



Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library







# Of Such is the Kingdom

BY

Evelyn Gage Browne



PUBLISHED BY  
THE ARPODENE STUDIO  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

COPYRIGHTED 1918, BY EVELYN GAGE BROWNE

PS3503  
R842504

## TO MY BABY

A rose-petal drifted down from the Garden of God,—  
And it lives in your cheeks' soft glow;  
A glory glanced from the Streets that the Angels trod,—  
And it glints in your hair, I know.

A ray streamed forth from the Land where no sun need  
shine,—  
And your smile imprisoned the whole;  
A strain stole out from Love's Harmony divine,—  
And it sings in your snow-white soul.

A star slipped down from the Heavenly Dome above,—  
And it shines in your wondrous eyes;  
A prayer breathed forth from the heart of the God of  
Love,—  
And it pulsates in you—my Mirror of Paradise!

JUL 29 1918

© Cl. A 499908

## B-A-B-Y

Four letters!—yet they spell so much;  
So many words—in one:—  
Pain, joy, the ecstasy of touch;  
The end—yet just begun.

The stress of labor, sacrifice,  
The weight of care and fear;  
The lift of soul toward Paradise;  
Supernal smiles,—a tear.

The blessed gain—of angel-guest;  
The loss—of mundane things;  
Strong fetters, chaining to the nest;  
The thrill of soaring wings.

O tiny word! you mean so much,—  
From sordid unto blest.  
Dreams—of the things no hand can touch;  
Fulfillment—on my breast.

Sunshine and shadow; crown and rod;  
Earth, Heaven that bendeth nigh;  
Hope, Faith, and Love;—and through  
Love—God!  
'Tis just B-A-B-Y!

## LULLABY

Sleep and dream,  
Sleep and dream  
Of a Land that is fair, divine;  
God's angels come from their home above  
And whisper secrets of Life and Love,  
While snowy pinions around thee shine;—  
Dreams they seem.

Seraphs sing,  
Seraphs sing;—  
And their soft and soothing lay  
Thou alone canst hear, so sweetly sleep  
And cuddle close while I vigil keep,  
Till fears all silently steal away;—  
Peace they bring.

Close thine eyes,  
Close thine eyes;  
And list to the tale they tell:—  
“There are shadows along thine earthly way,  
But fleeting phantoms that fade by day,—  
For God is Love, and all is well;  
Be thou wise!”

Slumber on,  
Slumber on;  
Remember thy dreams of bliss,  
Hold fast to the truth that the angels speak,  
Forget not the way we all must seek,  
Keep sweet on thy lips the Heavenly kiss;—  
Darling one!

Peace be thine!  
Peace be thine!  
And the angels' song, I pray  
Will linger long in thy gentle breast;  
For they sing of the things that are true and blest:  
God keep their melody thine for aye,—  
Baby mine!

## ANNUNCIATION

When came God's angel, Love-entwined,  
And breathed into my soul,—  
"Thou shalt be blest of womankind;"  
My heart sang; yet the goal  
Was dimmed by mists of pain and fear,  
Shot through with rays of gold,—  
Fond dreams of clinging hands so dear,  
Soft form to kiss, enfold:  
Yet throbbing on with ceaseless power,  
A prayer—of self apart—  
Pulsed in my soul each waiting hour,  
And lifted up my heart:—  
"While fondling close the flesh so sweet,—  
Of this my dreams have been,—  
May I—caressing dimpled feet—  
Exalt the Christ within."

## BABY HANDS

Baby hands so tiny, frail,  
Fragile as a flower  
On a slender drooping stem,—  
Great thy power!  
Thou dost hold my heart so tight  
Naught the bond can sever;  
While it lives and beats 'twill be  
Thine forever.

Baby eyes,—oh, thou dost see  
Deeps I fancied hidden;  
Thus I purge my thoughts—because  
Thou hast bidden:  
Keeping only in my heart  
That which shall endure,  
For thine eyes must ne'er behold  
The impure.

Baby lips,—thy guileless kiss  
Bears me nearer Heaven,  
Wakens high and holy aims;  
For 'tis given  
Unto me to point thy way,—  
Thus do I aspire,  
That I may uplift thy life  
Ever higher.

## UNANSWERED

I said,—“O little lad with faith unbounded,  
I pray thou'lt ever keep thy joyous heart,  
And thy calm trust that knows no thought of evil  
Nor feels its smart.  
May life seem just as bright to thee at evening  
As at its dawn, thy earthly cares as few;  
And may thou keep thyself as pure and spotless!”  
He said,—“Did you?”

I said,—“May naught e'er dim thy faith in goodness,—  
The peace that shines within thy trusting eyes;  
And as thou'rt free from fear, keep thou forever,—  
Lest doubts arise.  
Then open not thine heart to lies that darken,  
But, shutting out whatever is untrue,  
Hold only to the things that are eternal!”  
He said,—“Did you?”

