

Verses
of
Encouragement



1880



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of
Encouragement



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Splinters from the Cross

Little headaches, little heartaches,
Little griefs of every day.
Little trials and vexations,
How they throng around our way!
One great cross, immense and heavy,
So it seems to our weak will,
Might be borne with resignation,
But these many small ones kill.

Yet all life is formed of small things,
Little leaves make up the trees,
Many tiny drops of water
Blending, make the mighty seas;
So these many little burdens,
Pressing on our hearts so hard,
All uniting, form a life's work,
Meriting a grand reward.

Let us not then by impatience
Mar the beauty of the whole,
But for love of Jesus bear all
In the silence of our soul.
Asking Him for grace sufficient
To sustain us through each loss,
And to treasure each small offering
As a splinter from His Cross.

"They Say"

"They say!"—ah, well, suppose they do
But can they prove the story true?
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang or sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more"?

"They say!" Oh, pause and look within!
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
And lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power.
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

My Lesson

Only to rest where He puts me,
Only to do His will;
Only to be what He made me,
Though I be nothing still.
Never to look beyond me,
Out of my little sphere,
If I could fill another,
God would not keep me here.

Only to take what He gives me,
Meek as a little child
Questioning nought of the reason,
Joyful or reconciled.
Only to take what He gives me,
Patiently, gladly, today;
With never a thought of tomorrow,
Leaning on Him all the way.

Only to watch in the working,
Lest I should miss His smile.
Striving to still earth's voices,
Watching for Him all the while.
Only to look to Him ever,
Only to rest at His feet,
All that He sayeth, to do it,
Then shall my life be complete.

I'm the Daddy of a Nun

Sure, my daughter has been vested
And my joy I cannot hide,
For I've watched her from the cradle
With a father's honest pride.

But the morn she left me early
I was feeling mighty blue,
Just a-thinking how I'd miss her
And the things she used to do.

But now, somehow it's different—
With each rising of the sun,
And my heart is ever singing,
"I'm the daddy of a nun."

Since to err is only human
There's a whole lot on the slate,
That I'll have to make account for,
When I reach the golden gate.

But then I'm not a-worrying
About the deeds I've done,
I'll just whisper to St. Peter:
"I'm the daddy of a nun."

The Silver Lining

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears.
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing,
With roses in every plot,
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot,
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night,
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright.
And that hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the wakening makes us sad,
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the wakening makes us glad.
We shall look some day with wonder
At the trouble we have had.

Turn for Turn

Jesus, my King, I have crucified Thee,
Now it is Thy turn to crucify me,
Make Thou the cross, be it only like
Thine,
Mix Thou the gall, so Thy love be
the wine.

Shrink not to strip me of all but
Thy grace,
Stretch me out well till I fit in Thy
place.
Here are my hands, felon hands, and
my feet,
Drive home the nails, Lord. The pain
shall be sweet.

Raise me and take me not down till
I die,
Only, let Mary my Mother, stand by.
Last, let the Spear while I live do its
small part,
Right through the heart, my King,
right through the heart.

God Bless You

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My kindly thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God Bless You."

God bless you! So I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be yours, unless God blesses?

God bless you! So I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
For how can sorrow bring you harm
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so, dear friend, through all your days
No harm can touch you ever,
If this alone, God's blessing, stays,
Then you are safe forever!

Have Faith

How many times in your life have you felt
The need of a cheering word?
How many times in silence knelt
And hoped that God had heard
Your unlisted prayer
To have a care
For a heart with sorrow stirred?

How many times, when sadly oppressed,
And feeling the need of a friend,
With failing heart and spirits depressed,
Have you begged Him to kindly lend
A comforting strength
To attain at length
Sweet peace for a soul distressed?

Has He ever refused? No; it comes to us all
In some shape, some form, I believe;
No matter how great, no matter how small;
This goodness to hear and relieve,
Have faith in the Lord,
Believe in His word—
“Ask and ye shall receive!”

