

**FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE, FOR
LITTLE PILGRIMS;
KATY, A TALE OF THE
LITANY; AND OTHER POEMS**

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Flowers by the Wayside, for little pilgrims; Katy, a tale of the litany; and other poems by Mrs. Mansell

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MRS. MANSELL

**FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE, FOR
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ADDRESS TO MY READERS.

IN the garden of the King he has placed his
children dear ;
A garden filled with glowing fruits, and flowers
rich and rare,
And all things good and lovely, and beautiful and
fair.

IN the centre of this garden a storehouse will be
found ;
There all the good and precious things his children
need abound,
For his dear ones this kind Father thus with
comforts doth surround.

AND to each child, when entering, a little key is
given,
That will unlock the door, and point the way to
heaven,
Right any wrong they may have done, that needs
to be forgiven.

They can enter then the magic door, and seek the
healing balm,
That on the stormy passions sheds a blissful holy
calm,
And keeps the little ones who come from any
mortal harm.

For 'tis their father's wish that they should ever
seek his face,
And humbly beg for mercy at the living fount of
grace,
Which will be found, if sought, in this most holy
place.

But there are many little ones who, wilful, like to
stray,
Far from the tokens of his love, into the wilds
away,
And never seek the priceless treasure in their
heedless play.

A gem or two I've gathered, with anxious thought
and care,
From among the many treasures the King has
hidden there;
And in earnest love I offer them unto my readers
dear.

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE,

FOR

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

PEACE! BE STILL!

THE waters of the Galilean lake have calmly sunk
to rest,

Soft as a little infant slumbers on its mother's
breast;

Its waves are smiling peacefully, as though no
cloud could mar,

Or stormy wind with quick unrest its quiet
bosom stir.

The little ship that's gently gliding o'er the
waters blue,

Is guided by a hardy band of honest men and
true,

Disciples of the Lord, who has requested them to take
The vessel, and to sail across the waters of the lake.

The quiet stillness of the day, the mild soft
afternoon,
And the low and drowsy tone in which their
song the sailors croon,
Have lulled the weary form of Jesus to a peace-
ful sleep,
While the others on the ship their daily watches
keep.

But soon the sky is overcast, the heavens begin
to frown ;
The stormy wind is risen, and the rain is pouring
down ;
The waves that were so quiet begin with angry
strides,
To fight and strain and lash above the little
vessel's sides ;

But it gallantly holds on, though its timbers
strain and creak,
And the wind has risen, till it's reached a loud
and piercing shriek ;
While the hearts are fainting fast that were so
strong before,
And a fear has crossed them that they will not
reach the distant shore.

Yet peacefully our Saviour slept thro' all the
whirl and din,
As though he had no knowledge of the danger
they were in ;
" Help ! Lord, we perish ! Save ! Oh save us from
this fearful ill !"
He rose, rebuked the waters, and bade the winds
be still.

Then suddenly with sob and moan again they
sunk to rest,
Without a ripple left to show upon the water's
breast,
While the little ship went gaily dancing to the
strand,
And the mariners with thankfulness in safety
reach the land.

Oh ! when the sea of life beats high, and all our
hopes have flown,
To Thee, O Lord ! we cry aloud, let not our hearts
sink down ;
And when the angry waves of strife threaten
to overwhelm,
Oh ! whisper to us " Peace ! be still ; your Saviour's
at the helm."

THE WIDOW'S SON.

THE sun was fading from the sky,
The twilight gathering round,
When from the city rose a cry,
A sad and wailing sound :
And issuing from the gates there came
A long and mournful funeral train.

With covered head and downcast eye
The people stood aside,
The dead man on a bier passed by,
Shorn of his strength and pride.
He was a widowed mother's son,
Her hope, her joy, her only one.

Poor mother, cease ; thy sorrow's known
Unto the Lord most high ;
Who marks the troubles of his own,
And listens to the sigh
Which bursts from every laden breast
That turns to him for help and rest.

As Jesus came into the city,
He heard the lonely widow's grief;
With heart of love and looks of pity
He hastened to bestow relief.
Weep not, poor mother; dry thine eyes:
He touched the bier, "Young man! arise."

The multitude with wonder saw
The dead alive and well,
And feelings both of love and awe
Within their bosoms swell.
The Saviour turned with accents mild,
He gave the mother back her child.

