

Beyond the Sunset, Sunrise - Poems, Prayers and Tales

By Mildred Matthews Steele, 1982

Myrtle Ing Matthews, the wife of Clarence Garrett Matthews, originally recorded this,.

This prayer was copied from one found in an old Bible in our parents' Book-case -- we do not know who the person was who wrote it but feel sure it was one of the grandpas (Grandpa Hurley or Grandpa Matthews).

Prayers

I.

Our Father, it is with reverence we bow to Thee. We thank Thee for every blessing of life, for we realize that Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift. We pray that every member of this household may realize that God hath a purpose in every individual life. May it be the highest ambition of our lives to know what God would have us do. May the Holy Spirit ever abide with us and direct us in all the things Thou hast made it possible for us to do. May thy love for us as manifested in so many ways constrain us to serve and honor Thee, our Father.

Now, Lord, bless us, keep us, forgive our sins. We ask it all for Jesus sake.

II.

*Father, we thank you for those who have come to worship and draw nearer to Thee in our study.
Give us understanding of The Word and keep us to do Thy will.
Bless those who could not be with us, and use us each day of life as we try to serve thee.
Forgive us of each idle word and thoughtless deed--each shortcoming and long stepping and keep us where you can use us for we ask in Christ's name. Amen.*

III.

*Our Father,
Today is the special day that is set apart for serving and honoring Thee. Grant that we may not only honor Thee as you would have us do, but help us to keep all of life in thy service.
Love us, use us, keep us in thy care today and all of life.
We ask in the name of Christ.*

Amen.

Stories

IV.

When my little two-year-old brother needed to go to the out-door bathroom our mother told me (I was four) to go with him. The *journey* was made safely but a few harsh words were used, one of which was calling the other "a fool." Neither knew the meaning of the word. On getting back to the house each one of us told Mother the other had called him (or her) a fool.

Mother said she was going to call Sheriff Avant; she "would not have her children calling each other bad words like 'fool'." Then the question arose "How will you call the Sheriff, Mamma?" "Well," replied our mamma, "I suppose I'll have to send a bird for him." Two repentant little youngsters immediately promised not to do such name calling ever again if Mamma would not send a bird for the Sheriff.

Mamma agreed but for days we two youngsters were skeptical of every bird we saw flying in our direction.

V.

One night when Dad taught the Hilborn School we children and Mamma had all gone to bed while Dad planned his lessons for the next day, Suddenly, he heard a rattle directly behind his chair which he recognized as that of a rattle snake. He grabbed his gun and killed it right there--as there was no way to get it outdoors. We children knew nothing of it until the next day. I am sure it was a shock to both Dad and Mother as to how the snake got there.

VI.

Mamma taught us to say our prayers when we went to bed each night. Jessie, my sister just older than I, could always beat me saying her "now I lay me down to sleep," and get in bed faster than I did. She would always complain that I had put my cold feet against her. (I expect I did!)

VII.

Our oldest brother (Buddy was what we younger children called him) was the greatest tease one could imagine. He loved to jump at us scary little younguns and see us run for Mamma. He would begin apologizing by saying "Don't tell Mamma--I won't do it any more." He meant by "any more" the next chance he got to "boo" at us.

Johnnie May was the youngest girl and a very dear little child who never contradicted anyone, no matter what their statements were.

Bill was the youngest little boy, and he now is a very lovable man, dearly loved by us all.

We like other children were very full of "juber" and were apt to get into trouble at home base like other youngsters did.

VIII.

Our dearest friends were the J. F. Riley children who lived "up the road"--we two families were allowed to play,"up the road" by us and "down the road" by the Riley children if we stayed in the range of "Pedro's gate" where we could easily be called by either parent to come eat dinner or supper as the case might be.

We went to "Coal Mines" school--our Dad was principal, and Miss Mary Neal was his assistant.

A funny thing happened when in this school. A little German boy named Paul came by my desk and dropped a ring in a small package on the desk--"Miss Prissy," who was angered by it, jumped up and carried the ring to Dad--I can assure you Paul never tried to give me anything else!

