

**KATE LOUISE
WHEELER**

HOME POEMS

Kate Wheeler
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Kate Louise Wheeler

Home Poems

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I am a New Hampshire girl. I have written these poems in the interests of Christian Endeavor. My friends are so much pleased with them that I have had them published for our mutual benefit.

KATE L. WHEELER.

*"Thou'lt ne'er be poor nor quite alone,
Whilst thou a mother call'st thine own."*

THE OLD GRANITE STATE

The New Hampshire Christian Endeavor State Song

Tune, “How Firm a Foundation.”

The State of New Hampshire is dear to us all,
Her hills and her mountains respond to the call,
Her onflowing rivers in gladness awake
To sound forth the praises of Old Granite State.

Her heroes undaunted in times of distress
'Neath the flag of the union went forth with the rest;
When duty is calling and danger is nigh
The Old Granite State will conquer or die.

Her sons and her daughters are loyal and brave,
'Neath the banner of Christ they march onward to save;
In the battle for right which they undertake
As firm as the granite in Old Granite State.

From loftiest height to lowliest shore
New Hampshire, our home land, is our's evermore!

“For Christ and the Church” she resounds the glad call,
The Old Granite State sends a greeting to all.

THY PLACE

Do not dream away life's morning,
Rise to bless as does the sun;
Let no shadow fall about thee,
Till thy given work is done.

Look not downward, to the valley,
Blessings come from heights above;
Falter not upon thy journey,
Let each effort teem with love.

Tho' thy life work may be humble,
Keep a brave and trusting heart;
Do it well, it is thy portion,
God himself assigned the part.

There is not on earth another—
Even monarch of the throne—
Who can fill thy place so nobly,
As thyself, thyself alone.

If a few shall rise above thee,
And the world their deeds applaud,
Do not let their fame depress thee,
None can judge thee save thy God.

CONSTANCY

He makes the most of life, who soonest learns
That 'tis not best to try for heights too high,
Nor yet to be content with vales too low;
But day by day upon his upward way,
Accepts the possible for which he yearns,
Rejects those things that far beneath him lie,
And asks the strength of slow success, to know,
Which gains the Heaven for which we mortals pray.

FAIREST DAYS

The sun is flooding all the land and sky,
The waves are dancing o'er the deep blue sea;
The world is gay and yet, they say, not I—
Since absence makes a gulf 'tween you and me.

When you were here the clouds were in the sky,
The rain-drops fell, the sun was hid from view;
The world was dull and yet, they say, not I—
For my gay world is centred, love, in you.

When you are near no matter what the sky,
No matter what the sea nor what the weather;
The world is gay and so, my love, am I—
The days are fairest when we are together.

MY PETITION

O let me say one little word,
Ere I depart,
To soothe one sorrow,
Teach one truth,
And help one heart!

O let me sing one little song,
Before I go,
To wake one wanderer,
Lift one load,
And wing one woe!

O let me breathe one little prayer,
While yet I live,
To bring one blessing,
Heal one hurt,
One sin forgive!

O let me write one little song,
Ere life is o'er,
To cause one comfort,
Save one soul,
Forever more!

IMPERISHABLE MELODIES

Around the world they ring to-day,
And they will ring forever;
Like beautiful birds that sweetly sing,
Good cheer and comfort they shall bring;
And saving souls along the way,
Will be forgotten never.

Both autocrat and peasant poor,
With heaven born inspiration,
Composed these grand and soulful themes
That wake the dreamer from his dreams,
And shall, while patriot rights endure,
Arouse a loyal nation.

The mighty chimes ring out the fame
Of him who wrote with feeling,
And while sweet symphonies prolong,
He lives again to move the throng,
And preaches in Jehovah's name
From spires where bells are pealing.

