

## 1. He Touched Me

He touched the nothingness of me  
*And breathed a life, like to His own.*

One day the finished work I'll see  
*But now I walk, by faith, alone.*

Though feeble still, and oft defiled,  
*I know that I am not my own,*  
That One would rule my nature wild  
*Who is the Lord of heaven's throne.*

He touched the nothingness of me  
*And breathed His life into my soul—*

My hope of immortality,  
*The reason why the ages roll.*

I thank Him that He came to me,  
*The seeking Saviour, meek and mild.*

I praise Him, and I long to be  
*More fit to call myself His child.*

## 2. Bethel

In the tent of a pilgrim stranger,  
*Seeking for a better land,*  
Dwelt a youth who even in childhood,  
*Knew Jehovah's helping hand,*  
Had seen the altars erected,  
*His parents giving their best,*  
And received of the bread from heaven  
*That the Lord had provided and blessed.*

While the child was young and tender,  
*In his parents' Godly home,*  
He chose to serve their Master  
*And to live for Him alone.*  
Though his brother sold the birthright—  
*Took the way of death and sin—*  
Jacob took the way of suffering,  
*Labouring to enter in.*

But he left the tent of his father  
*To a distant land to go.*  
This boy who even in childhood,  
*God's living way did know.*  
As he journeyed toward Padanaram,  
*The land of his mother's kin,*  
All the ways that stretched before him  
*Were confusing unto him.*

No doubt 'twas a troubled traveler  
*Laid his head on that pillow of stone;*  
Gazing at the starry heavens  
*He fought his battle all alone.*  
Alone, but for Him who seeth—  
*The God who doth see and care,*  
Who loveth the children of promise  
*And heareth their faintest prayer.*

God gave him that night a vision  
*Of heaven's only way,*  
That reached from earth to His Presence  
*And is still the same today.*  
Then he saw that the earthly pathways  
*Never leave this endless sphere,*  
And blindly men follow in them,  
*'Til death calleth loud and clear.*

“So, this is the gate of heaven,”  
*Spoke this youth as He rose in fear,*  
“’Tis the house of God I dwell in;”  
*It was made forever clear.*  
And with his heavenly Father  
*His vows he did renew,*  
And prayed that in the pathway  
*His steps might be firm and true.*

’Tis a test for the children of promise  
*To stand in the varied ways;*  
Where multitudes beckon and call them,  
*But still there's a voice that says,*  
“Receive a heavenly vision  
*Of Christ, the wisdom of God,*  
That gladly your steps may follow

*The path that His feet have trod.”*

when-written→ 1927

### 3. The Widow's Mite

Only a widow's offering, gladly, freely, given;

*Part of a brazen farthing, spent in the cause of Heaven.*

Coin of little value—strange my Lord did see

*Her offering, as she laid it, in the temple treasury.*

Only a widow's offering, small in the sight of men—

*For the need was great and others gave much in the temple then.*

Much to be done in the Kingdom, yet who would see, but He,

*A use for the widow's offering, humbly brought to the treasury.*

I'm only a widow's offering. Can it be Thou seest me?

*That thy loving eye beholdeth the lives that are offered to Thee?*

Ah yes, His eyes were upon me, and because the need was great,

*He gave me a place in His Kingdom to labor before 'tis too late.*

Lord, bless the lowly widow, and bless the humble home,

*More humble for the giving of that which was her own.*

Cleanse till the life she offered reflecteth Christ the Light.

*My Father, wouldst Thou use me, even a widow's mite.*

when-written→ 1927

#### 4. Work in Me

It is the hardness

*That will work in me*

Eternal virtues which

*In Christ I see.*

No path of ease

*Or flowery bed*

Did God the Father

*Ask His Son to tread.*

## 5. I Will Trust Thee

In this thing I will trust Thee, Lord;

*In this thing I will not offend.*

Courageously, and unafraid,

*The "sowing time" will have an end;*

And if a greater harvest springs

*Where unbeheld the tears would fall,*

From heaven at last we can behold

*And thank the God who planned it all.*

scripture→ Deut 1:32

when-written→ 1930

## 6. Jesus

So oft my feet have gone astray;  
So oft I've faltered by the way.  
I've learned to loathe this frame of clay:  
*My only hope—is Jesus.*

When I would seek the Father's face  
To ask for strength and for His grace,  
I see again my sinful place  
*And plead alone—through Jesus.*

How sweet to know before the throne,  
Christ pleads my case as though His own,  
Would for my guilty soul atone:  
*My living Saviour—Jesus.*

Because He walked this path before,  
Though forces wild harassed and tore,  
As through this life the cross He bore:  
*The perfect Pattern—Jesus.*

scripture→ Isaiah 32:2

when-written→ 1931

## 7. The Dawning

So still and silent comes the dawn,  
*Gently the shadows steal away;*  
We scarcely sense the night has gone,  
*Until is born the promised day.*

Life's dark hours too are much the same,  
*For doubt gives place to Heaven's light;*  
And those who toil with steady aim,  
*Wring a new day from out the night.*

A clearer day than yet we've seen;  
*A higher step than yet we've trod;*  
A better day, in which we mean  
*More to the world, and more to God.*

Lord keep us mindful then, I ask,  
*That darkest hours but promise dawn;*  
And this, their sorrows, keep our task,  
*With heart and spirit pressing on.*

What night has hid, the day declares:  
*Both faithfulness and love, or sin;*  
And only who Christ's likeness bears,  
*With Him at last shall "enter in."*

when-written→ August 25, 1931



## 8. Heart O' Mine

O, Heart O' Mine, I would that I might share

*The sorrows that in life your portion be;*

Could ease life's burdens with a loving care.

*But this I know—Thy Father loveth thee.*

O, Heart O' Mine, mine is a futile love.

*I cannot keep life's pain from wounding thee;*

But He who watches from the height above

*Seeth no test more than thy strength shall be.*

O, Heart O' Mine, rest then thyself in Him

*Who keepeth thee, with carefulness, from harm;*

And, when the test would heart and courage dim,

*Remaineth still—the everlasting Arm.*

## 9. Companionship

Some bonds were loosed by the Gospel,  
*And some have been loosed by the fire;*  
Have perished as dust and ashes  
*In the flame of a true desire.*  
But other cords now bind us  
*Through Christ, and His service, spun;*  
Of these golden bonds eternal,  
*True companionship is one.*

## 10. A Sailor's Greeting

Gazing upon life's sea, my fellow-ship,

*Recalling that we face another year,*

I muse upon the weather-beaten log

*And read its message, blurred with many a tear.*

I mark again the reefs we barely missed,

*Where God, in mercy, did His children keep.*

I think upon His mercy, and my soul

*Longeth to launch with Him into the deep.*

Dost thou not feel less terror of the deep

*Since we have proven Him who is our Guide?*

Seemeth it not that in a shallow depth

*The cruel rock and ragged reef doth hide?*

'Tis then in love Christ lures us from the earth;

*Bids us to launch afresh into the deep;*

Folds us within the bosom of His care;