The Great Father

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven.
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple
We would take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

The Gladness of His Smile

We met at Communion this morning,
My Savior and I, a child,
He stooped in loving compassion,
Gracious and gentle and mild.

And lifted me close to His Bosom
I felt His Heart-beats the while,
And all my pain was forgotten,
In the Gladness of His Smile.

I told Him of my sorrow,
And some I could not tell,
But I did not have to breathe it
He knew it all so well.

Then in tones both low and gentle,
His loving voice I heard,
He told me to bear without murmur
Each harsh unkindly word.

To give myself to others,
In kindly pleasant way,
And then to save all my sorrows
For Him at each close of day.

We parted after Communion,
My Savior and I, for a while
But I bore it all day with me—
The Gladness of His Smile.

We Two

I cannot do it alone;
The waves run fast and high,
The fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky;
But I know that WE TWO shall win,
in the end: JESUS AND I.

I cannot row it myself,
My boat, on the raging sea,
But beside me sits ANOTHER,
WHO pulls or steers, with me:
And I know that WE TWO shall
come safe into port: HIS child and HE.

Coward and wayward, and weak,
I change with the changing sky:
Today, so eager and brave,
Tomorrow, not caring to try,
But HE never gives in, so WE TWO
shall win: JESUS AND I.

Strong and tender, and true,
Crucified once for me,
Never will HE change, I know,
Whatever I may be,
We shall finish OUR course, and reach
Home at last: HIS child and HE.

God Holds the Key

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.

If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if tomorrow's care were here
Without its rest?

I'd rather He unlocked the day
And as the hours swing open say:
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure.

For groping in my misty way,
I touch His hand, I hear Him say:
"My help is sure."

I cannot read His future plans,
But this I know,
I have the smiling of His face
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough, this covers all my wants,
And so I rest,
For while I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I saved shall be,
Forever blest.

Send Your Angel to Holy Mass

- "O holy Angel, at my side,
Go to the church for me,
Kneel in my place, at Holy Mass,
Where I desire to be.
- "At Offertory, in my stead,
Take all I am and own,
And place it as a sacrifice,
Upon the Altar Throne.
- "At holy Consecration's bell,
Adore with Seraph's love,
My Jesus, hidden in the Host,
Come down from heaven above.
- "Then pray for those, I dearly love,
And those who cause me grief,
That Jesus' Blood may cleanse all hearts,
And suff'ring souls relieve.
- "And when the priest Communion takes,
Oh, bring my Lord to me,
That His sweet Heart may rest on mine,
And I His temple be.
- "Pray that this Sacrifice Divine,
May mankind's sins efface;
Then bring me Jesus' blessing home,
The pledge of every grace."

Affliction

God would not send you the darkness, dear,
If He felt you could bear the light,
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright.
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.
'Tis true, He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
Many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear.
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.
So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of seven-fold heat,
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet.
For 'tis always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.
Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing if you can as you go,
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And what if your lips do quiver?
God will love you better so.

Mottoes for Boys

The boy who does the little things well, is making himself ready to do the big things better.

Blessed is the boy who has found his trade and gets busy.

What a blessed thing it is to be able to turn up cheerfully after one has been turned down.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

A swelled head does not hurt as much as a swelled thumb, but it's more unfortunate.

Burning a candle at both ends is a poor way to make both ends meet.

Come in without knocking and go out the same way.

A friend—one who knows you and still loves you. .

A boy gone wrong is a good man dead.

We are too busy to kill time.

Forget-me-not

(To A Friend)

Forget-me-not! What Sweeter Words
Could Friend or Loved One say!
Remember me, tho' other thoughts
May claim thee thro' the day.

Forget-me-not, at early morn
Before the Altar fair,
Remember me at Even Tide
When Thou are bowed in Prayer.

Forget-me-not, when far and near,
When in or out of sight,
Remember me thro' life's short day
And death's long lonely night.

Forget-me-not, when thou art bathed
In Heaven's golden light,
Remember me if I still live
And struggle in the fight.

