



Life's Journey.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
 The track seems to shine in the light,
 But it suddenly shoots over chasms
 Or sinks into tunnels of night.
 And the hearts that were brave in the morning
 Are filled with repining and fears.
 As they pause at the City of Sorrow,
 Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

2

But the road of this perilous journey
 The hand of the Master has made;
 With all its discomforts and dangers,
 We need not be sad or afraid.
 Paths leading from light into darkness
 Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
 Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight,
 To fields that are blooming and fair.

3.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
 Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day.

Above us, fair cities are laughing,
And dipping white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of the journey
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

4.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways
All roads center here when they end.
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile books, all passes,
If stolen, or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

5

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward,
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for

Whatever your aim or your quest,
 You shall come at the last with rejoicing,
 To the beautiful City of Rest.

6

You shall store all your baggage of worries
 You shall feel perfect peace in this realm
 You shall sail with old friends on fair waters
 With joy and delight at the helm.
 You shall wander in cool fragrant-gardens,
 With those who have loved you the best,
 And the hopes that were lost in life's journey,
 You shall find in the City of Rest.
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Sermon in Rhyme

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Ye and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow,
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend - till he is dead.

2

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you should impart.

3

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer

4.

If you see the hot tears falling
 From a brother's weeping eyes,
 Shave them, and by kindly sharing
 Own your kinship with the skies.
 Why should any one be glad,
 When a brother's heart is sad.

5.

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
 Through the sunshine on his face,
 Shave it: 'Tis the wise man's saying
 For both grief and joy a place.
 There's health and goodness in the mirth
 In which an honest-laugh has birth.

6.

If your work is made more easy,
 By a friendly helping hand,
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly
 Ere the darkness veils the land.
 Should a brother workman dear
 Fatter for a word of cheer.

7

Scatter thine your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go -
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make the seed to grow.
So until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend!

Sailing Out.

Have you any message friends
 For your loved ones gone away,
 To the happy hills of heaven
 Lying just across the bay?
 I am going out at even.

On the waters wild and wide
 Yea my bark sets sail for Heaven
 At the ebbing of the tide.

Am I not afraid you ask
 Of the waters deep and wide
 To-day God keeps a beacon burning
 Over on the Heaven side.

Ah! the night-fell ne'er so slowly
 On an earthly day before,
 Tell me is the tide-wave breaking
 Yet upon the rocky shore?

Am I glad to go you ask?
 Friend when sorrow fills your breast,

Hold your pulses thrill with gladness
When you think of coming rest!
I am tired of earthly changes
And I think on Heaven's fair shore
There will be no sad estranges
But one glad day evermore.

4

See! the nightfall comes at last,
Soon will ebb the laggard tide,
And my bark goes drifting drifting,
Over waters reaching wide.
Do not weep that I must leave you
Heaven is not so ^{very} far ~~away~~
Did the angels of the sunset
Leave the golden gates ajar.

5.

Ebb the tide! the breezer blow
Seaward, and the sails are set!
I am drifting, drifting, drifting,
Friends I go, but don't forget.

When the morn breaks on your vision
I shall cast an anchor down
Safe at last - in God's wide harbor
Close by the Celestial Town.

Ellen C. Reyford.

The Patience of Hope.

Thou mayst not limit to a day,
The prayers that from thy need arise,
Trust with thy God the time and way,
His answer may be thy surprise.

2

But when his purpose is made known
And when the door wide open stands,
With heart sure stayed on Him alone,
Rise to the action life demands.

3

Not idly sitting in the sun,
Brings promised blessing from above;
But cheerful, daily duty done,
All in his strength, and for his love.

4

For Jacob's ladder, round by round
Rises from earth to meet the sky,
There angels as of old are found;
And we must climb who cannot fly.

5.

You more than all, whose souls are let,
 Into the toilers joy and pain,
 Who grieve because you see not yet
 The waving of the ripening grain,

6.

Take heart. No effort shall be lost,
 God sends back no unanswered prayer,
 The seed you sow at bitter cost,
 Hath love's fruition here or there.

7.

You may not bind the harvest sheaves,
 You may not sing the harvest song;
 But, while your heart in him believes,
 His time is sure, if short or long.

8.

Your wearied hands may folded lie,
 Closed be your eyelids to all tears,
 Ere in the liver to your most might
 The growing grace of God appears.