*A loving vigil o'er our lives doth keep.*

May God direct our lives, my fellow-ship,

*Into the channels of His wondrous love;*

Guide us, that as we labour, love and serve—

*His will be done as in the Heaven above.*

I gaze upon life's restless, rolling sea

*And think of Him who in it lay asleep;*

Through Him we claim the Father's loving care

*And what is Christ's, God will not fail to keep.*

when-written → January 1932

## 11. Reflection

Clearly within the will of God for me,

*I trace the outline of my Father's face*

Beaming in tender love and majesty,

*Compassionate and full of truth and grace.*

My foolish heart has scanned the azure sky,

*Hoping to catch a glimpse of God and Heaven,*

Yet turning, humbled to my task, have I

*Found God reflected in the cup He's given?*

He knoweth well the path that I must take;

*Is not my life within His firm control?*

He sees the future and doth undertake;

*He loveth, yea, He careth for my soul.*

I cling, a little child, unto His hand,

*Content, for He doth care and leadeth still.*

While there is much I may not understand,

*I know enough of God to do His will.*

when-written→ 1931

## 12. Thy Thought of Me

So kind is all Thy thought of me,

*So wondrous all Thy care.*

Why should I fear to trust Thee, Lord,

*Or follow anywhere?*

So great the vineyard where I toil,

*So varied is the fruit.*

My soul can not be curbed if but

*In Christ I have my root.*

### 13. Tomorrow

Let me not dream too childishly about the morrow,

*Knowing each day will hold both joy and sorrow.*

Today its wealth I earn;

*I know what now I learn*

Will vanquish foes that now I spurn—

*Tomorrow.*

Nor let me fret too faithlessly about tomorrow,

*That from its hidden store I'd trouble borrow.*

If but I'm true today,

*Face heavenward and pray,*

I need not fear the way—

*Tomorrow.*

## 14. The Conscience

The conscience is the strongest thing;

*It has a strange control.*

To me it is the compass arrow

*Drawn to the magnet's pole.*

'Tis that which points to Heaven,

*Through storm and wind and tide,*

And bears us safely home, if we

*In its counsel firm abide.*

But I find a compass can be turned

*By a smaller magnet, for*

If 'tis left near the trembling needle,

*'Twill the sense of direction mar.*

And no conscience can be trusted,

*Unless Jesus has the throne;*

Where He is the one attraction,

*The conscience will guide us Home.*

## 15. Oh Honest Soul

Oh, honest soul, where dwellest thou,  
*Lost mid the hordes upon the earth?*  
My Saviour seeketh, and I seek—  
*To Him thou art of priceless worth.*

Oh, honest soul, 'tis true that I  
*Am a poor sample of His Grace.*  
I would that thou couldst see my Lord—  
*Behold the beauty of His face.*

Oh, honest soul, myself I hide,  
*Lest the great light of life I dim.*  
My Father worketh, and I work  
*That thou with Christ mayest enter in.*

Oh, honest soul, hast thou not learned  
*The lessons that His hands have taught?*  
Dost Thou respect the Lord I love  
*Through viewing what His power has wrought?*

Oh, honest soul, the search is long;  
*Our hearts, through seeking, learn to share*  
The Shepherd's love, rejoicing much;  
*Thy soul's great burden God-ward bear.*

where-written→ Healdsburg, CA



## 16. Only to Hear Thy Voice

Only to hear Thy voice,

*I plead in tender tone;*

Just to be reassured

*I am not left alone.*

Even the cutting rod

*Comforts my trembling heart;*

For in my Father's love

*I've still a little part.*

Only to hear Thy voice—

*I ask no greater joy;*

As in Thy Holy Will

*I would my life employ.*

Remembering the cost

*At which the veil was riven,*

That men might hear Thy voice;

*Might glimpse the sights of Heaven.*

Only to hear Thy voice—

*The touch, Lord, of Thy hand,*

Keeping me in my place,

*Making me strong to stand.*

I am Thy servant, Lord;

*Thy love my heart has won.*

Love's service let me give

*'Til sinks life's setting sun.*

## 17. Let Me Love Much

Let me love much, that much may be forgiven,  
*Which vain regretting never can recall.*

Let me approach the One who intercedeth,  
*And plead His mercy to forgive it all.*

Let me love much, and prove my love in service,  
*Honest and loyal through the toilsome day.*

And may the tears I shed, the ointment wasted,  
*Refresh "the least of these" along the way.*

Let me love much, the broken and the lowly,  
*The feeble souls who struggle by my side;*

And may the care of such in times of darkness  
*Drive me to know Thy will and there abide.*

Let me love much, and share this love with others,  
*Where'er for Jesus I might roam,*

That some may know their day of visitation;  
*Some honest heart may share the joy of Home.*

"She hath loved much," be this, in death, the witness  
*Of those with whom I've laboured, prayed and striven.*

My grateful heart shall whisper then in parting,  
*"She loveth much, for whom much was forgiven."*

## 18. Beneath Thy Shadow

Oh, let me pitch my tent beneath Thy shadow,

*A feeble shelter is this frame of clay.*

The chill of earth, my spirit's peace affecteth;

*Oft it would wilt beneath the sun's bright ray.*

I am a creature of my soul's environ.

*Did not Thy lovingkindness, Lord, foresee*

And plan a shelter for my earthly sojourn—

*The shadow of the will of God for me?*

Oh, let me pitch my tent beneath Thy shadow;

*Thus let me journey on my pilgrim way,*

Protected with a flame by night to guide me,

*Thy Presence as a kindly cloud by day.*

And though I face extremes along life's pathway,

*This feeble tent itself could ne'er exclude,*

Safely I hide beneath Thy sheltering shadow;

*And resting, let me trust Thee, Lord, for good.*

Oh, let me pitch my tent beneath Thy shadow;

*How sweet to know for this Thou wilt not chide.*

For Thou hast planned this weakness of my being

*That 'neath Thy sheltering wings my soul should hide.*

Thy truth to be my sword, my shield, my buckler;

*Equal against the powers of death and hell.*

Oh, let me pitch my tent beneath Thy shadow;

*Forever in Thy presence let me dwell.*

scripture→ Psalm 91

when-written→ 1932

where-written→ Healdsburg, CA or Vacaville, CA

## 19. What Seekest Thou

My soul, be honest with thyself today!

*What is thy aim in walking in God's way?*

What is thy purpose in thy sacrifice?

*Art thou withholding part or all the price?*

Is it to humbly follow with the plow?

*My soul, in honesty, what seekest thou?*

Is it to do His will, not thine, alway?

