

Poems by Annie Johnson Flint

POETRY

BY

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

1866-1932

Read the challenging brief biography chronicling Annie's lifetime of painful affliction from crippling arthritis, a trial used by the Refiner of our souls to bring forth Annie's faith as

more precious than gold which is perishable even though tested by fire" (see note1 Peter 1:7, [Spurgeon devotional](#)).

Then you will better appreciate the "fruit of affliction" in her beautiful poems, words that came from deep within her soul, born in the seedbed of affliction allowed by [El Elyon, the Most High God](#), sovereign over and in control of every good and evil circumstance in our life, fully able to work out even the evil for our good and His glory (see **notes** Romans 8:28; 29; 30, [Genesis 50:20](#)). Annie's sweet songs prove that God's purpose in allowing pain is not to destroy us but to conform us to the image of His Son, for "we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the surpassing greatness of the power may be of God and not from ourselves." ([2 Cor 4:7](#)).

Cyril J. Barbar in The Minister's Library commenting on Annie Flint Johnson's poetry writes

Some of the best religious verse to be written in our time

Be encouraged by her sweet sonnets...

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised skies always blue,
Flower strewn pathways all our lives through;
God hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.

But God hath promised strength for the day,
Rest for the labor, light for the way,
Grace for the trials, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

God hath not promised we shall not know
Toil and temptation, trouble and woe;
He hath not told us we shall not bear
Many a burden, many a care.

God hath not promised smooth roads and wide,
Swift, easy travel, needing no guide;
Never a mountain rocky and steep,
Never a river turbid and deep.

PASSING THROUGH

(See Isaiah 43:1-2)

“When Thou passest through the waters,”

Deep the waves may be & cold,

But JEHOVAH is our Refuge

And His promise is our hold;

For the LORD Himself hath said it,

He the faithful God & true;

“When thou comest to the waters,

Thou shalt not go down, but through.

Seas of sorrow, seas of trial,

Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,

Rolling surges of temptation,

Sweeping over heart & brain,

They shall never overflow us,

For we know His word is true;

All His waves & all His billows

He will lead us safely through.

Threatening breakers of destruction,

Doubt's insidious undertow,

Shall not sink us, shall not drag us

Out to ocean depths of woe;

For His promise shall sustain us,

Praise the LORD, Whose word is true!

We shall not go down or under,

He hath said, “Thou passest through.”

HE GIVETH MORE GRACE

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,
He sendeth more strength when the labors increase;
To added affliction He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,
When our strength has failed ere the day is half done,
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limit, His grace has no measure;
His power no boundary known unto men;
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

GRACE SUFFICIENT

So many burdened lives along the way!
My load seems lighter than the most I see,
And oft I wonder if I could be brave,
Patient and sweet if they were laid on me.

But God has never said that He would give
Another's grace without another's thorn;
What matter, since for every day of mine
Sufficient grace for me comes with the morn?

And though the future brings some heavier cross
I need not cloud the present with my fears;
I know the grace that is enough today
Will be sufficient still through all the years.

THE TWO SUFFICIENTS

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." - Mt6:34
"My grace is sufficient for thee." - 2Co12:9

Evil shall pass with the day that brought it,
As the sea is stayed by the barrier land;
When the Giver of Good shall say, "No farther,"
And bid the foeman restrain his hand;
But the grace of the Lord outstays the evil,
Outlasts the darkness, outruns the morn,
Outwatches the stars in their nightly vigil,
And the foe that returns with the day re-born,
As he left it unwearied, shall find it unworn.

GREAT GRACE

His grace is great enough to meet the great things,
The crashing waves that overwhelm the soul,
The roaring winds that leave us stunned and breathless,
The sudden storms beyond our life's control.
His grace is great enough to meet the small things,
The little pin-prick troubles that annoy,
The insect worries, buzzing and persistent,
The squeaking wheels that grate upon our joy.

"For all the promises of God in Him are yea & in Him Amen."

'Is God-?' 'Does God-?'

Man's 'Why?' & 'How?'

In ceaseless iteration storm the sky.

'I AM'; 'I WILL'; 'I DO'—sure Word of God,

Yea & Amen, Christ answers each cry;

To all our anguished questionings & doubts

Eternal affirmation & reply.

IN BETHLEHEM

'Twas night in little Bethlehem,
All calm and clear and mild,
And tenderly, with voice and touch,
A mother soothed her child;
"Sleep, little one, the day is done,
Why do you wake so long?"
"Oh, mother dear, I seem to hear
A wondrous angel song."
"Not so, my son, my precious one,
'Twas but the wind you heard,
Or drowsy call of dreaming bird,
Or osiers by the streamlet stirred
Beneath the hillside trees;
Some bleating lamb that's gone astray,
Or traveller singing on his way
His weariness to ease.
Rest, little son, till night is done,
And gloomy darkness flees."
Yet while she spoke the shepherds ran
In haste the road along,
To find the Mother and the Babe,
For they had heard the song.

"Rest, little son, the night's begun,
Why do you toss and sigh?"
"A brighter star than others are,
O'er yon low roof hangs nigh."
"Not so, my son, my darling one,
I see no gleaming star
That shines more bright than others are;
'Tis but a lamp that burns afar,
Or glow-worm's wandering spark;
Some shepherd's watch-fire in the night,
Or traveller's torch that blazes bright
To cheer him through the dark.
Sleep, little son, till night is done,
And upward springs the lark."
Yet, while she spoke, three kings had come,
Three kings who rode from afar,
To lay their gifts at Jesus' feet,
For they had seen the star.

And so today, beside our way,
The heavenly portents throng,
Yet some there be who never see
The Star, nor hear the Song.

New Every Morning

Yea, "new every morning," though we may awake,
Our hearts with old sorrow beginning to ache;
With old work unfinished when night stayed our hand,
With new duties waiting, unknown and unplanned;
With old care still pressing, to fret and to vex,
With new problems rising, our minds to perplex;
In ways long familiar, in paths yet untrod,
Oh, new every morning the mercies of God!

His faithfulness fails not; it meets each new day
With guidance for every new step of the way;
New grace for new trials, new trust for old fears,
New patience for hearing the wrongs of the years,
New strength for new burdens, new courage for old,
New faith for whatever the day may unfold;
As fresh for each need as the dew on the sod;
Oh, new every morning are the mercies of God!

The World's Bible

Christ has no hands but our hands to do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet to lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongues to tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help to bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible the careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel, we are the scoffer's creed;
We are the Lord's last message, given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked? What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy with other work than His?
What if our feet are walking where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking of things His lips would spurn?
How can we hope to help Him and hasten His return?

The Red Sea Place

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,
Where, in spite of all you can do,
There is no way out, there is no way back,
There is no other way but through?
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene
Till the night of your fear is gone;
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,
When He says to your soul, "Go on."

