

THE MISSION TRAIL

# Poems of Hope & Cheer



*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
from whence cometh my help.  
My help cometh from the Lord,  
which made heaven and earth."*

*Psalm 121: 1-2*

*compiled by*  
**PATSY MURPHEY**



**POEMS OF**  
**HOPE AND CHEER**  
**VOLUME I**

**Compiled by**  
**Patsy Murphey**

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## Foreword

Considerable interest has been shown in the poems which we have used on THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast from time to time. For more than two years now it has been our pleasure to include many good poems on these broadcasts. Here now is a collection of poetry some of which have been heard on the air while others being new are published for the first time. It is indeed our hope and sincere desire that they may provide both Hope and Cheer to the readers.

—The Publishers



## Against a Thorn

Once I heard a song of sweetness  
As it cleft the morning air,  
Sounding in its blest completeness  
Like a tender pleading prayer.

And I sought to find the singer  
Whence the wondrous song was borne:  
And I found a bird sore wounded,  
Pinioned by a cruel thorn.

I have seen a soul in sadness,  
While its wings with pain were furled,  
Giving HOPE and CHEER and gladness  
That should bless a weeping world.

And I knew that life of sweetness  
Was of pain and sorrow born,  
And a stricken soul was singing  
With its breast against a thorn.

Ye are told of One who loved you,  
Of a Saviour crucified;  
Ye are told of nails that pinioned,  
And a spear that pierced His side.

Ye are not above the Master,  
Will you breathe a sweet refrain?  
And His grace will be sufficient  
When your heart is pierced with pain.

## POEMS OF HOPE AND CHEER

Will you live to bless His loved ones  
Though your life be bruised and torn?  
Like the bird that sang so sweetly  
With its heart against a thorn.



# My Hope

I have a hope down in the chambers  
A guest divine of heart and life  
Her cheering glow, in dying embers  
Bespeak of comfort in the strife.

This world has faded from my vision  
In all her beck'ning 'lure and charm  
No longer am I in division  
Nor lean I on her trembling arm.

I've caught the vision everlasting  
Mine ears have caught the joyful sound  
And all my sins behind me casting  
I seek to let his grace abound.

My hope beyond this world extending  
Above its blighting joys and care  
Gives strength my moments gladly spending  
For Him who all my sins did bear.

—Leslie Busbee

## The Mission Trail

The Mission Trail our Saviour trod  
No man had ever seen before:  
The wine-press of the wrath of God  
Bespoke the stains His garments bore,  
When offered He on Calv'ry's cross  
A price so great—His precious life,  
To save us from eternal loss  
And give us peace, dispelling strife.

The Mission Trail entwined about  
The rugged hills of human fears;  
It crossed the barren fields of doubt,  
And bridged the darksome flood of tears.  
And through the forest of despair  
He paved a road of hope and trust:  
His voice was music in the air  
For weary pilgrims of the dust.

The Mission Trail for you and me  
He trod, yes, many years ago;  
The path of life and victory  
Now stretches through this earth below,  
No tongue or creed was left unreachd,  
His voice went out to all the earth;  
And men can hear the gospel preached:  
The wonders of the Heav'nly birth.

But there are other trails that lead  
From all who hear the joyful sound:  
A trail of faith is ours to plead  
If we would gain that sacred ground.  
For all who hear the story told,  
Believing it with heart sincere  
The loving Saviour will enfold  
And fill their lives with hope and cheer.

How blest the soul who thus can win  
An ent'rance to the Heavenly Life,  
Whose faith o'er masters doubt and sin  
And triumphs in this vale of strife,  
And to be to other souls a light  
Upon the path of life so true,  
Like Him, who now in grace and might  
This Mission Trail once surely knew.

—Leslie Busbee

## **Not by Bread Alone**

He lived in a palace on a mountain of gold,  
Surrounded by riches and wealth untold,  
Priceless possessions and treasures of art,  
But he died alone of a “hungry heart”!  
For man cannot live by bread alone,  
No matter what he may have or own. . .  
For though he reaches his earthly goal,  
He’ll waste away with a starving soul!  
But he who eats of Holy Bread  
Will always find his spirit fed,  
And even the poorest of men can afford  
To feast at the table prepared by the Lord.

## Life's Lesson

I learn as the years roll onward  
And I leave the past behind,  
That much I had counted sorrow  
But proves that God is kind;  
That many a flower I'd longed for  
Had hidden a thorn of pain,  
And many a rugged by-path  
Led to a field of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine,  
They cannot banish the sun,  
And the earth shines out the brighter  
When the weary rain is done.  
We must stand in the deepest shadow  
To see the clearest light;  
And often through Wrongs' own darkness  
Comes the weary strength of Right.

The sweetest rest is at even,  
After a wearisome day,  
When the heavy burden of labor  
Has been borne from our hearts away;  
And those who have never known sorrow  
Cannot know the infinite peace  
That falls on troubled spirit  
When it sees at last release.

## POEMS OF HOPE AND CHEER

We must live through the dreary Winter  
If we would value the Spring;  
And the woods must be cold and silent  
Before the robins sing.  
The flowers must be buried in darkness  
Before they can bud and bloom,  
And the sweetest warmest sunshine  
Comes after the storm and gloom.

## Spring Cleaning

God knocked at the door of my heart today  
And I looked for a place to hide;  
My soul was cluttered and choked with debris  
And things were untidy inside.

I needed some time to put matters right,  
Surprised He would call on me;  
My soul needed cleaning from bottom to top,  
There were things He should not see.

There were tasks neglected, long overdue;  
Cobwebs to be brushed from the wall;  
Rugs to be shaken and windows cleaned up—  
I had not expected this call.

I stood with my hand on the latch of the door  
And gazed at the mess in the room.  
When I opened the door, my soul blushed to see  
God had left on my doorstep—a broom.

## The Pilgrim's Song

I am a stranger here—  
My home's in yonder skies;  
Acquainted with life's toil and tear  
On wings of faith I rise:  
Believing 'tis of life the sum,  
And ent'rance to the world to come.

The gospel I have heard,  
The story of God's love  
Of how that Christ the living Word  
Came from His home above  
And shed a hope through grace divine  
Of life beyond this world to shine.

What cause have I to dread  
Life's sentence of decay  
If I believe what Jesus said  
And follow in His way?  
Yea, rather will I hope and yearn  
'Til then when I to God return.