Forget-me-not, when thou art crowned
Thy Jesus' happy bride,
Remember me till I, too, stand
Triumphant at His side.

Good Night, My Jesus

Jesus, dear, the day is over,
Now I leave my labor light,
And before I seek my slumber
Come to say a sweet "Good Night."

Would that I might tarry near,
Rest before Thy lonely shrine;
Thou wouldst whisper loving secrets,
And I'd tell Thee all of mine.

But I cannot linger, Jesus,
I must leave Thee for a while;
Now bestow on me a blessing
And a fond approving smile.

I will leave my heart beside Thee,
It will rest securest there,
And within Thy fond embraces
It will grow to Thee more dear.

So "Good Night" once more, my Jesus,
Grant, no matter where I be,
All my day thoughts and night dreaming
Be of Thee and only Thee.

The Royal Road

There are wrongs that cannot be righted,
There are crosses that must be borne.
There are duties that cannot be slighted,
There are thorn crowns that must be worn.
There are griefs that cannot find comfort,
And wounds that cannot be healed.
There are sorrows so deep in the human heart
They cannot be half revealed.
But, Oh! let us carry our crosses,
We carry them not alone.
Let us tread on earth's rough places
Even as Christ has done.
Let us bury our bitter sorrows,
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
And think what a blessed thing it is
To have in His sorrows a part.
Let us think of the wrongs He suffered.
Let us think of the cross He bore.
Let us think of His weary journey.
Let us think of the Crown He wore.
Surely, the pain and the sorrow
Christ chose for Himself must be best,
Let us follow Him, then, in the way of the
cross
'Twill lead unto Heaven's sweet rest.

Jesus

I wish I were the little key
That locks love's captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinning heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to
dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet Face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

But O my God! I wish the most
That my poor heart may be,
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

*In Heaven We'll Know
Our Own*

Thank God for the faith that teaches,
When the struggles of life are o'er
We shall meet our own, our loved ones,
And know them all once more.
What matter though life be weary,
And we tread its path alone,
If, when the journey is ended,
In Heaven we'll know our own?

And how will it be, I wonder?
Shall those who were dearest here
Be dearest again in Heaven?
Or, think you, when we stand near
The throne of a loving Father,
That His children, every one,
Shall seem equally dear to each other,
Can each be like our own?

I wonder, but then, no matter,
This belongs to the great "To Be";
And we'll see all these things more clearly
In the light of Eternity.
'Tis enough to know if we're faithful
Till the labor of life is done,
In the sweet by-and-by in Heaven,
We shall meet and know our own.

What Is It All?

What is it all when all is told,
This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold,
The fleeting joy or bitter tears?
We are only here for a few short years;
Nothing our own but the silent past;
Loving or hating, nothing can last.
Each pathway leads to the silent fold,
Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all? A grassy mound,
Where day or night there is never a sound
Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze,
As it lovingly rustles the silent trees.
Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer,
May sometimes break the stillness there,
Then hurry away from the gloom and cold.
Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all, just passing through,
A cross for me, and a cross for you,
Ours seem heavy while others seem light;
But God in the end makes all things right.
He "tempers the wind" with such loving care,
He knows the burden that each can bear,
Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold.
Ah! that is all when all is told.

Trust Him

There must be thorns amid life's flowers,
you know,

And you and I, wherever we may go,
Can find no bliss that is not mixed with
pain—

No path without a cloud. It would be
vain

For me to wish that not a single tear
Might dim the gladness that you hold
so dear.

I am not wise enough to understand
All that is best for you. The Master's
Hand

Must sometimes touch life's saddest chords
to reach

Its sweet music, and His child to
teach

To trust His love, till the long, weeping
night

Is all forgotten in the morning light.
Trust—Trust Him, then, and thus shall
good or ill

Your trustful soul with present blessing
fill.

Each loss is truest gain if day by day
He fills the place of all He takes away!

*An Act of Reparation for
Blasphemy*

*(Deserving the attention of members
of the Holy Name Society)*

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His Holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true
Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.

Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament
of the Altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary
most Holy.

Blessed be Her most Holy and Immaculate
Conception.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and
Mother.

Blessed be St. Joseph, Her most Chaste Spouse.

Blessed be God in His Angels and in His
Saints.

In the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those
that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth.—Phil.
11, 10.

Perfect Trust

Oh, for the peace of a perfect trust,
My loving God, in Thee;
Unwavering faith, that never doubts
Thou choosest best for me!

Best, though my plans be all upset;
Best, though the way be rough;
Best, though my earthly store be scant;
In Thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be gone,
Though weary days be mine,
Shut out from much that others have;
Not my will, Lord, but Thine!

And even though disappointments come,
They, too, are best for me,
To wean me from this changing world,
And lead me nearer Thee.

Oh, for the peace of a perfect trust
That looks away from all;
That sees Thy hand in everything,
In great events or small!

That hears Thy voice—a Father's voice—
Directing for the best,
Oh, for the peace of a perfect trust,
A heart with Thee at rest!

Christ in the Tabernacle

I have not seen your face today,
Where were you?
A hundred others came to pray,
Where were you?
From out My prison I have gazed
At hundreds who have, kneeling, praised—
I wanted you.

I wanted you—you did not come,
Where were you?
I waited there, in silence, dumb—
Where were you?
Ah! Could you not one moment spare?
Ah! Surely you a little care!
I wanted you.

You had not time—ah! so you said,
Where were you?
While My sad Heart in silence bled,
Where were you?
Among your friends long hours you spent,
While I—My loving Heart was rent,
In solitude.

I do not like to be alone,
I want you;
Much more than all the friends you own,
I want you.
Tomorrow you will surely come,
Remember, I am helpless, dumb—
Uncomforted.

The Master's Way

Not ours to know the reason why,
Unanswered is our prayer,
But ours to wait for God's own time
To lift the Cross we bear;
Not ours to know the reason why,
From loved ones we must part,
But ours to live in faith and hope,
Though bleeding to the heart;
Not ours to know the reason
Why this anguish, strife and pain,
But ours to know a crown of thorns
Sweet graces for us gain,
A cross, a bleeding heart and crown—
What greater gifts are given?
Be still, my heart, and murmur not;
These are the Keys to Heaven.

Trust In God

There are times when the world grows dark
and cold,
When sorrows make our life-path bleak,
When we look in vain for the smile of old,
And miss the voice that has ceased to speak.
Oh, then let us turn our thoughts toward Him
Whose Name is solace and peace and rest,
Let us say when the carecup is filled to the
brim;
" 'Tis hard to drain it but God knows best."

Greeting

What greeting shall I send you
As I think of you today?
For the wish that I would wish you
Goes beyond what I can say;
Yet unspoken thoughts rise
Heavenwards
In the silence, when we pray.

I will breathe my intercessions
Before God's Altar Throne,
And the best wish I can wish you
Shall be told to Him alone,
And the best thought I can send you
Is from Him, and not my own.

And your name shall be remembered
In the Blessed Presence there
Where remembrances are sacred,
And each memory holds a prayer,
And where loving thoughts shall
leave you
In a loving Father's care.

Holy Altar

Farewell, peaceful, holy and divine altar of My Lord. Shall I return to Thy feet, or shall death detain my footsteps? I know not; but I shall see Thee in the heavenly country.

Farewell, holy altar of propitiation! May the Body and Blood that have been offered upon you wash away my stains, consume my sins, and give me confidence to appear before my Judge!

Farewell, peaceful altar, table of life. May the Mercy of Jesus descend into my heart that I may treasure there the thought of Thee.

(From an ancient Liturgy.)

St. Theresa's Book Mark

Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee.
All things are passing;
God only is changeless.
Patience gains all things.
Who hath God wanteth nothing—
Alone God sufficeth.

My Offering

Just as I am, Thine own to be
Friend of the young, Who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Lord, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

Little Things

Small things are best;
Grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven.

