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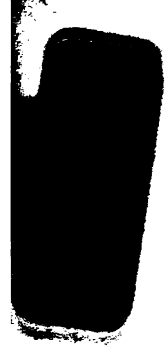
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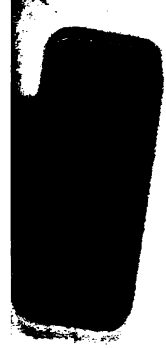
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TRANSFER FROM C. D. OCT V. 1915

RAYS

OF THE

EASTERN STAR

BY

HATTIE E. PARMELEE

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TO THE MEMBERS

OF THE

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

THROUGHOUT

THE UNITED STATES

THIS VOLUME

IS FRATERNALLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

H. E. Parmelee

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RAYS OF THE EASTERN STAR.

RUTH THE GLEANER.

WEARY gleaner in the field;
Small the gain her toil doth yield;
Yet, with earnest heart and hand,
Firm she walks o'er stubble land,
Gathering up the scattered grain,
Strength of body to sustain,
Working with a patient will,
Filial duties to fulfil.
Not till setting of the sun,
Will her toilsome task be done.
  Here a little, there a little,
Culms of barley she doth bring;
Gladly now her praises sing.

Gentle gleaner in the field,
Blest reward her toil doth yield ;
Blest her works of heart and hand,
Stranger in a stranger land ;
Precepts deep of faith and truth,
Learn we of the gleaner, Ruth.
Lessons sweet of gentleness,
Come to cheer us, come to bless.
From the endless ages past,
Fading not while time shall last.
Here a little, there a little,
Let us glean the golden grain,
Fainting spirit to sustain.

Gleaner in God's harvest field,
Small the gain your toil doth yield,
Judging from our human sight ;
Yet in heaven's most glorious light,
Great it may be, none can tell.
If we learn our lessons well,
Greater gifts He will impart
To the longing, faithful heart ;
Many sheaves of golden grain,

In His harvest fields remain.
Here a little, there a little,
O'er life's rugged road we may
Gather up from day to day.

AS THE DAYS GO BY.

SISTERS and Brothers, did you feel the charm,
While the days were passing by,
Of the Prince of Peace in the manger born?
The song of the angels on Christmas morn?
Of that life so lowly, His crown, but of thorn,
Who now hath ascended on high?

Happy and thankful did you list for the tread
While the wintry days went by;
The nearer tread of the Saviour's feet;
The King who was coming in glory complete,
While lonely hearts were waiting to greet
The Dayspring of love from on high?

Joyful and loving did you worship the King
As the beautiful days went by.
Did you number the blessings about your way,
Heed the injunction to watch and pray,
And scatter blessings about your way
With the message of peace from on high?

Loyal and tender, have your hearts been stirred
While the beautiful days passed by;
To visit God's poor in their lonely home,
Give comfort and help for dark days that come,
Make sad eyes grow bright through the wintry gloam,
As the bright holidays went by?

If thou hast been faithful in a few small things,
As the beautiful days went by;
If thou hast been loyal to duty's behest,

By giving unstinted your truest and best,
To the mourning ones brought comfort and rest,
Then bright shall your days go by.

Ever let us be true to our lessons learned,
As our days go rapidly by ;
May the Star in the East be our guide through life,
That we pass unscathed through clouds and strife,
Looking peacefully back on a useful life,
As we enter our home on high.

QUEEN ESTHER.

In her home stands the beautiful Queen
'Mong hangings of purple and gold,
With royalty stamped on the sheen
Of the armor carved and old,
With painting of costliest worth,
In setting of gems most rare
Showing scenes from Persia's vast realm,
Was the bower of Esther the fair.

As we gaze in her beautiful face,
And into her eyes so sad;
Her features displaying her race,
And a childhood merry and glad.
Reclining on cushions, whose weave
A glory and richness had wrought;
Is the fairest of daughters of Eve,
Whom the King for her beauty had sought.

On his throne of ivory and gold,
Surrounded by courtiers wise,
Who, empyric plans did unfold,
That the kingdom higher might rise,
Sat the King whose scepter of might,
Was wielded with tyrannous hand;
His edict had passed that her race
Should perish throughout the land.

In her love for kindred and home,
Heroic with purpose so strong;
Full willing her life to atone,
To avert the terrible wrong,
Unbidden, the beautiful Queen,
Advanced to the foot of the throne;
With robe and with crown fitly seen,
Undaunted, a life work had done.