*To love His lambs and sheep and those astray?*

'Tis well if all thine aim is but to serve;

*The very thought doth quicken heart and nerve.*

If Christ then rules I dare to trust thee now,

*Though oft I shall repeat, "What seekest thou?"*

## 20. Ointment Poured Forth

“Therefore do the virgins love Thee,”

*Christ my all,  
Hearing in life’s budding springtime  
Love’s soft call;*

For the odour of Thy ointment falleth sweet,  
*Leaving all of life, without it, incomplete.*

“Therefore do the virgins love Thee,”

*For Thy Name  
Voiceth every noble,  
Perfect aim;*

Breathing Heaven’s fragrance in the earth;  
*Wasted, yet a life of priceless worth.*

“Therefore do the virgins love Thee,”

*For Thy Grace  
Prompteth each, low at Thy feet,  
To find her place.*

Pouring forth their spikenard, life’s sweet spice;  
*A life complete, through mutual sacrifice.*

scripture→ Song of Solomon 1:3, Mark 14:3

## 21. Nature

Nature ministered to me

*In the whisper of a tree;*

Growth all scars at last will hide,

*Fruit will come, if we abide.*

Nature spoke to me of calm,

*Told of life's all healing balm;*

How all things result in good,

*If we only understood!*

Nature, friend of God above,

*Spoke to me of life and love;*

That tenacious love of light

*Maketh men and trees upright!*

Nature, bending o'er my head,

*Must my fears and doubts have read;*

Showed in gorgeous pantomime

*Fundamental truths divine!*

Nature is a friend to me,

*Faithful as no man can be!*

It was never false to God,

*Humble oracle of sod!*

about→ Written after a visit to Yosemite National Park

when-written→ 1934

## 22. A Soldier's Greeting

Fear not what thou shalt suffer,  
*Brave soldier of the cross;*

Fear not to take, in trading,  
*Uncompromising loss.*

See, all of earth is fading,  
*Each fair and tinsel'd toy;*

Fear not for Christ to suffer,  
*It is the root of joy.*

Fear not what thou shalt suffer—  
*Rich is the fruit of pain.*

'Tis craven who would forfeit  
*Such high and holy gain!*

Let come what may of anguish,  
*Fight on, nor quit the field,*

And know its fair fruition,  
*The oil of joy shall yield.*

Fear not what thou shalt suffer—  
*One purchased souls, with blood,*

At cost so deeply bitter  
*It wrung the heart of God.*

But everywhere He suffered  
*With crying strong, and tears,*

We reap the fruit of gladness,  
*The joys of endless years.*

Fear not what thou shalt suffer—  
*Love holds the golden scales*

That measure strength surpassing  
*The conflict that assails.*

'Tis privilege to suffer,  
*With Christ, in storm and rain,*

Laying Joy's strong foundation,  
*The bitter root of pain.*

Fear not what thou shalt suffer—  
*It is the Spirit's voice,*

Along a path made solemn  
*By that grave power of choice.*

Gird then thy dauntless armour,  
*Brave soldier of the Cross,*

Reckon thy joy in sorrow,  
*Thy richest gain in loss.*

about→ "Craven" means "coward" or "cowardly."

when-written→ January 1, 1937

## 23. I Envied Once

I envied once the little throng  
*Who companied with Christ so long,*  
And intimately knew the frame  
*To which the Hope of Ages came;*  
Who went with Him apart to rest  
*And leaned upon His loving breast.*

I valued what was done for me  
*Upon the cross of Calvary,*  
But, O, I could not think of worth  
*Much greater than the Christ on earth.*

I envied once, 'til one dark night  
*My storm-tossed heart, benumbed with fright,*  
Had doubted, walking on the sea—  
*Doubted, and sinking rapidly,*  
A Hand reached out to save from harm—  
*A mighty, everlasting arm.*  
And while I rested in that Hand,  
*Somehow I seemed to understand*  
That all that Peter had was mine,  
*Though how, I scarcely could define.*

I sorrowed once, and blind with grief,  
*Found, for my aching heart, relief;*  
And as I hushed the broken sob,  
*I felt the deep eternal throb,*  
And knew His Heart was still on earth.  
*In that same hour this thought had birth:*  
That I had found the very rest  
*John knew upon the sacred breast;*  
And in one's grief Christ still could be  
*All that He was in Galilee.*

I needed once, and lips defined  
*The spot I would the tribute find.*  
Was my need bread? Then from the shore  
*A voice has called me o'er and o'er,*  
While love, like highly tempered steel,  
*My purpose stays with swift appeal.*  
They lacked not then, and we today  
*Lack not at all in any way.*

I envied once—but now I know  
*Christ's Body is on earth below:*  
A greater body than the frame  
*To which in Bethlehem He came,*  
Made up of many living cells  
*In each of which His Spirit dwells.*  
A glorious, composite whole,  
*With tender heart and loving soul;*  
The Head the same, and still the feet  
*So worthy of the ointment sweet.*

And so it dawned, by stealth, on me  
*That all He was He still can be:*  
O Body, holy, noble, true,  
*Fair as the morning fresh with dew!*  
Marred to the world Thy visage sweet,  
*But to Thy children, all complete.*  
Acquainted still Thou art with grief,



*Assailed by doubt and unbelief;*  
But still as vital, real and kind:  
*Health to the sick; Light to the blind.*

I envied once—but now I fear  
*That, failing to discern Christ here,*  
I'd ever miss a chance to meet  
*And pour blest spikenard on His feet;*  
Or fail to wash with love's swift tears  
*The trace of weary toil and years.*  
Oh, help me to express the love  
*I hold for Christ in Heaven above;*  
My gratitude for Calvary,  
*Upon the Christ who walks with me.*

scripture→ Ephesians 1:25

where-written→ Hollister, CA, December 1936

## 24. The Tongue is a Fire

I knew a sorrow, hideous to tell,

*That brought my soul near to the brink of hell;*

And had not mercy reached to save me there,

*I should be dwelling still in dark despair.*

Life's virgin forest stood so fair and fine;

*Hope and ambitions that in Christ were mine;*

But fire, swiftly kindled, swept away

*Much that was mine, and should be mine today.*

So diabolic was the bitter flame,

*It scarred and blighted everywhere it came;*

And spread beyond the bounds of my estate—

*A ruin none on earth could compensate.*

Fierce was the evil none had power to stay,

*And onward still it sped its blighting way;*

Mine was the wretched grief to live to see

*It touch the lives of those most dear to me.*

Time was no barrier, its power to check;

*No good could quell its zeal to rage and wreck.*

And who could bear a sorrow, friend, so great?

*It had its origin in my estate!*

As showers in the mountains, mercy fell

*To end this dreadful holocaust of hell.*

But, Oh! what awful blackness clothed the scene

*That once so fair and beautiful had been!*

The years have passed, and once again 'tis fair;

*Hope flourishes and songbirds fill the air.*

'Tis not primeval though, for stark and bold

*Stand some gaunt specters of that sorrow old;*

Friendships, that somehow cannot be the same;

*Scars that, though healed, are coupled with my name.*

'Tis not primeval, but please, God, 'twill be

*A safer place for these who walk with me!*

As search the learned, a hidden cause to know,

*I sought the reason this should blight me so.*

What in my blundering was the root of wrong

*That should release a flame of fire so strong?*

So much ignited when that flame was struck,

*And yet, it was not accident or luck.*

And if I would this growing forest guard,

*It justified a search both long and hard.*

As day by day the budding forest grew,

*Watered so faithfully by heaven's dew;*

Sheer gratitude the secret search would spur,

*Lest devastation should again occur.*

More wide than human weakness was the spark

*That stripped the shrub of leaf, the tree of bark.*

And on no other shoulders could I lay

*The blame for what took place that wretched day.*

At last I found, within God's Word revealed,

*The cause my enemy had long concealed;*

In fact, he oft had begged me lay the blame

*On anything my fancy chose to name.*

"Can any stretch his hand," it said to me,

“‘Gainst one the Lord anoints, and guiltless be?”

