

## NOT FOR ITSELF

NOT for itself does the wild rose grow,  
 Not for itself does the river flow,  
 Not for itself does the soft moon shine  
 Nor yet for itself sings this heart of mine,

For the glory of God does the wild rose grow,  
 To sing His praise does the river flow,  
 For love of Him does the soft moon shine  
 And for Him alone sings this heart of mine.

## ONE WORK HAVE I

ONE work have I.  
 To know within my inmost soul,  
 That God is all, - the very whole  
 Of this my life; that radiant, bright,  
 He fills all space, for God is Light.

One work have I.  
 To know that there is not a place  
 But images God's glorious face.  
 At every pin's point He is there  
 In all His beauty passing fair.

One work have I.  
 To know where'er my feet are led,  
 Whatever spot on earth I tread,  
 Just there will *God* be ever found,  
 And every place is holy ground.

## YOU FILL ALL MY NEEDS

**L**ORD, You are pouring out freely  
 From your infinite store  
 Forever enough for my needs.  
 More and more

Come Your blessings, Your plenty, Your all, -  
 Air, clear as wine, skies cloudy, skies blue,  
 Glorious mountains, flowers in every season,  
 Frost, shining dew,  
 Forests, bubbling streams, all  
 Come from Your bounty; health,  
 Power to climb, and the joy of it,  
 The steep, uphill way,  
 The great thrill of the summit,  
 The sweeping slopes, deep shadows,  
 What wealth  
 Flows out from Your heart,  
 Lord of lords!

Books, and the wonder and glory therein,  
 Thoughts golden, full of an urge  
 Very precious. Power, strength, joy,  
 Flowing from strong hearts to mine,  
 Helping, encouraging, full of laughter,  
 Full of You, Lord of Hosts,  
 Lord of the Shining Spheres,  
 Lord of all earth!

God be praised!  
 You scatter Love freely and Goodness and Peace.  
 Never inactive, Your gifts keep on flowing'  
 To us, flooding and filling our being.  
 Lover and Friend never failing,  
 To You I give praise!

Hearts of artists - music and beauty -  
 The world is foundationed with song, -  
 Vibrations of harmony in tone, sculpture, words, -  
 Music within and without, friendship,  
 Work, - labour accomplished with sweat-  
 Sweet humour, bright eyes, loving smiles,  
 Childish pranks, strong, equal friendship,-  
 What a richness You pour out upon us,  
 What an unstinting flow of Your wealth!  
 The wealth that rusts not nor stales.  
 God be praised!

God the Giver of Good,  
 And Receiver of this my poor song,  
 Which, although it be poor, yet.  
 Receive it, O Lord,  
 God, the Giver, adored!

## THE GARDEN

A GARDEN of fair beauty  
 Lay stretched before my eyes,  
 With glowing, glorious colours  
 And flowers of varied size.  
 And the heart within me clamoured  
 To have that garden for my own  
 Saying, " Beauty such as this  
 Is found but here alone."

I thought I heard a voice  
 And I know the lily smiled,  
 As tall she stood, sweet, chaste and pure  
 In her garments undefiled.  
 "We here but symbolise  
 That beauty wondrous fair,  
 That is Divine and Infinite,  
 Thou hast it everywhere."

A bird song reached mine ear.  
 Each golden, liquid note,  
 Came joyous, clear and sweet  
 From the tiny swelling throat.  
 I said, " Could I but listen  
 Forever to that song  
 It would bring to me fulfilment  
 Of all of which I long."

The bird's bright eye grew brighter,  
 Each note sang forth a word.  
 I, curious, listened closely,  
 This is what I heard.  
 "My song, it symbolises  
 Life's glorious symphony,  
 Within thine own heart singeth  
 Such music, full and free."

As I listened in the garden  
 There rose about my feet,  
 Fresh as the freshest morning  
 A fragrance wholly sweet.  
 I said, " Could I but carry  
 That fragrance through the day  
 It would soothe my tired spirit,  
 Chase weariness away."

Came a stirring in the flowers,  
 In a shroud of misty light,  
 And a fragrance stronger, sweeter,  
 Filled me deeper with delight,  
 Saying, " Fragrance symbolises  
 The gratitude and praise  
 That this wide world o'erfloweth;  
 It is in thy heart always."

I went unto the fountains,  
 To those sparkling waters clear,  
 I cupped my hands and drinking  
 Felt that life was surely here.  
 I said, " Here by the fountains  
 Could I but remain  
 I need never crave refreshment  
 From life's dust and heat again."