Then we all grew up and attended the school in Lytle. There were some seven or eight children living in our area that went to Lytle to the consolidated schools of Lytle-Coal Mines and Benton--our dad hauled us in the "hack" to and from school. Clarence was the driver and he really put "Old Dexter" (horse) through his best paces to and from school. He handled that spirited horse very well for so young a driver.

IX.

THE UNSCHEDULED RIDE (1922)

There was great bluster and a noisy downpour just as it was time for the teacher of the small school to dismiss for the day. Many of the Texas country school children walked the one--or four--miles to school. They would often be soggy bundles of humanity when they reached their destination. (This was the prospect for today as "Uncle John" came galloping up riding "Old Brown" and leading "Old Grey.")

A country Texas lass, "theteacher," had never ridden a horse. Uncle John's greeting was, "Let them kids go home, Teacher! It's a-rainin' out here."

Hurriedly the teacher dismissed the first through the eighth grades in the Medina County one-room school.

Uncle John pulled "Old Grey" up to the small front porch and called again, "Come on, Teacher; it's a-rainin' out here!" Now! How to get up on that slippery saddle? Frightened to within an inch of her life she made ready to try--no luck, with that tight skirt! Uncle John pulled Old Grey up to the edge of the little porch and got behind her. As she heaved and pulled he pushed from the rear! She finally sat on the saddle!

With a folded umbrella under arm and her brother's borrowed watch in a

tightly clinched fist, she was ready to move.
"Kick him, kick him," chortled Uncle John above the roar of the rain.
"I'm afraid he will throw me," timidly answered the teacher.
At her reply Uncle John grabbed the reins over Old Grey's head, lit
out on "Old Brown" as fast as "Old Grey" would follow with "the
teacher" grabbing for the saddle horn as her very life depended upon
holding on!

The mile to the little town was made as fast as "Grey" was willing. At
every window in the dozen houses of the small town, heads were peeping
through to see "the teacher" coming home riding "Old Grey"!
When the stop was finally made, at the boarding house the teacher
said, "How will I get down?"

"Well," said Uncle John, "I guess you'll just have to fall down."
I did!

X.

REMEMBER

Ricky, Gay, Leslie Dears:
What is love, Leslie dear,
 But trust in others--that is clear
Faith to believe that life is good
 With God's help we all have stood
Together, yet each in his own way
 Must be true and honest the live-long day.
I love you all--I certainly do
 My trust is complete in each of you.
Let us each remember the days gone by
 When we were together; we surely will try.
You three little tykes--each in your own way--
 At Granddaddy's and Grandmother's house really loved to stay
The delight was ours; it's remembered well
 Of Easter egg hunts and little new clothes we all can tell.
So please continue to love me as I love you
 All will be brighter; I'm sure this is true.

Grandmother

XI.

RICKY

Today I sewed a tiny shirt
 For a little lad--just half past three
And the cadence rose from the whirring wheel
 "What kind of man will this boy be?
Will he be humble and live near the good earth
 Where lessons of love and life are learned?
Will he find peace from tasks well done
 In this race of life which he needs must run?

What of his future--what of each deed
That lies in the yonder for posterity to read?"
May his choice be dictated in peace and love
For the good of others, by our Father above!

XII.

THE BRAGGART

On a high thin limb
 In the great oak tree
Sat an impish young red bird
 That whistled at me.

He surely was vain
 Of his feathered dress
For he preened and pranced
 With boastful egress.

Near this shameless braggart
 In a covered place
Sat his neat little lady friend
 With her dignified grace.

Ne'er he eyes she took
 From her dancing mate,
But her own behavior
 Was shy and sedate.

She must have known
 True worth's lowly way
Is not prancing on the high limbs
 For shameless display.
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XIII.

HOWDY - HELLO

When you see me or I see you
 Let's say "Hello" or "How do you do?"

Add a happy smile with eyes a-shine
 Skies will be clear; the rough way, fine!

Bright smiles are the nicest way to say,
 "You are O.K., Pal" through Life's long day.

It isn't just words that carry us along
 But friends' smiling faces, as we journey on.

For only joy can generate a smile
 And give aid and comfort a second mile.

So smiling say, "Howdy" and I'll say, "Hello."
 Thoughtfulness of each other will make all life glow.

