

## PART II

Poems not included in the original printing of  
SMOKING FLAX

(Comments extracted from the author's own words)

## THE FREER HOUSE

This home was built over two and a half centuries ago by his fifth great grandfather, Hugo Freer, one of the twelve Patentees who established the Town of New Paltz. It was acquired and restored by Rev. Follette in 1943 and occupied by him until 1954 and is now the property of the Huguenot Historical Society. This old stone house, together with several other stone houses erected between 1693 and 1708 on Huguenot Street, New Paltz, N. Y. is now a National Historic Landmark. A "Stone House Day" celebration each year commemorates the founders of this community and depicts their history in a pageant and "Open House Day."

The Freer-Low Association has set aside a John Wright Follette Memorial Room in this house.

The author has written an endearing poem in memory of his ancestral home "To An Old Stone House," which follows.

C.S. AND S.M.S.

## THE HUGO FREER HOUSE

*The author's ancestral home in New Paltz, N. Y.*



PHOTO BY SUTTON, MODENA, N. Y.

## TO AN OLD STONE HOUSE

OLD house, old house, may I come in?  
Pray let me rest along the way  
From regions lost in shadows dim  
To glories of a fairer day.  
I'm weary in both heart and mind,  
And seek the rest I know you hold.  
I do not find it in new schemes  
But rather in the patterns old.  
How gray and strong your sturdy walls!  
What faith and courage do they speak  
My sires came to manifest  
When love for freedom made them seek  
A place where they might build their homes  
And worship God in quietude!  
Whose very atmosphere was peace  
Away from war and vexing feud.  
What strength of mind, what faith of heart  
Once blest the souls that tarried here!  
Great sacrifice was common bread  
Upon their tables year by year.  
Once hardship walked this dusty street  
And sickness crept across each floor  
And often loved ones were called home,  
For sorrow tapped at every door.  
Old house, please let me tarry here  
And listen for the echoes sweet  
Of songs and skipping I can hear  
From singing hearts and dancing feet.  
Your walls, old house, like gentle arms  
Now hold me safe and give me rest.  
There's strength and peace in your embrace  
I need in life's demanding test.

I see again the shadow forms  
Of those who lived here long ago—  
The children playing in the door,  
And mothers passing to and fro  
About the humble household tasks,  
To which they dedicated lives  
To make a wholesome, honest home—  
Like working bees in busy hives.  
A maiden twirls a spinning wheel  
I see her stepping forth and back  
I hear a dasher in a churn,  
For clothes and food there is no lack.  
The open fire again I feel  
And see the soft light on the wall,  
And kettles hanging on the crane.  
And hear the happy voices call  
The men from out the harvest field,  
Their backs all damp with honest sweat,  
From carving out a commonwealth—  
Strong men as ever I have met.  
I hear the old folks gently speak  
Of France and loved ones left behind.  
Now held in happy memory—  
Their thoughts are deep—their words are kind.  
Fresh candles from the mould are brought  
And lo! the room they soon transform.  
Though winter snow may wrap them round,  
The well-fed fireplace keeps them warm.  
The knitting needles seem to fly,  
And there is weaving to be done.  
The women's hands were never still  
From morn till set of sun.  
And as they sit at close of day  
The Bible from a shelf one brings  
To feed their trusting hearts the Word.

And very oft the old house rings  
With hymns of praise and joyful song.  
Glad hearts are theirs for freedom's sake.  
What sacrifice and hardship borne  
A land of freedom thus to make!  
A costly heritage is ours,  
A heavy price our sires paid.  
Then think not lightly of their lives  
Nor let them from our hearts e'er fade.  
And so, old house, I love to come  
To let your shadow fall on me—  
A benediction strong and sweet  
Of freedom, peace and liberty.

## A PARABLE OF NATURE

I WALKED one day within a forest old,  
And learned a lesson there among the trees.  
The autumn days had passed, and winter's cold  
And bitter breath was felt in every breeze.  
The sky, so bleak and cloudy, gave no sign  
That e'er again the sun in glorious rays  
Would break the sullen canopy, and shine  
In mellow softness as in other days.

Forlorn, the leafless trees their branches tossed  
Like bony arms of ghosts in shadows dim—  
All stripped and naked now, for they had lost  
All signs of life save that which flowed within;  
The wind sighed low and moaned whene'er it passed,  
As only it can do in branches bare;  
And now and then some sifting snow it cast—  
A token of old winter's chilly air.

Then, here and there, I noticed hanging still  
A few stray leaves, dry, dead, and faded gray,  
As if they feign would yet their office fill  
Of decking out the trees in garments gay.  
It seemed that anywhere I turned, I found  
The stately trees in every way bereft  
Of coverings rich, in which they did abound;  
And saw on all the cruel hand of death.

