the hill
Of God our Sovereign King ?
Or stand within His holy place
And His full praises sing ?

He that hath hands most clean,
A heart that's pure and meet,
To vanity lifts not his soul,
And doth not swear deceit.

They shall be richly blest
With righteousness and grace,
This generation that doth seek
The god of Jacob's face.

Lift up your heads ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors,
The King of Glory shall come in ;
Whom all the earth adores.

Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of might and strength :
Lift up your heads, ye gates and doors,
He will come in at length.



REDEEMING THE TIME.

“As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.” Gal. 6-10.

“COUNT that day lost, whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hand no worthy action done,”
In youthful days this maxim I was taught
By a dear mother’s lips with wisdom fraught.

This sage advice I’ve heeded; for, as pass
The days, when night returns, myself I ask,
“Have I let hours, God sent, all slip away,
With no kind word or act throughout the day?”

I surely like the answer to be “No:”
For sweetest satisfaction ’tis to know
Some heart, if but if a child’s, has gladdened been
By some poor word of mine from tongue or pen.

In giving timely aid to those distressed,
Or cheering fainting souls, we, too are blessed;
Since, while for other’s wounds, we ointment pour,
We healing gather for our own heart’s sore.

Then let our substance from the Lord received,
Be used to meet a weary comrade’s need;
And let the several talents He has given,
Improved aright, our passport be to Heaven.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

ONE day at a time, then why do we borrow,
And burden ourselves with cares of the morrow?
Does not each day have enough of a flurry?
We needn't reach forward to gather more worry.

If God sends to-day some real joy and sunshine
Why don't we enjoy it, not mope and repine
Over some mountain we see in the distance
Since trouble will come without any assistance.



FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE is the subtle power that binds
The heart of friend to friend ;
And truest, purest friendships, formed
On earth, shall never end.

For in the brighter world above,
The loved ones, cherished here,
Refined from all of earthly dross,
In beauty shall appear.

Then intercourse so sweet below
Shall only brighter be,
Made perfect in the blissful state
Of immortality.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

·NOTE the little raindrops, as one by one descending,
They fill the little brooklets that on their way are wending
To swell the mighty rivers rushing onward to the sea,
Where in the rolling waters they all shall blended be.

So our little actions how'er simple they may be
Possess a mighty power that goes on eternally ;
For whether rich or lowly, and whether young or old,
We each exert an influence that's fraught with weight untold.

Let us then be careful as we deal with fellow men,
That all our words are kindly and our deeds of wisdom's ken,
Our lives a shining record for coming ages view
Making the lives of others to be better and more true.

So shall we all be useful, our mission here fulfill,
Finding truest living in the doing of God's will ;
Laying up rich treasure for the better life to come,
Binding up the golden sheaves for the blessed welcome home.

THE OILED FEATHER.

OH, let us keep it by us,
All ready at our call,
And each day do some kind deed
Or let some kind word fall.

Even a cup of water
In the Lord Jesus' name
May be used by his dear hand
Some lost one to reclaim.

We may help some weary pilgrim
Upon his lonely way,
Though small the act we do
Or simple the word we say.

Then let us oil the feather
With tender look and smile,
And noblest efforts spare not
But, thinking all the while

Of how the dear Lord Jesus
Came to our world to bless,
And even died to save us,
So can we do aught less

Than give the very choicest
Of our gifts and talents all
Unto the Master's service
While heeding every call?

Let us be like the feather
In the blessed Father's hand,
Lying well oiled and waiting
Ready at His command.

Then God will take and use us
As to Him seemeth best;
And, doing as He biddeth,
We'll leave to Him the rest.

Jan., 1887.



REST BEYOND.

HOW swift they pass, and one by one
Each week doth bring us nearer home;
Nearer the mansions of the blest,
Nearer to our eternal rest.

How blest unto our weary feet
Will be that rest from toil so sweet!
Then shall our souls in rapture raise
Unto our Lord, a song of praise.

When all the toils of life are done,
Its battles fought, its victory's won,
How sweet will be the home above
Where we shall meet in Jesus' love!

Lord help us each such fruit to bear
That we may in Thy Kingdom share,
From earthly pain and sin set free,
We may forever dwell with Thee.

MORNING PETITION.

WE thank Thee for Thy tender care,
 Dear Father, through the long dark night,
 And that Thou still our lives dost spare
 To greet another morning's light.

Keep us from every ill to-day,
 For dangers lurk on every hand ;
 Lead not into temptation's way
 But help us follow Thy command.

Be pleased to bless each line of work
 In which our busy hands engage,
 May we no task or burden shirk
 Nor let our hearts give way to rage.

Help us keep watch before our lips
 That we may kind words only say,
 Regret each harmful one that slips
 And make amends without delay.

Since unkind or malicious words
 Are keener far than unkind deeds
 And oft times grieve our dearest friend
 Who sympathy and comfort needs.

And when a tale of sorrow's heard
From some distressed or saddened heart,
Let us be quick to speak some word
Which will to them new hope impart.

Let acts of kindness follow on
To prove that which our words express,
As oft as we shall see the way
To aid some brother in distress.

Help us improve the talents lent
And all Thy teachings quickly heed ;
So shall our day be not ill-spent
And rest deserved be sweet indeed.



EVENING PETITION.

FATHER we come to Thee
And ask Thy blessing now ;
Pour out Thy spirit on our souls,
As waiting here we bow.

We come in Jesus' name,
Who died upon the tree,
That we might all be reconciled,
And pardoned, Lord, by Thee.

No merits of our own,
Therefore, we bring to Thee ;
But trusting wholly in Christ's name
We shall accepted be.