XIV.

MY PRAYER

If the gift you gave me, Lord
Will aid another on his way
Then may I use unsparingly
That talent for this day.
The crust of bread for a hungry child
Or a smile that I might give
May help another bear his load
With greater zeal to live.
Only the smiles we give away
Are of use to anyone--
They cheer and gladden a darksome place
As a glimpse of noonday sun.
So help me, Lord, to use the gift
That you have given me
In loving service for your sake
Wherever the need may be!

XV.

WELCOME HOME BY OLD GEORGE (DOG)

It's a glorious feeling:
Traveling a highway home;
Our vacation finished--
Gone the wanderlust to roam.
Glad-eyed neighbors will be waiting
For our late return;
Those who share neighborly friendship
Will this bond discern.
Another friend is there
His vigil nearly ended;
'Tis our dog--good old George
By whom we are all befriended!
He'll come stiffly down the road
At our first hello;
A known voice that--
To keen ears listening, his old eyes aglow.
His faithful watch will be over
By the pasture gate;
No enticement will move him
From bright dawn till day grew late.
Then nightly to his corner
He would dream of another day
That will bring his loved master
From traveling the long highway.
God must have a special plan
For good dogs true as he
For loyalty such as his
Binds beasts to humanity.

XVI.

FRIENDSHIP

In the heart of all men is a spark of love:
 A device gift from the Creator above.
It brightens and grows into a mighty thought
 As friendship's fruition that good deeds have brought.
For true friendship and love are one and the same
 And in the hearts of us all holds highest acclaim.
Poor, in truth, is that man who has not a friend;
 His life's page is finished at his journey's end.
Blessed is he whose memory lives on another's page;
 His days not numbered by infinity or age.
If you feel friendless, seek a stranger in need--
 You will make that stranger, a loyal friend indeed.
Constancy, charity, loyalty--these three
 Self-sacrifice and faith in immortality
Make life's short day into Eternity's door
 Where cherished friendships last and live forever more.
Be considerate of old friends tried and true
 Esteem them highly and cultivate the new;
For life's cycle is one of change and new faces
 The old must pass on, the new take their places.

XVII.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

A mother's responsibility never is done
 From the dawn of a new life till the set of its sun.

For life's lasting lessons center round her domain
 Where children gather and the home is maintained.

She it is who molds us by example and rule,
 As clay on a potter's wheel in life's busy school.

The mold may be shaped with loving, patient care
 Or forgotten, unguided, by thought, word, or prayer.

A masterpiece of joy, the busy potter's pay,
 Reward her sacrifice through each live-long day.

But neglect of her duty makes a piece unprized,
 Misshapen, unwanted, by all men despised.

Be diligent, Potter, the clay shapes fast--
 Perfect or marred, your training will last.

XVIII.

FAMILY TROUBLE

Too tired to whistle, too tired to sing
Too tired to cook--or anything
It's been a long hard week for teacher folk
No slack in work--no time for jokes.
The principal was cross, the kids were sneezy
The furnace "went off"; the car sounded wheezy.
Robin had tests; Ricky, Boy Scouts
David's teammates made too many outs
So a Sunday nap while the boys are asleep
Will relax Dad and Mom and a quiet house keep.
Little did they reckon that one of those three
Would be up to trickery--as you will agree.
Silently, stealthily, into their room he crept
And scratchily sketched the prone figures as they slept.
But his noisy artistry disturbed his sleeping mother
Who knew it was her Rick--and not another brother!
Now this ends the story of Rick's short-lived glory
But what became of that blamed picture
Is quite another story!

XIX.

OUR LITTLE MISS ELF GAY OR LESLIE?

Our little Miss Elf who was half past three
Came to our house to visit the day of the tea.
Cookies were standing on wire racks to cool
While she sat demurely on the high kitchen stool.
Another batch would be needed it seemed to me,
As the new guest was hungry and only half past three!
So I measured and portioned as she sat and chattered away
Making delightful music with her talk and laughter gay.

The incessant ringing of the phone called me in haste
Cookies were cimmamon-sugared and ready and the Elf had had a taste
When I returned to the baking, thanks to my wee generous helper
The readied cookies were sprinkled with
More sugar and cayenne pepper!