Howe'er, in spite the very sight of death,  
I knew that life was coursing in each tree;  
And though perhaps no sign of life were left,  
Still there was growth and progress constantly.  
How clearly then I saw that in each life  
God, too, must strip us many, many times;  
And on the natural life of man indite  
A sentence too of death in all its lines.

The old creation life must pass away,  
Of good or evil, whatsoe'er it be.  
No garb of natural talent dares to stay—  
The old life, doomed, must pass without a plea  
And we must stand as helpless and forlorn  
As did the leafless tree so scarred and bleak;  
For we are helpless as a babe just born,  
And need the new creation life to seek.

So let us not discouraged be, but pray  
The life of Christ, our living Head, to flow  
In streams of strength through us in every way—  
Our life to lose, and only His to know.  
And let us not forget, that all the time  
The leafless trees no sign of life could show,  
That still, unseen, the hand of One divine  
Was working there, and causing them to grow.



## INFORMAL WAYS

All nature is a beautiful and wonderful sacrament and display of God in His creative mood—a reflection of God and the material evidence of His creation. He can manifest Himself *through* it.

I found that He has ten thousand avenues of approach to me beside the medium with which we are now conscious. He can come to me outside of the formal ways of church worship.—I have seen Him in a *helpless babe with hands upon the circle of the breast and mouth pressed close for this its very life, more eloquent no sermon e'er could be.* To me it is like a miracle, the instinct and hidden central urge to live which is basic. No mother ever taught him how to nurse.—

Then one day *I saw Him smile in dash of silver wings against an azure sky in June. And often when I'm worn and tired in mind I feel Him move like music in the trees.*

Or, *He suddenly appears along the way in subtle breath of apple blossoms fair; in shining swords of grass which push their way through unresponsive clods of silent earth. How can I see creation in such mood and not feel God and see Him very near?*

Every bit of it is highly symbolic, and the more we move into the Spirit and let God work in us, the more the Holy Spirit can interpret His creation and make it articulate to us. It will 'come alive' in spirit and vocal as He speaks to us.—Have you met God like that when you could not meet Him in a sermon? God's creation is beautiful because I trace Him in it, and those who are in tune will be able to get some of these things.

## INFORMAL WAYS

**G**OD comes to me in such informal ways.  
Not always does He wear a priestly robe  
With trappings of ecclesiastic art.  
I do not always find Him in a creed  
So tight in definition and in form  
There is no place for His creative life.  
The nicely chosen words which seek to tell  
The mystery and wonder of His name  
Distract me and I lose the One I seek  
In mazes of sheer rhetoric and words.  
How wonderful that He should seek to come,  
Not in some worn out creed and church's lore,  
Nor at a certain altar fixed by man,  
Nor in the patterns that I make myself.  
He suddenly appears along the way  
In subtle breath of apple blossoms fair;  
In shining swords of grass which push their way  
Through unresponsive clods of silent earth.  
How can I see creation in such mood  
And not feel God and see Him very near?  
I wonder at the mystery of life.  
And as I see a helpless, little babe  
With hands upon the circle of the breast  
And mouth pressed close for this its very life,  
More eloquent no sermon e'er could be.  
God comes and stands close by my very side  
And something of this mystery I see.  
A single leaf all ripe and falling from a tree  
Now finds a quiet resting place in earth.  
My heart is hushed, my spirit bows to God.  
For lo! I find Him even here to show  
In simple form the ministry of death.  
Sometimes He comes in such delightful moods.

I saw Him smile in dash of silver wings  
Against an azure sky one day in June.  
And often when I'm worn and tired in mind  
I feel Him move like music in the trees,  
And see Him in the shadows of the clouds  
Against the distant hills and o'er the fields.  
And when I view the wonders spread abroad—  
The rugged heights and painted chasms deep,  
The crashing waterfalls and deserts calm,  
It is not these alone that I behold.  
My God is very present in the scheme.  
And silently in awe and reverence  
My soul bows down in worship at His feet.  
He does not speak in words for outer ear,  
His presence is too subtle for my eyes.  
It is with heart I ever feel Him near  
And trace with inner sense His fleeting form.  
His revelation seeks a thousand ways  
Articulate and clear to outer sense.  
But deeper is the vision that I see  
When unannounced He comes to me  
And meets me in such sweet, informal ways.