MOTHER

In all the wide world there is not another
Whose name is so dear as the sweet name of mother.
The babe's tiny head finds it's most perfect rest,
When pillowed from harm on the fair mother breast;
The youth, from all sorrow, temptation and care,
Seeks the warm mother heart and finds comfort there;
The woman, whose virtues are whispered above,
Will daily thank God for the dear "mother love;"
The man, be he lover, or husband, or brother,
Will ever hold sacred the love of his mother.
Tho' the years may have turned her tresses to gray,
And the rose from her cheek may have faded away,
Tho' her step, once so light, may have feebled with age,
And her eyes may have grown too dim for the page,
Tho' the hand that was once so dainty and fair,
May have changed with the seasons of toiling and care,
Tho' the voice that to youth and it's freedom belongs,
May have lost all its sweetness for lullaby songs,
Yet the years that shall make the dear mother grow old,
Will but add to her nature a blessing untold;—
Tho' they rob her of youth, she retains, as a prize,
A love more mature and a counsel more wise.
Tho' her life lose it's sunshine and burdens oppress,
Yet the love of the mother will never be less;

Tho' her children may wander away from the fold,
And the world shuts them out in the darkness and cold,
Tho' their friends may prove faithless and sin may allure,
Yet of mother's true love they can ever be sure.
Tho' to far away lands they may wilfully roam,
The fond mother's prayer will be guiding them home.
If they climb to the height of honor and fame,
They should whisper, in credit, the dear mother name.
Her love inspires all that is noble and good,
And Purity reigneth o'er sweet mother-hood.
Tho' the great world applaud, the praise of another
Is nothing compared with the praises of mother.
The earth home is dreary, when she is away,
Her presence adds sunshine to each changing day,
And Heaven, in it's glory, will be the more fair,
When the spirit of mother shall find entrance there.

HIDDEN TREASURES

Beneath the waves of ocean blue,
The precious pearls are lost from view;
Within the darkness of the mine,
The gold and uncut diamonds shine;
From human sight beneath the sky,
The little seeds in waiting lie.

Within the mind, like pearls of white,
Some hidden thoughts await the light;
Which, brightly polished, shall outshine
The varied treasures of the mine;
And like the seeds that wake to flowers,
Shall bless and brighten all life's hours.

IN LIFE AND DEATH

I see her smile in sleep
And to her crib I creep
To kiss the baby face where dimples play;
I smooth her sunny hair
And breathe to God a prayer
That He will teach me how to lead the way.

I see her smile in sleep
And to her couch I creep
To kiss the saintly face where peace doth stay;
I smooth her silvery hair
And breathe to God a prayer
That He will teach me how to find the way.

PROGRESS

He, who to elevate himself
Labors with earnest will,
Forgets, that should he wisely try
To elevate the minds near by
And public needs to fill,
Will still continue to advance
And while their cause he does enhance
Will be their teacher still.

ONLY A LITTLE FELLOW

He was only a little fellow
With a very plain little face
And his teacher said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan never can keep his place.”

He was only a little fellow
With a mouth neither rosy nor sweet
And his father said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan always is under my feet.”

He was only a little fellow
With eyes neither brilliant nor gay
And his mother said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan always is in my way.”

He was only a little fellow
With a little turned up nose
And his sister said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan must keep away from my beaux.”

He was only a little fellow
With tumbled apron and hair
And his brother said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan is out of place in there.”

He was only a little fellow
But at last there came a day
When every one said,
With a shake of the head:
“Dan never was in the way.”

He was only a little fellow
Yet the neighbors came in to weep
While the baby face,
In a rose-decked place,
Was calm in eternal sleep.

He was only a little fellow
Who left his books and his play;
At the Saviour's call,
Where there's room for all,
He will never more be in the way.

UNDER THE PINES

Under the pines, on a summer's day,
I list to a whisper from far away,
And, lying low, with my half-closed eyes,
Behold the beauty of fairer skies.
Some say 'tis the sound of the sighing sea,
Whose distant murmur steals over me;
Some say 'tis the baby breeze instead,
That rocks in the branches overhead;
But I know it is neither wave nor breeze,
On shining sands and in leafy trees;
'Tis the music sweet of a voice divine,
That whispers peace to each pensive pine.

