

HEART WHISPERINGS

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Heart Whisperings by Carrie Judd Montgomery

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CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

**HEART
WHISPERINGS**

HEART WHISPERINGS

BY

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY



OFFICE OF

TRIUMPHS OF FAITH

BEULAH, Mills College P. O., CAL.

1897

TO
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,
FAITH,

who, in her sweet child life, has unconsciously taught me many of my deepest and sweetest lessons of God's love, I dedicate this little volume.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.

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THE HEAVENLY BABE.

THE night was chill, the hour was dark,
My taper burning low;
I knew no joy without, within,
No light above, below;
In deep despair my heart was wrung
With pain that would not cease;
Alone I wept my sorrows out,
With none to give me peace.

Above the echo of my sobs,
A strange cry reached my ear;
It seemed so sad, it seemed so sweet,
I could not help but hear.
I knew the night wind, with its wail,
Could ne'er so mournful be;
And yet, no choir of heavenly birth
Could wake such melody.

The night air bore again the cry,
So sweet, and yet so sad;

TO AN
ANGEL

8

THE HEAVENLY BABE.

It thrilled my being to its depths
With grief which yet was glad.
'T was like a voice, 't was like a song,
And yet 't was like a sob;
'T was like a faint æolian harp,
Or like a glad heart's throb.

The tend'rest chord within my heart
Was touched by its appeal,
Though what it meant, I could not know,
If sign of woe or weal.

I opened wide the door, and looked;
The black night frowned at me;
I looked above, I looked beyond,
But nothing could I see.

At last, I bent, with lingering gaze,
My humble threshold o'er,
And there beheld a sadder sight
Than e'er I'd seen before:
A tiny babe in swaddling clothes,
With face divinely fair,
Reached forth its hands from out the night,
And sought my love and care.

"I have no room for two," I said;
"My home is small and poor;
And yet, I cannot say thee nay,
Nor turn thee from my door.
I'll hold thee to my aching breast;
With love thou shalt be fed;
I'll make a pillow of my heart,
And rest thy tender head."

O Babe so fair! O Babe so sweet!
What means this wondrous change?
What are these glory gleams of light,
That make Thee sweetly strange?
What scepter this within Thy hand?
What scars upon Thy brow?
A babe no longer, but a Prince!
Lord Jesus, it is Thou!

And thus He came in meek disguise,
My first glad Christmas tide;
His peace and love, His light and joy,
Forevermore abide.
He holds the right to rule and reign,
He wears His Kingly crown;

He is my everlasting light,
My sun no more goes down.

And still He comes to seek His own,
The while the angels sing,
"There's peace on earth, good-will to men;
Messiah is your King."
Oh, let the lowly Christ-child in,
Your burdens all to lift,
Himself the first, Himself the last,
Your royal Christmas gift.