A Precept

Linger not till tomorrow
The wounded heart to heal,
Who knows what added sorrow
Thy waiting may reveal?

Give to thy needy brother
Whate'er his record be,
"As ye unto each other,
So have ye done to Me."
Give freely of thy treasure,
And when thy days are old,
The scales of God will measure
Thy portion manifold.

Take Up Thy Cross

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross DAILY and follow me."

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load;
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.
Daily only He said to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me."

A Prayer

Let my dark hours be dark for me alone,
Nor shadow other lives that I hold dear.
Let me in laughter cloak each useless moan,
And make my little world a world of cheer.

Teach me to turn my every hurt and pain
Into white blooms of tenderness for Thee.
Teach me to make each earthly loss a gain,
And when I fail, be patient, Lord, with me.

A Boy's Prayer

I pray, whatever wrong I do,
I'll never say what is not true;
Be willing at my task each day
And always honest in my play.

Make me unselfish with my joys,
And generous to the other boys;
And kind and helpful to the old,
And prompt to do what I am told.

Bless every one I love, and teach
Me how to help and comfort each;
Give me the strength right living brings,
And make me good in little things.

Memorare

Remember, holy Mary,
'Twas never heard or known
That anyone who sought thee
And made to thee his moan,
That anyone who sought thee
For shelter to thy care,
Was ever yet abandoned
And left to his despair.
No, never, Blessed Virgin,
Most merciful, most kind,
No sinner cries for pity
Who does not pity find.
None, none, O holy Mary.

And so to thee, my Mother,
With filial faith I call;
For Jesus, dying, gave thee
As Mother to us all.
To thee, O Queen of Virgins,
O Mother meek, to thee
I run with trustful fondness,
Like child to Mother's knee.
See at thy feet a sinner
Groaning and weeping sore.
Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me,
And let me stray no more.
No more, O holy Mary.

Thy Son has died to save me,
And from His throne on high
His Heart this moment yearneth
For even such as I.
All, all His love remember,
And, O remember, too,
How prompt I am to purpose,
How slow I am to do.
Yet scorn not my petitions,
But patiently give ear,
And help me, O my Mother,
Most loving and most dear.
Help, help, O holy Mary.

What Matter

I know not whether good or ill
May come from what I do,
Nor if my feeble strength will serve
To toil the whole day through;
I only know that I must strive
His bidding to pursue.

And if my little humble part
On earth be soon forgot,
And if, to mortal eyes, it seem
That failure is my lot,
What matter if I serve but Him
Whose glory changeth not?

Be Careful What You Say

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Should never throw a stone;
If we have nothing else to do
Than talk of those who sin,
'Tis better to commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and
who has not?
The old as well as young,
Perhaps we may, for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure
Ere others' faults I tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses, sometimes,
Like our chickens, "roost at home";
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

If

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

A Morning Offering

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
Through Mary's Heart most pure,
Each sorrow that today my heart is fated
To suffer and endure;
Each grief that shall encompass me with
sadness,
Each pang of pain and loss,
I place upon the rugged crest of Calvary
Beside the saving Cross.
I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!
Each thought of mine today;
I offer Thee the deeds of all the hours,
The words that I shall say;
My heart and mind, my hand and brain
I bring Thee,
With perfect love and trust,
And beg of Thee to brighten with
Thy graces,
My pathway through the dust.
O Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the noonday,
And at the evening's close,
When every sun-ray as it strikes the hilltops
A lengthening shadow throws,
Make strong my heart to battle for
Thy glory

And win the sweet reward—
A place within the shelter of Thy
Kingdom,
The welcome of my Lord!

The Crucified

Thy weary arms are all outstretched,
Outstretched to welcome me,
Thy thorn-crowned head is all bowed down,
Bowed down in love for me.
Thy aching heart beats slow and sad,
Beats sad for sake of me.
Thy nail-pierced feet are weary, too,
A-weary seeking me.
Thy gentle eyes are dim and dark,
All dimmed with care for me,
Thy burning lips are parched and dry,
All parched with thirst for me.
Thy white, sad face is wet with tears,
With wistful tears for me.
Thy tired head bends lower still,
Bends low to pardon me.
And now there is a sob, a cry,
A cry aloud for me.
Thy aching heart has ceased its throb,
A God is dead for me.