PRAYER

Pray not for self if thou wouldst be most blest,—
The prayers for others are for self the best.
Christ is not first if self be first in prayer;
He blesses most when we for others care.
Forget thyself if thou wouldst Christlike be,
Praying for others, some will pray for thee.
While self's own burdens are of prayer a part
"Thy kingdom come" is prayed not from the heart.
Pray not for light to solve thy problems right,
But be thyself to other souls a light.
God gave thee mighty strength to help the weak,
And yet thy prayers of thine own weakness speak;
God gave thee power to comfort and to teach,
And lift souls up to heights they strive to reach,
And yet thy prayers ascend to His white throne,
Pleading for comfort for thyself alone;
Thou prayest too for wisdom and release,
And hands to draw thee upward into peace,
Forgetting that which Christ would have thee know,—
Peace comes to those who make peace here below;
Forgetting that His arms shall draw thee near
Only as thine are held to others here;
That wisdom comes to thee each passing hour
By teaching others what is in thy power;

That comfort comes by thy own word and deed,
Which comforts others in the hour of need.
If thou wouldst pray for self, ask God to give
More power in prayer that other souls may live.
To live right is to pray and to believe
That Christ will hear, and that “thou shalt receive.”
Two gifts are thine, if thou wouldst pray aright,—
Peace here below, and Heaven’s eternal light.

OUR BABY

When baby's soul is claimed beyond the skies,
And little eyes are closed in final sleep;
When angels hush our darling's cooing cries,
What words are there to comfort those who weep?

When broken playthings, lying on the floor,
And treasured toys have all been put aside,
When baby wakes to play with them no more,
And fondest hopes that brightened life have died;

When dimpled hands no longer seek the face,
And baby lips no more shall feel the kiss;
When tiny feet have found their resting-place,
What shall be said in such an hour as this?

When baby's crib is idly standing near,
And cherished form is laid from human sight,
When loved ones think they even now can hear
The little cry that woke them in the night;

When mother puts the baby gowns away,
And 'round her neck can almost seem to feel
Those clinging arms, whose touch will with her stay,
What helpful thoughts can Sympathy reveal?

A HALO

No mortal can unhappy be
Who lives for other's good,
And takes an interest in the lives
Of happy brother-hood.

Depression that destroys the mind
Will thereby disappear,
And gloom will all be swept away
In radiant atmosphere.

THE DESERTED FARM

An unkept field, whose grasses greet the sun,
And pure, white daisies spread like fallen snow;
The shady nooks, where trout brooks gaily run,
And, 'mong the trees, the farm-house quaint and low.

Like some worn soldier on the battle fields
It stands upon the old familiar ground,
And to the past it's former strength it yields,
While naught but desolation broods around.

'Neath shutters closed the phoebe builds her nest,
While near the eaves the little sparrows fly;
All undisturbed they sing their young to rest,
As did a mother in the years gone by.

The wicker gate is falling to decay,
The narrow paths with growing weeds abound;
The long, low shed thro' which the sunbeams stray,
Is leaning eastward to the grassy ground.

The barn door creaks upon it's hinges old;
The prop that stayed it from the winds that blow
No more stands guard against the heat and cold—
The summer's rain and winter's drifts of snow.

The lofts, once laden with the new mown hay,
No longer echo with the merry din;
From beam to beam, where children loved to play,
The spiders many a silken cobweb spin.

No more the tinkle of the distant bell
Disturbs the hush of daylight's waning hours;
The pasture bars, beside a covered well,
Are twined with grape-vines and with fair wild flowers.

The "Bouncing Bet" is growing near the gate,
The climbing roses bloom beside the door;
The brave "Sweet William," left alone to fate,
Has struggled upward thro' the grass once more.

The clover blossoms, pink and white and red,
Fill all the balmy air with perfume sweet;
The honey-suckle proudly bends it's head
Close to the door-stone worn by many feet.

Where once a maiden slied a bit of green
Within her shoe, and there expectant stood,
To-day the self same "Grandma's pride" is seen,—
A little bunch of fragrant southern-wood.

The low-eaved porch supports the clinging vine,
While thro' the roof the summer rain-drops fall;
Upon the floor a rusty hook and line,

A well-worn bench and silence over all.

A well-sweep, overgrown with moss and mould,
Shelters a hornet's nest within it's nook;
Above the running waters clear and cold
An old tin dipper hangs upon it's hook.

The dull-edged scythe swings idly in the sun,
A grindstone crumbles 'neath the maple's shade;
A cart-wheel and the faded coat of one
Who long ago beneath the sod was laid.

Tho' gone the smile of each familiar face
And merry voices break no more the calm,
Yet Memory sweet shall hallow all the place
And flood with peace the old deserted farm.