XX.

SABBATH

Today is the Sabbath, a hold day
Which we should honor in Christ's requested way
Let each of us listen and pray to our Lord.
In the book he has given we find there this word
"Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together"
This is the day given, regardless of pleasure or weather
Let's assemble as He asked us to do
And worship sincerely this holy day through.

XXI.

THE LORD'S WORK

I think the Lord must have made the trees
The singing birds and the buzzing bees;
The flowers too with their petals bright
To give pleasure and hope and make the day seem right.
The Lord must have known when He planned these things--:
The beautiful plants and the creatures with wings
That we would need them each and all
To make life worthwhile and our troubles seem small
So I thank Him today for the beauties I see
And my tasks I'll do with a heart light and free.

XXII.

Life's Garden

I walked in my garden of Life today
Down memory's lane so fair
And I saw the flowers of deeds well done
And the fruit of their labor was there.
There were buds of intention which could not unfold
But withered and fell to their doom
For some heart had failed in highest ideals
And gave deeds of perfection no room.
In this interesting garden of Life's whole day
There stood a flower, alone
'Twas the bloom of unselfishness growing there
And the off-spring of seeds thus sown.

XXIII.

THE MOCKER

A small mocking bird sang in our trees today--
I suppose that a part of his work or his play;
With no orchestral arrangement, fearless and free
He sang of fresh sweet blossoms on the old peach tree.
All life was happy and lovely and gay
When the mocking bird sang in the oak tree today.
In new cadence he mocked the scolders of life
He sharply rebuked them with no rancor or strife
Had they best listened they should have felt sad
For his own song was listening and joyous and glad.
When I am tempted a scolder to be
I hope I may hear another as he
For he knew God's intention for voices to sing
And be blissful and happy as mockers in Spring.

XXIV.

TODAY'S CONVENTION

The jackdaws had a convention in our trees today;
They talked and laughed and whistled and jeered the hours away.
One talked of rising taxes, another of ripening grain.
One praised the Republican party, the rest called him quite insane.
Many spicy bits of gossip were rolled from cheek to tongue;
No exemption in this meeting--the old, the dead, the young!
To the useless chitter-chatter there seemed to be no end.
'Twas only a noisy rabble with invectives enough to lend.
Then my old tom cat came under their borrowed convention hall--
Their meeting was quickly over;
They'll convene again next Fall!

XXV.

DREAMIN'

I'm just sittin' in the sun
 (My chores not begun)
And I sit and warm and must
 Or I build my castles in far-off Spain
And my sense of reality lose
 All through the mountains of lovely Tibet
We wander together; earth's failures forget.

Much of God's handy work is there we may see
 Majestically speaking of God's great degree
That the earth is the Lord's, the fullness thereof--
 Man, only a user of the gifts from Above.

Or by the sea of Zuider Zee
 I dream this long day through
And all life is happy
 And all dreams come true
When I'm sitting in the sun with you!

XXVI.

SPRING'S TRANSITION

The icy blasts of winter are past and done
 Baby lambs and gay shadows shuttle race in the sun.
The green lacy dress of the grand old mesquite
 Is privacy's curtain for a twig home, neat.
Here nestlings are safe under watchful eyes
 Of anxious parents, from a beaked hawk's surprise.
In Blue Bonnet Hollow and on Sweet William Hill
 Bright butterflies flit from rock to tiny rill.
Pinks, purples, sunshine yellow a galaxy of hues
 White, orange, the green of clover mix with brightest blues.
'Tis a ne'er forgotten picture be we poor or proud--

This blend of Spring beauty with which Texas is endowed.

This next version was included in a letter from Mildred in 1963, but was not named.

SPRING'S TRANSITION - 1963 Version

In the Spring when the icy blasts of winter were past and done
And baby calves and gay shadows shuttle raced in the sun.
While the green lace dress of the grand old mesquite
Was privacy's curtain for twig homes, neat.
There nestlings were safe and under watchful eyes
Of anxious parents, from a beaked hawk's surprise.
In BlueBonnet Hollow and on Sweet William's Hill,
Bright butterflies flitted from rock to tiny rill.
Pinks, purples, sunshine yellow a galaxy of hues;
White, orange, the green of clover, mixed with brightest blue.
'Tis a ne'er forgotten picture tho' we were poor but proud
That blend of Spring beauty with which Texas was endowed.