Making known her request to the King,
With a graceful wave of the hand,
As her royal apparel she touched
With a resolute manner and bland.
The King on his throne of gold
With the council gathered around,

His edict reversed, we are told;
Queen Esther his favor had found.

Of Persia's fair Queen may we learn
Courageous to join heart and hand
In love for our dear native home,
And our preciously held household band,
And with purpose of heart let us dare
To brave indignation and scorn,
In our brother's woes let us share,
That life may be bright as the morn.

OUR FLORAL EMBLEM.

"Your voiceless lips,
Oh, flowers, are living teachers."

A DARKENED room, a sister dear,
Our faithful friend lies silent here,
So cold, so still, all sorrow past,
Exchanged the cross for crown at last.
Bring flowers bright
To cheer our night.

Another link in chain of Star,
Has passed beyond to realms afar;
The vacant chair seems e'er to say,
So soon we all must pass away.
Sweet flowers bring,
Her praises sing.

In loving works, in influence sweet,
To sing her praise were just and meet;
To obligations faithful, true,
To honor, right and justice too.

Flowers our love
A tribute prove.

To custom true, our Floral Star,
Blest tribute of the love we bear,
We'll place above her honored head
Upon the casket's narrow bed;
Five colors blend
For her our friend.

Blue, symbol of all that's true;
Yellow, to right and justice faithful too;
Green, for home and friends we dare to die;
White, hope points to immortality;
Red, works of love
Our precepts prove.

Our emblem speaks, though death the chain
Has snapped asunder once again,
Yet we will trust with Martha's faith:
Our souls shall soar when called by death,
To heavenly bowers
Of fadeless flowers.

ELECTA.

In the days of ancient sages,
In the years of martyr fires,
When the monarch's rule was cruel,
And the smoke of funeral pyres
Sent a smoky gloom around;
Came a message from a preacher,
Came the welcome gladdening sound:

"One there cometh, no one worthy
E'en to stoop t' unclasp His shoes,
He shall be the great Deliverer,
Who shall all our shackles loose."
Many hopes new born did ring,
Looking for the coming Saviour,
Many hearts His praise did sing.

After weary expectations,
Came there One of lowly birth,
Came to reign in humble station,

Came to bless the poor of earth ;
Darkened souls were brought to light
Through the influence of His power,
Sunshine came to cheer their night.

From among the heathen nations,
One bright soul shone as a star,
She was called the elect lady
For her deeds of kindness rare ;
Led by Christ, her holy joy,
Filled with love for Him she suffered
Persecutions to destroy.

Yet her Christian faith was mighty,
For the Roman soldiers bore
Holy cross, Christ's precious emblem,
With command its power t' ignore ;
Pressing it unto her breast,
With the faith of saintly martyr,
There she found deep peace and rest.

We may not be called to suffer
Persecution's cruel blow,
But there's cause for being loyal,

Truth has always wary foe
Lurking near our daily path,
Let endurance be the watchword,
Soon shall reign the power of truth.

Pure Electa, well beloved
For the noble life she gave,
Whose example we should follow
Hoping thus some soul to save,
Striving still to bear the cross ;
For the crown shines in the gloaming
And we count all else but dross.

MARTHA.

GONE from sight a brother dear,
Hearts bereaved and full of fear ;
Jesus knows, though far away,
All your sorest needs to-day.
He has counted all your grief,
Wait, and He will bring relief.
He will banish all your fears,
Gently wipe away your tears.

Lo, He comes ! and Martha's feet
Quickly fly her Lord to meet.
" Dearest friend ! Hadst Thou been here,
Death had spared my brother dear."
List ! Above all doubt and pain
" He shall surely rise again."
" I know, my Lord, in that great day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
His bright, pure spirit then shall rise

To join the angels in the skies.
I would that Thou shouldst ask of God
For strength to bear the chastening rod."
O, wondrous depth of living faith,
Unfaltering e'en in sight of death !

See ! beside the new made grave
Jesus stands with power to save.
Angels bending from the throne
View with awe God's only Son.
Heavenly harps are hushed and still
While He does His Father's will.
Lo ! He weeps. O, Lord Divine ;
Lo ! He prays with face ashine.
List that voice : " Come forth," He said.
From the grave appeared the dead.
Sorrow now is turned to joy,
Grief to balm without alloy ;
Faith to sight was then restored,
Martha's faith in Christ her Lord.