Then the waters sprang up higher,  
 They sparkled in the sun,  
 As the fine spray touched my face  
 The healing work was done.  
 They said, "Life everlasting  
 Our waters symbolise,  
 From forth that glorious, living Fount  
 Thy own life takes its rise."

Once more around the garden  
 Swept those longing eyes of mine,  
 And my heart was well nigh bursting  
 With a feeling all Divine  
 I said, "O wondrous Garden!  
 When I linger here with you  
 I feel life's glories thrilling  
 In me, through and through,"

A deep, deep Peace descended  
 On my restless, longing heart,  
 As I understood the message  
 That all nature doth impart.  
 And I heard the flowers singing,  
 "We are symbols of that Light  
 That floweth from the heart of God  
 Love, Divine and Infinite."

## GOD IS ALL AND GOOD

**T**HE Breath of God! 'Twas in the morning air;  
 I felt it on my cheek; I heard it stir  
 Through trees abloom with smiles of tenderness,  
 Touching all the world with sweet caress.  
 It breathed o'er me -the real self of me,  
 And lo! I felt myself at one with flower and tree;  
 I felt myself at one with field and sky,  
 At one with each and all that met my eye,  
 Great vastness filled my soul, and with it brought  
 A quickened sense of life, a broadened thought.  
 In its flood-tide power swept o'er me;  
 Engulfed me like a glorious mighty sea.  
 Silent, thrilling, poised alone I stood,  
 And standing, knew that God is ALL and GOOD

## THE STARS SING TO THEE

Space travellers  
 Immeasurably lovely, suns and swirling nebulae, -  
 'Who, Creator, placed them there?

Who gives them power  
 To burn fluorescently in orange, violet, blue?  
 Lord, Creator, only You!

Who, without collision  
 Holds them, magnificently whirling, steadily?  
 Lord, Creator, who but Thee?

Star-cities and a trillion suns  
 In vast, massed splendour, glowing sing;  
 Down long light-years the echoes ring,  
 Songs sung to Thee, our Father King.

## MOONLIT SNOW

**A** MYRIAD, myriad stars  
 Are embedded in the snow,  
 The scintillating flowers  
 That in the moon's light grow.  
 They flash their message up  
 To the stars that shining lie  
 In the blue inverted cup  
 That mortals call the sky.

Long icicles are hung,  
 Dripping shafts of fire  
 And fringe the mantle, flung.  
 On roof and slender spire.  
 A dreamy beauty shines  
 From the fragile, frosted lace  
 Spread on cedars, firs and pines  
 With a soft and delicate grace.

Hushed glory all around  
 Earth's face is very sweet.  
 The quiet seed-filled ground  
 Worships at God's feet.  
 Contemplation brings  
 Illumination fair,  
 Earth's glorious garden springs  
 From an eternal prayer.

## SINGING LEAVES

**L**IKE joyous butterflies winged for flight,  
 Eager to fly the world,  
 Drenched in the warmth of the sun's pure light  
 Spring's glossy leaves are unfurled.  
 Each mirrors faintly the other's face  
 Enhancing its own, by its neighbour's grace.

Spring has gone and the summer come,  
 But the butterfly leaves remain,  
 Their soft green deepened under the sun, -  
 They have danced in the wind and rain.  
 Slenderly tethered they whisper and play  
 Close to the parent branch all day.

A song subdued is fluttered out  
 To ride the broad winged breeze;  
 The singers twirling round about  
 Make laughter for the trees.  
 Song and laughter harmonize  
 To please the hearing and the eyes.

"We may not fly,"- this is their lay,  
 "To visit distant skies,  
 But God is here, and here we'll stay  
 Where our true service lies.  
 Pure content is ours, when we  
 In every place His Presence see.

"We are not lured by tales we hear  
 Of magic scenes afar,  
 For here our skies are just as clear,  
 As lovely is our bower.  
 Cultivate a seeing eye  
 And discontent will swiftly fly.

"In quenchless glory Heaven dwells,  
 And flings its beauty wide,  
 A boundless realm, within ourselves  
 That lights the world outside.  
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
 We live in Heaven's eternity."

## PEACH BLOOM

**F**LUSHED with a delicate gleam  
 The buds of the peach tree a waken,-  
 The fruit of its faith in a dream  
 Of Heaven, by cold winds unshaken.  
 Now your secret is out little tree,  
 And your thoughts grow as blossoms for me.

Like jewels on high, they are strung,  
 The pearls that fair wisdom adorn;  
 Or fairy lamps smilingly hung  
 And kindled with rose from the dawn.  
 Oh, tree! What a joy this has been  
 Thank God, YGU had faith in your dream !

