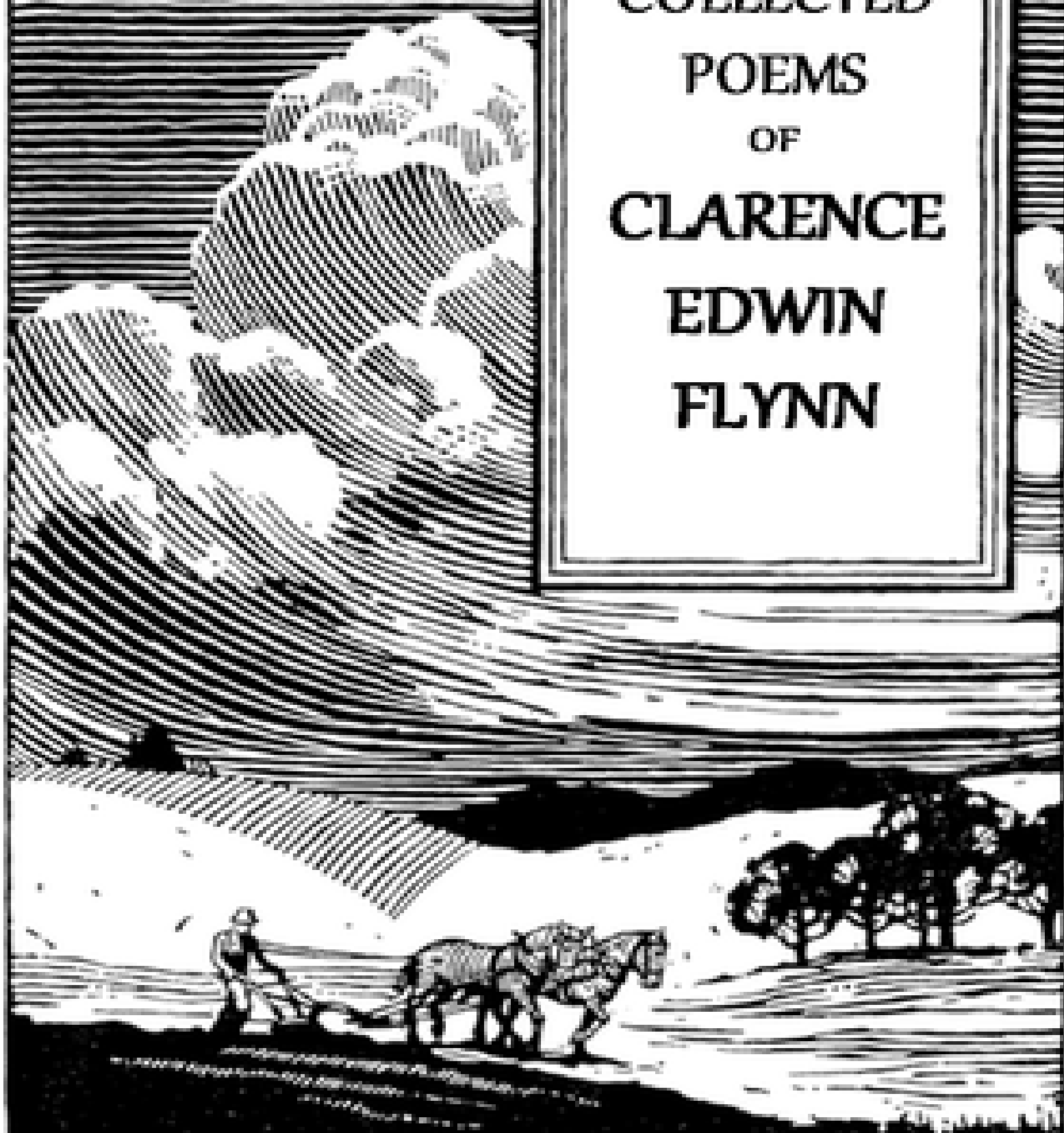
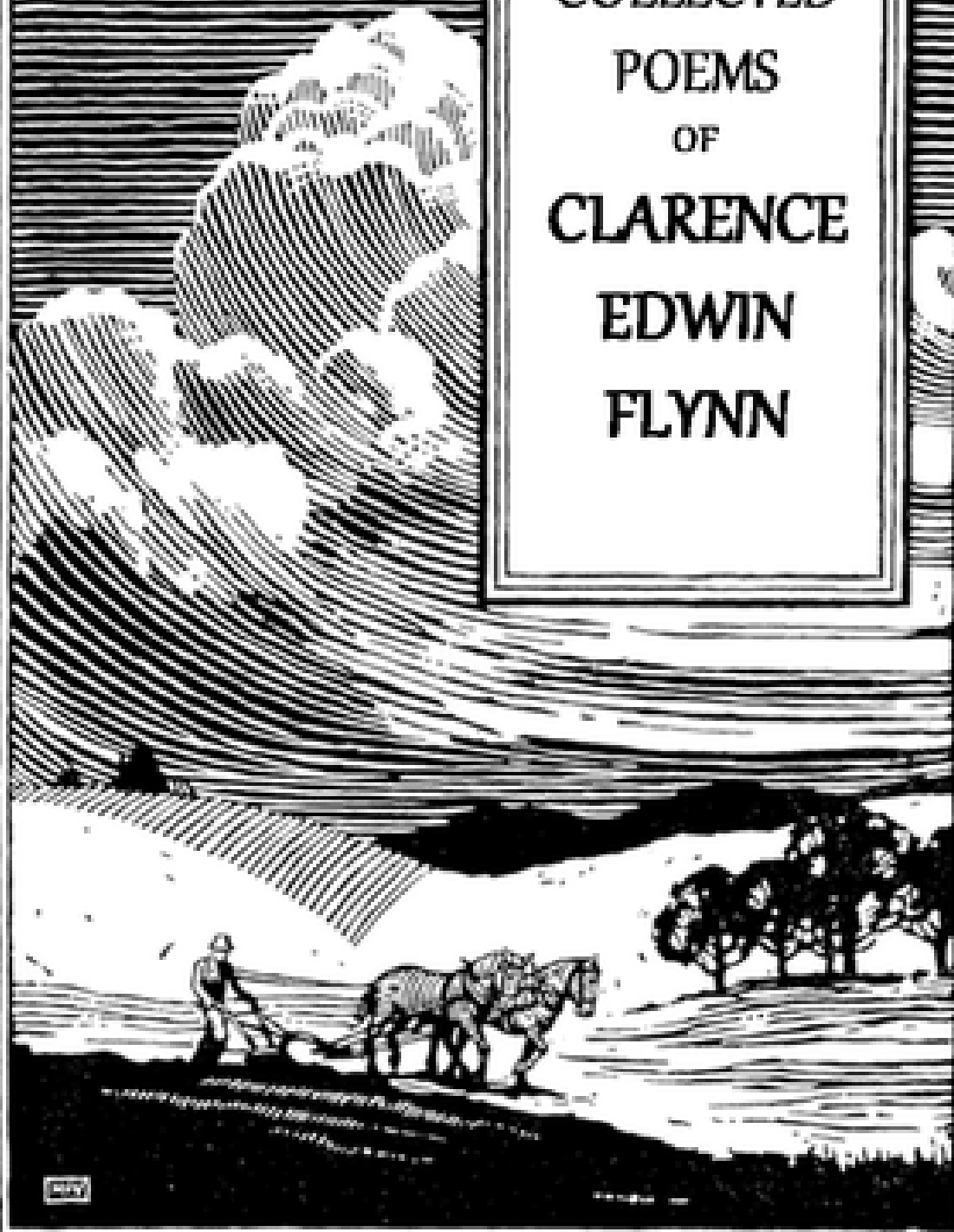


COLLECTED
POEMS
OF
CLARENCE
EDWIN
FLYNN



COLLECTED
POEMS
OF
CLARENCE
EDWIN
FLYNN



1917

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Collected poems of Clarence
Edwin Flynn, second series**

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Collected poems of Clarence Edwin Flynn, second series
1930 and earlier

Author: Clarence Edwin Flynn

Release date: February 2, 2026 [eBook #77843]

Language: English

Original publication: Chicago: Disciples Publication Society, 1922

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/77843

Credits: Todd E. May

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COLLECTED
POEMS OF CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN, SECOND SERIES ***

Transcriber's Note: Poems are ordered by publication year (goal is the earliest available at least with legible text), then alphabetically intrayear (ignoring "A", "An", and "The"). Poems appear as printed in source unless changes are given in the notes; however, to avoid much repetition in the notes, here it's stated that all poem titles have been standardized for consistent appearance. Investigation of spelling involved Google's Ngram Viewer. Where Mr. Flynn reused a title, the version is indicated by the year in the title (e.g. title v1921). Alternative text was created for illustrations. Poem titles are linked to Appendix 1, which was created for this book and is ordered alphabetically by poem title. Appendix 2 also was created for this book. Additional new material, and the compilation, are granted to the public domain.

COLLECTED POEMS OF CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

Second Edition, 1930 and Earlier

First Edition, 1929 and Earlier

Second Edition, 1930 and Earlier

[ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS](#)

[PREFACE](#)

POEMS

APPENDIX 1: BYLINES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, NOTES

APPENDIX 2: INDEX

APPENDIX 3: UPDATES & REVISIONS WITH THE 2ND EDITION

APPENDIX 4: INACCESSIBLE POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank several librarians. Geoffrey Ross (History, Philosophy, and Newspaper Library at the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign) scanned the necessary documents allowing “The Measure of Life” to appear in the first edition. Terese DeSimio (Greene County [OH] Public Library) saved resources in the intercity transfer of an extract about Clarence Edward Flynn. Lauren Day (University of Michigan Library) verified the bottom of their physical publication containing “The Age of a Heart” had been cut off, making the last line of the poem unrecoverable.

PREFACE

Clarence Edwin Flynn (1886–1970) was an American Methodist Episcopal clergyman, writer, hymnist and lecturer. He's described as a "writer of stories, articles and verse appearing in periodicals and anthologies" and is "represented in anthologies of verse. General character writing, religious, educational." [1] [2] His poetry alone appeared in more than 300 different domestic and international publications. A book of Flynn's other writings, *Collected Writings of Clarence Edwin Flynn*, is available on the website Project Gutenberg. His biography is available on the website Prabook.

Mr. Flynn's bylines have varied over his career. Specifically, the variation in middle name/initial in the first edition amounted to E (186), Edwin (4), none (3), and F (1). To put those numbers in a wider context, the variation associated with poetry published in 1930 and later shows the following preliminary results: Edwin (415), E (98), Edward (15), none (3), and conflicts within the same publication (2). "Edward" appears in bylines between 1931–1954. There was an educator named Clarence Edward Flynn (1890–1956), but one description of his authorship published a year before his death is very specific and does not mention verse: "A County Plan of Work for Elementary Schools; A Workbook for Elementary and High Schools." [3] It may be that bylines with "Edward" are due to error and name interchangeability. This brief analysis is limited by A) the absence of Clarence Edwin Flynn's personal papers (their status is unknown to me) and B) only rare inclusions of his blurb in publications to which he contributed.

[1] *Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women*. Vol. 24, 1946–1947, Two Years. Chicago: The A. N. Marquis Co., 1946. p. 780 [Back to text](#)

[2] Lawrence, Alberta, ed. *Who's Who Among North American Authors*. Vol. 5, 1931–1932. Los Angeles: Golden Syndicate Publishing Co., 1931. p. 1089 [Back to text](#)

[3] *Who's Who in the East*. Vol. 5. Chicago: The A. N. Marquis Co., 1955. p. 268 [Back to text](#)

POEMS

Si Gidders (1902)

There's an old man named Si Gidders lives on Uncle Henry's place,
Jest a common farmer feller, that is all;
Tall, an' lean, an' lank in figger, with an awful homely face,
But as much as you could estimate of gall.
Gidders has one wretched failin', that of wonderin' at things,
An' it takes most all his time to humor that,
For it's wonder, wonder, wonder till yer ear jest fairly rings,
With the how, an' who, an' which, an' where, an' what.

He will wonder why the sun don't shine by night as well as day,
An' why all the leaves ain't red instid o' green;
Why them brindled kind o' chickens air the ones that allers lay,
An' why Johnny Smith ain't fat instid o' lean.
He will wonder why the sky is blue an' why it isn't brown,
An' why twelve o'clock don't come at early morn;
He will wonder why things don't fall up instid o' fallin' down,
An' why Seckel pears don't grow on stalks of corn.

He will wonder why Jim Perry's hair ain't black instid o' red,
An' why summer don't start in at Christmas time;
Why it is that folks can't never go to heaven till they're dead,
An' why three times three ain't ten instid o' nine;
Why don't daisies bloom in winter, an' why don't we have no snow
When the temperature's a hundred in the shade;
Why don't tomcats never whistle, en why does a rooster crow
When his mate has just informed him that she's laid.

So Si Gidders' tongue is runnin' an' each new thing he may see
Allers sets a wonder workin' in his head,
He will wonder what it is an' how it ever came to be,
An' why it ain't painted black instid o' red.
An' I 'spect that when he dies an' comes to heaven's pearly gates
That he won't find time to step inside at all,
For he'll want to stop an' wonder why they hain't all made of tin,
An' nailed up with old shoeleather to the wall.

Hagar's Song (1906)

Thou God of mercy, Thou who art
To Abraham a sword and shield,
Must I myself, an infant, yield
Unto the desert's burning heart?

Have I been so undutiful
That this death be my recompense,
That Ishmael in his innocence
Should die so young and beautiful?

Is he so worthless in Thy sight,
Is all that he might do and be
So insignificant to Thee
Who lovest justice, truth, and right?

But though I crave Thy tenderness,
No longer will I plead with Thee
Whate'er Thy will so let it be.
For even death can bring but rest.

So not unto the burning sands
Do I commend my dearest joy,
My innocent, my precious boy,
But into Thy most gracious hands.

But I am like a wreck at sea;
My throat is parched, my heart is sore;
I sigh for rest, not that of yore.
Do to me, Lord, as pleaseth Thee.

The Cry of a Human (1906)

When the cares of life are heavy and the world looks dark to me,
When board is high and funds are running low,
I can look back at the faces that I used to love to see—
The faces of the balmy long ago.
I can wander back along the brooks I loved when but a boy,
When I didn't have to mend my shirts and sew
The buttons on I busted off, ah! those were days of Joy,
When I lived, a careless laddie, in the happy long ago.

Somehow, when my dinner's heavy, then my heart gets heavy, too.
And I long to see the cooky jar again.
It isn't any wonder that the world looks black and blue,
When you owe at least a half dozen men.
I am longing for the good old days when I could live care free,
And when I was hungry I could just tiptoe
Into the dark old pantry, and eat all that I could see,
And only get my britches fanned in the happy long ago.

Give me back the nice hot biscuit, give me back the fresh clean clothes,
Give me back the swimmin' hole and all its joys,
Give me back the tenderness that a mother only knows
Makes the very life and soul of sturdy boys.
Give me back the apple-butter, and I'll stir it till I die.
Give me back the places that I used to know.
Give me back the fresh fried sausage and the yellow pumpkin pie
That I used to do the chores for in the happy long ago.

The joy of being grown up has lost all its charm for me,
Since my clothes are growing threadbare down the seams,
And my Sunday hat needs darning, and my necktie seems to be
Drawing near the murmur of Elysian streams.
I am longing for the good old days, when life was new to me,
And the parties where I used to love to go,
The old-time apple cuttin' and the jolly huskin' bee,
Where I used to swing the lassies in the happy long ago.

Child's Prayer (1907)

Now I lay me down to sleep
 'Mid the twilight's gentle gloom,
Soothing me to slumbers deep
 In my angel-guarded room,
 While the stars look tenderly
 Down upon the world and me.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep
 While the shadows hover near.
O, may angel pinions sweep
 Where an evil would appear,
 Angel footsteps softly press
 'Round my bed in watchfulness.

If I should die before I wake,
 And lightly leave my snowy bed,
And wander out, my way to take
 Unto the side of Him who said
 Beside the lake of Galilee:
 "Forbid them not to come to me."

I pray the Lord my soul to take
 To walk with him 'neath clearer skies
Where only joyful souls awake,
 Where grander, sweeter songs arise,
 Through all the years to come, the same
 I humbly pray in Jesus' name.

My Father's House (1908)

Some times I see in quiet, thoughtful hours
 Adown the winding journey of the years,
Beyond a valley full of faded flowers
 Whose petals still are wet with human tears,

An open door that looms beside the way,
 And many weary pilgrims entering where
A glad face waits to welcome them alway,
 And then I know my Father's house is there.

I care not whether it be built of gold,
 With pearly gates and shining sapphire walls,
Or whether it be humble, low, and old,
 With footworn thresholds and with homely halls.

I only ask that when my feet have pressed
 The journey through, and I have come alone
Unto my Father's house, that I may rest
 Among the loved and lost, and feel at home.

Hope (1909)

When every flower has shed its bloom
Afar upon life's changing ground,
And in the chilling autumn gloom
Their leaves are drifted all around.
One blossom still will lift its eyes
Unto the changeless summer skies.

When life's poor lyre has ceased to play,
When faith and love no longer sing,
Still through the shades of closing day
Will tremble one unbroken string
To make life's music still ascend
In harmony unto the end.

Oh, flower of hope with deathless hue,
Oh, song of hope, unsilenced still,
Beyond the vast, eternal blue
Ye shine and echo on until
The journey's ended and the way
Leads into God's eternal day.

The King (1909)

When the King came
He was so like His own, they knew Him not;
And cast in ways of poverty His lot.
There was no blazoned heraldry of fame
When the King came.

When the King died
Not many wept. The memory of His years
Did not bring many blossoms dewed with tears
Unto the new tomb in the mountainside,
When the King died.

When the King rose
'Twas not to go to some far distant land,
Nor yet to dwell within a palace grand,
'Twas to the palace of the hearts of men
He rose again.

Battle Hymn (1914)

The world has seen from age to age
Two marshaled hosts upon the plain
Each other in a war engage,
And strew the years with heroes slain;
And though they seem at times to fail,
The hosts of God shall still prevail.

Between the hosts of right and wrong
The conflict long has raged afield.
It still must rage, however long,
Till one shall see the other yield.
But, though a countless horde assail,
The hosts of God shall still prevail.

The days of blood are in the past,
And gone the conflict of the sword.
Unseen the lines of war are cast
Against the armies of the Lord.
But, though their words be fiery hail,
The hosts of God shall still prevail.

By night and day the conflict goes,
Unheard, unseen, but great and real;
And back and forth God's friends and foes
Contend for this world's woe or weal.
Fear not their weapons nor their mail,
For we shall see God's hosts prevail.

Hearts, lose not courage. Brains, take fire,
And grow not listless in the fight.
The arms of God shall never tire,
And nothing can withstand His might.
What though at times our banners trail
In dust, our God shall still prevail.

The world shall know the ways of God.
The nations all shall walk in peace.
Wherever human foot has trod,
The sway of selfishness shall cease.
No more shall horse and rider pale
Go forth, when God's hosts shall prevail.

Beneath serene and peaceful skies,
And from an earth without a stain,
Redemption's anthem shall arise
Throughout the years, for God shall reign.
His cause shall not forever fail,
For, soon or late, He shall prevail.

Song of the Dove (1914)

O DOVE, whom do you woo
With your soft and gentle coo
In the freshness of the morning 'mid the sunlight and the dew?
When the first Spring flow'rs are fair
And your voice floats everywhere
On the bosom of the palpitating air?

O dove, how glad the note
That echoes from your throat
When the lazy clouds like castles of the sunny islands float
In the azure Summer sky,
Ah, let your joy run high,
For the dreary Winter's coming by and by.

O dove, how sad the tone
As you sit and grieve alone
In the gathering of the twilight, in your sad, sweet monotone,
With the Autumn hillsides gray
Stretching far—so far away,
But the joys of Spring and Summer gone for aye.

The Gateway of the Kingdom (1915)

THE gateway of the Kingdom
It bendeth very low,
Within the reach of every place
Where common people go.
'Tis grand, but grandly simple.
'Tis great, yet very small,
Though wide enough that ever
There's passage-way for all.

The gateway of the Kingdom
Is not of common gold.
Its pearl is far more precious
Than earthly realm can hold.
It has no rusty hinges.
No marble steps are piled.
The gateway of the Kingdom
Is the spirit of a child.

Magi and Shepherd (1915)

There's a Babe within the manger. Humble men are on the hills.
Where the sheep are safely folded, there the silver moonlight spills.
There's a rift across the heavens. There's a light along the sky.
There's a glory in the valley. There's an angel song on high.
There's a Babe within the manger. On the hills are humble men.
"Peace on earth," rings forth the chorus, and their hearts respond, "Amen!"

There's a Babe within the manger. There's a star that shines above.
'Tis a star of age-long promise. 'Tis the morning star of love.
There are wise men. They are kneeling. They have brought their tribute there

—
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Behold the majesty they wear.
There are wise men. They are kneeling. Wisdom comes upon its knees.
In its simple recognition of the birth and reign of peace.

Humble men are on the hillsides, men of wisdom in the stall
Where the new-born King of Glory deigns to find His earthly all.
High and low have met together. There before a common shrine
Rich and poor, unlearned and lettered, each has found the King Divine.
Christ is Lord of humble peasant. He is Lord of royal son.
At His feet all men are equal. In His way all men are one.

The Open Tomb (1915)

A thousand gates
Lead to the grave; and through the weary years
The race of men, through bitter, blinding tears,
Have seen the forms they loved most enter there
 Where ever waits
An open road on which all feet must fare.

One only gate
Leads from the grave; one portal outward swings.
'Tis one alike for peasants and for kings.
Beside it lies a stone that's rolled away;
 And, soon or late,
God's people shall fare forth into the day.

O, Mighty One,
We praise thee that when we have finished all
The day's full hours will hold, and night shall fall
That we may see, although we die upon
 A bed of stone,
One door that opens outward on the dawn.

A Price Unpaid (1915)

Upon one battlefield is writ in blood
The story of more woe than all the years
Can wash away, e'en with the cleansing flood
Of centuries of peace. Blind, sickening tears
Are caused to flow that never mailed hand
Will seek to dry. There glassy grows the eye
Of him who looked with joy upon the land,
Rich now with death's ripe harvest. One weak sigh,
Then fades the sky, the fields, and all—and then
The awful silence which alone will say
To those at home, he died, but how or when
Remains a secret of the bloody day.
What logic is there that can justify
The wasting harvest field, the empty home,
The blank despair that comes at last to lie
On faces left to fare their way alone,
Widowed and orphaned—and for naught but this—
To keep a royal throne from tottering down,
To hold a mile of boundary where it is,
To save a scepter, or preserve a crown?

Two Princes (1915)

The War Lord dwells within his palace walls
In all the bright insignia of power;
He gives the word by which a city falls,
Or ships go thundering through Death's awful hour.
The Prince of Peace knew not an earthly throne,
Had not one resting place to call his own.

The War Lord in the pomp of place doth ride
Across the borders of the blood-drenched land.
On splendid charger, strong and fiery-eyed
In every place he keeps a presence grand.
The Prince of Peace knew but a humble seat
And walked the earth with weary, dusty feet.

The War Lord hears the plaudits of the crowd.
Unnumbered men would perish for his name.
To keep his royal robes they wear a shroud,
And bleed to save him from an hour of shame.
The Prince of Peace with thorns upon his head,
Unfriended, through the hard-eyed crowd was led.

The while the War Lord speaks the myriad waits,
And at his word it cannot choose but die.
His armored hand is laid upon the gates
Of life and death. What matter reasons why?
In one dark hour of loving agony
The Prince of Peace expired upon a tree.

The Voices of God (1915)

A THOUSAND voices speak of God.
The gayest flower, the meanest clod,
The highest hill, the deepest sea
Proclaim his messages to me.
I read his story in the Book.
I hear it in the babbling brook;
'Tis written all across the sky,
And in the silent majesty
Of mountains, lifting from the land.
A note of his undying word
Is in the song of every bird,
And but to-day my Saviour smiled
From out the features of a child.

The Wealth of Cheer (1915)

What's the use of weeping
When the day goes wrong?
Better to be keeping
Pace with mirth and song.
December is December,
But May is always May,
And shine and shade, remember,
Will each come in its day.

Gloom's an old, old story,
As ancient as the earth.
And men with heads now hoary
Have measured out its worth.
They speak with one opinion
That, not in gloom and mists,
But in sunshine's dominion
The wealth of men consists.

True Values (1916)

One day an angel came and asked a king,
Sated with power, with love of pomp and gold,
Four things that God must dearly love, to bring
And set them in his presence, so 'tis told.
The king went forth and came again ere night,
And set before the angel in that hour
A jewelled crown, a scepter gleaming bright,
A battle weapon, and a throne of power.

The angel's face grew shaded as he gazed
Upon the king's poor playthings gathered there.
At last again his countenance was raised.
He said: "These are the trappings pride may wear,
But God's great kingdom knows a richer worth:
A truer value is its high concern."
"Go", pled the king, "and from the mighty earth
Bring me those things. I wait for thy return."