This mortal part of me  
Will soon return to dust,  
But that which mortals cannot see  
Secures a sacred trust.  
The soul will loose the silver cord  
And soar away to meet her Lord.



This confidence I hold  
As treasures far above  
The price of earth's most precious gold  
And mortal's fame or love.  
And so I keep it fresh each day  
Renewed in strength to walk life's way.

—Leslie Busbee

## **God's Glory**

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
    And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase:  
    Sway thy scepter,  
Saviour, all the world around!

## **We Must Endure Unto the End**

Any old log can drift with the tide.  
The more rotten it is, the easier the ride.  
Bucking the current on the upstream swim,  
Takes lots of courage, vigor and vim.

Day by day your strength renew,  
And you're able to help a brother too.  
A blessing to him, a blessing to you  
When you know you've done what you could do.

Man gets his power through faith in Him,  
Whose way is bright and never dim.  
God's way is plain and it is light.  
The truth does make our pathway bright.

Jesus Christ is the only door,  
To the life that is forevermore.  
Beyond the stars and the heavenly blue,  
In those mansions fair for me and you.

There are no floaters on the heavenly way.  
We are pressing on from day to day.  
With joy we do the Father's will,  
Unto the end His word fulfill.

—Russell H. Douglas

## He Knows the Way

There is a Guide that never falters,  
And when He leads I cannot stray,  
For step by step, He goes before me,  
And marks my path. He knows the way.

He knows the way that leads to glory;  
Thy ev'ry fear He will allay,  
And bring thee safe at last to heaven,  
Let Jesus lead, He knows the way.

Oft times the path grows dim and dreary,  
The darkness hides the cheering ray,  
Still I will trust tho' worn and weary,  
My Saviour leads, He knows the way.

He knows the evils that surround me,  
The turnings that would lead astray,  
No foes of night can ere confound me,  
For Jesus leads, He knows the way.

O heart weighed down with nameless anguish,  
O guilty soul torn with dismay,  
Thine ev'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish,  
Let Jesus lead, He knows the way.

## Contrary Winds

I saw the morning air express  
    Roar over-head in threat'ning power;  
Her wings were tilted in a stress  
    Against the south-tide of the hour.

I watched her as far down the sky  
    She left my wide and wondering view  
Bent on her mission faithfully  
    And keeping on her courses true.

Her soaring move with sidewise sweep  
    To overcome the threat to stray  
Her pilot steered in wisdom deep  
    To keep her on her course that day.

And so, thought I, my course in life  
    Of like importance is to me;  
Amid the jarring winds of strife  
    Unmoved, unshaken I must be.

But if I keep my course, I must  
    Brace up to master all I meet,  
And navigate with peace and trust  
    A valiant pathway of my feet.

Take courage then, my soul, and though  
    Ye cross the path of common tread  
Wherein contrary winds may blow,  
    Oh, by the hand of God be led.

## POEMS OF HOPE AND CHEER

Be not dismayed, thy portion bear  
    With joy to know ye have a part,  
And with the ransomed thou shalt share,  
    And end the course ye once did start!

—Leslie Busbee

## Strength Through Trial

Could we read the final chapter  
Of our life then we should see  
Great advantages and blessings  
In all of our adversity.

When there seems to be no justice,  
And no help from God and man,  
We should know this comes to strengthen  
Our weak faith as naught else can.

We should travel on undaunted,  
Hopeful; Cheerful, free from fear,  
Perfect peace and joy of heaven  
Ever gleaming through each tear.

We should know that in His mercy—  
Though our sight were very dim—  
He had blessed us in each trial  
Just to keep us close to Him.

## God's Hall of Fame

Your name may not appear down here  
In this world's Hall of Fame;  
In fact, you may be so unknown,  
That no one knows your name.  
The Oscars here may pass you by,  
And neon lights of blue;  
But if you love and serve the Lord,  
Then, I have news for you!

This Hall of Fame is only good  
As long as time shall be;  
But keep in mind, God's Hall of Fame  
Is for Eternity!  
To have your name inscribed up there  
Is greater, yes by far,  
Than all the Halls of Fame down here,  
And every man made star.

This crowd on earth they soon forget  
The heroes of the past,  
They cheer like mad until you fall,  
And that's how long you last!  
But God, He never does forget,  
And in His Hall of Fame,  
By just believing in His Son,  
Inscribed you'll find your name.



I tell you, friend, I wouldn't trade  
My name, however small,  
That's written there beyond the stars  
In that celestial Hall  
For every famous name on earth  
Or glory that they share:  
I'd rather be an unknown here,  
And have my name up there!

# Treasures

One by one He took them from me,  
All the things I valued most;  
Until I was empty handed,  
Every glittering toy was lost.

And I walked earth's highways grieving,  
In my rags and poverty  
Till I heard his voice inviting,  
“Lift up your empty hands to Me”.

So I held my hands toward heaven  
And He filled them with a store  
Of His own transcendent riches  
Till they could hold no more.

And at last I comprehended  
With my stupid mind and dull  
That God could not pour His riches  
Into hands already full.

## A Song of Patience

Some day the long night will be over  
Some day the dark shadows be past  
Some day the long night will be over  
We'll see the bright sunlight at last.

Some day the long night will be over  
The darkness on earth here we meet  
The toils of the road will be ended  
In peaceful fruition so sweet  
Lift up, fainting heart, to the dawning  
The sunlight of glory to see  
God's grace for thy trembling spirit  
He surely hath promised to thee.

Life's goal in thine eyes ever shining  
Arrayed in the armor of light  
Steadfast in His glorious purpose  
His glory forever in sight  
Built up in the hope of salvation  
Endued with His graces so rare  
The night of the earth overcoming  
Triumphant o'er grief and despair.

O pilgrim on earth's fleeting pathway  
Enveloped in trials severe  
Hold fast to the unfailing anchor  
Unmoved by the earth and its fear.  
The night is far spent, see the morning  
Of endless communion at hand,  
Be faithful the crown He will give thee  
When true at the judgment ye stand.

No foe will prevail, He hath spoken  
Unmoved shall thy dwelling place be,  
Thy portion is sure by His promise  
Unfailing and lasting for thee.  
So courage take up and press onward  
The cares of the earth left behind  
With patience the race ever running  
Not weary nor faint in your mind.

—Leslie Busbee

## **The Clock**

The clock of life is wound but once,  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop  
At late or early hour.  
To lose one's wealth is sad indeed.  
To lose one's health is more.  
To lose one's soul is such a loss  
That no man can restore.