If we all had a trust just as true,  
 Kept our vision undimmed to our eyes,  
 Its glory would pierce right through  
 The thick veil that o'er the world lies.  
 Oh! the earth would be wondrously fair  
 With thoughts of God blossoming there!

## JOY

**W**ITH joy all nature was filled,  
 The blackbird in mellow notes trilled.

" God made me "it said, " so I'll sing  
 Rejoicing, and praising my King ! "  
 As its happiness o'erflowed the vale  
 All the birds echoed joy from the dale.  
 " God is Good! " cried the trees in one breath,  
 "And listen, there is no death!"  
 Then lo! with new leaves they were crowned  
 As they laughed with a soft, whispered sound.

Gently the mist climbed aloft.  
 Light were its garments and soft.  
 "My Maker I love. I love God,"  
 She sighed, and kissed a brown sod.  
 Lo ! the moss stirred and lifted its head;  
 "Why I live! " it in glad accents said.

All nature is worshipping God,  
 The Creator of all, the one Lord;  
 The flowers are pure, without guile,  
 The sunset reflects His sweet smile,  
 The mountains His power display;  
 " God is our strength, " they say.

In this great song of praise, my heart  
 Overflowing with joy takes part.

## LIFE

**O** EARTH you're wrapped in silence deep,  
 Wide waking, though you seem asleep.  
 Retiring within your work  
 To bring your vision fair to birth.

Your trees are hard and black and bare.  
 You harbour inspiration there,  
 And conservation of vast power,  
 To manifest in leaf and flower.

When your retreat is at an end  
 Your thoughts will out and upward tend,  
 And riotous across the earth  
 Will run your winsome smile of mirth.

Then tender shades of green will sprout,  
 Lovely flowers blossom out,  
 Your face will all transformed be  
 And glory reign serene and free.

You have unveiled to my blind eyes  
 The truth that nothing really dies!  
 We but behold the outer dress,  
 The garment of that Loveliness  
 That is eternal, true, sublime.  
 If Beauty died, how could earth bring  
 Fresh flowers to deck herself each spring?

## THE BRIDE'S PRAYER

**Y** OUNG-EYED, beautiful and fair  
 The bride of Spring knelt wrapt in prayer,  
 In the early dawn.  
 " Lord, " she whispered, "keep me clean,  
 Let Thy Warm life through me stream,  
 This is my bridal morn."

" Lord, let the world behold in me  
 A clear transparency for Thee.  
 Let them feel Thy Power  
 In slowly waking buds and trees,  
 In glossy newly-opened leaves,  
 And dew-filled flower."

"Lord, let them feel the pulse of Life,  
 Quench their arrogance and strife,  
 Let all men be new born.  
 Let the sweetness of this Spring  
 Heal the wound, extract the sting  
 On this my bridal morn."



## AT DHANASKODI, SOUTH INDIA

**P**EACE, and a silence deep and calm  
     Lay over sea and land;  
 An Indian hut, a waving palm,  
     A stretch of silver sand  
 That radianced opalescent light, -  
 These made a picture of delight.

A spraying, rainbowed, shimmering line  
     Betrayed the trysting place  
 Of shore and wave, where wet sands shine  
     And foam is like white lace;  
 Where blue-green waters leap to greet  
 The gleaming sands, with rhythmic beat.

I watched the glorious sun-ship glide  
     Till on the ocean's brink  
 It seemed to rest, to softly ride,  
     Then silently to sink  
 Into a bed of limpid light.  
 Then came a host of stars, - and night.

And what a night! A wind did blow  
     Exhilarating, strong.  
 My heart exulting, heard the flow  
     And boom of ocean's song,  
 Saw dimly outlined, plume-toss'd palm,  
 And felt within, God's peace and calm.

Above, the broad, dark sapphire sky  
     In star-studded beauty shone,  
 And burning spheres whose glories vie  
     With those of our own sun.  
 Strange mysteries are held in space,  
 Messengers of God's bright grace.

O fair brave world! Would that I saw  
     With eyes bathed pure in light!  
 I would that I fore'er could draw  
     The blinds that dim my sight  
 To what I feel you are, - God's plan  
 To manifest Himself to man.

## MORNING ON A SCOTTISH MOOR

**A** SUN scarce risen poured her maiden beams  
 O'er hill and mist-crowned tor  
 Earth's dewy face was drenched in golden  
    streams  
 That glorified the moor  
 Whereon I stood. No human voice I heard  
 No sound of life, save breeze-blown grass and bird.