Because of His great love
To us poor sinners here,
Our life, our service will we give,
Him trust, obey and fear.

Though oftén we may fall
Into temptation's power,
Our wanderings, Lord, wilt Thou forgive,
And help us in each hour.

We each one feel our need
And come to Thee for strength,
Wilt Thou not comfort and sustain
And bring us home at length,

That we may dwell above
From sin and sorrow free ;
Thee will we ever serve and praise
Throughout eternity.

For Thine the glory is
And power and majesty ;
Whom we Thy creatures would adore
The glorious Trinity.





Songs · of · the

Springtime.



PUSSY-WILLOWS.

ON a wintery, gray March day,
From the brook not far away,
With glad words did Nellie bring
The first harbinger of spring.

Think you now, what could it be
That I was so glad to see,
That with eager hands I grasped,
And my fingers tightly clasped?

Do you say, "Not hard to guess,—
Was it pussy-willows?" Yes,
In their soft and silky fur,
As I stroked, they seem to purr.

On a stand the window near,
In a vase of water clear,
Where the sun shines warm and bright
I have placed them in the light.

Some all shiny, smooth and sleek
I now press against my cheek,
Others, half by brown concealed,
Soon by warmth will be revealed.

Silvery Pussy-willows, dear ;
 Who's not glad to see you here ?
 For however gray the sky,
 You proclaim the spring-time nigh.



APRIL.

1896.

·**A**PRIL comes good news to bring ;
 All the air with joy doth ring,
 While the birds now northward wing
 And with gladsome notes do sing
 "That the Spring has come."

As the winds do warmer blow
 Quickly disappears the snow,
 And the ice in sunshine's glow
 Melts, till glad the waters flow,
 Singing, "Spring has come."

Though they seem to swell so slow
 We can see the leaf-buds grow ;
 Quick the sap doth upward go
 Neath the sun-lights warmer glow
 For the Spring has come.

Swift the south-winds traveleth,
And with wooing, coaxing breath
To the sleeping flowers it saith,
“Waken from your seeming death
Since the Spring has come.”

Now the crocuses appear,
The first blossoms of the year,
And their gorgeous cups uprear
Speaking to our hearts good cheer,
Blithesome Spring has come.

While the snow-drops, side by side,
Nodding stand with petals wide,
As if loving hands had tied
Chaste adornment for a bride,
Now that Spring has come.

All its tender charms we greet,
Grass blades springing at our feet,
Pussy-willows, violets sweet,
Murmuring brooks the song repeat ;
“Welcome Spring has come.”

Glad we hail thee, April dear,
As thou comest year by year
For thou bringest such good cheer
After winter stern and drear
Joyous Spring doth come.

Glad we hail thy lengthening hours,
 Thine alternate sun and showers,
 With their fresh life-giving powers
 Bringing birds and bees and flowers,
 When the Spring doth come.



TO THE MAY FLOWER.

THOU the sweetest flower of spring,
 Warm we give thee welcoming,
 For thou cheerest every heart
 By the hope thou dost impart.

After winter's frosty reign,
 Binding with its icy chain
 Every lake and water-spring,
 Every living growing thing,

Glad indeed we are to greet
 Grass-blades springing at our feet ;
 Yet more glad hail thee again
 First of all the wild-flower train.

Pussy-willows, loved so well,
Did but lately come to tell
That the spring-time's balmy breath
Had awakened life from death.

Precious harbengers indeed,
We their tidings glad did heed,
Looking forward to the hour
Of thine advent dear May Flower.

By the unlocked, babbling brook,
In some rocky, sheltered nook
Which the sunshine warm receives,
From among the shining leaves

Blossoms white to pinkest hue
With delight we bring to view,
As we search the mossy beds
In which hide thy modest heads,

Welcome guest dost thou appear,
As thou comest, year by year,
Whom the young and old do greet
With like pleasure, May Flower sweet.

April, 1896.



Hymns . of
Resignation.

“JUST AS HE WILLS.”

Mark 14: 36; II Cor. 12: 9; Deut. 33: 25.

“JUST as He wills;” oh, must I say
 When all my hopes are crushed,
 Each wish so fond is laid aside
 Each dear desire is hushed?

“Just as He wills;” can I this say
 And all to Him resign,
 E’en yield the things I crave the most
 Nor murmur, nor repine?

“Just as He wills;” who knows so well
 We need the inward smart
 To cause our hearts to willing grow
 From things of earth to part.

“Just as He wills;” how sweet to feel
 God doth appoint my way
 And will, with each new trial send
 Strength equal to the day.

“Just as He wills;” oh help me say,
With faith and trust secure,
I’ll lean upon Thy promise, Lord,
To those who shall endure.

“Just as He wills;” e’er let me pray
Till life shall reach its end
Until God wills to take me home
Eternity to spend.

July 23, 1887.



“JUST AS I AM.”

“JUST as I am,” Lord hear me now,
 As prostrate at Thy throne I bow
 And with Thy spirit seal my vow,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

“Just as I am,” or not at all,
 Though oft I stumble, oft I fall;
 But since 'tis sinners Thou dost call
 O Lamb of God, I come.

“Just as I am,” for Jesus hears
 My humblest prayers and counts my tears,
 And bids me lay aside my fears;
 O Lamb of God, I come.

“Just as I am,” since there remains
 A cleansing fount for guilty stains
 Where sinners lost new life obtain,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

THY WILL BE DONE.

“Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.” Job. 13: 15.

“My grace is sufficient for thee.” II Cor. 12: 9.

FATHER, Thy hand I cannot see
 So veiled in clouds and mystery,
 My soul repeats in darkness still
 “Why must this be Thy holy will?”