To An Altar Boy

To be Christ's page at the altar,
To serve Him freely there,
Where even the angels falter,
Bowed low in reverent prayer.

To touch the throne most holy,
To hand the gifts for the feast,
To see Him meekly, lowly,
Descend at the word of the priest.

To hear man's poor petition,
To sound the silver bell,
When He in sweet submission,
Comes down with us to dwell.

No grander mission surely,
Could saints or men enjoy;
No heart should love more purely,
Than yours, my altar boy.

God bless you, lad, forever,
And keep you in His care,
And guard you that you never
Belie the robes you wear.

For white bespeaks untainted
A heart both tried and true,
And red tells love the sainted
And holy martyrs knew.

Throughout life, then, endeavor
God's graces to employ;
And be in heart forever
A holy altar boy.

A Thought

The deeper the darkness,
The brighter the morn;
The spirit's rare gladness
Of sorrow is born.
The fiercer the tempest,
The sooner the calm;
The sharper a wound,
The more soothing the balm.
The brightest of blossoms
Lie close to the sod,
The lowliest hearts
Are dearest to God.
The heaviest cross
That to earth bows us down,
If patiently borne
Wins a glorious crown

The Old Cross

Dear heart, tire not of the old cross,
Nor ask to lay it down;
Who knows if some lighter new cross
Would win so bright a crown?

If, after all, the choosing
Of crosses were left to thee
Who knows if, in the Master's sight,
So precious they would be?

O! take up then the old cross,
And walk in the same old way,
God pointed out for thy footsteps,
'Twill lead to heaven some day.

Of this be sure, the Master
Is ever near to thee
When thou takest the cross He sends thee,
And bearest it patiently.

Dear heart, then kiss the old cross,
God sent it, it is best;
Kneel low at His feet and accept it,
And leave to Him the rest.

And if sometimes it seems too heavy
For one so weak to bear,
Take courage and think of the blessed
crown
He weaves for thee to wear.

Oh! never tire of the old cross,
Nor ask to lay it down,
Ask not for some lighter new cross,
But think of the fadeless crown.

Remember, in every trial,
That God's sweet will is best,
And that life's rugged pathway leadeth
To Heaven's eternal rest.

As You Go Through Life

Don't look for the flaws as you go through
life;

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them;
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As water shapes into a vessel.

By-and-By

There's a little mischief maker
Who is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dream-land
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present while we sigh—
You may know this mischief maker,
For his name is "By-and-By."

He is sitting by our hearth-stones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh—
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, "By-and-By."

You may know him by his wincing
By his sporting careless air;
By his sly obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his sombre victims lie—
For a bold determined fellow
Is this conqueror "By-and-By."

When the call of duty haunts us,
And the present seems to be
All the time the erring mortals
Snatch from dark eternity—
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures in a distant sky;
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy "By-and-By."

"By-and-By," the wind is singing,
"By-and-By" the heart replies;
But the phantom just above us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.
Listen not to idle charmer;
Scorn the very specious lie;
Only to the fancy liveth
This deceiver "By-and-By."

Today

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for today.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for today.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for today.

Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking, say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for today.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for today.

And if today my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, today.

In Purgatory's cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
O bid me, if today I die,
Go home today.

Learning Christ

Teach me, my Lord, to be sweet and gentle
in all the events of life—
in disappointments,
in the thoughtlessness of others,
in the insincerity of those I trusted,
in the unfaithfulness of those on whom I
relied.

Let me put myself aside,
to think of the happiness of others,
to hide my little pains and heartaches,
so that I may be the only one to suffer from
them.

Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes
across my path.

Let me so use it that it may mellow me
not harden nor embitter me;
that it may make me patient, not irritable;
that it may make me broad in my forgive-
ness, not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

May no one be less good for having come
within my influence, no one less pure, less

true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in our journey towards ETERNAL LIFE.