And His hand will lead you through - clear through -
Ere the watery walls roll down,
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch,
No mightiest sea can drown;
The tossing billows may rear their crests,
Their foam at your feet may break,
But over their bed you shall walk dry shod
In the path that your Lord will make.

In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,
You shall see but the Lord alone,
When He leads you on from the place of the sea
To a land that you have not known;
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,
You shall be no more afraid;
You shall sing His praise in a better place,
A place that His hand has made.

Better Than My Best

I prayed for strength, and then I lost awhile
All sense of nearness, human and divine;
The love I leaned on failed and pierced my heart,
The hands I clung to loosed themselves from mine;
But while I swayed, weak, trembling, and alone,
The everlasting arms upheld my own.

I prayed for light; the sun went down in clouds,
The moon was darkened by a misty doubt,
The stars of heaven were dimmed by earthly fears,
And all my little candle flames burned out;
But while I sat in shadow, wrapped in night,
The face of Christ made all the darkness bright.

I prayed for peace, and dreamed of restful ease,
A slumber drugged from pain, a hushed repose;
Above my head the skies were black with storm,
And fiercer grew the onslaught of my foes;
But while the battle raged, and wild winds blew,
I heard His voice and perfect peace I knew.

I thank Thee, Lord, Thou wert too wise to heed
My feeble prayers, and answer as I sought,
Since these rich gifts Thy bounty has bestowed
Have brought me more than all I asked or thought;
Giver of good, so answer each request
With Thine own giving, better than my best.

Martha and Mary

Martha was busy and hurried,
Serving the Friend divine,
Cleansing the cups and the platters,
Bringing the bread and the wine;
But Martha was careful and anxious
Fretted in thought and in word,
She had no time to be learning
While she was serving the Lord,
For Martha was "cumbered" with serving,
Martha was "troubled" with "things" -
Those that would pass with the using -
She was forgetting her wings.

But Mary was quiet and peaceful,
Learning to love and to live.
Mary was hearing His precepts,
Mary was letting Him give -
Give of the riches eternal,
Treasures of mind and of heart;
Learning the mind of the Master,
Choosing the better part.

Do we ever labor at serving
Till voices grow fretful and shrill,
Forgetting how to be loving,
Forgetting how to be still?
Do we strive for "things" in possession,
And toil for the perishing meat,
Neglecting the one thing needful -
Sitting at Jesus' feet?

Service is good when He asks it,
Labor is right in its place,
But there is one thing better -
Looking up into His face;
There is so much He would tell us,
Truths that are precious and deep;
This is the place where He wants us,
These are the things we can keep.

The Star Of Bethlehem

Not to the king the Star,
Flaming in light afar;
Not to the king on his throne apart,
With fear and hate in his evil heart,
Speaking smoothly with lying ruse
To find the new-born King of the Jews;
Not to the king the flame,
The light and the glory came.

Not to the seers the Star,
Shedding its beams afar;
Not to the seers with their downbent looks,
Poring over their ancient books,
Searching where and pondering when,
He should be born who is Saviour of men;
Not to the seers the flame,
The light and the glory came.

Not to the sword the Star,
Glowing and bright afar;
Not to the sword that sought where He lay,
Callous and cruel and eager to slay;
Never were bearers of sword so led
Where helpless and innocent blood was shed;
Not to the sword the flame,
The light and the glory came.

But to the wise the Star,
Lighting their path afar;
Unto the wise who truly sought,
With reverent worship and loving thought,
These to the Child the Star could bring,
To lay their gifts at the feet of the King;
Unto the wise the flame,
The light and the glory came.

The Pruned Branch

It is the branch that bears the fruit,
That feels the knife;
To prune it for a larger growth,
A fuller life,

Though every budding twig be lopped,
And every grace
Of swaying tendril, springing leaf
Be lost a space.

O thou, whose life of joy seems reft,
Of beauty shorn,
Whose aspirations lie in dust,
All bruised and torn,

Rejoice, though each desire, each dream,
Each hope of thine,
Shall fall and fade; it is the hand
Of love divine

That holds the knife, that cuts and breaks
With tenderest touch,
That thou, whose life has borne some fruit
May now bear much.

The Wall and the Hedge

The devil may wall you round
But he cannot roof you in;
He may fetter your feet and tie your hands
And strive to hamper your soul with bands
As his way has always been;
But he cannot hide the face of God,
And the Lord shall be your Light,
And your eyes and your thoughts can rise to the sky,
Where His clouds and His winds and His birds go by,
And His stars shine out at night.

The devil may wall you round;
He may rob you of all things dear,
He may bring his hardest and roughest stone
And think to cage you and keep you alone,
But he may not press too near;
For the Lord has planted a hedge inside,
And has made it strong and tall,
A hedge of living and growing green;
And ever it mounts and keeps between
The trusting soul and the devil's wall.

The devil may wall you round,
But the Lord's hand covers you --
And His hedge is a thick and thorny hedge,
And the devil can find no entering wedge
Nor get his fingers through;
He may circle about you all day long,
But he cannot work as he would,
For the will of the Lord restrains his hand,
And he cannot pass the Lord's command
And his evil turns to good.

The devil may wall you round
With his gray stones, row on row;
But the green of the hedge is fresh and fair,
And within its circle is space to spare,
And room for your soul to grow;
The wall that shuts you in
May be hard and high and stout,
But the Lord is sun and the Lord is dew,
And His hedge is coolness and shade for you,
And no wall can shut Him out.

A Thanksgiving

For all Thy blessings given there are many to thank Thee, Lord,
But for the gifts withholden I fain would add my word.

For good things I desired that barred me from the best,
The peace at the price of honour, the sloth of a shameful rest;

The poisonous sweets I longed for to my hungering heart denied,
The staff that broke and failed me when I walked in the way of pride;

The tinsel joys withheld that so content might still be mine,
The help refused that might have made me loose my hand from
Thine

The light withdrawn that I might not see the dangers of my way;
For what Thou hast not given, I thank Thee, Lord today.

According to the Power

If our scanty measure were used,
How poor were the gifts of the Lord;
If our cups of thought and our pitchers of prayer
Were all that His love could afford.

But - above all our stammering tongues
Can voice of our deepest desire,
Abundant above all the pitiful good
To which our small minds can aspire;

Exceeding abundant above
The reach of our groveling thought;
So great is the fulness of knowledge and grace
His power to usward hath wrought.

But God

I know not, but God knows;
Oh, blessed rest from fear!
All my unfolding days
To Him are plain and clear.

Each anxious, puzzled "Why?"
From doubt or dread that grows,
Finds answer in this thought;
I know not, but He knows.

I cannot, but God can;
Oh, balm for all my care!
The burden that I drop
His hand will lift and bear,

Though eagle pinions tire --
I walk where once I ran --
This is my strength, to know
I cannot, but God can.

