

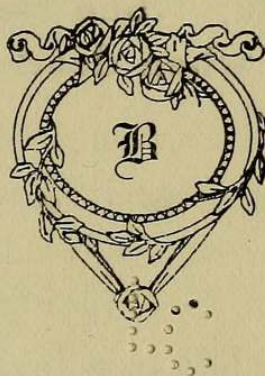


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At Mother's Shrine

BY

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THE MOTHER

When spent, she serves; when bent, she bears;
When smitten, smiles; when beaten, dares;
When hated, loves; when parching, laves;
When felled, uplifts; when stricken, saves;
When broken, binds; when starving, gives;
When living, dies; when dead—still lives!

* * * * *

She spent of her life in a largess of love,
And gave of her best, her all,
In unselfed service; but down from above
There came the Blessed One's call:—
Lo, he that loseth his life for Me,
Shall save it—unto Eternity.

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MOTHER

It takes such big, such wondrous things,
To spell one little word;
Faith, sacrifice, the surge of wings,—
Till heights and deeps are stirred.

Divine forgiveness, Love's blest creed,
An unselfed service given;
The best of earth, and prayers that lead
To all that's best in Heaven.

The gift of life, immortal worth,
The love—that's like no other;
A little bit of God on earth;—
The blessed word of—Mother.

MOTHERHOOD

Because man could not see God's face,
Nor touch His hand,
Nor understand
The substance of a Spirit's grace:

Because man missed the arms of Love,
And longed to feel
Them fold and heal,
To lift from earth to Heaven above:

Because man yearned to soar and pray,
And find God here,
Divinely near,—
Yet needed to be shown the way:

Because God loved and understood;
From Paradise
In human guise,
He sent an angel—Motherhood!

THE ANGEL'S GIFT

Just where the starshine sifted through,
An angel slipped from out the blue,
And down to earth in splendor flew.

She brought the touch of Love Divine,
The wings that lift, the eyes that shine;
And laid her gift at Woman's shrine.

She gave the love that knows no fear,
The strength that bears, the vision clear
Which sees beyond what doth appear;

The patient hands that serve and heal,
The unselfed love that's true and real
And lives undimmed through woe and weal;

The radiant light from streets of gold,
The everlasting arms that hold,
And prayers that bring a peace untold.

Then ere she vanished like a flame,
Unto the woman-soul she came
And whispered,—“Mother!—blessed name!”

A PORTRAIT

Mother!—angels named her,—
 Breathe it with a prayer,—
In Love's halo framed her
 Just above her hair.
Whether silver, gold, or brown,
There it rests—a jewelled crown.

Beauty—more than human
 Charm of line or grace;
Glory of God's Woman
 Shining in her face.
Youth or age,—Love knows not these;
Loveliness—the Spirit sees.

Love—beyond all telling;
 Like the angels know,
In her white soul welling,
 Living in the glow
Of her wondrous eyes ashine;
Love—like unto Love Divine.

ANGELUS

I pause, my toil-worn soul athrill
 With rest from labor, heart aflame
With prayer that bids all strife be still;
 My Angelus—my Mother's name.

I bow my head in worship there,
 Where'er I be,—ashamed of naught,—
With holy homage, reverent prayer;
 My Angelus—my Mother's thought.

I lift my eyes where blest eyes probe,—
 Exalted, borne to Heaven above,
And touch the hem of God's white robe;
 My Angelus—my Mother's love.

TO MOTHER

The poet may sing of his lady-love fair,
In rhythmical sonnet, or light, lilting air—
I sing to the one who, through storm and through shine,
Has ever proved faithful,—dear Mother of mine!

With hands that were loving and lips that spake true,
She banished all care—as a Mother can do.
Though troubled and weary she gave me no sign,
But loved and served ever,—blest Mother of mine!

The years that she gave me no love can repay,
The love that she lavished she giveth for aye;
So tenderly, gladly, I pledge her this line:—
"The best and the dearest,—loved Mother of mine!