As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper from time to time a word of love to Thee. May my life be lived in the supernatural, full of power for good, and strong in its purpose of sanctity.

My Petition

Lord, I want to know Thee
Better every day;
Lord, wilt Thou not show me
How to find a way?

Lord, I want to love Thee
More, and more, and more;
Burning Heart above me,
Inflame mine, I implore!

Lord, I want to serve Thee
All my youth and age;
Lord, wilt Thou not nerve me,
To be worth my wage?

Lord, I would possess Thee
Everlastingly;
With Thyself, Lord, bless me
In eternity!

His Voice

Softer than a mother's love song,
O'er the cradle of her child,
Sweeter than the violet's fragrance
Hidden in the woodland wild,
Brighter than the song of angels,
On the birthday of their King,
Stronger than the mighty power
Of a flashing seraph's wing
Is the softness, sweetness, brightness
And the strength of that low Voice,
Coming to me through the darkness,
Making my poor heart rejoice.

I know not now when first I heard it,
Was I just a little child?
Alone, in some rare hour of silence,
When that Voice my heart beguiled?
No, it seems that always, always,
I have heard that gentle call
And 'twas strongest when It bade me,
Follow Him and give Him all.
Sometime with a sudden quiet
In the labor of the day,
Does the world and all its creatures,
Seem a thousand miles away?

Do you hear a soft, low whisper,
Like the flutter of a wing?
Do not turn aside, but listen,
'Tis the pleading of your King.
Harken, and when death's bright angel
Comes to you with summons sweet,
Your soul will lie there, all atremble,
Safe—expectant, at His Feet.

Rabboni

When I am dying,
How glad I shall be
That the lamp of my life
Has been burned out for Thee.

That sorrow has darkened
The pathway I trod,
That thorns—not roses
Were strewn o'er its sod.

That anguish of spirit,
Full often was mine,
Since anguish of spirit,
So often was Thine!

My Cherished RABBONI!
How glad I shall be,
To die with the hope
Of a welcome from Thee.

God's Smile

A rustling of wings sounds near,
A soaring trill is heard,
Two sharp, bright eyes I saw, and thought
God smiles upon that bird.

A deep, wide, blue expanse I see;
That's where the bird doth fly.
No cloud, no flaw in all its blue,
God smiles upon that sky.

The beauty of the world I see;
The grass and flowers and trees.
I feel its thrill; I hear its call.
God smiles upon all these.

The day is here, and just begun;
I look around and see
The glory of the world. I think
Does God smile down on me?

Our Own

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the some-time guest;
But for our own, the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lips with curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
 'Twere a cruel fate,
 Were the night too late,
To undo the work of the morn.
For though in the quiet evening
You may give the kiss of peace;
 Yet it might be,
 That never for me,
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
 And hearts have broken.
 For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

The Smile Worth While

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will
 smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth,
Is the smile that shines through tears.

Trust In the Sacred Heart

“Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee,”
Whatever may befall me, Lord,
Though dark the hour may be
In all my joys, in all my woes,
Though naught but grief I see,
“Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee.”

When those I love have passed away
And I am sore distressed,
Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I fly to Thee for rest.
In all my trials, great or small,
My confidence shall be
Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,
“I place my trust in Thee.”

This is my one sweet prayer, dear Lord!
My faith, my trust, my love;
But, most of all, in that last hour,
When death points up above,
Ah! then, sweet Saviour, may Thy Face
Smile on my soul set free.
Oh may I cry with rapturous love,
“I’ve placed my trust in Thee.”

Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home:
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B
mild,

B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child,
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B
kind,

B sure you make matter subservient to
mind,

B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B
true,

B courteous to all, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and
wine,

B careful of conduct, of money, and
time,

B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B
firm,

B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn,
B courteous, B gentle, B liberal and
just,

B aspiring, B humble, because thou art
dust,

B penitent, circumspect, sound in the
faith,

B active, devoted, B faithful till death,
B honest, B holy, transparent, and
pure,

B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll
be secure.