I see not, but God sees;
Oh, all-sufficient light!
My dark and hidden way
To Him is always bright.

My strained and peering eyes
May close in restful ease,
And I in peace may sleep;
I see not, but He sees.

Come unto Me

Come unto Me, all ye that labor,
That sink beneath your load of care;
Come unto Me when shadows gather,
And raise your hearts to Me in prayer.
I wait to give your souls a blessing,
To lift you upward to My breast;
Come, weary, worn, and heavy-laden,
And I will give you rest.

Come unto Me, all ye that hunger,
When all your fairest hopes have died;
When all the joys that Earth can give you
Have left you still unsatisfied;
Her stony bread and broken cisterns
Your thirsting souls forever mock;
Come unto Me, and I will give you
The water from the Rock.

Come unto Me, ye brokenhearted
Who walk alone life's thorny ways;
For you I felt Myself forsaken,
And now am with you all the days.
My love alone is everlasting;
The heart I made, shall I not fill?
Come, lonely, sad, your want confessing;
And all your longing still.

It Is Jesus

There is a Voice through Earth's wild clamor calling,
To all the heavy laden and oppressed,
Sweet as the cooling dew at even falling;
"Come unto Me and rest."

It is the voice of Jesus still entreating,
To all the comfortless and all the sad;
Day after day His tender call repeating,
"Come unto Me and I will make you glad

There is a Hand outstretched in tenderest pity,
Where all the weary and the wandering roam,
Waiting to lead them to the heavenly city,
To bring the homeless Home.

It is the hand of Jesus, still upholding,
Strong to deliver, mighty still to keep;
And none shall pluck from out that safe enfolding,
The weakest one of all His blood-bought sheep.

There is a Form that walks life's stormy ocean,
Bidding the noise of wind and tempest cease;
Crying along through all the wild commotion,
"In Me ye shall have peace."

Oh, it is Jesus coming o'er the waters,
As once He walked the waves of Galilee,
Speaking to all earth's shipwrecked sons and daughters,
"Be not afraid; have faith, have faith in Me."

There is a Love that longs with deep affection
To gather all the sin-sick sons of men,
Beneath its wings of shelter and protection,
And give them health again.

It is the love of Jesus, sweet with longing,
His full salvation to the world to give;
Crying to all the dead, earth's highways thronging,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me and live."

FAITHFUL IS HE WHO HAS PROMISED

Are you passing through a testing.
Is your pillow wet with tears?
Do you wonder what the reason,
Why it seems God never hears?
Why it is you have no answer
To your oft, repeated plea,
Why the heaven still is leaden
As you wait on bended knee?

Do you wonder as you suffer,
Whether God does understand,
And if so, why He ignores you,
Fails to hold you in His Hand?
Do black doubts creep in, assail you,
Fears without--and fears within,
Till your brave heart almost falters
And gives way to deadly sin?

All God's testings have a purpose,
Someday you will see the light.
All He asks is that you trust Him,
Walk by faith and not by sight.
Do not fear when doubts beset you,
Just remember - He is near;
He will never, never leave you,
He will always, always hear.

Faithful is He who has promised,
He will never let you fall,
Daily will the strength be given
Strength for each and strength for all.
He will gladly share pain with you,
He will gladly give you peace.
Till your tired and weary body
Finds its blessed, glad release.

When the darkened veil is lifted,
Then, dear heart, you'll understand
Why it is you had to suffer,
Why you could not feel His hand
Giving strength when it was needed,
Giving power and peace within
Giving joy thru tears and trial,
Giving victory over sin.
So till then just keep on trusting,
Thru the sunshine and the rain.

His Will Be Done

"His Will Be Done,"
We say with sighs and trembling,
Expecting trial, bitter loss and tears.
And then how doth He answer us?
With blessings,
And sweet rebuking of our faithless fears.
God's Will is peace and plenty
And the power to be,
And have the best that He can give:
A mind to serve Him, a heart to love,
And faith to die and the strength to live.
It means for us all good,
All grace, all glory;
His Kingdom coming and on Earth begun.
Why should we fear to say,
"His Will, His righteous,
His tender, loving, joyous Will be done!"?

For What We Are Watching

It is not for a sign we are watching...
For wonders above and below
The pouring out of vials of judgment,
The sounding of trumpets of woe;
It is not for a day we are looking
Nor even the time yet to be
When the earth shall be filled with God's glory
As the waters cover the sea;
It is not for a king we are longing
To make the world-kingsdoms His own;
It is not for a judge who shall summon
The nations of earth to his throne.

Not for these, though we know they are coming;
They are but adjuncts of Him,
Before whom all glory is clouded,
Besides whom all splendor grows dim.
We wait for the Lord, our beloved,
Our Comforter, Master and Friend,
The substance of all that we hope for,
Beginning of faith and its end;
We watch for our Savior and Bridegroom,
Who loved us and made us his own;
For Him we are looking and longing;
For Jesus and Jesus alone.

God's Thoughts and Mine

The Hammer thoughts
That pound and shatter peace;
The Rodent thoughts
That gnaw and will not cease;

The Brier thoughts
That pull and prick and scratch;
The Rover thoughts
That I can never catch;

The Serpent thoughts
That leave their lairs at night;
The Shadow thoughts
That dim the new day's light;

These are my thoughts;
Oh, take them, Lord, I pray,
Out of my heart,
And cast them far away;

And in their stead
Give me those thoughts of Thine,
So crystal-clear,
So holy, high and fine,

That I shall grow
By their pure grace enticed,
Worthy to think
The lovely thoughts of Christ

God's Orchestra

The great Composer writes the theme
And gives us each a part to play;
To some a sweet and flowing air,
Smooth and unbroken all the way;

They pour their full heart's gladness out
In notes of joy and service blent;
But some He gives long bars of "rests,"
With idle voice and instrument.

He who directs the singing spheres,
The music of the morning stars,
Needs, for His full creation's hymn,
The quiet of the soundless bars.

Be silent unto God, my soul,
If this the score He writes for thee,
And "hold the rest," play no false note
To mar His perfect harmony.

Yet be thou watchful for thy turn,
Strike on the instant, true and clear,
Lest from the grand, melodious whole
Thy note be missing to His ear.

Better Than My Best

I prayed for strength, and then I lost awhile
All sense of nearness, human and divine;
The love I leaned on failed and pierced my heart,
The hands I clung to loosed themselves from mine;
But while I swayed, weak trembling, and alone,
The everlasting arms upheld my own.

I prayed for light; the sun went down in clouds,
The moon was darkened by a misty doubt,
The stars of heaven were dimmed by earthly fears,
And all my little candle flames burned out;
But while I sat in shadow, wrapped in night,
The face of Christ made all the darkness bright.