“Why this distrust?” thus saith God’s voice,
 “My child, because it is My choice;
 Thy part it is to meekly lie,
 Nor doubt My leadings with a ‘why.’”

But I had plans that I thought meet
 For usefulness and service sweet:
 Now all my hopes have fruitless proved;
 Why Lord dost Thou deny all good?

Just this He whispers, as I bow,
 “No more for active service now,
 Only to suffer, patient still,
 This is thy doing of My will,

“Until I see in thee worked out
The end I wish to bring about,
Until thou canst submissive lie
This answers well the question ‘why.’”

“Yes Lord,” my humble soul replies,
Trusting though He each wish denies,
Knowing He wisely sees the need,
And with rich grace my soul will feed.

My finite wisdom may not see
The way His hand marks out for me
To be one easy, pleasant, plain,
Yet will I trust in His dear name.

Only God’s help need I to live,
Only the grace which He can give ;
Only to trust, this only pray
Grant strength sufficient for the day.

July 21, 1887.

MY TASK.

WHAT shall I do for Christ
That I may show my love?

He gives to each a task
Their loyalty to prove.

To some he saith, "Go work
For I have need of thee,"
With anxious heart I wait,
What will he say to me?

"My child, this is thy task
To suffer and be still;
With patient trust endure
Resigned to *all* my will."

No more with restless feet
I stand before the gate,
Since I have heard those words,
"They serve who stand and wait."

When all shall be fulfilled
That to Him seemeth best,
My weary soul's reward
Shall be eternal rest.

Oct. 10th, 1886.

SHUT-OUT AND SHUT-IN.

SHUT out from the world and its pleasures,
 Shut in with one's self and one's woes,
 Oh, who but the pitying Father
 The sadness of such a life knows!
 The extent of its deprivations,
 Or stress of the heart's plaintive cry,
 As it feels in its utter dejection
 That the last gleam of hope must die.



THE WAY HE LEADS.

O! must I bear it all,
 All that He lays on me?
 Unless I can the end
 From the beginning see?

Why does He lead me thus
 Along the rugged way,
 While others on the road
 In pleasant by-paths stray?

Paths lined with fruit and flowers
And filled with odors sweet,
No thorns or stones to pierce
Their tired, way-worn feet ;

While mine are bleeding sore
With conflicts by the way ;
For while they rest and sleep
I must not stop nor stay.

But as I tightly clasp
The hand that points the way,
That helps my burden bear,
And gives strength for my day.

Would I exchange my lot
For those that seem so fair ?
Ah no ! I know full well
The dangers lurking there.

For while they sleep, the night
Falls silently around
No light their pathway yields,
No friendly hand is found

To guide and lead their steps
Along the darksome road ;
The things, once fair, now fail
To help them bear the load.

Give me the thorn-set path,
Give me the Father's hand,
To lead and help me on
To that far better land.

When I have reached that shore
Eternity to spend,
Then shall I clearly see
Beginning from the end.

Then will I praise His name
That, while unknown to me,
He led the way, though I
Could not His wisdom see.

But all He asked was trust
And that to Him I gave;
For He alone has power
To lead and guide and save.

Nov. 28, 1886.



NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS.

NOBODY knows. Blest Jesus,
Oh come and comfort me,
And help me bear the trial
Which none but Thou dost see.

For only Thou 'tis knowest
How hard it is to bear,
Or feels the weight and burden
Which only Thou canst share.

Nobody knows but Jesus
The sobs that rend my breast ;
How wet the nightly pillow
That yieldeth little rest.

Nobody knows but Jesus
The struggle and the grief ;
The oft repeated battle
That bringeth no relief.

Nobody knows but Jesus,
Though told my dearest friend,
Who soon forgets or tired grows
Kind sympathy to lend.

Each has his own life burden .
His duties, hopes and plan ;
And gives but little heeding
To those of fellow-man.

And so, Oh blessed Jesus,
In all my grief and care,
I bring to Thee the sorrows
That Thou alone canst share.

From off my weary shoulders
Thou wilt the burden take,
If I but bravely strive to bear
It, Savior, for Thy sake.



WAITING.

·**W**AITING by the pearly portal
Calm and patient as I may,
Waiting for the Father's summons
"Come my child from earth away."

But I still am elinging fondly
To my darling sister here ;
She has been so kind and faithful
To my heart so very dear.

There are many friends to greet me
Over on the golden shore ;
And I long to go and meet them
To be parted never more.

Yet the sweetest joy will be
When I reach the realm above
That my Savior I shall see
Whom the best of all I love.

Dictated Aug. 1st, 1896.

LAID ASIDE.

LAID aside from care for a while,
On my little cot so white,
Given time for meditation
Through the long and wakeful night

Through the day that's just as quiet,
With scarce more to fill my mind
I will turn to Thee dear Jesus
Solace, comfort, help to find.

For in sunshine or in darkness,
Thou art always just the same,
And the humblest, feeblest servant.
May call on Thy precious name.

Thou wilt hear each weak petition
For Thine ear is ever nigh,
And rich grace in ample measure
Thou to me wilt still supply.

SHUT IN.

“SHUT in;” the meaning of this who can tell
 But those who have long felt the pain
 Of wearisome days, and the nights,
 That bring but a like morn again.

Shut in from the world, its hopes and its joys,
 Shut in with the tears spent in vain ;
 Giving up, one by one, all the plans
 And objects they long to obtain.

Shut in, till life has indeed lost its charm,
 Its dreams all have faded and gone,
 Its fondest hopes evermore fled
 For only to die were they born.

While the long coveted treasure of health
 Receding, yet beckoning still
 Eludeth the grasp of the hand
 Turn whichever way that it will.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

DO I not trust? Thou knowest best,
Else it would not be so ;
I ask yet more supply of grace
Thou only canst bestow.