Wide, wind-strewn space; this made a temple fair  
    Wherein to worship God  
 Freshness in the crisp, translucent air  
    and in the greening sod  
 Where nestling heartsease, raised sweet, gentle eyes  
 To morning's stretch of cloud-flecked, blue-domed  
    skies.

I seemed alone save for that feathered throng  
    Aflight on sunlit wings,  
 The peewit's cry commingled with the song  
    The skylark sings.  
 I heard a cheeping rise about my feet  
 And found a nest amid the grasses sweet.

For very joy, the wind full in my face  
    I ran with outstretched arms  
 As though I would within myself embrace  
    The moorland's charms.  
 Then I chanced upon a rock-protected pool,  
 That gem-like rested tranquil, clear and cool.

To some slight eminence I climbed and stood,  
    And in an ecstasy  
 I scanned my world, and felt how very good  
    It was to live and be.  
 For God's Presence seemed to fill the moor  
 With a glory I had seen not there before.

## EXPERIENCE

**P**ULL of new experience  
 Is this life that here is ours;  
 Fresh opportunities are born  
 Through the passing hours.  
 When these come with shining face  
 And life seems just a care-free race,  
 Unhesitating I keep pace  
 Dancing to the stars.

But should experience sometimes come  
 Clothed in gloomy garments, grey,  
 Obscuring light, till difficult  
 And rough, I find the way,  
 When every hope to dust has crumbled,  
 When my feet have slipped and stumbled,  
 When my little self lies humbled,  
 And I cry for day;

It is then that deep within me  
 There wells up a glorious strain,  
 A song of hope and triumph,  
 A persistent glad refrain;  
 Every nerve within me tingling,  
 As through and through my being ringing  
 Beats a holy, happy singing,  
 O'er and o'er again.

For it's not a blind, blank wall  
 Against which I have run,  
 Just the opening of a door  
 Will reveal the shining sun.  
 Then God draws near, no fear I see,  
 For in my hand He puts a key,  
 And lo, the door swings wide for me,  
 Victory is won!

Then all anew I realize  
 God's ever presence bright,  
 That floods my entire consciousness.  
 With Christ-born heavenly light.  
 New mysteries to me unfold,  
 I taste afresh of joys untold;  
 Experience doth rich treasure hold?  
 When most resembling night.



## MY BOUNDLESS REALM

**I** WALKED within a mansion fair,  
 With wondrous hall and marble stair  
 And costly pictures, sculptured art,  
 Beauty to delight the heart,  
 Priceless treasures everywhere, -  
 The palace of a millionaire.

He led me proudly, far along  
 His parks, where birds were full in song,  
 And flowers rioted in light,  
 Flaunting colours gay and bright,  
 Where soft-eyed deer roamed unafraid  
 Beneath the trees inviting shade.  
 "All this is mine" he said, and turned, -  
 I knew what longing in him burned,  
 But could not yield the praise he sought,  
 For he but owned what gold had bought,  
 His mansions and his aced grounds  
 Were limited by man-made bounds.

"And is this all?" of him I asked,  
 "Of all you own, is this the last?"  
 Wonderingly, "Yes all," he said.  
 Then leapt my thoughts and swiftly sped  
 To all belonging unto me,  
 My boundless realm, unfettered, free,  
 Where streams and rivers broadly flow,  
 And wild fresh winds arise and blow  
 And dance with trees along the hill,  
 Where birds, for very gladness, fill  
 The air with harmony, and stars,  
 At midnight, shine on dewy flowers;  
 Where trembling beauty wakes the dawn  
 And fragrances are newly born  
 And wafted far on winged light  
 Creating ever fresh delight.

As much as I can understand  
 Of the beauty of the mountains grand,  
 Is mine, As o'er the world I roam  
 In every place I find my home;  
 Find every living thing my friend  
 When in harmony I blend  
 My inmost self with Truth and Love.  
 Mine are the skies stretched up above,  
 Mine their moods and cloud-flung grace.  
 The beautiful in every place,  
 A sweet possession lives with me,  
 A never-dying memory.

And who can steal my peace of mind,  
 The sense of boundless joy r find  
 In all things beautiful? Who break  
 The unity and power that make  
 The Universe and all things one?  
 Ah! None! None! None!

#### SO GIVE YOU ME

**C**REATOR of wind, blossom and tree,  
 Of rain, sun and stars;  
 You also in love made me.  
 You clothed with gay flowers  
 The hills. With Your grace  
 You clothe also me.