SEED THOUGHTS

The celebrated Author pens
His thorough thoughts from depths of mind,
And they are not in proper place
Until the depths of our's they find.

The wisest reader may perceive,
In writings that shall ever live,
A reflex of his own wise thoughts
That to the world he did not give;

But to the mind of him who learns,
They are as seeds of knowledge brought
That soon take root and rarefy
Into a whole great field of thought.

SCHOOL

Life is a school for all mankind,
Where daily lessons are assigned
And each may do his best;
God is the Master who will teach
The truths that lie within our reach
And leave to us the rest.

Each has his proper place at start
And each can learn his little part
If earnestly he tries;
Altho' his standard may be low,
He surely to the head will go
Who on himself relies.

Each has a chance among the rest
To do his worst or do his best
And his must be the choice,—
Either to break the golden rule
And cause confusion in life's school,
Or heed the Master's voice.

The discipline is not severe,
Altho' the Master we should fear
To keep us from a wrong;

There is no need to sigh and fret,
Or to despair, with lashes wet,
Because our task seems long.

The lessons that so oft' we spurn
We know that some time we must learn,
Then why should we delay?
He stays behind who is the dunce,
The wisest does his task at once
And goes upon his way.

The Master's sympathy prevails
With him who tries altho' he fails,
For He will help not chide;
When rest and honors have been won
He hears the Master say: "Well done,"
And he is satisfied.

THE GRACES

Faith, the angel of my prayer,
Hope, to lighten every care,
Love, to lift life's heavy yoke,
These the graces I invoke;
But the greatest of the three
Is the last—sweet charity.

SUNSHINE

The sunshine makes the flowers grow,
They cannot thrive in shade;
If naught but darkness did they know
Their brightness soon would fade.

Our lives require the sunlight's glow,
They cannot thrive in gloom;
If naught but darkness did thy know
Bright hopes would never bloom.

The sunny smiles that make life bright
And bless the passing hours,
Will do for souls that need the light
What sunshine does for flowers.

“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?”

Will it matter, by and by,
When he calls us each by name,
Whether you, or whether I,
Win earth's honor and earth's fame?

Onward, in the rush of life,
For the prizes of the race,
Shall we mingle in the strife
Crowding others out of place?

Shall we seek Ambition's goal,
Where the earthly treasures stay,
Passing by some helpless soul
Who has lost the Heavenly way?

If no kindness we have shown,
Seeking to be first of all,
Shall we gain a “welcome home”
When we hear the Master's call?

When life's busy day is past,
Will He question you and me
Who was first, and who was last,
In the worldly victory?

If earth's laurels we have won,
And Heaven's glories are denied,
Shall we hear the words: "Well done,"
And our souls be satisfied?

Ere the prize we seek is gone,
And the triumph comes too late,
Love of fame shall urge us on
But the angels whisper:—"Wait."

WHAT HE SAID

“Come and play with me,” he said;
And I saw his curly head
Peeping thro’ the fence below.
He was four and I was three
And he beckoned unto me
So I could not say him no.

“Come and live with me,” he said;
And I saw his manly head
Where the threads of silver grow.
He was passing forty-three
And he pleaded long with me
So I could not say him no.

HOME LIGHTS

When the work of day is over,
And the weary hours are past,
Home lights, gleaming in the distance,
Fill the soul with joy at last.

Tho' the trials have been many,
And the world has proved unkind,
Lights of home make burdens lighter
And refresh the wearied mind.

Some one where the lights are shining,
Knows that you are very near;
Some one waits to bid you welcome,
And invites to rest and cheer.

Some one loves you; all life's crosses,
Which have seemed so hard to bear,
Are forgiven and forgotten,
When you see the home lights fair.

Some one knows that you are weary,
Some one waits to clasp your hand;
Some one watches near the home lights,
Who will surely understand.

Footsteps falter now no longer
O'er the distant homeward way;
There's a message in the home lights,
At the close of busy day.

When the work of life is over,
And the weary hours are past,
Home lights, in Eternal glory,
Satisfy the soul at last.

Tho' earth's trials have been many,
And the world unkind has been,
Lights of Home dispel life's burdens,
Christ will bid you:—"Enter in."