9.

Get-calm to trust, with patience wait.-
And Patience is no sad-faced guest,
No beggar crouching at the gate!
She comes of royal gifts possessed.

10

Her eyes clear light-from heaven is caught,
Her noiseless feet with peace are shod,
Her robes of white are angel-wrought,
She bears the benison of God!

11

O faithful toilers, all is well!
Lift your worn faces to the light.-
Though in the shadow yet you dwell,
The morning breaks upon the height!

The Water Mill

1
 Listen to the water-mill
 Through the livelong day,
 How the clanking of the wheels
 Hears the hours away!
 Languidly the autumn wind
 Stirs the greenwood leaves
 From the field the reapers sing
 Binding up the sheaves.
 And a proverb haunts my mind
 Like a spell is cast,
 "The mill will never grind
 With the water that is past."

2.
 Take the lesson to thyself,
 Loving heart and true!
 Golden years are floating by
 Youth is passing too.
 Learn to make the most of life
 Lose no happy day;

Time will never bring thee back,
Chance swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last:
"The mill will never grind,
With the water that is past."

3

Work while yet the day light shines
Man of strength and will;
Never let the streamlet
Useless by the mill -
Wait not till tomorrow's sun
Beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy today.
Power, intellect and wealth
May not always last -
"The mill will never grind
With the water that is past."

Oh the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!

Oh the good we might have done
Lost without a sigh!

Love that once we might have saved
By a single word;

Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.

Then take the proverb to thy heart—
Take and hold it fast;

"The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed"

Cumbered with much Serving

1
Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oft times counts a service most complete.

2
He sometimes wants our ear our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart,
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

3
We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance
There's only room to suffer and endure.

4
Well, God loves patience; seek that ^{stillness} dwell in;
Doing the little things or resting quite,

May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
 Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

5

As they who grapple with some giant evil
 Clearing a part that every eye ~~can~~ ^{may} see;
 The Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence
 Better than for a busy ministry

6

And yet he does love service, where 'tis given
 By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
 But work that's done beneath the scourge of ^{duty}
 Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

7

Then seek to please him whatsoever He bids thee
 Whether to do or suffer or be still.
 'T will matter little by what ^{paths} he leads us
 If in it all we seek to do His will.

Quiet Ways are Best.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody hurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When everyone is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.

The rain that trickles down in showers,
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers,
Sweet-fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.

There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;
And they alone are ^{blest} great -
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate
And prove by their serene estate
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying
 By hurrying
 And scurrying
 With fretting and with flurrying
 The temper's often lost;
 And in pursuit of some small prize
 We rush ahead and are not wise,
 And find the unwanted exercise
 A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
 That do their duty right-along,
 Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
 Or make themselves ridiculous.
 Calm and serene in heart and nerve
 Their strength is always in reserve,
 And nobly stands each test!
 And every day and all about,
 By scenes within and scenes without
 We can discern without a doubt;
 That quiet ways are best.

4

Then meet me again in this casement niche,
 On this spot - nay, do not say no,
 Nor question me wherefore; perhaps with me
 To look out on the night, and the bright broad sea,
 And to hear its majestic flow!

* * * * * 5 * * * *

Well, we've met here again, and the moonlight sleeps
 On the sea and the bastioned wall,
 And the flowers there below - how the night wind ^{bring}
 Their delicious breath on its dewy wings;
 But there's one, say you, sweeter than all.

What is it? the myrtle or jessamine?
 Or their sovereign lady, the rose?
 Or the heliotrope, or the virgin bower?
 What 'neither'? Oh, no, tis some other flower,
 Far sweeter than any of those.

7

Far sweeter? And where ^{drink} ~~is~~ you groweth the plant
 That exaleth that perfume rare?

Look about, up and down, but take care, or you'll break
With your elbow that poor little thing, that's so weak,
Why, 'tis that smells so sweet, I declare!

8

Ah ha! is it that? Have you found out now
Why I cherish that odd little fright!?
All is not gold that glitters, you know,
And it is not all worth making the greatest show,
In the glare of the stronger light!

9

There are human flowers, full many I trow,
As unlovely as that by your side,
That a common observer passeth by
With a scornful lip, and a careless eye,
In the hey-day of pleasure and pride.

10.

