

**BEYOND
THE SHADOW**

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Beyond the shadow by Pearl Waggoner

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PEARL WAGGONER

**BEYOND
THE SHADOW**

Beyond the Shadow

by

Pearl Waggoner

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With hope from Heaven's store-house borrowed,
With strength from sea and wood imbibed,
To shadowed lives, or knowing sorrow,
This booklet is inscribed.

□ □ □

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CHICAGO

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By Miss Pearl Waggoner
1918

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Beyond the Shadow

I WATCHED as lo! a trail of lingering light
 Showed where the moon her silvery form had hid-
 den,
Till this was too withdrawn—black grew the night,
 And dark the clouds rolled past, by storm-elves rid-
 den.
Then sudden, in a rift, her beams shone through—
 More glorious bright by far than 'mid a starry blue.

A tree was planted on a lonely height
 By desolating storm oft devastated;
The rudest winds the sapling needs must fight;
 To human judgment, certain death awaited.
But nay! for in the storm which fiercest blew
 It sank its roots more deep, and stronger, hardier
 grew.

A barren stick—apparently a thorn,
 Which unmolested stood amidst the roses,
Why leave it there? It never can adorn
 So fair a garden scene! Yet it discloses,
As time goes on, a rare and fragrant flower,
 And now it stands admired, most beautiful of the
 bower.

A little seed which under foot was cast
 Had long within the cold, damp ground been lying;
Perchance it thought, "My usefulness is past—
 Forgotten am I here, alone, and dying."
But from it sprang a plant exceeding fair,
 With leafy, spreading boughs, and birds sought shel-
 ter there.

A covered cage—a little bird within,
 Who chirped his protest 'gainst the dark seclusion,
Remembering happy days which once had been,

Of freedom, light, and blossoms in profusion.
But in that waiting time, so dark, so long,
With all the world shut out, he found his gift of
song.

A maiden, seated at the ivory keys;
Her discontent but illy she disguises;
No value in repeated scales she sees,
No beauty in the simple exercises.
Time wasted, think you? Look again, and see
Musician who can wake divinest melody!

A life from which the joy had ebbed away
And left but pain and aching void behind it;
A hung'ring, through long nights and many a day,
For rest and peace—if one could only find it!
Then came there One who saw the vacant place;
He filled it with His love and crowned it with His
grace.

O heart perplexed and weary, upward look!
Hope on, nor longer spend thy time complaining;
Thy experiences and trials are the book
From which God teaches in thy course of training.
For life is but a school, and not in vain;
That looked upon as loss may mean but larger gain.

The office, sickroom, field, or prison cell,
Are but the classrooms where the Master teaches,
And if we learn the lessons ill, or well,
Yet through it all His love to each one reaches;
In love we're placed according to our need,
And how we spend the time is all that counts indeed.

What seems to human eyes as but defeat,
When all one's plans, one's hopes, lie crushed and
smitten,
As real success—as victory complete—
May yet in Heaven's book above be written,
And there some day, in Heaven's light made clear,
We'll see as then they are the things so puzzling here.

Look Beyond!

WHEN the clouds are dark, and hanging low about
thy way,
Look beyond the shadows to the land of perfect day;
Think of One who for thyself a deeper sorrow bore,
Think of endless life with Him where pain shall come
no more.

Look beyond the shadows to the dawn of perfect day
When a God of love Himself shall wipe all tears
away—
Where the mists shall vanish, and the dark things be
made known,
Where earth's worn and weary ones no more shall walk
alone.

Look beyond the shadow! There is light the other
side:
Daylight that is lasting—joys that evermore abide.
Look beyond the shadow when the prospect seemeth
drear;
Light beyond will compensate for all the gloom down
here.

Look beyond the shadows! But and should they
chance to be
Far too deep for human eyes the light beyond to see,
Lose not then thy hope, but hold by faith the promise
fast;
Morning surely cometh when the shades of night are
past.

Look beyond the shadow, for the morn will soon be
here;
Even now on the horizon signs of dawn appear.
Hold then fast thy confidence, whatever tests arise:
Light for thee, if faithful, just beyond the shadow lies.

What Is Success?

WHAT is it brings success? I looked around,
If haply there the answer might be found;
And as I gazed my eye soon rested where
A mighty tower rose midway in the air.
Majestic was its form, and greatly skilled
The architect, such monument to build!
And brick by brick still steadily it grew
Till in the clouds the top was lost to view.
But, unfinished, it turned to Babel,
And naught now marks the spot;
Its very name has a sound of shame,
And its builders are forgot.

Again the question came: What is success?
I turned to where in shimmering, jeweled dress
A woman stood amid admiring throng
Where myriad lights were seen, where laughter, song,
And sparkling wit were heard. Both near and far
Her name was known—a brilliant social star.
Oh, surely she had reached the zenith quite
Of earthly fame!—Then fell the shades of night,
And her beauty could no more serve her,
Nor riches bring success;
For the jewels of earth, her only worth,
In heaven are nothingness.

What is it makes for greatness? Then again
Mine eyes beheld upon the world's vast plain
Where lo, a ladder thro' the ages stood,
The which, to reach the things most great and good,
All men must climb. Each round bore such a name
As Pleasure, Work, Wealth, Eloquence, or Fame.
But 'neath some few who reached the topmost round
A trail of crushed and broken lives was found.
And the misery left behind them,
And groanings, far outweighed
The hollow praise which had filled their days,
And successes they had made.

And then it was I saw an eager band
Of busy workers rising through the land.
The poor they helped, for sufferers they cared;
No case of sickness found them unprepared.
But oft it chanced, the heart it was that bled,
The soul that starved—and these were left unfed.
And so, although they filled a crying need,
When hearts still ached—was it success indeed?
For 'tis not what the world may call us,
Nor what our lives appear,
Which spells success, but the hearts we bless,
And the port for which we steer.

All work is great, yet but a stepping stone
To what may greater be; and work *alone*
Is simply as was Babel—emptiness
Of all that makes for lasting, true success,
When we regard the "seen" alone as real
And lose the guiding spur of Heaven's ideal.
'Tis but confusion just to that extent
No higher aim, no love, is with it blent.
And 'tis not the *amount* of labor
Which counts at set of sun,
But *how* we toiled, and the evils foiled,
And the kindnesses we've done.

And then it chanced, as still I mused and gazed,
Another army to my view was raised;
Although from time to time its numbers grew,
Yet scattered was it—here and there a few.
Where'er they went no banners were unfurled;
Each simply filled *his* corner in the world.
They wore no badge, bore no high-sounding name,
And scarce a one was ever known to fame.
But where'er they passed a mourner
Whose heart was heavy, sore—
With Gilead's balm they left peace and calm
Where it ne'er was known before.