"Nay, come with me", the angel said, "and I,
Though I may lead a long and weary way,
Will show you what is best beneath the sky."
These are the things he showed the king that day:
A kindly life that served unselfishly,
A flower that grew in sweetness undefiled,
A fireside where were love and purity,
The unspoiled spirit of a little child.

Pictures (1918)

*The days are pictures, and they pass
As comes and goes some mirage sheen,
As fireflies in the tangled grass,
Or shadows thrown upon the screen.*

*Pictures they are of love and care;
Pictures of toil and happiness;
Of mighty men, of ladies fair—
Incarnate strength and gentleness;*

*Pictures of battle and the night
That touches woe with cooling breath;
Of calm years following the fight,
When blossoms deck the fields of death;*

*Pictures of paths that wind, and meet
Where Fate's decrees have willed it so,
Or where erstwhile companion feet
Are led in separate ways to go.*

*The days are pictures, and they run
Their hastening course of smiles and tears.
As shadows flit 'twixt sun and sun,
So pass the ever-dying years.*

When the Curtain Falls (1918)

When the end is reached, and the curtain falls,
And the echoes die from the voiceless walls,
This is the thing that alone will tell:
The actor's part—has he played it well?

A few swift scenes and the course is run;
A few brief facts and the play is done.
May it be well when the far voice calls,
And the lights go out, and the curtain falls.

The World's Drama (1918)

The world's a screen. Across it flit the shadows
Of all the multitudes that come and go.
They move in dusty lanes, o'er sunny meadows,
And where the hand of toil moves to and fro.

There is the mourner and the long procession;
There is the maid with joy of which to sing;
There is the warrior, with his blood-possession;
There is the shade of some forgotten king.

Soon is each gone. Soon yonder in the distance
Each comes amid the mists to disappear,
Where dying light falls on his face or glistens
For one brief moment on his helm or spear.

Yet as each goes another is approaching.
A multitude is shadowed on ahead;
So moves the line, forevermore encroaching
Upon the borders of the silent dead.

Thus goes the drama, each his fond part playing,
For what he plays to him is all in all—
Striving, pursuing, loving, toiling, praying,
Until the darkness overshadows all.

Jim (1919)

A chicken-hearted boy was Jim,
A lad with a gentle face and eye.
The boys all joined in a laugh at him
Whenever he chanced to be passing by.
He wouldn't set foot on a helpless thing.
For a crawling worm he'd turn aside.
He was always making a splint or sling
For some wounded creature that else had died.

Well, Jim grew up, and the war came on.
Justice and right in the dust lay low.
One day they noticed that Jim was gone,
And wondered if he could face the foe.
It was said that no braver soldier fought
In all the marshaled ranks than Jim;
From many battles he finally brought
The name of a hero home with him.

We looked to see a steely eye
And a hardened face from his soldier ways,
But the same old lad came marching by
With the gentle eyes of his boyhood days.
He had heard the voices of battle ring;
He had faced the peril from death's grim shore;
But to-day he treads on no helpless thing,
Though they call him chicken-heart no more.



Let Us Be Right (1919)

Let us be right, though all the world may follow
The broken fabric of some failing dream.
As sounds upon our ears its outcry hollow,
And men lose all for some deceiving scheme,
Let us forsake the gold and tinsel masking,
And live for things enduring and secure.
Whate'er the prize the idle crowd is asking,
Let us be right. The path of truth is sure.

Let us be right, whatever seem our losing,
Some day the tide will turn, and men will know
The thing abiding. Then the common choosing
Will be the substance, not the empty show.
Let us be right. When self's poor plans are shattered
And all the castles lifted mountain high
By evil hand, are broken down and shattered,
The right shall stand beneath the mighty sky.

Light and Shadow (1919)

A BIT of sunshine and a bit of shadow,
And each succeeds the other on the screen.
They chase each other over hill and meadow,
Alternate triumph through each act and scene.
The smile and tear has each in turn its season,
The right and wrong their coronation day,
And foolishness contends for place with reason
—such is a play.

A bit of gladness and a bit of sighing,
A warm sun's beaming and the cloudland's chill
Each comes and goes the while the day is dying
From western hill to farther western hill.
So runs the tale as passing years grow hoary;
So will it be forever and for aye.
A bit of sorrow and a touch of glory
—such is a day.

The New Day (1919)

Put up your guns, ye nations, and lay your swords away.
Forget the roar of battle ye heard but yesterday.
Forget the vanished era of autocrats and kings
And turn to face a future of better, finer things.

We strung our rows of crosses on Flanders' flow'ry plains.
We touched the fields of Europe with our hearts' reddest stains.
We walked the shadowed valley: we felt its deadly chill.
Some lingered on its bosom with voice forever still.

Among the wreck of empires, the dreams of yesterday.
Built on self's foundations (the dreamers: where are they?).
We face a dawning future upon a shattered earth.
'Twill be as we shall make it—a thing of threat or worth.

O ye returning manhood, baptized in battle flame,
Ye who have fought for honor and saved the world from shame,
Ye who have stood for justice beyond the mighty seas,
Come to the task awaiting on battlefields of peace.

Put up your guns, ye nations, and lay your swords away.
'Twas yours to live beholding the world's redemption day.
Let now the earth, forgetting its reign of strife and blood,
Welcome the dawning era—the day of brotherhood.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL

THE NEW DAY

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Put up your guns, ye nations, and lay your swords away.
Forget the roar of battle ye heard but yesterday.
Forget the vanished era of autocrats and kings
And turn to face a future of better, finer things.

We strung our rows of crosses on Flanders' flow'ry plains.
We touched the fields of Europe with our hearts' reddest stains.
We walked the shadowed valley; we felt its deadly chill.
Some lingered on its bosom with voice forever still.

Among the wreck of empires, the dreams of yesterday,
Built on self's foundations (the dreamers: where are they?),
We face a dawning future upon a shattered earth.
'Twill be as we shall make it—a thing of threat or worth.

O ye returning manhood, baptized in battle flame,
Ye who have fought for honor and saved the world from shame,
Ye who have stood for justice beyond the mighty seas,
Come to the task awaiting on battlefields of peace.

Put up your guns, ye nations, and lay your swords away.
'Twas yours to live beholding the world's redemption day.
Let now the earth, forgetting its reign of strife and blood,
Welcome the dawning era—the day of brotherhood.

March 1919

Volume Fifty-One Number Three

The New Year (1919)

*Each New Year day Time cuts the thread
That binds us to the vanished past.
Its tears, and cares, and pangs are fled.
Its woes are gone, its troubles dead,
And we are free at last.*

*It is the road ahead we scan
Whene'er the year is new.
Again we gird our hearts, and plan
For better days. We hope again
In things secure and true.*

*Thanks for the hand that steals away
The cares of moments sped.
Thanks for the years we leave today,
But more for all that seems to say:
" 'Tis better on ahead. "*

God's Garden (1920)

There blooms a lovely garden
 Beneath the smile of God,
Where fairest flow'rs are nodding
 Above the smoothest sod.
From it has come the harvest
 Of everlasting worth,
Enriching yonder heaven,
 As well as hither earth.

Kind friendships are the breezes
 That come with soothing breath;
Love is the life stream, springing
 Where else had been but death;
A teacher is its gard'ner;
 Its sunlight is the truth;
And in its soil doth blossom
 The flower of lovely youth.



God's Garden

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There blooms a lovely garden
Beneath the smile of God,
Where fairest flow'rs are nodding
Above the smoothest sod.
From it has come the harvest
Of everlasting worth,
Enriching yonder heaven,
As well as hither earth.

Kind friendships are the breezes
That come with soothing breath;
Love is the life stream, springing
Where else had been but death;
A teacher is its gard'ner;
Its sunlight is the truth;
And in its soil doth blossom
The flower of lovely youth.

The Open Soul (1920)

There is a way
That leads to some rich joy in every day,
To where through immemorial ages gone
Calm Peace has sat upon her regal throne.
There is a road to joy's supremest goal,
But pilgrims say
It is discerned but by the open soul.

There is a song
That has the power to scatter courage strong
Through all the moments of the busy day,
And blunt the thorns along the weary way.
Its music always lessens sorrow's toll,
Though suffered long.
It is no secret to the open soul.

There is a gleam
That lights with loveliness the hill and stream,
Blesses the days with hours supremely rare,
And threads a line of gladness through each care.
Before it all the shadows swiftly roll
From fettered beam.
It breaks like morning on the open soul.

The Outcome (1920)

Life's always at its best upon the screen.

It is not perfect. Life is never so.

There runs a struggle thru each shifting scene,

And shadows often come, their pall to throw

Across the landscape. Things go wrong a while.

But always comes at last the shine's glow,

And gloom is followed by the song and smile.

In every drama wrong must have its reign,

In every tale the villain has his day;

Gladness we see, contrasting it with pain,

And truth is valued but by error's sway.

The right and wrong are alternate in power,

The scene is now in sun, now shadow cast,

But tho the wrong may triumph for an hour,

The right is seated on the throne at last.

The Silent Drama (1920)

Out of the silence often comes

 A voice that breaks the stillness deep,
And with an eloquence unheard
 Calls hidden mem'ries from their sleep.
It carries power unknown to speech;
 It speaks directly to the heart,
Grown thoughtful in the silences.
 Such is the screen's appealing art.

It calls the strong to lost resolve.

 It thrills the weak to better things,
It touches sleeping hopes to life
 And in the songless heart it sings.
It opens scenes of loveliness
 For eyes long used to barren spot,
This sacred silence that is heard
 Where thought is all and voice is not.

A Trouble Making World (1920)

There's a word that keeps us from the best of things,
Making some men peasants, making others kings,
Making all to sorrow, forcing some to die,
For uncounted sorrows the one reason why.

There's a word begetting bitterness and strife,
Evermore beclouding all the sky of life,
Driving men to battle when they ought to be
Linked in soul together by fraternity.

There's a word that enters in the holy place,
Writes its tale of trouble on the fairest face;
Makes of life a struggle, fraught with grasping greed,
When its years were given for high thought and deed.

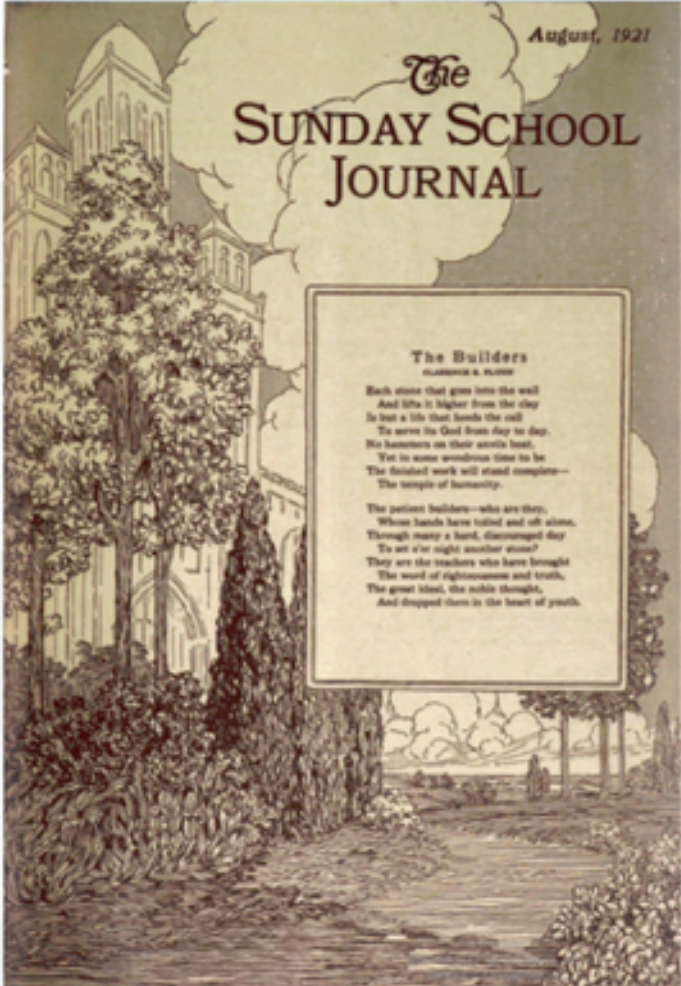
There's a word that robs us of the happy song;
Makes the earth a treadmill, elevates the strong;
Drives the weak from justice; grinds the poor and worn;
Fills the years with hatred; seeds the world with scorn.

There's a word absorbing manhood's fruitful hour,
Careless of life's meaning, prodigal of power,
Making regal spirits satisfied with pelf,
It is short but powerful, and its name is self.

The Builders (1921)

Each stone that goes into the wall
 And lifts it higher from the clay
Is but a life that heeds the call
 To serve its God from day to day.
No hammers on their anvils beat,
 Yet in some wondrous time to be
The finished work will stand complete—
 The temple of humanity.

The patient builders—who are they,
 Whose hands have toiled and oft alone,
Through many a hard, discouraged day
 To set e'er night another stone?
They are the teachers who have brought
 The word of righteousness and truth,
The great ideal, the noble thought,
 And dropped them in the heart of youth.



August, 1921

The
SUNDAY SCHOOL
JOURNAL

The Builders

CLARENCE A. MASON

Each stone that goes into the wall
And lifts it higher from the clay
Is laid a life that builds the cell
To serve its God from day to day.
No hammers on their anvils beat,
Yet in some wordless time to be
The finished work will stand complete—
The temple of humanity.

The patient builders—who are they,
Whose hands have toiled and oft alone,
Through many a hard, discouraged day
To set a'or night another stone?
They are the teachers who have brought
The word of righteousness and truth,
The great ideal, the noble thought,
And dropped them in the heart of youth.

The Children v1921

WHEN two gray-haired old parents meet
In quiet home or busy street,
The talk will run in formal style
On formal things a little while.
Then, following a silent spell:
“The children, are they doing well?”

Then faded eyes grow quickly bright.
Worn features take a sudden light,
As they recount with pride and joy
The story of each girl and boy.
How these old parents love to tell
That every child is doing well!

The great All-Father up above,
I often think, in words of love
Recounts each vict'ry and success,
Joys in His children's happiness.
I think He, too, delights to tell
That all His own are doing well.

Climaxes v1921

One climax comes in every play,
And only one;
And after it has had its day
The struggle's won.
Untangled is each vagrant thread;
Sad hearts to happiness are led;
And, with the days all fair ahead,
The play is done.

One climax comes in every life,
And only one—
The apex of our human strife,
The race we run.
Then woes are banished; tears are dried;
Our answered questions put aside;
Life's dearest hope is satisfied;
Then life is done.

Home v1921

*The joy that some hearts treasure, the hope that others prize;
The wistful wish that, buried deep, sometimes in others lies;
A word so dear that men will die with gladness for its sake;
The forge at which are welded strong the ties that naught can break;*

*A garden in the wildest waste of this world's desert life;
A spot where dwell both peace and calm amid the fiercest strife;
A refuge from each storm that beats; the place in all the land
Where there are souls who sympathize and hearts that understand;*

*The rock whereon the anchors hold that keep us safe and fast
When else would perish all we are and have amid the blast;
The shrine before whose holy light does fondest worship come;
The choicest ideal of the heart—its sacred name is HOME.*

The Magic Gateway (1921)

I turned the cover of a book,
 And found it was a gate
Into a field where one might look,
 Unwearied, soon and late.
The dreams of every land and sea
 Were all about me there.
Kind spirits came and talked with me,
 And flowers bloomed everywhere.

I saw the years that long had sped,
 The wondrous scenes of yore.
The mighty past gave up its dead,
 They lived and spoke once more.
The greatest minds that ever thought,
 And hearts that ever beat,
Came, and their richest treasures brought
 To lay them at my feet.

Shadows v1921

We are moving shadows cast
On the world's great picture screen;
Shadows in a drama vast,
Filled with varied act and scene.

Shadows flitting in the sun
Like the bees among the flowers;
Shadows hast'ning one by one
Down the course of passing hours.

Shadows in the sunny space;
Shadows on the tangled grass;
Shadows on the river's face;
Shadows in the winds that pass.

Shadows playing in the lane;
Shadows fighting battles brave;
Shadows walking ways of pain;
Shadows falling in the grave.

Shadows moving in the grove,
Falling on the summer lawn.
On and off the screen they move,
But the play goes ever on.

The Sunbeam and the Shadow (1921)

The sunbeam and the shadow
Are met upon the screen.
Each mingles in the making
Of yonder lovely scene.
If all were only shadow,
A leaden cloud would pall.
If it were only sunshine,
'Twould be no scene at all.

In life are intermingled
The sunshine and the rain.
In each day strangely blended
Are happiness and pain.
Where'er is told life's story,
However grave or fair,
The sunshine and the shadow
Succeed each other there.

The Teacher v1921

WHO shapes a mind doth shape the years
That are to be, the joys and tears
Of those unborn. He lays his hand
Upon the future of the land
And turns by thought's resistless force
The stream of hist'ry in its course.

Who shapes a life, its hopes, its worth,
Doth shape the future of the earth.
His is a sculptor hand, to mold
The periods as they unfold.
His hand is laid upon the rod
That speeds the purposes of God.

After-Images (1922)

The lights go low, the organ swells,
 And pours its rhythm everywhere—
Now thunder, now the ring of bells,
 Sounding at twilight o'er the dells,
Now but a whisper in the air.

 The whisper and the thunder loud
Are both reflected on the crowd.

The pictures come, and pass away,
 As morn departs or evening stills.
Ambition fights its fevered fray.
 The wrong and right have each their day.
Love walks with love upon the hills
 Life's long procession there appears.
And hurries onward thru the years.

The music dies. The crowds depart.
 Each goes his way, pursues his aim;
But something in the thing of art
 Has left a mark upon his heart.
Somehow the world is not the same.
 The music and the scenes so fair
Have left their after-Imagine there.

Almost (1922)

The fish we almost captured,
The race we almost won,
The task we almost finished
Before the day was done.
The plan almost accomplished,
The dream almost come true—
These bring but little comfort
Or help to me and you.

Near heroes win no laurels;
Near victories are cheap;
And near achievements bring us
No crowns we care to keep.
To come but near is failure.
A miss is like a mile.
The word “almost” can rob us
Of all that is worth while.

Along the Road (1922)

The folks we meet along the road,
They are a varied throng—
A pilgrim struggling with his load;
The singer of the song;
A youth with bright, expectant gaze,
His face with hope alight;
An old man bowed with many days,
And stumbling toward the night.

The rich, the poor, the high, the low;
The faithless and the true;
The face of joy, the form of woe,
All pass in grand review
We meet, and see their forms no more;
But when the eve is gray
The sweetest thought we ponder o'er
Is whom we've helped today.

A Call for Substitutes (1922)

There are substitutes for coffee; there are substitutes for tea;
But there's none for right, or honor, love, or truth, or liberty.
There are substitutes for honey; there are substitutes for soap;
But there's none for peace, or kindness, or the clinging ray of hope.
There are substitutes for paper; there are substitutes for wheat;
But there's none for little children with their tiny, toddling feet.
There are substitutes for leather and materials of dress;
But there's none for kindly service or a heart of happiness.

There are substitutes for butter; there are substitutes for cream;
But there's none for aspiration or the wonder of a dream.
There are substitutes for beefsteak; there are substitutes for bread;
But none for the vanished sweetness of a moment that has fled.
There are substitutes for jewels; there are substitutes for gold;
But there's none for honest thinking or for friendship tried and old.
There are substitutes for rubber and the shining of the sun;
But there's none for love-lit firesides or the sense of duty done.

Compensation (1922)

For everything that happens wrong
 A dozen things go right.
For every tear a flood of song
 Rings out across the night.
For every dark and stormy day
 A week of days are fair.
However chill the clouds and gray,
 'Tis always bright somewhere.

For every heart of bitterness
 A host of hearts are light.
For every hour of deep distress
 A whole long day is bright.
For every faithless friend we find
 That many friends are true.
So, after all, God's mighty kind
 To such as me and you.

A Creed (1922)

I DO believe

That, while in this old world few things are sure,
Right, truth, and love forevermore endure;
That these are 'mongst the things most worth our while
—A song, a smile,
The wiping of a tear from eyes that grieve.

I do believe

That in the day of famine or of feast
That one is richest who has sought the least;
That, spite of all earth's woes, and tears, and pains,
Love is, and reigns;
And sunshine through the ages Time doth weave.

I do believe

God plants some seeds of gladness in each day,
And smiles on children happy at their play;
That living men, though paupers, churls, or slaves,
Are more than graves
To which the grass and mosses damply cleave.

The Engineer (1922)

I MUST not be a minute late,
Nor yet too hasty be.
I have a load of human freight
Depending upon me.
I know that loving eyes tonight
Are all along the line,
Waiting to see them each alight—
These passengers of mine.

When at the finish of my run
I reach the hour of rest
I want to think on what I've done,
And know it was my best.
Of hearts that never felt a fear
I want to dream tonight,
Hearts that were sure the engineer
Would bring them through all right.



The Flag at Sea (1922)

Have you ever felt a craving
 On the vastness of the sea,
To behold the silken waving
 Of the banner of the free?
Have you searched with tired precision,
 Far from where the land unbars,
For a passing moment's vision
 Of the flag of stripes and stars?

Does it thrill you to remember
 When it stood against the sky,
How your heart was like an ember
 And a tear was in your eye?
How the old flag thrilled your spirit,
 How it made you feel at home,
When your ship that day sailed near it
 On the wideness of the foam?

The Gift of the Farm (1922)

We thank you, old farm, forever
For the gift you have freely made
To the world and its hard endeavor,
Of the boys and the girls who played
On your beautiful hills and meadows,
Who digged in your kindly soil
And who learned in your sun and shadows
The lesson of honest toil.

We thank you for hands so ready
Their manifold tasks to do,
For minds that are keen and steady,
For hearts that are strong and true,
For people of lowly station,
For those who have won renown,
For the best who have served the nation
In the country and the town.

The Gifts of the Church (1922)

*The dearest friends that life has known
In any time or place
Were made before the wondrous throne
Of mercy and of grace.
The bonds of brotherhood were wrought
In high communion there
Where we have walked with God in thought,
And bowed in common prayer.*

*The sweetest mem'ries of the years,
The joys most keen and true,
The kindest words that blessed our ears
The sanctuary knew.
The highest peaks our hearts have scaled,
The fairest roads we trod,
The hours by which all others paled
Were in the house of God.*

God of To-Day (1922)

OUR THANKS are thine,
O Mighty One, that thou has safely led
Our fathers through the grim and trying past
And made a way for us in days now dead.
Our gratitude before thy throne we cast,
That hands divine
Have kept our feet and ordered all our ways,
God of the yesterdays.

We thank thee, too,
For that blest hope we treasure fond and deep—
The hope our worn hearts lean so heavy on—
That somewhere in time's mighty onward sweep
The day of God and righteousness shall dawn
Serene and true.
For all of this we bring our thanks to thee,
God of the years to be.

But most of all
We thank thee for the golden fruitfulness
Of fields now rich with grain or bright with flowers,
For grace and pardon, joy and blessedness,
And every good that even now is ours.
And so we call
In confidence that thou dost bless our way,
God of this present day.

The Heart of a Child Is a Scroll (1922)

THE HEART of a child is a scroll,
A page that is lovely and white;
And to it, as fleeting years roll,
 Come hands with a story to write—
A story of laughter and mirth,
 A story of sorrow and tears,
Of love that encircles the earth,
 Or sin that embitters the years.

Be ever so careful, O hand;
 Write thou with a sanctified pen.
Thy story shall live in the land
 For years in the doings of men.
It shall echo in circles of light,
 Or lead to the death of a soul.
Grave here but a message of right,
 For the heart of a child is a scroll.



His Epitaph (1922)

HE *wasn't rich; he wasn't great,
His place was lowly and obscure.
His clothing was not up-to-date,
His house was tumble-down and poor.
No honor did he claim.
He never walked with lords and kings.
No glory has illumed his name,
But he was kind to helpless things.*

*He won no victories to boast.
He made no conquests, waged no strife.
He never led a conquering host;
He lived an unpretentious life.
But, when is writ the judgment scroll,
And Time its final verdict brings,
This will be said of him: his soul
Was rich in love for helpless things.*

The Lens (1922)

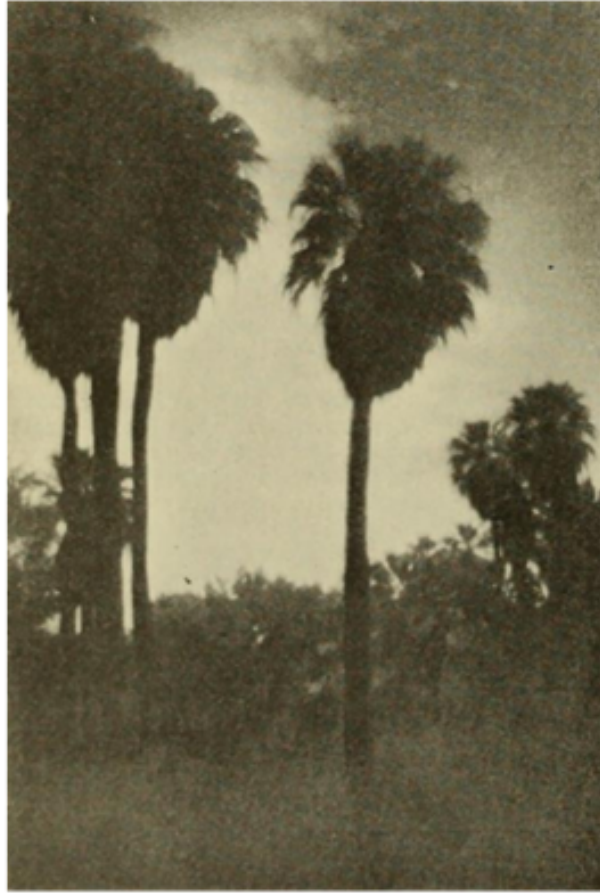
Here is a little piece of glass
Set in a tube of shining brass.
Through it had passed in grand review
All that the world's heart ever knew
Of joy, hope, sorrow, love and fears,
The ceaseless struggle of the years,
The darkest schemes the evil know,
The noblest service men can show.