XXVII.

SPRING

"Spring is here!" they say today
We may go to the woods and play.
So off we go for a happy time--
We see a nesting bird, hear the maybells chime.

A bob-o-link whistles in sweet content
A love song, secret, for two hearts meant--
Such poignant smells of a dogwood tree--
By our heads speeds a beetle and a truant honey bee,

Each one in its own inimitable way
Seems busy and happy or hurried and gay.
All of God's creatures voice no complaint
But work at their task with instinctive restraint.

Many lessons of virtues I think I may glean
From today's Spring children I've heard and I've seen.

XXVIII.

THE ROAD

The way may be rough and the road grow long
As we travel life's winding mile
But the could that can sing a cheerful song
And smile a happy smile

Is a soul of God's own choosing.

For He gave us all a commission of love
Of cheerful everyday living
Not one of seeing the sordid of life
But of glad beneficent giving
So planned He.

Help us, dear God, if the road grows hard
To remember Christ's joyous serving
And rise to the heights of fulfilled design
Be happy helpful living
So serve we.

XXIX.

MARCH WIND

March wind, March wind, don' howl round my 'dor.'
Take your groanin' and your moanin' and don' come near me no mor'
You make me sad with your lonely call and cry.
I get so blue I almost want to die!
So get along with ya now, you sorry rowdy fellow,
Say away from me all time with your roarin' and yore bellow!
Some folk might think since I ain't fond of you
I'm just powerful superstitious and that might be kinda true
But still I don't like ya and thats plain to see
You make me think that howlin' ghosts is in ever' old oak tree!

XXX.

THE NORFLIN

Ole coyote howlin'
Norflin gwine blow!
He'll come rarin' from de Norfland
And maybe bring some ice and snow!
Ole coyote, he sneak back to his hole in de rock--
Betta count your chickens and de little lambs and stock
For he gwine try to get one,
Dat sly ole chicken thief
When de ole norflin's blowin'--
Least wise dat's my belief.

XXXI.

When Grandma and Mamma (a little ten-year-old) came to Texas to live,
from Tennessee, a dear old ex-slave ran to say goodbye. This is what
she said:

"Oh Miss Mary Ann (Grandma), I ain't never gwine to see you no mor;
I would't keer so much, Miss Mary Ann, but dem ole norflins
gwine-a-blow you away."

XXXII.

LIVING

It is good to live this morning
Good to live and love and be;
God is near--his wonders round us
Placed for each of us to see.
Madly rush from care to duty
We, unheeding, pass mercies by
Forgetting care and duty which each must
Assume--not belie.
For the deeds done in the body
An accounting must be made--
Each act its own recompense on which
Intent was stayed.
Life is short and time is passing
Swift and sure 'twill soon be done
Let me see my duties clearer
Ere the dirge of life be sung.

XXXIII.

JUST ANOTHER DAY--LONG AGO (7/26/56)

Tho gnarled and roughened by long life's demands
They still are the loveliest, my mother's dear hands
Unending duties and cares beyond compare
Were met and accomplished without fanfare.
Knead the bread; churn the butter;
Clear the house of children's clutter--
Fix school lunches, six in a row--
"Hurry, children; it's time to go!"
No insulated thermos with gadgets hid
Just a clean gallon bucket with a good tight lid
Home baked bread, sandwiched with fresh churned butter
Baked beans, fruit pies, or Sunday cake--left over--
Protested with many a childish mutter,
Then to the day's duties a fresh new start:
Soak the clothes (much too thin for hard scrubbing)
The waking baby of crowed hours must have his part!

Then back to the washing--oh, first light the stove
There's fresh bread to bake and this time add some cloves!
And on through a long day not a minute to rest:
When the Lord made woman the stronger vessel
He knew what was best!
Now time to cook supper and gather the clean fresh clothes
What would be this night's menu the Lord only knows
For Dad and the children would be coming and the day's work not by-

The garden needs weeding baldly and the water barrel is dry--
At last night's curtain quickly hid from sight
Chores, still unending, put away for the night.

