

# POEMS

WRITTEN ON THE JOURNEY  
FROM SENSE TO SOUL

BY

AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.

*ILLUSTRATIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE*

*FOURTH EDITION*

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THESE POEMS I DEDICATE

TO

**The Reverend Mary Baker Eddy**

AS A STUDENT TO THE TEACHER,  
AS A FOLLOWER TO THE LEADER,  
AS A CHILD TO THE MOTHER.

626178



*The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.  
The Mother Church, and its Extension*

LOVE LEADS US ON,  
UNTIL NIGHT BE GONE,  
AND WE WAKE IN THE MORNING LIGHT;  
LOVE'S VOICE OF CHEER,  
HUSHES EVERY FEAR,  
AND HER FACE IS REVEALED TO SIGHT.



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# POEMS

BY

AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.



*The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.  
The Mother Church of Christian Science.*

# Sing the Song of Gladness

## OUR PRAYER IN STONE

Written at the completion of The Mother Church,  
The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.,  
1894.

**C**HILDREN of the Blessed,  
Sing the song of gladness!  
Ring the loud hosannas! Christ to earth  
again is come.

Raise the voice to praise him!  
Bid the world adore him!  
While we follow listening to the voice  
that calls us home.

Has the path been thorny?  
Roses, with their fragrance  
Cheered us, as we followed in "*the way*"  
our Saviour led.

## Sing the Song of Gladness

When we, Israel's children,  
Hungred in the desert,  
How the hand of Love supplied the  
ever-living bread!

When athirst and weary,  
Faint and heavy laden,  
Following through the wilderness of sin  
and sense, our Guide,  
Then we heard the summons,  
Falter not, but come ye!  
Drink the ever-living waters, which in  
me abide!

Bread of Life to strengthen;  
Waters to refresh us,  
Flowing ever freely from the ever-living  
Fount.

Mother-love to counsel,  
Mother-voice to cheer us,



## Sing the Song of Gladness

Mother-smile to beckon from the valley  
to the Mount.

Could we fail or falter,  
While the loving Saviour  
Every want supplied, and every tear-  
drop wiped away,  
Every murmur silenced,  
Every shadow lessened  
With the power of Love divine, revealing  
God's bright day?

As we catch bright glimpses  
Of the Eternal Real,  
As we lose the echo of sorrow, sin, and  
care—  
Brighter gleams God's glory.  
Chant again the story!  
Christ is come to human ken, his temple  
to prepare.

## Sing the Song of Gladness

Sing for joy ye ransomed!  
“Prayer in stone” appearing  
Bids us trim our lamps, and wait the  
Bridegroom’s midnight call.  
Sing, for Christ is with us!  
Israel’s Shepherd leads us!  
Love is come to reign forever, crown  
Her Lord of all!

## Communion

Communion service at The Mother Church, The  
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.,  
June 7, 1895.

'T WAS Sabbath morn. The city lay  
In the embrace of dawn, which,  
As it blended with approaching day,  
Revealed cathedral dome, and lofty  
spire  
Of many a church, where people con-  
gregate  
To worship God. At length,  
Its radiance rested on a temple, made  
Of stone, symmetrical and white,  
Which towered in silent speech and  
Voiceless prayer, piercing the sky; as if  
To point beyond the finite view,

## Communion

And lead the worn and weary unto  
Christ.

The joyous birds joined in the silent  
anthem,

“God is good;”<sup>1</sup>

And whispering leaves were hushed,  
As if in prayer,

And as the dewdrop  
Glistened on the lily's breast;  
And flashed its varied hues, it voiced the  
message

“God is good.”

The crystal waters,  
Touched by hand unseen, sparkled  
From lake and fount, and  
Pure and smiling, turned their faces  
fair

For Love's impress, and murmured,

<sup>1</sup> *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by  
Mary Baker Eddy.

## Communion

“God is Love.”

Eternity's great organ seemed to  
wake

The world to prayer and praise.

Anon, upon the breath of morn, were  
borne

Sweet silvery chimes, floating on

Pulseless air, like voice from

Mother-heart, calling to children dear,

And tremulous with love and blessings,

Prayed the Shepherd, Christ, to show

Her how to go across the hillside's

Steep and rugged way,

And safely lead his sheep.

Well the disciples knew the

Voice, calling to feast of

Love, and thronged the temple door,

Eager for Word of God, and Christ,—  
the bread.

The thirsty pressed for drink

## Communion

From "little book" the key to  
Heavenly wealth,—God's Holy Word,  
Revealing Truth and Love,—hid since  
The world began, but now illumed  
Through "Science and Health."  
As deep within the heart was heard  
The promise, "Whoso eateth of this  
Bread, shall hunger not, nor shall  
They thirst again, who drink  
My blood," a peace descended, and the  
Singers rose and gave to listening wor-  
shippers  
The chant,—"The righteous shall go in."  
A holy hush bade human sense  
"Be still," and Christ was felt,  
Sweeping with touch divine across the  
Harp of thousand strings, attuning  
To Life and Love.

Then rose the Readers, calm and  
strong

## Communion

In Christ, and prayerful, trusting  
God to feed His people in green  
Pastures, and to lead beside still  
Waters, through the Comforter and  
Word.

To hearts attuned to Love, this  
Holy hour seemed like the gate of  
Heaven, which, ajar, disclosed  
The smile of Christ, calling in  
Tender accents, "Come to me."

Bowed in humble prayer, prostrate

Before the Christ, and listening  
For his voice, a heavenly benediction  
Fell upon the heart, and tearful  
Gratitude went up to God for  
Her who gave to all the Guide  
To Life divine,—who clasps again  
The sinner's hand—who turns  
The straying footsteps to the

## Communion

Light, and leads once more the  
Way to God, as did the Christ of yore.

Communing thus, a sacred  
Presence filled the place, and  
Heavenly messengers brought  
Peace and hope to struggling pilgrims,  
Kneeling there for bread,  
And waters pure, from Spirit fount.

Love rose to temple dome,  
And filled each humble heart  
With incense from God's altar.

. . . . .  
And the song was heard again,  
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
Sung by unseen choirs there,  
As they knelt in silent prayer.  
'Twas as if the chord of love,  
Swept by Master hand above,  
Thrilled the meek and lowly heart,  
Bidding care and fear depart.



## Communion

Then was caught the low refrain,  
"I am with you once again,"  
I have given the bread and wine,  
I am Christ, and ye are mine.  
Hush! within this holy place,  
Love false concepts will efface;  
Turn ye all from gold and dross,  
Gaze upon the radiant cross!  
Holy Spirit, break the bread,  
Till each hungry heart be fed!  
Drink the wine, so freely poured  
By the "Comforter," adored!  
Then, with power of love, reveal  
How the Christ the sick doth heal!  
Hear the Saviour bid you go  
Out into a world of woe,  
Loving all, as I love you,  
Each the healing work will do,  
And, forgetting harsh offense,  
Yield to Love in penitence.

## Communion

Then will love for God and man,  
Light the earth with rainbow span.

. . . . .

The faithful rose to follow Christ's  
Command, to heal the sick and sinful,  
and  
To overcome the sense of self and sin.

## The Dove and the Star

AS the sunset crimson faded  
Into amber hues one day,  
And the gathering twilight deepened  
Till it merged in sombre grey;  
While I lingered in the gloaming,  
From my heart went up a prayer,  
And I lost the sense of shadows,  
As I bowed in silence there.