Through it the risen dead have walked,
The spectres of the past have stalked.
Hope realized has lingered there,
Likewise the shape of dark despair.
This bit of glass is seasoned well,
For human tongue could never tell
The half it knows of peace and strife,
And all that makes the old world's life.

The Magic of the Screen (1922)

WE look down summer lanes on winter days,
We see the snow amid the summer's heat.
Far lands are brought and laid before our gaze.
The woodland stream runs by the city street.
The light of noonday breaks the shades of night,
And then is softened to the starlight's sheen.
The dawn and twilight mingle in our sight,
Such is the fairy magic of the screen.

THE heavy-hearted slip away from tears
And find the gladness of a fleeting hour
In fairer spaces and more peaceful years,
Where is no dearth of laughter, sun, and flower.
Youth sees the future. Age with faded eye
Looks back in joy on many a vanished scene,
And walks again among the days gone by.
Such is the fairy magic of the Screen.



Photography by Rice, Los Angeles

The Making of Heaven (1922)

GOD took the paths we longed in vain to go,
And built a golden street beside a river.
He took the gates Time closed to us below,
And built a portal that shall stand forever.

He took the longings that were vague and dim,
And hedged about by human limitation;
And built a world without a scar or rim
To be our everlasting habitation.

He took the bitter pangs that life has cost;
Transformed them into joy, and song, and wonder.
He took the treasured blessings we have lost,
And planted them beside the waters yonder.

He took our thoughts of hills, and woods, and streams;
And made them real, with added beauty given.
He took the shattered fragments of our dreams,
And built a city fair, and called it Heaven.

The Man Who Knows (1922)

We owe our debt to the man who thinks,
For he leads our minds afar
Till they stand and tremble on the brinks
Of the strangest things that are.
We owe our debt to the man who hopes,
For he keeps our courage strong.
He speaks his cheer to the soul that gropes,
And it wakens into song.

And here's to the man whose soul believes,
In whose heart convictions burn
Through the day of life, and who dying leaves
Them to others in their turn.
But the old world's mighty tasks are planned
And done, as it onward goes,
By the balanced mind and the steady hand
That belong to the man who knows.

The Marine (1922)

He has made a hundred harbors.
He has sailed the seven seas.
He has trod the Arctic ice fields.
He has felt the tropic breeze.
He has dwelt in peaceful cities.
He has taken shade and sun—
He has never hunted trouble
Nor from trouble ever run.

Grim and rugged are his features,
Brown his arms and hard his hands;
Yet his eyes are frank and winsome,
With a boyish air he stands.
Readiest of all our fighters,
True his aim, and dread his gun—
He has never hunted trouble
Nor from trouble ever run.

The Measure of Life (1922)

Not what I get, but what I give
 As days go fleeting past.
Not how I feel, but how I live
 Must tell the tale at last.
Not what I have, but what I do,
 The loads I bear, the paths I hew
Through forests no man ever knew,
 The highways that I cast.

Not the advantage that I take
 But give amid the strife.
The service for some others' sake
 Where selfishness is rife.
The effort that I make to bless
 My time and fellows with success,
And brotherhood, and happiness,
 Measures this little life.

Monuments (1922)

Sometimes the angels go searching
For the graves of the sons of God.
They traverse the reaching mountains,
The sea, and the rolling sod.
They never on earth would find them
By the marks we so long have known,
For they never stop to decipher
Our records in bronze and stone.

They find the graves of God's children
By the monuments builded fair
Through years of struggle and toiling
By the hands that are buried there
Or words that were fitly spoken,
Of service devoted, true.
We mortals may never see them,
But God's messengers always do.

My Riches (1922)

In no triumphal line I ride,
 No praise falls on my ears;
But I've a flag that waves in pride,
 Above me through the years.
A flag whose folds are dear to me,
 Whose glory I confess—
The symbol of my liberty,
 And peace, and happiness.

Little of riches have I known,
 Little perhaps deserve;
But I've a land to call my own,
 A people I can serve.
A country that's as broad and fair,
 As any on the ball;
With happy people everywhere—
 An equal chance for all.

A Parents' Prayer v1922

God bless our little ones tonight,
Our little ones—and thine.
Protect their slumber by thy might.
Grant them thy peace divine.
Help us no duty to forget
We owe to them or thee,
And leave us nothing to regret
In years that are to be.

God, bless our little ones tonight,
Our little ones—and thine.
Help us to rear them true, and right,
And clean, and strong, and fine.
Lead them in ways more beautiful
Than we have ever seen,
And make them each more dutiful
Than we have ever been.

Patchwork (1922)

A bit of cloud and a bit of blue

Make the wide and mighty sky.

A touch of drought with the rain and dew

Make the seasons passing by.

A bit of black and a bit of white

On the canvas make the scene.

A bit of shade and a gleam of light

Make the drama on the screen.

A bit of toil and a bit of rest

Make our winding human way.

The rosy East and the flaming West

Make the glory of a day.

A bit of hope and a bit of fear

Make the heart's eternal strife.

A song of joy and a falling tear

Make the daily round of life.

A Perfect Day (1922)

A PERFECT day is made of perfect hours,
And perfect hours of perfect moments run.
Of blessings realized and gathered flowers
Between the rising and the set of sun.
Soon they are gone. Swiftly the light that played
On crests of gladness all has passed away.
Dawn turns to Noon. Noon dies to Evening's shade.
Each at its best helps make a perfect day.

A perfect day is in the reach of all
Who will but fill each moment to the full
With joy, and meaning, thought, and dream, and all
That makes life deep, and rich, and wonderful.
It is within the reach of all who hold
The will to serve, and laugh, and sing, and play
Until the sunset covers all with gold,
And darkness falls upon a perfect day.

Picture Books (1922)

THEY are long gone, those pleasant hours,
When we as girls and boys
Turned from our play among the flowers,
From all our painted toys,
To turn the leaves of picture books,
To live with lords, and kings,
Swineherds, and chimney sweeps, and cooks,
Soldiers, and such like things.

How still they stood! From day to day
No figure ever stirred.
The armies never marched away,
Nor ever spoke a word.
Now soldiers march with fife and drum.
Men move in every scene.
The picture books of old have come
To life upon the screen.

Picture Writing (1922)

Of old our fathers wrote in pictures.
'Twas in an age of savage men.
The years have rolled a mighty cycle,
And we've got round to it again.
They carved their story on the mountain
Where it for ages might be seen.
We write ours on a filmy ribbon,
And throw it on a silver screen.

If they who carved on cliff and hillside
Might but return today and see
The picture writing of the present,
Big with surprise their eyes would be.
We learned their message from the pictures,
Tho tiresome was the task and slow;
But we shall pass along a story
That all the world may read and know.

A Prayer for Thanksgiving (1922)

*While we are seated at our board
In comfort here today,
With happy face, and kindly word,
Let us not fail to pray
For all who do not have their share
Of comfort and of gain,
For troubled people everywhere
In hunger or in pain.*

*Where weary mothers toil unfed
In places foul and dim,
Where little children cry for bread
And none is given them,
Lord, let Thy mercy have its way.
Sow plenty in the land,
And teach us in our joy today
To lend a helping hand.*

A Psalm of the Movies (1922)

(With all due apologies.)

Tell me not in sturdy measure
What it says upon the screen.
It does damage to my pleasure,
And the words are plainly seen.

I am really in earnest,
As the titles onward roll;
And so, when to me thou turnest,
Do not read aloud their scroll.

Many peevish eyes remind us,
Tho each passage be sublime,
Folks before and folks behind us
All can read both prose and rhyme.

In the scene of love and battle,
As the swift film pictures life,
If you do not cease your prattle,
There most surely will be strife.

Let us watch and see what's doing
Till the hast'ning drama ends,
And not work the play's undoing,
Reading titles to our friends.

The Radio Neighborhood (1922)

While we have struggled patiently
Toward the larger good,
Friendship on every land and sea,
A world-wide neighborhood,
Space set its limits everywhere,
Its hedging curtains swirled;
But now we speed o'er land, through air,
And talk around the world.

Who is our neighbor? Yesterday
It was the man whose home
Was down the road or o'er the way
Where we might often come.
Today the golden tie that binds
Men's souls in joy or care,
The word uniting hearts and minds,
Is vibrant everywhere.

The Section Foreman (1922)

“I LIKE to have my section here
The cleanest on the line.
I tell the men to keep it clear
Of every weed and vine.
The ties are new. The rails are bright.
The ballast’s firm and strong.
The road’s a shining groove of light
The trains may slip along.”

“And on the road we all must take,
The journey all pursue,
Though ’tis not marked by line or stake,
I have a section, too.
'Twill be inspected some bright day
By the Great Judge divine,
And how I’d like to hear Him say:
'The cleanest on the line'!”

The Shadow World (1922)

There is a world of shadows;
 We see it on the screen
—A world of grassy meadows,
 With sunlit streams between,
Streams flowing to the ocean.
 They come from everywhere.
Love, hope, despair, devotion,
 Joy, sorrow—all are there.

This world of wondrous seeming
 Is not a distant place.
'Tis a new way of dreaming
 To walk in it a space,
To tread its flow'ring meadows,
 To sit beside its streams.
It is a world of shadows,
 And yet how real it seems!

The Stars and Stripes for Me (1922)

I bare my head to banners
That others know and love,
But one I hold the fairest
That decks the blue above.
Whatever be their emblems,
Wherever they may be,
Stand, if you will, beneath them—
But the Stars and Stripes for me.

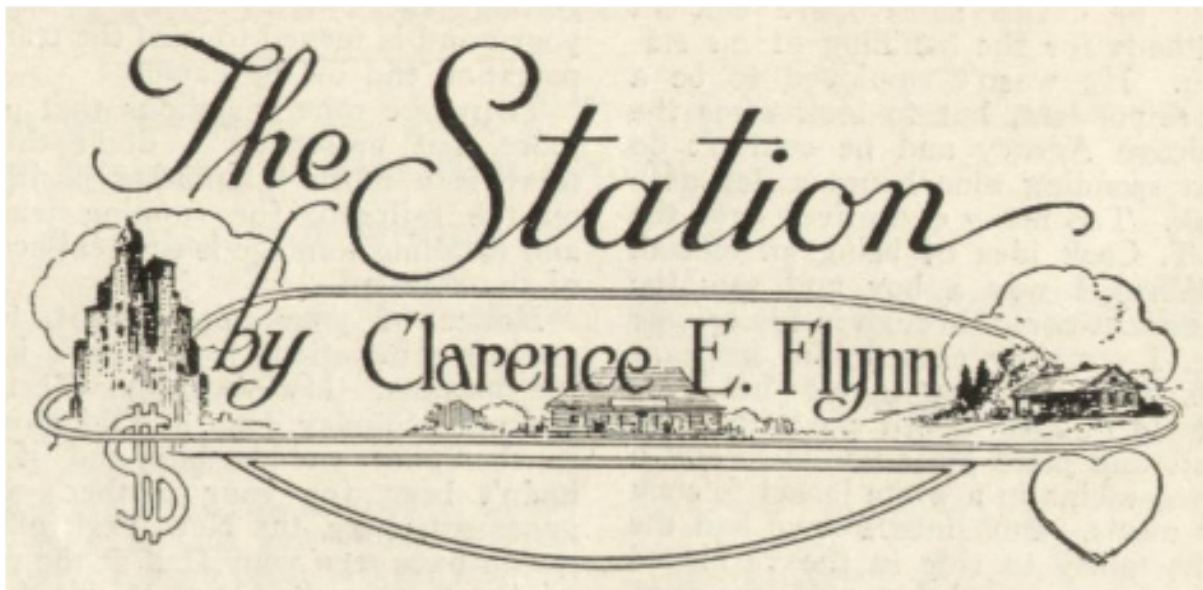
It stands for all I covet,
It leads in all I seek;
Its folds afford protection
And succor to the weak;
It stands for right and justice,
And peace and liberty.
To others you are welcome—
But the Stars and Stripes for me.

No flag shall wave above it
On any purpose bent,
Nor snatch its honor from it—
At least with my consent.
It speaks of proud traditions,
High hopes for years to be.
No other scheme or banner
But the Stars and Stripes for me.

The Station (1922)

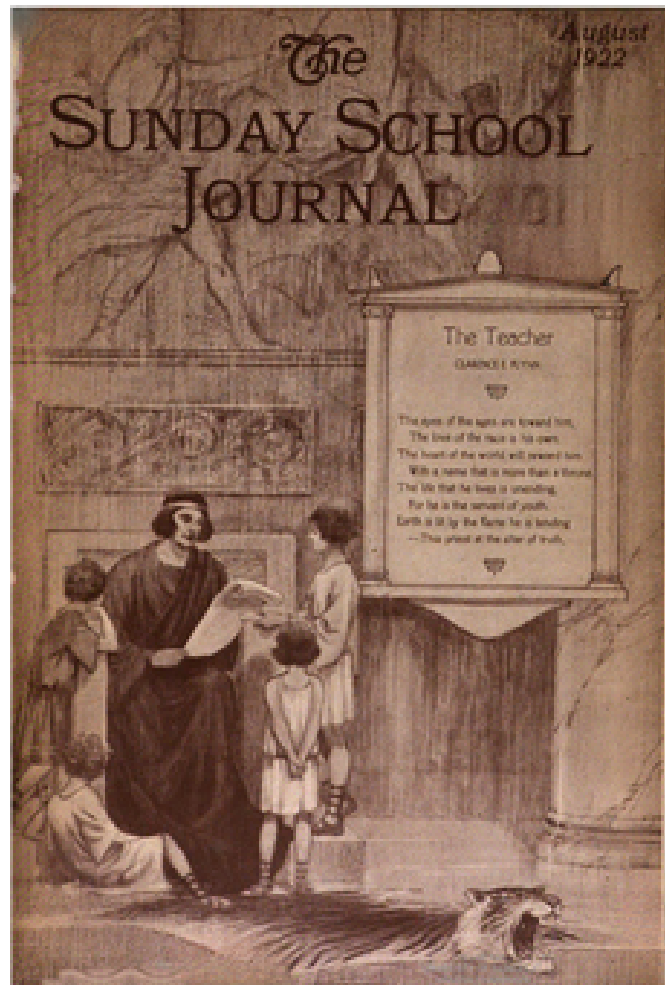
THIS is a place of endings and of startings,
Of journeys finished, journeys just begun.
It is a place of meetings and of partings,
Of heart-ties welded and of struggles done.
It is a place of laughter and of sighing,
And both commingled in some heart that swells;
A place of whispered questions, low replying,
Lost in the clanging din of engine bells.

It is a place of partings and of meetings,
A place of hoping and a place of fear,
A place of farewells and a place of greetings.
The mountain crests of life are rounded here.
Here does the world pass by in long procession.
Here do the heart's tides ebb, and flow, and surge.
Earth's best and worst are mingled in the station.
Here do the paths of all the world converge.



The Teacher v1922

The eyes of the ages are toward him.
The love of the race is his own.
The heart of the world will reward him
With a name that is more than a throne.
The life that he lives is unending,
For he is the servant of youth.
Earth is lit by the flame he is tending
—This priest at the altar of truth.



The Temple (1922)

*When each home is a temple,
Its every room a shrine,
Its hearth a sacred altar
Inscribed to things divine;
When each eye in the circle
Reflects that altar flame,
Each mealtime sacramental
Unto the Wondrous Name;*

*When each morn is a prayer-time
Each evening hour is blessed
With all the grace of kindness
And all the peace of rest;
When each task is a service,
Each word a psalm of praise,
The world will swing in sunshine
Through all the golden days.*

Voices of the Dawn (1922)

Soft breaths of wind that gently pass,
Sigh in the branches of a tree,
And whisper in the tangled grass;
The early droning of a bee,
Shaking the dew from dripping wings
Among the blossoms on the lawn;
The sprightly chirp of waking things.
These are the voices of the dawn.

The falling of a loosened leaf,
That seems loud where all is so still;
A field-mouse rustling in a sheaf;
The low of kine around the hill;
A little tinkling waterfall,
Whose bubbles gurgle and are gone;
A skylark's song; a robin's call.
These are the voices of the dawn.

The Watchdog of the Sea (1922)

Her silent body, slim and gray,
 Hangs grimly off the bar,
Then, like a wraith, she slips away,
 Through mist to ports afar.
She tells not where her course may lie,
 Nor cares what perils be,
She goes, nor ever questions why—
 The watchdog of the sea.

She plows alike through light and dark,
 She scents the far wind's breath;
Only at foemen does she bark,
 And then her bark is death.
She keeps our coasts from every threat,
 Guards home and liberty;
Her courage has not failed us yet—
 The watchdog of the sea.

Where Is Heaven? (1922)

WHO has not heaven in his soul
May seek o'er land and main,
From East to West, from Pole to Pole;
But he will seek in vain.
He may traverse the mighty sky,
Ascend through spaces dim;
But heaven with all its ecstasy
Will not exist for him.

Who carries heaven in his heart,
Its sunshine in his breast,
Need never seek a place apart,
For every place is blest
—The hill, the vale, the sea, the air,
The stream, the forest dim.
The light of God from portals fair
Shines everywhere for him.

Climaxes v1923

We live thru drab, prosaic days
That slowly come and go;
We tread a thousand weary ways,
And heavy burdens know;
We toil in patience thru the years,
Alike in sun and shower,
Paying the price of blood and tears
For one climactic hour.

We tread the boards thru action long,
Face conflict grim and hard,
To gain one triumph over wrong,
One moment of reward.
We move upon the mighty screen
From dawn to set of sun
To make one little perfect scene
Before our part is done.

The Creator (1923)

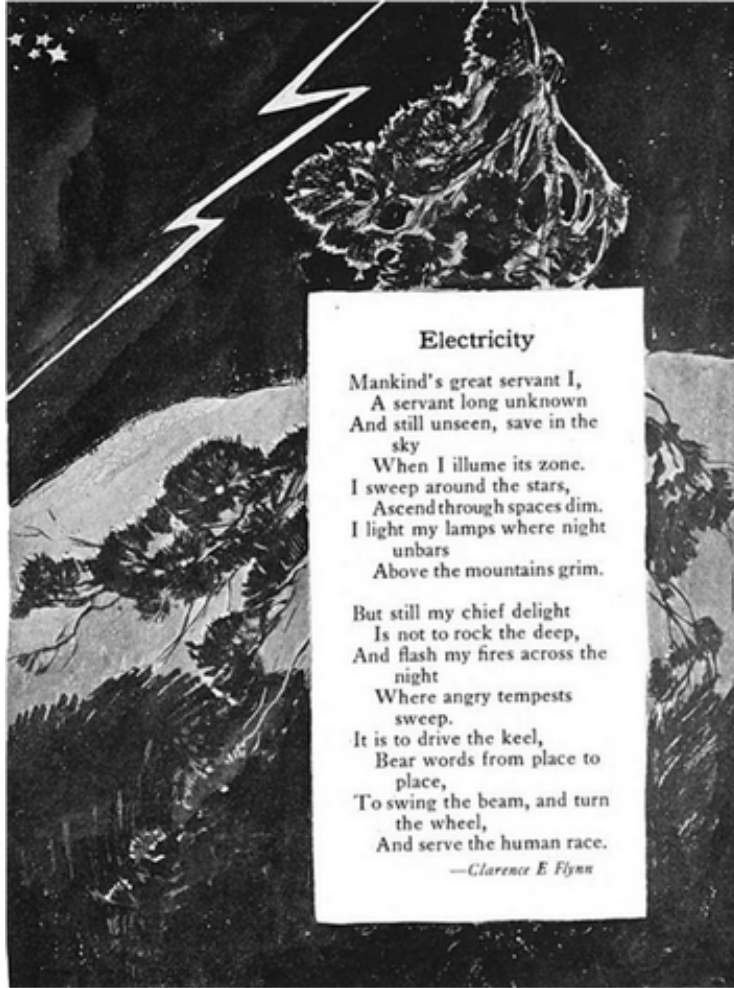
I looked in the face of a rose
As it nodded in springtime and smiled.
I saw where eternity glows
In the sweet, tender eyes of a child.
I looked in a sunbeam in air.
They each bore an image divine.
The Creator was everywhere.

I looked at the set of the sun,
And the crag that reflected its light.
I thought on the day that was done,
And I pondered the stars of the night.
And I looked in the eyes of a man
Who had stumbled through sinning to prayer.
God's fingerprints there I could scan.
He awaited me everywhere.

Electricity (1923)

Mankind's great servant I,
 A servant long unknown
And still unseen, save in the sky
 When I illumine its zone.
I sweep around the stars,
 Ascend through spaces dim.
I light my lamps where night unbars
 Above the mountains grim.

But still my chief delight
 Is not to rock the deep,
And flash my fires across the night
 Where angry tempests sweep.
It is to drive the keel,
 Bear words from place to place,
To swing the beam, and turn the wheel,
 And serve the human race.



Electricity

Mankind's great servant I,
A servant long unknown
And still unseen, save in the
sky
When I illumine its zone.
I sweep around the stars,
Ascend through spaces dim.
I light my lamps where night
unbars
Above the mountains grim.

But still my chief delight
Is not to rock the deep,
And flash my fires across the
night
Where angry tempests
sweep.

It is to drive the keel,
Bear words from place to
place,
To swing the beam, and turn
the wheel,
And serve the human race.

—Clarence E. Fynn

An Electric Personality (1923)

A most *electric* gentleman
He was his whole life through.
Down busy ways his *current* ran,
As all his friends well knew.
He was *live wire*, so to say,
He liked to see things go,
Magnetic in most every way
—*A human dynamo*.

One day a blue coat collared him
When on some mischief bent,
And in a jail cell dark and dim
His next few days were spent.
What was the *charge* against him? Yes
'Twas natural, you see,
So much so you could really guess
—Assault and *Battery*.

The End of the Trail (1923)

I must travel the miles till the journey is done,
 Whatsoever the turn of the way.
I shall bring up at last at the set of the sun,
 And shall rest at the close of the day.
Let me deal as I journey with foeman and friends
 In a way that no man can assail,
And find nothing but peace at the roadway's last bend,
 When I come to the end of the trail.

We are brothers who travel a great, common road,
 And the journey is easy for none.
We must succor the weary and lift on the load
 Of the pilgrim whose courage is done.
Let me deal with them each on my way to the West
 With a mercy that never shall fail,
And lie down to my dreams with a conscience at rest
 When I come to the end of the trail.

If Christ Is Not Divine (1923)

If Christ is not divine,
Then lay the Book away,
And every blessed faith resign
That has so long been yours and mine,
Through many a trying day;
Forget the place of bended knee;
And dream no more of worlds to be.

If Christ is not divine,
Go seal again the tomb;
Take down the Cross, Redemption's sign;
Quench all the stars of hope that shine;
Forget the upper room;
And let us turn and travel on
Across the night that knows no dawn.

It Might Be Worse (1923)

The cost of living hits us here.
Taxes are climbing out of sight.
This hasn't been a good crop year.
The season didn't turn out right.
We had a drouth and then a flood.
Spring was too hot and fall too chill.
But we have shelter, clothes and food,
And all our dear ones with us still.

We still have friends to share our way.
We have the glory of the day,
The freedom of the hill and plain.
We have the beauty of the sky,
God's love through dawn and evenfall.
And so, though same things seem awry,
We're pretty lucky after all.

The Making of Home (1923)

God took a hearth-fire, warm and bright,
And planted love beside it;
Spun happy laughter through its light,
So gay no gloom could hide it.
He wove a golden thread of song
Among the flick'ring shadows,
Like that where days are bright and long
Upon the summer meadows.

He made a sanctuary fair
With His own presence gifted.
He built a holy altar there
Where hearts should oft be lifted.
With His watch-care perennial
He wrapped it 'round and framed it.
He flung a roof above it all,
And Home was what He named it.