I prayed for peace, and dreamed of restful ease,
A slumber free from pain, a hushed repose;
Above my head the skies were black with storm,
And fiercer grew the onslaught of my foes;
But while the battle raged, and wild winds blew,
I heard His voice and perfect peace I knew.

I thank you, Lord, You were too wise to heed
My feeble prayers, and answer as I sought,
Since these rich gifts Your bounty has bestowed
Have brought me more than all I asked or thought;
Giver of good, so answer each request
With your own giving, better than my best

He's Helping Me Now

He's helping me now--this moment,
Though I may not see it or hear,
Perhaps by a friend far distant,
Perhaps by a stranger near,
Perhaps by a spoken message
Perhaps by the printed word;
In ways that I know and know not
I have the help of the Lord.

He's keeping me now--this moment,
However I need it most,
Perhaps by a single angel,
Perhaps by a mighty host,
Perhaps by the chain that frets me,
Or the walls that shut me in;
In ways that I know or know not
He keeps me from harm and sin.

He's guiding me now--this moment,
In pathways easy or hard,
Perhaps by a door wide open,
Perhaps by a door fast barred,
Perhaps by a joy withholden
Perhaps by a gladness given;
In ways that I know and know not,
He's leading me up to heaven.

He's using me now--this moment,
And whether I go or stand,
Perhaps by a plan accomplished
Perhaps when he stays my hand,
Perhaps by a word in season
Perhaps by a silent prayer;
In ways that I know and know not,
His labor of love I share.

The Prisoner of the Lord

The great Apostle called himself
"The prisoner of the Lord;"
He was not held by Roman chains
Nor kept in Caesar's ward;
Constrained by love alone,
By cords of kindness bound,
The bondslave of the living Christ,
True liberty he found.

Oh, happy those who see
In poverty and pain,
In weakness and in toil,
Their Father's golden chain;
Who feel no prison walls
Though shut in narrow ways,
And though in darkness fettered fast
Can still rejoice and praise;
From sin's dread bondage bought,
They own their Master's ward,
They bear the brand of Christ,
Blest prisoners of the Lord!

His Billows

They are God's billows, whether they go over us
Hiding His face in smothering spray and foam,
Or, smooth and sparkling, spread a path before us,
And to our haven bear us safely home.

They are God's billows, whether, for our succour,
He walks across them, stilling all our fear,
Or to our cry there comes nor aid nor answer,
And in the lonely silence none is near.

They are God's billows, whether we are toiling
Through tempest-driven waves that never cease,
While deep to deep with clamor loud is calling,
Or at His word they hush themselves in peace.

They are God's billows, whether He divides them,
Making us walk dry shod where seas had flowed,
Or lets tumultuous breakers surge about us
Rushing unchecked across our only road.

They are God's billows, and He brings us through them;
So has He promised, so His love will do;
Keeping and leading, guiding and upholding,
To His sure harbor, He will bring us through

The City of God

There is a wondrous city, beautiful, bright and fair;
The throne of God is in it and the glory of God is there.
And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can know,
While through the tribulations of the earthly life they go,
There shall be no more toiling; there shall be no more care;
There shall be no more burdens, grievous and hard to bear;
There shall be no more crying, hunger, thirst, or fears;
There shall be no more heartache, through the eternal years!

And in the wondrous city there shall be no more night;
Forever and forever the Lamb shall be its light;
And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can know,
While through the dark and dangers of the earthly life they go,
There shall be no more trouble; there shall be no more wrong;
There shall be no more sighing, stilling the glory-song;
There shall be no more sorrow, for God shall dry all tears;
There shall be no more sinning, through the eternal years!

Blessed are they who love Him and they who keep His Word;
They shall enter into the city to dwell in the house of the Lord;
And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can know,
While often sad and lonely, through this earthly life they go,
there shall be no more sickness; there shall be no more pain;
There shall be no more parting, loved from the loved again;
There shall be no more weeping, kneeling beside earth's biers;
There shall be no more dying, through the eternal years

One Day at a Time

One day at a time, with its failures and fears,
With its hurts and mistakes, with its weakness and tears,
With its portion of pain and its burden of care;
One day at a time we must meet and must bear.

One day at a time to be patient and strong,
To be calm under trial and sweet under wrong;
Then its toiling shall pass and its sorrow shall cease;
It shall darken and die, and the night shall bring peace.

One day at a time - but the day is so long,
And the heart is not brave, and the soul is not strong,
O Thou pitiful Christ, be Thou near all the way;
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.

Swift cometh His answer, so clear and so sweet;
"Yea, I will be with thee, thy troubles to meet;
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor grieve;
I will not forsake thee; I never will leave."

Not yesterday's load we are called on to bear,
Nor the morrow's uncertain and shadowy care;
Why should we look forward or back with dismay?
Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.

One day at a time, and the day is His day;
He hath numbered its hours, though they haste or delay.
His grace is sufficient; we walk not alone;
As the day, so the strength that He giveth His own

Show Us Thy Grace

Show us our need, O Lord; how lost, how hopeless,
How poor, how sunk in sin our carnal hearts;
Show us how vain to change our sad condition,
Our best endeavor and our utmost arts;
Show us how weak we are, and how dependent,
How multiplied defeats our pride abase;
And then -- O Lord, lest we despair too wholly --

Show us Thy grace!

Show us Thy grace, the great, the all-sufficient,
Infinite riches for our poverty,
Mercy of God for uttermost salvation,
Weapon that turns defeat to victory;
Gladness unspeakable and full of glory,
Beyond our needs, a vast unmeasured space.
Lord, as we never yet have seen or known it,

Show us Thy grace!

Shut In

Shut in - shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world, and its' wants and sin;
Shut in from its' turmoil, care and strife
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in, with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain;
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And the bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with a trio of virtues sweet --
Patience and Grace all pain to meet,
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises strong and great!

Shut in with Christ! Oh, wonderful thought!
Shut in with the peace His sufferings brought;
Shut in with the love that wields the rod --
Oh, company blest! Shut in with God!

Nevertheless Afterward

I was so happy in my lot,
I was so glad of work or play,
I only asked that I might walk
With others on life's common way;
My Father let the sorrows come
That blotted out the sunlit skies,
That stopped the toil of busy hands
And turned my laughter into sighs.

I was so sorrowful, so spent,
I only asked to dwell apart,
And in the silence and the dark
To nurse my bruised and broken heart;
My Father came and took my hand
And led me forth in paths unknown,
He filled my days with crowding cares,
He would not let me weep alone.

But, looking backward now, I know
How wise and kind He was to me,
The clouds all gone, the shadows fled,
His glorious afterward I see;
If He had left me to myself
I know the joys I should have lost,
The good that I had lacked or missed,
How much I gained, how small the cost.

And shall I doubt His love today
Because once more the mists arise,
Because His hand, though leading still,
Is hidden from my blinded eyes?
Nay, help me to remember, Lord,
As 'neath the chastening rod I bow,
Thy wondrous dealing past, and trust
Thine afterward for this dark now.