## BLESSED HAY

O BLESSED hay, all broken, marred and crushed,  
What happy memories must haunt thee now!  
Do humming bees still move in eager quest  
For sweetness hidden in thy clover heart?  
Do happy birds still swing in lowly sweep  
Close to thy breast upturning to the sun?  
And do the fleeting clouds still bless with rain  
Thy thirsty form stretched naked 'neath the sky?  
At eventide when twilight spins her veil  
Of loveliness, do gentle dews distill?  
O blessed hay, what memories are thine!  
Today I see thee stretched upon the ground  
All dry and broken 'neath the seekers' feet.  
The hungry hearts kneel upon thee now.  
It is not thee they seek—not thee, not thee.  
How sweet thy willingness to have it so!  
It is not theirs to know thy life or heart,  
What care have they for what thou might have been,  
Or what thy heart may hold for days to come?  
They only seek a place to rest their knees—  
The cruel earth is harsh to seeking hearts.  
Then let them kneel or rest their weary forms  
Upon thy broken beauty, once so dear.  
Sweet waving grass in summer, sun-kissed field,  
Though blest with all that nature may provide,  
Is never hay till *cut* and wholly *dried*.  
O blessed hay, how sacred is thy lot!  
The hungry soul may kneel upon thee hard,  
May mar thy form and press thee to the dust,  
But you are helping them to God just now.  
It matters not what form our service takes—  
Just *be* the thing the Master may desire—  
Yes, hay upon the tabernacle floor.

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE SINGING

To me all nature becomes vibrant with song. It is a mystical scroll spread out before us. Nature in creation is God's first inarticulate manifestation. Though you may not have a Bible to read, He will invade you from every angle with all His conscious presence in His creation.

I love the hills and the mountains. They give you projection, distance and a sense of freedom.—One day I told mother I wanted to go on that mountain nearby and be a part of it and it a part of me. I stretched out on its breast and looked at the sky. The spirit of the mountain communed and my heart responded. All over that mountain I heard this tremendous organ music. It was the song of its creation—the handiwork of God.

All music has color, and green is always the immediate present—the here and now; it speaks of hope and promise. But I cannot retain it, it goes into the blue of eternal duration. You get an awful sense of this in the blue of the sky. All these lovely green trees that we see, you push them back in time and ten miles away they would not be green at all. The green pushes into an eternal quality. We think it is lost, but it is not. All that which has ministered to our immortal spirits of this earth experience is retained in the next age because it is a part of us. If we could see what this will be in that deep blue eternal, *would green moving shadows be just what they seem?*—We only see life in the present, but God sees the green moving shadows what they are in the future.

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE SINGING

**T**HE mountains are singing! Awake then and listen!  
For music supernal is moving today.  
The tones are deepest the earth may afford you,  
The hill's ancient channels have all given way.

Deep blue is the tone of eternal duration,  
Deep blue is the undertone heard 'neath it all.  
For theirs is the theme of the earth in formation,  
The hymn of creation no heart can recall.

A wonderful green overflows and subdues them,  
It melts with the blue in a rapturous flow  
Of color and shadow of rhythm and movement  
Uniting the present with days long ago.

Deep blue is evasive, a deep secret hiding,  
The echo of ages now lost like a dream.  
Could we hear the full tones of that ancient anthem  
Would green moving shadows be just what they seem?

The changing green shadows are living about us,  
The present, the here and the now that we know.  
They too shall be lost in the blue of duration,  
A part of the song in its ebb and its flow.

This mountainous music, majestic and lofty,  
Resounds with the thought of "The Ancient of Days."  
In deep sounding measures the hills are all chanting  
His excellent glory and ecstatic praise.

The mountains in color, in sound and in rhythm,  
Are stretched out before us, a mystical scroll.  
Theirs is a message, a song and a story.  
Who hath the spirit to fathom its soul?

A spirit abides in the heart of the mountains,  
No stranger to those who commune with her there.  
A spirit not seen with the eyes of my being,  
But known to my heart as my lungs know the air.

Today that fair spirit is bidding me listen,  
While over the face of the mountain I see  
Her form in a mystical, rhythmic vibration  
Of colorful music from bondage set free.

I open my being and drink in the music,  
My spirit is ravished, my heart set aflame.  
The spirit that dwells in the blue singing mountains  
Has called and has told me in secret her name.

Never again shall these dear ancient mountains  
Be merely a part of fair nature's great scheme.  
Their beauty and power are part of my being,  
Their spirit shall haunt me all night in my dream.

The mountains are singing! My heart holds the echo,  
Of all that they sing from that mystical scroll,  
Life's music and color, its rhythm and shadows,  
Are all moving on in the depth of my soul.

## CHRIST, MY HIGH TOWER

O CHRIST, Thou mighty Son of God,  
Thou art my great, high tower,  
In which I hide from every foe,  
And thus escape their power.  
In majesty thy rugged walls  
Rise high in might secure,  
For every stone is fitly joined,  
And Christ, the Rock, is sure.

