

I LOVE GOD'S BEAUTEOUS WORLD

by mrs. c. ladd

Earth is the home of time; Heaven of eternity,
I love,
When earth is sleeping on the breast of night
I love to roam;
When not a footstep save my own
Falls on the ear,
I love to wander in the silent vale,
Beside the babbling brook, and gaze
Upon the broad bright vault above
And mark the change; that tell
Of Coming day-
In the gray tints of morn I love to watch
The starry host, us one by one, they fade away,
Like some dissolving scene. Melting from view,
Hiding their far off golden eyes
Behind the ethereal blue.

I love to mount

Up, up, to the mountain brow,
As morn with roseate floods of light
Illumes the distant eastern sky,
Spreading out golden arms to lift
The canopy of night.
The veil that o'er the sleeping, dreaming, world,
Night fung, that she might weep
Dew drops. With no eyes to see
Save the bright morning stars,
That once together sweetly sang
In all their melody,
Striking their harps till Heaven's high arch
Rang with the joyous strain that ushered in
The natal morn of earth,
God's gift, Time's child was born,
And in its young rich beauty lay
Fresh from the hands of Him,
Heaven's great architect.
Then as now night silent stole away,
Before the tints of purple light
Ushering in the day.
In hours like those the heart can hold
Communion with the spirit world,
Roaming in realms, far, far, beyond the sight,
Where soul meets soul, and the soft melting strain,
Mysterious spell, sweet music of the heart
Cushes in wild delight.

Earth is too beautiful.

As evening twilight fades, and night
With stealthy steps steals o'er the world
Bringing the watch stars out, to keep
Their vigils. Sweet noiseless sentinels
Guarding our mother earth

While she through their lone watches sleeps.
Then to make beauty, still more beautiful,
The full round moon in all her majesty,
Comes o'er the Eastern hill, as queen,
Of all that wondrous starry galaxy,
Bathing the earth, in her soft silvery light,
Making the shadowy forms light as a Fay
With noiseless feet, dance o'er the plain,
Coming, receding, melting far away,
Assuming wild fantastic shapes,
Till fancy gives them life.
'Tis in such hours, amidst such scenes,
That earth, and earthly passions die,
No sound awakes the soul entranced
From its sweet dreams of bliss,
Bliss, only known beyond the skies.
It is the hour, when incense pure
From the heart's deep fountain rise,
In silent adoration, to the throne of God.

No human passions mar the breast,
No clouds the arch above,
The purest homage of the heart,
Goes to the God of love.

Why is the earth so beautiful?
Why, why was the sun made for the day,
The moon made for the night?

The mountains high, the valleys low,
The brooks, the babbling rills,
The hills, the plains, the rolling seas,
With beauty nature fills.

Why was earth made so beautiful?
Why does God's special care,
Bring round the seasons in their turn,
With gifts so rich and rare?

'Twas made for man, for man alone,
And filled with gifts of love,
'Twas made for him, who'll scarcely raise
The voice of praise above.

In such an hour

God's gift, the earth.

In beauty,

Why so beautiful?

And a voice answered,