Do I not cling to Thee, oh Lord,
And daily bless thy name
For all Thy benefits and love
That ever are the same ?

Submission ! Did I not submit
To Thee, Lord, long ago ?
But oh ! the smart, the pain, sometimes,
Thou, Lord, alone canst know.

My human heart that aches and grieves
I bring, dear Lord, to Thee ;
And trust, made pure in Jesus' blood,
It will accepted be.

More faith, more trust, more love I need,
More patience and more grace ;
Complete submission to Thy will,
If I would see Thy face.



For . the . Children.

KITTY'S RAMBLE.

OFTEN in the bright June weather,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
I have missed my little kitten
Who will be away for hours.

And to-night I said to kitty
As she sprang into my lap,
Kissed my hands and purring gently
Curled up for an evening nap;

“Little pet, will not you tell me
Where you’ve been the whole day long?
For you seem to be so happy
Singing such a merry song.”

Kitty answered, “To the meadows,
Where the little field-mice play;
In and out among the rushes,
I have been the live-long day.

“There the bright-eyed, nodding daisies
Sparkled with the morning dew;
While the buttercups and clovers
Played Bo-peep as I passed through.

“There the silver birche’s branches
 Waved their tassels too and fro ;
But in vain I tried to catch them,
 Though they seemed to swing so low,

“Neath the trees a brooklet murmured ;
 Long I played upon its brink
Where I saw another kitten
 Every time I stooped to drink.

“On a bank of ferns and mosses,
 Where light breezes o’er me swept,
Through the sultry hours of noontide
 Lulled by insects’ hum, I slept.

“All the air was full of sunshine ;
 Bird and butterfly and bee,
As they darted back and forward,
 Seemed as blithe as blithe could be.

“But when evening shadows gathered,
 And the dew began to fall,
To their nightly resting places
 Quick they scattered one and all.

“Then a gentle zephyr whispered
 ‘Little kitty, go home too ;’
So amid the growing darkness,
 Swift I scampered back to you.

“Meadows wide are nice for roaming,
While the day is warm and bright ;
But my cosy little basket
Is the safest place at night.

“Now I’ll drink the milk all creamy
Waiting in my saucer blue ;
And when sunrise brings the morning
I’ll begin my play anew.”

Thus did kitty tell the story
Of her ramble and her play.
Don’t you think my little kitten
Had a very happy day ?



LULLA-BY SONG.

FOR F. A. A.

SOFT and slow, soft and slow,
Now my darling baby go ;
Soft and slow, soft and slow,
Over the hills to dreamland go,
Soft and slow.

Soft and sweet, soft and sweet,
Sleep my darling baby sleep ;
Soft and sweet, soft and sweet,
While the angels watch do keep,
Soft and sweet.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Mother loves her Frederic so ;
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
More than baby e'er can know,
Sweet and low.

Soft and light, soft and light,
Be thy slumbers, dear, to-night ;
Soft and light, soft and light,
Let me kiss thee now good-night,
Soft and light.

July, 1886.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

“NOW I lay me down to sleep,”
 Our infant lips were taught to say,
 “I pray the Lord my soul to keep,”
 ’Twas thus we early learned to pray.

“If I should die before I wake,”
 In childish faith did we repeat,
 “I pray the Lord my soul to keep,”
 Trusting for Heaven to be made meet.

“And this I ask for Jesus’ sake,”
 This was the dearest line of all,
 Since ’tis the Savior bids them come
 And loves and blesses children small.



FOR CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

Mat. 19: 14.

CHRIST said Forbid not the children,
 Permit them to come unto me
 For of such as these babes in my bosom
 The kingdom of heaven shall be.

THE BLUE JAY'S MESSAGE.

THE March winds whistled loud and shrill ;
The snow still lay on vale and hill,
As weary Jane sat looking out
With tearful eyes and fretful pout.

“Nellie and Kate have gone to play
With Dora Lee across the way ;
There's nothing out of doors to see
But just one bare old apple tree.

“I am too old to play with dolls,
I don't enjoy the neighbor's calls ;
I cannot skate, nor slide, nor run,
Nor have scarce any girlish fun,

“Since on that dreadful July day
I fell from off the load of hay,
For it was then I sprained my knee,
And hurt my back so fearfully,

“'Twas not so hard in summer hours,
When there were birds and lovely flowers,
When in my hammock I could lie
And watch the white clouds sailing by.

“But now the snow lies on the ground,
The flowers are dead, there is no sound
Of wild bird trilling joyously,
No crickets chirp, or drone of bee.”

Just then a merry laugh rang out,
Smiles quickly chased away the pout ;
“Quick, mother, come ; the blue jays, see,
Such beauties in our apple tree !

“First there were two, now there are five,
The very branches seems alive ;
They perk their heads and glance around,
One on the snow some crumbs has found.

“They watch me in a knowing way
As if to me they wish to say
“Sad little maiden be of cheer,
The gladsome spring will soon be here.

•Ere long gray skies will change to blue
The earth in green be robed anew ;
For pussy-willows by the brook
The eager children soon will look ;

Crocus and snowdrop will appear
The sweet first blossoms of the year ;
And though we now must fly away,
The later birds will come to stay.”

The mother leaned o'er Janie's chair
 And softly stroked her curling hair ;
 "I'm glad my daughter heard so well
 The things the blue jays seemed to tell.

"The birdies are our Father's care ;
 We, too, his watchful love do share,
 Since He who marks a sparrow's fall
 Will surely listen to our call.