Thy bulwarks bold, have stood the test  
Of conflicts fierce and long,  
Unmoved by any power or might  
Through all the ages gone.  
'Twas in Thy shelter, mighty tower,  
Our forefathers would flee,  
Where strength divine Thou didst afford,  
And give them victory.

So surely Thou my soul wilt keep,  
As in Thy inner cell  
In quiet confidence I hide  
From all attacks of hell.  
I rest my soul in Thee, my tower,  
My stronghold, evermore;  
My feeble strength I yield to Thee,  
My fighting days are o'er.  
For Thou, the mighty Captain,  
Will undertake for me,  
And in Thy strength all glorious  
Give me the victory.



## THE SACRAMENT OF THE HILLS

If you have ever been in New England in the fall you are quite near heaven because I know of nothing more marvelous than the color we have there. I like that early first splash because I enjoy the beauty of the colors through a law of contrasts. As I got older I began to sense another beauty which I enjoyed from a subtle law of harmony—the colors seemed to fade into a grand union and mystical pattern. All that brilliancy had died out and there was the most marvelous chromatic scale of color harmony.

I was in Vermont when the first lovely splash of color had more or less faded and it was coming into the subdued harmonious tones. I came to a canyon and there, to my surprise, was a pocket of brilliant red sumac which had been creeping down the mountain, while the rest was in this marvelous harmonious scheme. All I could think of was a tremendous chalice that God had tipped over. This was Communion Sunday and here were the hills with their Holy Sacrament! It was spilled and poured out life; and there were the gleaming rocks—the bread and wine of the Holy Communion!

Christ, in contrast against the sinning world and general public, was outstanding. No man spake like this Man! No man acted like Him!—Then I saw another marvelous beauty in His life—on Calvary, where He is spilling His blood. Here we see a peculiar combination of God the Son clothed with human identity uniting Himself with the perishing and dying flesh to redeem it. There was a most magnificent harmony between God the Son, and man. That union was all made at Calvary, and there, *I saw beauty that my heart could not sing!*

## THE SACRAMENT OF THE HILLS

*"The strength of the hills is his also."*

PSALM 95:4

I HAVE seen beauty my heart cannot sing!  
How can I tell in words the sacrament  
Of truth God spreads upon the autumn hills?  
How strange the silence deep within my breast  
When I behold this miracle of grace!  
The wine is mighty—drink deeply, my soul,  
And taste the dregs of beauty that convict.  
My heart, so long athirst for truth and light,  
Drink of this wine and know its subtle tang.  
O hungry eyes within, look and behold  
The glory and mystery of truth  
Eternal and sublime upon the hills.  
God's finger traces there in language sure  
The message of His strength and endless love.  
Beauty translates it and I understand.  
A feast is spread—my hungry heart must feed!  
The broken bread of glory sacrificed,  
Strong meat for thee, O heart of mine, is here.  
How can I sing? My heart convicted stands.  
O Beauty, how you challenge me to prayer!  
Upon my spirit etch Thy image fair.  
And sing, O heart, this likeness all divine,  
Interpret then in life this sacrament  
Of truth—the beauty of the autumn hills.

## SHUT THOU THE DOOR

SHUT Thou the door, O Lord! for only Thou  
Dost know the curious working of the lock  
Which firmly holds in stay its ponderous weight;  
And all the thousand covered, secret springs  
Which lie concealed within its strange embrace,  
Of workmanship and art, akin alone  
To holy things of God, and known to Him,  
Because the secret powers, needed thus  
To close these ever restless portals, must  
Come alone indeed from such as wrought,  
In labor, craft and skill divinely wise,  
Its every joint and beam and hinge and side.

Shut Thou the door, O Lord! shut Thou the door!  
And ever, ever, let there stay without  
The thousand surging cares and worrying things,  
Which, entering there, would so distract and make  
Instead of silent calm, and peace and joy,  
A horrid turmoil—seething, restless, full  
Of thoughts that would destroy the tranquil rest  
Which Thou couldst simply by Thy presence give,  
If only once the door were shut, and we  
Alone within the quiet there could live.

He hears my feeble cry, and shuts the door;  
And thus we dwell together, He and I,  
Within the quiet, secret place of rest,  
Where are revealed the things He hath prepared  
So rich, divinely blessed, and full of charms,  
They hold enchanted by their radiance bright  
My heart, and will, and life to His control,  
Until, compelled by passion's heat, and ravished  
By the sight, I yield my all to Him,  
And lose myself and weakness in His might.  
I rest myself in Him; He shuts the door.

## TROUBLE IS A SERVANT

**A**LL OF US know trouble—at least I hope we do.  
Trouble is a servant, but known as such to few.

We are taught to shun her, and if she comes too near  
Seldom do we face her, but run away in fear.

Good and bad must meet her, the universe around—  
Sinners, saints, kings and knaves—she comes where  
man is found.