Soon I felt a tender presence  
Touching me with influence mild,  
And a white-winged dove descended,  
Cooing softly, Peace, my child.  
While I wondered what the meaning  
Of this dove, with wings unfurled,  
Once again I heard its message,  
Rise above this sin-bound world!

## The Dove and the Star

Rise and soar on Hope's bright pinions!

Tarry not in shadows dim!

Preen your wings of aspiration!

Chant Love's holy vesper hymn!

See! Upon the blue empyrean

Shines the star of faith's clear light,

Beckoning with its twinkling radiance,

To a world more fair and bright.

Look again! Behold Hope's star-beam

Brightly flashing in the blue,

While the star of Love appearing,

Speaks of heavenly joys to you.

Constellations gild the heavens,

Brilliantly they flash afar,

Breathing words of holy promise

In the language of the star.

Thus the dove soared just beyond me,

Beating with its wings the air,

## The Dove and the Star

Leading me to heights celestial,  
And I followed gladly there;  
Till I learned the lesson taught me  
By the dove and star that night,  
And the darkness of the gloaming  
Fled, before the diamond light.

Thus we wander in the twilight  
Of this mortal life, and fear,  
Till the dove of Peace descending,  
Guides us to the glad Soul sphere.  
There the light dispels the shadows;  
Glorious beams of Truth appear,  
And the raptured vision shows us  
God, and man, and heaven are here.

## The Everlasting Arms

ON the bosom of Love we are resting,  
Love's arm doth our being enfold,  
And the heart of Omnipotence pulsates  
To measures of Love untold.  
Thus we dwell in divine Everpresence,  
Our Father and Mother God,  
We walk with the saints in glory,  
And tread where our Master trod.

As we rest in the Mother-love, holy,  
As we list to the Mother-voice, sweet,  
We hear the chant of the angels  
Who traverse the unseen street.  
And listening, we lose the echo  
Of sorrow, and sin, and sense,  
Till the clouds become thin and thinner,  
That conceal the vast immense.

## The Everlasting Arms

And oft as we patiently linger,  
And pray for spiritual sight,  
A rift in the cloud discloses  
A world of wondrous light.  
They are faint, faint glimpses only,  
And though mists soon hide the gold,  
That rift reveals marvellous beauty,  
Of Life, Love and Truth, untold.

The eyes that behold this vision,  
Seen through the matter veil,  
Are steadily fixed on the real,  
Till spiritual sight shall prevail;  
And bursting the clouds, disclose  
heaven,  
The haven of rest long sought,  
The refuge for earth's weary wanderers,  
Whom Love to their home has  
brought.

## The Everlasting Arms

Thus Love leads us out from the  
    shadows,  
    And Love breaks the bondage of  
        fear,  
And Love is the kingdom of heaven,  
    And heaven is always here.  
Hence we live in divine Everpresence,  
    We move to the rhythm of Mind,  
And losing the false and the finite,  
    Our heaven on earth we find.



## Praise to God

PRAISE to God that we are restless,  
Till we find our rest in Him;  
Praise to God, our cup is empty,  
Till He fills it to the brim.

Praise to God that we are sightless,  
Till He lights our pathway dim;  
And our eyes behold the Saviour,  
And our glad lips welcome him.

Precious Saviour, thou who gavest  
Us the Comforter and Guide,  
Thou whose book unlocked Truth's  
treasures,

In whose light we now abide,—  
Draw us nearer, lift us higher,  
To the stature of God's man,  
Let thy holy love, reflected,  
Light us with its rainbow span.

## Praise to God

Restless waves upon Time's ocean  
Christ once calmed, with "Peace be  
still!"

When sense struggled, strong his plead-  
ing,—

Not mine, Father, but Thy will.  
Earth-bound mortals felt the presence  
Of the Christ—of Love and Life;  
Felt the peace, the rest, the gladness,  
Lost the sense of sin and strife.

Once again, as he has promised,  
Comes the Christ to call his own;  
Once again his sweet voice pleadeth,  
"Follow me," in loving tone.  
Hear ye him, again repeating,  
Come to me, Oh! come and see  
Bread of heaven, living waters,  
Ready, ever waiting thee.

## Praise to God

Hear him to the troubled senses  
    Speak again, the "Peace be still!"  
See the multitudes assemble,  
    That his love their hearts may fill.  
See the sinner and the sufferer,  
    Pressing to the Saviour's feet;  
See the Word dispelling sorrow;  
    See, and seek Christ's blest retreat.

Sing the song of joy and gladness!  
    Ring it out o'er hill and vale!  
Shout aloud the glad hosanna:  
    Truth forever shall prevail!  
Christ is come, let error vanish,  
    Sin and sorrow, pain and fears;  
Earth will soon be filled with glory,  
    Christ, our Lord, again appears.

## Children, Have Ye Any Meat?

—Christ Jesus.

THE voice of the Master was heard  
by the men,

As he spoke from the shore, on the  
morning, when

He found them weary, yet toiling on  
With their nets, by the morning dawn.

Cast your nets on the other side!

How the sweet voice echoed over the  
tide!

How their faith and love arose once  
more,

As they filled their nets, and pulled for  
shore!

As they saw the fire of coals, they said:  
His love has prepared the fish and bread.

## Children, Have Ye Any Meat?

Oh! the blessed Master taught them  
there,

To leave their nets and forsake their  
care,

And prove the power of the Word.

The gentle voice of Love divine

Called to his children, "Come and  
dine!"

The feast he prepared was at their feet,  
But they made no move to come and  
eat.

They knew it was Jesus whom they saw,  
And their hearts were filled with love  
and awe.

Then his mighty love appeared again;  
He took the bread and gave to them,  
And also the fishes he passed to eat,  
As they knelt there at the Master's  
feet.

## Children, Have Ye Any Meat?

To-day he speaks to his followers few:  
Are *you* feeding my lambs as I fed you,  
Are you showing your love by breaking  
the bread,

By healing the sick and raising the  
dead?

Lovest thou me? then feed my sheep,  
And God who works with you, His promise will keep,

The blinded eyes will waken to see  
That error had bound them;  
That Truth has set free.

The prodigal, feeding on husks, will arise,  
As over the sea the Master cries,  
Have ye aught to eat, my children dear,  
Why toil all night in doubt and fear?

Cast your net on the other side,  
And in my promise, safe abide;  
Then draw it in, and you shall find  
The riches deep of Truth, or Mind.

## Children, Have Ye Any Meat?

Christ's wondrous power is a mine of  
wealth,

He gives us love, and joy and health.

*He* fed the lambs on the mountain  
steep;

Go *thou* and feed his wandering sheep.

He went on the mountain and called  
them in,

From the hill of vice, and the valley of  
sin.

Go *thou* far out on the mountain steep,

And shepherd, and feed his beloved  
sheep.

## Flee as a Bird

For as the heavens are higher than the earth,  
so are my ways higher than your ways, and my  
thoughts than your thoughts.—Isaiah lv., 9.

**F**LEE as a bird, from the snare of the  
fowler!

Flee to your mountain, ye faithful  
ones, flee;

Preening your wings, soar beyond  
earth's illusions,

Wing your flight far above sin's surg-  
ing sea!