"Our Father knoweth what is best,
 We on His promise sure may rest ;
 If for His aid you truly pray,
 Jesus will help you day by day,

"And then, in spite of aching knee,
 *A 'Sunshine-maker' you may be ;
 Your own keen pain be half forgot
 In easing some one's harder lot.

"When home come sisters Kate and Nell,
 A sweet, glad story you can tell,
 Of how, on blue jay's wings this day,
 God's message came to Janie Gray."

March 6th, 1894.

*Sunshine Makers—The name of a Children's Circle of the Shut-in Society, their aim, to forget their own sufferings by helping to relieve others.

L. of C.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

For N. M. D.

NEVER more, my comrades dear
Shall we gather year by year
From our well-worn books to gain
Wisdom deep, or broad, or plain ;

But with zeal and purpose true
We can find enough to do ;
Some kind act or word each day
Surely we may do or say.

Mother's labors we may share,
Father's burdens help to bear
Keep the home-fires warm and bright,
Gladly welcome him at night.

We must strive to do what's right
In our Heavenly Father's sight,
Make our influence pure and strong
For the right against all wrong.

Then let death come when it may
Short or long our earthly stay,
Through the dear Lord Jesus' love
We shall meet in joy above.

CHITUMCHAT.

A Nonsense Rhyme.

THE staid old lawyer's cat,
 Whose name was Chitumchat
 Was white, and sleek, and fat,
 By day she often sat
 Upon the great hall mat
 And idly watched for Nat,
 An old gray-whiskered rat
 As blind as any bat,
 Who, one day slyly gat
 Into John's Sunday hat;
 Grave Sir John liked not that,
 He fumed, and scowled, and spat,
 He stormed and cried "Ge what,"
 And ere slow Hannah Pratt
 Could think to ery out "Seat!"
 He went and kicked the cat,
 Saying "You lazy brat,
 You good-for-nothing Chat,
 Go thou and catch that rat,"
 "I will Sir," said the cat,
 "I'll give him 'tit for tat,"

Uprose she from her mat,
Her ears and tail aslat,
And springing on the rat,
With one resounding pat
She laid him right out flat.
Stern Sir John smiled thereat,
Quickly his ire forgat ;
With many a stroke and pat
He stooped to purring Chat,
“You are no idle brat
But just the nicest cat.”
Into the old waste vat
They threw poor dying Nat ;
“The best place for a rat,”
Said lordly Chitumchat,
“But I’m the petted cat
Of rich Sir John De Watt ;
I’m very sleek and fat,
I have a soft fur mat,
And often get a pat
When Sir John takes his hat
And smiling thinks of Nat.
And there’s the whole of that
Poor rhyme about a cat.

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

“HOW pleasant is Saturday night,”
 Thus runs the childish lay
 We often said at mother’s knee,
 Before we knelt to pray.

And even though oft-times we failed
 “I’ve tried hard to be good.”
 She did accept, with tender kiss,
 Forgiving, as she would

Our many, little, heedless faults,
 If only we had tried
 Not her, alone, but also God
 To serve, and self denied.

With broader aims and larger hopes,
 That come with manhood’s years,
 Should we not still that lesson heed
 ’Mid weightier cares and fears?

With Saturday’s return still scan
 The record of the passing week,
 And for our faults and failings all,
 God’s pardoning mercy seek?

And if, each day, some kindly deed,
Some loving word or thought
For Jesus' sake we have performed,
Some blessing may have wrought,

E'en though oft-times we fail and fall,
If but our hearts are right,
Shall not our small and weak attempts
Be precious in His sight?

And if with humble, trusting heart,
We crave for all our sin
Forgiveness at His tender hand,
Shall we not surely win

His gracious smile, His pardoning love,
And sweetly sink to rest,
As safe within our Father's arms
As babes on mother's breast.



CHILDISH ASPIRATIONS.

S AVIOR, Thou wast once a child,
Little just like me.
Thou wast ever meek and mild,
Help me so to be.

Make my little eyes to see
Thee in all around,
Following in Thy footsteps Lord
Let me e'er be found.

Tune my little lips to sing
Happy songs for Thee;
From unkind or sinful words
Keep them ever free.

Useful let my little hands
In Thy service be,
How e'er small the work they do
Let it be for Thee.

Make my little feet to run
Errands of good will,
Mother's bidding quickly do,
Father's wish fulfill.

Teach my little heart to love
What is pure and true ;
Then my life like Thine may be
While Thy will I do.



FOR Y. P. S. C. E. MEETING.

FAITHFUL and true be thy motto,
Wiser and better each day ;
Striving to please the Lord Jesus
In all that you do or say.

THE CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

May 20th, 1889.

IN the dusk of a warm May evening,
Came a rap that we knew full well
Was from Alice's childish fingers
That could never reach the bell.

And there in the open door-way, stood
A winsome and bright-eyed maiden,
Her wee white hands and pinafore
With fragrant wild flowers laden.

With finger pressed to her ruby lips,
Low she whispered, "We must be still"
Because our dear Aunt Susie Dane,
Has all the Spring been very ill.

"We have brought to her all these flowers,
To-morrow's her birthday you know ;
Though we can't go in to see her,
We all wished our love to show ;

“We found them way down in the pasture,
A dog scared us almost to death,
And we ran, and we ran and ran,
Till we almost lost our breath.

“We tied up these violet bunches
Because we remember she told
How ‘Mary put some in her fingers,
Before she was quite one day old.’

“The rest are all here in this basket.
(We hadn’t the time to tie more,)
And give her also this trinket
We bought for her up at the store.

“So please put them all on her table,
Where she surely will see when she wakes;
And kiss her forty times over
For Annie’s, Julia’s, and Alice’s sake.