No Room in the Inn (1923)

*The stars in the heavens were gleaming
On mountains, and meadows, and rills.
The song of the angels was streaming
While shepherds kept watch on the hills.
The wise men bent low by a manger,
Apart from Earth's striving and din,
To welcome the Heavenly Stranger,
For there was no room in the inn.*

*The years have not halted their sweeping,
It is Christmas again on the earth.
Again the glad season we're keeping,
Recounting the tale of His birth.
Let not our hearts be, as He sees us,
So crowded with pleasure and sin
They can offer no welcome to Jesus.
Lord, let there be room in the inn.*

Our Hearts Forget (1923)

*Our hearts forget,
Amid the daily round of toil and fret.
They are so weak, so prone to lose their hold
On dreams of yesterday, and treasures old.
The thoughts that thrilled them in a vanished day,
Forgotten now, are cold in ashes gray.
Life brings us wondrous days and hours, but yet
Our hearts forget.*

*Our hearts forget
The times of joy and vision we have met,
The binding vows we once so bravely made,
The fond petitions that we trembling laid
Before the Great, White, Shining Throne above,
The tender, wistful, clinging bonds of love,
Contrition's anguished and tear-washed regret
Our hearts forget.*

A Prayer (1923)

We thank Thee, Father, for the care
That did not come to try us,
The burden that we did not bear,
The trouble that passed by us,
The task we did not fail to do,
The hurt we did not cherish,
The friend who did not prove untrue,
The joy that did not perish.

We thank Thee for the blinding storm
That did not loose its swelling,
And for the sudden blight of harm
That came not nigh our dwelling.
We thank Thee for the dart unsped,
The bitter word unspoken,
The grave unmade, the tear unshed,
The heart-tie still unbroken.

The Second Wind (1923)

When “Lizzie” starts to climb a hill
Too hard to make “on high,”
She goes it very well until
Her power begins to die.
Then, shifting to another gear,
She leaves the slope behind,
And hustles on without a fear
Upon her second wind.

I notice it is so with men.
They start out with a will,
They go it well awhile, and then,
Slow down midway the hill.
But, seeing that their strength is run,
They change their gear, and find
The world’s best work is often done
On people’s second wind.

The Serving Giant (1923)

The mighty giant of the air,
More ancient than the sun
Whose power is vibrant everywhere
That restless force may run
Shakes the foundation of the hill,
Or rends the ground in twain,
Or blasts the forest at his will
And levels all again.

And yet he stoops to hold the light
That aged eyes may see.
He warms the baby's feet at night,
And cooks for company.
He does a thousand little things
To help the world along.
He who the most of service brings
Is strongest of the strong.

The Teacher v1923

HE NEVER wandered far from his own town,
The little hamlet where he lived and died,
And yet his pupils traveled up and down
The whole wide world of town and countryside.
He sought no honor to adorn his name
Nor dreamed of crowns that tarnish and grow dim;
But those he taught achieved undying fame
And in their triumph hour remembered him.

He had no time to mold the wide world's life
Or take a hand in the affairs of state;
But others did he send into the strife
And through them helped to shape his people's fate.
He won no earthly riches for himself.
He had no time to waste in seeking gold
But every day bestowed on him a pelf
Of love whose value never could be told.



The SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL

The Teacher

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

HE NEVER wandered far from his own town,
The little hamlet where he lived and died,
And yet his pupils traveled up and down
The whole wide world of town and countryside.
He sought no honor to adorn his name,
Nor dreamed of crowns that tarnish and grow dim,
But those he taught achieved undying fame,
And in their triumph hour remembered him.

He had no time to mold the wide world's life
Or take a hand in the affairs of state,
But others did he send into the strife,
And through them helped to shape his people's fate.
He won no earthly riches for himself,
He had no time to waste in seeking gold,
But every day believed on him a pill
Of love whose value never could be told.

September 1922

Transforming Love (1923)

*Love transforms all things.
Lone days are touched with light,
And trying moments lose their stings,
And vexing things come right.
Love's ointment to our eyes applied,
We see with vision glorified.*

*Love transforms all things—
Worn faces, hardened hands.
To the poor hovel glory clings,
For Love's heart understands.
Whatever it beholds is fair;
It sees each hidden beauty there.*

The Window of Dreams (1923)

There is a little window.

'Tis called, I think, a screen.

Thru it the strangest people

And fairest things are seen.

Calm valleys, silent woodlands,

Tall summits, shining streams,

Long roads and busy cities

Are in this world of dreams.

There weary hearts may travel,

Each to its wonted place;

And lonely ones may revel

In pictured act and face.

There to our hidden longings

The waiting answer gleams

The while our thoughts inhabit

This pictured world of dreams.

Brotherhood (1924)

*Let black be black and white be white,
As they were meant to be;
But let the hearts of men be right
On every land and sea.
Let brown and yellow boast their race,
Their blood no taint e'er tell;
But let them each possess the grace
To wish a neighbor well.*

*Let us forget our foolish strife,
And all our groundless hate.
We needs must live a common life,
And share a common fate.
Whatever troubles we must stem,
Whate'er our place or name,
Beneath the crust that covers them
Our hearts are all the same.*

The Builder v1924

*The builder of the future
Is not the trader keen,
The driver of the turbine,
Nor any swift machine;
Not he who rides in triumph
Through the admiring town,
Fawning for public praises
And seeking for renown.*

*The builder of the future
Sits not upon a throne.
He toils among the shadows,
His struggles oft unknown.
He is the one who kindles
And keeps the fires of truth,
The teacher who is molding
The plastic heart of youth.*

Childhood on the Farm (1924)

In many a crowded city
Where moves the human tide,
Eyes look with eager longing
To some old countryside.
Hearts that have long been sated
With earth recall the charm
Of life's morning splendor
In childhood on the farm.

From many a path of glory
And many a throne of power
Is still recalled the wonder
Of some dear, distant hour.
Men look through years of toiling,
Of sorrow, strife, and harm,
And treasures unforgotten
Their childhood on the farm.

The Clock (1924)

WHAT is the matter with our clock
I cannot understand.
It sounds its steady old tick-tock
With mien and manner grand.
To look at its great open face
You'd think it truthful quite.
I'm sorry such is not the case.
It's hardly ever right.

Just yesterday when I was blue
Because Tom didn't call
To play with me when work was through,
Its hands scarce moved at all.
When I went to his house today
To spend an hour or so,
We'd scarce got started at our play
Till it was time to go.

The Dream (1924)

I had a dream the other night,
 Too sweet for word of tongue,
Of days when, beautiful and bright,
 The children all were young.
I saw them playing on the floor
 And 'mongst the dooryard flowers.
Soft baby voices came once more
 From unforgotten hours.

I came from work when eve was late
 And all the sky was gold.
They ran to meet me at the gate
 With greetings as of old.
I helped to tuck them in at night
 With prayers of happiness,
But my arms ached when dawn was bright
 With a great emptiness.

An Easter Vision (1924)

Whene'er I hear the Easter Bells
Ring out their carols gay,
The graves from all the hills and dells
Dissolve from sight away.
I see the mighty planet left
Without a marble stone
To tell of death, or one bereft
Who comes to weep alone.

Dear hands, long folded to their rest,
Return to touch my own,
And voices memory has blessed
In each familiar tone
Speak as in other days to me;
While on the springtime's breath
Is borne to every land and sea
The news: "There is no death."

The Electric Spark (1924)

SEE this snappy little spark
Flashing pertly in the dark;
Coming with its sudden gleam
Out from nowhere, it would seem;
Glowing here against the shade,
Fire unkindled, light unmade,
Brother to the bolt's fierce blow
And the driving dynamo.

Here is hid the mystery,
Mayhap, of the land and sea.
All creation's story may
Hide within this flashing ray.
Light, and heat, and force it holds;
Boundless energy unfolds;
Tells the secret, if we find it,
Of the God who stands behind it.

Fade-Outs (1924)

Faces, like stars, rise on our little ken;
Shine on our souls with warm and cheering ray.
Then, like the stars, they pass from us again,
Leaving the dreary world of yesterday.
Friends slip into our little world awhile.
Joys come to thrill us with their rapture keen.
The friends go trudging on their winding mile
The joys fade as a picture on the screen.

Altho unseen, they are not wholly gone.
A friendship once established cannot die.
A joy once tasted sweetly lingers on,
A perfumed presence never seen but nigh.
In the great drama of the fleeting years
They come upon the stage and play their part.
Then, tho each wondrous vision disappears,
It leaves its deathless image on the heart.

Film Judgment (1924)

The man who reads the titles,
The man who tramps our toes,
The man who holds the end seat
Whatever comes and goes,
The man who laughs so loudly
That all the house can hear,
The man who with his snoring
Outrages every ear.

All died, and took their journey
Where the unseen begins,
And stood before the judgment
To answer for their sins.
They got a common sentence.
Each one was ordered flat
To sit and fume forever
Behind a picture hat.

Finding God (1924)

I found Him in the whisp'ring pines,
 And in the beauty of the rose;
I found Him where the first star shines,
 Above the Summer day's soft close;
I found Him where the storms grew wild;
 I found Him in the happy face
And manner of a little child,
 Revealing loveliness and grace.

I found Him in the swinging suns
 That wheel their way through endless space,
And in the humblest path that runs
 To love's sequestered dwelling place;
I found Him where the violets dwell,
 And where the bluebirds wheel and dart;
But never really knew Him well
 Until I found Him in my heart.

The Firefly (1924)

We've never gotten to it,
With all our learning keen.
We simply cannot do it
With any fine machine.
Old Nature's lanterns greet us
When dusk succeeds the sun.
A thousand miles they beat us
On all we've ever done.

In spite of shining crescent
And starbeam's boasted light,
The firefly's incandescent
Most glorifies the night.
Across the meadows flying
Cold light it generates.
We, too, have long been trying,
But Time still stands and waits.

The God of the Beginning (1924)

IN the beginning was God. Beyond Time's threshold he hovered,
Back of the earliest dawn or the flush of the first fair spring.
Farther than eye has disclosed or the keenest thought has discovered,
Moved in the silences vast the Maker of everything.
Back of the first heart-ties and the first warm heart-fires lighted,
Back of gleaming sky, the sea, and the shining sod,
Back of the first fond dream that a hopeful heart e'er sighted,
Lingered the Soul Divine and brooded the Love of God.

IN the beginning was God. O'er struggle and strife diurnal,
The void, and the mist, and the darkness, the mire, and the slime, and the
clay,
Through the long course of the ages has watched the Spirit Eternal
Seeking for men the dawn of a better and kindlier day.
Brooding, watching, and hoping—but, withal, ever beseeching,
Over the track of time a saving shade it has cast,
And into the distant future as far as the years are reaching.
In the beginning was God, and God shall be at the last.

Jove's Complaint (1924)

The good old days have vanished,
And I suppose forever.
My thunderbolt once quivered
O'er mountain, plain and river.
But now they have it captured,
These humans so audacious.
They dole it out through cables,
To serve their plans rapacious.

They sell it through a meter,
Howe'er the gods may scoff it.
They send a monthly statement,
And make a profit off it.
Alas, my bolt of thunder
(And what worse could befall it?)
Is hopelessly commercialized.
"Juice" now I think they call it.

The Land of Heart's Desire (1924)

There is a land of wonder
With fields and towers a gleam.
I often see it yonder
Beyond the Hills of Dream,
Touched by the glow of morning,
Lit by the sunset's fire,
Or with starbeams adorning—
The Land of Heart's Desire.

Along the road of duty
We daily struggle on;
But e'er we touch its beauty,
Eluding us, 'tis gone.
Yet through the clinging shadows,
The brambles, and the mire,
It lures us toward its meadows—
The Land of Heart's Desire.

Minds (1924)

SOME minds are flaming rockets
That flit among the stars;
And some are gaily nickeled
And painted motor cars;
And some are lumbering wagons
That slowly make their way,
With nothing keen to offer
And nothing fine to say.

THE swiftly flaming rocket
Loses its brilliancy.
The fine car is supplanted
By one more fair to see.
But the slow-moving wagon
That lumbers down the road
Is certain of arrival
And bears the heavy load.

Miracle (1924)

Whoever saw a garden grow,
Or watched a robin build her nest,
Or lingered in the flaming glow
Of sunset blazing in the West;
Whoever walked the fruitful plain,
And saw the green stalks reach, and swell,
And ripen to a field of grain
Knows earth is full of miracle.

Whoever wandered in the wood,
And rambled down its aisle of dreams,
Or sought the orchard path, or stood
Where falls the murmur of a stream;
Whoever watched a cloudland wild,
Or sensed the twilight's gentle spell,
Or prattled with a little child
Knows life is full of miracle.

The Picture's Lament (1924)

They take great liberties with me,
Nor ever ask me yea or nay.
I'm just as weary as can be
From prancing on a screen all day.
I've dug, and climbed, and laughed, and wept,
Loitered, and danced to make a show;
And not a moment have I slept.
They keep me always on the go.

No choice is mine. I needs must move,
Swiftly, obedient, silently.
No fields of freedom do I rove.
My course is parceled out for me.
But this I cannot quite forget
—If I can wake some old refrain
Or still a rush of wild regret,
I shall not then have toiled in vain.

Prayer for Normal Men (1924)

For every poor, defective soul that wanders
In the dark shades of subjectivity,
For each deluded mind that glibly flounders
In the foul mire of abnormality,
Give us a host who cheerful laughter scatter,
Whose willing hands toil on in love's sweet right,
Who plant the roses, guide the feet that patter
Around the hearth of happiness at night.

Give us, O God, a race of normal people
Who walk no paths of morbidness apart;
Who dwell not in the bog, nor yet the steeple,
But in the dusty way, the busy mart;
Who like their work, care for the folks about them,
And make each day a thing of joy and song.
This world of our's could never do without them.
They are the men who make it move along.

The Railroad (1924)

WHERE do they go, these shining rails
That ramble so far away
That seem to reach where the twilight pales
At the beautiful gates of day?"
"They run to the wider world, my boy,
Of dreaming, and strife, and again,
With its mingling of weariness and joy,
To the city—and back again.

Out of the valley and o'er the hill
Where childhood has had its day,
Out of the hamlet so small and still
And into the far away,
On, on to the world of toil, my lad,
With its struggle of brawn and brain,
Some of it good and some of it bad,
To the city—and back again.

Shadows on the Wall (1924)

Coming, going, thru the play,
Flashing on the screen,
Do the actors take their way.
Briefly each is seen.
What are they—these shapes that move,
Forms that rise and fall,
Urged by hope, or fear, or love?
Shadows on the wall.

In the daily strain and strife
Shift and change appear.
On the larger stage of life
Mingle smile and tear.
Here our little race we run,
Then are vanished all.
What are we when all is done?
Shadows on the wall.

Sorrow (1924)

God sometimes drops the shadows o'er us,
And leaves them for a space,
That we may clearly see before us
The image of the love he bore us
Reflected on his face.

He sometimes sends us hours of grieving,
That we may slip away
From sounds and voices so deceiving,
And once again in faith believing
Kneel at his throne and pray.

He sometimes leaves us to our weeping,
Though bitter seem our tears,
That briny drops from we eyes creeping
May wake some happiness long sleeping
For gladder, sweeter years.

The Things That I Believe (1924)

The things that I believe

—These things are life to me.

Some all the senses might deceive,

For some I cannot see;

But in the tempest fierce and old

I feel their strong truth grip and hold.

The things that I believe

—I cannot let them go;

And empty-hearted grope and grieve

In darkness and in woe.

So, God, I thank my every star

They are no fewer than they are.

Today and Tomorrow (1924)

Could something only make today
As lovely as tomorrow,
As free from care and shadows gray,
As void of tears and sorrow,
The world would be a perfect place,
Without a woe to blight it.
Earth would be rich in every grace,
With happiness to light it.

Yet day is day, and life is life.
Time e'er repeats its story.
Each morning brings its toil and strife,
Likewise its gleam of glory.
Each brings its mingled shine and shade,
Its mingled joy and sorrow,
For each today God ever made
Was wrought from a tomorrow.

The Tree (1924)

It stood upon a meadow fair,
A green and leafy tree.
Gaily it met the breezes there,
Lovely it was to see.
One night a storm of wind and rain
Rent it from earth apart.
The reason then was very plain.
Decay was at its heart.

He was a youth of promise fine,
The strongest of the crowd.
His features wore the stamp divine,
His eye was clear and proud.
He could have lived to purpose high
And played a noble part.
But no, he fell. The reason why?
Decay was at his heart.

The Unknown Soldier (1924)

The guns are silent in the valley now.
The river creeps serenely on its way.
Still clings the ivy to the rugged brow;
Of yonder hill, and roses grace the day.
No grave was heaped. No word of prayer was said.
No stone was reared against the pitying sky.
None ever knew where rests the silent dead
As unrevealing years go drifting by.

And yet he is not lost. This quiet sod;
Can rest him quite as well as anywhere,
Beneath the gentle, sleepless eye of God,
Whose robins sing for him when Spring is fair.
His life is wrought into the victory.
Glory is his. He need not urge his claim.
He lives on in the better age to be,
Though sleeping in a grave without a name.

What Does It Matter? (1924)

What does it matter if here or there
Is a strand of joy or a thread of care,
If when the web has been finished all
The final pattern is beautiful?
The One who weaves on the world's great loom
Must make His fabric of shine and gloom.
It takes the gold and the somber hue
To make it lovely when He is through.

What does it matter if there or here
Is a song of joy or a falling tear,
If at the hour of the setting sun
A lovely product is held forth done?
The One who orders the passing hours
With ceaseless cycle of sun and showers
Fashions the color and rare design
Of a growing tapestry divine.

Why We Are Here (1924)

OUR minds were made to search the deeps
Of Truth's clear-flowing stream;
Our feet to scale the rugged steeps
Of faith and hope and dream;
Our hands to toil and serve and lift,
To help and heal and bless;
Our hearts to bring the priceless gift
Of love and tenderness.

Our lives were made to struggle on,
The upward path to plod;
Our souls to catch the glint of dawn
From the white throne of God;
Our lips the helpful word to speak,
The tender song to sing;
Our eyes to search the world and seek
The good in everything.

The Age of a Heart (1925)

SO LONG as stars are bright and fair
And skies are blue and clear;
So long as joy is in the air
And Dreamland hovers near;
So long as roses blossom gay
And song is on the tongue—
Tho brow be lined and hair be gray
That long the heart is young.

But when the sky grows dull and sere
And roses fade and die;
When song no longer holds the ear
Nor Dreamland hovers nigh;
When passing days no wonder bring,
No great adventure hold—
In spite of time or anything
[Transcriber's note: Last line is missing from source.]

Blossoms (1925)

Blossoms growing on the stem,
Blue and white and red and gold.
What a brush has painted them
With their colors manifold!
Planted by the garden way
Underneath a smiling sky,
Do they nod and smile all day
For the weary passer-by.

Blossoms growing by the gate,
Dear and quaint, old-fashioned flowers.
They reckon not of time or fate,
Seek no kingdoms, thrones, or powers.
They are well content to bloom
Far from mad ambition's stress
And to give of their perfume
For a stranger's happiness.

The Children v1925

The dear little children that climb on the knee,
The promise and hope of the morrows to be
—Their song is unfailing; their spirits are bright;
Their hearts are courageous from morning till night,
How helpless they are! On our mercy they wait.
The hands of their elders must fashion their fate.
They are frail little barks to be launched on the sea
—These dear little children that climb on the knee.

Oh guide them with hands that are tender and true.
The voyage is long and the lighthouses few.
What struggles await them! What conflicts and fears!
What dream castles shattered! What heartaches and tears!
Their skies will have clouds, and the clouds will bring rain.
Then all will give way to the sunshine again.
Bound upon their souls are the ages to be
—These dear little children that climb on the knee.

Credo (1925)

Lord, I believe
That thou hast made the earth, the sky, the sea,
And all the members of immensity,
The rose that blooms beside the traveled way;
That thou didst weave
The fabric of the dawn and close of day.

Lord, I believe
That thou hast fashioned me to be thine own,
Hast made my human heart to be thy throne,
Hast made this voice of mine that it should sing
From morn till eve,
These hands the precious gift of love to bring.

Lord, I believe
That yonder, past the valley's shaded rim,
The lifting crest that seems so cold and dim
Is but the outlines of another shore
That doth receive
The loved and lost of earth forevermore.

The Easter Message (1925)

She stood before the empty tomb,
Wond'ring and half afraid,
And peered into the clinging gloom
Where he was lately laid.
Only the linen cloths were there,
But something like a breath
Whispered across the morning air
And said: "There is no death."

Across the troubled centuries
That word has made its way,
And like a fragrant summer breeze
It comes to us to-day.
Where'er our hands have reared a stone,
Now as of old it saith
To those who come to grieve alone:
"Take heart. There is no death."

The Fabulous City (1925)

There rises in the distance
Across the Vale of Dreams
A fair and lovely city,
Built on get-rich-quick schemes.
Its towers are bright and shining.
Its streets are paved with gold,
Paid for by mine promotions
And stock sales bad and bold.
Wondrous that shining city
Before our vision stands,
But when we come to touch it
It crumbles 'neath our hands.
Ethereal its fabric,
Intangible its soil.
'Twas builded with the fortunes
We never made in oil.

Home v1925

Standing beside a quiet path they found it.
A humble little house it was, and low.
With patient hands they planted flowers around it,
And flung its windows to the sun's warm glow.
They laid an open book upon the table,
And hung a simple picture on the wall.
They trained a vining rose around the gable.
They built a throne and crowned love Lord of all.

They kindled on the hearth a fair flame gleaming,
And set a row of chairs before its light
Where happy eyes should cast their cheerful beaming
With rest and song that come with falling night.
They reared with loving hands a fireside altar
Where hungry hearts in reverence might come,
Where trembling lips might their petitions falter
Before the Throne of Grace, and lo, 'twas HOME.

Palm Sunday v1925

A down the ringing street he came,
The Lord of all the years.
A thousand voices of acclaim
Were ringing in his ears.
Silent was he who knew his way
Of mingled joy and loss
Began where Bartimaeus lay,
And ended at a cross.

And ever it has been as then.
The path of triumph trod
Amid the loud acclaim of men,
Beneath the smile of God,
Begins where need holds forth its hands,
And pleads with weary eyes,
And ends where, grim and silent, stands
The Hill of Sacrifice.

Roads v1925

There is a road to happiness;
 There is a road to pain;
A road to failure and success;
 A road to loss and gain;
A road to meadows gay with flowers;
 A road to evenfall;
A road to bright and shadowed hours—
 God lets me tread them all.

There is a quiet road that finds
 The little singing streams;
A road that reaches till it winds
 Along the Hills of Dreams;
A road to hope, to duty done,
 And to that last clear call
Across the gates of setting sun—
 God lets me tread them all.

The Teacher's Reward (1925)

Who dwells with everlasting truth
And lets that truth possess his soul;
Who has companionship with youth
To keep him young as swift years roll;
Who writes his story on the page
Of history by labor hard;
And builds his life into his age,
Has his reward.

Who opens eyes that else were blind
Till they behold the earth and sky;
Who wakens interest in the mind
That else were barren, dead, and dry;
Who gently takes a weary hand
And lays it in the Palm that's scarred;
Though others own the gold and land,
Has his reward.

Via Dolorosa (1925)

Out the Damascus Gate it ran,
 A weary, cheerless road
Along which stumbled once a Man,
 A cross-tree for His load.
The street was teeming with the throng.
 The air was chill and gray,
The hour when Jesus passed along
 That Dolorosa Way.

It wound a slope that flung its height
 Against a sullen sky.
Upon a summit—tragic sight—
 Three crosses lifted high.
But lo, beyond them, manifold
 The lifting glow of day.
It ended at the gates of gold,
 That Dolorosa Way.

The Chameleon (1926)

Upon a green leaf he is green,
Upon a red one ruddy.
He suits his color to the scene—
Blue, brown, or grey, or muddy.

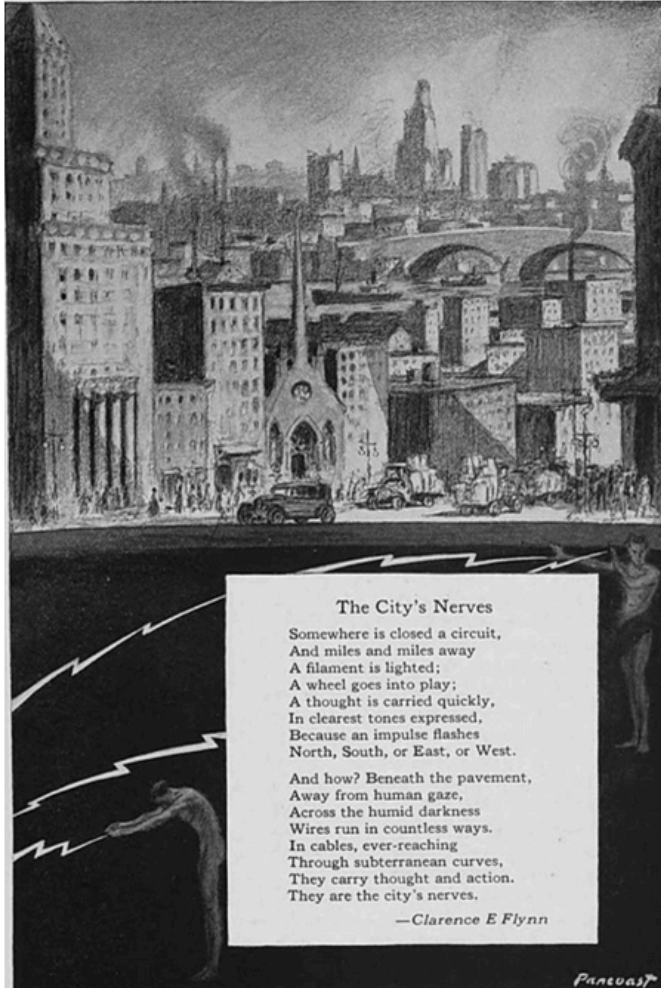
Wherever he may chance to go
He meets the crowd's demanding.
In Rome he does as Romans do,
And so he keeps his standing.