Losing the sound of time's turbulent  
billows,

Lashed into discord by sorrow and  
fear;



## Flee as a Bird

Flee from the snare of the merciless  
fowler,  
Rise till the heights of your mountain  
appear!

Fold not your wings, till you see the sure  
haven,  
Rest not on hill top, contented to stay;  
Faint, yet pursuing, press onward and  
upward,  
Love goes before you, illuming the way.

Soon you will lose in Love's rarified  
ether,  
Memory of fowler, and arrow and  
snare;  
Thoughts which are mortal will fade as  
the dewdrop,  
Under the sunlight of God's loving  
care.

## Flee as a Bird

Soon will the power of divine Ever-  
presence

Wing every thought to your con-  
sciousness born;

Error will vanish like mist on the  
mountain,

Gone like a dream when you wake in  
the morn.

Then in the light of Mind's radiant  
effulgence,

Gilding the mountain, our wings we  
may fold,

While Love's potent pinions impel us  
forever,

As infinite glories we raptured behold.

## Love's Rod and Love's Staff

THOU wouldst not be God, if my  
prayer were not heard,  
For Thou know'st how my human with  
anguish is stirred,  
How my heart crieth out for Thy love  
and Thy grace,  
As, through tears, I look up to behold  
Thy dear face.

. . . . .

Thy smile dawns upon me, like soft  
summer rain  
Upon the parched flow'ret, reviving again;  
Or, like evening vespers when twilight  
appears,  
To whisper Love's presence and dis-  
sipate fears.

## **Lobe's Rod and Lobe's Staff**

Down the vista of years I gaze, till I pray  
For Thy power to sustain me with grace  
for to-day.

Then earth's hopes and earth's idols,  
earth's cross and earth's care,  
Flee like phantoms before the sweet  
pressure of prayer.

Oh! travail and anguish that rend our  
flesh veil!

O dear Christ, whose power doth ever  
prevail!

Oh! eye of the Mother-love, ear of Most  
High,

That hears the lone mountain lamb's  
piteous cry.

The heat of the furnace has melted the  
gold

Which awaits the impress of the Fashioner's mould;

## Love's Rod and Love's Staff

Oh! soon may the gold lose its seeming,  
and fade,  
Till His glorified substance my being  
pervade.

Now, Spirit, or Truth, I perceive Thine  
idea,  
The perfect reflection of Love doth  
appear,  
The image long looked for, and long  
vainly sought,  
Appears, Love's true likeness, by God's  
wisdom wrought.

And now I respond to omnipotent Love  
The deluge is over, returned is the dove.  
The face of the Father I ever behold,  
As His perfect ideas forever unfold.

## Homeward

Arise, and let us go again to our own people, and to the land of our nativity, from the oppressing sword.—Jeremiah xlvii., 16.

**A**RISE! let us stand in the strength  
of our God!

Let us slumber no more in the dream;  
Let us go to our people, the home of our  
birth,  
Our heavenly dominion redeem!

Let us dare to resist all attacks of the foe,  
With our weapon of warfare—the  
Word!

Till the enemy falters and falls at our feet,  
With his broken, defeated sword.

Oh! great is our God, He delivers His own,  
He carries the lambs in His arms,

## Homeward

He tenderly shields them and guides and  
supports,  
Oh! His mighty love, error disarms.

He turns back the tide, that else might  
submerge,  
He speaks to the raging waves,  
"Peace;"  
His voice you may hear, if you list to  
His call,  
And your sorrow and sighing will  
cease.

Arise, then, ye prostrate! no longer bow  
down  
To idols of matter, or gold!  
Arise in the strength of your Christ, and  
return  
To your people, your Shepherd, and  
fold!

## Love Watches Over All

I GAZED upon a sin-bound world,  
By fear and care oppressed,  
Asleep in error's thrall.  
I asked, "What meaneth this?"  
I heard, "God is Omnipotent;  
This is a dream,—it is not real,  
Love watches over all."

The soft voice spake so tenderly,  
It seemed so near to me,  
And like an angel's call,  
I listened, till I heard again,  
"God is Omnipotent,—this is a dream,  
Love watches over all."

And then I heard the brooklet sing,  
And birds in matin song,



## Love Watches Over All

Chant, "Ne'er did sparrow fall  
Without its Father's notice, for  
Love watches over all,  
Love watches over all."

I saw the lily droop her head,  
Beneath the sultry heat  
Of noonday Sol;  
A raindrop fell with cooling kiss,  
And whispered, "Love hath sent you  
this,  
Love watches over all."

I saw strong manhood yield to fears,  
And age o'ercome with many years,  
And heard them cry, "I fall."  
And then I heard the voice again,  
Like angels, in one grand amen,—  
"Love watches over all."

## **Lobe Watches Over All**

Thus bird and lily, youth and age,  
Once blind in error's thrall,  
Awake to Truth, and losing self,  
See Christ, and sing the joyous song—  
“Love watches over all!  
Love watches over all!”

## Friend, Go Up Higher

—Christ Jesus. Luke xiv., 10.

**O**H Wanderer in the valley of matter and of sin!

Hearst thou the loving message: Belovèd, enter in?

The call is now and ever, Come unto me and rest,

From sorrow, sin, and sickness—oh, listen and be blest.

This valley is enveloped with shadows, weird and dim;

And they who tread its mazes, see never aught of him

## Friend, Go Up Higher

Who walked the vale of error, and  
climbed the mountain height,  
And showed the world the pathway from  
darkness unto light.

He knew Causation—Principle, ac-  
knowledged Christ, not creed;  
He proved the power of Truth or Mind,  
and they who run may read;  
He trod upon the serpents, they  
straightway lost their sting;  
He touched the sense of blindness, the  
light came flooding in.

He spake to sense of deafness, it van-  
ished at the call;  
The helpless and the sorrowing, his ten-  
der love healed all;

## Friend, Go Up Higher

The Word of Life so potent, the Master  
understood;  
The power of Love so mighty, he knew  
was ever Good.

He calleth, Come ye weary, and cast  
your burden down;  
Oh! turn from sense and matter, re-  
splendent shines the crown.  
The Truth is ever with you, it frees the  
fettered sense,  
Why tarry in the valley, whose shadows  
are so dense?

This valley is illusion, the Adam-dream  
of sin,  
Belief of life in matter, which mortals  
linger in.

## Friend, Go Up Higher

To-day the Christ is calling, Go higher,  
friend, go on  
Above the foul miasma of sin, and sense,  
and wrong.

Above the sense of evil, rise higher, day  
by day;  
Pursuing, ever following, the voice of  
God obey;  
Till far above the echo of sorrow, sin,  
and care,  
You see no valley shadows, no error  
clouds you there.

. . . . .

Have you struggled in the valley, and  
felt its sting and pain,  
Have you longed to leave behind you its  
sorrowful refrain,

## Friend, Go Up Higher

Have you heard the voice, "Go higher,"  
and could not find the way,  
Did clouds shut in, and hide the mount,  
did error lead astray?

Oh! list, the sweet voice soundeth yet,  
Son, daughter, follow me!  
My loving arms encircle, though my  
face you may not see!  
The Christ is ever calling, Fear not, dear  
one, but find  
Beyond the vale of matter, the mountain  
bright of Mind.