Then I recalled some idle, sad remarks

*That were, beyond all doubt, the parent sparks.*

“How was thou not afraid,” it said again,

*“To lift thy hand to harm anointed men?”*

Thy mouth has testified to all thy blame;

*Has caused for thee this cause of death and shame.*

“And who art thou to judge, imperfect still,

*Thy brother’s worth, much less to judge of ill—*

Disciple of the One whose love and grace

*Exposed not even Judas, vile and base?”*

None knew, or ever by inference felt,

*Within which breast of twelve the traitor dwelt.*

But love and trust, sweet fellowship and care,

*Christ gave to all, and Judas had his share.*

The Lord forbid that I should stretch my hand,

*Not that its awful cost I understand;*

By each blackened spire my soul doth pledge

*To strike no spark upon that flinty ledge!*

The Lord forbid, and make we wise to see

*That He has fitted vessels variously;*

And those most used by Him on earth for good

*Have, oh, so often, been misunderstood.*

The Lord forbid that any spark should spoil

*The object of His labor, love and toil;*

And grant the second growth may prove to be

*Stronger of heart than was the virgin tree.*

Thus have I learned why David, in this part,

*Was called by God a man like His own heart;*

He suffered long, and yet when Saul was gone:

*“Publish it not,” he begged, “in Askelon!”*

scripture→ I Samuel 24:6; 26:9; II Samuel 1:14.

where-written→ Pleasanton, CA, July 1937

## 25. Why Art Thou Cast Down

Why art thou cast down, my spirit?

*Why doth disquiet intrude?*

Hope thou in God, and remember

*All His thought of thee for good.*

Yet shalt thou sing of His mercy;

*Hope thou and trust in His will;*

Knowest thou not that believing

*Counteth as righteousness still?*

Lo, as the hart I had panted;

*Thirsted for God with my soul.*

Out of the depth I have sought Him;

*All His billows o'er me roll.*

Yet are my times in His keeping,

*Yet will He kindness command;*

Yet shall I praise Him forever,

*Sing of the strength of His hand.*

Why art thou cast down, my spirit?

*Trust in the Lord and be still;*

Faithful is He who has promised

*All His mercies to fulfill.*

What canst thou bring to Thy Saviour?

*Feeble thy service as dust;*

Offer the Heart of Thy Father,

*Childlike, obedient trust.*

scripture→ Psalm 42

## 26. Lay Thou Thy Hands

Lay Thou Thy holy pierced hands,  
*While we our hearts sad spirits yield;*  
And in obedience to Thy blessed command,  
*We gaze upon the whitened field.*

Lay Thou Thy hand, Oh gentle Christ;  
*Upon us may Thy mantle fall;*  
In lowliness embracing sacrifice,  
*To bring thy Kingdom nigh to all.*

Lay Thou Thy hand as Thou wouldst send;  
*And as Thou sendest we would go,*  
For Thou art with us to the end  
*Of life, and all things here below.*

## 27. Fragments

Broken fragments, bits of clay,

*Strangely scattered in the way.*

Touch them gently! Walk with care!

*Christ remembers spikenard there.*

Scattered pitchers dot the field;

*Here the conqueror's trumpets pealed!*

Christ remembers lights held high

*Where the broken fragments lie.*

Near the fountain, crushed and bruised,

*Lie the vessels Christ has used.*

Here let tenderness abound,

*Softly tread on Holy Ground!*

Though we sat not where 'twas given,

*Though we fought not when 'twas striven,*

God forbid that we despise

*Fragments of their sacrifice.*

about→ Written in consideration of those who once labored in the ministry but could not continue.

when-written→ 1939

## 28. Fervour

Oh, make my life one paean swift of praise,

*Such as the lark's pure song;*

One bursting throat to life and Maker raised,

*And then 'tis done.*

Fullness and harmony, until it cease,

*Then poignant silence, Lord, and peace!*

Or make it like the prayer of desperate need,

*The swift impassioned plea*

That, without ebb or turning of the tide,

*Rises to Thee;*

Pleading so earnestly Thy fullness when

*All prayer is answered in Life's hushed Amen.*

Yea, grant to me the fervour all have known,

*Who live their atom-span*

In willing harmony with Him whose throne

*Rules bird and man;*

A few swift chords, as life's taut strings are pressed;

*Then vibrant silence, Lord, and rest.*

about→ "Paeon" means "A song of joyful praise or exultation."

## 29. Toll

Strong heart and brave, be yours the swift disdain

*Of all the growing things for passing time.*

For should we, if we could, delay the means

*Of bringing all of life into its prime?*

If but the years have brought the pierced ear

*Of him who chooses not to seek his own;*

If but they bring to one the power with God

*Of those who wrestle honestly alone;*

If but descends the true humility

*Of him who walks with God the pilgrim way:*

Grant time its toll! Though youth is long—

*Of the eternal life, look to that day!*

when-written→ 1942



### 30. A Little More

Life is a race I'm running,

*Stretching across the years;*

A race of long endurance

*And a course of joys and tears.*

And I wonder, when it's finished,

*When I cannot change the score,*

Will I wish I had tried harder,

*To have done a little more?*

Will I think, "A few steps extra

*I could well have gained that day"?*

Will I grieve for weights I carried

*That I might have put away?*

Will I wonder why I listened

*To the world's disheartening cries,*

When to see the goal far distant

*I had just to lift my eyes?*

Will I wonder why, in resting,

*I sat not at Jesus' feet,*

Where His counsel could instruct me,

*Could have spared me much defeat?*

Could it be, my soul, I wonder,

*When this race of life is o'er,*

I shall wish, to no availing,

*I had prayed a little more?*

Oh, it isn't just in running,

*Nor is it just the name;*

Nor the wearing of the colors,

*That wins in life or game;*

But it's "living the life" in living,

*And it's taking the steps in the race,*

In the time allotted to each one

In his own appointed place.

### 31. My Caravan

Where my caravan has rested,

*Let me leave a living spring*

Where I've sought the Father's pleasure

*More than every other thing.*

May the Father of all mercy

*Cleave the river Rock for me,*

Opening up its sacred fountain

*To my importunity.*

Where my caravan has rested,

*Shifting sands will tell no trace,*

Only where His love has conquered,

*Through His own redeeming grace.*

## 32. Praise to Thee

Praise to Thee! Praise to Thee,  
*Father in Heaven above!*  
Praise to Thee! Praise to Thee,  
*Author of life and love!*

Great is Thy faithfulness! Wondrous Thy care!  
*Thou art not far from Thine own everywhere!*  
They seek, and Thou art there!  
*We would offer Thee, humbly offer Thee praise!*

Praise to Thee! Praise to Thee,  
*Jesus our Saviour King!*  
Ceaseless praise, all our days,  
*Our grateful spirits bring!*

about→ In her notes, Elma indicated this would be a hymn. However, the poem was never finished.