## Procrastination

Unto a youth the Gospel came,  
Exhorting him in Jesus' name,  
To turn from sin, embrace the truth  
And serve the Lord in days of youth.

The youth replied, "I know that's right,  
But I won't turn from sin tonight;  
A few more pleasures I will seek,  
And then I'll turn, perhaps next week."

But next week came, and still his heart  
Was not inclined from sin to part.  
"A few more days in sin I'll live,  
And then my heart to God I'll give."

Days pass by, and months roll on,  
And still he sings the same old song:  
"Not now, but after while I'll pray  
For God to wash my sins away."

The months and years went by so fast,  
From youth to middle age he passed;  
And yet his sins were not forgiven,  
Nor yet his name enrolled in Heaven.

From middle age to old he went;  
His body 'neath the years was bent;  
"His conscience once so keen to feel,  
No more was stirred at God's appeal."

Procrastination in its stealth  
Had robbed his soul of heaven's wealth;  
And so at last to sin a slave,  
He died to fill a Christless grave.

O Souls, behold, God says, Today  
Turn now from all your sins away,  
Lest you should reach your doleful fate,  
And cry at last, "Too late, too late".

—Ulysses Phillips

## Before It Is Too Late

If you've a gray-haired mother  
In the old home far away,  
Sit down and write the letter  
You've put off day by day;  
Don't wait until her tired steps  
Reach Heaven's pearly gate,  
But show her that you think of her  
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,  
The letters never sent,  
The long-forgotten messages,  
The wealth of love unspent—  
For those some hearts are breaking,  
For those some loved ones wait;  
So show them that you care for them  
Before it is too late.



## Just Forget It

If you've not been treated right,  
Just forget it.  
Don't get ready for a fight,  
But forget it.

Life's too short to hold a grudge,  
'Twill your happiness besmudge,  
Anyway you're not the judge,  
So forget it.

If you've been misunderstood,  
Just forget it.  
Say, "I did the best I could."  
Then forget it.

If you can't have your own way,  
Don't be small enough to say,  
"Well, I guess I just won't play."  
But forget it.

If somebody slanders you,  
Just forget it.  
Say, "I'm glad it isn't true."  
Then forget it.

Even if you lose a friend,  
And the breach you cannot mend  
It will pay you in the end,  
To just forget it.

## **When I Met the Master**

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,  
Had followed where pleasure and comfort led,  
Until one day in a quiet place  
I met the Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for my goal,  
Much thought for my body and none for my soul,  
I had entered to win in life's big race  
When I met the Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see  
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;  
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,  
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished and in their place  
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.  
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meek  
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet."

My thoughts are now for the souls of men.  
I have lost my life to find it again,  
E'er since one day in a quiet place  
I met the Master face to face.

## **The Years Will Pass**

Written after the death of  
Joseph Erle Busbee aged 2 ½ years

We laid our darling son to rest, we leave  
him broken-hearted  
Committing him and all his life with  
others long departed  
His little voice we'll hear no more, He's  
gone from earth forever  
And we can see 'twas God's own will  
his life from us to sever.

The present grief is hard to bear, we almost  
seem to falter  
Although recall we how we laid him there  
upon the altar  
The blow we keenly feel, and in the future  
we shall miss him  
Our arms shall long to hold him close, our  
lips shall long to kiss him.

But then we think, (it comfort gives  
and sweetest consolation)  
He drank with us his cup of joy, he  
lived his life's probation  
Enlarging us with childish grace, his  
work on earth is ended  
He wrought the purpose of His God, his  
soul with Heaven is blended.

He lived his life—why should we mourn  
with tears of causeless weeping  
He drank his fill, he had enough, and  
now in death he's sleeping  
And we now left behind recall the fact  
that at the longest  
Our life is short—the same for all, the  
weakest and the strongest.

The years will pass, the moments mount  
we always will remember  
That surely to the choir above we gave  
a worthy member  
The skies will change their hue and  
shade above his place of slumber  
The seasons toil will come and go, an  
ever growing number.

The years will pass, the blight of sin  
for him might have been lurking  
Far down the path of life to snare  
his soul in evil working  
And we might wish him as he is  
safe in the arms of Jesus  
Instead of in the realm of earth bowed  
down 'neath sin's dark wages.

The years will pass beside our door, his  
emptiness will glisten  
Twill cheer us through the scenes of life  
and we will pause and listen  
To hear him speak in tones of love  
from out his silent bosom  
And breathe the fragrance of his life  
A never-fading blossom!

Thank God! His precious will we love  
its working we will hallow  
Through loss and sorrow, tears and strife  
forever we will follow;  
And in that heaven and earth anew  
earth's heartaches all forgotten  
We'll reign with Christ and all who knew the  
power of grace-begotten.

God took our darling from our arms  
We gave him back from God he came  
He blessed us with his childish charms  
And set our hearts with love aflame.  
We did not know we did not know  
His mortal life would shortened be  
And he would pass away to show  
A vision for eternity.

—Leslie Busbee

## A Living Faith

Faith isn't some sort of a mystical thing,  
Or the words of a beautiful creed;  
Or prayers that are penned by talented  
Souls, that people stand up to read.

For faith is a power that prompts us to  
Go and give to the hungry, bread—  
O, faith means more than a doctrine or  
Two—for faith without works is dead.

And faith doesn't mean to be kneeling all  
Day, with a lifting of prayerful hands.  
And faith isn't something that makes a great  
God comply with our mortal demands!

But faith ties its girdle and goes out to  
Serve the masses that need to be fed.  
Ah, faith means more than a murmured  
Prayer, for faith without works is dead.

Then give us, O Master, the faith that  
Will go and minister day after day.  
Will even accept the arms of a cross, if  
Best it may serve in that way.

A faith like the Shepherd's who went for His sheep,  
Though red were the rocks where He bled.  
O, faith means more than a doctrine or song—  
For faith without works is dead.

## You Can Do Something

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain, steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure  
As they slowly pass along—  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready at command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever-helping hand,  
You can succor the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
With the Saviour's true disciples  
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Oft the careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briars  
Growing rank against the wall  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest  
There's no work for you to do,  
When the battlefield is silent,  
You can go with careful tread—  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do;  
Fortune is a lazy goddess—  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard;  
Do not fear to do or dare—  
If you want a field of labor  
You can find it anywhere.