Next day's lessons were all studied and the lamp was burning low,
Banked the fire, the shadows dancing in its velvet afterglow,
Then: "Would she come and fold the hands of one, a neighbor, passing
From her world of cares and toil to eternal resting?"
Or--"Would she come and render aid to a new life a-borning?"
Quickly and on willing feet
She hastened to meet a life's dawning.
Then home again and peace and restful sleep finally came winging
To head and hands of one whose heart was still softly singing.
Mothers could not carry all the burdens that they bear
Were it not for loving husbands and the good Lord's watchful care.
To us, your children,
Many women have done excellently but you surpass them all
In caring for your family and answering duty's call.

XXXIV.

THE JERICHO CALL

On the Jericho road there lay one day
A man, beaten by thieves, to greed and avarice a prey
And a priest, by chance, the Scriptures say
Came by the man on his Jericho way
But when he saw him, he crossed the road--
No time had he for another's load!
Now a Levite also traveled that day
He came and gazed on brutality's prey
But he knew naught of the Master's creed
Of service the helpless in their hour of need
So he too passed on to the other side
And his chance of service himself denied.
A Samaritan traveled the road of wrong
His load was heavy and the day grew long
But he placed on his beast the victim and then
He quickly returned with him to the inn.
"Care for him well till I come," he said
"Then I will pay all for his daily bread."
Too often, we too, in our efforts for gain
Lose chances for service--
Needs of others disdain.
May we like the Samaritan
Give Christ our best
And thus meet the Master
In our Jericho test?

XXXV.

HOME

I chanced upon a house today;
A house of mortar and stone
And it stood for man's accomplishment
A lovely thing to own!
As I stood and pondered
Upon its stately grace

I saw desertion stalking there
For no one lived in the place!
I saw another house today
As I traveled the highway home--
There was not the beauty
And grace of line
Of the other house of stone
But the husband came at the close of day
From the busy mart of life's small way;
Love reigned in that home of the highway there
And a man found content from duty and care.
A woman worked in a rose garden, neat
And the wind kissed her brow
As it fanned back the heat.
The green sweet grass was smooth and trim
A seat for two hung from a gnarled oak limb
The tall trees whispered in sweet content
A love theme secret for two hearts meant.
Just give me the house with the oaks so fine
And the emblems of everyday living
For no house matters through lovely of line
Without love's content and the service of giving.

XXXVI.

HEATHER

A modest plant of good luck fame
Its uses are many tho' simple its name.
Grey shrouded limbs, purple its bloom
A fine lady's small bonnet may be gay with its plume.
From its small regal flowers, dressed in royalty's hue
Heavily laden honey bees drone away in the dew;
Flying birds eat their fill of its seed, we are told
Liquid tanning for leather gives a poor man his gold
A thatched shelter is home for a good man and his clan
Shielded from danger and harm by the heather's thick fan.
Sweet beds for the shepherds from the heather are made;
When restful deep sleep comes with night's velvet shade.
Oh, heather, so dainty, so useful, so fine.
You were made for man's needs in the Lord's great design.
For in regal sweet beauty your life is well spent
And in serving the lowly you bring peace and content,
May good fortune attend those, be they lad or bonnie lass
Who praise the purple clover, daintiest flower of its class!

XXXVII.

MEMORY'S GARDEN

There are flowers that bloom through the livelong day
In the garden of friendship true
One of these flowers whispers and nods
And it speaks to me of you
'Tis the rose of memories, long since past
That will live as long as my life shall last:

The thoughtful deeds, the loving smiles
Each thing that helped make life worthwhile.
They are all living everlastingly there
In my garden of memories, rich and rare.
And of all these memories, so sweet and true,
There's not one that is dearer than my memory of you!

XXXVIII.

GENERALIZATION ON BABIES

When I was just a weeny baby
I'm sure that I was different maybe.
Why these little guys haven't a tooth in their head
And if they've got any hair, it must be red!
When I ask Mommy about all this
She just grabs me and gives me a great big kiss
So maybe I did look like them, after all--
When I was a little tyke that small.