Before the Tabernacle

Jesus, behold me at Thy feet,
To worship and adore,
To tell my want and miseries,
Ah! to hear me I implore!
I know that Thou art here concealed.
Prisoner for love of me,
Looking with longing, loving eyes,
For my heart's sympathy;
Oh! take it then, my gracious God,
From out its inmost core,
And give me in return the grace
To love Thee more and more;
Forgive my many faults and crimes
That caused Thee so much pain,
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And make me pure again!
And hide me in Thy holy wounds,
Close to Thy loving Heart,
That so united I may be,
From Thee I'll never part;
I am so very poor and weak,
Pity and pardon me;
"Remember what I cost Thee Lord,
And cast me not from Thee!"

Ten thousand thanks my gracious God,
I offer unto Thee;
For all that Thou hast done to prove
Thy wondrous love for me;
Thy countless blessings, gifts untold,
And graces from above
Poured on me, and on mine, each day,
And with unmeasured love!

I bow before Thy Holy Shrine
With reverence and fear,
I crave Thy mercy for myself,
And all those I hold dear;
Oh! turn our hearts to Thee, my God,
In every hour of need;
That we may serve Thee faithfully
In thought, in word, and deed.
The sinner and the erring ones,
The tepid and the cold,
Oh! take them in Thy arms, dear Lord,
And bring them to Thy Fold;
And give them grace their faults to see,
Each sin with grief deplore,
Amend their lives, Thy pardon give,
They'll ne'er offend Thee more.
The silent, sinless, suffering souls
Who long Thy face to see,
Open their prison doors, great God,

And set Thy captives free,
And bring them to Thy Heavenly Home,
And place them 'midst the blest,
Where they shall ever sing Thy praise
And find eternal rest;
In life they were beloved by us,
And we to them were dear,
Now when for us they plead with Thee,
Their supplications hear!
Before I leave Thy Sacred Feet
I give my heart to Thee,
I wish that every beat and throb
A prayer of love may be;
And then, dear Lord, where'er I go,
Let it be far or near,
Should aught befall me, Thou canst say,
"I have her poor heart here!"
Oh, keep it, guard it, dearest Lord,
From every ill and strife,
Until I meet Thee, face to face,
In everlasting life. Amen.

*What Will You Do
Without Him?*

I could not do without Him!
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious
And the more I find Him true,
The more I long for you to find
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by,
He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry;
He is waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own!
Why will you do without Him
And wander on alone?

Why will you do without Him?
Is He not kind indeed?
Did He not die to save you?
Is He not all you need?
Do you not want a Savior?
Do you not want a Friend?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end?

What will you do without Him
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way;
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning
And rest comes not with night?

What will you do without Him
When death is drawing near,
Without His love—the only love
That casts out every fear —
When the shadow-valley opens,
Unlighted and unknown,
And the terrors of its darkness
Must all be passed alone?

What will you do without Him
When the great white throne is set,
And the Judge who never can mistake
And never can forget—
The Judge whom you have never here
As Friend and Savior sought—
Shall summon you to give account
Of deed and word and thought?

What will you do without Him
When He hath shut the door,

And you are left outside, because
You would not come before?
When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait;
For the word of doom tolls thro' your
heart
That terrible "Too late!"

You cannot do without Him
There is no other name
By which you can be saved,
No way, no hope, no claim!
Without Him—everlasting loss
Of love and life and light!
Without Him—everlasting woe
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh, with Jesus!
Are any words so blest?
With Jesus, everlasting joy
And everlasting rest!
With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love;
With Jesus—perfect peace below
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him?
It is not yet too late,

He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you!—hush! He calls you!
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

Why will you do without Him?
He calls and calls again:
“Come unto Me! Come unto Me!”
Oh shall He call in vain?
He wants to have you with Him;
Do you not want Him too?
You cannot do without Him!
And He wants—even you.

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