## My Portion

The Lord is my portion  
Of life here below,  
He's all that I ask for  
In gladness and woe.  
In Him I am trusting  
My pathway to find,  
The Lord is my portion  
For heart, soul, and mind.

The earth and its darkness  
And maddening maze  
Dims not all the splendor  
Of God's love and praise,  
And in His great bounty  
Of eternal joy  
I find a rich portion  
That naught can destroy.

When tossed by the tempest  
Of sorrow and care  
And meeting the heartache  
And depths of despair,  
I come to Him seeking  
Not ease from the strife,  
I seek by my portion,  
My portion of life.

I want but a portion  
Sufficient for me  
That I might be able  
True, upright to be.  
I seek not a measure  
Too great for my need,  
The Lord is my portion,  
I trust Him to lead.

I'll trust Him forever,  
My treasure He'll be;  
I'll serve Him with gladness  
His glory to see.  
The Lord is my portion  
Naught else can compare,  
For life everlasting  
With Him I shall share.

—Leslie Busbee

## Our Help Cometh from the Lord

Sometimes our troubles are so near  
It's hard to see the road.  
But if we'll ask, Our God will speak  
And take from us the load.  
“Give me your heavy load, my child  
You've carried it so long,  
While I've been waiting close at hand  
To give to you a song.  
I would not snatch it from you—  
The choice must be your own  
To let me be your friend and guide,  
Or struggle on alone.”

## **Your Measure**

You're measured as a workman  
By just the things you do  
When there's nobody looking  
And no one knows but you.

Your only REAL value  
Is what you think and say  
When no one ever hears it  
And sham is stripped away.

Your power is determined  
By simply what is found  
To be your code of honor  
When no one is around.

Your character is founded,  
Without the slightest doubt,  
On just your course of action  
When no one will find out.

You're rated—just remember,  
By only what is TRUE—  
No matter what the seeming  
Of all you say and do.

For Truth cannot be covered,  
And so we stand or fall  
Just by the fundamentals  
Of what we ARE—that's all.

## **There Always Will Be God**

They cannot shell His temple,  
Nor dynamite His throne;  
They cannot bomb His city,  
Nor rob Him of His own.

They cannot take Him captive,  
Nor strike Him deaf and blind,  
Nor starve Him to surrender,  
Nor make Him change His mind.

They cannot cause Him panic,  
Nor cut off His supplies;  
They cannot take His kingdom,  
Nor hurt Him with their lies.

Though all the world be shattered,  
His truth remains the same,  
His righteous laws still potent,  
And “Father” still His name.

Though we face war and struggle  
And feel their goad and rod,  
We know above confusion  
There always will be God.

## The Leak in the Dike

The good dame looked from her cottage  
At the close of the pleasant day,  
And cheerily called to her little son,  
Outside the door at play:  
“Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,  
While there is light to see,  
To the hut of the blind old man who lives  
Across the dike, for me;  
And take these cakes I made for him—  
They are hot and smoking yet;  
You have time enough to go and come  
Before the sun is set.”

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,  
Humming a simple song,  
And thought of her husband, working hard  
At the sluices all day long;  
And set the turf a-blazing,  
And brought the coarse black bread,  
That he might find a fire at night  
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother  
With whom all day he had played,  
And the sister who had watched their sports  
In the willow's tender shade;  
And told them they'd see him back before  
They saw a star in sight,  
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go  
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,  
With eye and conscience clear;  
He could do whatever a boy might do,  
And he had not learned to fear.  
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,  
Nor brought a stork to harm,  
Though never a law in Holland  
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now with his face all glowing,  
And eyes as bright as the day  
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,  
He trudged along the way;  
And soon his joyous prattle  
Made glad a lonesome place—  
Alas! if only the blind old man  
Could have seen that happy face!  
Yet he somehow caught the brightness  
Which his voice and presence lent;  
And he felt the sunshine come and go  
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,  
And the winds began to rise,  
The mother looked from her door again,  
Shading her anxious eyes,  
And saw the shadows deepen  
And birds to their homes came back,  
But never a sign of Peter  
Along the level track.

But she said, "He will come at morning,  
So I need not fret nor grieve—  
Though it isn't like my boy at all  
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?  
On the homeward way was he,  
Across the dike while the sun was up  
An hour above the sea.  
He was stopping now to gather flowers,  
Now listening to the sound,  
As the angry waters dashed themselves  
Against their narrow bound.  
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,  
"That the gates are good and strong,  
And my father tends them carefully,  
Or they would not hold you long!  
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;  
"I know why you fret and chafe;  
You would like to spoil our lands and homes,  
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters  
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;  
And the child's face pales with terror,  
And his blossoms drop to the ground  
He is up the bank in a moment,  
And, stealing through the sand,  
He sees a stream not yet so large  
As his slender, childish hand.  
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,  
Unused to fearful scenes;  
But, young as he is, he has learned to know  
The dreadful thing that means,



A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart  
Grows faint that cry to hear,  
And the bravest man in all the land  
Turns white with mortal fear;  
For he knows the smallest leak may grow  
To a flood in a single night;  
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea  
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger  
And shouting a wild alarm,  
He forces back the weight of the sea  
With the strength of his single arm!  
He listens for the joyful sound  
Of a footstep passing nigh;  
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch  
The answer to his cry.  
And he hears the rough winds blowing,  
And the waters rise and fall,  
But never an answer comes to him  
Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor,  
His feeble voice is lost;  
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,  
Though he perish at his post!  
So, faintly calling and crying  
Till the sun is under the sea;  
Crying and moaning till the stars  
Come out for company;  
He thinks of his brother and sister,  
Asleep in their safe warm bed;  
He thinks of his father and mother,  
Of himself as dying—and dead;

And of how, when the night is over,  
They must come and find him at last;  
But he never thinks he can leave the place  
Where duty holds him fast.  
The good dame in the cottage  
Is up and astir with the light,  
For the thought of her little Peter  
Has been with her all night,  
And now she watches the pathway,  
As yester eve she had done;  
But what does she see so strange and black  
Against the rising sun?  
Her neighbors are bearing between them  
Something straight to her door;  
Her child is coming home, but not  
As he ever came before!

“He is dead!” she cries, “my darling!”  
And the startled father hears,  
And comes and looks the way she looks,  
And fears the thing she fears;  
Till a glad shout from the bearers  
Thrills the stricken man and wife—  
“Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,  
And God has saved his life!”  
So, there in the morning sunshine  
They knelt about the boy;  
And every head was bared and bent  
In fearful, reverent joy.