## THE WEE LITTLE HAND

There's a wee little hand that drives my feet  
All day with remorseless will,  
Through the weary round of unending tasks;—  
Yet I would not have it still.

There's a wee little hand that lifts my heart  
Where the white-robed seraphs sing;  
And the hand that drives is the hand that lifts,—  
So I work, and love—and cling.

## ROSES AND THORNS

So many ragged rents to sew,—  
For tiny feet will stumble so!—  
Such sordid things that crowd and press,  
And yet— a Baby's soft caress!  
In every stitch I place a prayer,—  
And find a rosebud nestling there.  
In little garments laid away,  
Is found the thorn; and so I pray  
For hearts that weep at each day's end,  
Where are no ragged rents to mend.

## FROM THE HEART OF MAN

A stately mansion,—granite pile;  
A stately room,—all gorgeous style;  
A stately lady on the stair;  
A stately footman's stolid stare;  
Two stately, stiff-backed chairs that wait  
Before a stately, massive grate.  
A lonely fire,—no pussy there;  
No little lad at evening prayer;  
No winsome lassie on my knee;  
No tiny arms to fondle me;  
No good-night romp at playing bears;  
No gleeful rushing up the stairs;  
No ringing voices break the pall  
Of silence brooding over all;  
No feet that patter off to bed;  
No happy noises overhead;  
No "Good-night, Daddy!" comes to wake  
The echoes: just a lonely ache  
In stately house and stately hall,  
Where stately silence reigns o'er all.

## OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

I whispered to my wee one:—  
    “O darling baby dear,  
Why are your lips so silent?  
    Why come so helpless here?”

What do your pure eyes mirror  
    Of earth and mother's face?  
What music are you hearing  
    In this new biding place?”

And then,—was I but dreaming?—  
    He looked and sweetly smiled;—  
My tiny, precious baby  
    No longer seemed a child.

“I speak the Spirit language—  
    You could not understand;  
The world from which you called me  
    Knows naught of this strange land.

I'm fettered by this body,  
    These fleshly arms and hands;  
You clothed me thus—a Spirit—  
    With earthly bonds and bands.

My eyes see naught but Heaven,  
    As yet no earth-sights mar;  
My only Father, Mother—  
    Is God; my home—a star.

I list the angels' singing;  
My ears, attuned to hear  
The harmonies of Spirit,  
Are closed to sounds less near.

So I must lose the glory  
Ere I can speak your tongue,  
Or use these fleshly garments  
With which my soul is hung.

I must forget the splendor  
Of Heavenly beauties rare,  
Ere I can look with rapture  
On scenes you deem so fair.

Earth-knowledge,—worldly-wisdom,—  
Is foolishness with God,  
And dies with understanding  
That man is more than clod.

I must learn—just to unlearn;  
Walk in this guise of clay  
Till freed at last, returning  
To Spirit—home for aye."

And then my vision faded,—  
How real they sometimes seem!  
Just a tiny baby nestled:  
Yet—was it but a dream?

## TO MY LITTLE ONE

Little feet that patter, patter,  
Tireless all the day;  
Baby lips that smile and chatter;  
Tiny hands at play;  
Starry eyes that shine and sparkle  
With a hallowed light divine,  
Where no shadows ever darkle;  
Blest, unsullied heart of thine!

Would that I could guard thy feet, Dear,  
All along life's way;  
Keep thy lips as pure and sweet, Dear,  
As they are to-day;  
Kiss thy hurts away forever,  
As I soothe and heal them now;  
Shield, protect,—that harm shall never  
Touch thee—(Mother-love knows how.)

I would teach thee God is Good, Dear,  
Changeless Love each day;  
Make life's problems understood, Dear,  
Lest thou go astray;  
Turn thy clinging into power,—  
(Some day I must loose thy hand)  
That when storm-clouds darkly lower,  
Thou shalt smile, and understand.

I would keep thy trusting spirit  
Free from fear's alloy,  
Letting naught impure come near it;  
Fill thy life with joy;  
I would set thy goal above, Dear,  
All thy pains and burdens bear;  
But I know that God is Love, Dear,  
So I'll trust thee to His care.

## CHILDLIKENESS

Through clouds that darkly hover  
Above his head,  
His perfect faith he's keeping  
That shines the sun.  
Where thorns his pathway cover,  
'Mid blossoms dead,—  
He knows a rose lies sleeping  
In every one.

'Midst billows wildly raging,  
With no surcease;  
While years relentless, hoary,  
Upon him roll;  
He trusts Love's calm assuaging,  
And stands at peace;  
And finds that Springtime's glory  
Lives in his soul.

When spurned his best endeavor  
To serve and give;  
Though wrong seems victor, holding  
Him 'neath its rod;—  
He clings to Love that ever  
In Love doth live;  
And soaring, feels enfolding  
The arms of God.







Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library