### 33. Where Thy Eagles Gather

Where Thy eagles gather,  
*Bless them every one,*  
Grant to each his portion  
*'Neath life's blazing sun!*  
Purposeful, discerning,  
*May each find his part,*  
Soaring o'er life's currents  
*With a joyful heart!*

Where Thy eagles gather,  
*May they, young and old,*  
Hear again that story,  
*Sweetest ever told!*  
"Voice of many waters,"  
*Count with each his days,*  
That his life may finish  
*On a note of praise!*

Where Thy eagles gather  
*May Thy peace descend!*  
Blood-bought, blood-stained people,  
*Always, to the end,*  
Soaring forth, defenseless,  
*O'er life's changing scene;*  
Losing all, and leaving  
*All that might have been.*

Grant to each a vision  
*Of our Lord's return,*  
That our "loins be girded"  
*And our "hearts may burn."*  
May He find, returning,  
*That for which He prayed;*  
When His flock was purchased—  
*And the foundation laid.*

scripture→ Isaiah 40: 28-31.

when-written→ 1982

where-written→ Written en-route to Gilroy, CA Convention

## 34. Where the Body Is

Where the eagles gather,  
*Bless them every one;*  
Let each tear his portion  
*'Neath life's blazing sun!*  
Rise to use the currents,  
*Soaring strong and true;*  
Doing as Thou willest  
*Little ones to do.*

In the Body, broken,  
*(This is living Bread,*  
Manna for the desert,  
*Meat for pilgrims led)*  
And the Fountain opened,  
*(Water, yes and Blood)*  
There is full provision  
*In the Lamb of God!*

Here the eagles gather,  
*Violent and strong,*  
Tearing each his portion  
*'Til his work is done.*  
All of self denying  
*Until life shall end,*  
And he finish truly:  
*Brother, servant, friend!*

about→ Written about coming convention at Gilroy, CA—on the way from Reedley alone, noting eagles in the sky.  
scripture→ Matthew 11:12; 24:28; Isaiah 40:31; John 4:3; 6; 1 John 4:6

## 35. The Vine Spoke Thus to Me

I am the true, the pruned vine;

*Lift up thine eyes to see*

My Father is the husbandman

*Who wisely works with me.*

Be it the season of new growth,

*The tendril fresh and fair;*

Be it the hand that night and day

*Is moved with tender care;*

Be it the watchful eye that notes

*The first young leaf to dry,*

And sendeth water to its need,

*Lest it should fade and die.*

Be it the wisdom that will bring

*Fruition manifold;*

The ripened fullness of myself,

*The heavens have foretold;*

Be it the knife that layeth low

*The branches dry and sear,*

Where lack of fruitfulness has made

*The issue very clear;*

Be it the purging of the branch

*So prone to waste My strength*

In leaves of much appearance,

*And growth of showy length.*

All through my dormant seasons,

*And those of vigor new,*

My Father is the Husbandman,

*Patient and wise and true.*

Abide, abide within Me,

*There is no other, where—*

Nowhere except within Me—

*A soul My fruit may bear.*

The poverty of spirit,

*The meek, the mourning heart,*

The hungry thirst for rightness,

*Of Me are all a part.*

The pure in heart who see God,

*The power in Me have found;*

Peacemakers have My wisdom,

*As I in them abound.*

The merciful find mercy

*Through virtue of My love;*

In Me the persecuted

*Find grace to look above.*

And from this priceless harvest,

*My Father takes away*

The branches that are fruitless;

*There is no other way.*

And what if men may gather

*In bundles what He spurned?*

And what if they are planted

*Before at last they're burned?*

Thus is My Father glorified

*That ye much fruit do bear;*

In keeping My commandments

*My love and joy ye share.*

For Me ye have not chosen

*But I have chosen you*

That ye may go and bring forth fruit

*And what ye ask, He'll do.*

## 36. Except

Except He drank the cup,

*How hopeless we would be;*

Except the corn of wheat had died,

*Humbly and gratefully;*

Except His broken form was raised

*Before earth's maddened, cruel gaze.*

Except—Oh, say it oft to me—

*No hope, except for Calvary.*

Except we love Him most,

*We have no rightful claim;*

Except we follow unto death,

*We dare not bear His Name.*

How shall they hear except we go?

*How shall the world his triumph know?*

Except He live, in you and me,

*The victory of Gethsemane?*

Lo, from the broken will,

*The resurrection power*

Rises, with comfort in its wings,

*To face the trying hour.*

Power the earth has never known,

*Except through those who serve that throne.*

Oh strength, in weakness perfect made;

*In death, triumphant, unafraid!*

It is the greater love—

*Fear not to grant it place!*

Fear not the seas that shall reflect

*The glory of His face.*

Fear not the dark that shall reveal

*His presence, real and sweet;*

Nor yet the path for, lo, it bears

*The traces of His feet.*

It is the better life,

*Abundant, costly, true!*

Real, in its biting pain,

*Fresh from the gentle dew!*

Spend then your youth and strength to seek

*The generation of the just;*

And count your sons with those He gives,

*Who bringeth children from the dust!*

about→ Sent to Dorothy Ioerger and May Sylvester, who were both in the work in the Philippines.



### 37. Before the Lifted Cross

Come stand before the lifted cross, my child;

*Behold Me in the crucible of pain!*

I gave a sinless life as man and God,

*That loving Me you should not live in vain.*

Behold Me, as the nation long ago

*Looked at the image of its curse to live—*

For whosoever so believes in Me,

*Life, life eternal I forever give!*

Trace not alone the desert way I walked,

*Visit not just with Me in Bethany—*

They knew Me not, e'en those who knew Me best,

*Until I hanged for all upon the tree.*

They called Me Lord; knew not I was as God;

*Blinded by Light and dwarfed by Majesty*

They doubted oft, they limited My power,

*But what was that to God? or yet, to Me?*

I knew their frame, that from the dust

*We made them, on the first creation's morn;*

That We might speak again a higher life,

*To cradle in that fragile human form.*

And thus I gave Myself to win their hearts,

*Right from the very dawn of life and time—*

To use the sacred gifts of will and breath,

*To so fulfill their destiny divine.*

I ruled with love, as rules with light the sun;

*I blessed, I softened and I warmed the clay;*

I spoke the message of eternal life;

*I sowed in wind and storm and sunny day.*

And yet, as many souls My purpose missed,

*As acorns that, unblessed, unquickened die,*

Beneath the oak trees, though they share alike

*The warmth and promise of the summer sky!*

And so I tore the curtains of the world,

*I left the realms of God's equality;*

I came, as Light to judge, as Truth to teach.

*What truth has life that has not come from Me?*

They would have none of Me, and so condemned

*All other purposes for life and men,*

Except the one I have forever taught,

*That man was born to yet be born again!*

Come stand beneath the lifted cross, My child,

*I paid this price to draw thy heart to Me.*

I suffer not today, except the pain,

*That it availeth not for such as thee!*

Come, look at Me until thy doubt is healed;

*Behold, 'til fear and earth-pride slip away,*

'Til you awaken, glad and satisfied,

*Upon the threshold of a better day!*

Behind the darkness that now shrouds My cross

*(Until men see the symbol, not the power)*

I resurrected stand, and so ascend

*To wait the gladness of the crowning hour.*

I wait to walk the path of life with thee;

*I dwell in Heaven and the hearts of men.*  
Joy is my name and peace abides with Me;  
*I take the pilgrim's path again, again.*  
I change not—I am Lord of all—  
*Confess Me then, and breathe My Name in love.*  
I wait to make the courts of Heaven ring,  
*Confessing thee before the Throne above.*  
scripture→ John 3:14-16; 12:32

### 38. Again, Farewell

Go gladly, and serve much, for this is greatness!