The Bridge Of The Cross

Man fain would build a bridge to God
Across the fathomless abyss
That lies between his earth-bound soul
And heaven's perfect bliss.

He takes his knowledge, small and vague,
The great inventions he has wrought,
His mightiest efforts, finest plans,
And his profoundest thought:

He binds them with his strands of straw,
His strings of tow, his ropes of sand,
With all the power and the skill
Of cunning brain and hand.

Through swirling mists he strains his eye,
Above the unseen torrent's roar
He pushes forth the makeshift thing
And hopes to touch the shore.

But when he seeks to cross the chasm
With eager heart and step elate,
He finds his bridge too short to reach,
Too frail to bear his weight.

Oh, baseless dream! Oh, useless toil!
Oh, utter and eternal loss!
For God has laid, to span the void,
His Son upon the cross.

And when man's broken bridges fall,
And sink into the gulf at last,
Still wide and long and safe and strong,
The bridge of God stands fast.

In a Small Place

Fret not because thy place is small,
Thy service need not be,
For thou canst make it all there is
Of joy and ministry.

The dewdrop, as the boundless sea,
In God's great place has part;
And this is all He asks of thee;
Be faithful where thou art.

In thee His mighty hand can show
The wonders of His grace,
And He can make the humblest room
A high and holy place.

Thy life can know the blessedness
Of resting in His will;
His fulness flows unceasingly
Thy cup of need to fill.

His strength upon thy weakness waits,
His power for thy task.
What more, O child of all His care,
Could any great one ask?

In Jesus

In the world, tribulation; but in Jesus -- peace;
The heart of the whirlwind where its roarings cease,
A little home waiting, still and light and warm,
A safe sanctuary from the night and storm.

In the world, tribulation; but in Jesus -- rest;
A sure place of refuge for the sore-oppressed,
A guarded pavilion no device can take,
A strong-walled fortress no assault can shake.

In the world tribulation; but in Jesus -- joy;
A full cup of gladness that can never cloy,
A sweet fountain rising out of Marrah's tide,
A spring of rejoicing that is never dried.

In the world, tribulation; but in Jesus -- peace;
A deep, quiet harbor where the high waves cease,
A long-desired haven on a friendly shore,
Where the wild winds of oceans sweep the soul no more.

In the world, tribulation, trials all around,
For on earth no resting and no joys are found;
Let us flee to Jesus where all sorrows cease;
Here alone is gladness, here alone is peace.

In Time of Need

Not by my need alone I ask this token
That Thou, O Lord, dost hear and heed my cry;
But by Thy promise that cannot be broken,
That all my need in Christ Thou wilt supply;
Not by my love for Thee, so oft disproved,
Not by my gifts to Thee, so poor and small,
But by Thy love that gave Thy best-beloved,
And with that one great Gift included all.

Not by my faith I plead, for that can falter,
Aye, and has faltered in the days gone by;
But by Thy faithfulness that cannot alter,
And by Thine ordered covenants on high,
Set safe and sure above Time's brief duration,
Beyond all change, eternally the same;
By these I dare my fervent supplication,
By Thy great mercies and Thy holy name.

I Shall Dwell Forever

"I shall dwell forever"; amid this world of change,
Where our homesick spirits oft' feel sad and strange,
Where the vacant places shall never more be filled,
Where the ache of memory can never quite be stilled,
Where the silent voices echo through life's empty room,
Where the brightest skies of earth must know grief's cloud of gloom;
Is any promise sweeter in our Father's blessed Word?
"I shall dwell forever in the house of the Lord."

We shall dwell forever; we shall never more go out,
Never more be weary with wandering about;
Never more be seeking for a place in which to rest,
Never more be dreading "the stirring of the nest."

How our hearts are turning, turning ever as we roam
Toward the shining portals of our everlasting home!
Is any promise sweeter in our Father's steadfast word?
"I shall dwell forever in the house of the Lord."

We shall dwell forever where warfare never comes,
Shrilling of the trumpets or boding roll of drums;
In a quiet resting place and in a land of peace,
Where all pain and sorrows forevermore shall cease,
In that abiding city of the rainbow-jewelled wall,
Set on sure foundations that shall never shake or fall.

Oh, the joy of looking past the things that pass away
To a habitation where our tired feet may stay!
Is any promise sweeter in all our Father's Word?
"I shall dwell forever in the house of the Lord."

I Will Not Doubt

I will not doubt, tho' all my ships at sea
come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I will believe the hand which never fails,
from seeming evil worketh good for me.
And tho' I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered;
-- I trust in Thee!

I will not doubt, tho' all my prayers return
unanswered from the still, white realm above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
which has refused the things for which I yearn;
And tho' at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing,
--undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, tho' sorrows fall like rain,
and troubles swarm like bees above a hive,
I will believe the heights for which I strive
are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And tho' I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I yet shall see through my severest losses,
-- the greater gain.

I will not doubt. Well anchored is this faith,
like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale;
So strong its courage that it will not quail,
to breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
Oh, may I cry, tho' body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it
-- with my last breath.

Much Fruit

It is the branch that bears the fruit that feels the knife;
To prune it for a larger growth, a fuller life.

Though every budding twig be lopped, and every grace
Of swaying tendril, springing leaf, be lost a space.

O thou, whose life of joy seems reft of beauty - shorn,
Whose aspirations lie in dust, all bruised and torn;

Rejoice! Though each desire, each dream, each hope of thine,
Shall fall and fade; it is the hand of Love Divine,

That holds the knife, that cuts and breaks with tenderest touch,
That thou, whose life has borne some fruit may'st now bear much!

Not Down, But Through

"When Thou passest through the waters,"
Deep the waves may be and cold,
But Jehovah is our refuge,
And his promise is our hold;
For the Lord himself has said it,
He, the faithful God and true;
"When you come to the waters
You will not go down, but through."

Seas of sorrow, Seas of trial,
Bitter anguish, fiercest pain,
Rolling surges of temptation
Sweeping over heart and brain...
They will never overflow us
For we know His work is true;
All His waves and all His billows
He will lead us safely through.

Threatening breakers of destruction,
Doubt's insidious undertow,
Will not sink us, will not drag us
Out to ocean depths of woe;
For His promise will sustain us,
Praise the Lord, whose word is true!
We will not go down, or under,
For He says, "You will pass through."

The Court of the King

With the staff that had failed in my need
Where the road had been stony and steep;
With the lamp that was smoking and dim,
Though the darkness was growing more deep;

Weary, too weary to pray
And too heavy-hearted to sing,
Faint with the toils of the way
I came to the court of the King.