A MOTHER'S SERVICE

Not always on the mountain top,
 With wide, unbounded view;
The valley holds the pure dew-drop,
 And glimpses Heaven's blue.

Not always in the easy way,
 Where paths are smooth and fair;
The thorns that pierce the feet to-day,
 A perfect rose may bear.

Not always at the longed-for goal,
 Where all is high and grand;
But doing, with uplifted soul,
 The lowly task at hand.

Not always serving just by prayer,—
 Though giving thus is sweet;
But like to One who, kneeling there,
 Washed His disciples' feet.

AS BY FIRE

Not the eyes that only flash and shine
Into my own, when the orb divine
 Full-gloried sails and zephyrs croon;
But where love-light glows with a steadfast ray
Through the chilling depths of shadows gray,—
 'Neath a wan, spent moon.

Not the heart that's only staunch and true
When the arching skies are clear and blue,
 With impassioned words in sunshine vowed;
But the prayers that lift, and the hands that hold,—
When the sunlight fails and the heart grows cold,
 'Neath a storm-rent cloud.

Not the selfed and fleshly-glamored love,
That only lives while the stars above
 Bejewel the gloaming one by one;
But the holy Mother-soul laid bare
To love and serve,—in the fierce white glare
 Of a searing sun.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Dear Father, I come so humbly,—
A mother, as Thou dost see,—
Whose heart my children are searching,
To find what they may of Thee.

I still hear my laddie say fondly,—
“I hope some day, Mother, I'll be
As much of God to someone,
As you are God to me.”

May I not forget my boy's whisper,
But guard every thought with prayer,
And watch through the days that I mirror
Naught but Thy true image there.

Help me to remember, O Father,—
In darkness and pain and fear,—
That I am “God to someone,”
And keep Thy reflection clear.

So, dear God of Love, make me worthy,
Exalted and pure,—that I'll be
As much of Love to my children,
As Thou art Love to me.

A MOTHER'S LEGACY

When I pass over the Harbor-Bar,
On the swiftly ebbing tide,
And furl my sails in some haven far—
At anchor there to ride;
I will leave in my wake no gold for thee,
Just a prayer, and love—when I put to sea.

Yet I would bequeath,—when I hear the call
And silently sail away,—
A memory of love that gave thee all,
And pointed the upward way;
That God will be nearer, and Heaven less far,—
My legacy, dear, when I've crossed the Bar.

THE VIGIL OF MOTHERHOOD

A spotless soul set sail
 Upon Life's silver sea,
Dawn-kissed; a misted veil
 'Tween thee and me.
Dear eyes, pellucid, deep,—
 Sails filling to the breeze;
A yearning watch I keep—
 Upon my knees.

The strain and stress of gales
 That wildly beat and rage,
Rending the battered sails,—
 A fight to wage.
Mad billows leaping high,
 A mighty foe to dare;
I watch thy struggle nigh—
 In fevered prayer.

Calm-burning evening star,
 A spent soul sailing in
Across the harbor-bar,—
 God's rest to win.
Life's placid, twilight sea;
 I watch thy homing-goal,—
Rent veil 'tween thee and me,—
 With lifted soul.

THE PRAYER OF MOTHERHOOD

Dear Father, in this hour when I draw near
Thy heart to claim a woman's greatest gift,—
A little child,—grant I may keep the Light
That soon will shine on me through Heaven's rift.

Cleanse Thou my heart from every taint of fear,
When tempests gather, bid them—"Peace, be still!"
So fill my thoughts with Love, the one to come
Will be a child of Love,—this is Thy will.

And when at last I hold it to my breast,—
Mine as naught else on earth has e'er been mine,—
Make me to also know the higher truth,
That I am but a steward, Lord, of Thine.

This little one, O Father, is Thy child;
Thou giv'st it in my keeping—mine the right,
The wondrous joy of teaching it of Thee,
And leading the young life up toward the Light.

Make me a real mother, strong and pure
To train the thought committed to my care;
To keep the soul just as it comes from Thee,—
Unsullied, white:—this, Father, is my prayer.



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