Some One, where the lights are shining,
Waits to give your soul release;
Some One waits to bid you welcome,
You shall find both rest and peace.

Some One loves you; all life's crosses,
Which once seemed so hard to bear,
Are forgotten in the glory
Of the Christ, who greets you there.

Some One knows that you are weary,
Some One gently takes your hand;
Some One knows your every weakness,

He—the Christ—will understand.

Footsteps falter now no longer,
O'er the weary earthly way;
There's a message in the Home lights,
At the close of life's brief day.

Thus on earth, and thus in Heaven,
Gleam the distant home lights fair;
Some one waits and some one watches,—
Some one here and Some One there.

Blessed home lights! May they ever
Shine for you and shine for me,
In the shadows of earth's journey
And through all Eternity.

CLOUDS AND COMFORT

Tho' clouds arise, in fairest skies,
And sunlight glories steal away;
Tho' snow-flakes fall, on roof and wall,
Till all the world is chill and gray;
Yet why complain? The earth shall gain
An added glory from on high,
For rain and snow that fall below
Will bring more sunshine by and by.

Tho' doubts we find, within the mind,
And hope and pleasure steal away;
Tho' trials fall, to one and all,
Till life itself looks cold and gray;
Yet why despair? God has a care,
And He will comfort while we sigh,
For griefs and tears, within the years,
Will bring more blessings by and by.

ACTION

Action is the golden key
That unlocks doors to set us free;
Thro' which the trusting heart that sings
Shall find it's way to better things.

“FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.”

When the hush of early morning
Ushers in the sunbeams fair,
And another day is dawning,
'Tis for you, I breathe a prayer.

Somewhere—all my love confessing
Ere the busy day is here—
You will need the morning blessing,
While the angels hover near.

Tho' I hear not what you're saying,
And I know not where you are,
Yet for you I shall be praying,
While the sunbeams fade the star.

When the moon-beams softly stealing
Thro' my windows come to play,
And in robe of white I'm kneeling,
'Tis for you I fondly pray.

Somewhere—all my love confessing
Ere I close my eyes in sleep—
You will need the evening blessing,
While the angels guard and keep.

Tho' I may not share your pleasure,
And I may not know your care,
Yet while God's great love of treasure,
I shall breathe your name in prayer.

SINCERITY

To self and to God be loyal and true,
Fear not what others may say or may do,
But what at best you appear;
Gird on your armor and stand for the right,
Honest in purpose and earnest in might,
Then shall your soul be sincere.

Banish each doubt and deception and dream,
Be the real saint that to others you seem,
Dare to face tempters alone;
Lift up your banner and fear not the foe,
Valiant in service wherever you go,
Sincerity claimeth her own.

THE VEILED FUTURE

A baby played beside a covered well,
And peeping thro' he saw the waters clear;
He clapped his hands, enchanted by the spell,
And knew not that the Reaper hovered near.

The sunlight flooded all the summer sky,
A little bird sang sweetly from her nest;
While troubled waters hushed his piteous cry
The baby soul had found it's perfect rest.

A woman stood among the flowers fair
And 'neath her bridal veil she blushed unseen;
She said: "I will," and breathed a silent prayer
And knew not that a shadow fell between.

An angel led her from the sacred place
And whispered of another's priceless love;
While smiles yet lingered on her happy face
The bride's pure soul had found it's joy above.

A manly figure near an altar stood
To consecrate his life to God on high;
He thought the future promised every good
And knew not that his summons sounded nigh.

The Sabbath sunshine bathed his cheek and brow,
And Hope deferred, now triumphed from his eyes;
While thrilled his soul with an unspoken vow
'Twas called to nobler work in Paradise.

When skies are brightest threatening clouds appear,
Thro' deepening shades the welcome sunlight steals;
When hearts are happiest sorrows hover near
'Tis well for us that God the future shields.

LABOR OF LOVE

He planted a tree, on the old home land,
Where the summer sunlight stayed,
Tho' he knew full well he should never stand
'Neath it's fruit and pleasing shade.

He penciled a book, in his life's last year,
When the inspiration came,
Tho' he knew his heart it could never cheer
With it's gold and certain fame.

But the leaves of his tree grew, day by day,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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