## Lead us to the Infinite

**D**EAR Saviour, lead us to the  
Infinite,  
And lift us up with thy dear love, to Life!  
O Christ of God hear, while we whisper  
it,  
The Word destroys all sickness, sin, and  
strife.

We dimly see our Father's guiding  
thought,  
And Mother-love with heavenly healing  
fraught.  
We know Thy voice, it counsels, cheers,  
and chides,  
And Mother-love for every want  
provides.



## Lead Us to the Infinite

O Parent arms, encircling each dear  
child;

O voice so tender, loving, sweet, and  
mild;

O palpitating presence of the law  
Of Life, and Love, and Truth, which  
sense ne'er saw.

We hear Thy Word, its power sets us  
free;

Thy love shall lead us, till we wake with  
Thee.

## Thou art not Far from the Kingdom

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.  
—Christ Jesus.

*(Watchman)*

THOU art not far from the King-  
dom,  
Not far from thy heavenly Home;  
Why runnest thou hither and thither,  
Why longer continue to roam?

*(Traveller)*

Oh! where is this Kingdom of Heaven  
Oh, where is this blest abode?  
I have lingered so long in the shadows,  
I fear I have lost the road.

**Thou art not Far from the Kingdom**

Can you, who have heard the Master,  
And followed the voice of Love,  
Till it led you out of the darkness,  
Lead me to the realms above?

*(Watchman)*

We can show you the Chart, dear  
seeker,  
And point to His Word so true;  
We can lovingly walk beside you,  
But the work is for each to do.

*(Traveller)*

But how may I find the true path,  
For I must no longer stray;  
If I am so near to His Kingdom,  
Why may I not see it to-day?  
If *you* have discerned the morning,  
That dawns for the faithful here,

**Thou art not Far from the Kingdom**

Do not let *me* stray in the gloaming,  
Till its light shall disappear.

(*Watchman*)

The "little book" is the Leader,  
Its Author opened the seals  
Of the Word of God, and unfolded,  
The mystery Love reveals.

(*Traveller*)

And what is the name of the volume,  
Possessing such wondrous power,  
A comforter sure it must be,  
A strength in each darksome hour.

(*Watchman*)

The Comforter we have proved it,  
It calls to His children—Come in!  
It opens the gates of Heaven,  
And shuts them on sickness and sin.

**Thou art not Far from the Kingdom**

Right here is the heavenly Kingdom;

You may clasp the Father's hand;

Here is Mother, and Home, and  
Heaven,

And here is the angel band.

Oh, searcher for heavenly riches,

Would you know this mine of wealth,

Do you long for the Key to the  
Kingdom?

You will find it in "Science and  
Health."

*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by*  
Mary Baker Eddy.

## Message

Verses by a Student sent with roses on Christmas Day.

THY Christmas tree hangs heavy  
laden

With gifts far more precious than gold;  
Aye, even with good deeds resplendent,

Whose numbers will never be told.  
How blessed to know that thy mission  
Is to minister daily, to those  
Who, in the swift march of existence,  
Sink down 'neath the weight of their  
woes.

Full many a faint, weary flower  
Hath been with new vigor supplied,  
Which, but for thy sweet ministration,  
Might long since have faded and died.

## Message

I never have sought thee, and found  
thee

Too busy to lend me thine ear;  
Or, to beam with a sweet smile of  
welcome,

Which could not but fill me with  
cheer.

These flowers, so seemingly fragile,

Are yet burden-bearers for me;

Consenting to carry a message

Of love, from thy student to thee.

D. F.

New York City,  
Christmas, 1899.

## Reply to the Christmas Poem

**Y**ES, my Christmas tree hangs heavy  
laden

With treasures more precious than  
gold;

And the angels unite in my vespers,  
As I ponder their value untold.

Its branches are weighted with pure  
thoughts,

Which I hung one by one on Life's tree;  
Till the sunshine of love-light revealèd  
These jewels of Spirit to me.

It is blessed to know that our Saviour  
Has called me to gather his own;  
To watch, and to guide, and present them  
Each a perfect, a tried living stone.



## Reply to the Christmas Poem

As I, faint and weary, have listened  
For the Shepherd's voice, far on the  
height,  
I have heard the lone mountain lamb  
bleating,  
And have tarried to give it Love's light.

I have oft heard the voice of the  
Master,  
Calling, "Lovest thou me? Feed my  
sheep,"  
And I quickened my earnest endeavor  
Up the mountain path, rugged and  
steep.

Not the wealth of the Indies, if offered,  
Could purchase one jewel from me,  
Which I found in the rough, and have  
polished  
Till its prism hues flash from my tree.

## Reply to the Christmas Poem

There is one minor chord in my  
    anthem,  
    But which Love is attuning each  
    day,  
As I think of the gems that have fallen,  
    Ere Love's minstrel had finished her  
    lay.

Yes, my Christmas tree *is* heavy laden,  
    But its branches are mighty to hold  
Every gem, which the dear Love has  
    given,  
    Every wanderer once in my fold.

. . . . .  
The flowers so pure and so fragrant,  
    Brought quickly your message to me,  
And I forward my love, on the wings of  
    a dove,  
    My dear faithful student, to thee.

December 27, 1899.

## Letter to Our Beloved Leader from Her Lambkins

Reply to the beautiful poem, written by  
Mary Baker G. Eddy to the Sunday School Children  
of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, N. Y.  
(*The Christian Science Journal*, May, 1899.)

JESUS loves you, so do we,  
Little children though we be.  
Little hearts that Mother-love  
In your bosom broods above;

Little feet that you have led,  
In the paths of love to tread;  
Little ones whom you have taught,  
How the deeds of Christ were wrought.

Little eyes that beamed with bliss,  
When dear Mother sent us this—

## Letter to Our Beloved Leader

Sweetest poem ever read,  
'Tis a table for us spread.

Little ears, will learn to list  
For your loving voice, we wist,  
And will follow all the Way  
Mother's footsteps, day by day.

Know we well who gave us Mother;  
Taught us all to love each other;  
And the love we send to-day,  
God's dear love, is yours alway.

April, 1899.

## Stand Firm

He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

—Christ Jesus.

**D**ARE to stand forth in the strength  
of his promise!

Wield the sword fearlessly, whet with  
his love;

Dare to tread firmly on serpents and  
scorpions!

“They shall not sting you,” resounds  
from above.

Christ bids you rise to your conscious  
dominion;

Life calls to action, obey Truth’s  
behest;

## Stand Firm

Love's constant whisper is, "Man is  
immortal,"

Dear one, press on to the realms of the  
blest!

Sweeter than lullabies, sung by the  
mother;

Clearer than ocean's roar, heard in the  
shell;

Softer than zephyrs, the voice of the  
Father—

"Child I am with thee, fear not, all is  
well."

Then let us dare to stand, firm as an  
anvil,

Holding the banner of Science, our  
King;

Ever rejoicing that Love is the victor,  
As daily our sheaves to the Master we  
bring!

## Stand Firm

"Love one another." Oh! hark to his  
pleading.

Follow, and bring in my lambs as they  
roam.

Love goes before you, dispelling the  
shadows;

List to the mountain horn calling you  
home.

. . . . .

Then following our Leader, our love-  
crownèd Leader,

Who guides us so safely through  
matter's dark vale,

Let us watch for Love's hand, as we  
climb Mind's bright mountain,

Nor lay down the sword till its summit  
we scale!