You give rich gifts to the trees, -  
 Blossom, leaf, fruit;  
 Light grace to toss in the breeze;  
 A deep, searching root,  
 That draws life from Thee,  
 Lord of Life and so give You me.

#### TREES

**I** CAN scarcely ever walk beneath a tree  
 But some sweet influence possesses me.  
 Those wide-spread branches as I pass below  
 Emanate goodwill, and rustlings low  
 And murmurings speak comfort to my striving heart.  
 "Be strong! " they whisper, "God indeed is good.  
 And hush! He walks in Beauty through this wood,  
 Behold where'er He treads the sunny flowers  
springing,  
 Where'er He smiles, the birds in worship singing.  
 Courage! " they whisper to my seeking heart.

"See, how we stand 'in steadfast beauty strong,  
 We do not need to cry 'O Lord, how long?'  
 We see His sweet dear Presence everywhere,  
 Behold all things His shining image bear,  
 Courage! " they cry unto my fainting heart  
 "Be strong. He triumphs well who waits and trusts  
and knows  
 God made visible in wind and trees and rose,  
 In stars, and every lovely thing on earth,  
 In every glory springing into birth,  
 God is good and everywhere.  
 Be comforted, faint heart."

## BROKEN HEART

**H**AVE I a broken heart?  
 Then take the fragments, Lord!  
 Disperse them into nothing, leave me clean.  
     'Tis hard indeed to part  
 With self, to humble in the dust  
 Our proud, high heads O let the gushing stream,  
 That power that is Yourself cleanse rust  
 And dirt and uselessness away,  
 Till naught but You survive.  
     My broken heart,  
 The stripes I have sustained, the ache,  
 All serve to leave me empty. If I would live  
 Then this is now Your time. Oh, take  
 What's left of me, - just a receiving place  
 For all Your power, Your love, Your healing joy,  
 To pour and pass through me to other hearts.  
     Use me, O Lord Divine.

## IT WAS GOOD

You heard my cry. You sent on wing,  
     To break my mood,  
 A bird, in gleaming russet clad,  
     To sing  
 Until my sorrowing heart grew glad.  
     O it was good  
 To hear the song, to watch the wing  
 Of red-brown catch the morning light.  
     That was delight.

You heard my cry. You sent to me,  
     To charm away my gloom,  
 A child, with eyes of dancing brown.  
     With glee  
 Her twinkling feet skipped up and down.  
     Now was no room  
 For downcast thought, none left in me.  
 With the child my heart kept measure  
     With me, dwelt pleasure.

## FRAGILITY

**C**RUSH not that flower, fragile, humble, sweet.  
O thoughtless wanderer; arrest thy careless feet,

The sunshine wooed its beauty into birth;  
'Twas made for happiness and woodland mirth.

Crush not that human heart. O vandal heed  
This warning. Human hearts can bleed  
And drop by drop the warm blood ebb away.  
Hearts were made for laughter, golden, gay.

Hearts and flowers! God delighteth much  
To hear the sweet lightheartedness of such.  
Then think before you mute their rhapsody,  
God may demand a full account from thee.

Ah! stay thy feet. 'Tis better far to fill  
The world with gentleness, than to distil  
The fragrance of some broken heart or flower; -  
Self-sacrificing love, O man, hath greater power.

## PRAISE

**T**HE quiet mountain holds at rest  
The mild spring sunshine on its breast.  
The world, contemplative, serene,  
Is fresh with April's new born green.  
"Oh praise the Lord !" the whole earth cries,  
"For He is Good," the sun replies.

## JOY FILLS MY HEART

**W**IDE flung I see the glorious Light  
That spreads and drenches all the land,  
I see the undreamed sweet delight,  
The gift of God's Own hand.  
I cast with vigour all my care  
Aside and drink my fill.  
What splendour now He does prepare,  
How exquisite His will.  
Joy fills my heart. I need not fear.  
For Love upholds me on strong Wings  
And whispers to me, strong and clear  
Hitherto withholden things.



## I THANK THEE LORD

**I** THANK Thee, Lord,  
For holidaying mood,

The luxury  
Of leisure and the underlying good  
In hours thus spent,

For the surprise  
Of summer sunshine  
Invading English eyes,

For the lush grass,  
Full of colour and scents  
In the meadows we pass,

For the joy of the time  
When barefoot I ran  
Midst majoram and thyme,

For the beauty they make, -  
Those fields on the hill  
And the vall eyed lake,

For the panting hope  
That urged us along,  
Up the bracken-clad slope,

For the height attained, -  
And for hands that now  
Were with bilberry stained,

For the urgent desire  
That encouraged our feet  
To labour still higher.