Always make her serve you, for she can serve you well;  
Just *How* you may *Use* her your life will always tell.

Trouble is but passive—it's by our power to will

We make her either bless us or do the soul some ill.  
How do you translate her from phrases filled with pain

To messages of strength—from loss to endless gain?  
By faith we see behind the outer frightful mask

A servant in disguise to do a gracious task.

Hearts may feel her wounding and life may suffer loss.

Faith translates her working as freeing gold from  
dross.

Trouble will discover to any yielded heart

Hidden depths of power it only knew in part—

Sympathizing power, and love that understands;

Strength to help another with trouble-tested hands.

Trouble will release you from self and make you kind,

Adding new dimensions to heart and soul and mind.

Do not shun this servant but look beyond her task

To beauty she will work for which you daily ask.

Always see in trouble a chance to grow in grace,

Not a stroke of evil to hinder in your race,

Live the life triumphant above her fiery darts;

Rich fruitage will be yours to share with needy hearts.

## THE SINGING PLOWMAN

This is a period of life in which God plows our whole being and sows the seed. Our heart and life is a great field that He bought; it is rugged and needs cultivation. When Christ, the Eternal Truth, becomes active in us He begins this terrifying plowing; He tears it all apart, exposes it to the light (Christ) and air (Spirit), digs up the roots of the self-life, harrows and pulverizes it. The plow by which He plows is the Word, and the plowshare is the Eternal Truth that penetrates.

As a little barefoot boy on the farm, I used to get my feet in the furrow when Dave was plowing, and there were those old bramble patches; what a tangle for the plow to go through! But it was part of the land, and one thing that pleased me, he was always whistling.—Have you ever had any briars or brambles in your patch that have torn His feet? *I felt Him walk each furrow but I heard the Plowman sing* for the very joy of possession. (Zeph. 3:17)—Then He wanted seed to plant. Seed has to go to its death, and I was the seed. *He stood in silence*, nothing commanding. But after I had surrendered all to Him, He just broke it up and scattered it over all the field—my inner hopes, my privilege of living—all. He sows it and it sprouts just enough to show its identification. We do not stay here long enough for its fruitage. We have all the ages yet to come for the growth and maturing of choices and decisions which we have made and for the harvesting of that which had its simple beginning here. One cannot come back and make the choices, but we have to learn to make good choices here, because all of life is built on your power of choosing.

## SINGING PLOWMAN

**G**OD'S plow struck deep within my heart  
And plowed long furrows, one by one,  
Through fallow ground so hard and firm  
From early morn till set of sun.

The plow-share was eternal Truth  
Which tore the hidden roots in me  
And turned them to the light and air  
Till selfhood lay a field set free.

I felt Him walk each furrow plowed,  
I knew He felt the briars sting,  
The field was His—it was His joy,  
For lo! I heard the Plowman sing.

He only plowed that He might sow,  
There must be seed to scatter wide.  
And then I felt His presence near,  
He stood in silence by my side.

And so I gave Him all of me—  
My hopes, and dreams and inner throne.  
All these He scattered far and near  
And left me naught to call my own.

They fell like seed in furrows deep,  
And all were buried 'neath the sod.  
All that I had went down in death  
To wait the mighty breath of God.

He did not leave me then alone  
To mourn the loss of earthly things,  
To be thus stripped gave greater place  
For life His radiant presence brings.

How could I grieve for heart thus plowed?  
I covet now no sweeter thing  
Than wait with Him the harvest day,  
And in the meantime hear Him sing.

## CANDLE-LIGHT COTTAGE

**T**HIS is candle-light cottage,  
A dream we had come true,  
All built of love's best wishes  
We want to share with you.  
Its walls are strong and sturdy,  
The fireplace holds good cheer,  
The roof will give you shelter,  
And loving hearts are near.  
The life we live is simple,  
No riches do we hoard,  
But you are very welcome  
To share our humble board.  
Please leave your cares behind you,  
And let your heart find rest.  
We hope that we may help you  
If you are in a test.  
We keep the candles burning  
To share their lights with you,  
If yours are dim or smoky  
And need a snuffing too.  
So bring out all your candles  
Of friendship, faith and cheer,  
Tapers of hope and longing  
To kindle while you're here.  
Old memories we'll freshen  
Where wicks are burnt and charred  
To brighten up the pictures  
The years have never marred.  
As friends we need each other  
To help each other live.  
Only as we share our lights  
Do we have light to give.