Hark ! the angel voices sing,
Loud the heavenly arches ring ;
Harps attuned to holy praise,

Louder still their anthems raise,
Till, from heaven's blest, wave-beat shore
Songs shall echo evermore.
Weary ones, so sore distrest
Wait on Christ for perfect rest.
Lessons take from Martha's faith,
Triumphing e'en over death.
Lose the bands of doubt and strife,
Then come forth to truest life.
Sure, though columns fair be riven
All will be complete—in heaven.

OUR ALTAR.

BEAUTIFUL altar, shrine of prayer,
Tenderest thoughts as we gather there ;
Beautiful hopes to us are given,
Forgetting the world and looking to heaven.
Humble our hearts as we lowly kneel,
Asking our Father to set His seal
Of love and forgiveness upon the past,
No more to stray while life shall last.

Beautiful altar : hand clasped in hand,
Joining the chain of Chapter band ;
Sweet are the strains as voices blend
In song and praise to Him our Friend.
Saddened our thoughts as we ever know,
Links must be severed here below ;
Over the river, one by one,
Vacant our places, life's labor done.

Beautiful altar within the star,
Instructive lessons radiate there ;
Effulgence of wisdom, truth and love
Gilding the way to our home above.
Beautiful altar, His word thy crown ;
Glorious promises handed down ;
Book of books, a lamp to our feet,
Capstone of devotion, rich and complete.

Help of the sorrowing, strength to the weak,
Light of our pathway, counsel we seek ;
Pride and rebellion all laid down,
Our central figure : altar and crown.
Beautiful altar, shrine of prayer,
Angelic whisperings hover there ;
Visions celestial ope to our eyes ;
Home of the weary, sweet Paradise.

ADAH, OR JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

On Mizpah's plains the torrid sun
Poured forth its rays with burning power,
Ten thousand warriors gathered there
With sword and spear, that noontide hour.
With armor bright their leader brave
On prancing steed impatient waits,
While hosts pour forth from country 'round,
And from the cities' open gates.

"To war! to war!" their leader called;
A warrior brave, warlike and bold;
"We'll slay by thousands," Jephthah cried,
As proud he sat in robe of gold.
The trumpet sounds, battalions form,

A mighty shout goes up on high ;
Their leader scans the surging crowd ;
"Be brave!" cried Jephthah, "dare or die!"

Their leader bowed his mighty head,
And clasped his hands across his breast ;
He saw his need, rash vow he made :—
If God would grant His people rest,
A vanquished foe, to him renown ;
(For he, though brave, was selfish still,)
The first who from his door should come
To welcome him, with free good will
Should be the Lord's ; a sacrifice ;
An offering, perchance of blood !
The vow was made with earnest heart,
While mighty warriors round him stood.

The trumpet sounds, the hosts go forth—
Thousands are slain—the victory gained;
The plaudits of the multitude
Upon the head of Jephthah rained.
He neared his home, his awful vow
Returned to him with ten-fold power ;

Oh God ! who heard the prayer he made,
Forsake him not in this dark hour.

Behold, his home is decked with flowers,
And lovely maidens circle round
With flashing robes and graceful steps,
While sweetly forth the timbrels sound;
And from among the merry throng,
With bounding step and noble mien,
Fair Adah, decked in richest robe,
Foremost to welcome him is seen !

Then Jephthah bowed his weary head
And smote upon his troubled breast ;
" Alas ! alas ! the vow I made !
Farewell to honor, peace and rest ! "
" My father, let your vow be paid,
Nor think I shrink the doom to meet,
Your pledge to God must be fulfilled ;
My life I lay down at thy feet."

Then out among the mountains deep,
Where Nature speaks with soothing
balm,

She bode for many weary months,
Till struggling soul grew strong and calm ;
Then bravely met the saddest fate
That could be met ; for father's hand
Must deal the blow ; yet firm she stood,
The heroine of Mizpah's land.

No veil to cover saintly face
Would she allow ; with her own hands
She cast it off ; with gaze upturned
She met her fate ; so break life's bands.
A type of filial womanhood,
Her name is sung from near and far,
A daughter true of noble blood,
Fair Adah of the Eastern Star.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LET us be kind,—
For time moves on apace
With hastening steps;
Soon each familiar face
E'en those we love
Shall vanish as the dew each from his place;
Let us be kind.