There where the fountains fall cool,
Their waters unfailing and pure;
There where the ministering palms
Stand like His promises sure,
Oh! there was peace in its shade
Oh! there was rest in its calm;
And its sweet silences lay
On my bruised spirit like balm.

Long did I kneel in His court,
And walk in His garden so fair;
All I had lost or had lacked
I found in His treasures there;
Oil to replenish my lamp,
His kindness a crown for my head,
For the staff that had wounded my hand
The rod of His mercy instead.

A garment of praises I found
For the sullen, dark garb I had worn,
And sandals of peace for the feet
That the rocks and the briers had torn;
Joy for my mourning He gave,
Making my spirit to sing,
And, girded with gladness and strength,
I passed from the court of the Kind.

The Way of the Cross

Some of us stay at the Cross,
Some of us wait at the tomb,
Quickened and raised with Christ
Yet lingering still in the gloom.

Some of us bide at the Passover Feast
With Pentecost all unknown:
The triumphs of grace in the heavenly place
That our Lord has made our own.

If Christ who had died had stopped at the Cross,
His work had been incomplete.
If Christ who was buried had stayed in the tomb,
He had only known defeat.

But the Way of the Cross never stops at the Cross,
And the way of the tomb leads on
To victorious Grace in the heavenly place,
Where the Risen Lord has gone.

When I Think of Thee

When I think of just myself and my little cares,
Looming large and crowding close, hindering my prayers,
Of my weakness and my sins, I am sore depressed;
Weary, weary grows my thought; I can find no rest.

When I think upon the world and its many woes -
Hunger, misery and crime - how the long list grows!
Greed and hatred and unrest, strifes that never cease,
Weary, weary grows my thought; I can find no peace.

When I meditate on Thee and Thy works, O Lord,
On Thy strength and majesty, on Thy changeless word;
On Thy Steadfast faithfulness, reaching to the sky;
On Thy patient, watchful care over such as I;
On Thine everlasting love, high and strong and deep;
On Thy wisdom and Thy truth and Thy power to keep;
When I think of what Thou art and what Thy power has done;
When I number all the gifts given in Thy Son --
I forget the things that pass in the things that bide,
And my soul can rest in peace, fed and satisfied.

The Creator

God takes the scent of the softening ground
Where the first green blade pricks through,
He takes the reddening maple bough
A slant against the blue,

He takes the cheer of the robin's song
And the flash of the blue-bird's wing
The joy of prisoners set free,
And of these He makes the Spring.

God takes the sheen of the waving wheat
Where the slow cloud-shadows pass,
He takes the brook's soft rippling tune
And the daisied meadow's grass,

He takes the swish of the mower's scythe
In the noontide's hot, white glare,
The joy of labor and growing things,
And makes the Summer fair.

God takes the sound of the dropping nuts,
And the scent of the wine-sweet air
In the twilight time of the year's long day,
When the spent Earth kneels in prayer

He takes a thousand varied hues
Aglow in an opal haze,
The joy of the harvest gathered in,
And makes the Autumn days.

God takes the peace of the snowy fields,
Asleep 'neath the clear, cold moon,
He takes the grace of the leafless trees
That sway to the wind's wild tune,

The frost-made lace on the window pane,
The whirl of the starry flakes,
The joy of rest when the toil is done,
And the quiet Winter makes.

God takes the years - the old, the new,
With their changing scenes and brief
The close-shut bud and the fruiting bough,
Flower and fading leaf,

Grace and glory and lack and loss,
The song, the sigh, the strife
The joy of hope and the hope fulfilled,
And makes of the years a life

God takes our lives and the sum of them,
His will and the will of man
Evil and good and dream and deed,
His purpose and our plan

The thwarted lives and the crippled lives
And the things that give them worth
The joy of life and the pain of life,
And He makes the Heavens and Earth.

The Double Clasp

The Saviour's hand - how close its hold,
That none can loosen, none can break.
No powers of heaven or earth or hell
That loving clasp can ever shake.

And over Jesus' wounded hand
The Father's hand of strength is laid,
Omnipotent to save and keep;
Thus is our surety surer made.

So, one beneath and one above,
Father and Son their hands unite.
How safe, how safe the ransomed are
Within that clasp of tender might!

The Way to God

No tower man can build him will ever rise to God,
For his foundations crumble ere half the stairs are trod;
No wireless spark, far-flashing its message through the air,
Can bring the seeking sinner an answer to his prayer;
No bridge of his contriving can cross the awful space
Between the guilty spirit and God's forgiving grace;
No airship of his making can be so swiftly driven,
Or plume so bold a pinion as once to soar to heaven;
No lamp of his devising can send one cheering ray
Along death's gloomy vista or through the grave's dark way;
No road of his constructing can ever stretch so far
That he can travel on it to reach the nearest star;
Too weak are man's inventions, too short to reach the goal,
All vain for his salvation and useless to his soul.

Oh, changeless name of Jesus! This is the tower that stands,
Its firm foundation resting below Time's shifting sands;
Oh, precious blood of Jesus! This is the voice that speaks
God's word of love and pardon to ever heart that seeks;
Oh, blessed cross of Jesus! This is the bridge that's given
To span the dreadful chasm between man's soul and heaven;
Oh, wondrous wounds of Jesus! His nail-pierced hands alone
Can bear the sinner's ransom up to His Father's throne;
Oh, empty tomb of Jesus! This holds a glory bright
That fills death's shadowed valley with resurrection light;
Oh, mighty love of Jesus! His feet alone have trod
Earth's heights and depths of sorrow and made a way to God.

The Things of God

Oh, wonderful love that takes me,
Though wretched and stained with sin!
Oh, marvellous grace that makes me
All holy and pure within!

Oh, mighty power that holds me,
A helper forever near!
Oh, perfect peace that folds me
In danger and storm and fear!

Oh, jubilant joy sustaining
My faltering steps to the last!
Oh, rapturous rest remaining
When toiling and tears are past!

Oh, matchless mercy that rates me
Joint-heirs with the sinless Son!
Oh, golden glory that waits me
When tempests and clouds are done!

All things are mine, for I am His;
Oh, infinite gifts divine!
God gave His Son, His only one;
And all that He has is mine.

These Shall Find

The steady hand can never find the deep things of the Lord;
The undimmed eyes can never see the comfort in His Word;
The joyous heart can never know the healing of His love;
The learned mind can never grasp the wisdom from above.

But, oh, the trembling hand clasps His and loses all its fear;
The weeping eyes can search His Word and read His promise clear;
The broken heart rests in His love until its faith prevails;
The childlike mind can reach the source where wisdom never fails.

The Threefold Promise

Oh, wonderful promises given
To those who wait on the Lord;
Strength for the faint who have fallen,
Power for weakness outpoured.

Blessed the threefold assurance
Thrilling the soul like a song:
They shall mount up as the eagles
On wide wings and swift wings and strong;

Run with the stride of the racer,
Leaping unwearied and free,
Till he comes to the end of his journey
And the crown of his effort shall see.