*Go gladly, and serve much, for this is joy.*

Go gladly, for the fields are white to harvest,

*And few, so few, are in the Lord's employ!*

Go gladly, and serve much, for all too quickly

*We leave the fields for other hands to glean.*

Go gladly, and serve much, as an example

*To other eyes of what our eyes have seen.*

And they in turn will sow the words of Jesus,

*And bring the reign of Christ to other men;*

And in the hearts where'er His truth is cherished,

*His kingdom lives until He comes again.*

A sower cannot go with too much weeping,

*Who knows the power in the Precious Seed;*

Who's tasted just a little bit, with Jesus,

*The "meat" of helping sinners in their need.*

Go then, and make disciples of all nations;

*Oh, hear His voice forever on the way.*

Go gladly, and serve much, for He is with you,

*And waits to usher in the "better day!"*

about→ Written about the time that Bernice Beaber, who was in the work in the Philippines, returned to her field of labor.

when-written→ June 10, 1953

### 39. A Prayer

Oh, Lord of Harvests, gathering still,

*In this Thy day, in this Thy Way,*

The “twos” and “threes,” the “hundreds,” too,

*As Jesus taught His flock to do;*

Or with the “ones” like John alone,

*Whose cell was filled with Heaven and Home—*

Lord, show to each Thy power and will

*As they remember Calvary’s hill!*

And for Thy “sent ones” searching far,

*The hungry soul their only goal—*

In buildings, roads or river banks

*Or humble rooms they offer thanks—*

Lord, bless them all, both young and old,

*And keep them safe within thy fold;*

May naught of earth the “gathering” mar,

*And truth, with love, all evil bar.*

Help those at home the faith to keep,

*With light set high, to “not forget;”*

But harkening for the soft, sweet call,

*That guides the offering of our all!*

Oh, wash us fresh from self and sin;

*Take up thy throne again within,*

Lest we should fail, or we should sleep,

*When we might sow, or we might reap!*

about→ A bed-bound Sunday’s prayer

## 40. There is a River Flowing

There is a river flowing,

*So fast, so pure, so free;*

And in the love of Jesus

*This truth has reached to me:*

This Way, this Truth eternal,

*This Life He came to be.*

There is a river flowing,

*That precious fruit may grow*

Where seeds of life have fallen;

*And gently seeping, flows*

To reach the fallen rebel,

*And those who do not know.*

There is a river flowing,

*That trees may stand beside;*

Their roots grow deep and trusting,

*Whatever may betide,*

A witness through the ages,

*While living waters glide.*

There is a river flowing,

*With healing to the end;*

A living, loving Saviour,

*A Master and a Friend—*

On through the shadowed valley

*Where time and Heaven blend.*

## 41. For the New Year

I wish you for the new year

*A heart full of content,*

Eyes with a deep compassion,

*A will in service bent.*

I wish you strength for conflict,

*The patient power to wait,*

The faith that makes a prison

*Become another gate.*

The best years are before us,

*My spirit knows it well.*

We've touched the shores of knowledge,

*What shall its depths not tell?*

So slow is growth of spirit,

*So closely linked with pain,*

'Tis hard to know our losses,

*Or what is heaven's gain.*

But this we know: the Shepherd

*Leadeth forever on,*

Toward the full completion

*Of what He has begun.*

And step by step in safety,

*He leadeth forth His flock*

To pastures in the desert,

*Beside the river Rock.*

I know that much is given

*That Christ might be our all;*

And though the storms assail us,

*The billows rise and fall,*

I wish you deep contentment,

*Peace like the Master's own;*

A vision of the harvest

*When all is gathered Home.*

## 42. Faith's Heritage

How sweetly there you rest, my dear ones,

*United now, at last, in death's still sleep;*

No more to trudge alone life's thorny pathway;

*No more in agony to pray and weep.*

Even the last of battles safe behind you;

*Death and its sorrows ne'er again shall sting.*

Your spirits safe within His tender keeping,

*Who was, in life, your Saviour, Lord and King.*

My heavy heart a childlike peace recallesh,

*When waking fearfully, as children do;*

All dreaded nightmares seemed to fade so quickly,

*When loving hands would tuck me in with you.*

Through childhood's day that setting was a haven,

*Founded on parents' love and childlike trust.*

And now, if I could wake from this sad hour,

*Almost, I'd ask to share your bed of dust.*

But this I know, life's sorrow has no waking;

*Yet faithful labour wins a happy end.*

God knows the anguish of His creatures,

*And to their cry a kindly ear doth lend.*

His hand will lift and give us heaven's comfort,

*Within the circle of His blessed Will;*

Strengthen our hearts to carry ever onward;

*Grant childlike faith, our aching hearts to still.*

As children's fears are stilled in crying "Father,"

*So hearts are comforted who seek the Lord.*

Rich is the Godly heritage you gave us;

*Example, faith, respect unto God's word.*

For well you knew your love could never always

*Soothe life's deep pain with tender, loving hands.*

In life, in death, your Godly lives shall point us

*To Him Who loves, Who cares, Who understands.*

about→ Written for her parents, after the death of her mother in 1932. Her father had died in 1912.

when-written→ July 1932

### 43. Our Esther (Mrs. G. Rhea)

The day became an altar to a spirit such as hers,  
*And tasks were pleasant offerings unto God.*  
'Twas thus a joyous fragrance; 'twas everywhere she went;  
*And perfume, much like Mary's spikenard, flowed.*

She must have inventoried the place in life she filled,  
*To make of it the very most she could;*  
And so her life was rich in countless little things,  
*In noble spirit done unto her God.*

Lord, make our days as altars, for deeds of love, not dreams;  
*To place thereon the best our wealth may hold,*  
That Christ may vindicate us, though oft misunderstood,  
*And make our lives a tale in love retold.*

about→ Esther Rhea was the sister of Hugh Denio. He was the father of Sproulie Denio, who was in the work in Korea, and Truman Denio, who was in the work in the Philippines.  
when-written→ 1937



#### 44. To an Old Chevy

Oh, it is frail, the noble steed,

*Veteran true,*

Who over hill and over dale

*Has toted you;*

Who seemed to understand your mood

*Before you spoke,*

And out of tenderest sympathy

*Would gasp and choke,*

Would hum along so merrily

*For many miles,*

Because its mistress entering in

*Was wreathed in smiles.*

I know how sad its noble heart

*Indeed must be*

To show the frailty of age

*Increasingly.*

Holding itself together

*On the way,*

To emulate at last

*The one hoss shay.*

So take it not too far

*Away from town;*

'Twould break old Chevy up

*To let you down!*

about→ Sent to Flo Davidson, a worker from England who labored in California. Written when Elma and Flo were on a camping trip in the mountains.

when-written→ 1939

## 45. To Mr. and Mrs. W. Carroll

Oh, grudge it not, the miles of swelling ocean,

*The labor spent, the agonized farewell,*

And any price we can but dimly fathom,

*Or groping, cannot tell.*

But know that, as the gentle rain from heaven,

*Our hearts have swelled beneath the gracious Word;*

And precious faith with singing pulse exulteth,

*For we have seen, for we have seen the Lord.*

That is not lost, in toil and tears and labor,

*That is not vain, in sorrow, pain and blood,*

Which draws the curtain of all human reason,

*And shows the Christ of God.*

Oh precious hours that are faith's root and nurture;

*Oh blessings real, that living shall abide;*

When He, who is untouched by time's erosion,

*Can show Himself to those for whom He died!*

Pray, leave with us the secret of such service.