## To My Dear Students and Church Members

“**F**EAR not, little flock, 'tis your  
Father's good pleasure,  
To give you the kingdom,” the robe  
and the ring.  
Fear not the mad foe, who beholding  
your triumph,  
Pursues to destroy with the merciless  
sting.

Take heart, the avenger cannot over-  
throw you;  
The Cause is the Lord's, and the  
victory sure;



## To My Dear Students

Press on in the race for immortal  
dominion,  
Nor turn back to idols—resist and  
endure.

Then raise high the standard of Truth,  
as you follow  
Your Shepherd, who leads to life's  
pastures immense;  
He folds, and protects from the wolf,  
and the prowler,  
Who lure to o'erthrow in the valley of  
sense.

Awake to your birthright! And, guided  
by wisdom,  
Communing with Spirit, the quicken-  
ing dove,

## To My Dear Students

You will soar, as a bird, beyond each  
sin-barbed arrow,  
And rest, safe in joyous omnipotent  
Love.

## Dove of Peace

Written after reading the poem entitled, "Signs of the Heart," by Mary Baker G. Eddy. (*The Christian Science Journal*, July, 1899.)

O DOVE of the white wings,  
Soaring so near;  
O sign of the great Heart  
Which banishes fear;  
O Love, which is Infinite,  
Seal us thine own;  
And lead us to worship  
The Father alone!

O Heart of the Motherhood,  
Brooding above,  
Soft voicing Thy message  
Through Love's chosen love,

## Dove of Peace

Hear gratitude voiceless  
And prayers without speech,  
Which soar like the dove,  
Heaven's portals to reach.

Oh! fill us with meekness  
To sit at her feet,  
Who teaches the pathway  
To Love's blest retreat,  
Who leads Israel's army  
In paths Jesus trod,  
The highway of holiness,  
Leading to God.

## The Sunlight of Love's Presence

**I**N the secret of Love's presence,  
    'Neath the covert of Her wings,  
    While the tempest rages wildly,  
    And the dove no message brings;  
'Mid the thundering of error,  
    And the lightning flash in sky,  
I am waiting in the darkness;—  
    Watching till the clouds roll by.

Faintly gleams the light through  
    shadows;  
    Rifts within the clouds appear;  
While the lull of angry tempest  
    Falls upon the listening ear.  
Soon the sunburst of Love's presence,  
    Radiant, joy inspiring, strong,

## The Sunlight of Love's Presence

Fills the heart with bliss and beauty,  
Wakes the Jubilate song.

Dreams and shadows flit and vanish,  
Mortal concepts fade apace;  
Earth is filled with light and glory;  
Everywhere God's smile we trace.  
Could we see through Spirit's concept,  
Could we hear through Spirit's sense,  
There would be no angry tempest;  
There would be no shadows dense.

Through the wilderness we journey,  
Meeting fears, a spectral band;  
And like children, faint with terror,  
Cry, "O Father, take my hand!"  
Close the dear Love ever hovers,  
Never absent—ever near,—  
Hears our call, and folds, and soothes us,  
Wipes away each falling tear.

## The Sunlight of Love's Presence

Can we falter,—can we ever

Fear to meet earth's phantoms grim,  
Since with tender care God watches

Over all who trust in Him?

Joys immortal are our birthright;

Life eternal spans our sky;

Love is victor; Truth has triumphed;

Clouds and tempests have rolled by.

6

## When Love Doth Guide

Reply to a poem entitled, "Satisfied," written by  
Mary Baker G. Eddy. (*The Christian Science  
Journal*, February, 1900.)

WHEN Love doth guide,  
And we abide  
In Her, our Life,  
The dove of peace,  
Brings quick release,  
From sin and strife.

Alone with God  
Our Master trod  
Gethsemane;  
Nor turned awhile,  
To gain the smile  
Of Pharisee.



## When Love Doth Guide

Shall we forsooth,  
Forsake our Truth,  
    When foes appear?  
God mighty is,  
And we are His;  
    Love has no fear.

Love, like the light,  
Puts hate to flight,  
    And envy's darts;  
She wings Her own,  
Doth joy enthrone  
    In humble hearts.

The Nazarene  
Of humble mien,  
    Won victory's crown;  
Love's labors blest,  
He found sweet rest  
    Beyond hate's frown.

## When Love Doth Guide

Love's welcome voice,  
(Her holy choice)  
    Bids mortals rise  
From sin's dark night  
To see the light  
    Of Paradise.

All praise to God,  
For her who trod  
    The wine-press, lone;  
Whose cup of woe  
Did overflow  
    Sin to atone.

Let anthems tell,  
Let chimes of bell  
    Proclaim the Bride!  
Love, robed in light,  
Is radiant, white,  
    And "satisfied."

January 25, 1900.

## The Dawning Day

DEAR Love, as we near Thee, how  
thin seems the cloud

Which hides from our vision Thy face,  
like a shroud!

In Thy light we see light; in Thy love  
and grace,

Heaven's portals swing open, we see  
face to face.

False concepts no longer form images  
grim,

Which lure, and deceive, and conceal  
from us Him

Whose Life is *our* life, and whose likeness  
we trace

In Love's mirrored love, on humanity's  
face.

## The Dawning Day

Love dissipates terror, and bids phan-  
toms flee;

She calls to earth's wanderers, "Love  
careth for thee."

She sings Her sweet lullaby, "Mother is  
near,

Now rest on my bosom, there is nothing  
to fear."

O heart of the Mother-love, God with us  
here,

Our pæans of gratitude rise, full and  
clear.

For Thy chosen Way-shower, holy and  
true,

Who leads past the hill-crest, till heaven  
we view.

## Woleewin

Name of a cottage on an island off the coast of Maine.

WOLEEWIN! Woleewin! O haven  
of rest,  
Thy manifold beauties can not be  
expressed;  
Thy sheltering protection from tumult  
and care,  
Thy peaceful seclusion inviting to  
prayer.  
Thy bulwarks, resisting the storm-  
crested wave,  
Thy towering beacon, alluring to save;  
Thine arms, ever open, thy smile, ever  
sweet,  
Woleewin, Woleewin, O peaceful  
retreat.

## Woleewin

When weary contending with sense and  
with sin,  
The heart sighs for respite, for heaven  
within,—  
When the human cries out for the rest  
and the goal,  
When the sea surges over the struggling  
soul,—  
When the carnal opposes the Christ, till  
we pray  
That earth's night may give place to  
God's radiant day,—  
Then Woleewin! Woleewin! thy silence  
and peace  
Invite to communion, and bid tumult  
cease.

As thine arms enfold all who enter thy  
door,

## Woleewin

May they lose the last echo of error's  
mad roar;  
May they look through thy windows,  
and gazing afar,  
Catch a glimpse of the *real* in the type of  
a star,  
Till the spiritual sense shall roll back the  
cloud,  
The flesh-veiled vision which hangs like  
a shroud;  
And Love shall reveal God's world to  
their view,  
Dear Woleewin, sweet haven, adieu,  
adieu!

## Could Ye not Watch?

Could ye not watch with me one hour?

—Christ Jesus.

**B**RAVE wrestler for the prize of Life  
eternal,  
Treading alone earth's rugged paths to  
light,  
Art thou so weary of thy self-denials,  
So tired of thy crosses and thy trials?  
List! to the voice of Christ across the sea,  
Can'st thou not watch one hour more  
with me?

