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.
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 unreached,
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’ermasters 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.
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.
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.
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
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 hungering, 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 life 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’l 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.
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 prows 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”.

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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”.

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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