

CHAPTER XXV.—1900.

A POEM BY WILL CARLETON.

WHILE I was visiting at the home of my constant and loving friends, Mr. and Mrs. Will Carleton, in Brooklyn, New York, on my eightieth birthday Mr. Carleton wrote the following poem, which I insert here, not from vanity, I am sure my readers will believe, but with a desire to place on record my happiness at some of the kind things that have been said about me.

Song-bird in the dark,
Adding each day unto our lyric treasure,
And rising, like the lark,
Nearer to heaven for each ecstatic measure:

Sing on, O rich, clear voice,
'Mid the world's clamor for the world's possession;
Thou art the angels' choice
To give their sweetest anthems earth-expression!

Poem by Will Carleton.

Love on, O gentle heart,
To all mankind with stately pureness clinging;
The followers of thy art,
With lips devout caress thee in their singing!

In myriad temples grand,
Through whose broad aisles the organ-tones
are pealing,
Thy words walk hand in hand
With truths the rich-bound Bible is revealing.

By many a cottage door,
Where Faith and Love with Poverty are dwelling,
Thy sweet words, o'er and o'er,
The mother to her new-found babe is telling.

Where arctic snow-storms sweep,
Where tropic ghosts a hand to death are reaching,
Thy jeweled words still keep
Their tryst with God, and aid His solemn teaching.

Song-bird in the light,
Thou shalt see splendors when this world's
have faded!
E'en now thy path is bright
With stars in heaven, whose kindling thou hast aided.

Fanny Crosby's Life-Story.

Yearn on, O lofty soul,
Though voices from the song-land intercede
thee!

Spurn not this earth's control
Yet many years: our suffering mortals need
thee.

But when at last The King
Shall bid thy friends above to cease their wait-
ing,
The angel-choirs will sing,
To welcome thee, some hymn of thy creating.

And Christ will be thy guide,
Confirming, step by step, His wondrous story;
And seek the Father's side,
And say, "She taught the world to sing Thy
glory."

CHAPTER XXVI.—1843-1903.

OLDEST AND NEWEST HYMNS.

I AM often asked, "Do you write as many hymns as ever?" Perhaps not, quite: but this is owing to the fact that I spend so much time visiting churches in different parts of the country, and speaking, and reading my poems to audiences.

My relations with Christian Endeavor Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations, are also very intimate and friendly: and I often address them. I wear a gold badge of membership, presented me by one of the Railroad Branches of the Y. M. C. A.: and prize it more than as if it were studded with diamonds. How valuable such tokens are, when we feel that they come from the heart!

I include in this chapter some of my earliest and some of my latest hymns: others can be found in various hymn-books. In one of those here published, it will be noticed, words and music are both by myself: but I have heretofore been content to write the words, and let