## THE PRICE OF VISION

I HURT my foot the other day  
While climbing up a hill.  
I struck a stone which seemed to me  
Was there to do me ill.  
I wanted so to reach the top  
And see what lay ahead.  
I found no smooth path leading there  
But rocks and stones instead.  
Now why should one be hindered so  
Who seeks to scale the heights  
Where he might bathe his weary soul  
In heaven's purest light?  
I stopped a while to reason why;  
My mind went on a quest.  
No answer came—the more I sought  
The greater my unrest.  
The more I nursed my foot I found  
The greater was the pain;  
To clear my path of rocks and stones  
Was also all in vain.  
At last I found through suffering  
That only faith can see  
Beyond the rocky path I tread  
A place of liberty.  
The rocks may tower rough and steep  
And bear a bloody stain,  
They only lift the mountain high  
Above the sandy plain.  
By faith I find that healing comes,  
My weary feet to soothe;  
And when I cease to nurse my wounds,  
The very rocks are smooth.



Without the rocks and stones I know  
The mount becomes a plain.  
No rocks—no mount; no mount—no view,  
Then life has lost its aim.  
Where vision fails, the life is lost,  
And vision costs me sore.  
But O, the outlook from the top,  
Repays me o'er and o'er.

## TO MY MISSIONARY STUDENTS

**H**OW beautiful upon the mountains are thy feet,  
Good tidings to a needy world you bring.  
To restless nations now you publish words of peace  
And hearts that once were sad you make to sing.  
How lofty is thy theme—Salvation full and free—  
A life and ministry in God who lives and reigns—  
A living God who binds thy hearts to Him in love  
Consuming selfish thoughts in heavenly flames.

God bless thee in thy noble work and speed thy feet.  
May life divine be given thee each day.  
And when the shadows dim about thy pathway fall  
Through trembling lips, O may He hear thee say,  
“Thy will alone be done, O Lord, Thy will be done.”  
Thus ever learn against thyself to choose  
And let His will be food thy hungry heart to feed—  
His life in truth to find and thine to lose.

And when that last glad day we long for now shall  
come,  
And we shall hear His footsteps at the door,  
God grant that He may see the travail of His soul  
In lives redeemed by grace the wide world o'er.  
A joy peculiar will be granted thee that day  
For faithfulness to vision granted thee.  
Yours was the joy to serve in foreign fields afar  
Our joy to stay at home and pray for thee.

## FRIENDSHIP ROOM

WHAT a lovely room is friendship  
We are building every day!  
Shelter human hearts are craving  
As we journey on life's way.  
Understanding deep and thorough  
Are the walls it always seems,  
Love that covers makes the ceiling,  
And forgiveness forms the beams.  
Patience makes a good, hard flooring,  
And the door swings on good will.  
Songs of hope and faith make windows,  
Welcome sits upon the sill.  
Good cheer crackles in the fireplace,  
And the humble board is spread  
With a love for foe and stranger—  
Life's immortal wine and bread.  
We are candles in this shelter  
In this friendship room down here.  
Hither Providence has placed us  
With our light to guide and cheer.  
But today a light is missing,  
All the room seems in a shade.  
Now we know how bright the candle,  
And how fair the light it made.  
By its flame our faith was quickened,  
How our hearts took on good cheer  
And our lips took up life's music  
Every time that light drew near.  
We are candles, all are burning  
In this friendship room today.  
O the ecstasy of living  
As we burn our lives away.

## OUT OF THE STRONG

UP from the vineyards of Timnath  
A young lion came one day—  
The flesh in its strength and beauty—  
And roared as he sought his prey.  
Snarling and growling from hunger  
He moved down life's dusty road,  
And roared as he saw a Christian  
Alone and near no abode.

The Christian stood without weapons,  
No carnal strength did he know,  
But clothed with Jehovah's power  
He fearlessly met the foe.  
The lion of flesh then gathered  
All powers that he could bid,  
But the Spirit was triumphant  
And rent him as though a kid.

A helpless heap by the roadside  
The vanquished young lion lay;  
Under the hot, eastern sunshine  
His beauty turned to decay.  
His roar became but an echo  
The Christian at times could hear  
As he journeyed on to Timnath—  
God's love casting out all fear.

The sun continued its shining;  
The flesh all rotted away  
Exposing a dried-out carcass  
Where the honey bees came to stay.  
Bees make no honey in lions  
That roar in the flesh and cry,  
Nor still in dead lions rotting,  
But in carcasses bleached and dry.

Often returning from Timnath,  
The Christian now homeward bound,  
Turns off from the dusty roadside  
Where a place of spoil is found,  
And humbly gathers sweetness  
Where his roaring flesh once died,  
Enough for himself and others  
From a carcass bleached and dried.

## THE CALL OF DEEP UNTO DEEP

**D**OWN in the depth of my nature  
Where the issues of life are born  
From that unknown mystical realm,  
Surviving through ages of storm,  
A call is forever rising—  
But its language I cannot speak.  
It was born ere I had being,  
'Tis the call of deep unto deep.