‘Tis many a year since then, but still,  
When the sea roars like a flood,  
Their boys are taught what a boy can do  
Who is brave and true and good;

For every man in that country  
Takes his son by the hand,  
And tells him of little Peter  
Whose courage saved the land.  
They have many a valiant hero  
Remembered through the years;  
But never one whose name so oft  
Is named with loving tears;  
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,  
And told to the child on the knee,  
So long as the dikes of Holland  
Divide the land from the sea!

—Phoebe Cary

## The Unknown

If I had known what now I see  
A few short years ago  
Today how different life would be  
For me I surely know  
And steps I took that brought me woe  
Would never have been placed  
And scenes that sorrow did bestow  
My ways would not have traced.

If I had known what I know now  
Some things would be undone  
And pain that darkened all my brow  
I would have sought to shun  
And lessons precious to my soul  
Would be to me unlearned  
And ignorant of His sweet control  
For which I meekly yearned.

If I had known the future—yet  
God spoke as thus I thought  
And what He spoke I'll ne'er forget  
It peace within me wrought.  
He said, "I made thee not to know  
The future ill or pain  
My will is all, I let you go  
In blindness of the strain."

Thus now before the halls unknown  
I stand with mastered dread  
Content that I am not alone.  
For Christ is now my head  
And He will bear my soul along  
Through every vale of strife  
Preserve in me that lovely song  
Unto eternal life.

—Leslie Busbee

## Plastic Clay

I took a piece of plastic clay  
And idly fashioned it one day,  
And as my fingers pressed it still,  
It moved and yielded at my will.  
I came again when days were passed,  
The bit of clay was hard at last,  
The form I gave it still it bore,  
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay  
And gently fashioned it day by day,  
And molded with my power and art,  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.  
I came again when years were gone,  
It was a man I looked upon,  
The form I gave him still he bore,  
But I could change that form no more.

## Satisfied

All my life long I had panted  
For a draught from some cool spring  
That I hoped would quench the burning  
Of the thirst I felt within.

Feeding on the husks around me,  
Till my strength was almost gone,  
Longed my soul for something better,  
Only still I hunger on.

Poor I was, and sought for riches,  
Something that would satisfy,  
But the dust I gathered round me  
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

Well of water, ever springing,  
Bread of life, so rich and free,  
Untold wealth that never faileth,  
My Redeemer is to me.

Hallelujah! I have found Him—  
Whom my soul so long has craved!  
Jesus satisfies my longings;  
Thro' His blood I now am saved.

## **We Break New Seas Today**

Each man is Captain of his Soul,  
And each man his own Crew,  
But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,  
And he will bring us through.

We break new seas today—  
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,  
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,  
The mystic circles leap  
To greet our prow with mightiest possibilities,  
Bringing us—What?

Dread shoals and shifting banks?  
And calms and storms?  
And clouds and biting gales?  
And wreck and loss?  
And valiant fighting times?  
And, maybe, death!—and so, the Larger Life!

For, should the Pilot deem it best  
To cut the voyage short,  
He sees beyond the sky-line, and  
He'll bring us into Port!



## Lines on Hope

My hope! sweet consolation of the Lord!  
The gospel of His grace has shed within  
The weary heart, whose troddings through this life  
So oft is marked with sorrow's blinding chill.  
The eager eye the sacred pages scan  
For ev'ry ray that shines from hope above.

And with contempt He shuns the worldly press,  
The throng, the tide of human art and praise,  
Content to rather live in solitude.

'Tis there in quiet concord with His God  
He learns of wealth unsought for by the world.  
And ev'ry factor that will aid provide  
In his pursuit this hope to all possess  
He will employ without a dread or fear:  
A holy life, a watchful pray'rful walk,  
An humble mind, a meek and quiet spirit,  
A bridled tongue, the sacrifice of praise  
In giving thanks to God, with love, good will,  
Peace, understanding, and endeav'ring ever  
To be at one accord with all who know  
The life of Christ, who worship Him alone.

He feels the vanity of fleshly lusts,  
The vile decay of dark humanity.  
His own infirmities is keenly felt  
While pity, godly fear together draws  
From him a stream of service. Others feel  
The virtue of his pure and stainless life.  
He is not moved by beauty strange and fair  
To forfeit all the treasures from above.  
He feels the speed and fleetingness of time,

The seasons' change, the past and future voice.  
Nor e'er indulges he in vain pursuits  
Of men who climb fame's golden ladder high.  
He sees a better way of life and joy  
And chooses thus an everlasting portion,  
A pledge of treasures in the world to come,  
And ever in the chambers of His heart  
A still, small voice gives evident and light  
To shine upon the holy Scriptures, thus  
His hope is more confirmed. And daily grows  
More strong His confidence and calm assurance  
In things divine, unseen, and godly fear  
Marks well His path throughout this world of woe.

From all the burdens life may on him heap  
He lifts his vision with a steadfast hope  
That gives a silver lining to each cloud,  
A song that sings so sweetly in the night.  
Perplexed, not in despair, He stays his mind  
On things all full of virtue and of praise.  
Though persecuted oft, forsaken not,  
Hemmed in by trouble, yet not in distress,  
Cast down, but not destroyed, for Christ the Lord  
Upholdeth him by His Almighty Hand!

Oh, noble creature of the art of God!  
How blest thy state, how fair and precious, too!  
Preserving element of earth and time,  
Believer of the truth, now saved by grace.  
Oh, be it mine, thy lot! and let me die  
Beneath the spreading shelter of thy wings!

—Leslie Busbee

## Not Growing Old

They say that I am growing old,  
I've heard them tell it times untold,  
In language plain and bold—  
But I'm not growing old.  
This frail old shell in which I dwell  
Is growing old, I know full well—  
But I am not the shell.

What if my hair is turning gray?  
Gray hairs are honorable, they say,  
What if my eyesight's growing dim?  
I still can see to follow Him  
Who sacrificed His life for me  
Upon the cross of Calvary.

What should I care if Time's old plough  
Has left its furrows on my brow?  
Another house, not made with hand,  
Awaits me in the Glory land.

What though I falter in my walk?  
What though my tongue refuse to talk?  
I still can tread the Narrow Way,  
I still can watch, and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be as keen  
As in the past it may have been,  
Still I can hear my Saviour say  
In whispers soft, "This is the way".