But move one of these to some quiet spot
From the midday sun's broad glare,
Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing,
And try if the homely despised thing
May not yield sweet fragrance there.

11.

Or wait till the days of trial come,
 The dark days of trouble and woe,
 When they shrink and shut up, late so bright
 Then turn to the little despised one in the sun;
 And see if 'twill serve you so.

12.

And judge not again, at a single glance
 Do not pass sentence hastily,
 There are many good things in this world
 (of our
 Many sweet things I care, weeds that prove
 precious flowers,
 Little dreamt of by you or by me.
 Mrs Southey.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave
There are souls that are pure & true,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid ^{in kind}
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn
You will gather in flowers again.
The scattered seeds from your thoughts outborne
Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of King and slave
It is just what we are and do,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Madalane Bridge

"Make Me Beautiful Within"
Now which was the sage who prayed
The oft-quoted prayer
"Make me beautiful within"
Plato the gracious Greek
With illumined brow and cheek
And perfect lip and chin
Whom the gods had kindly made
The favorite of their care?

Ah! but what of Socrates
With his rough and rugged brow
His misshapen mouth and chin?
'Twas he who prayed the prayer
"Make me beautiful within";
For who will the gods to please
Were the god-men then, as now.

Like a marred and twisted bowl
 Flung from careless potter's hands
 Stood the teacher Socrates;
 But his beautiful "within"
 Hearts both grave and gay did win—
 Plato — Alcibiades; —
 And the light of his high soul
 Shines today o'er many lands.

'Mong the mists of silver seas
 From the dear dim long ago,
 The loved form of Plato seems
 To be gliding to and fro;
 And we feel the sacred flow
 Of his thought that haunting stream
 Round the Christian on his knees,
 Praying "Make me white as snow"

For there sages of the past
 Are the teachers now as then;
 Guided by a voice divine
 Walking with their robes unstained

Till the highest heights are gained
To unveil the gods in men; -
With no thought of mine or thine; -
"Reach the truth and hold her fast,"
Care not how, nor where, nor when."

So we teachers of today
Who the teacher's need will win
Need to list the voice divine
Need to keep our garments white
Always Truth within our sight
As we climb and ever climb;
Need each hour to watch, - and pray
"Make me beautiful within."

Sister Grace Ada Brown.

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; Sometimes He
 Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
 In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
 Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
 I oft would faint with sorrow and affright;

Only for this - I know he holds my hand
 So whether in verdant, or in desert land,
 I trust; although I may not understand.

And by still waters? Nay not always so;
 Oft times the heavy tempest round me blow,
 And o'er my soul the wave and billows go.

But when the storm beal loudest and I cry,
 A loud for help, the Master standeth by,
 And whisper to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect-day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hill tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunken valleys, where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this; whither the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So when he leads me I can safely go;
And in the bliss hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

This poem is credited to John Sullivan
Dwight the translator.

True Rest.

Sweet is the pleasure itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure one with true toil?

Thou that would waste it, still do thy best;
Use it, not waste, it - else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty near thee, all round?
Only hath duty such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the setting of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Flowing to ocean after its life.

Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
'Tis onward! unswerving - and that is true rest.
Goethe.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.
So to live is heaven;

To make undying music in the world
Breathing as beautiful order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

.....
This is life to come;
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense
So shall I join the choir invisible

Whose music is the gladness of the world.
George Eliot.

Comfort one another
For the way is often dreary,
And the feet are very weary,
And the heart is very sad;
There is a heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none are caring
And we half forget that we ^{were ever glad} ~~are~~ glad.

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes;
Do not wait with gaze unspoken
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies
R. W. Trine

Detail Work.

By Margaret Langster jr.

The little duties that are drawn across our working ^{hours}
Are very like the flower beds that soon will shelter flowers.
For they are grey and brown and drab and often they seem drear,
But out of them the loveliness of blossoms will appear.

The little tasks that throw their shade across each working day
Are like the darning we must do before our hands can lay
The ^{gentle} little stitches in a bit of fragile, whip-like lace -
For each task has its bit of life - each fragment has its place!

Some of our work is sheer routine, and some is joyous fun;
But one must be completed e'er the other is begun -
Each little item is a step toward some far shining goal,
Each tiny trifle goes to make a fine and perfect whole!