Our mother tongue here is awkward,  
For no words can fully express  
The needs in the depths of nature,  
In bondage to sin and distress.  
Our hearts in their depths sorely ache;  
They hunger, they call, and they seek—  
Then silently wait an answer  
To the call of deep unto deep.

Down deep in the heart of our God,  
In mystical regions sublime,  
In the Godhead's holy council  
Long before our world or our time,  
An answer was fully prepared  
Every pain, every ache to meet,  
In Christ, God's only begotten,  
Is answer to deep unto deep.

The Answer indeed was the Word,  
The Word when expressed was the Son.  
O language of God how profound!  
In answer what more could be done?  
The heart of our God is hungry,  
His portion, His people to seek.  
"I thirst," was cried by the Answer—  
'Tis the call of deep unto deep.

## ETERNAL URGE

When He inspired this poem I was conscious of this moving and throbbing of the Spirit of God and Life in the universe.—This strange mystical urge, this pulse beat of God is what I want you to sense in this poem. Everything in the universe is pulsating under the impact and power of the Spirit of God—the Spirit of Life. Though invisible and not tangible, we are conscious of it through spirit and it is an eternal urge. Since the creation it has been pushing its way through, involving earth and time, and will go back again into the Eternal. As the throbbing of the human heart is a sign of life, so this terrific urge—this pulse beat of God lets me know He is alive.

*Thy holy breath hath quickened me to life.  
I joy to feel thee move upon my house, . . .  
But—deeper rests the ecstasy divine  
That burning in the inner, sacred shrine  
A fire of God, fanned by His eternal breath  
Illuminates my spirit and I see.—*

Being quickened to life, through a threefold consciousness (my trinity) my grasp is complete.

*A new creation now I find myself  
In process of becoming God's ideal.  
Eternal urge, O mighty breath of God,  
Move on in floods of endless life.*

## ETERNAL URGE

ETERNAL urge, strange pulse beat of my God,  
I welcome every throb and mystic stir,  
The long, deep silences which veil the past  
Have known thee well and trembled with strange joy  
As in majestic mood you passed them by.  
On, on and ever upward in thy reach  
I trace thee in thy tireless, endless ways.  
The vast expanses of this universe  
Respond and vibrate as you move through them.  
All nature inarticulate and bound  
Thrills at thy touch and reaches out her arms.  
Mute prayers but eloquent in faith sublime.  
Thy holy breath hath quickened me to life.  
I joy to feel thee move upon my house,  
This tenement of clay in which I live.  
I joy to share thy life which makes me know  
I am a part of this great cosmic whole.  
But deeper rests the ecstasy divine  
That burning in the inner, sacred shrine  
A fire of God, fanned by His eternal breath  
Illuminates my spirit and I see.  
A miracle has come to grace my life.  
A threefold consciousness completes my grasp.  
All that combines to make me who I am  
Is turned into a hunger infinite.  
My being is a thirsty desert lone.  
Though nameless incompleteness haunts me here,  
God feeds me with immortal Bread and Wine,  
A fount of living water pours within.  
Strange paradox that life should thus be lived!  
Eternal urge, sweet token of God's faith,  
Though infinite thy task, thy end is sure.  
Completion and perfection of His thought  
Shall yet be known in every phase of life.



A faith triumphant like a holy drive  
    Sublimely moves and carries all to God.  
I too, although so small an item here  
    Caught up and placed within this mighty plan,  
Can now partake of life and light in Him.  
    And though the yearning for the perfect whole  
Is turned into a groaning deep and dumb,  
    A song triumphant is its sequel sure.  
A new creation now I find myself  
    In process of becoming God's ideal.  
Eternal urge, O mighty breath of God,  
    Move on in floods of endless life.

## IDENTIFICATION

**I** AM a flame born of celestial fire.  
I bear a name, Insatiable Desire.  
I wear in heart an image all divine,  
Past human art, not traced by mortal line.  
I hear God call to taste His heavenly power;  
I give my all to burn life's single hour.  
So let me burn through fetters that would bind;  
Thus will I learn and freedom will I find.  
I shall return to Love's eternal fire,  
There shall I burn—a satisfied desire.

## BREATH OF GOD

The Lord makes great note of the Holy Spirit in Scripture. In the New Testament alone there are over 260 references. I have written two poems about this eternal urge, this tremendous breath of God, because I am so conscious of the Spirit. The breath of God is the very essence of my life and being.

The message in this poem has to do with our need of the Holy Spirit. In Hebrew, the word "Spirit" is *ruah*, in Greek, *pneuma*. It means "breath," or "out-breathing." What is your breath? It is your life. The Holy Spirit is the very life of God. It was through Him that the world was created and by His power all things are sustained in the universe. All three of the Godhead are in it—God the Father is causation; Jesus executes the will; and the Holy Spirit brings to its completion the whole design of God.