“And we hope you surely will tell her,
The very first thing in the morn,
How glad are all we three girlies,
That our dear Aunt Susie was born.”

And the sick one woke the next morning
With a smile on her thin, pale face;
“I dreamed,” said she, “I was well again,
And back on the dear home place.

"I dreamed of our violet corner,
And it's flowers with dew-drops wet ;
I laid once more against my cheek,
Their fragrance seems with me yet."

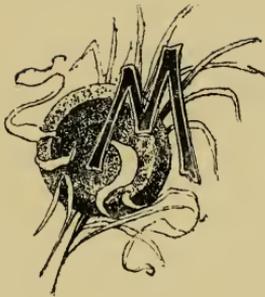
She turned her face on the pillow,
Tears came to her smiling blue eyes
As she saw the dear children's flowers,
With such sweet and glad surprise.

Then her sister gave her the kisses,
And told how the children, for hours,
Had toiled in the far off pasture
To gather these delicate flowers.

"Those precious, affectionate children !
What can make them care for me so,
And bring all the beautiful flowers
Their sympathy kind to show.

Her sister said as she stood close by,
Slowly smoothing the long brown hair
"Because you love them dear, so well,
And all their little pleasures share."

Though Alice now is a woman grown,
She can never look fairer to me,
Then when she stood that night at the door,
With the gifts of the children three.



ISCELLANEOUS.

FOR MY FRIENDS MR. AND MRS. CAME.

On their Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary, Nov. 24th, 1896.

TO-DAY fond memory turns to bless
That day so long ago
When we two vowed while life should last
To share both weal and woe.

Days there have been of sunshine bright
And nights of care and grief,
When in each other's hearts alike
We joy found or relief.

And this day also would we bless,
With gratitude and praise,
That to each other we are spared
God's mercy crowns our days.

We pray Him that this happy day
May oft repeated be,
And though we part below, we'll meet
In blest eternity.

July, 1896.

EARLY TAKEN.

To C. L. D. On the death of my little niece, Oct. 4th, 1880.

“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

“Not my will but Thine be done.”

LITTLE Dora—early taken,
 From your hearth stone and your heart;
 Taken from life's rugged pathway
 Ere she hardly made a start.

Child of hope, and richest promise,
 How to her your hearts did cling;
 Lent you for a little season,
 Then she plumed her snowy wing

Upward to the heavenly mansion
 God had formed for her above;
 Ere he called her to receive it,
 Child of His paternal love.

Early gathered,—ere life's warfare
 Marred her perfect innocence,
 Taken from all care and sorrow—
 Is not this a recompence

Fondest parents, for the trial,
That the darling of your love,
Freed forever from all suffering,
Doth now bloom in realms above ?

Thus transplanted, she is nurtured
By our Father's tenderest care ;
And you surely hope to meet her
In the blissful regions there.

Gone to meet the little brother
Who passed on a while before ;
Surely they will love each other
Ever on that happy shore.

Say you that her brothers needed
Her sweet influence below ?
Mayhap that the one in Heaven
Needs the joy she can bestow.

Taken from your earthly circle,
She has only gone before,
That unto the heavenly kingdom
She may draw you more and more.

She had loving friends to greet her,
And the little life so pure
Will be always spotless, sinless,
And no trials will endure.

Youngest blossom, your heart's treasure,
Though you are of her bereft,
Murmur not that God hath taken,
Thank Him for the blessings left.

Heavily, God's hand hath fallen !
Suddenly, He smote your hearts !
But His rich grace in full measure
For your healing He imparts.

Whom God loveth He chastiseth,
And He scourgeth every son,—
But, who would not bravely bear it,
If thereby a crown be won ?

Yes, I know that all submissive,
Though in grief, you whisper still ;—
“As the Lord gave, now He taketh :
Do Thine own and not our will,”

Through your trust, and faith in Jesus
Your sad, bleeding hearts do cry :
“Where, Oh Death, can now thy sting be ?
And Oh grave, thy victory.”

TO MY SISTER MOLLIE.

YOU who have so long been with me,
Partner of my joys and cares
Unto you, I give the richest
Of my love and thoughts and prayers.

Yes, for many years, you've had them,
While for you I've gently cared
In your sickness and your sorrows
Wishing such you might be spared.

You have ever been so cheerful,
You have borne them all so well,
Only He who laid them on you
Can the weight of burdens tell ;

For, indeed, they have been heavy
Which He's placed on you to bear,
'Till it seems as if beneath them
You must falter in despair.

But with every new affliction
Has He not grace given too ;
You to help, sustain and strengthen,
Comfort all the journey through.

We have long been linked together
In our lives so full of care,
For to one has come no sorrows
That the other did not share.

Yes, together we've been treading
In a rough and thorny way
But to each there has been given
"Grace sufficient for the day."

We have each stood by the river,
And have almost said farewell,
Who but those who have passed through it
Can that anguish ever tell?

Not the one who would be taken,
For to her it would be gain;
But the one we left behind us,
Was to bear the loss and pain.

But the Lord in His rich mercy
Did see fit to spare us still;
For which let us love and praise Him
Bowing to His perfect will.

Let us be to each still dearer,
Let us trust each other more,
"All in all," be yet e'en nearer
Than we've ever been before.

Hand in hand in every purpose,
 As each heart responds to heart,
 Till we reach the Heavenly city
 Where we sisters ne'er shall part ;

Where we shall be warmly welcomed
 By our loved ones gone before,
 All united,—undivided,—
 On the happy, golden shore.

Dec. 25, 1886.



FOR SISTER MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

*October 23, 1896.

WHAT my precious sister Mollie shall I wish for thee?
 That this year all joy and gladness with no tears
 may be?