For the summit's rest,  
And the splendid view  
From Blackdown's crest,

For my terror of cows,  
(Poor harmless beasts)  
As they quietly browse,

For the delicious fear  
That knocks on my ribs  
When they wander near,

For the sultry hours  
Tramping the Mendips  
Brushed by flowers,

And for everything  
Drowned in sunshine,  
Heather and ling,

And broom and clover,  
And the wild, warm fragrance  
The whole world over,

For bushes and trees,  
And the ragwort torn  
On the summer breeze,

For the old stone stile,  
And Cheddar's bells  
As we rest awhile,

For the sandwich thick  
And the buttery fingers  
I must lick,

For the scramble down  
Into the Gorge,  
And Cheddar town.

For all these things  
And, Lord, much more  
That memory brings.

And for friends not least  
And the love outpoured  
From the hearts of friends  
I thank Thee, thank Thee,  
Thank Thee, Lord.

## DIVINE LOVE

**O** LOVE, flowing, cleansing, clear,  
Wash the selfish debris from my way.  
Wash, upon Thy flood of strength, the fear,  
The jealous pangs, the clogging clay,  
The greed for thanks, the greed for praise,  
O Love divine flow shining, clear always.

O Love, let naught but Love remain, -  
That Love of others, Love of Thee in all,  
I want naught else but Thee and fain  
Would heed none other but Thy call, -  
No voice but Thine. Love, keep me clean,  
Love, from myself, myself redeem.

Love, with Thy searchlight seek and pry  
Into the far recesses of my past.  
Then when Yourself my faults descry  
I will remember and be clean at last.  
If aught there is that hides in secret gloom,  
Love, cast it forth that only You find room.

How else, O Love, can healing come to me?  
How else Thy Presence dwell with Power?  
How else my consciousness be free?  
How else burst into bloom the Christ-pure flower  
That richly grows and blooms and burgeons fair  
Only when You, O Christ, as Love dwell there?



## MY HEART'S JOY

You are my heart's joy!  
 You, when all else is done,  
 Lord, I treasure in my heart.  
 Then carking care and weariness depart.  
 To think of You, is at the close of day,  
 Like walking in a garden, peaceful and beautiful,  
 Where waters sing, and where the birds,  
 Sweet-throated songsters, flute their lay.

When I have given all day, of my best  
 For You to others, and on my breast  
 I've hushed the sorrowing and smoothed the care  
 That I have found so often lingering there,  
 And wiped the tears,-then to my heart's joy, I,  
 Winged, outspeed swifter than light,  
 To rest in You, my heart's Delight, -  
 Swifter than light, I fly.

## A QUESTION

**D**O I measure my praise to You, God,  
 As unstintingly as I measure my grief?  
 Do I sing all day long?  
 Do I make the day shine  
 With the glory of song?  
 When I grieved, oh, how deep  
 Was my gloom, how I prayed  
 That Your merciful splendour  
 Be not over-delayed, -  
 That my heart be full cleansed  
 Of its cancerous sores.  
 Then, as I feel the load shift,  
 The wound gently close, - pours  
 The praise from my heart, fresh freed from  
 its fears  
 In as steady a flow as my grief,  
 In as steady a flow as my tears?

Heart, sing out, let your voice  
 Be lifted in praise, - and rejoice!

FAITH, THE SUBSTANCY OF THINGS  
HOPED FOR

ONE morning early, I arose  
And happy, took my way  
To a corner where a pine tree grows,  
To greet the sun's first ray.  
I deviated to the right,  
O'er-looked a valley deep  
Where oak leaves catching sunny light  
Were wakening from sleep.

Monumental piles of cloud  
On the horizon lay,  
And mist, like to a gleaming shroud,  
Crept sunkiss'd on its way.  
Very soon I stood alone  
Beside my tall pine tree,  
All trace of hills and vales was gone.  
Mist only could I see.

A vast abyss, on every hand  
I felt must surely lie,  
As islanded on this lone strand  
I let fair fancy fly.  
Upon that misty fairy sea  
My thought launched forth to find  
Those wonders that Faith knew to Be,  
Though mortal eyes were blind.

For though I saw not, yet I knew  
That hills rose round my isle,  
That flowers fair through which winds blew  
Were growing there the while.  
With fearless trust whene'er I willed  
I could go whence I came  
For though the paths with mists were filled  
Their substance was the same.