This poem tells us of three epochs of our experience. The morning depicts the first stages of our development. This is youth—the life and glory of the sunrise, vision, adjustment; school is for this. That soon moves on into the rush and hurry of the daily toil. This is our middle age—manhood, responsibility, service, adjustment; we are conscious of the fleeting hours, the burdens that press and the shadows that come. The eventide is the declension; the coming to its climax and fulness of what we have and are. It is the benediction on old age—contemplation and memory. And in every phase of our development the Spirit of God is the only One who can accomplish this feat of transforming. He will bring it through to its completion, its final ending, *a flame to burn for Thee with love divine.*

## BREATH OF GOD

O BREATH of God, I need Thee so;  
Apart from Thee I cannot live.  
I seek no other life to know,  
But that alone which Thou canst give.  
In me no goodly thing I find,  
I sink in utter helplessness.  
By Thee I live, O Breath Divine  
So full of life and blessedness.

I need Thee in the early dawn  
When eastern skies are bathed in light,  
To teach me how to worship Thee,  
And clothe my spirit with Thy might.  
I dare not venture forth alone,  
For Thou must quicken by Thy power.  
I wait beneath Thy holy touch  
I need Thee so in morning hour.

I need Thee through the busy day,  
So fraught with service, joys and strife.  
I only have these fleeting hours,  
A single day in all my life.  
When burdens press and strength is faint,  
When shadows come and shadows go,  
O breathe upon my weary heart,  
For then it is I need Thee so.

I need Thee in the eventide,  
When purple shadows drape the skies  
And twilight's holy hush comes in  
To rest me while the daylight dies.  
Then like a benediction sweet  
In gentle metre soft and low  
O, let me feel Thee, Breath of God,  
I need Thee so, I need Thee so.

And if the embers of my love  
Should smolder in the ashes gray,  
And only in my memory  
Should burn the love of yesterday,  
Come, Holy Breath, and breathe once more  
Upon this fainting heart of mine,  
Until it bursts into a flame  
To burn for Thee with love divine.

## RECOMPENSE

**G**IVE me of thyself, O gentle earth,  
Food for my body while I live.  
We have much in common, you and I,  
You kept me living since my birth.  
Some day in return to you I'll give  
Dust of my body—when I die.

## TO A WOODTHRUSH

The first time I ever heard a woodthrush was late one afternoon when I was ten years old. As children, we just delighted to pick the lovely little wintergreen in the beautiful woods back of our farm and there, in those solitary woods, I heard the liquid tones of a woodthrush.—I have never been the same since! That first haunting woodthrush did something to my spirit which I cannot make articulate. It arouses to consciousness some haunting past that I must have had—a shadow of something most marvelous and wonderful and beautiful that I lost and cannot regain or recapture.—Now I do not teach transmigration or reincarnation, but there is a field in there somewhere that was retained and allowed to come to consciousness through that very medium—the woodthrush.

God ministers to me through many phenomena. The call of a bird will transport me when nothing else will. I cannot hear a woodthrush even today but it is relating to something in my spiritual welfare. How to explain it, I do not know. It is always in a crisis that God sends this woodthrush to me and it carries with it a terrific challenge, saying: “Come! Do you dare to come and meet God and move on to a new plateau in your spirit? Do you want to come out of and into a fresh new life and light and revelation?”

And so at the close when I have to go—as a little farewell touch with mother nature who has opened her heart to me in so many fields—

*I wonder if I might once more hear a woodthrush  
call from out the woods*

*In notes so sweet and clear? Of one thing I am very  
sure—*

*Its echo I will hear deep down within my waiting heart,  
And I shall know no fear.*

## TO A WOODTHRUSH

I HEARD a woodthrush call one time,  
It was at close of day,  
The sun had set and shadows soft  
Along the woodlot lay.

The liquid note so sweet, so clear  
Within my heart awoke  
A strange and haunting echo faint  
No human voice e'er spoke.

Where is the past from whence it came?  
Why could it thrill me so?  
O, lovely note, I hear you call  
From out the long ago.

Why do you haunt my hungry heart,  
And strangely stir me so?  
Through all my life whene'er you call,  
I leap and want to go.

My sun has passed its zenith hour,  
The evening air is calm.  
Long shadows rest behind my back.  
I chant an evening psalm.

I wonder when I have to go,  
If I might once more hear  
A woodthrush call from out the woods  
In notes so sweet and clear?

Of one thing I am very sure —  
Its echo I will hear  
Deep down within my waiting heart,  
And I shall know no fear.