*Let God be praised for Christ transfigured still;*

For times today that leave us seeing only

*The one who prayed upon the Holy hill;*

And for His precious "gifts to us His servants,"

*Along the path, sweet tokens of His love,*

To keep His Bride assured and making ready

*For His return, who is her Lord above.*

From grateful Californians

about→ Bill and Maggie Carroll heard the Gospel as a young couple in England. They later went in the work and labored in England, Ireland, and Australia.

## 46. To Willie Jamieson

We see you, brother, as we saw you then,  
*Upon the deck so resolutely still.*  
It seemed the lonely journeys of the past  
*Laid their full burden on your heart and will.*  
And as we waited, standing on the pier,  
*The crushing eloquence of things unsaid*  
Filled all our hearts, and yet an ageless youth  
*Shone in your bearing and your lifted head.*  
That was a youth that shall be youthful yet,  
*When ages of eternity have flown.*  
The living God who never does forget  
*Has willed you this for laying down your own.*  
And for your self-love, laid so nobly low,  
*He gave you love for nations and for men;*  
A mighty love that sent you forth to sow,  
*And swift returning, sent you forth again.*  
We know the only death you fear  
*Is that which comes from holding back from God;*  
That you would rather have His Presence near,  
*Than any place of safety on the sod.*  
We feel as helpless now as on that day,  
*When so alone you sailed into the deep;*  
And now, as then, we turn aside to pray—  
*Oh, faithful vigil may our spirits keep!*  
There on the pier we somehow could not stay  
*The song of Him who meets our every need;*  
And so, with singing, sent your boat away,  
*And thus were comforted, we were indeed!*  
'Tis still our comfort, when we think of you  
*And all for Jesus' sake so sorely tried,*  
That He who is the Friend so wondrous true,  
*Will be your Peace, your Fortress and your Guide.*

about→ Willie Jamieson labored in the western United States, Canada, China, and the Philippines. This poem was written after he went to the Philippines. In those years workers traveling overseas went by ship (usually as a passenger on a freighter). Many of the friends would gather on the dock to see them off. It was customary to sing a hymn while the ship was pulling away from the dock. "The song of Him who meets every need" refers to Uncle Willie's hymn, which is number 75 in Hymns Old and New (1987 edition), "I've a Friend."

## 47. To Gussie Puckett

Dear "little chief," I pledge again  
*My loyalty, my sincere trust;*  
How well you know their feeble worth;  
*I am a creature of the dust.*  
But as you tread the lonely heights  
*The pioneer has always trod,*  
I follow and, with gratitude,  
*I know it leads me nearer God.*  
Our God has led, and He will lead,  
*Our God has kept, and He will keep;*  
Out of our weakness, makes us strong,  
*Out of the deserts, calls His sheep.*  
And He will bless your faithfulness,  
*Your loyal, fervent love and care;*  
And where the bitterest tears were shed,  
*Desert flowers will blossom there!*  
Then let us press the battle on;  
*"Faint yet pursuing" wins the day!*  
Full, full provision is in Him  
*Who knows us and our feeble clay.*  
I pledge not noble things or great;  
*I pledge sincerity and love,*  
Such as you, by your worth, command;  
*Such as inspires our God above.*

about→ Gussie Puckett was in the work in California, Chile, and Argentina. Gussie and Elma were companions in the Spanish work.

when-written→ 1943

## 48. To Mrs. W. Carroll

Sweet in the treble of a woman's love

*Your song of life has closed in swift forever.*

True are its measures to the Master-life

*Whose majesty you learned to love so well.*

Let him who may, use tongue or pen with skill;

*Poems that live are made by living still.*

Pressed to the pattern of the Life well spent

*Was thine, Oh gentle one, from call to call;*

From when He bade thee by the spirit live

*Until thy spirit had surrendered all.*

Oh, sweet obedience—now it grants to thee

*To share Thy Master's immortality!*

He is eternal, He alone shall live;

*His life the song that nevermore shall cease.*

But those who lay the stress of life with His

*Live in the annals of His life and peace.*

While countless ages shall their courses run,

*This also shall be told that you have done.*

about→ Also titled "Poems That Live." Also see note for Poem "To Mr. and Mrs. W. Carroll."

## 49. To Elsie McNair

As a young child

*You made your choice,*

Hasting the joy surrender brings.

*You furrowed next your mother's brow:*

"I want to go to heaven now!"

Frightened the mother-heart explained:

*"Not many get to go so soon;*

Mostly the Lord has work in mind

*For blood-bought little ones to do;*

They go to heaven when it's through."

So now you cannot come to us,

*But we in turn shall come to you.*

Sweet, noble, faithful, gentle one—

*The cherished memories, like dew,*

Still bless our path, and service, too.

Lovingly, an old companion.

about→ Elsie McNair was in the work in California. Elsie and Elma were companions in the Spanish work.

## 50. To Hilda Wiebe Hill: Sister—Wife—Mother—Grandmother

Death had no sting, for you embraced it early;

*And learned in childlike faith it is a door:*

A gateway to a fuller meaning,

*And understanding deeper than before.*

Death's shadow falls on the beloved and human,

*This earthen temple made of crumbling clay.*

The shadow falls, but not the substance;

*Beyond lies life, the Lord, eternal Day.*

So lift the voice and sing a song of gladness,

*Your life begun in faith has finished true;*

On that same note of glad beginning,

*Oh gladsome, precious is the song of you!*

about→ Hilda Wiebe Hill was Elma's older sister. She married Otto Hill.

## 51. To Mr. Engle

How much we had because he overcame, dear Lord!