Each step taken would unveil  
The next step of the way.  
No blinding doubt could here prevail  
For an inner light holds sway.  
Then what cared I? I felt so safe,  
Substantial truth my own.  
No fears could harm, no terrors chafe,  
I could not lose my home.

I regarded with a happy smile  
The Truth I knew to Be,  
For the darkest clouds could not beguile  
My heart from certainty.  
No Ignorance could steal away  
The Wisdom that I held,  
For though I could not see the way,  
By Faith, my heart beheld,

In Life's fair world, I truly might  
 Be situated so,  
 Heaven at hand, but veiled from sight  
 By mists that round me flow.  
 O that I might as simply see  
 That Heaven is always near,  
 By Faith behold the things that Be,  
 The Substance truly here.

THERE IS NO DEATH!

**R**ESTING on each silvered leaf  
 Raindrops shine in bright relief.  
 Balanced on a leafy ledge,  
 Poised upon the very edge.  
 Of you abyss, one raindrop lies,  
 Rubied by the evening skies.  
 What thoughts, I wonder, gently rest  
 Within its peaceful, glowing breast?  
 Perhaps it says, "I need not fear,  
 God is always present here.  
 I cannot see where I shall go,  
 I cannot plumb the depths below,  
 But this one thing I truly know,  
 There is no death!

" There is no death!  
 This is my song, and when I fall  
 In true obedience to Love's call,  
 I'll find a work more lovely still.  
 Perhaps I'll join some joyous rill,  
 Or change my form and rising fly  
 Upward to the broad, blue sky,  
 Or sink into the soil below  
 To help the radiant flowers grow.  
 I care not where my pathway lies  
 For Heaven is where true service lies.  
 God is here; God's also there,  
 God is dwelling everywhere,  
 For future life I have no care.  
 There is no death!

" There is no death!  
 A change of form, a change of sphere,  
 Alter not God's Presence here.  
 But probably a wider range  
 Of sense, accompanies the change.  
 A broader understanding's born  
 And life beholds a fairer dawn  
 Alive with promise of fresh power  
 To render service - Heaven's dower  
 Divinely pure and warm with love.  
 Heaven's a place not lodged above  
 But there where God is known to be  
 An ever-present Deity,  
 Infinite, unshadowed, free!  
 There is no death! "

## AT CLOSE OF DAY

Dusty and worn,  
 After treading all day  
 Deserts of scrub and thorn,  
 On the difficult way,  
 I am led every night  
 Through wide meadows,  
 To quiet streams of peace,  
     To sweet delight, -  
 To Thee, O Comfort of my way,  
 Thou Guerdon of my heart,  
     At close of day.

Eager I fly  
     Thirsting for Thee,  
 When evening is nigh.  
     Thee, only Thee  
 I seek. From celestial streams  
 Drinking full deep,  
 I fill myself with Thee.  
     I surrender my dreams  
 To Thee, O Comfort of my way,  
 Beloved of my heart, -  
     At close of day.

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## RELINQUISHMENT

**H**ERE I do lay  
 Down on Thy altar  
     All selfish desire,  
 Let me not falter,  
 Let Thy great courage  
 Flow ever through me.  
 Let me feel Thy pure Presence  
 Ever enfold me.

Lord, I am Thine.  
 Let the dross burn away,  
 Let me see ever clearly  
 Thy Light's wondrous ray.  
 Let me rise in the strength  
 Of Thy Spirit's great might,  
 That I, too, may feel  
 I have fought the good fight.

Thy Truth, Love and Glory,  
 These live with me,  
 Wisdom and knowledge,  
 My solace to be.  
 As I stoop to lift up  
 My cross from the ground,  
 Behold by God's hand  
 With His glory I'm crowned.

## A PRAYER

LET Wisdom fill my innermost desire,  
 And cleanse my senses, as with living fire;  
 Keep my purpose true, unflinching, pure,  
 Hold me, let me steadfastly endure  
 Unto the end, when I shall clearly see  
 The Light of God, made manifest to me.

## ALL'S LIGHT

So carefully God made the leaves,  
 So full of light-absorbing cells, that they

All day

Drink in the light, grow beautiful,  
 Give calm and strength, and full  
 Deep shade. So am I made.  
 God make me know it. Let me absorb  
 Light, and shed that Light full wide.

Deep, deep inside

I can be, if I wish, alive  
 With Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
 Healed of all complaints, complete in Him,  
 Strong with His strength, purified with Love.