Can'st thou not suffer, calm in tribu-  
lation,  
Knowing that Christ himself before  
thee goes,



## Could He not Watch?

Leading thee to thy heavenly habitation,  
Beyond this storm-tossed dream of  
vain and woes?

O soldier, sleep not on thy sword, but  
watch thee

One little hour, until thy Christ  
appears;

And the "Well done; ye faithful, blessed  
are ye

Who steadfast onward press"—shall  
hush thy fears.

There is no royal road to heavenly  
treasure;

The pathway does not lead through  
human pride;

But meekness, faith, and love, must fill  
the measure

We humbly offer to the Glorified.

**Could He not Watch?**

O patient watcher with thy heavenly  
Leader,

One little hour longer pray and  
wait!—

And thou shalt find the meek and  
earnest pleader,

Faith crowned, triumphant, opens  
heaven's gate.

## Spiritual Senses

THERE'S an eye beyond the human,  
That beholdeth only good,  
That sees God's vast creation  
And man's real brotherhood;  
That looks on things supernal,  
Rejoicing in the light  
Which revealeth perfect Wisdom,  
Omnipotence and might.

There's an ear beyond the finite,  
Which hears only words of peace,  
Which lists to sweetest harmonies  
That never, never cease;  
Which hears the constant melody  
Of soul-reviving Life,  
And nothing knows of finite sense,  
Of sin and human strife.

## Spiritual Senses

There's a sense that tastes the real,  
And sees that God is good;  
Whose delights are rare unfoldings  
Of the blessed Fatherhood;  
Whose silent speech, the thought of God,  
Expressed in His idea,  
Has sweetest taste of Life and Love,  
And never taste of fear.

There's a Power, a mighty Presence,  
Which sustains immortal man,  
Which he feels is Life eternal,  
For he knows man ne'er began.  
Forever with the Father,  
He feeleth joy and rest,  
Unfoldeth, as the lily  
On the water's peaceful breast.

There's a sense beyond the finite,  
Which inhales God's atmosphere,

## Spiritual Senses

And smells the sweet aroma  
Of Love's flowers ever near;  
Which wanders in His garden,  
Drinking in the perfumes rare,  
And nothing knows of planting,  
Of watering, nor of care.

Thus seeing, hearing, taste, and smell,  
And feeling, are divine;  
And prayers, like censers' perfumes  
rise,  
"O Father, we are Thine."  
Then, turning from the mortal,  
And gazing on the goal,  
We lose our finite sense of self,  
And find our sense in Soul.

## The Birdie's Greeting to Our Leader

Verses sent with caged canary to Mrs. Eddy.

**I**F a little bird may say  
What is in his heart to-day,  
I would say, "A song of glee  
Motherhood of God for thee."

If you ask, "Why come you here?"  
I will say, "Your home to cheer,  
Life, Love, Truth, the whole day long  
Is the burden of my song."

At the early morning dawn  
I will sing, "Our Christ is born."  
And when dawn fades from our sight,  
I will sing, "Let there be light."

## The Birdie's Greeting to Our Leader

As the light appears to men  
I will sing, "Amen! Amen!"  
When the full-orbed sun appears—  
I will sing, "Love cheers! Love  
cheers!"

And as love appears to me  
I will sing, "Truth sets me free!"  
Loud I'll sing, "God is the power  
Moving me from hour to hour."

If you ask, "Who told you so?"  
I will sing, "You know, you know,  
Who has taught the world to see  
God's idea, in man and me.

"Turned us from the finite sense  
To the Infinite immense,  
From the human flesh-veiled view  
To the spiritual and true."

## The Birdie's Greeting to Our Leader

I will sing a tend'rer song  
And its glad refrain prolong,  
I will trill, Life, Truth and Love,  
Echoing the choirs above.

As the sun sinks in the West  
I will sing, "Beloved, rest."  
When the twilight hour draws near  
I will softly sing, "Good cheer."

And when shadows chase the light  
I will sing, "There is no night,"  
Then will darkness flee away  
As I sing, "Behold God's day."

If I listen, I shall hear,  
"Birdie, you are God's idea,  
Sent to chant your merry lay  
Lovingly to cheer my way."

. . . . .



## The Birdie's Greeting to Our Leader

Then how blithely I will sing  
Praises to our Saviour King,  
Join with you the matin song,  
Sing with you the whole day long—  
“God is Love and God is good,  
Birdie, and God's Motherhood.”  
Hymn of gratitude repeat  
As I rest in Love's retreat.

A TRIBUTE  
OF  
LOVE AND GRATITUDE  
TO OUR  
LEADER AND TEACHER  
THE REVEREND  
MARY BAKER EDDY  
DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF  
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE  
AND AUTHOR  
OF ITS TEXT BOOK  
SCIENCE AND HEALTH  
WITH KEY TO THE  
SCRIPTURES

Inscription on First Church of Christ  
Scientist, New York City.



*First Church of Christ Scientist, New York City.*



## Harvest Song

Written during the erection of First Church of  
Christ, Scientist, New York City, 1903.

SING a psalm of victory,  
Children of the King!  
Let your harvest home-song  
Strengthen upward wing!

Sing, till mount and valley  
Echo gladsome strain!  
Till earth's weary wanderers  
Sound the grand refrain!

Sing a sweeter, stronger  
Hymn, of Love's great power!  
Ring out glad hosannas  
In this triumph hour!

## Harvest Song

Tell in song the story,—  
Christ has come, to bring  
Life to sin-blind mortals,  
Health to wounded wing!

Church of Christ uprising,  
Silent voice of Love,  
Steadfast, calm, majestic,  
Type of Church above!

Sing ye true and faithful,  
Valiant, brave, and strong!  
Ring the chimes from tower,  
Hymns of praise prolong!

Love's sweet harvest home-song  
Vintage bells resound;  
God is in His temple,  
And His own are crowned.

## The Father's Voice

O'ER the billowy waves of fear  
Hark! the Father's voice I hear.  
Child of my most tender care,  
Fear no foe, no earthly snare,  
I am all in all to thee,  
Truth and Love hath made thee free.

O'er the sobbing sea of woe  
Comes a voice, so sweet and low,  
All is joy and rest and peace,  
Let thy weary yearning cease,  
Dry thine eyes, thou art not sad,  
Truth and Love hath made thee glad.

In the grass, the flower, the tree,  
Speaks the Father's voice to me.

## The Father's Voice

I am Thy eternal wealth,  
I am Thy eternal health,  
Thou art rich for thou art Mine,  
And the whole of heaven is thine.



## Can God Furnish a Table in the Wilderness?

Thanksgiving Day

**T**O Thy table richly laden,  
Mother mine,  
I have heard the invitation,  
Come and dine!  
Feed Thou my immortal cravings,  
Father mine,  
Break for me the bread of heaven,  
Love divine.  
Let Thy substance full and deep,  
O'er my famished heart-strings sweep,  
Till my hunger Thou dost feed  
With the living bread I need.

## Can God Furnish a Table in the Wilderness?

From Thy table richly laden,  
    Mother mine,  
With th' eternal bread of God  
    And royal wine,  
Let me look to Thee alone,  
Give me bread, remove the stone,  
Thus by Thee, O Father, fed,  
Give me ever substance-bread.