*What sweet security was ours each childhood day!*

He stood, a pillar in our Father's house;

*He walked with steadfast tread along the way.*

In years of innocence to cost or pain,

*How much we had because he overcame!*

How much we had because he overcame, dear Lord,

*When life's first storms our sapling courage tore!*

How could we faithless or disheartened stay

*In company with one who'd suffered more?*

And forcing down our roots, new heights to gain,

*How much we had because he overcame!*

How much we had because he overcame, dear Lord,

*And kept his tent door in the heat of day.*

Shelter to angels and a prince to men,

*With faith to toil, and patient strength to pray.*

By secret offerings keeping love aflame—

*How much we have because he overcame!*

How much we have because he overcame, dear Lord,

*And, O, how much for him today!*

Carried by angels through the gates of death,

*Safe from earth's storms, its feeble clay.*

There in the courts of Thy eternal fame,

*A pillar still because he overcame!*

about→ Mr. Engle was the elder of the Sunday Fellowship meeting where the Wiebes lived. He was a great help to the family after Elma's father passed away.

scripture→ Rev. 3:12



## 52. To Dorothy Wood

I wished so oft that you would paint for me

*Some scene, some portrait, with your quiet skill.*

And yet I would not ask; I had no house,

*No earthly chimney-nook to fill.*

But lo, upon my heart's high wall I find

*A mural of a sister, fine and true—*

And blindly I recall the gentle strokes,

*The loving toil so much a part of you.*

You sought in Life, as with your brush and pen,

*For that perfection never satisfied;*

That, humbled always by accomplishment,

*In striving onward finds its only pride.*

And He, who showed you oft where you had failed

*To catch the truth and beauty in His heart,*

Who granted pigment new with which to strive,

*Has taken to Himself your work of art.*

How I shall prize my mural on the wall

*Since you have finished now your work sublime;*

And He, your Teacher, Friend and Guide,

*Is pleased to hang it in the halls of time!*

Leave us your tools—the glad integrity

*Of purpose, yea, the ceaseless striving on*

That marks the genius and him who keeps

*The glorious vision of the Perfect One!*

about→ Dorothy Wood was a sister of George Wood. His wife Iona was a sister of Otto Hill, who married Elma's sister Hilda.

### 53. To Our Grecian Brethren

Against a weary, war-torn sky

*You raised love's sacred banner high;*

Through faithful, suffering, toiling years,

*In vigils oft, in pain and tears.*

You braved the darkness of the night

*To lift the symbol of His Light.*

Oh, noblest labor 'neath the sun,

*Is that for which Christ's servants come!*

Love sends them forth; Love shows the way;

*Love leads them on from day to day.*

By its soft call the sheep are found—

*The seeking heart perceives the sound.*

You fell, not as the vulgar fell,

*Lifting the Kingdom's banner high!*

Only death's shadow touched your lives;

*Reality has passed it by.*

For He who loved with you to dwell

*Abolished death and conquered hell!*

Rest then, with all the hero dead,

*Until Christ's martyrs all are crowned!*

Rest with the spirits of the just

*Beneath the holy altar found!*

Rest, from weariness and strife,

*In fullness of eternal life!*

about→ For many years during the twentieth century the friends and workers in Greece were very restricted by their government.

This poem was written during those years.

## 54. In Memory of Clem Geue

Brother by adoption,

*Part of the Body: Christ's Bride;*

Though I did not get to meet you,

*Your help and blessings abide.*

Visiting the Ceylonese,

*And the "oldest servant," too;*

You then asked to see the "oldest trees,"

*Where a mission awaited you.*

A young lad headed south,

*The seed of the Gospel to sow,*

Had missed the group through an error,

*And later alone must now go.*

A few days waiting here,

*With cousin working away,*

The cousin's wife he scarcely knew

*Had suggested "big trees" that day.*

Arriving 'neath the trees,

*Both groups gazed high, and for long,*

Then lowering sight to the ground,

*They sensed a resemblance strong.*

Asked the youth, "Are these friends?"

*The answer, a gentle "No."*

Then a face somehow familiar,

*Lit with warm and certain glow.*

Lunches were shared, and words

*Of the time you left your field,*

To go to Ceylon, still troubled:

*And a brother your fears had healed.*

Those words of cheer well-spoken,

*You shared beneath the trees;*

(In the hymnbook hymn two-six-two,

*Second verse) counseling from these.*

And now, "the way love planned"

*Has led, through the shadowed tomb,*

To rest in waiting victory,

*Until the Christ Himself shall come.*

Oh, may we also "walk

*In love" through all life's short days,*

To circulate His Body's strengths,

*To honor, serve, and live His praise!*

about→ The "oldest servant," in verse 2, is George Walker; the "young lad," in verse 3, is Andy Stevenson, who was on his way to South America to labor; the "brother," in verse 7, is Willie Jamieson. Hymn number 262 is from Hymns Old and New (1951 Edition), In Times of Deepest Darkness. The referenced words are: "How can we fear the future when love has planned the way which leads o'er hills and valleys to one eternal day?" Clem labored in Australia and Sri Lanka. This poem was written after he visited California.

## 55. How Kind the Years

How kind the years to him who grows

*With heaven's blessing richer still;*

How strong the shoulders that have borne

*Unmeasured loads through good and ill.*

How kind the heart who long has known

*Temptation and the tempted's cry;*

How rich the graces of this life

*That ripens 'neath the autumn sky!*

You ask us, "Why this ageless face,

*This wisely humble, kingly grace?"*

We say, "'Tis what our Lord would be,

*Could He have known maturity."*

about→ Sent to Jack Carroll in late years. John T. Carroll (Uncle Jack) labored in the United States and Canada. He passed away in 1957.

## 56. To Judith Elaine

Sweet girl graduate, gay and fair,

*To me you're the child with the tight-curved hair,*

Who clung to my hand at the close of day,

*When tired of work, and tired of play,*

Your little brother, yourself, and I

*Would stroll and look at the evening sky.*

Sometimes I know you, and then it seems

*You are hidden from me in a hedge of dreams,*

By growth, and thoughts, and plans, 'tis so

*Like the hidden house of long ago*

Where we fancied so much, but could hardly see,

*As we clung to the gate in reverie.*

So I often guess, and I miss it too,

*But the child is there, the little you*

That I studied a bit, and loved so well,

*In the "home school" days we oft retell.*

In life's hidden house, I salute you Dear,

*The gate, the growth, the promise clear!*

May your house have light to light it well,

*Laughter and singing its joys to tell,*

A heart-hearth warm for comfort rare,

*The love of God, and friends to care!*

May He keep your soul in its solitude

Like the sweet hidden house of your babyhood!

about→ Judy is a daughter of Bill and Edith Wainwright. Edith is Elma's sister.

## 57. To Warren

I salute you, Mr. Warnie,

*Little boy in a man 'most grown!*

Can't get used to the transformation,

*Dear little lad, so much my own!*

Seemed so full of the joy of living,

*So content just yourself to be.*

Rare is this gift, my Laddie, keep it!

*Make Mr. Warnie mind, but see*

How uniquely God has given

*Unto each as he's meant to be!*

Add to God's essential giving

*Life's experience day by day*

Setting your course by the Master's bidding

*Then your vessel will find its way.*

Nothing so safe as the soul in His keeping,

*None more glad than the heart in His care!*

High though the waves there is joy in His Presence

*When the soul cries, and finds He is there.*

For He speaks peace, and findeth safe harbors;

*And at the last His Home-harbor He'll share!*

So I salute you, Dear Mr. Warnie,

*Sweet little boy fast growing to man!*

Let us clasp hands in the cool of the evening

*Turn back the pages oft as we can!*

about→ Warren is a son of Bill and Edith Wainwright. Edith is Elma's sister.