I know not his philosophy—
Platonic or Aurelian.
No matter. Who would want to be
Reputed a chameleon?

The City's Nerves (1926)

Somewhere is closed a circuit,
And miles and miles away
A filament is lighted;
A wheel goes into play;
A thought is carried quickly,
In clearest tones expressed,
Because an impulse flashes
North, South, or East, or West.

And how? Beneath the pavement,
Away from human gaze,
Across the humid darkness
Wires run in countless ways.
In cables, ever-reaching
Through subterranean curves,
They carry thought and action.
They are the city's nerves.



The City's Nerves

Somewhere is closed a circuit,
And miles and miles away
A filament is lighted;
A wheel goes into play;
A thought is carried quickly,
In clearest tones expressed,
Because an impulse flashes
North, South, or East, or West.

And how? Beneath the pavement,
Away from human gaze,
Across the humid darkness
Wires run in countless ways.
In cables, ever-reaching
Through subterranean curves,
They carry thought and action.
They are the city's nerves.

—Clarence E Flynn

Doing It Well (1926)

I SAW him do his act before a large and motley throng
That sought relief and laughter in the house of dreams and song.
Just who he was or whence he came of course I cannot tell.
He only played a banjo, but he played the banjo well.

I saw her washing dishes in a simple little cot.
Her life was spent in toiling there upon the selfsame spot.
Her face was furrowed, and each line a story had to tell.
She only kept a household, but she kept the household well.

I saw him fire an engine in a vast and grimy room,
Though it was hard to see him in the still and dusty gloom.
He watched each motion keenly as the pistons rose and fell.
He only fired an engine, but he fired the engine well.

I saw him digging ditches with the mud upon his hands,
And with that steady motion that a digger understands.
He claimed no fame nor fortune; only brawn he had to sell.
He was but digging ditches, but he dug the ditches well.

It matters rather little what task one may choose to do,
So long as it is honest and his purposes are true.
The years will ring his story far upon their golden bell,
If he will only do the thing he may be doing well.

Enslaved Lightning (1926)

A nature worshipper, long dead,
Came back in ghostly form,
To visit where, in ages sped,
He bowed before the storm.
The city streets with radiance burned
Through every darkened hour,
And every busy wheel was turned
By harnessed lightning power.

“Ah me,” he said, “The times do change.
This is a different ball.
So altered everything, so strange,
I’m not at home at all.
These moderns have audacious wills;
The gods we served aright,
They’ve put to work to turn their mills
And light their streets at night.”

Enslaved Lightning

A nature worshipper, long dead,
Came back in ghostly form,
To visit where, in ages sped,
He bowed before the storm.
The city streets with radiance burned
Through every darkened hour,
And every busy wheel was turned
By harnessed lightning power.

"Ah me," he said, "The times do change.
This is a different ball.
So altered everything, so strange,
I'm not at home at all.
These moderns have audacious will;
The gods we served aright,
They've put to work to turn their mills
And light their streets at night."

—Clarence E Flynn

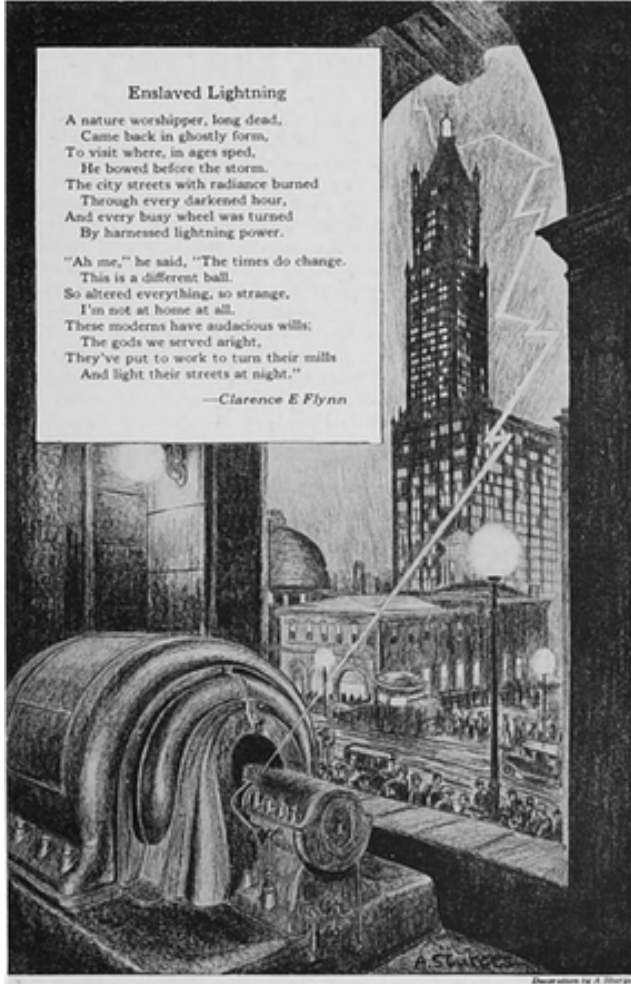


Illustration by A. George

Flowers Are Thoughts of God (1926)

The flowers are the thoughts of God.
They bloom in sun and shadow,
By traveled path, or virgin sod,
In every lovely meadow;
In dooryards where the children play,
And hours are swiftly winging;
And Love comes at the close of day,
Its selfless tribute bringing.

Silent they grow, each in its place,
With cheer for all who love them,
Breathing their perfume in the face
Of all who bend above them.
They blossom where the weary plod
Their ways of toil and duty.
The flowers are the thoughts of God;
His love speaks in their beauty.

A Grace for Meals (1926)

*Thou who doest hold all things at Thy command
The blessing of the sunshine and the rain,
Thou never hast withheld Thy kindly hand
From giving us the fruitage of the plain.
Long hast Thou sheltered us from every storm.
Long hast Thou seen that we were duly fed.
Long hast Thou kept our fireside bright and warm.
And so we thank Thee for our daily bread.*

*As we assemble at our simple board
In all the gladness that is ours today,
We thank Thee for Thy presence with us, Lord,
And ask that Thou wilt be our guest alway.
May all Thy children, wheresoe'er they be,
Share in Thy bounty, by Thy hand be led,
And lift their hearts from every land and sea,
With us, to thank Thee for their daily bread.*

The Grey Host (1926)

From the silent Southern river,
From the reaching Western plain,
From the quaint New England hillside
Comes a host to march again.
From Manila and El Caney,
From the depths of many a sea,
From the flow'ring fields of Flanders,
Come the sons of Liberty.

Who are these that tread the silence?
They are our departed brave,
Who, despite their years of dreaming,
Still are troubled in the grave.
See, they bear a flaming banner,
These who died for us of yore.
This the message that it flashes:
"Brothers, dream of war no more."

Heart Gates (1926)

There is a wondrous country,
A city built foursquare.
And each and all are welcome
To find a dwelling there.
The nations gather homeward,
Peoples from far and wide.
Directions do not matter
With gates on every side.

And is not this the mission
That God to us has given—
To make the world we live in
Seem more and more like heaven?
Shall we not seek the friendship
Of peoples far and wide,
And let the heart's fair city
Have gates on every side?

The High Tension Line (1926)

It has no boast to make at all.

 Patient it holds unto its task
Summer and Winter, Spring and Fall,
 With naught to tell and naught to ask.

Humble and steady, sure and true,
 Seeking no change of work or place,
It has its given work to do,
 And does it with a changeless grace.

In its deep channel underground
 It serves its purpose day by day,
Without a stir, without a sound,
 Though days be fair, though days be gray.

And yet what power is carried down
 The conduit through which it runs
To turn the factories of the town,
 And flood its streets with blazing suns.

I know some men who are the same.
 They make no boast with foolish lips,
But all their spirits are aflame.
 Power tingles to their finger tips.

“I am not eloquent” (1926)

“I am not eloquent,” he said.
“I cannot spin of thought’s fine gold
A sentence lovely to be read,
A story wondrous to be told.”
Thus did he answer God one day
Upon a new Tiberian shore.
And God said, “No, but you can say
The word of love. I ask no more.”
And so across the hurried years,
Across the mighty land and sea,
Through calm and tempest, joy and tears,
He bore the message faithfully.
He bore it till the set of sun,
Until his time and strength were spent.
Today the service he has done,
Beyond all speech, is eloquent.

Knocking (1926)

THERE'S a sign that always thrills me
When its pounding threat I hear,
One that always rudely thrills me
With the clutching grip of fear.
Though the thought of it be shocking,
And the homeward journey long,
When I hear the engine knocking
I am certain something's wrong.

I have known a lot of people,
High and low, and near and far,
On the street, beneath the steeple,
Who were like a motor car.
Though successes may come flocking,
And though he be going strong,
When I hear a person knocking
I am certain something's wrong.

Life (1926)

I said to God: "Life is a wine-cup,
A thing to be drained while we may;
And those who can drink it most deeply
And emptiest cast it away.
The ones who have claimed the full measure
Of all the joy it can give,
Are those who have learned most completely
What it means to be conscious and live."

But God said: "No, life is a picture,
A thing you may paint as you will.
Your colors are of your own choosing,
And yours is the measure of skill.
You may paint, and the curse or the blessing
With all of their burden or worth,
When your brush has been dropped will be treasured
As your gift to the children of earth."

The Question v1926

THE women are cutting their tresses
To look just the same as the men.
They have thrown away skirts, and have taken to shirts,
And collars, and neckties; and then
The men have begun wearing knickers,
With hose of elaborate art.
They radiate bliss, but the problem is this:
How are we to tell them apart?

One day when I saw a young lady
Drop a handkerchief, quickly I ran
And returned it to her with my heart all astir,
But lo, when I spoke, 'twas a man.
Then I slapped a young man on the shoulder,
And he turned with a manner most tart.
'Twas a lady attired as the fashion required.
Say, how do you tell them apart?

The Rooster (1926)

HE RISES at the break of day,
Sometimes a little bit before it,
To tell us that the dawn is gray
And he is proudly gloating o'er it.
He makes his boast that nothing's wrong
About him or his constitution.
His voice proclaims with accent strong
That he's a going institution.

He has been whipped a hundred times,
A hundred times run helter-skelter,
But still his raucous challenge chimes
As though he'd never sought for shelter.
He has the courage to arise,
And sally forth, and be a booster,
Though gray or sunny be the skies.
Here's to the spirit of the rooster.

The Rulers of the Earth (1926)

Jim Jones with a will undivided
Toiled on with his reaper and plow.
He brought up his brood, and provided
For them by the sweat of his brow.
Whenever some plan was in question,
In kindly and old-fashioned way
He gave this unchanging suggestion:
“Whatever the women folks say.”

The world with its strife and its glory
Goes seeking for treasure and charm.
The tale of its years is the story
Of Jim Jones who toiled on the farm.
The men wield the shovel and hammer,
But if we should ask them the way
The world should be run, they would stammer:
“Whatever the women folks say.”

Sing a Little Song (1926)

When the heart is weary
And the road is long;
When the day is dreary,
Sing a little song.
Sing it in the spirit;
Let joy linger near it;
And your heart will hear it,
Hear it and be strong.

When your hope is paling,
When your plans go wrong,
When your dreams are failing,
Sing a little song.
Send it thrilling, winging,
Sunshine with its bringing.
It will wake to singing
Others in the throng.

Team-work (1926)

I take my horses out to plow,
Or sow, or run the mower.
One pulls away right down the row,
One goes a little slower.
They've often taught me in the past,
Pulling in double leather,
They only get along as fast
As both can go together.

In every human progress we
Together do the striving.
And toward the better day to be
Together we are driving.
By team-work we must win at last,
Whatever be the weather.
We only get along as fast
As all can go together.



TEAM-WORK

I take my horses out to plow,
Or sow, or run the mower.
One pulls away right down the
row,
One goes a little slower.
They've often taught me in the
past,
Pulling in double leather,
They only get along as fast
As both can go together.

In every human progress we
Together do the striving,
And toward the better day to be
Together we are driving.
By team-work we must win at
last,
Whatever be the weather,
We only get along as fast
As all can go together.

Clarence E. Flynn.

Their First Meal (1926)

The ham was cold. The milk was blue,
The biscuits all were hard.
The eggs and the potatoes, too,
Were strong with rancid lard.
Life leaned upon a slender staff
In that first offering,
But never banquet tasted half
So pleasant to a king.

The years went by. They played the game,
And soon amassed a hoard.
The richest dainties skill could frame
Were found upon their board.
With choicest viands did they greet
The great who chose to come,
But never did they taste so sweet
As that first meal at home.



heir First Meal

The Umbrella Mender (1926)

“Have you any umbrellas to mend?”

He cries down the echoing street.

He travels the town to its end—

The city of hurrying feet.

Why so, when the broad heavens wear

No cloud and no shadow of gray?

Because, when the weather is fair,

We must think of the rainy day.

For the rainy season will come,

As it has since the world began.

And some will be ready, and some

Will have left it out of their plan.

When it comes, it is always too late

To appeal to our patient old friend.

We shall not hear his cry at the gate:

“Have you any umbrellas to mend?”

The Cross v1927

Luke 22:42. “Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done.”

Upon some fateful hour and day
Each comes to roads that cross.
Blossoms and sunshine seems one way,
The other care and loss.
The spirit will be willing there
To take the road that's best.
The flesh will weaken, and despair,
And falter in the test.

Somewhere along the life we live
Each finds his Calvary.
There with himself each one must strive,
And win his victory.
How blessed is the pathway trod
When flesh 'neath spirit fails;
When cross the ways of self and God,
And God's good way prevails.

Cupid's Lament (1927)

The coal oil lamp is now no more,
With flame to dimness fingered.
A gleaming chandelier is o'er
The spot where lovers lingered.
Where all is bright they will not go.
No one can change or doubt it.
They want to sit where lights are low.
What can I do about it?

It was much easier for me
In days that now are olden,
When prying people could not see.
Then all love's dreams were golden.
They sought a corner that the night
Had curtained—you have seen them;
But now the dusk-destroying light,
Alas, has come between them.

A Day at a Time (1927)

A day at a time the world moves on;
A day at a time is our toiling done;
A day at a time do we have the dawn,
And come to the setting of the sun;
A day at a time our fate appears;
A day at a time do we build the years.
A day at a time is the only way;
Whatever we do must be done to-day.

A day at a time is lifetime sent;
A day at a time we must be content.
However distant our dream may glow,
A day at a time is all we go.
A day at a time the stones are brought,
And life's great mosaic grandly wrought.
A day at a time—but when all are past
We shall reach the goal of our dreams at last.

The Future (1927)

A tyrant called, as tyrants used to do,
An artist, skilled in form, and tint, and line.
He bade him: "Paint for me a picture true
Of the tomorrow of this calm of mine.
Unfold for me the future's portals wide.
Unlock the gateway of the years to be.
Whatever weal or woe they may betide
Return again and prophesy to me."

The painter went and sought the open street.
He lingered there through many a watchful day
Where sons of wealth and ragged urchins meet
To talk, and laugh, and sing, and dream, and play.
Then once again the tyrant's room he sought,
Unveiled for him the finished task, and smiled.
Lo, on the canvas he had deftly wrought
The pictured features of a little child.

God's Manners (1927)

If you would learn God's manners,
Fare forth some summer morn,
And see the roses cover
The sharpness of the thorn.
See the sun shining brightly,
Chasing the clouds away,
And hear the words of gladness
The little people say.

Look at the green crops growing
Up through the dewy air,
And see the love and beauty
Around you everywhere.
No ugliness or evil
Appears in sky or clod.
Ask any summer morning,
If you would learn of God.

The Great Adventure (1927)

The great adventure is not death,
 'Tis life.
It is to feel the pulsing round of breath,
 To take a place and hold it in the strife.
To hope, and plan, and feel, and love, and dream,
 To look and climb
To the far, rugged heights where visions gleam
 Of things sublime.
Let us not live because we must,
 But live
To feel the mighty challenge of a trust,
 To have a work to do, a gift to give.
The pay may not be great in shining gold,
 But may be had
Enough of satisfactions manifold
 To make us glad.

The Heart of a Child (1927)

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
No waters can wash it away.
The sands may be shifted when billows are wild
And the efforts of time may decay.
Some stories may perish, some songs be forgot;
But this ingraven record, Time changes it not.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of gladness or care
That Heaven has blessed, or that Earth has defiled,
Will linger unchangeably there.
Who writes it has sealed it forever and aye.
He must answer to God on the Great Judgement Day.

How It Started (1927)

WHEN Thales of Miletus
Went to the store one day
And bought a bit of amber,
In a real human way
He got a piece of woolen
To rub it up a bit,
And lo, the lint and dust grains
Were drawn at once to it.

“Ha,” said old Thales, “’tis certain,
A man half blind could see,
This friction has begotten
Some unseen energy.”
To-day that power is doing
The labor of the earth.
How much were Thales’s amber
And piece of woolen worth?

In Conference (1927)

JOHN JONES was head executive of a big city firm,
And countless times had set his heel on some poor human worm.
His office force was duly trained. Each knew just what to do
To turn the nonelect away, and let the chosen through.

People with honest errands there, tired women, busy men,
Were told he was in conference, and couldn't see them then.
"Come back a little later on," the office girl would call,
And John would manage not to see the most of them at all.

He passed away in course of time, as even rich men do,
And came up to the pearly gates as though to hurry through.
But lo, the way was firmly barred, and, sitting in a chair,
He saw a white-robed office girl who asked his errand there.

"I hoped," said he, "Saint Peter would be here and let me by."
In standard office language she delivered this reply:
"Saint Peter is in conference. How long? I do not know.
Come back a little later—say a million years or so."

Inventive Genius (1927)

I'VE listed the inventions
Since ages far away,
And noted the discoveries
Down to the present day.
One little thing I've noticed,
Thus far, of every one.
It's really very simple
—When you see how it is done.

Somebody finds a secret
That no one else has seen,
Harnesses laws familiar,
And makes a new machine.
There's not a task among them
Requiring so much wit,
But that I could have done it
—Had I but thought of it.

Morning Prayer (1927)

Father, grant to keep and guide me
Through the moments of the day.
Let me know Thou art beside me,
That no evil can betide me
In my work or play.

Teach my hands some good endeavor
While the golden hours shall run,
Something that will last forever
Let me bring to Thee, the Giver,
E'er the day is done.

When at last the sun is wending
Down the sloping West,
And the evening shades descending
Tell the world the day is ending,
Watch above my rest.

Old-Fashioned Pictures (1927)

The old plush-covered album
Upon the parlor stand
Is but a distant country,
A half-forgotten land
Inhabited by people
Strong as the sturdy oaks,
Firm as the hills they conquered,
—The dear old-fashioned folks.

Look at the honest faces,
The quaint and homely dress,
The strained and studied postures
That once spelled loveliness.
Look at the solemn features.
They put away their jokes
To have their pictures taken
—The dear old-fashioned folks.

They carved trails through the forests.
They seeded down the soil.
They built the busy cities
By unremitting toil.
They laid the firm foundations,
By honest, manly strokes,
On which we build the future.
—The dear old-fashioned folks.

The Problem (1927)

THOU God of little children,
And Parent of us all,
Who knowest all our struggles,
And hearest every call,
Disclose to us the secret,
And tell us what to do
To keep our children little
And have them grow up, too.

We treasure the devotion,
The little velvet hands,
The tender little greetings
Love always understands;
And yet we want them coming
To strength and prospects new.
How can we keep them little
And have them grow up, too?



The Pupil (1927)

A father's highest vision,
A mother's fondest prayer
Are centered in the future
Of that wee fellow there.
They roused him from his slumber,
And dressed him in his best.
They sent him out, and trusted
That you would do the rest.

The weary planet needs him,
And patiently will wait
For him to bring his service
Down to the future's gate.
He is the hope it treasures.
It wants him strong and true.
It sends him to your classroom,
And leaves the rest to you.

Requisition (1927)

Give me a quiet road to take
Where roses deign to grow.
Where sunbeams fall, and robins wake,
And trees their shadows throw.

Give me a little place to try
To do my human part,
And make my work as days go by
A picture of my heart.

Give me a hearth where I may be
When twilight shrouds the West,
With dear ones there to sit with me,
And you may have the rest.

Sanctuary (1927)

GOD has a place, and it is never far,
Where reach vast arches over golden gates,
Where quiet aisles and vaulted ceilings are,
And where a spacious altar always waits;
A place where weary souls may freely come,
Hearts torn by earth's sharp thorns a refuge find,
Sad, lonely spirits feel again at home,
And all find rest and balm for heart and mind.

It is a house of walls not made with hands.
None sees it save the broken child of care.
In every place of woe and need it stands,
Wherever sorrow dares to breathe a prayer.
The weakest, poorest, farthest spirit, tried
By grim pursuers of defeat and pain,
May claim its shelter. Then when tears are dried
It waits in silence till they fall again.

The Secret (1927)

OLD Uncle John is a success,
And all his efforts have not hit it.
One day we asked him to confess,
To all of us just how he did it.
“I hardly know, myself,” said he,
“But my conviction still is growing,
That there’s no fancy recipe.
You just begin—and keep on going.”

“Don’t wait for things to come just right,
For very seldom do they do it.
Select a road, then day and night,
Through storm and sunshine, still pursue it.
Don’t stand debating what is best.
The sands of life are swiftly flowing.
Most any worthy course is blest,
If you begin—and keep on going.”

Sight and Faith (1927)

I WALKED by sight along the sunlit way,
Through pleasant fields and where the flow'rs were fair.
By quiet streams, through restful vales it lay,
And loveliness and joy were everywhere.
I walked by sight, so confident my soul,
Nor dreamed that it would ever diff'rent be,
As I moved onward to the shining goal
That through the distance seemed so clear to me.

But lo, there came the hour when dusk increased,
And sunset slowly faded into night,
As hour by hour the strength of vision ceased,
And I no more could make my way by sight.
But when the day had failed to shadows dim,
Without a star to lend a flickering ray,
I took God's hand and travelled on with Him,
And sudden glory flooded all my way.

Starting Things (1927)

THE ghost of Father Gutenberg
Came back upon a visit.
He saw a modern printing press,
And cried, "Good sakes, what is it?"
He saw a linotype at work
On endless composition,
And said, "It must be that my mind
Is not in good condition."

He heard the newsboys hawk their wares,
And saw the bookstores busy,
Found magazines on every stand
Until it made him dizzy.
He said, "Whoever could have thought
All this I was imparting?
One never guesses, after all,
How much he may be starting."

Success (1927)

SUCCESS is not the garnering of gold
Wrung from the failing grasp of nerveless hands,
Nor grim advantage where are bought and sold
The cargoes of the fleets from distant lands.
It is not deafness to the anguished cry
Of blighting poverty or bitter need,
Nor a triumphal march to victory
Over pale lips and human hearts that bleed.

Success is living to the full each hour,
Finding the richness of the joy it brings,
Leaving unheard no song, unseen no flower,
Unfelt no throbbing loveliness of things.
Success is soothing human hearts that ache
Breathing new hope into despairing ears,
Serving with willing hands for love's dear sake,
And sowing happiness across the years.

Thanksgiving v1927

In all the pleasure, care, and stress
Of daily human living,
Preserve us from forgetfulness,
Blindness to heaven's faithfulness,
And failure in thanksgiving;
Deliver us from every mood
That savors of ingratitude.
It is so easy to forget
The tempests that have swept us,
The barriers that we have met,
How much we are in heaven's debt,
The goodness that has kept us.
However far we be from good,
Preserve us from ingratitude.

The Bantams (1928)

We have got a bantam rooster with a funny little face,
And he tells us by his swagger that he thinks he owns the place.
He will lord it o'er the chickens with a mien and manner high,
And the strangest thing about it is he generally gets by.
We have Brahams, Rocks, and Cochins—big and strong and robust, all;
But they let this bantam run the place because he has the gall.
Big and lazy and good-natured, they seek out a shady spot,
Nor dispute the bold assumption of his right to rule the lot.

And sometimes I think the whole world is a barnyard, wide and vast.
With the selfsame situation, as the ages hurry past.
People big and strong and able take the smooth and easy way,
While the fussy little fellows feather in and win the day.
Singular, at least, I call it that so oft the crown is worn.
By some self-elected demagogue, so oft the scepter borne,
Not by some one with the vision a commanding swath to cut,
But some cocky little bantam who was born to preen and strut.

Charge Account (1928)

YOU may think you are getting by. You may get by awhile.
But do not snap your fingers in the face of Fate and smile.
Although she may not now demand of you the full amount,
Some day you will discover that she keeps a charge account.

She never quarrels with us nor bestows unseemly looks,
But no one ever yet has found an error in her books.
She writes down every item very quietly, but still
There certainly will come a day when she presents her bill.

She asks no more than is her due, for Fate is always square.
No tradesman yet in all the world has ever been more fair.
Good business methods, that is all. There is no other way.
You may get by awhile, my friend, but some day you will pay.