Living, pure, reviving waters,  
    Mother mine,  
Flow from Thee, Thou Source immortal,  
    Mind divine,  
Can I thirst when Thou art near,  
Can I hunger, can I fear?  
No! I find my all in Thee,  
And Thy love hath made me free.

## Can God Furnish a Table in the Wilderness?

So I, joyous, daily journey,  
On the Way,  
Watch, and work, and wait, and sing,  
And love and pray,  
By Thine affluence daily fed,  
By Thy love-light ever led,  
I shall safe in Love abide,  
Rest in Thee—be satisfied.

## Light The Torch<sup>1</sup>

Christian Science lights the torch of spiritual understanding.—Mary Baker Eddy.

SHEPHERD, hear my pleading  
prayer,

Father, take my hand,  
Light the torch, and lead the way  
Through time's desert land.

I am longing for the day  
Promised by our Lord,  
Light the torch and lead the way,  
Father-Mother God.

Guide me, Saviour, lest I stray,  
Firmly clasp my hand,

<sup>1</sup> Music composed by the author and published  
by G. Schirmer, New York.

# Light the Torch

Words and Music by  
Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D.

Moderato

Shepherd, hear my plead-ing prayer, Fa-ther, take my hand,

Moderato

Light the torch, and lead the way Through times des-ert land,

I am long-ing for the day Promised by our Lord, Light the torch and

lead the way, Fa-ther - Mo-ther God, home in Mind.



## Light the Torch

Light the torch and lead the way,  
All my steps command.

Dear Christ, thou my strength, and stay,  
Thou my joy, my song:  
Light the path and lead the way,  
Through time's phantom throng.

Thus I fearless walk, and pray,  
Father, guard Thy child,  
Light the torch and lead the way  
Through the tempest wild.

Father—Mother—Love divine,  
Life in Thee I find;  
Light the path and lead the way  
To my home in Mind.

## Divine Guidance

Oh! Parent arms encircle me to-day,  
And draw me closer, as I trust and pray.

I CANNOT lose the way,  
If Thou dost guide.

I cannot stray nor fail,

Whate'er betide.

Oh! Parent arms encircle me to-day,  
And draw me closer, as I trust and pray.

In Thy pure light of love

I see Thy man.

Thy mirrored image,

Perfect, real, I scan.

The earth-mists vanish,

Love reveals Her smile,

And gently whispers,

"Bide with me awhile."



## **Divine Guidance**

Yes, gentle Presence, Love,  
We linger here,  
While shadows vanish  
And Thy voice we hear  
In tender tones,  
And tremulous and true,  
"This is My image  
Face to face with you.

"This is My likeness, this  
My perfect plan,  
My image radiant  
In the face of man."  
Thus face to face with Love,  
The Life, the Way,  
Earth's night gives place  
To Love's eternal day.

## Garnering

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner.—Matthew iii., 12.

OH! wheat of God,  
Who spurn time's sod,  
And rend the finite sense;  
Who fearless, dare  
On wings of prayer,  
To leave earth's shadows dense.

Oh! wheat of God,  
Whose feet have trod  
Time's arid desert sand;  
Whose quest for Love,  
The heavenly dove,  
God's peace and power command.

## Garnering

Oh! wheat of God,  
Thrust out from clod  
And earth-weights, rise and soar  
To heights sublime,  
Where Love's bells chime  
Love's endless more and more.

Oh! wheat of God,  
The chastening rod  
Of Love, consumes the tares.  
Love's hand hath led,  
Love's love hath fed  
God's wheat, with ceaseless prayers.

Love's chosen love,  
Love's white-winged dove,  
Has garnered in Her wheat;  
Has scaled Mind's mount;  
Has drunk at fount  
Of Spirit infinite.

## Garnering

Oh! wheat of God,  
The Master trod  
This finite dream of woe.  
Our Leader drank  
*His* cup, nor shrank  
From test of cruel foe.

Oh! wheat of God,  
Wield Love's strong rod  
Which frees earth's mental slave.  
God gives you might  
To prove the right—  
Gives victory to the brave.

Intrepid band,  
You understand  
Your Source—eternal Life.  
Obey His Son,  
The Holy One  
Who stills all human strife.

## Garnering

Oh! wheat of God,  
Kiss ye Love's rod,  
Rejoice ye dauntless, sing;  
Love's voice obey,  
She leads the way,  
To Christ, our Lord and King.

## Love's Lullaby<sup>1</sup>

**L**ULLABY, baby dear, cradled in  
blue,  
Angels and mother-love watch over  
you,  
Under your slumber robe, precious one,  
rest,  
Lullaby, sleep-a-bye, in your soft nest.

Lullaby, little one, soar in your dream  
Over the housetop, the mountain and  
stream;  
Higher and higher, love, soon you will  
fly  
Into the dreamland on Love's Lullaby.

<sup>1</sup> Music composed by the author and published  
by G. Schirmer, New York.



# Love's Lullaby

Andante

*p*

1. Lul - la - by, ba - by dear, cradled in blue, An - gels and  
 2. Lul - la - by, lit - tle one, soar in your dream O - ver the  
 3. Lul-la-by, ba-by-bye, crad-led in blue, Sleep on and  
 4. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, mo-ther - love sings O - ver the

*p*

moth - er - love watch o - ver you, Un - der your slum - ber - robe,  
 house-top, the moun - tain and stream; High - er and high - er, love,  
 dream on your nap-a-bye through, In your sweet slum-ber Love's  
 cra - dle of peas - ant and kings, "God is the Fa - ther and

*rit.*

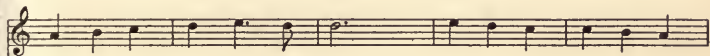
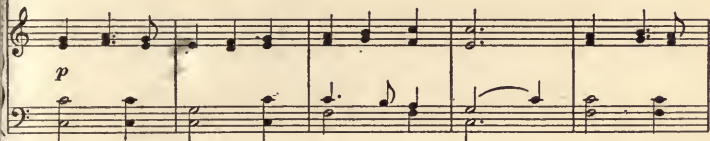
pre-cious one, rest, Lul - la - by, sleep-a - bye, in your soft nest.  
 soon you will fly In - to the dream-land on Love's Lul - la - by.  
 Lul-la-by bear: "God and His an-gels and mo-ther are near."  
 Mo-ther of all, This is Christ's mes-sage to great and to small.

*rit.*

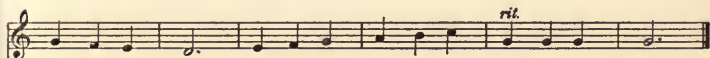




5. Lovelclothes the lil - y in ra - diant white, Love feeds the



lamb-kins and guardsthroughthe night, Love brood-eth o - ver each



ham - let and hall, Love nev - er fail - eth, but car - eth for all.





## Love's Lullaby

Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,  
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-  
    bye through;  
In your sweet slumber Love's Lullaby  
    hear;  
"God and His angels and mother are  
    near."

. . . . .

Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings  
Over the cradle of peasant and kings,  
"God is the Father and Mother of all,"  
This is Christ's message to great and to  
    small.

Love clothes the lily in radiant white,  
Love feeds the lambkins and guards  
    through the night,  
Love broodeth over each hamlet and  
    hall,  
Love never faileth, but careth for all.