But the word for the worn and the weary,
Who know not the rapture of wings,
Who know not the joy of the runner,
What infinite comfort it brings!

Walk and not faint; the slow steppings,
The plodding dull round of the days,
The toil and the heat and the burdens,
The wearying halts and delays.

Oh, promise for those who are walking,
Who falter and stumble and fall,
The courage, the strength and the patience,
This is the sweetest of all.

The Threefold Work

Three things the Master hath to do,
And we who serve Him here below
And long to see His kingdom come,
 May pray or give or go.

He needs them all - the open hand,
The willing feet, the asking heart -
 To work together and to weave
The threefold cord that shall not part.

Nor shall the giver count his gift
As greater than the worker's need,
 Nor he in turn his service boast
Above the prayers that voice his need.

Not all can go, nor all can give
 To arm the other for the fray;
But young or old or rich or poor,
Or strong or weak - we all can pray.

Pray that the full hands open wide
To speed the message on its way,
That those who hear the call may go
And pray - that other hearts may pray

The Measures of God

His wrath the seven vials hold,
The seven trumps His judgments sound;
But what can span the love of God,
And what His goodness bound?

The seven woes shall have an end,
The seven plagues His hand shall stay:
But when shall His compassions fail,
His kindness pass away?

The dust of earth He measures out,
He numbers all the stars of space,
His mighty scales the mountains weigh;
But what can weigh His grace?

His fingers spread the heavens forth,
He cups the seas within His hand;
But who His mercies can compute;
Unnumbered as the sand?

The wickedness of men shall pass,
And death shall die, and wars shall cease;
But still His covenant shall stand
Of righteousness and peace.

And when men's measured thread is spun,
His finished tale of days is told,
When all earth's numbered years are done
And Time itself grows old,

Then shall God's long eternities
Their unmarked course have yet to run,
And His uncounted eon-hours
Be only just begun.

The Gardener

While we are tending our earthly gardens,
The Gardener lends us His seeds to sow,
The bulbs of His lilies, the roots of His roses,
To plant and cherish and watch them grow.

Sometimes He comes when the day is over
And garners a sheaf of the full-grown wheat,
Ripe for the harvest and waiting the sickle,
Ready to fall at the Reaper's feet.

And sometimes He comes in the early morning
And tenderly gathers the sweetest flowers,
The buds of the lily, the rose half-opened:
Shall we not joy when He chooses ours?

Shall we not yield God our loveliest blossoms,
Glad that He finds them so fragrant and fair,
Worthy transplanting to heavenly gardens,
To gain new beauty beneath His care?

Never a storm shall sweep over His flowers,
Nor drought shall wither, nor frost shall blight;
About His feet they shall grow unfading,
And bloom forever in His pure sight.

The New Prayer

Long have I prayed this prayer to Thee -
According to my need, give me
A little strength from day to day,
A little light along the way,
A little trust when fears are nigh,
A little peace when waves run high,
And with Thy love and joy fill up
The blessing in my little cup.

So have I prayed for long, but now -
According to Thy grace, give Thou!
Of my small measure take no heed,
Above, around my puny need
Pour out the treasures of Thy good,
Let Thy great goodness, like a flood,
My meager life fill and o'erflow
Till I unto Thy gifts shall grow,
Give joy exceeding all I sought,
And love beyond mine utmost thought;
Thy riches for my poverty,
According to Thy grace, give me.

The Gray Days of November

The gray days of November
No plaint from me shall win;
I shut the fog and mist all out,
And shut the fire-shine in;
I draw my chair the closer
To where its warm glow cheers,
And, dreaming in the firelight,
Dream back across the years.

No happier days, no better,
My lost youth gave to me,
With flowers in every meadow
And songs from every tree;
That was the time of growing;
This is the time of rest;
Bloom falls, but fruiting follows,
And each in turn is best.

God giveth of His glory
An ever-changing view;
The old things pass forever;
He maketh all things new;
Life knoweth here no beauty
That shall not fade away;
Some better things He sendeth,
And these are mine today.

Mine is the riper wisdom
That comes with graying hair;
Mine is the fuller knowledge
Of God's great love and care;
Mine is the clearer vision;
Mine is the wider view;
And mine the hoarded memories
Of friendships kind and true.

Mine is the steadier patience
To bear the ills of life;
Mine is the sturdier courage
To meet the daily strife;
Mine is the faith serener
Than ever youth could know
To walk the way appointed
Through sunshine or through snow.

The gray days lead to white days
Of peace and silence deep,
A stiller hush of resting
When Earth and I shall sleep;
And then - a glorious waking
When broken ties all mend.
Through gray days of November
I wait the long year's end

The Burden of Israel

Behold, thou art a burden, O house of Israel,
A curse among the nations wherever thou dost dwell,
They hate thee and they fear thee as all the world can tell.

Thou art a fire, O Jacob, among the forest leaves;
A flame of fear devouring, a torch among the sheaves;
A trouble to the countries, for which the whole earth grieves.

A thorn art thou, O Judah, a terror to the lands,
Sharp stone and rock of stumbling that cuts the meddler's hands,
A snare to the oppressor who binds thee with his bands.

Thou art a cup of trembling, Jerusalem, today;
The mighty men are gathered, the battle in array,
The Gentile hosts assembled, that God may have His way.

A joy unto the nations, O Judah, thou shalt be,
When out of all the countries the Lord hath gathered thee,
And thou shalt be a blessing from sea to farthest sea.

Follow Thou Me

Follow not go ahead at thine own pleasure,
Nor turn aside at thine own wayward will,
Nor stray afar in search of other treasure,
But close at hand, where I can aid thee still;

Across the sea and through the desert places,
Onward and upward by the one sure way,
Till thou shalt sit with me in heavenly places
Amid the splendors of eternal day.

And follow thou; for thee my call is sounded;
All that I suffered~was it not for thee?
For thee my soul was bruised, my body wounded,
I died, from sin and death to set thee free;

No other hand could write thine own life-story,
No other make thy choice of gain or loss,
No other win and wear thy crown of glory,
No other lift and bear thy destined cross.

Follow thou me though stranger voices hail thee,
I am the way and there is none beside;
There is no other staff that shall not fail thee,
There is no other eye than mine to guide;
There is no other shepherd who can fold thee
By such still waters, in such pastures fair;
There is no other arm can safely hold thee
In doubt and danger, darkness and despair.

Trust me to lead thee home to God and heaven;
What others do or say is naught to thee;
No other light, no other truth, is given;
Follow follow thou follow me.

Count It Done

A father wrote to his son,
Who was faraway from home;
“I have sent you a beautiful gift,
It may be delayed, but ‘twill come;

It is what you have wanted most,
And have asked for many days;”
And before the child received the gift
He voiced his thanks and praise.