The Close-Up (1928)

*There are many angel faces,
Viewed from places far away,
Which, upon a near vision,
Very quickly turn to clay.
There are many matchless heroes
Who can hold us in their spell,
But who fade away to weakness
When we really know them well.*

*There are many hissing villians
Who, on closer view, are found
To possess a kindly spirit
And an honor quite profound.
So it runs throughout the picture,
As it probably is best,
That the close-up tells the story
Whether one can meet the test.*

Coming and Going (1928)

I GO down when the train comes in,
No matter what the day,
Where some arrive amid the din,
And others go away.

I see glad faces looking down
The track that rambles on
Far from the quiet little town,
Impatient to be gone.

But oh, the eyes most full of mirth
I see upon the train
Have seen the wonders of the earth
And then come home again.

Blest is the road that leads away
Where restless ones may roam;
But each loves best of all, one day,
The road that leads back home.

Ambition makes us all to dare
The far, intriguing track;
But when we've had enough of care
The heart will bring us back.

The Day's Success (1928)

When sunset falls upon your day
And fades from out the West.
When business cares are put away
And you lie down to rest,
The measures of the day's success
Or failure will be told
In terms of human happiness
And not in terms of gold.

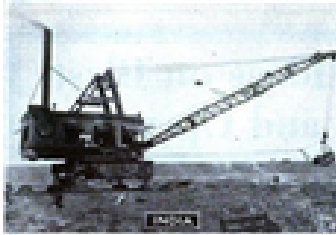
Is there beside some hearth tonight
More joy because you wrought?
Does someone face the bitter strife
With courage you have taught?
Is something added to the store
Of human happiness?
If so, the day that now is o'er
Has been a real success.

The Earth's Plaint (1928)

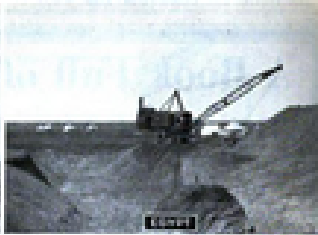
From ages immemorial they've scratched my patient face
With plow, and pick, and shovel, in all confidence and grace.
They've dug their springs, and sunk their wells, and made their post holes,
too,

Wherever it has pleased their passing fancy so to do.
But here of late they seem to feel that more is wrong with me
Than to the specialists who came at first there seemed to be.
They've stopped the minor surgery—it seemed to be too light
—And started on a major scale to set my system right.

They sink a shaft a solid mile through rock, and sand, and clay.
They go right into it with drills and bore the livelong day.
They cut a tunnel through a hill, and make the two ends fit.
They chop away as though they thought it didn't hurt a bit.
They change the course of rivers and the shape of waterfalls.
They dig deep excavations for their bridges and their walls.
A major operation of some kind has come to be
A kind of daily diet, in these latter days, with me.



INDIA



INDIA



INDONESIA



NEW ZEALAND

THE EARTH'S PLAIN

By CLARENCE K. FLYNN

From ages immemorial they've scratched my patient face
With pick, and pick, and shovel, in all conditions and grades.
They've dug their springs, and sunk their wells, and made their
post holes, too.

Wherever it has pleased their passing fancy so to do,
But here of late they seem to feel that more is wrong with me
Than to the specialists who came at first there seemed to be.
They've stopped the minor surgery -- it seemed to be too light
-- And started on a major scale to set my system right.

They sink a shaft a solid mile through rock, and sand, and clay.
They go right into it with drills and bore the living day.
They cut a tunnel through a hill, and make the two ends fit.
They stop away as though they thought it didn't hurt a bit.
They change the course of rivers and the shape of waterfalls.
They dig deep excavations for their bridges and their walls.
A major operation of some kind has come to be
A kind of daily diet, in these latter days, with me.



INDONESIA



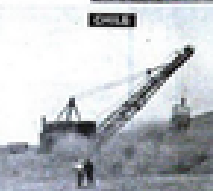
INDONESIA



INDONESIA



INDONESIA



INDONESIA



INDONESIA EARLY MODEL



INDONESIA



INDONESIA

Evolution (1928)

A shining automobile
 Was standing at the curb.
A glib and crafty salesman
 Was handing out his blurb.
A bicycle was leaning
 Its well-worn handle bar
Against a post—the early
 Ancestor of the car.

Then, snorting down the pavement,
 A motorcycle flew,
Pausing between the cycle
 And car so bright and new.
“Aha,” the auto whispered,
 “I have evolved, I think,
From that bicycle yonder,
 And here’s the missing link.”

Faith v1928

If you cast out

 Into the outer darkness of your mind
All about which you can conceive a doubt,
Or find some strange and vain excuse to flout,
 Or charge to ages credulous and blind,
All about which the whole world is not sure,
My friend, you will be pitifully poor.

If your faith clings

 To all the good, and beautiful, and right,
That the experience of ages brings,
And offers as the necessary things
 That stand forever by truth's simple might,
Believing each till it is found untrue,
The heart's unmeasured riches are for you.

Freedom v1928

Freedom to make the sturdy climb
From sodden depths to heights sublime;
Freedom to seek Truth's ready aid
In mastering a chosen trade;
Freedom to play an honest part,
And make some worthy work an art;
Freedom to struggle with a smile—
That is the freedom worth the while.

Freedom to keep a heart that sings
Amid the fret and drive of things;
Freedom to serve with heart, and mind,
And hand, the races of mankind;
Freedom to meet the fiercest test
Knowing that one has done his best;
Freedom to trudge the upward mile—
That is the freedom worth the while.

The Harness (1928)

“What means all this mass of wiring?”

Asked the visitor from Mars.

“We have nothing that is like it

In our section of the stars.

All these conduits and cables,

This machinery that sings

With its whirring wheels and motors

—What have they to do with things?”

“Very much,” the earth-child answered.

“We’ve a giant, all unseen,

Who serves every little household,

Every factory and machine,

Does our work, transports our people,

Friendship’s kindly message bears.

All this wiring you have noted

Is the harness that he wears.”

His Great Hour (1928)

He headed the procession
On many a parade.
He heard the ringing echoes
Where loud applause was made.
But naught has ever equalled
The time in early youth
When first his folks discovered
That he had cut a tooth.

He published learned volumes
And speeches made galore.
He traveled and was feted
The land and ocean o'er.
But never was the hero
So praised and sung, forsooth,
As on that vanished midnight
When first he cut a tooth.



“I held a sea shell to my ears” (1928)

I held a sea shell to my ears
A little while today,
And heard the echo of the years
Sounding from far away.
I heard ten thousand soft good-byes
To hearts that needs must roam,
Ten thousand weekly muffled cries
For ships that came not home.

I heard the story of the dreams
Of those who journeyed far,
But brought not back Wealth's shining gleams
To the home harbor bar.
I heard the story of the brave
Who Freedom's burdens bore,
Who fought their battles on the wave
But struggle now no more.

Imminence (1928)

Like to the circuit of a bright day's glory,
Like to a shadow moving on the grass,
Like to the telling of an evening story,
God's purposes all shortly come to pass.

Like to the nearness of a dewdrop's brushing,
Like to the nearness of a breath of May,
Like to the nearness of a wind uprushing,
God's promised kingdom is not far away.

Like to the vastness of the stars' swift motion,
Like to the vastness of the course they swing,
Like to the vastness of a shoreless ocean,
God's love is here enfolding everything.

Iron (1928)

A piece of iron was refined
By highest skill of hand and mind,
To steel that formed the keenest blade,
Or instruments of wonder made,
Or strings awaking symphonies
From far across the centuries.

Another piece lay dull and dead
As days of hope and wonder sped.
It felt no prompting of desire
For the refiner's purging fire.
Passive it lay, nor ever wist
The thrill and gladness it had missed.

I speak no word of praise or blame.
I only say it is a shame
That metal, made for wondrous things,
Keen instruments, responsive strings,
Should be, its aspiration spent,
Arrested in development.

I Want (1928)

I WANT a deep mine where the gold knows no measure,
A house with the widest and rarest of rooms,
Replete with the objects of beauty and pleasure,
With tapestries done on the finest of looms.
I want a great fleet that will compass the ocean,
And bring me the choicest of all the world's store.
I want a cortege, with the deepest devotion
Performing my bidding, my wishes—and more.

I want a position of pow'r and of splendor,
An empire to rule with the will of a king.
I want the rich tribute that vassals can render,
The praise that the lips of the loyal can bring.
I want earth's delights without limit or curbing,
The richest that skill can conceive or design.
One question alone is a little disturbing—
Just what shall I do with them when they are mine?

The Lucky Man (1928)

He struggled on and upward,
 Impelled by high ambition.
He bent his strongest efforts
 To better his condition.
He paid the price of labor,
 As others had before him.
A rich and bounteous harvest
 His earnest efforts bore him.

Two loafers were exchanging
 Their shallow talk one morning,
Their conversation ranging
 From filthiness to scorning.
He passed. One said: "There's Sweezy.
 My way was always rocky.
But some folks have it easy.
 That fellow sure is lucky."

The Pioneer v1928

*HE marked a trail across the plains
In days now long ago.
He spared no labor and no pains,
Although the work was slow.
Today a highway broad is laid
To places far and near
Along the path he slowly made
—Thanks to the pioneer.*

*HE found a green and smiling plot,
And built a cabin there.
He reared a family on that spot
Hallowed by toil and care.
Today a broad, smooth roadway lies
Where, in a vanished year,
He wrought an empire with his hands
—Thanks to the pioneer.*

The Recruit (1928)

*Well, Bill has joined the navy,
His vessel sailed today.
He heard a ship's band playing
One night across the bay.
He hurried to the office
And entered the command.
He had to take the navy,
You see, to get the band.*

*He was that way in childhood.
When the town band would play,
Bill would just start out with it
And follow it all day.
He'll have to peel potatoes
And scrub the decks by hand;
But he will think it's worth it
If he can hear the band.*

Success and Failure (1928)

Whoever builds a mighty name
And fills the country with his fame,
Who seeks and uses earthly power
To make a stately triumph hour,
Who rears a mansion rich and high
To frown against the kindly sky,
If he has not found happiness
Is still a failure none the less.

Whoever dwells in humble walls
Where only toilsome care befalls,
Who plans when dear ones are in bed
Where shall be found to-morrow's bread,
To cheer whose heart Life only brings
The humble joy of simple things,
If happiness has crowned his name,
He is successful just the same.

Sunshine and Shade (1928)

The rarest picture Art has ever given,
On which the studied light has ever played,
Is made of these two simple gifts from heaven
A little sunshine and a little shade.

The grandest day that ever lent its story
To the long scroll the hand of Time has made;
What is the fair effulgence of its glory?
A little sunshine and a little shade.

The greatest life the world has ever cherished,
The memory that lives while others fade,
Is only this when its brief day has perished
A little sunshine and a little shade!

The Trouble with the Movies (1928)

*The trouble with the movies,
As it appears to me,
Is not what the wise people
About me seem to see.
But I do raise objection
In accents bold and high
To one outstanding evil
The waste of custard pie.*

*If all that precious pastry
Thrown with such ready grace,
Such technique and precision,
At some poor fellow's face,
Were gathered all together
For my convenience, I
Would just retire from labor
And live on custard pie.*

Walking with God (1928)

WHO walks with God must take his way
Across far distances and gray
To goals that others do not see,
Where others do not care to be.
Who walks with God must have no fear
When danger and defeat appear,
Nor stop when every hope seems gone,
For God, our God, moves ever on.

Who walks with God must press ahead
When sun or cloud is overhead,
When all the waiting thousands cheer,
Or when they only stop to sneer;
When all the challenge leaves the hours
And naught is left but jaded powers.
But he will some day reach the dawn,
For God, our God, moves ever on.

Wander Lust (1928)

“I want to go away somewhere,”
Cries every human heart of care.
“I want to go across the sea,
And find a place where hearts are free.
I want to look at bluer skies,
And stand where higher mountains rise.
To tropic scene, to arctic snow,
I want to go, I want to go.”

And so we take our varied ways
Across the miles and through the days.
We see the wonders of the earth.
We share its sorrow and its mirth.
Time sends its snows upon our hair.
We stumble with our loads of care.
Then one day sounds a broken cry:
“Please, won’t you take me home to die?”

The Divine Image (1929)

Something within me makes me love the roses;
 Something within me makes me search the sky;
Something within me makes me roam the meadows;
 The woodlands where the trees are still and high.
Something within me makes me sit at twilight
 Enraptured with the starlight on the sod;
Something within me thrills at lovely music,
 That something in me makes me kin to God.

Something within me makes me like the brothers
 Who share with me the path that I must tread;
Something within me wakens hope and longing
 To struggle on to summits far ahead.
Something within me keeps me ever dreaming
 Of heavenly things amid the thorn and clod;
Something within me speaks of light and beauty,
 That something in me makes me kin to God.

Domsie (1929)

Simple his habit, plain his wonted ration,
Humble the roof that sheltered him at night.
He sought no preferment of rank or station,
Save but to be a bearer of the light.
He dreamed out futures for the boys before him,
And led them ever onward toward the goal.
The heights they won the choicest gladness bore him
Whose faces were enshrined within his soul.

In many a countryside and distant city
Were lived strong lives to which the light he gave.
Strong hearts beat and strong hands were reached in pity
He taught to bless, to brighten, and to save.
Upon a quiet hillside he is sleeping,
Content to rest, the final school day o'er,
But everywhere his boys the faith are keeping.
They hold his torch aloft forevermore.

The Happy Ending (1929)

I LIKE to read a stirring tale of peril and of action.
I follow every character with heartfelt satisfaction.
If, truth and error, right and wrong, defeat and triumph blending,
The story rambles steadily toward a happy ending.

No matter what vicissitudes the hero strong engages,
No matter how the conflict runs across the crowded pages,
If at the close all comes out right, with every wrong defeated,
Each happy dream at last come true, each worthy task completed.

They tell me it is not the style in these days so to write it.
The proper thing, they say, is with a smirch of wrong to blight it,
To leave the tears unwiped, the wrong unrighted, and the error
Unbanished in the general reign of trouble and of terror.

But I still have the faith to cling to childhood's deep conviction
That somehow justice does get done in life as well as fiction,
That there is more of right than wrong, of pleasure than of weeping,
And that a kindly Providence still has us in its keeping.

I think when all the years are through the world's heart will be singing,
That bells of bounding happiness will everywhere be ringing,
And the great Author of the tale of life, His mercy lending,
Will bring the story of the world down to a happy ending.



Have You Tried? (1929)

Are you sure you cannot do it?
Are you really satisfied
That you never can go through it?
Have you tried?

Do a thousand doubts assail you
With their darts from every side
Till your hope and courage fail you?
Have you tried?

Have you ceased to dream of winning?
Have your expectations died?
Have you really had your inning?
Have you tried?

Memorial Day v1929

Exodus 12:14. “And this day shall be unto you for a memorial.”

Their drums are still. Their banners all are furled.

They feel no more the battle's fiery breath.

Theirs is the vastest army in the world,

Encamped upon the silent fields of death.

Of peace and happiness they paid the price.

Their Via Dolorosa did they tread.

They climbed the Calvary of sacrifice,

And found a place among the mighty dead.

The years roll on, but as they pass away

Let not this tender memory grow old.

By the sweet, smiling blossoms of the May

Let their fair story be forever told.

The Modern Pupil (1929)

I've had a new school teacher
Now for a week or two.
She seems to be quite clever,
And knows her subject, too.
She's pleasant and attractive,
As far as I can tell.
There's just one trouble with her.
She doesn't mind me well.

In fact, she has a notion,
Saved from a former day,
That things about the schoolroom
Should go the other way.
And so the one objection
That any one could find
Is insubordination.
I cannot make her mind.

My Little Fire (1929)

My little fire is cheerful,
Unchanging in its grace.
Whatever be the weather,
It keeps a shining face.

It always has a welcome
For such as seek its hearth,
Afar from all the struggles
And strivings of the earth.

It seems so understanding.
When ill has gone the day
And I recount my troubles,
It laughs them all away.

So I forget the fever
Of false and vain desire,
And find that life is blessed
Beside my little fire.

MY LITTLE FIRE

By
CLARENCE E. FLYNN

My little fire is cheerful,
Unchanging in its grace.
Whatever be the weather,
It keeps a shining face.

It always has a welcome
For such as seek its hearth,
Afar from all the struggles
And strivings of the earth.

It seems so understanding,
When ill has gone the day
And I recount my troubles,
It laughs them all away.

So I forget the fever
Of false and vain desire,
And find that life is blessed
Beside my little fire.



Harriet C. Brown

The Red Bird (1929)

I heard a redbird singing
Beside my door to-day.
Bright his coat of scarlet,
And happy was his lay.
He trilled and chirped and twittered
In varied note and key.
It was a great example
Of birdland minstrelsy.

Then I beheld before me
That vast, unnumbered throng
Whose weary, sodden voices
Have never learned a song;
And while I heard the redbird
Stand forth and greet the spring,
I wished that all earth's children
Were glad enough to sing.

The Road to Tomorrow (1929)

THERE is a road that stretches
Through sunny yesterdays,
A down remembered vistas,
And over long lost ways.
My feet would tread it always,
If they could have their will,
But Wonder comes to call me
Across the future's hill.

THE road to the tomorrows
—Its challenge is supreme.
I do not know its windings,
Its hidden wood and stream,
Its distances alluring,
Its vales of mystery.
But I shall drive and find them.
It is the road for me.



Photograph by Ted Powell ©

Thankfulness (1929)

I HEARD a tiny sound to-day.
The flowers all had stopped to pray.
Lily, and rose, and goldenrod
And violet were thanking God.
For what? The sun, and rain, and dew,
That had not failed the season through,
The soil, the winds with their caress;
And simple daily happiness.

I blushed, whose thought had found no wings
To thank God for the simple things.
No sudden fortune had bestowed
On me a rich and golden load.
But I had known the rain, the sun,
Shelter and rest when day was done,
Raiment, and food, and happy hours.
I was less thankful than the flowers.

“Whatever he may wish or plan” (1929)

Whatever he may wish or plan,
Three things will make or break a man:
The work to which he gives his hand,
To make a living in the land.
The friends to whom his heart gives toll,
Whose shadows fall across his soul.
The goal by which through toil and strife
He gives direction to his life.

God and Spring (1930)

Though there were no hint of glory
 In a pebble or in clod,
Though the circling of the planets
 Gave no evidence of God,
Though the wisdom of the ages
 Not a word of faith could bring,
How could one be unbelieving
 Who had ever seen the Spring?

In the Spring God spreads the verdure
 On a thousand hills and leas.
In the Spring he paints the roses,
 Hangs the clouds, and builds the trees.
In the Spring he weaves the wonder
 Of a flitting redbird's wing.
How could one be unbelieving
 Who had ever seen the Spring?



The Handicap (1930)

Whatever foe may meet me,
 Whatever game I play,
I'd rather he'd defeat me
 Than win a walkaway.
I do not want an inning
 With never a mishap.
No game is worth the winning
 Without a handicap.

So in the mighty contest
 That runs across the years,
I'd rather wage my conquest
 In toil and sweat and tears,
Than have success's measure
 Tossed lightly in my lap,
And win life's golden treasure
 Without a handicap.

The Mixture (1930)

A little bit of Saxon
 And a little bit of Gaul,
A little bit of Latin
 And a touch of Celtic small;
A little bit of Norman
 And a dash of Scottish clan,
Mixed with a bit of Teuton,
 Makes a good American.

The best of all the races—
 Let us hope, without the worst—
Is mingled in his making
 By the whole earth he was nursed.
So who is there beneath us?
 Who is there we should ban,
When all the world is living
 In a good American?

Sunsets For Sale (1930)

I heard a man in Paradise
Say this to God: "Let's advertise!
You've got a proposition here
On which you'd make a billion clear
If I could manage things my way.
My plan is this: Make earth-folks pay
For what you give them, night and day.
For instance, take the Milky Way;
To see that glittering display
I'd charge them fifty cents a night;
To purchase tickets folks would fight.
We'll charge for flowers, and song of bird—
Why give them free? Why, it's absurd!
One dollar for each sunset view,
The same for every sunrise, too.
Fall landscapes will be costly sights,
We'll reap a sum from mountain heights.
Green curving breakers will come high,
And men will pay to hear winds sigh."
Then God replied, when he had done,
"I charge for all these things, my son.
And costly—costly is my fee:
A heart of childlike purity!"

Thanksgiving v1930

*I thank Thee, Lord of earth and heaven,
For all the blessings Thou hast given.*

*Some marched in such a shining line
I knew their banner and their sign.*

*Some came to my bewildered eyes
Dressed in a fanciful disguise.*

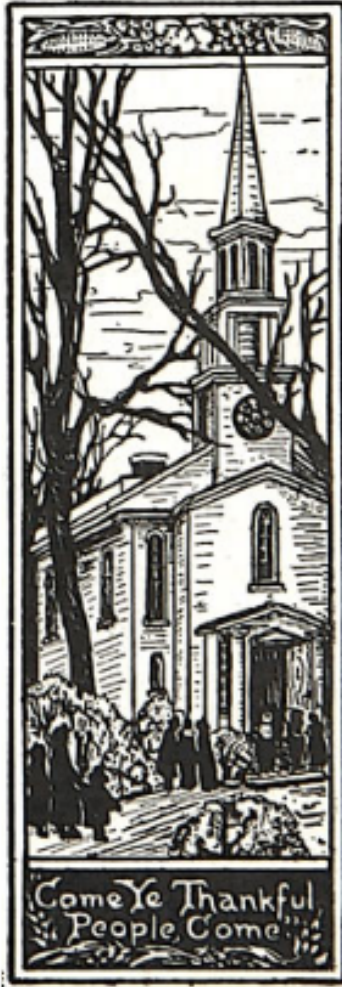
*Some came attired as Bitterness,
But stayed to strengthen and to bless.*

*Some nameless came, and passed away,
Unknown till after many a day.*

*Some came so silently that I
Did not suspect that they were nigh.*

*Some were the blessings, strong and sure,
Of things that I did not endure.*

*And so, however they befall,
Dear Lord, I thank Thee for them all.*



Two Teachers (1930)

One peddled facts with learned air,
Intoned with most impressive sound,
His pupils timidly would bear
Witness to scholarship most profound.
In him. Time passed. They older grew.
Still passed, and one day he was not.
Then what became of all he knew
So glibly once? It was forgot.

Another dreamed of life supreme,
Sun-crowned and strong, for those he taught.
The larger manhood was his scheme,
Armed with the power of honest thought.
He builded souls for service true,
Wrought them of fabric real and sure.
He also passed, as teachers do.
But through the years his works endure.

Two Youths (1930)

One said, "Youth cometh but once to me,
So I shall play, and laugh, and sing;
I own no chains. I will be free,
None shall deny me anything."
He had his fling, then worn and gray,
With weary soul and eyelids wet,
He tried to wash the tears away,
And stem the tide of vain regret.

One said, "My youth comes not again,
I must not spoil it as it goes.
I must not live a day in vain,
Nor stain a page, nor mar a rose."
The future found him glad and strong,
Unbound by weariness and fears,
Treading his journey with a song,
Heir to the gladness of the years.

What Do You Know? (1930)

I DO not care a single wink
To hear, my friend, what you may think.
I've heard opinion till I'm sore
Please do not give me any more.
Your syllogisms all are weak.
You slip the track whene'er you speak.
Too many people think, of late,
And not enough of them think straight.

What do you know? I wait to hear
A tale of knowledge ringing clear.
If you have anything to say
That puts a new light in the day,
That makes me feel because of it
The world is changed a little bit,
Then speak. I hark with eyes aglow,
If you will tell me what you know.

APPENDIX 1: BYLINES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, NOTES

After-Images Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture*

Magazine. Vol. 23 No. 6. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Jul 1922. p. 7 [Back to poem](#)

The Age of a Heart Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal*

Efficiency. Vol. 15 No. 1. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jan 1925. p. 37. Note: Illustrated dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Almost Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source: *The Christian*

Advocate. Vol. 97 No. 39. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, Sep 28, 1922. p. 1211 [Back to poem](#)

Along the Road Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Miami Daily*

Metropolis. Vol. 27 No. 161. Miami, FL: Metropolis Publishing Co., Jun 17, 1922. p. 6 [Back to poem](#)

The Bantams Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Northwest Poultry*

Journal. Vol. 33 No. 6. Salem, OR: Northwest Poultry Journal Publishing Co., Jun 1928. p. 15 [Back to poem](#)

Battle Hymn Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Western Christian Advocate*. Vol. 80 No. 17. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern, Apr 29, 1914. p. 524 [Back to poem](#)

Blossoms Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Christian Advocate*. Vol. 86 No. 21. Nashville: Lamar & Barton, May 22, 1925. p. 751
[Back to poem](#)

Brotherhood Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Boys' World*. Vol. 23 No. 12. Elgin, IL: David C. Cook Publishing Co., Mar 22, 1924. p. 4
[Back to poem](#)

The Builder v1924 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Juvenile Instructor*. Vol. 59 No. 8. Salt Lake City: Deseret Sunday School Union, Aug 1924. p. 411. Note: Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

The Builders Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 53 No. 8. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, Aug 1921. Cover page [Back to poem](#)

A Call for Substitutes Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Epworth Herald*. Vol. 33 No. 3. Chicago: The Methodist Book Concern, Jan 14,

1922. p. 56 [Back to poem](#)

The Chameleon Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Commonweal*.