The outward man, do what I can,  
To lengthen out his life's short span,  
Shall perish and return to dust,  
As everything in nature must,  
The inward man, the Scriptures say  
Is growing stronger every day.  
Then how can I be growing old  
When safe within my Saviour's fold.

Ere long my soul shall fly away,  
And leave this tenement of clay.  
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
To seize the "everlasting prize"—  
I'll meet you on the Streets of Gold,  
And prove that I'm not growing old.

## Criticism

To criticize is easy  
As you pass along life's road.  
It is easy to condemn and sneer  
When another bears the load.  
But if you know an easier way,  
Then lend a helping hand;  
Do not let a worker sweat  
While you criticize and stand.  
To criticize is easy  
As you pass along life's road;  
But a better and a nobler way  
Is to help to bear the load.

## Life's Challenge

Drink life's sunshine, view her beauty,  
    Seek not happiness to blot:  
Live as mortals, do your duty,  
    Love and labor,—but sin not!

Life is real that God has given,  
    Learn to bless your favored lot:  
Walk this earth with eyes toward Heaven,  
    Love and labor,—but sin not!

Rest is thine; from care reposing,  
    Making life a cherished spot,  
But in all thy will disposing  
    Love and labor,—but sin not!

Reap thy harvest, earn thy wages,  
    Guard thy home from rust and rot,  
Bear in mind the word of sages:  
    “Love and labor, but sin not!”

Well our Maker knows our framing,  
    Great His love that knows no blot;  
See His goodness ever claiming  
    Our submission; so, sin not!

We can live and we can labor,  
    We can share a happy lot  
With our brother, friend, or neighbor;  
    Live as mortals, yet, sin not!

Father, Mother, sister brother,  
    Son, or daughter, kindred, what!  
Be thy motto, and no other:  
    Love and labor, but sin not!

—Leslie Busbee

## He Never Faileth

O thou of little faith,  
God has not failed thee yet!  
When all looks dark and gloomy,  
Thou dost so soon forget—  
Forget that He has led thee,  
And gently cleared thy way;  
On clouds has poured His sunshine,  
And turned thy night to day.  
And if He's helped thee hitherto,  
He will not fail thee now;  
How it must wound His loving heart  
To see thy anxious brow!  
O doubt not any longer,  
To Him commit thy way,  
Whom in the past thou trusted,  
And He is still "the same today".



## Lost Opportunities

Only a word, yes, only a word,  
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, 'Speak,'  
But the worker passed onward, unblessed and weak,  
Whom you were meant to have stirred  
To courage, devotion and love anew,  
Because, when the message came to you,  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,  
To a friend in a distant land;  
The Spirit said, 'Write', but then you had planned  
Some different word, and you thought  
It mattered little. You did not know  
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,  
That the Spirit said, 'Sing tonight;  
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right.'  
But you thought, 'Mid this motely throng,  
I care not to sing of the City of God;'  
And the heart that your words might have reached  
grew cold—  
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,  
But oh, can you guess, my friend,  
Where the influence reaches and where it will end  
Of the hours that you frittered away?  
The Master's command is, 'Abide in Me,'  
And fruitless and vain will your service be  
If out of touch with your Lord.

## Let Us Pray

The soaring warplanes in the sky  
Can never reach God's throne on high,  
Nor can they turn, with all their force  
One star from its appointed course.

But swifter than an eagle's flight,  
Prayer wings its way to heaven's height  
And moves God's arm to undertake  
Deliverance for His people's sake;

And prayer has still a greater power;  
It calms the soul in terror's hour;  
It gives sweet comfort, and a joy  
Earth cannot give, nor war destroy.

Since prayer is God's most gracious plan  
Whereby He links Himself to man,  
Should not His children oftener say  
To one another "LET US PRAY".

## Other People's Troubles

Strange how other people's troubles  
Never bother us a bit.  
They just seem like empty bubbles,  
While our own distracts our wit.

All their worry seems unfounded,  
When our lot we check with theirs,  
Their enjoyment seems unbounded,  
While we have both grief and cares.

But today I had suggestion  
From some friends, their woes to trade,  
I then saw without a question,  
They have troubles ready made.

So ease up on all your grumbles,  
Wear a smile and do not moan,  
For the other fellow's troubles  
Are far greater than your own.

—Luther A. Merker

## The Lasting Joys

These mortal joys, how soon they fade!  
How swift they pass away!  
The dying flower reclines its head,  
The beauty of a day.

The bags are rent, the treasure's lost,  
We fondly called our own:  
Scarce could we the possession boast,  
When, lo! we found it gone.

But there are joys that cannot die,  
With God laid up in store;  
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,  
Brighter than golden ore.

The seeds which piety and love  
Have scattered here below,  
In the fair, fertile fields above,  
To ample harvests grow.

The mite my willing hands can give,  
At Jesus' feet I lay;  
Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
And Heaven at large repay.

## The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer  
Thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste much time on the old violin,  
But held it up with a smile.

"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried  
"Who'll start the bidding for me?"  
"A dollar, a dollar," then, "Two! Only two!  
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?"

"Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;  
Going for three—" But no!  
From the room, far back, a gray-haired man  
Came forward and picked up the bow;  
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,  
And tightening the loose strings,  
He played a melody pure and sweet,  
As sweet as caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,  
With a voice that was quiet and low,  
Said: "What am I bid for the old violin?"  
And he held it up with the bow.  
"Three thousand once, three thousand twice,  
And going and gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried:  
"We do not quite understand  
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply  
"The touch of a master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,  
And battered and scarred with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,  
Much like the old violin.  
A “mess of pottage”, a glass of wine;  
A game—and he travels on.  
He is “going” once, and “going” twice,  
He’s “going” and almost “gone”.  
But the master comes, and the foolish crowd  
Can never quite understand  
The worth of a soul and the change that’s wrought,  
By the touch of the Master’s hand.

## **Be the Best of Whatever You Are**

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley, but be  
The best little scrub at the side of the rill.  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by the size that you win or fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are.



# **I Will Put My Trust in Him**

**Heb. 2:13**

I will put my trust in Him  
As the Author of Salvation  
Through these earthly shadows dim  
And the pall of life's probation.  
There's no foe that shall destroy  
All my peace and inner joy,  
Praise shall thus my tongue employ:  
I will sound the proclamation.