Christian Herald Jan 19, 1924

The Other Fellow.

Let me be a little kinder,
 Even though a little blinder
 To the faults of those about me—
 Let me praise a little more.
 Let me be, when I am weary
 Just a wee bit more cheery;
 Let me strive a little better,
 Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
 When temptation bids me waver;
 Let me strive a little harder
 To be all that I should be.
 Let me be a little meeeker
 With the brother that is weaker
 Let me think more of my fellows,
 And a little less of me.

Father Flanagan's Journal.

Do you Agree.

If we all agreed with each other perfectly, life would be rather tame. Honest opinion, even if it is different from others, stimulates thought and is quite certain to be illuminating.

Other folks are sure to have good ideas worth listening to.

There is little hope for any one who knows it all, for then of course, growth ceases and decay begins.

Quite frequently we meet people who seem to labor under the strange delusion that all the world should agree with them.

The absurdity and egotism of this is obvious. It is always foolish to try to force an opinion on any one.

The minute we take this attitude we have failed. What really counts is for people to have honest, intelligent-

opinions of their own, and not to be mere echoes!

The person who is honest will always listen in an open-minded manner to the testimony on both sides of the case.

The judge who would give a verdict when the testimony on one side only was in, would be charged with great injustice.

The person who is open-minded and honest will be big enough to say, "I was wrong, I see more clearly now" if the occasion arises.

Only little, narrow and contracted individuals are ready to contend that they are always right.

It is entirely possible to differ with people, and yet to respect their opinions and to live in harmony.

Quite often the harmony, and the fairness and the open-mindedness cause the differences to disappear as time goes on, and both come to understand each other better and to have a

clearer vision on their own part.

In any event, we never get anywhere through arguments and disputations and incriminations - that is, any place where it is desirable to be.

We will make more progress to seek and to find some points, or even one point, upon which we can agree heartily, and thus establish a friendly point of departure.

The moment we begin to try and force our views upon others, we become a real enemy to peace and often to progress.

Tolerance, Kindness, and the knowledge of when "silence is golden" are treasures to be sought.

Emma Gary Wallace
From the Christian Herald.

Copied Jan 18 1925.

A Calendar for All Thy Life.

Not what we have - but what we use!

Not what we see - but what we choose -

These are the things that mar or bless

The sum of human happiness.

The things nearby, not things afar,

Not what we seem, but what we are

These are the things that make or break,

That gives the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true.

Not what we dream but the good we do!

These are the things that shine like gems,

Like stars in heaven's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,

Not as we pray, but as we live -

These are the things that make for peace

Both now but after time shall cease

From the Christian Herald. Nov 14 '25

From the Christian Herald Nov 14 25

A little more kindness, a little less creed;

A little more giving, a little less greed;

A little more smite, a little less frown

A little less kicking a man when he is down.

A little more "we" and a little less "I";

A little more laugh and a little less cry;

A little more flowers on the pathway of life

And fewer growls at the end of the strife.

The Song in the Dell.

I know a way
 Of hearing what the larks and linnets say;
 The larks tell of the sunshine and the sky,
 The linnets from the hedger make reply,
 And boast of hidden nests in mocking lay.

I know a way
 Of keeping near the rabbits at their play,
 They tell me of the cool and shady nooks
 Where waterfalls disturb the placid brooks
 That I may go and frolic in the spray.

I know a way
 Of catching dewdrops on a night in May,
 And threading them upon a spear of green,
 That through through their sides translucent
 may be seen
 The sparkling hue that emeralds display

I know a way
Of trapping sunbeams as they nimbly play
At hide and seek with meadowgrass and flowers
And holding them in store for dreary hours.
When winds are chill and all the sky is gray.

I know a way
Of stealing fragrance from the new-mown hay
And storing it in petal flasks of petals made
To scent the air when all the flowers fade
And leave the woodland world to sad decay.

I know a way
Of coaxing snowflakes in their flight to stay
So still awhile, that, as they hang in air,
I weave them into frosty lace, to wear
About my head upon a sultry day.

(Charles Edward Barry.)

I Shall not Pass Again This Way

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

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

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

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

This poem much worn, was found in the desk of Mr Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor and editor of the *Youth's Companion*, after his death when his desk was cleared by loving hands. It explained much of Mr Ford's wide and generous benefactions.

Clipped from the *Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