## The Song of Love <sup>1</sup>

THE song of love to you I sing,  
It is carried by dove on tireless  
wing,  
It sings of heav'n and joy and peace,  
And chants the anthem of war's  
release.  
It is borne on the breath of the angel  
choir,  
It is heard in the echo of harp and lyre;  
It is love, not human but divine,  
Which Love is winging from me to mine.

The song of love to all I sing,  
To the peasant meek and the regal king

<sup>1</sup> Music composed by the author and published  
by G. Schirmer, New York.



# The Song of Love

Words and Music by  
Augusta E. Stetson C.S.D.

*Andante con moto*

1. The song of love to you I sing, It is  
2. The song of love to all I sing, To the  
3. To all I sing, this hour brings The

car-ried by dove on tire-less wing, It sings of  
peas-ant meek and the re-gal king Whose reign is  
Lord of lords and the King of kings, U-nit-ing in

heav'n and joy and peace, And chants the an-them of  
ruled by wrong and might, Or by Truth and Love, the  
Christ's great bat-tle plan All na-tions, with love for

*mf religioso sostenuto*

war's re - lease. It is borne on the breath of the an - gel choir, It is heard in the  
law of right. I sing the song of the Prince of Peace, And a - wait the  
God and man. Let war for ev - er cease on earth, Let the new cre -

*mf religioso sostenuto*

*rit. e cresa. f p a tempo*

e - cho of harp and lyre; It is love, not hu - man but di -  
hoar of Love's re - lease From bonds of hate, and fear, and  
a - ted world give birth To chil - dren of God; let the wel - kin

*rit. e cresa. f p a tempo*

*1. & 2. mf f*

vine, which Love is wing - ing from me to mine.  
strife, To the reign of Christ with end - less life.

*mf*

*3. mf cresa. ff*

ring With pae - ans of praise to Christ, our King!

*mf cresa. ff colla parte*





## The Song of Love

Whose reign is ruled by wrong and  
might,

Or by Truth and Love, the law of  
right.

I sing the song of the Prince of Peace,  
And await the hour of Love's release  
From bonds of hate, and fear, and  
strife,

To the reign of Christ with endless life.

To all I sing, this hour brings  
The Lord of lords and the King of  
kings,

Uniting in Christ's great battle plan  
All nations, with love for God and man.

Let war forever cease on earth,

Let the new created world give birth

To children of God; let the welkin ring

With pæans of praise to Christ, our  
King!



# Verses

*TAKEN FROM POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH*



## Retrospection

Written in Bombay, India, in early youth.

SITTING and musing alone to-night,  
While the moonbeams reflect their  
shimmering light,  
And the waters below, in silver sheen,  
Like the streets of our heavenly home, I  
ween;  
While the twinkling stars, with their  
radiance bright,  
Talk of angel forms in the world of  
light,—  
I dream, and the waters whispering low,  
Tell of childhood, and friends of long ago.  
I yield me to memory, and once more  
tread  
Those childhood paths, which with joy  
I sped,

## Retrospection

And I sit again on my father's knee,  
And list to the tales he told to me.  
I gaze on his face, so young and fair,  
And can see no trace of age or care;  
So I sit as a child, on my father's knee,  
And list to his loving words to me.  
Dear mother appears,—what word so  
sweet;  
Again as of yore, I kneel at her feet,  
And learn from her lips the words of  
Truth,  
As she taught me of God, through child-  
hood and youth.

I hear her speak in her gentle tone,  
Of our dear Redeemer, who trod alone  
The winepress, and suffered to set men  
free  
From sin, and from death in Gethse-  
mane.

## Retrospection

I am clasped to her heart, as in youth,  
    she pressed

Her little one to her loving breast;  
And I feel her heart with joy beat wild;  
As she hopes, and prays, for her darling  
    child.

Then I pass my hand through her rich  
    brown hair,

But can see no thread of silver there.

And so to-night as a child, I rest

In a beautiful dream, on my mother's  
    breast.

. . . . .

The dream is o'er, I wake from the past,  
Too bright, too beautiful far to last;  
My heart is sad, and I hush a sigh,  
As my thoughts to my distant parents  
    fly.

Oh! deep in my soul lies a fervent prayer  
Of thanks to God, for His tender care,

## Retrospection

For my parents, spared to me so long,  
Till I chose the right, and shunned the  
wrong.

My father dear, as I think of thee,  
Time has furrowed thy cheek I see;  
Thy step is less firm, and thine eye has  
less light,

But thy heart is as youthful, thy smile  
is as bright.

And there as in childhood, again I would  
rest,

On my noble, loving father's breast.

Dear saintly mother has felt Time's hand,  
He has touched her lightly with his wand,  
And as I look on her beautiful hair,  
Some threads of silver I notice there.

But her heart has resisted the storms of  
time,

And is loving, and brave, as in youthful  
prime.



## Retrospection

If efforts to render me worthy your  
care

Are crowned with fruition, in answer to  
prayer,

Then I will reward you,—and comfort  
always,

And thus my Creator will honor and  
praise.

Oh! love is abiding, enduring for aye,  
And gratitude wipes every tear-drop  
away.

Thus love and deep thankfulness,—  
offerings meet,

I lay as a tribute, dear ones, at your  
feet.

## Psalm of Gratitude

Written during a terrible storm in mid-ocean.

THE roaring winds and the wild  
dashing waves,  
The tempest in all its force,  
Appal me not, for above it all,  
I can hear my Father's voice.

I list to His words with a calm sweet  
trust,  
For He oft to my heart doth speak;  
And I hear Him say, Fear not, I am  
near  
To all who My mercy seek.

## Psalm of Gratitude

Enveloped in clouds, mid fury-lashed  
waves,

Which threaten my faith to o'er-  
whelm;

The voice of my Father brings courage  
and calm,

As with strong hand He steadies the  
helm;

In all of the dangers and trials of life,

In sorrow, temptation and pain,

When feeling my weakness, I call upon  
Him,

I never implore in vain.

So I'll walk by faith at my Father's side,

As I journey on life's highway;

And looking to Him for strength and  
aid,

I shall ne'er from His presence stray.

## Home

Written in England.

THERE is a spot of earth supremely  
blest,  
A dearer, brighter place than all the  
rest,  
Where loved ones dwell, and in com-  
munion sweet,  
Spend blissful hours in home's calm  
retreat.

O home! how glad it lingers on the tongue!  
Thy dear delights how often I have  
sung!  
Thy hallowed joys, how often I recall,  
And on the page of memory trace  
them all!

## Home

In wandering through this world of joy  
and woe,

As they in quick succession come and  
go,

May memory often to my dear ones turn,  
As home's sweet joys within my  
bosom burn!

I see thy sacred walls, and press the hand  
Of each loved member of that house-  
hold band.

Oh! may I soon return to "Home Sweet  
Home,"

Nor long in foreign lands a stranger,  
roam.

As pants the thirsty hart for cooling  
streams,

Or weary wanderer, in the desert  
dreams

## Home

Of babbling brooklets, hastening to the  
    sea,  
So I, dear home and loved ones, sigh  
    for thee.

. . . . .

Added in 1901.

O wanderer, longing for thy heavenly  
    home,  
Where'er in arid wastes thy footsteps  
    roam;  
One "Home, Sweet Home," must ever  
    be thy goal,  
The Mother, Home and heavenly rest  
    of Soul.