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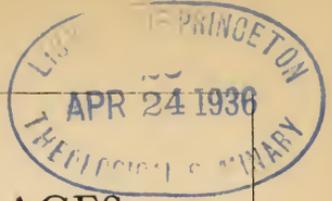


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HYMNS OF THE AGES.

BEING

**SELECTIONS FROM LYRA CATHOLICA, GERMANICA
APOSTOLICA, AND OTHER SOURCES.**

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

FIRST SERIES.

✓
Caroline S. Whitmarsh

**BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.**

M DCCC LXI.

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PREFACE.



IT has been our purpose in compiling this volume, to bring together, irrespective of creed and in a convenient form, some of the best sacred poetry, such as contains quiet thoughts for quiet hours,—devotional, comforting, peaceful.

We have therefore in several instances omitted hymns which deservedly rank among the best, and in those from the *Lyra Catholica* have made a few slight alterations.

Preferring the older hymns as less known, and richer in association, we have not limited ourselves to these: whatever seemed to belong in the book we have placed here, not carelessly, yet caring little for its outward source. If it be true that all along the ages and amid all varying phases of belief, the

human heart is the same, and if THIS in the hymns before us, has chanted its yearnings, and doubts, and comforts, and heavenward hopes, in the one great temple whose roof overarches all our creeds, need we ask whether the strain first stole from desk or aisle, from monkish crypt or kingly chapel, from the soul of a heart-broken sinner, or canonized saint ?

The heart of humanity in its highest, deepest moods has spoken here, still speaks ; and the Divine heart has listened, listens still as we believe, to these tender and glorious songs.

Caroline C. S. W. *Littmarsh*
A. E. G.

JULY, 1858.



Also Prayers of the Ages, by C. S. W.

PREFACE

TO THE LYRA CATHOLICA.



COMPETENT and willing hands have been found to do the grateful work of making these selections of rare and beautiful poetry. Most of the pieces, not all, are culled from the rich and hallowed minstrelsy of the Catholic Communion,—the time being quite come when Christians who would be truly catholic, cannot afford to lose the nourishment and consolation for the inward life, which any branch of Christ's Body supplies. To most Protestants these pieces will be new. By a few, some of them will be greeted as acquaintances already familiar and endeared, the companions of many sacred hours. The present writer's office is merely to pass on to the public what the taste and veneration of two friends have made ready. With-

out undertaking to commend these noble and graceful productions, he would only invite the inquiry whether the elements and influences united in them, are not precisely such as the religious culture of our time and region needs; whether the nameless quality of genuine sacred poetry is not in them, in a remarkable measure; whether the energy and fire of original genius are not finely blended with the simplicity of a quiet heart and a deep spirituality; whether the facts, the materials, the symbols, the persons, all the outward forms and events through which the Eternal Word is revealed, are not here so delicately and vigorously touched as to render them powerful attractions to a holy life; and whether devotion is not likely to grow ardent and firm where the inmost soul of man is so humbly thrown open, as here, to the personal approaches of his Maker and Redeemer.

It may be interesting to those readers who are first introduced to the treasures of devout poetry in the Old Church by this volume, to know that the *Lyra Catholica* most in use in this country is a re-

publication and enlargement of an English collection, of the same name, compiled and translated by Edward Caswall in 1849,—extracts from whose preface are given below. The American work is published by Edward Dunigan and brother, of New York, whose kindness and courtesy in allowing the present abridgment are cordially acknowledged. It includes three parts: 1. The Hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, with others adapted to the annual Festivals of the Church; 2. Hymns, Anthems, and Holy Lyrics, appropriate to particular occasions of devotion; 3. Sacred Poems less intimately related to ecclesiastical services, selected from both Catholic and Protestant writers.

From the whole vast range of Christian thought, experience, and imagination, therefore,—from the fresh melodies lifted in the morning air of the Christian ages,—from that long line of consecrated and aspiring singers reaching back to the days of Constantine,—from among the lofty strains of Ambrose and Jerome and their strong fellow-believers, where the sanctity of centuries is so wrought, like an invisible aroma, into the very substance and

structure of the verses, that it would seem as if some prophetic sense of their immortality had breathed in the men that wrote them,—from the secret cells and the high cathedrals of the Continental worship, where scholarship, and art, and power joined with piety to raise the Lauds and Glorias, the Matins and Vespers, the Sequences and the Choral Harmonies of a gorgeously appointed Praise,—from the purer literature of Old England, embracing the tender and earnest numbers of Southwell, and Crashaw, and Habington, and a multitude better known besides,—these voices of Faith are reverently gathered into their perfect harmony.

The volume is offered to the thoughtful portion of our community, with a cheerful confidence that it will fulfil an elevating, purifying, comforting ministry in many hearts, closets, and homes. Nor will its worth fail to be the more cordially confessed in many quarters, because so much in it favors the general tendency to recognize the observances and associations of the CHRISTIAN YEAR.