Vol. 5 No. 4. New York: Calvert Publishing Corp., Dec 1, 1926. p. 105

[Back to poem](#)

Charge Account Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 18 No. 1. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jan 1928. p. 7.

Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.

[Back to poem](#)

Childhood on the Farm Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Hoard's*

Dairyman. Vol. 67 No. 9. Fort Atkinson, WI: W. D. Hoard & Sons Co.,

Mar 14, 1924. p. 332 [Back to poem](#)

The Children v1921 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Christian*

Herald. Vol. 44 No. 32. New York: Christian Herald, Aug 6, 1921.

p. 546. Notes: 1) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-

readers, 2) Extra spaces in body of poem were deleted. [Back to poem](#)

The Children v1925 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Pathfinder*.

Vol. 32 No. 1668. Washington D.C.: Pathfinder Publishing Co.,

Dec 19, 1925. p. 21 [Back to poem](#)

Child's Prayer Byline: Clarence Edwin Flynn. Richmond, Ind. Source: *The Epworth Era*. Vol. 17 No. 32. Chicago: Jennings & Graham, Jan 5, 1907. p. 830. Note: Stanzas' original layout of 2x2 is presented in this compilation as follows: top-left stanza as first stanza, bottom-left as second, top-right as third and bottom-right as fourth. [Back to poem](#)

The City's Nerves Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 18 No. 6. New York: The New York Edison Co., Jun 1926. p. 143
[Back to poem](#)

Climaxes v1921 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 22 No. 11. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Dec 1921. p. 93 [Back to poem](#)

Climaxes v1923 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 26 No. 1. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Aug 1923. pp. 41, 86 [Back to poem](#)

The Clock Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Beacon*. Vol. 14 No. 26. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc., Mar 30, 1924. p. 111. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Close-Up Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Movie Makers*. Vol. 3 No. 6. New York: Amateur Cinema League, Inc., Jun 1928. p. 397

[Back to poem](#)

Coming and Going Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New York Central Lines Magazine*. Vol. 9 No. 3. New York: New York Central Lines, Jun 1928. p. 14. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Compensation Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source: *The Christian Advocate*. Vol. 97 No. 41. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, Oct 12, 1922. p. 1273 [Back to poem](#)

The Creator Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sedalia Democrat*. Vol. 17 No. 40. Sedalia, MO: Sedalia Democrat Co., Feb 15, 1923. p. 2 [Back to poem](#)

Credo Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *North Carolina Christian Advocate*. Vol. 70 No. 46. Greensboro, NC: Nov 12, 1925. p. 8 [Back to poem](#)

A Creed Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Christian Century*. Vol. 39 No. 7. Chicago: Disciples Publication Society, Feb 16 1922. p.200 [Back to poem](#)

The Cross v1927 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Expositor*. Vol. 28 No. 6. Cleveland: F. M. Barton Co., Mar 1927. p. 710

[Back to poem](#)

The Cry of a Human Byline: Clarence Flynn. Source: *Richmond Daily Palladium*. Richmond, IN: Palladium Printing Co., Mar 5, 1906. p. 3

[Back to poem](#)

Cupid's Lament Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 19 No. 5. New York: The New York Edison Co., May 1927. p. 105. Note: Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second.

[Back to poem](#)

A Day at a Time Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sanford Herald*. Vol. 17 No. 20. Sanford, FL: Apr 7, 1927. p. 4. Note: Duplicate "at" (A day at at time) in second verse replaced with "a". [Back to poem](#)

The Day's Success Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Carp Review*. Vol. 24 No. 30. Carp, Ontario: James A. Evoy, Aug 16, 1928. p. 8. Notes: 1) Apostrophe removed from "measure's" in fifth verse, 2) Comma removed after "failure" in sixth verse. [Back to poem](#)

The Divine Image Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Grade Teacher*. Vol. 46 No. 9. Boston: Educational Publishing Corp., May 1929. p. 745 [Back to poem](#)

Doing It Well Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Child Welfare Magazine*.

Vol. 20 No. 7. Philadelphia: The Child Welfare Co., Inc., Mar 1926.

p. 438. Notes: 1) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers, 2) E-readers might not correctly present “saw” in first verse with small caps, which is used for emphasis. [Back to poem](#)

Domsie Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The American School Board*

Journal. Vol. 78 No. 2. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co., Feb 1929.

p. 174. Note: The poem might be referring to a character in Ian Maclaren’s *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894). [Back to poem](#)

The Dream Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Bloomington, Ind. Source:

Christian Advocate. Vol. 85 No. 44. Nashville: Lamar & Barton,

Oct 31, 1924. p. 1388 [Back to poem](#)

The Earth’s Plaint Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Excavating*

Engineer. Vol. 22 No. 6. Milwaukee: The Excavating Engineer

Publishing Co., Jun 1928. p. 212 [Back to poem](#)

The Easter Message Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Christian*

Advocate. Vol. 86 No. 15. Nashville: Lamar & Barton, Apr 10, 1925.

p. 462 [Back to poem](#)

An Easter Vision Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sedalia Democrat*. Vol. 17 No. 98. Sedalia, MO: Sedalia Democrat Co., Apr 23, 1924. p. 2. Note: Two-space indentation of second stanza's first verse was deleted. [Back to poem](#)

Electricity Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 15 No. 5. New York: The New York Edison Co., May 1923. p. 107
[Back to poem](#)

An Electric Personality Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 15 No. 7. New York: The New York Edison Co., Jul 1923. p. 148 [Back to poem](#)

The Electric Spark Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Beacon*. Vol. 14 No. 23. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc., Mar 9, 1924. p. 99.
Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.
[Back to poem](#)

The End of the Trail Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Liahona: The Elders' Journal*. Vol. 21 No. 3. Independence, MO: Zion's Printing and Publishing Co., Jul 31, 1923. p. 49. [Published earlier in *Oakland Tribune* (May 31, 1923) but without a title and partly illegible.]
[Back to poem](#)

The Engineer Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New York Central Lines Magazine*. Vol. 3 No. 9. New York: New York Central Lines Co., Dec 1922. p. 55. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Enslaved Lightning Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 18 No. 7. New York: The New York Edison Co., Jul 1926. p. 167 [Back to poem](#)

Evolution Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Motorcyclist and Bicyclist*. Vol. 24 No. 11. New York City: The Cycling Press Inc., Nov 1928. p. 27 [Back to poem](#)

The Fabulous City Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Commercial Law League Journal*. Vol. 30 No. 1. Chicago: Commercial Law League of America, Jan 1925. p. 29. Note: Editor prefaces the poem under the section title, "FORTUNES MADE IN OIL": "The arrest, trial, conviction and commitment to the penitentiary of the super oil swindler, Leo Koretz, calls to our mind the following poem:".
[Back to poem](#)

Fade-Outs Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 26 No. 6. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Jan 1924. p. 84 [Back to poem](#)

Faith v1928 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Congregationalist*.
Vol. 113 No. 5. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society, Feb 2,
1928. p. 142 [Back to poem](#)

Film Judgment Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 27 No. 5. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc.,
Jun 1924. p. 109 [Back to poem](#)

Finding God Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Freeman's Journal*.
Vol. 74. Sydney, Australia: Herbert Daniel Polin, Oct 2, 1924. p. 3
[Back to poem](#)

The Firefly Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Boys' World*. Vol. 23
No. 23. Elgin, IL: David C. Cook Publishing Co., Jun 7, 1924. p. 8
[Back to poem](#)

The Flag at Sea Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Navy*. Vol. 16
No. 13. Washington D. C.: Men o' Warsmen Inc., Oct 14, 1922. p. 2
[Back to poem](#)

Flowers Are Thoughts of God Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Progressive Farmer*. Raleigh, NC: The Progressive Farmer Co., Jul 3,
1926. p. 733 [Back to poem](#)

Freedom v1928 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 18 No. 10. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Oct 1928.

p. 230 [Back to poem](#)

The Future Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Kindergarten-Primary*

Magazine. Vol. 39 No. 3. Manistee, MI: J. H. Shults Co., Jan–Feb

1927. p. 69 [Back to poem](#)

The Gateway of the Kingdom Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The*

Sunday School Times. Vol. 57 No. 29. Philadelphia: The Sunday

School Times Co., Jul 17, 1915. p. 1. Note: Dropped initial in first

verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Gift of the Farm Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Farm Life*.

Vol. 41 No. 5. Spencer, IN: Farm Life Publishing Co., May 1922. p. 25

[Back to poem](#)

The Gifts of the Church Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, India.

Source: *The Congregationalist*. Vol. 107 No. 49. Boston:

Congregational Publishing Society, Dec 7, 1922. p. 736. Note: Stanzas'

original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as

follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

God and Spring Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Stepping Stones*.

Vol. 18 No. 18. Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, May 4, 1930. p. 139. Note: Replaced comma with period after “trees.”

[Back to poem](#)

The God of the Beginning Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Church*

School. Vol. 5 No. 11. New York: The Church School Press, Aug 1924.

p. 491. Notes: 1) Stanzas’ original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second, 2) Dropped initial in first verse of both stanzas normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

God of To-Day Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School*

Journal. Vol. 54 No. 11. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern,

Nov 1922. p. 656. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

God’s Garden Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School*

Journal. Vol. 52 No. 7. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern, Jul 1920.

p. 407 [Back to poem](#)

God’s Manners Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Baptist Record*.

Vol. 49 (old series) 29 (new series) No. 9. Jackson, MS: Mississippi

Baptist Convention Board, Mar 3, 1927. p. 11 [Back to poem](#)

A Grace for Meals Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Girls' Companion*. Vol. 25 No. 28. Elgin, IL: David C. Cook Publishing Co., Jul 10, 1926. p. 7 [Back to poem](#)

The Great Adventure Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Uplift*. Vol. 15 No. 4. Concord, NC: Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, Jan 8, 1927. p. 17 [Back to poem](#)

The Grey Host Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Congregationalist*. Vol. 111 No. 44. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society, Nov 4, 1926. p. 589 [Back to poem](#)

Hagar's Song Byline: Clarence Flynn. Bloomfield, Ind. Source: *Western Christian Advocate*. Vol. 72 No. 11. Cincinnati: Western Methodist Book Concern, Mar 14, 1906. p. 13. Note: For context see Genesis 16, 21:1–20. [Back to poem](#)

The Handicap Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Instructor*. Vol. 65 No. 9. Salt Lake City: Deseret Sunday School Union, Sep 1930. p. 564. Note: Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

The Happy Ending Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Youth*. Vol. 3 No. 8.

Kansas City, MO: Unity School of Christianity, Aug 1929. pp. 14–15.

Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.

[Back to poem](#)

The Harness Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*.

Vol. 20 No. 11. New York: The New York Edison Co., Nov 1928.

p. 260 [Back to poem](#)

Have You Tried? Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 19 No. 11. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Nov 1929.

p. 251 [Back to poem](#)

Heart Gates Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Herald of Gospel*

Liberty. Vol. 118 No. 43. Dayton, OH: The Christian Publishing

Association, Oct 28, 1926. p. 1018. Note: For context of first stanza

consider Revelation 21:9–27. [Back to poem](#)

The Heart of a Child Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The*

Kindergarten-Primary Magazine. Vol. 39 No. 3. Manistee, MI: J. H.

Shults Co., Jan–Feb 1927. p. 72 [Back to poem](#)

The Heart of a Child Is a Scroll Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The*

Sunday School Journal. Vol. 54 No. 8. Cincinnati: The Methodist

Book Concern, Aug 1922. p. 473. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The High Tension Line Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 18 No. 4. New York: The New York Edison Co., Apr 1926. p. 92. Note: For examples of context of last stanza consider Mark 16:14–18 and Acts 3:1–10. [Back to poem](#)

His Epitaph Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Dumb Animals*. Vol. 55 No. 3. Norwood, MA: Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Aug 1922. p. 45. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

His Great Hour Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Oral Hygiene*. Vol. 18 No. 11. Pittsburgh: Nov 1928. p. 2122 [Back to poem](#)

Home v1921 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Messenger*. Vol. 79 No. 9. New York: American Tract Society, Oct 1921. p. 172 [Back to poem](#)

Home v1925 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *South Florida Developer*. Vol. 5 No. 33. Stuart, FL: South Florida Developer, Inc., May 12, 1925. p. 6 [Back to poem](#)

Hope Byline: Clarence Edwin Flynn. Greencastle, Ind. Source: *The Christian Advocate*. Vol. 84 No. 43. New York: Eaton & Mains, Oct 28, 1909. p. 1706 [Back to poem](#)

How It Started Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 17 No. 12. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Dec 1927. p. 277. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

“I am not eloquent” Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Expositor*. Vol. 28 No. 3. Cleveland: F. M. Barton Co., Dec 1926. p. 360. Note: For context see Moses in Exodus 4:10. [Back to poem](#)

If Christ Is Not Divine Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *America*. Vol. 29 No. 13. New York: The America Press, Jul 14, 1923. p. 306. Note: For context see 1 Corinthians 15:12–19. [Back to poem](#)

“I held a sea shell to my ears” Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *North Carolina Christian Advocate*. Vol. 73 No. 36. Greensboro, NC: Sep 6, 1928. p. 20. [Back to poem](#)

Imminence Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New Orleans Christian Advocate*. Vol. 75 No. 40. New Orleans: Publishing Committee for the

Louisiana, Mississippi, and North Mississippi Conferences, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Oct 4, 1928. p. 11 [Back to poem](#)

In Conference Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 17 No. 9. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Sep 1927.

p.214. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.

[Back to poem](#)

Inventive Genius Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 17 No. 2. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Feb 1927. p. 34.

Notes: 1) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers, 2)

Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation

as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

Iron Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 18

No. 12. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Dec 1928. p. 286

[Back to poem](#)

It Might Be Worse Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Farm Bureau*

Monthly. Vol. 4 No. 7. Riverside, CA: Riverside County Farm Bureau,

Jul 1923. p. 5. Note: Comma changed to period after "way."

[Back to poem](#)

I Want Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Youth*. Vol. 2 No. 1. Kansas City: Unity School of Christianity, Jan 1928. p. 22. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Jim Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Youth's Companion*. Vol. 93 No. 44. Boston: Perry Mason Co., Oct 30, 1919. p. 612. Note: Stanzas' original layout of 1-over-2 is presented in this compilation as follows: top stanza as first stanza, bottom-left as second and bottom-right as third. [Back to poem](#)

Jove's Plaint Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 16 No. 6. New York: The New York Edison Co., Jun 1924. p. 129
[Back to poem](#)

The King Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. De Pauw, '10. Source: *The Phi Gamma Delta*. Vol. 31 No. 4. Indianapolis: Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, Feb 1909. p. 362. Note: He ended up graduating from DePauw in 1911. [Back to poem](#)

Knocking Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 16 No. 7. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jul 1926. p. 436. Note: Illustrated dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.
[Back to poem](#)

The Land of Heart's Desire Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Santa Ana Register*. Vol. 19 No. 153. Santa Ana, CA: Register Publishing Co., May 26, 1924. p. 18 [Back to poem](#)

The Lens Byline: C. E. Flynn. Source: *Photoplay Magazine*. Vol. 22 No. 4. Chicago: Photoplay Publishing Co., Sep 1922. p. 109 [Back to poem](#)

Let Us Be Right Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Christian Sun*. Vol. 71 No. 38. Burlington, NC: Sep 17, 1919. Cover page [Back to poem](#)

Life Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Congregationalist*. Vol. 111 No. 41. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society, Oct 14, 1926. p. 504. Notes: 1) Removed comma at end of third verse, 2) Replaced comma with period at end of fourth verse. [Back to poem](#)

Light and Shadow Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Photoplay Magazine*. Vol. 16 No. 2. Chicago: Photoplay Publishing Co., Jul 1919. p. 104. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Lucky Man Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 18 No. 11. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Nov 1928. p. 248 [Back to poem](#)

Magi and Shepherd Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Indianapolis, Ind. Source:

The Christian Advocate. Vol. 90 No. 51. New York: Methodist Book Concern, Dec 23, 1915. p. 1734 [Back to poem](#)

The Magic Gateway Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source:

The Christian Advocate. Vol. 96 No. 48. New York: The Methodist Book Concern, Dec 1, 1921. p. 1506 [Back to poem](#)

The Magic of the Screen Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Photoplay*

Magazine. Vol. 21 No. 2. Chicago: Photoplay Publishing Co., Jan 1922. p. 62. Note: Dropped initial in first verse of both stanzas normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Making of Heaven Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Christian*

Century. Vol. 39 No. 24. Chicago: Disciples Publication Society, Jun 15, 1922. p. 745 [Back to poem](#)

The Making of Home Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Box 97, Bloomington,

Ind. Source: *The Railway Maintenance of Way Employes Journal*. Vol. 32 No. 10. Detroit: Oct 1923. p. 11. Note: “Employes” in publication title is as printed. [Back to poem](#)

The Man Who Knows Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source:

The Christian Advocate. Vol. 97 No. 36. New York: The Methodist

Book Concern, Sep 7, 1922. p. 1110 [Back to poem](#)

The Marine Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Navy*. Vol. 16 No. 17.

Washington D. C.: Men o' Warsmen Inc., Dec 15, 1922. p. 2

[Back to poem](#)

The Measure of Life Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Indiana*

Farmer's Guide. Vol. 34 No. 25. Huntington, IN: The Guide

Publishing Co., Jun 24, 1922. p. 658. Note: Liberty was taken with

several end-of-line punctuation marks due to source's poor legibility.

[Back to poem](#)

Memorial Day v1929 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Expositor*.

Cleveland: F. M. Barton Co. Inc., May 1929. p. 924 [Back to poem](#)

Minds Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 14

No. 2. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Feb 1924. p. 73. Note:

Illustrated dropped initial in each stanza's first verse normalized for e-

readers. [Back to poem](#)

Miracle Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Los Angeles Times*. Vol. 43.

Los Angeles: The Times-Mirror Co., Jul 13, 1924. p. 37. Note:

Changes made to punctuation in second stanza for consistency with

first stanza: comma added to end of first verse, and period changed to comma at end of sixth verse. [Back to poem](#)

The Mixture Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Railway Clerk*.

Vol. 29 No. 10. Cincinnati: Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Oct 1930. p. 452. Note: A. M. Jackson included the poem in a letter to the editor writing, “The following verse...explains how and why [Northern Pacific Railway] Lodge No. 1124 is able to get along so nicely.” [Back to poem](#)

The Modern Pupil Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The American School Board Journal*. Vol. 78 No. 1. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co., Jan 1929. p. 198 [Back to poem](#)

Monuments Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Textile Worker*. Vol. 10 No. 9. New York: United Textile Workers of America, Dec 1922. p. 559 [Back to poem](#)

Morning Prayer Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Kindergarten-Primary Magazine*. Vol. 39 No. 3. Manistee, MI: J. H. Shults Co., Jan–Feb 1927. p. 80 [Back to poem](#)

My Father’s House Byline: Clarence Edwin Flynn. Source: *Western Christian Advocate*. Vol. 74 No. 17. Cincinnati: Western Methodist

Book Concern, Apr 22, 1908. p. 12 [Back to poem](#)

My Little Fire Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Mutual Magazine*. Vol. 9 No. 4. Boston: American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., Dec 1929. Back cover [Back to poem](#)

My Riches Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Navy*. Vol. 16 No. 18. Washington D. C.: Men o' Warsmen Inc., Dec 30, 1922. p. 2
[Back to poem](#)

The New Day Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 51 No. 3. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, Mar 23, 1919. Cover page [Back to poem](#)

The New Year Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Messenger*. Vol. 77 No. 1. New York: American Tract Society, Jan 1919. p. 6
[Back to poem](#)

No Room in the Inn Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Beacon*. Vol. 14 No. 12. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc., Dec 23, 1923. p. 56
[Back to poem](#)

Old-Fashioned Pictures Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Farm Life*. Vol. 46 No. 3. Spencer, IN: Farm Life Publishing Co., Mar 1927. p. 62
[Back to poem](#)

The Open Soul Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Messenger*.

Vol. 78 No. 6. New York: American Tract Society, Jun 1920. p. 86

[Back to poem](#)

The Open Tomb Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School*

Journal. Vol. 47 No. 4. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern, Apr

1915. title page. Note: Stanzas' original layout of 2-over-1 is presented in this compilation as follows: top-left stanza as first stanza, top-right

as second and bottom as third. [Back to poem](#)

Our Hearts Forget Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American*

Messenger. Vol. 81 No. 3. New York: The American Tract Society,

Mar 1923. p. 40 [Back to poem](#)

The Outcome Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Classic*.

Vol. 9 No. 5. Bayshore, NY: M. p. Publishing Co., Jan 1920. p. 90

[Back to poem](#)

Palm Sunday v1925 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The*

Congregationalist. Vol. 110 No. 13. Boston: Congregational

Publishing Society, Mar 26, 1925. p. 398. Notes: 1) Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left

stanza as first stanza, right as second, 2) Jesus healed Bartimaeus of

blindness (Mark 10:46–52). [Back to poem](#)

A Parents' Prayer v1922 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Herald of Gospel Liberty*. Vol. 114 No. 16. Dayton, OH: The Christian Publishing Association, Apr 20, 1922. p. 372. Note: The sixth verse's lack of indentation (half a space) was not replicated. [Back to poem](#)

Patchwork Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 24 No. 7. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Aug 1922. p. 121 [Back to poem](#)

A Perfect Day Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source: *The Epworth Era*. Vol. 29 No. 2. Nashville: Lamar & Barton, Oct 1922. p. 63. Notes: 1) Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second, 2) E-readers might not correctly present "perfect" in first verse with small caps, which is used for emphasis. [Back to poem](#)

Picture Books Byline: C. E. Flynn. Source: *Photoplay Magazine*. Vol. 22 No. 2. Chicago: Photoplay Publishing Co., Jul 1922. p. 101. Notes: 1) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers, 2) Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

Pictures Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Photoplay Magazine*. Vol. 15 No. 1. Chicago: Photoplay Publishing Co., Dec 1918. p. 40. Notes: 1)

Stanzas' original layout of 2-over-2-over-1 is presented in this compilation as follows: top-left stanza as first stanza, middle-left as second, top-right as third, middle-right as fourth and bottom as fifth, 2) The fourth stanza's second verse's indentation by one space was deleted. [Back to poem](#)

The Picture's Lament Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 27 No. 3. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Apr 1924. p. 102 [Back to poem](#)

Picture Writing Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 24 No. 8. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Sep 1922. p. 109 [Back to poem](#)

The Pioneer v1928 Byline: Clarence C. Flynn. Source: *Motor Land*. Vol. 22 No. 5. San Mateo, CA: California State Automobile Association Inc., May 1928. p. 9. Notes: 1) Dropped initial in first verse of each stanza normalized for e-readers, 2) It's assumed the source made a typographical error with Flynn's middle initial. *Motor Land* got it right in Flynn's byline for "The Road to Tomorrow." [Back to poem](#)

A Prayer Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Warsaw Daily Times*. Warsaw, IN: Reub. Williams & Sons, Nov 29, 1923. p. 6 [Back to poem](#)

Prayer for Normal Men Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind.

Source: *The Congregationalist*. Vol. 109 No. 4. Boston:

Congregational Publishing Society, Jan 24, 1924. p. 118 [Back to poem](#)

A Prayer for Thanksgiving Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American*

Messenger. Vol. 80 No. 11. New York: The American Tract Society,

Nov 1922. p. 179 [Back to poem](#)

A Price Unpaid Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Northwestern Christian*

Advocate. Vol. 63 No. 41. Chicago: Methodist Book Concern, Oct 6,

1915. p. 969 [Back to poem](#)

The Problem Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The American Tyler-*

Keystone. Vol. 41 No. 9. Mount Morris, IL: Tyler Publishing Co., Sep

1927. p. 194. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-

readers. [Back to poem](#)

A Psalm of the Movies Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture*

Magazine. Vol. 23 No. 5. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc.,

Jun 1922. p. 105 [Back to poem](#)

The Pupil Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Kindergarten-Primary*

Magazine. Vol. 39 No. 3. Manistee, MI: J. H. Shults Co., Jan–Feb

1927. p. 87 [Back to poem](#)

The Question v1926 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 16 No. 12. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Dec 1926. p. 715. Notes: 1) Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second, 2) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Radio Neighborhood Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Wireless Age*. Vol. 9 No. 11. New York: Wireless Press Inc., Aug 1922. p. 90
[Back to poem](#)

The Railroad Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New York Central Lines Magazine*. Vol. 4 No. 11. New York: New York Central Lines, Feb 1924. p. 25. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Recruit Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Navy*. Vol. 22 No. 10. Brooklyn, NY: Our Navy, Inc., Mid-Sept, 1928. p. 10 [Back to poem](#)

The Red Bird Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Woman's Home Missions*. Vol. 46 No. 4. Cincinnati: Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Apr 1929. p. 18
[Back to poem](#)

Requisition Byline: Clarence F. Flynn. Source: *The Summary*. Vol. 45

No. 46. Elmira, NY: New York State Reformatory, Nov 12, 1927. p. 3.

Note: Byline's middle initial is as printed. [Back to poem](#)

Roads v1925 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Presbyterian Standard*.

Vol. 66 No. 9. Charlotte: Presbyterian Standard Publishing Co., Mar 4, 1925. p. 9. Note: Indentation given to sixth verse of second stanza.