No one else this hope can give,  
(Other anchors vainly casting)  
He alone can help us live  
For that life that's everlasting.  
How I love the precious thought:  
By His blood my soul was bought,  
And I found Him when I sought—  
In His favor I am resting.

Faithful is He, this I know,  
Through the ages changing never  
Though these jarring scenes below  
From His presence seem to sever.  
Though the fiery billows sweep  
And I pass through waters deep,  
He my soul will safely keep—  
Thus my hope to live forever.

Solemn notes fall on my ear  
Of the curse upon us lying;  
Death, its sorrows draw me near,  
Nature round about is sighing.  
Faded is life's rarest charm,  
Things of earth seem full of harm,  
Wisdom sounds her dread alarm  
At the sight of mortals dying.

Thus I put my trust in Him  
And rejoice to do His pleasure;  
Cling to this one comfort-gem:  
I am His peculiar treasure.  
Earth shall fade, but I shall see  
Him, the Christ who died for me,  
Ever with Him shall I be:  
Endless life shall be my measure!

—Leslie Busbee

## **The Power of Faith**

Sometimes when life has beaten you  
And the future's all but bright,  
There's power in just having faith  
That things will turn out right.  
There's not a problem, not a care  
That life presents to you,  
That won't be easier to bear  
With faith to see you through!

## Neglect

When the pain of bitter bereavement,  
Has filled another with grief,  
You wished that a portion of comfort  
Might bring him needed relief,  
But never a word did you utter,  
To lighten the sky that was bleak,  
It was well enough that you pitied,  
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

You have seen the giddy and thoughtless,  
Ensnared by the things that must blight,  
You have seen the lost and discouraged  
Take hold on the portals of night,  
You counted the risk he was taking,  
Too costly for one that was weak,  
You were conscious of all of his danger,  
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

You have thought of some friend that has helped you,  
Along your pathway thus far,  
You know that because of his kindness,  
Today you're the man that you are:  
The tenderest feelings have stirred you,  
And teardrops have moistened your cheek,  
As you thought of all that you owed him,  
But, brother, why didn't you speak?

## Omissions

It is not so much the things I do  
That causes me regret;  
It's the little things I leave undone,  
The things that I forget.

It's the words I fail to utter,  
The songs I fail to sing,  
The letters I forget to write,  
That may great comfort bring.

It's the little acts of kindness,  
The joy I fail to give,  
The smiles I fail to scatter,  
As day by day I live.

It's the sick I fail to visit,  
Flowers I fail to send;  
It's the hand I fail to offer  
Unto a fallen friend.

It's not so much the things I do  
That causes me regret;  
It's the little things I leave undone,  
The things that I forget.

## The Saviour's Peace

The peace that my Saviour hath given,  
It swells all my bosom within,  
I live in the sunlight of Heaven  
Triumphant o'er darkness and sin.  
Sweet rest of the soul e'er increasing  
As upwards I'm climbing each day;  
A river that flows without ceasing,  
A light for the Heavenly way.

The peace that my Saviour hath given  
Preserves me from earth and its fear;  
The sorrows of life are now riven  
To open its sunlight of cheer.  
When tempted, an anchor affording,  
His peace holds me safe and secure,  
In Him I am ever abiding,  
Unmoved, I am steadfast and sure.

The peace that my Saviour hath given  
Surpasses all power of thought,  
The things of the Spirit from Heaven  
To me 'neath its shadow are taught.  
Possessing the depths of my being,  
It reigns as a kingdom within;  
New wonders forever I'm seeing,  
My love and allegiance to win.

Oh Peace! yet not as the world giveth,  
For strife and confusion abound,  
But faith in my Saviour who liveth  
And love for His voice and its sound.  
Oh, realm of the soul's happy glory  
Where rivers of pleasure do flow,  
I'll sing of its wonderful story  
Through all of my journey below.

—Leslie Busbee

## Others

Lord help me to live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way,  
That even when I kneel to pray  
My prayer shall be for others.

Help me in all the work I do  
To ever be sincere and true;  
And know that all I do for Thee  
Must needs be done for others.

Let self be crucified and slain,  
And buried deep, and all in vain  
May efforts be to rise again,  
Unless to live for others.

Others, Lord, yes, others,  
Let this my motto be,  
Help me to live for others  
That I may live like Thee.



# **I Have Tasted**

I have tasted, I have tasted  
Of the goodness of the Lord  
I have supped His love and presence  
And the grace it does afford.

I have felt the living waters  
That the Bible speaks about  
Flow their virtue o'er my spirit  
Drowning all my fear and doubt.

I have heard His voice, oh, glory!  
Speak what mortal cannot hear.  
I have caught a revelation  
Of His truth so sweet and clear.

I have felt within my being  
Flames of love and holy awe.  
I have felt that Spirit writing  
On my heart the Sacred Law!

I have tasted, not mistaking,  
Joy that earth does cast away,  
Rest that mortals cannot fathom,  
Peace that words can never say.

Since I gave my heart to serve Him  
Through this life of earth below  
He has blessed me with assurance  
And the will of God to know.

Revelations has He given  
Of His covenant of love  
To preserve my soul for heaven  
In that happy world above.

Every year brings added treasure  
Brighter shines the hope divine  
Knowledge measure upon measure  
As the moments pass are mine.

Far above what earth could muster  
I esteem this treasure rare  
And its wine within the cluster  
Flows for me to drink and share.

Saviour help me, keep me ever  
From defilement here below  
May no power of evil sever  
From possessions where I go.

—Leslie Busbee

## What Is Charity?

It is silence when your words would hurt.

It is patience when your neighbor's curt.

It is deafness when a scandal flows.

It is thoughtfulness for other's woes.

It is promptness when stern duty calls.

It is courage when misfortune falls.

# The Song in the Night

There's something that shields me  
From sorrow and care  
And lightens the burdens  
My lot is to bear.  
A solace unfading  
A calm pure delight  
The blessing that comes with  
His song in the night

It seems that my spirit  
Is nearer to grace  
When sunshine is darkened  
And night I embrace.  
For then in the shadows  
My spirit can hear  
Sweet heavenly music  
That angels bring near.

When earth's vain allurements  
No harmony bring  
And empty with discord  
Are songs that men sing,  
Tis then that the spirit  
Can catch the refrain  
Of life everlasting  
And eternal gain.

And ever unfolding  
Its choruses fair  
Diffused through the heart strings  
By sorrow and care  
It cheers in deep trial  
And lightens the way  
Renews the heart's courage  
With strength for the day.