(Given by Johnnie Walker--three years old--at a baby shower for
Ronnie Martin.) M.M.S.

XXXIX.

SWEETEST BABY

Dear little baby Jesus, sleeping in the hay
With the cattle round him on glad Christmas day.
From the East came wisemen, gifts for Him they brought
For the star had led them to the one they sought.
"Glory," sang the angels. That was long ago.
They too loved the baby who made the great star glow
We too can praise Him though we are so small
For we love the Christ-child, sweetest baby of all!

(J. Walker also gave this--"Monie" wrote it for him.)

XXXX.

CHRISTMAS

So many years ago today
A shining star led an uncharted way
To an humble manger, unsought and mean
As wisemen followed the star's dimless gleam;
In this manger lowly lay a tiny child--
The hope of the World--with His mother, mild.
No clanging bells nor wild acclaim
Made the hearers ring by shouting His name.
He came to the rich, the poor, the weak--
This Son of God whom all men may seek.
The angels sang that night, we are told,
"Peace on earth to all men; your Savior behold."
But unlike the wisemen we travel afar

Not seeking the Savior nor following His star.
If peace ever comes, then, men must return
To the place where they found Him
And His Lordship discern.
Not a sword but peace came He to bring
In the hearts of all nations
Again the angels will sing:
"Alleluia"
"Alleluia"
"Christ is King."

XXXXI.

THE FIRST LADY

Many years ago--as most tales begin
A boy of some note had the First Lady for a friend.
His was devotion--untried but sincere
Hers was deceit and curiosity 'twas clear
Their abode was a garden, finest to be found
Where grew wondrous beauties, in fresh fallow ground.
No problems to solve; no worries were there.
Pleasures unbounded; not an ill, not a care.
She had no lipstick; no sheer stockings to run;
Just a pampered existence with bare baths in the sun/
No smoky old ovens; no washers to stall;
No dirty chipped dishes or smudge on the wall.
Her guest list was not the great or renown.
No worries about serving or the fit of her gown.
She simply plucked dinner, served a-la-leaf, we are told,
With no wild extravaganza, crystal plates or trays of gold.
Still this first lady trumped up woes galore
Leaving us a heritage which we well may deplore.
For in this fairest garden grew a tree with fruit forbidden.
"What is it? I must know! One taste! I'll keep it hidden."
Then she ate "That Apple" and you and I must bear her cares--
Weed our garden, sew fine seams and can the orchard pears.
To would-be First Ladies we feel compelled to say:
"Don't let curiosity or deceit detour your normal way!"
"It will take you from the beaten path on stealthy feet
And might bequeath us with burdens we do not care to meet!"

XXXXII.

JOHN'S SONG

1. My hopes have departed forever
My visions of true Lover 'oer
My heart shall waken no never
There is joy for my bosom no more
The roses that crowned me are blighted.
The garland I cherished is dead
The faith one confidently plighted is broke
And my loved one is dead.
2. They saw that my life was departing,

They knew that my stay would be brief,
And although my spirit was straying
I told not a word of my grief.
No whisper revealed my deceiver
No ear heard me sigh or complain
My heart still adores it beriever
I long but to meet him again.

3. He came but another had trifled
The heart of the love once my own
I grieve but my anguish was stifled
And shrank from his cold formal tones.
The sun is now sinking in billows
That roll down the far distant west
But morning will shine through the willows
And find me forever at rest.

Possibly sung by John Garrett Matthews. He dictated it to
Mildred Matthews Steele in 1916.

XXXXIII.

BEYOND THE SUNSET, SUNRISE

Beyond the sunset to the day of waning sun
Life's efforts are accomplished and eternal peace is begun.

Lengthening shadows finger across the widening deep
Beyond life's glorious sunset into death's dreamless sleep.

Earth's small mission is finished as a fuller life is begun
With a heavenly benediction beyond the setting sun.

Then a bright radiant sunrise, Christ has gone to prepare
The way--the truth--the life, all in his loving care.

In that bright sunrise tomorrow
With Christ forever free

No death, no fear, no sorrow
Through the ages of Eternity!