Let us be true,—
With armor clean and bright
Help on the right;
Though foes each day assail
To draw away;
If firm our feet are fixed upon the Rock.
We will be true.

Let us be pure,—
Ne'er breathe a thought of blame,

We may have sinned;
Let charity forever reign
And rule our hearts;
We will not judge our fellow man too hard
If we are pure.

Let us forgive,—
The bitter words that pierce our hearts
Try to forget;
Our Saviour knows the sacrifice
That we must make;
If we would be by Him forgiven,
We must forgive.

GLIMPSES OF BIBLICAL AND MASONIC LORE.

LET us wander back through cycles of time
And roam o'er the land of prophet and sage;
Some beautiful truths we would weave in a rhyme
And jot them down on the blank white page.
Throughout time's long space great changes we meet;
Upheaval of nations, war's death-dealing tide—
God's voice as a trumpet guiding the feet
Of Israel's glad hosts through the desert wide.

As they marched towards the land promised so long,

And quenched their thirst from the rude cleft rock,
Faith wavering and weak, then sometimes more strong,
So weary grown as their leader to mock,
But journeying on through sorrow and pain,
With pillar of cloud and with fire by night,
So faithfully led far from Pharaoh's reign,
So tenderly kept through Jehovah's might,
Far from the power of Egyptian king,
In Caanan's fair land in peace they might dwell;
And many long years marching on did they sing
Of the bright homes whose joy no tongue could tell.
Then we wander down through vistas of time

And list to the song of the Psalmist of old,
And behold in his life the wonderful line
Which had been, years agone, by prophets foretold.

Sweet singer of Israel! how much of heart cheer
And comfort and peace thy cadences bring!
How they scatter the gloom, dispel every fear,
Bring peace to the soul and a new song we sing!
For oft doth the heart grow weary of earth,
Oft would we rest by the side of the way;
To that Fountain we flee, for there is no dearth
Of its power to change our night into day.

We hasten through scenes of Biblical lore

And stand on the height where His hand
did guide;
See Pisgah's grand mount, view Caanan's
lands o'er;
With rapture look up over Sinai's rough
side,
Then climb to the crest of the mount
where stands
The Temple that Solomon built to the
Lord,
Through wisdom and skill and the work
of men's hands,
Following faithful their brave leader's
word.

Sacred old fane—in that structure we find
Lessons of true and genuine worth,
Historical treasures to broaden the mind
From its deepest study, are called into
birth,
For "No sound of axe or of hammer was
heard,"
So true to a line were the pieces
wrought—

"All polished and bright," not a stone should be blurred;
Thus were the laborers carefully taught.

We are builders for God; for a temple we rear
Out of talents more precious than richest mine.
We should prize above rubies His gifts so dear,
And never forgot to be "true to a line."
May we build to His name a temple so pure,
So polished and gilded with beautiful thought,
So rounded and perfect, we may be sure
That to jeweled setting we at last may be brought.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

Comfort one another—
While your days are bright and joyous,
While your heart is light,
Hopeful, strong and glad ;
Steal the choicest, holiest moments
For the sick and sad ;
One little act of kindness
E'en the angels stoop to bless,
And your life will grow more perfect ;
Do those deeds with saintly meaning,
There's a sure reward.

Comfort one another—
For the hours are drawing nearer
In your happy life
Free from shade of sin ;
When your heart will feel the burden
Of life's toil and din ;
You may not know the heart pangs

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In your sister's life so sad ;
Oh what joy in being helpful--
Speak some word of comfort gladly
Ere it be too late.

Comfort one another—
For the storms are beating wildly,
And the heart grows faint
With their rush and din ;
And the darkness gathers deeper
O'er the ways of sin ;
One little word of warning
May some peace and comfort bring
To the heart that tends to evil ;
Speak a word to prove you're loyal
To the vows you made.

Comfort one another—
When the tide is surely ebbing,
And the heart beats slow,
And the sight grows dim,
Whisper soothing balm of comfort ;
Speak the praise of Him
Who doeth all things well ;

Wipe the death-dew tenderly,
Press the palsied hand,
Show a sister's warm affection,
Obligation's deep command;
Then your way will shine most golden
As you sink to rest.



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