When sunlight of favor  
From man is withdrawn  
Their smiles shed no beauty  
My pathway upon  
Yet still He is with me  
If for Him I stand  
And He will uphold me  
By His gracious hand.

And while I am meeting  
These trials severe  
The song keeps its ringing  
Sweet notes in my ear  
And makes all life's sorrows  
Of unspoken worth  
In tune with the angels  
I'm living on earth.

—Leslie Busbee

# **The Flight of My Soul**

My soul now is flying o'er earth's troubled plain  
I'm winging my journey through darkness and pain  
Like birds t'ward the southland away from the cold  
I soar t'ward the gates of that city of gold.

Propelled by the force of my love for the Lord  
And His love is my fuel that His Word doth afford  
My wings ever spreading in faith, hope and trust  
That lifts me forever from earth and its dust.

Through storm clouds of sorrow and mists of distress  
My flight often bests me my soul to oppress  
But onward and upward determined to win  
I'm striving forever o'er earth and its sin.

Not stopping nor dropping from heights I have gained  
Nor slacking my speed, and my courage unstained  
Oft hidden from view by the clouds that arise  
When seen ever onward I traverse the skies.

No need for refueling, for endless supply  
Is given in flight from that Port in the sky  
No need for repairs for I'm guarded about  
Unshaken by trouble, unwavered by doubt.

Sweet flight of the soul! Oh, my compass is spread  
And gauged by his promise of life from the dead  
Unmoved from my course, for His strength is my guide  
And His love ever keeps me so close to His side.

The hum of the engines I fancy I hear  
And passing below me is earth and its fear  
Press on then my soul! Heaven beckons thee on  
Let Jesus thy Pilot give hail to the dawn.

—Leslie Busbee

## **If You Were the Only One**

If none but you in the world to-day  
Had tried to live in the Christ-like way,  
Could the rest of the world look close at you  
And find the path that is straight and true?

If none but you in the world so wide  
Had found the Christ for his daily guide  
Would the things you do and the things you say  
Lead others to live in His blessed way?

Ah, friends of the Christ, in the world to-day  
Are many who watch you upon your way.  
And look to the things you say and do  
To measure the Christian standard true!

Then guard this treasure that you possess  
This power to hurt, or help and bless,  
And live so close to the standard true  
That others may safely follow you.



## A Song of Courage

Silence! O soul before Him waiting  
    Weary and sad thy lot may be,  
While the dark clouds about thee hover  
    His tender eye is watching thee.  
Watch for His Hand of love and mercy  
    In the dark depths of Thy distress,  
See the fair rainbow of His promise  
    Rise o'er the cares that 'round thee press.

Still thy repining, rest forever,  
    See His great arms are underlaid,  
They cannot fall, there is no failing  
    When heart and mind on Him are stayed.  
And tho the storms are raging 'round thee  
    His peace within thy soul shall reign,  
He is the God of Thy Salvation,  
    Through Him the vict'ry thou shalt gain.

Let Patience have her perfect working,  
    Count it all joy, temptations stress;  
Drinking the sorrow is Thy portion  
    Partaking of His Holiness!  
Heed not the strife that others bid thee,  
    List to His voice, and do not stray;  
Not to the right nor left, but onward  
    Steadfastly tread the narrow way.

Time will unveil its many burdens,  
Thorns will infest the path we trod,  
But if we keep our eyes on Jesus  
‘Twill lead us on to Heav’n and God.  
There in His presence, what rejoicing  
All of our cares forever past,  
Crowned with His praise for grace He gave us,  
We shall behold His face at last.

—Leslie Busbee

## Where Would You Be?

Where would I be on a prayer meeting night  
If the Lord should suddenly come?  
In my place of prayer, or out with the crowd  
Just having some innocent fun?

Where would I be? With the faithful and true?  
Or at home in an easy chair?  
Too tired, too selfish, too careless perhaps  
To be with the Christians for prayer.

Where would I be? Getting food for my soul  
And praying for those that are lost?  
Or absent again, forgetting the One  
Who bought me at infinite cost?

Where would I be? I've excuses enough  
But how would they look in His sight?  
Where would I want Him to find me at last  
Should He come on prayer meeting night?

# Haste His Coming

He is King, the Lord of Glory  
Monarch, Sovereign of the Skies!  
Let all nations bow before Him  
To His service now arise.  
Haste His coming, give devotion  
To His cause both far and near  
Let His gospel be in motion  
Ringing out so loud and clear.

Long the ages of His waiting  
Lest one soul should perish still  
Yet this King is contemplating  
The fulfillment of His will.  
Shadows of the earth are falling  
As the sun of life grows dim  
Weary souls in prayer are calling  
For the blessedness of Him.

Here below the clash of nations  
Heaps travail upon mankind  
Death and sorrow have their rations  
On the heart and soul and mind.  
Vain delights are mortals' muster  
In an effort to breathe in  
To life's dark and faded cluster  
Beauty, peace, and light again.

But to those whose hearts are lighted  
By the vision of His pow'r  
Thots of Him have spirits brightened  
Through each dark and weary hour  
As they live in expectation  
Of the time of His return  
And in holy consecration  
To the paths of duty turn.

Haste the day of His appearing  
Seek His message glad to tell  
Hearts who sit in darkness cheering  
By the chorus that ye swell  
While a soul in sin remaineth  
Who has not the message heard  
Send it forth, Christ's love constraineth  
Thee to speak His gracious word.

—Leslie Busbee

## My All

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—Isaac Watts

## The Chamber of Peace

There's a chamber for those who are weary  
There's a rest for the faint by the way,  
A retreat from the burdens so dreary,  
A relief from the heat of the day.

Wisely hath the good Master provided  
For the ones who remember His name  
That the journey His wisdom hath sighted  
Be free from all cause of their shame.

He knows every grind of the spirit:  
The labor of sinew and heart,  
And now on His throne He can hear it  
That falls of His followers' part.

So in His great plan He hath given  
A chamber apart from the strife  
Whose windows are open to Heaven  
Receiving the sunlight of life.

Here let me, when worn is my stepping  
Retreat while the storm blows without,  
Secure in His glorious keeping  
From foes that are thronging about.

Sweet peace! calm assurance forever  
Is mine through the tangles of life;  
Their clouds have no power to sever  
His countenance beams through the strife.

—Leslie Busbee