Our Father saith unto us:
“Your need shall be supplied;
Ask and receive that your joy be filled,
And My joy in you abide.”

Shall we wait to thank till we see
The answer to every prayer?
Forbear to praise till we feel
The lifted pressure of care?

Nay, let us trust His word
And know that the thing is done,
For His promise is just as sure
As a father’s to his son.

Counted Worthy

This weighty burden thou dost bear,
This heavy cross,
It is a gift the Lord bestows,
And not a loss;
It is a trust that He commits
Unto thy care,
A precious lesson He has deigned
With thee to share.

Rejoice that He so honors thee
And so esteems
Of highest worth; the crown of thorns
With Him to wear,
And all the suffering of that crown
With Him to bear,
That by and by His glory, too,
With Him thou’lt share.

For All the Morrows

Has the year brought sadness?
Joy is yet in store.
Has it given gladness?
Next year giveth more.
Let your Father measure
All your pain and care,
Let Him weigh the burden
That your heart must bear,
Sending light or shadow
As He deemeth best,
For in His sure wisdom
You can safely rest.
Peace for all the morrows,
Strength for all the days,
These shall be your portion
Through the New Year's ways

God's Shut-ins

Ferns are the "shut-ins" of God's flower kingdom,
Hidden in the mossy dells and cool retreats;
Their lace-like fronds uncurl in fresh, green beauty
Far from the busy world and dusty streets.

They bear no gorgeous flowers of gold or crimson,
No dainty blooms of blue or pearly white;
Their graceful leaves exhale no strong, sweet odor,
Their very seeds are hidden from our sight.

And yet, sometimes, to eyes that tire of brightness,
To senses sated with the rich perfume,
How grateful is the cool green of the fern-leaves
Set in the silence of some shaded room.

Can we not learn from them some blessed lesson,
We, who, like them, are growing in the shade?
Their lovely freshness is a constant beauty,
Dewy and sweet when summer blossoms fade.

When others come, who, dwelling in the sunshine,
Have grown a-weary of the toil and strife,
Can we not share with them our calm and quiet -
Show them the beauty of a hidden life?

May we not give to them some tender message,
Some of the garnered peace we hold in store,
Some of the songs God giveth in the midnight,
When sleep flies from us and the pain is sore?

They walk with hurrying steps Life's busy highway,
Often the still, small voice they cannot hear;
But we can listen in the restful stillness
Its words of faith and hope and gladsome cheer.

We dwell in safety in our Lord's green pastures,
Our souls at rest the quiet waters by;
Willing to be since we may not be doing,
Living epistles, open to the eye.

Our frail lives hidden in His strength eternal,
Guarded and shielded from the tempest's shock,
The wild winds pass us by - they cannot harm us
Where we are sheltered by our Fortress Rock.

Sometimes, perhaps, the ferns may long to blossom,
Even as we to see our work's reward;
Impatient of the stillness and the shadow,
Envy the roses on the sunny sward.

"Foolish!" we say, "the dust and heat would kill them,
That sweet, cool shadow is their very life,"
Yes - and, God knows, perhaps our spirit's beauty,
Might, like them, wither in the great world's strife.

So He doth keep us, set apart in shadow,
Far from the lovely garden's sunny sod;
And why He does it we shall know hereafter,
"Be still," He says, "and know that I am God!"

Can we not trust our loving heavenly Father
To do the very best that can be done,
Though one be planted in the glowing sunlight,
Set in the silence and the shadow - one?

Be we content to say our word in secret,
Content to wear our garb of sober green,
And, while the world is praising other workers,
Our tiny seeds cast out, though all unseen.

We may not show our love and zeal by labor,
Our hands are folded, though they tire of rest;
Fettered the feet that fain would run His errands,
Willing and swift. But yet, He knoweth best

Just the conditions which will suit our growing,
Just the environment we best may stand;
For the green ferns the cool depths of the forest,
And for our shade the "shadow of His hand."

The Grace of God

"My grace," 'tis the God of all grace who hath spoken,
Whose word in the heavens forever is set;
Whose covenant promise hath never been broken;
Who never can fail or forget;
Who knoweth my needs and who seeth my sorrows,
However so many and great they may be;
Who heareth my prayers for the days and the morrows;
His grace is sufficient for me.

"My grace;" all His blessings this work is unfolding,
His love and His power in harmony blend;
'Tis grace that hath saved me, and grace that is holding,
And grace that will keep to the end;
'Tis grace that hath written redemption's glad story,
And grace all the song of the ransomed shall be;
'Tis grace that transforms me from glory to glory;
That grace is sufficient for me.

"My grace is," not "was," and not "will be;" 'tis flowing
Each hour and each moment my need to supply,
The deeper I dip, still the deeper 'tis growing,
No drought can diminish or dry;
My heart from the future no trouble shall borrow;
Eternal this present provision shall be,
Assured for today and as sure for tomorrow,
Such grace is sufficient for me.

"My grace is sufficient." Oh, help without measure!
An ocean of riches no plummet can sound,
A storehouse unfailing of infinite treasure,
A gift without limit or bound;
Exceeding abundant for all His creation,
Enough for the thorn that is buffeting me,
The fulness of God for earth's brief tribulation -
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

"Sufficient for thee," for my utmost salvation,
As though ne'er another had owed Him a debt;
For my special grief and my special temptation,
My cares and my sins that beset;
He giveth more grace for my humble endeavour;
I am praising Him now, I shall praise Him forever;
His grace is sufficient for me.

God's Will Be Done

"His Will Be Done,"
We say with sighs and trembling,
Expecting trial, bitter loss and tears.
And then how doth He answer us?
With blessings,
And sweet rebuking of our faithless fears.

God's Will is peace and plenty
And the power to be,
And have the best that He can give:
A mind to serve Him, a heart to love,
And faith to die and the strength to live.

It means for us all good,
All grace, all glory;
His Kingdom coming and on Earth begun.
Why should we fear to say,
"His Will, His righteous,
His tender, loving, joyous Will be done!"?

Apple Blossoms

God might have clothed the apple trees
In scentless brown of gray --
Such frail and fleeting blossoming,
So soon to pass away --

Instead of this fair springtime garb
Of fragrant pink and pearl,
That flutters down like rosy snow
On every breeze a-whirl.

His goodness gives the pleasant fruit
On laden boughs down-bent;
His lovingkindness adds the bloom,
Its beauty and its scent.

He loads us with His benefits
Until no want we know,
And then He sends the little more
That makes our cup o'erflow.

He opens wide His hand of love;
He gives no stingy dole;
His tender mercies crown our days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

**Other Poetry by
Annie Johnson Flint**

He That Believeth	Rest, Tired Heart
His and Mine	The Blessings that Remain
His Lamps	The Empty Tomb
I See Jesus	The Lonely Olive Mill