[Back to poem](#)

The Road to Tomorrow Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motor Land*.

Vol. 25 No. 5. San Mateo, CA: California State Automobile

Association Inc., Nov 1929. p. 4. Notes: 1) Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second, 2) Dropped initial in first verse of each stanza normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Rooster Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 16 No. 7. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jul 1926.

p. 436. Note: Illustrated dropped initial in each stanza's first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Rulers of the Earth Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Pacific Rural*

Press. Vol. 111 No. 9. San Francisco: Pacific Rural Press Co., Feb 27, 1926. p. 289 [Back to poem](#)

Sanctuary Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Ave Maria*. Vol. 26 No. 21. Notre Dame, IN: Nov 19, 1927. p. 648. Note: Illustrated dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Second Wind Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Railway Maintenance of Way Employes Journal*. Vol. 32 No. 7. Detroit: Jul 1923. p. 39. Notes: 1) For context of first stanza consider Jennifer Rosenberg's article, "Why the Model T Is Called the Tin Lizzie," on the website ThoughtCo (accessed May 25, 2025), 2) "Employes" in publication title is as printed. [Back to poem](#)

The Secret Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 17 No. 1. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jan 1927. p.21. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Section Foreman Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New York Central Lines Magazine*. Vol. 2 No. 12. New York: New York Central Railroad Co., Mar 1922. p. 44. Notes: 1) First stanza's opening quotation mark was corrected from being upside down, 2) Closing quotation mark added to end of first stanza for consistency with second stanza, 3) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Serving Giant Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Edison Monthly*. Vol. 15 No. 2. New York: The New York Edison Co., Feb 1923. p. 34 [Back to poem](#)

Shadows v1921 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 22 No. 11. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Dec 1921. p. 114 [Back to poem](#)

Shadows on the Wall Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 27 No. 2. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Mar 1924. p. 98 [Back to poem](#)

The Shadow World Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 22 No. 12. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Jan 1922. p. 108 [Back to poem](#)

Sight and Faith Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Catholic World*. Vol. 126 No. 751. New York: The Paulist Fathers, Oct 1927. p. 84.
Note: E-readers might not correctly present “walked” in first verse with small caps, which is used for emphasis. [Back to poem](#)

Si Gidders Byline: Clarence Flynn. Bloomfield, Ind. Source: *The Indianapolis Journal: The Sunday Journal*, morning ed. Vol. 52 No. 306. Indianapolis: Journal Newspaper Co., Nov 2, 1902. p. 10 of

Part 2. Note: In response to an editor's request for biographical information, Mr. Flynn responded, "My first work was published in a little farm paper in 1901. By 1902 I got into the old *Indianapolis Journal....*" (*American Astrology Magazine*. Vol. 13 No. 6. New York: Clancy Publications, Inc., Aug 1945. p. 16). [Back to poem](#)

The Silent Drama Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Classic*. Vol. 9 No. 5. Bayshore, NY: M. p. Publishing Co., Jan 1920. p. 79 [Back to poem](#)

Sing a Little Song Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Stepping Stones*. Vol. 14 No. 3. Independence, MO: Herald Publishing House, Jan 17, 1926. p. 20 [Back to poem](#)

Song of the Dove Byline: Clarence Edwin Flynn, '09. Source: *Earlham Verse*. Richmond, IN: John Dougan Rea, 1914. p. 38. Notes: 1) He attended Earlham during 1905–1907 (*The Earlham College Bulletin: The Directory*. Vol. 13 No. 5. Richmond, IN: Earlham College, Aug 1916. p. 58), 2) Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Sorrow Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Continent*. Vol. 55 No. 44. Chicago: McCormick Publishing Co., Oct 30, 1924. p. 1331 [Back to poem](#)

The Stars and Stripes for Me Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source:

Education. Vol. 43 No. 3. Boston: The Palmer Co., Nov 1922. p. 147.

Note: Commas preceding em dashes were removed. [Back to poem](#)

Starting Things Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*.

Vol. 17 No. 8. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Aug 1927.

p. 175. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers.

[Back to poem](#)

The Station Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *New York Central Lines*

Magazine. Vol. 2 No. 12. New York: New York Central Railroad Co.,

Mar 1922. p. 46. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-

readers. [Back to poem](#)

Success Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 17

No. 2. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Feb 1927. p. 47. Note:

Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Success and Failure Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal*

Efficiency. Vol. 18 No. 8. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Aug

1928. p. 176. [Back to poem](#)

The Sunbeam and the Shadow Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion*

Picture Magazine. Vol. 22 No. 9. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications,

Inc., Oct 1921. p. 107 [Back to poem](#)

Sunsets For Sale Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The American Herdsman*. Vol. 5 No. 11. Peoria, IL: American Livestock Publishers, Inc., Nov 1930. p. 23 [Back to poem](#)

Sunshine and Shade Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sabbath Recorder*. Vol. 104 No. 7. Plainfield, NJ: American Sabbath Tract Society, Feb 13, 1928. p. 206. Note: Comma removed after “long.”
[Back to poem](#)

The Teacher v1921 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 53 No. 11. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, Nov 1921. p. 651. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Teacher v1922 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 54 No. 8. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, Aug 1922. Cover page [Back to poem](#)

The Teacher v1923 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 55 No. 9. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, Sep 1923. Cover page. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

The Teacher's Reward Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Juvenile Instructor*. Vol. 60 No. 4. Salt Lake City: Deseret Sunday School Union, Apr 1925. p. 188 [Back to poem](#)

Team-work Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 16 No. 9. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Sep 1926. p. 567. Note: Art piece signature of "McV" stands for G. R. McVicker. [Back to poem](#)

The Temple Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Congregationalist*. Vol. 107 No. 35. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society, Aug 31, 1922. p. 269 [Back to poem](#)

Thankfulness Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Ave Maria*. Vol. 29 No. 25. Notre Dame, IN: Jun 22, 1929. p. 779. Note: Illustrated dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Thanksgiving v1927 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Twentieth Century Progress*. Vol. 27 No. 6. Washington, D.C.: International Reform Federation, Inc., Nov 1927. p. 16 [Back to poem](#)

Thanksgiving v1930 Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Pilot*. Vol. 11 No. 2. Minneapolis: Northwestern Bible and Missionary Training School, Nov 1930. Cover page [Back to poem](#)

Their First Meal Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Own Your Own Home*. Vol. 2 No. 4. Jamaica, NY: The Constructive Publishing Corp., Aug 1926. p. 7 [Back to poem](#)

The Things That I Believe Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *America*. Vol. 32 No. 11. New York: The America Press, Dec 27, 1924. p. 258 [Back to poem](#)

Today and Tomorrow Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Cookery*. Vol. 29 No. 1. Boston: The Boston Cooking School Magazine Co., Jun–Jul 1924. p. 21. Note: Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

Transforming Love Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Messenger*. Vol. 81 No. 2. New York: The American Tract Society, Feb 1923. p. 23 [Back to poem](#)

The Tree Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 14 No. 6. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jun 1924. p. 424 [Back to poem](#)

A Trouble Making World Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The American Friend*. Vol. 27 (old series), Vol. 8 (new series) No. 17.

Richmond, IN: The Friends Publication Board, Fourth Month (Apr)
22, 1920. p. 385 [Back to poem](#)

The Trouble with the Movies Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Amateur Movie Makers*. Vol. 3 No. 5. New York: Amateur Cinema League, Inc., May 1928. p. 355. Note: Stanzas' original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as second. [Back to poem](#)

True Values Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 48 No. 5. Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern, May 1916. p. 337 [Back to poem](#)

Two Princes Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. Vol. 63 No. 34. Chicago: Methodist Book Concern, Aug 18, 1915. p. 800 [Back to poem](#)

Two Teachers Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Georgia Education Journal*. Vol. 23 No. 2. Mason: Georgia Education Association, Oct 1930. p. 26 [Back to poem](#)

Two Youths Byline: Clarence Flynn. Source: *The Sabbath Recorder*. Vol. 109 No. 18. Plainfield, NJ: American Sabbath Tract Society, Nov 3, 1930. p. 575. Notes: 1) Source did not provide a poem title. A

later publication provided a poem title (used here), author's middle initial "E," and cited *Young People*, which has not been found (*The Parish Broadcaster*. Vol. 5 No. 7. Philadelphia: Church of St. John the Evangelist, Jul 1931. p. 5), 2) Comma replaced with period after "rose." [Back to poem](#)

The Umbrella Mender Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Christian Register*. Vol. 105 No. 52. Boston: The Christian Register Inc., Dec 30, 1926. p. 1186 [Back to poem](#)

The Unknown Soldier Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine*. Vol. 58 No. 3. Albany, NY: The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mar 1924. p. 148 [Back to poem](#)

Via Dolorosa Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *America*. Vol. 32 No. 24. New York: The America Press, Mar 28, 1925. p. 570 [Back to poem](#)

The Voices of God Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Sunday School Journal*. Vol. 47 No. 6. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern, Jun 1915. p. 420. Note: E-readers might not correctly present "thousand" in first verse with small caps, which is used for emphasis.

[Back to poem](#)

Voices of the Dawn Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *American Cookery*.

Vol. 27 No. 2. Boston: The Boston Cooking School Magazine Co.,
Aug–Sep 1922. No page number [Back to poem](#)

The Watchdog of the Sea Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Our Navy*.

Vol. 16 No. 17. Washington D. C.: Men o' Warsmen Inc., Dec 15,
1922. p. 2 [Back to poem](#)

Walking with God Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Herald of*

Gospel Liberty. Vol. 120 No. 35. Dayton, OH: The Christian
Publishing Association, Aug 30, 1928. p. 807. Note: Dropped initial in
first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Wander Lust Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Farm Life*. Vol. 47 No. 5.

Spencer, IN: Farm Life Publishing Co., May 1928. p. 34 [Back to poem](#)

The Wealth of Cheer Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Indianapolis, Ind. Source:

Southwestern Christian Advocate. Vol. 44 No. 27. New Orleans: The
Methodist Book Concern, Jul 8, 1915. p. 5 [Back to poem](#)

What Does It Matter? Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Bloomington, Ind.

Source: *Christian Advocate*. Vol. 85 No. 44. Nashville: Lamar &
Barton, Oct 31, 1924. p. 1387 [Back to poem](#)

What Do You Know? Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Psychology*. Vol. 15 No. 3. Jamaica, NY: Psychology Publishing Co., Inc., Sep 1930. p. 14. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

“Whatever he may wish or plan” Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Progressive Farmer*. Vol. 44 No. 8. Birmingham: The Progressive Farmer Co., Feb 23, 1929. p. 19. Note: The poem appears in four parts interspersed in a third-party sermon. Transcriber is uncertain if they constitute the entire poem. [Back to poem](#)

When the Curtain Falls Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 16 No. 9. Bayshore, NY: The M.p. Publishing Co., Oct 1918. p. 123 [Back to poem](#)

Where Is Heaven? Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *The Beacon*. Vol. 13 No. 7. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc., Nov 12, 1922. p. 26. Note: Dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

Why We Are Here Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Princeton, Ind. Source: *The Epworth Era*. Vol. 31 No. 3. Nashville: Lamar & Barton, Nov 1924. p. 118. Notes: 1) Stanzas’ original layout of side-by-side is presented in this compilation as follows: left stanza as first stanza, right as

second, 2) E-readers might not correctly present the “ur” of “Our” in first verse with small caps, which is used for emphasis. [Back to poem](#)

The Window of Dreams Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 26 No. 5. Jamaica, NY: Brewster Publications, Inc., Dec 1923. p. 126 [Back to poem](#)

The World’s Drama Byline: Clarence E. Flynn. Source: *Motion Picture Magazine*. Vol. 15 No. 5. Bayshore, NY: The M.p. Publishing Co., Jun 1918. p. 99. Notes: 1) Stanzas’ original layout of 1-over-2-over-2 is presented in this compilation as follows: top stanza as first stanza, middle-left as second, bottom-left as third, middle-right as fourth and bottom-right as fifth, 2) Illustrated dropped initial in first verse normalized for e-readers. [Back to poem](#)

APPENDIX 2: INDEX

Categories are not mutually exclusive. Some poems are followed by bracketed text indicating humor and/or other descriptions.

[accountability](#) [ancestors](#) [attitude](#) [behavior](#) [character](#) [community](#)
[consolation](#) [duty](#) [electricity](#) [entertainment](#) [evolution](#) [faith](#)
[fashion](#) [fellowship](#) [fortitude](#) [God](#) [grace](#) [gratitude](#) [heart](#)
[heaven](#) [home](#) [hope](#) [legacy](#) [life](#) [love](#) [military](#) [mortality](#)
[nature](#) [parenting](#) [patriotism](#) [people](#) [prayer](#) [sorrow](#)
[special occasions](#) [success](#) [talent](#) [teaching](#) [thought](#) [time](#) [values](#)
[war](#)

accountability

[Charge Account](#) [fate]

[The Section Foreman](#) [train]

ancestors

[The Flag at Sea](#) [patriotism; immigration; ship]

[Old-Fashioned Pictures](#)

attitude

[A Perfect Day](#)

[Sing a Little Song](#)

The Wealth of Cheer

behavior

The Fabulous City [speculation]

Film Judgment [humor; theater]

Knocking [humor; car]

The Modern Pupil [humor; insubordination]

A Psalm of the Movies [humor; theater]

The Umbrella Mender [procrastination]

character

Almost

The Bantams [humor; fauna; confidence]

The Chameleon [fauna; integrity]

The Close-Up [duplicity]

The End of the Trail [service]

The Handicap [adversity]

His Epitaph [compassion]

In Conference [humor; haughtiness]

Iron [potential]

I Want [greed]

Jim [honor]

Prayer for Normal Men

The Tree [corruption, flora]

A Trouble Making World [self]

Two Princes [self; sacrifice]

community

[Along the Road](#) [service]

[Magi and Shepherd](#) [equality]

[The Radio Neighborhood](#) [connection]

[Team-work](#) [farm, teamwork]

consolation

[It Might Be Worse](#)

[My Little Fire](#)

duty

[Doing It Well](#)

[The Engineer](#) [train]

[The Lucky Man](#)

electricity

[The City's Nerves](#)

[Cupid's Lament](#) [humor]

[Electricity](#). [lightning; anthropomorphic]

[An Electric Personality](#). [humor; pun]

[Enslaved Lightning](#) [humor]

[The Harness](#) [humor]

[The High Tension Line](#) [anthropomorphic; miracle]

[Jove's Complaint](#) [humor; anthropomorphic]

[The Serving Giant](#)

entertainment

[After-Images](#) [theater]

[The Magic of the Screen](#) [theater]

[Picture Books](#) [theater]

[The Picture's Lament](#) [humor; theater; anthropomorphic]

[The Shadow World](#) [theater]

[The Trouble with the Movies](#) [humor; theater]

[The Window of Dreams](#) [theater]

evolution

[The Electric Spark](#) [creation]

[Evolution](#) [humor; technology]

[The Firefly](#) [fauna]

[Picture Writing](#) [theater]

faith

[Credo](#)

[Faith v1928](#)

[The Gateway of the Kingdom](#)

[The Happy Ending](#)

[The Man Who Knows](#)

[Sight and Faith](#)

[The Things That I Believe](#)

fashion

[The Question v1926](#) [humor]

fellowship

[Brotherhood](#) [equality]

[Fade-Outs](#) [memory]

[The Gifts of the Church](#)

[Heart Gates](#)

[The Mixture](#) [diversity]

fortitude

[Climaxes v1923](#)

[The Cross v1927](#)

[Have You Tried?](#)

[The Rooster](#) [humor; fauna]

[The Second Wind](#) [car]

[Walking with God](#)

God

[The Creator](#) [omnipresence]

[Flowers Are Thoughts of God](#) [flora]

[The God of the Beginning](#) [Providence]

[God's Garden](#)

[Imminence](#)

[The Voices of God](#)

[What Does It Matter?](#) [Providence]

grace

[The Divine Image](#)

[Freedom v1928](#)

[The Open Soul](#)

gratitude

[Childhood on the Farm](#)

[Compensation](#)

[The Cry of a Human](#)

[The Gift of the Farm](#)

[God of To-Day](#)

[A Grace for Meals](#)

[A Prayer](#)

[Thankfulness](#) [flora]

[Thanksgiving v1927](#)

[Thanksgiving v1930](#)

heart

[The Age of a Heart](#)

[Finding God](#) [nature]

[The King](#) [Jesus Christ]

[No Room in the Inn](#)

[Our Hearts Forget](#)

[Sunsets For Sale](#) [humor]

heaven

[The Land of Heart's Desire](#)

[The Making of Heaven](#)

[My Father's House](#)

[Where Is Heaven?](#)

home

[Coming and Going](#) [train]

[Home v1921](#)

[Home v1925](#)

[The Making of Home](#)

[The Temple](#) [reverence]

[Their First Meal](#)

[Wander Lust](#)

hope

[Climaxes v1921](#) [theater]

[A Day at a Time](#)

[The Easter Message](#) [resurrection]

[An Easter Vision](#) [resurrection]

[Hope](#)

[The New Year](#)

[The Open Tomb](#) [resurrection]

[The Outcome](#) [theater]

[Roads v1925](#)

[The Unknown Soldier](#) [war]

[Via Dolorosa](#)

legacy

[Domsie](#)

[Life](#)

[Monuments](#) [angel]

[The Pioneer v1928](#)

life

[The Great Adventure](#)

[The Lens](#) [theater]

[Light and Shadow](#) [theater]

[Patchwork](#)

[Pictures](#)

[The Railroad](#) [train]

[Shadows v1921](#) [theater]

[Shadows on the Wall](#) [theater]

[The Station](#) [train]

[The Sunbeam and the Shadow](#) [theater]

[Sunshine and Shade](#)

[Today and Tomorrow](#)

[Why We Are Here](#)

love

[Palm Sunday v1925](#)

[Transforming Love](#)

military

[The Marine](#)

[The Recruit](#) [humor; navy]

[The Watchdog of the Sea](#) [navy; ship]

mortality

[When the Curtain Falls](#) [theater]

[The World's Drama](#) [theater]

nature

[Blossoms](#) [flora]

[The Earth's Plaint](#) [anthropomorphic; technology]

[God and Spring](#)

[God's Manners](#)

[Miracle](#)

[Song of the Dove](#) [fauna]

[Sunsets For Sale](#) [humor]

[Voices of the Dawn](#)

parenting

[The Children v1921](#)

[The Children v1925](#)

[The Heart of a Child](#)

[The Heart of a Child Is a Scroll](#)

[His Great Hour](#)

[A Parents' Prayer v1922](#)

[The Problem](#)

patriotism

[The Flag at Sea](#) [ancestors; immigration; ship]

[My Riches](#)

[The Stars and Stripes for Me](#)

people

Gutenberg, Johannes

[Starting Things](#) [humor]

Jesus Christ

[The Easter Message](#) [hope]

[An Easter Vision](#) [hope]

[If Christ Is Not Divine](#)

[The King](#) [heart]

[Magi and Shepherd](#) [community]

[No Room in the Inn](#) [heart]

[The Open Tomb](#) [hope]

[The Outcome](#) [hope]

[Palm Sunday v1925](#) [love]

[Two Princes](#) [character]

[Via Dolorosa](#)

Moses

[“I am not eloquent”](#) [talent]

Thales of Miletus

[How It Started](#) [thought]

prayer

[Child's Prayer](#) [nighttime]

[Credo](#) [faith]

[God of To-Day](#) [gratitude]

[A Grace for Meals](#) [gratitude]

[Hagar's Song](#) [trust]

[Morning Prayer](#) [petition]

[A Parents' Prayer v1922](#) [parenting; nighttime]

[A Prayer](#) [gratitude]

[Prayer for Normal Men](#) [character]

[A Prayer for Thanksgiving](#) [mercy]

[The Problem](#) [parenting]

[Sanctuary](#)

sorrow

[The Dream](#)

["I held a sea shell to my ears"](#)

[The Red Bird](#) [fauna]

[Sorrow](#)

special occasions

birth of a child

[The Children v1925](#) [parenting]

[The Future](#) [time]

[The Heart of a Child](#) [parenting]

[The Heart of a Child Is a Scroll](#) [parenting]

Christmas

[No Room in the Inn](#) [heart]

Earth Day

[The Earth's Plaint](#) [nature]

[The Firefly](#) [evolution]

[God and Spring](#) [nature]

[God's Manners](#) [nature]

[Miracle](#) [nature]

[Song of the Dove](#) [nature]

[Voices of the Dawn](#) [nature]

Easter (see Hope)

Flag Day (see Patriotism)

funeral

[The Making of Heaven](#) [heaven]

[Monuments](#) [legacy]

[Roads v1925](#) [hope]

[Sorrow](#)

[When the Curtain Falls](#) [mortality]

Independence Day (see Patriotism)

Labor Day (see Duty)

Martin Luther King Day

[Team-work](#) [teamwork]

Memorial Day

[The Grey Host](#) [war]

[Memorial Day v1929](#)

[The Unknown Soldier](#) [hope]

National Inventors' Day (Feb 11)

[Inventive Genius](#) [thought]

[Starting Things](#) [thought]

National Static Electricity Day (Jan 9)

[How It Started](#) [thought]

Naturalization

[The Flag at Sea](#) [ancestors; patriotism]

[The Mixture](#) [fellowship]

New Year's Day

[The New Year](#) [hope]

Thanksgiving (see Gratitude)

Valentine's Day

[Cupid's Lament](#) [electricity]

Veterans Day (see also Military)

[Jim](#) [character]

[The New Day](#) [war]

success

[The Day's Success](#) [positive impact]

[The Secret](#) [initiative and perseverance]

[Success](#) [joy and love]

[Success and Failure](#) [happiness]

talent

["I am not eloquent"](#)

[The Rulers of the Earth](#) [women; farm]

teaching

[The Builder v1924](#)

[The Builders](#)

[The Pupil](#)

[The Teacher v1921](#)

[The Teacher v1922](#)

[The Teacher v1923](#)

[The Teacher's Reward](#)

[Two Teachers](#)

thought

[How It Started](#) [discovery]

[Inventive Genius](#) [humor]

[The Magic Gateway](#) [books]

[Minds](#)

[Si Gidders](#) [humor]

[The Silent Drama](#) [theater]

[Starting Things](#) [humor]

[What Do You Know?](#) [humor]

time

[The Clock](#) [humor]

[A Day at a Time](#) [hope]

[The Future](#) [children]

[The Road to Tomorrow](#)

values

[A Call for Substitutes](#)

[A Creed](#)

[Let Us Be Right](#)

[The Measure of Life](#)

[Requisition](#)

[True Values](#)

[Two Youths](#)

[“Whatever he may wish or plan”](#)

war

[Battle Hymn](#)

[The Grey Host](#) [peace]

[The New Day](#) [peace]

[A Price Unpaid](#)

APPENDIX 3: UPDATES & REVISIONS WITH THE 2ND EDITION

Eighteen poems were added to the second edition:

[A Call for Substitutes](#) (1922)

[It Might Be Worse](#) (1923)

[Blossoms](#) (1925)

[The Easter Message](#) (1925)

[Thanksgiving v1927](#)

[The Pioneer v1928](#)

[The Recruit](#) (1928)

[Sunshine and Shade](#) (1928)

[The Red Bird](#) (1929)

[The Road to Tomorrow](#) (1929)

[God and Spring](#) (1930)

[The Handicap](#) (1930)

[The Mixture](#) (1930)

[Sunsets For Sale](#) (1930)

[Thanksgiving v1930](#)

[Two Teachers](#) (1930)

[Two Youths](#) (1930)

[What Do You Know?](#) (1930)

Here are the other changes. The named edition has been moved from the front cover to the interior front matter and to a new list of editions. The index incorporates three changes. First, the categories have been collected

at the beginning of the index and linked to their respective locations within the index. Second, Naturalization is a new subcategory under special occasions. Third, some bracketed descriptors have been added and others revised. The appendix of inaccessible poems now includes the poems.

APPENDIX 4: INACCESSIBLE POEMS

This collection of poetry is incomplete for a couple of reasons. First, there may be poems unknown to the transcriber. Second, some publications for known poems within the date range of this edition are inaccessible. Here are the inaccessible poems published in 1930 or earlier:

“The Age of the Heart.” *Personal Efficiency*. Vol. 15 No. 1. Chicago: LaSalle Extension University, Jan 1925. p. 37. This poem’s last line is cutoff. HathiTrust’s scans are stamped with “University of Michigan” (UM). A UM librarian confirmed for me that the bottom of their physical copy is cutoff.

“Maker of the Country.” This poem allegedly appeared in promotional literature for Mattituck and Eastern Long Island realty circa 1920.

“Nothing Like the West.” *Western Story Magazine*. Vol. 48 No. 2. Street & Smith Corp., Dec 6, 1924. p. 42

“An Outdoor Prayer.” *Western Story Magazine*. Vol. 76 No. 4. Street & Smith Corp., Mar 10, 1928. p. 94

“When Bill Went West.” *Far West Illustrated*. Vol. 4 No. 6. Street & Smith Corp., Jul 1927. p. 129

“The Yes Man.” *Columbia*. Vol. 9 No. 2. New Haven: Knights of Columbus, Sep 1929. p. 40

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COLLECTED
POEMS OF CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN, SECOND SERIES ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the

United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located

in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website

(www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic

work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE

FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any

volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other

ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.