God above! -  
 You are not just above but through  
 And in and out. I never knew  
 Before, such sense of glory, such release  
 Such purified desire, tranquility, and peace.  
 All sense of helplessness and pain are quenched;  
 Instead, -  
 All's Light, absorbed, absorbing, drenched  
 Right through and through,  
 Deep down I'm still  
 And hushed, expanding every cell,  
 Full open, that my soul may be  
 Something so empty that the Light may dwell  
 Upon me, shining clearly through  
 That I be light alone, shedding only Light  
 Upon the hearts of others, giving Love  
 To needy ones. Oh, God above,  
 And in and round about,  
 Use me - use me for Yourself.

## A PRAYER

This do I pray, -  
 That Truth so fill my consciousness with Light  
 That darkness may be quenched; out-shone, the  
 night.  
 Grant, O my Lord, that I may feel at one  
 With Christ through whom all victory is won.  
 I ask that I may truly, wholly know  
 That unimpeded His activity doth flow  
 Performing that whereunto it is sent.  
 Lord, I would live within Thy tent  
 Of holy consciousness. O let me be  
 Enraptured with the glory covering Thee.  
 Let but Thy sweetness, poignant, perfect, true,  
 Fill each desire, possess me through and through.  
 Then every act a perfect law fulfilling  
 Will breathe the fragrance of Love's own distilling.

## GOD IS SWEET COMPANY.

I 'M on the ridge, flowers all sides of me,  
 The winds, sunny and sweet,  
 Bend the long grasses, scatter fragrance  
 promiscuously  
 About my feet.

They blow through Nature's ample skirts  
 Wide circling her hems,  
 Buffeting the cheeks of flowers,  
 Assaulting tall stems.

I'm drenching my thoughts in sunshine,  
 Soaking myself in God,  
 I'm feeling just full of His Love  
 As I rest on the sod.

I'm opening every cell of my being,  
 He is pouring in Power,  
 Just as He pours Himself and Life  
 Into each flower.

I have need of no other companion,  
 God is sweet company;  
 God, skies, winds, hills, flowers,  
 Are contentment enough for me.

## MY PRAYER

Make my thoughts O Lord,  
 Wide and deep and broad;  
 Let them be clean and free  
 Fresh from the heart of Thee;  
 Let me not grovel low  
 In the dust of earth below;  
 Teach me to lift my eyes  
 To the clear, bright, joyous skies  
 Of perfect Truth. O Lord,  
 Make my thoughts deep and broad.

## YOU LORD ARE LIGHT

Lord, in You I've ever found  
 Sun, Brightness, Glory, all there is  
 In life, of value. And still I gaze  
 Upon the shining wonder of Yourself,  
 Steep myself in You, knowing that only You,  
 O Lord, are Life. Infuse me, drench me.  
 How can shadows live when I  
 Am lost in Light?  
     When I am drenched in Thee?

## GOD ALONE

Lord, I have said that all my thoughts now tend  
     But to one end.  
 I long to feel Yourself within, without;  
     I long to be  
 Obsessed by one thought, and that thought  
     Just Thee.  
 I want to praise You all day long,  
     I want to hear  
 Your voice alone in melody and song.

## HOW SHALL I PRAISE?

How shall I praise Thee, Lord?  
 How make Thy praise more glorious?  
 All day, deep down, there is a gentle singing,  
 A song full sweet, within the heart of me, -  
 A song of praise, a song of love to Thee.

How shall I praise Thee? Speak, O Lord, O say  
 How could I make more glorious, this Thy praise?  
 Perhaps the tender reminiscences  
 Of love, Thy Love, - that blest my youthful days,  
 Remembrances of holy gifts of health,  
 Of happy days, delight in fellow men, -  
 Is praise to Thee?

I think of all the wealth  
In poverty, - pleasure in simple things,  
Adventure climbing trees or conquering hills;  
Young joy in streams, in morning light that flings  
A shimmering mantle over summer trees  
And fills the earth with glory. All's forgot  
Save beauty. Sorrows, from the vantage point of age  
Vanish, leaving only love and Thee.

How make Thy praise, O Lord,  
More glorious than the loveliest thing on earth?  
If joy be praise, O take the joy I feel  
In dawn, high noonday and the glowing eve;  
In night, teeming with starry suns, and space;  
Alive my joy in these and in bright clouds  
And thunder, wind and rain, with sun again  
Rainbow - besplendouring the earth. If here  
Such ecstasy, such bursting heart of praise,  
What will it be, when earth-bonds cast aside  
We glimpse Thee, Lord, in naked Splendour clothed,  
Nay, as Splendour itself, the Fountain-Head of  
Light?  
How shall we bear it? How uplift our eyes?  
How live before the burning glory of Thyself?  
How praise?