For it were like sunshine only with never any rain
 To have our lives all pleasure unmixed with grief or pain.

Nay, our heavenly Father knoweth and His way must wisest be,
 That both sun and shadow, joy and grief alike we see ;
 For through trials only, fit at last shall we become
 To receive a mansion in the bright and heavenly home.

*Penciled July, 1896 and left with a friend.

TO H. B. R., IN ILLNESS.

DO you feel that you can trust Him
 Lying passive in His hand?
 Yes, with patience still, still waiting
 Ready be at His command.

You have much on earth to bind you,
 Friends who love and want you so,
 Need your presence, and your guidance;
 Can we, must we let you go?

Will our loving Heavenly Father
 Hear our sincere earnest prayer?
 As His kind ear low He bendeth
 May it not find entrance there?

Will He not our loved one spare us
 For much greater usefulness,
 For she seems so truly needed
 Both the home and church to bless.

All that we can do is trust Him
 While you in His hand lie still
 Help us each in faith to say, Lord,
 "Do thine own, and not our will."

TO MY FRIEND C. H. T.—

(In California for his health.)

AWAY from home and all I love,
What lonely hours I see,
And sometimes think within these wilds
Will God remember me?

When gazing on the wondrous heights
Of all these mountain peaks,
I feel their majesty sublime
The Great Creator speaks.

And can but ask the question oft,
With humble, reverent mien,
“I’m such a speck amid it all
Shall I by Him be seen?”

Yes, faith assures He leadeth me
Wherever I may roam
His tender watch is still the same
As in my own dear home.

For change of place can never change
God's love for me and mine ;
He is most true and faithful still ;
Then let me not repine,

But wholly rest myself on Him
And His protecting care ;
He'll give to me, my dear ones too
Each an abundant share.

Much comfort, solace and support
I find in Jesus' love,
And feel each day a blessing rich
Descend from Heaven above.

Then let me ever patient lie
Within God's sovereign hand,
With hope, and trust, and faith secure
To wait for His command.

Feb. 18, 1887.



TO MY FRIEND SARAH H.—

JUST twenty years ago my friend,
Each pledged their love to each,
And all these years, until this day
Have only served to teach

How unremitting, faithful, true,
Such love as ours can be,
When firmly sealed in strongest bonds
Of Christian sympathy.

How always in affliction's hour
That sympathy has flown,
With messages of love and prayer
Into each other's home.

To bear sweet comfort to the one
Who bowed beneath the rod,
While striving in the heart to say
"It is the hand of God,"—

So gently whisper of His love,
And help the burden bear,
To say "Trust Him to do what's best
Though to our sight not clear."

Do you remember once you wrote,
When I a friend had lost,
"Tis only those God loves the best
That He chastises most?"

How oft to me have come such words
So heart-felt, from your pen ;
And just as ready, just as true,
My thoughts for you have been.

In all these years there's been no time
Love's intercourse has ceased ;
With scarce a shadow all the way,
It has in strength increased.

These twenty years, at Christmas-tide
Some token of our love
Has been exchanged between us two
Our steadfastness to prove,

And New Year's, with its wishes kind
We have remembered too ;
Now many long and useful ones
I ask, dear friend, for you.

You say "with sadness oft you think
How you will miss this love,
If I am called the first to go
To the bright home above."

My heart responds the same to you
Dear Sarah, life long friend ;
But still we hope, we trust to meet
Where friendships never end,—

For there will be no sickness, pain,
Now want, nor sorrow's blight,—
Where all is joy, and peace, and love,
And Christ himself the light.

And where our loved ones we shall meet,
Who wait for us to come,
Since they have only gone before
To bid us "Welcome home."

Xmas, 1887.



BIRTHDAY LINES.

To J. S. R.

WHAT will the untried coming year
For thee, my dear friend, hold?
I wish a store of love, and peace,
And happiness untold;

But if dark shadows sometimes with
The sunshine must be blent,
I pray the Lord's sustaining grace
And presence shall be lent.

So enter this new year with hope,
And trust until its end,
That whether good or ill betide,
The Lord will thee defend.

And when life's work is ended here,
And He shall bid thee come,
These blessed words await thee there,
"My servant, welcome home."

August 1st, 1894.

GOOD-NIGHT GREETING.

To Rev. and Mrs. S—.

THIS the last greeting of the year
 Seems somewhat sad, yet full of cheer;
 I trust the coming year may be
 Filled with a like prosperity.

Yes, even more, I hope and pray
 The Lord will lead you day by day;
 Strengthen your hands, give needed rest,
 And let your faithful work be blessed.

Yet more and more may your own heart
 To do His will be set apart,
 That filled with grace and truth and light
 You other souls may lead aright.

'Tis vain for man to seek success
 Unless their work the Spirit bless;
 So while you labor, look above
 For God to crown your task of love.

Dec. 31st, 1889.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

For Church Meeting.

·ALL ye who know the Lord
Speak often of His love,
Kindle each other's hearts with zeal
And lift your thoughts above

Beyond the things of earth
That daily clog the way,
Unto the realm of perfect joy
Which nearer draws each day ;

Where every care shall cease
That here doth vex the mind,
And every burden laid aside,
Ye peace and rest shall find.

Lift up the feeble hands,
And hearts with grief oppressed ;
Pour out your souls for other's woes,
So shall your own be blest.

FOR CHURCH MEETINGS.

MEMBERS of Christ's dear church below
 Communion sweet we hold ;
 We shall delight above to find
 One Shepherd and one fold.

United in our common Lord
 These earthly songs we bring ;
 With fuller joy and grander strains
 In Heaven we'll praise our King.



THE LORD BLESS THEE.

