

REFLECTIONS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649199549

Reflections by Harriet W. Foster

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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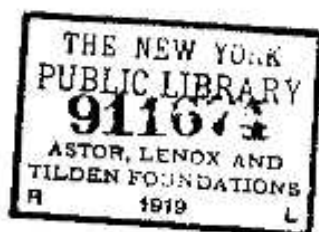
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HARRIET W. FOSTER

NEW YORK: 46 EAST 14TH STREET
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
BOSTON: 100 PURCHASE STREET



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TYPOGRAPHY BY C. J. PETERS & SON,
BOSTON.

REFLECTIONS.

To your loved ones be faithful and true.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear friend! God watch o'er thee,
Sweet be thy sleep till morning's welcome light;
Sleep thou! and dream of happy days to come,
Watched o'er by faithful angels of the night.

God bless her! whether sleeping or awake,
Within His keeping, sure is found complete repose;
Cease care! and be the din of discord hushed.
She sleeps! of what she dreams, who knows?

THINK of our influence over others; what a world
of responsibility is ours! What we do now stands
as a living example with some, — they never see us
after to-day.

Live a life worth imitating.

REJOICE to-day! make all happy who are here;
it may be, ere long, you will miss one from your
hearth and home.

PRAYER.

WHEN weary, sad, and lonely, the heart to Jesus
turns,
He knows our griefs, our longings, He bears for us
our load !
Each tear He marks with sadness, each sigh He
hears us breathe,
With pity He beholds us; for love the Father
yearns.

Why doubt His ever presence, O child of sin and
shame ?
Behold thy Master standing outside the door fast
closed ;
Make ready now thy portal, and bid the Healer in !
With balm and precious ointment, He comes in His
own name.

Pray thou! and He will hear thee; at morn, or noon,
or night,
He heeds our weak petitions when said with doubt
or fear ;
No prayer, however humble, but what He always
hears ;
A child, however sin-stained, is precious in His
sight.

LIVE, expecting thy summons at any time.

ONE breath, a tear, a sigh, and we are gone.

CONFESS IT NOW.

CONFESS I will! I love her well,
The maid I met some time ago;
You ask, and does she love me too?
I dare not say, I cannot tell.

Sometimes we are loved, but know it not;
We never will, how strange to say.
Why keep from those who crave it most
The love they seek, but find it not?

Year after year you love them too,
But, somehow, dare not tell them so;
You wait and wait, they yet remain;
You think not they may die ere you.

You keep your secret till they are dead,
And o'er their lifeless forms confess
The love you felt, and told it not;
Too late! you have left it all unsaid.

Friends, say you love before I'm dead;
Life will be worth the living then;
To live, be loved — to die, be mourned;
Remembered too by kind words said.

PRAY for thy friend, departed, gone.

Speed thou her soul to heaven's high throne!
She needs thy prayers, they cost thee but a tear —
Naught, naught, but these for sins atone.

REVERIE.

I COUNT the years since they were here ;
 Time's rosary, too, records each year ;
 Ah me ! how long and drear the time
 Since they've been gone, the loved and near.

While musing in the even tide,
 Or weeping by the firelight's glow,
 I rise and say, with trembling voice,
 "God, comfort give Thy servant tried."

And when at night I take my rest,
 I know the angels gather near ;
 I sleep and dream, oh, bliss complete !
 I wake and say, "God knew the best."

My Father, bid me while I'm here,
 My dear ones love, who dwell with Thee ;
 And when Thy summons reach my ear,
 Speed me to Thee and friends so dear.

TRUE friendship is priceless.

I WOULD love my friend as I love my life, and
 my Maker better than either.

HOW dreary is a life without one loving friend !
 Compare that life to a day without the sun-
 beams.

THERE is nothing dearer in all the world than a loving, loyal friend for all times; in joy or sorrow, sickness or health, poverty or wealth, that true friend abides.

What a comfort she is as the years roll on! her presence is like the gladsome, cheering sun, making happy all who come within her power. What rest and assurance we seem possessed of when with that one! how trustful we are of her! and, when parted, we still feel that she is with us; we are not alone; in our memory she holds a place; time, separation, nor the turmoil of our busy lives, can efface her from the table of our hearts; we feel her influence at all times.

Such should true friendship be — trustful, loving, and self-sacrificing, each living for the other.

THINK not what you would like to be, without working for it. Trust in God alone; go where He leads you; do as He commands. Obeying these, you will be happy while here, and rewarded hereafter.

LOYALTY.

WHAT if others please thy fancy?
 Would you pass the tried friend by?
 Kill the tender plant of friendship,
 Stand and see it droop and die?