HOW simple are the words "The Lord bless thee,"
 Yet what a power they hold, and help can be,
 When from the lips of friends sincere they fall ;
 For when the Lord doth bless, it covers all
 So only this to-day shall come from me
 With richest gifts of every name the Lord bless thee.

LOVE'S POWER.

JUST as the sunlight draws the flower
By its own subtle silent power
So, by our Father wise, in Heaven,
Unto each human heart 'tis given
Through a like mysterious law
Another's heart by love to draw
Making all life sublime.

Love is the sunlight of the soul,
Its source of life, its final goal ;
Brighter doth its radiance shine
Than diamonds from Golconda's mine ;
A purer joy earth cannot show,
Nor higher bliss may angels know,
For God himself is love.



MASSABESICK LODGE.

An acrostic.

.MANY years have rolled away,
 Amid changes and decay,
 Since beside our waters clear
 Sachems roamed without a fear.
 All those Indian tribes are dead,
 Buried 'neath the maples red;
 Every trace of them is gone,
 Save their names on wood and pond,
 In the hollow of its hills
 Charming Massabesick still,
 King of waters, doth remain.

Lodge of red men never more
 On the hills about its shores
 Do we find, but in their place
 Greet the wigwam of the pale-face,
 Ever dear, our Massabesick.

Massabesick is the name of a pretty pond in Alfred, a mile from the village, also of a Good Templars Lodge, of which Miss Dane was long an active member.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

For an Old Folks' Party.

MY friends, do you wish me to tell to you
A tale of the olden time that is true?

I will tell it just as 'twas told to me,

By my dear old grandma at seventy-three.

My great-grandma Morse, one Saturday morn,

When her husband down to the woods had gone,

Was heating her oven, as all had to do,

Since stoves they had none, and bake-kettles but few,

Her children were playing about the floor;

When an Indian in war paint burst open the door,

The frightened children to mother quick ran.

To save all their lives she made a swift plan.

While the Indian drank (he found it a prize,)

Her bowl of nice pumpkin, ready for pies,

The long-handled shovel she suddenly caught,

('Twas a good one, forsooth, from old England brought,)

In the oven she thrust it under the coals,

Its handle she wrapped in her long apron's folds;

The Indian threatened, and brandished his knives,

And swore he would take every one of their lives;

But brave Mary Morse her oven still stirred,
As though of it all not a word had she heard,—
'Till she whirled in an instant, shovel red hot,
The Indian's loud cursing heeded she not.

Now sidewise, now backward, over the floor,
She watchfully drove him quite out of the door,
Where she bravely stood guard and held him at bay
'Till he gave up the struggle and hurried away.

From the one small window up in the loft,
At midnight, she shook her warming-pan oft,
And thus frightened the hungry, wolfish pack,
Who came from the woods, till they turned swiftly back ;

Since wolves, like people, have often less fear
Of what they can see, than something they hear.
And doesn't this show that a brave woman's wit
Is sometimes as good as man's strength every whit ?

By such deeds as these, from woman's weak hands,
For the freedom and peace of our dear native land
As much, I do think, and as bravely, was done
As by patriot men who handled a gun.

And so to your ears this story I've told,
How my great-grandmama, in days of old,
Drove the wolves and Indians back from her door,
And thus saved the lives of her dear children four.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO SUSIE M. DANE.

At Rest, Aug. 20th, 1896.

HARK! They whisper, angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away;
Join us where no tears can fall,
Where is seen no funeral pall,
Where all pain and care are o’er,
Safe with Christ forever more.”

Mute the lips friends fondly kissed,—
Dear one, you are sadly missed,
Cold the hands friends loved to clasp
Held by angels in warm grasp,
Pale the brow and still the heart
Loved one, it is hard to part.

But our meeting *soon* will be
Over by the crystal sea;
And we’ll gaze as oft of yore
On your smiling face once more,
Eye to eye and heart to heart,
Never, nevermore to part.

In her "corner," vacant now,
Fain would we in praises bow ;
For the Christian graces shed
Like a halo 'round her bed,
For the influence pure and bright
Shining like the stars of night.

From her life, shadowed by pain,
Help and cheer to others came ;
We'd cherish all her words of love,
Until we meet in realms above
Where every heart and every tongue
Unite in Heaven's harmonious song.

Lovingly her friend and Shut-In-Sister,

EMILY A. TUTTLE.

MIDDLEBURY, CONN., Oct. 3rd, 1896.



NOT FORGOTTEN.

To My Sister Susie.

WHEN the hills with sunrise blush,
 'Mid the noontide toil and rush,
 While I list' the happy thrush
 Singing in the twilight hush,
 A sweet voice I used to know
 Seems to whisper, soft and low,
 "Mollie dear, I love you so."

When I wander o'er the lea,
 Stand beside the heaving sea,
 Watch its white waves tossing free,
 All the past comes back to me ;
 In the ceaseless ebb and flow
 Still I hear your whisper low
 "Sister dear, I love you so."

When I leave the town behind,
 Up the rocky hillside wind
 In some quiet nook to find
 Comfort for my troubled mind
 Through the trees the soft winds blow,
 And they bring your whisper low
 "Mollie dear, I love you so."

In the lovely days of June
When the birds are all in tune,
From the broad lake cries the loon,
And the night-fall comes too soon ;
 In the sunset's after-glow
 Comes that whisper soft and low
 “Sister dear, I love you so.”

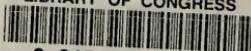
And when winter once again
Binds the river with its chain,
Shrouds in white the verdant plain
Still I listen not in vain,
 For amid the falling snow
 Oft I hear your whisper low
 “Mollie dear, I love you so.”

Alfred, Feb., 1898.

MARY E. DANE.



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