EXTRACTS

From the Preface of EDWARD CASWALL, M. A., to his
Lyra Catholica.

IT has been the object to exhibit for the first time in an English form, the entire series of those divine Hymns, which, in their Latin originals, have through ages been, and still continue to be, to countless saintly souls, the joy and consolation of their earthly pilgrimage.

“The present contribution to the existing store of Catholic vernacular Hymns, consists of three portions. The first, and by far the largest portion, comprehends all the Hymns in the Roman Breviary, including those in the *Officia Sanctorum Angliæ*; the second portion comprises the Hymns and Sequences of the Roman Missal; and the third consists of Hymns from various sources. Of these latter it may be observed, that the Hymns on the Nativity, Annunciation, and Visitation, of our Blessed Lady, as also those to St. Anne, St. Stephen, and St. John the Evangelist, are from the Monastic Breviary of Cluny; those on the Purification and the Assumption, the Hymn to Jesus, and that for Sunday Morning, from the Parisian Breviary; and those to St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Pius the Fifth, from the *Raccolta delle Indulgenze*.

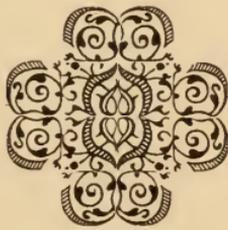
“As respects the Hymns in general, it may be useful to remark, that the greater number of them appear to have been originally written, not with a view to private

reading, but for the purpose of being sung to the beautiful ecclesiastical melodies by Monastic and other Religious Bodies at their Office in Choir. This circumstance will serve to explain a few scattered expressions, which otherwise might seem unreal; as, for instance, where allusions occur to the practice of rising at midnight to sing praises to God;—and if, on the one hand, some few of the Hymns may so far appear less adapted to the use of persons living in the world, it is our gain surely, on the other hand, thus, by occasional glimpses, to be reminded of that more perfect life, which has never ceased to be a reality in the Catholic Church.

“Another advantage, which we owe, doubtless, in a measure, to the same circumstance—an advantage not to be despised in a sentimental age—is the exceedingly plain and practical character of these Hymns. Written with a view to constant daily use, they aim at something more than merely exciting the feelings. They have a perpetual reference to action. Their character is eminently objective. Their tendency is, to take the individual out of himself; to set before him, in turn, all the varied and sublime Objects of Faith; and to blend him with the universal family of the Faithful.

“And here, although the Translator may seem to be pleading his own cause, yet he cannot refrain from observing, that truly poetical as are many of these Hymns, as indeed well befits the sacred outpourings of Christ’s tender Spouse, still, as a whole, the devotional is their primary and least disappointing aspect. Whoever attempts to read them as mere poetry, will obtain from them little of that

delight which they are capable of inspiring. And as this is true of the original Latin, so it is truer still of the Hymns as they appear in the present translation; in which, it is to be feared, the unadorned simplicity of the prototype has too often degenerated into plainness; while its beauties have been faintly reflected, and their clear edge blunted in passing through a too earthly medium."



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LYRA CATHOLICA.

A

LYRA CATHOLICA.



MATINS.

O BLEST Creator of the light!
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And framing Nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day:—
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
Oh, hear us as we weep and pray!

Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime;
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Breviary.

NOW doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Keep us from sin, O Lord most high!
Through all the actions of the day.

Curb Thou for us th' unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize;
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh, may our hearts be pure within!
No cherish'd madness vex the soul!
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control.

So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring;
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing.

Breviary.



OUR limbs with tranquil sleep refresh'd
Lightly from bed we spring ;
Father supreme ! to us be nigh
While to thy praise we sing.

Thy love be first in every heart
Thy name on every tongue ;
Whatever we this day may do,
May it in Thee be done.

Soon will the morning star arise,
And chase the dusk away ;
Whatever guilt has come with night,
May it depart with day.

Cut off in us, Almighty Lord,
All that may lead to shame ;
So with pure hearts may we in bliss
Thine endless praise proclaim.

Breviary.



GREAT Framers of the earth and sky,
Who dost the light and darkness give!
And all the cheerful change supply
Of alternating morn and eve!

Light of the midnight traveller!
Who dost divide the day from night!—
Loud crows the dawn's shrill harbinger,
And wakens up the sunbeams bright.

Forthwith at this, the darkness chill
Retreats before the star of morn;
And from their busy schemes of ill,
The vagrant crews of night return.

Fresh hope, at this, the sailor cheers;
The waves their stormy strife allay;
The Church's Rock at this, in tears,
Hastens to wash his guilt away.

Arise ye, then, with one accord!
Nor longer wrapt in slumber lie;
The cock rebukes all who their Lord
By sloth neglect, by sin deny.

At his clear cry joy springs afresh ;
Health courses through the sick man's veins ;
The dagger glides into its sheath ;
The fallen soul her faith regains.

Jesu ! look on us when we fall ;—
One momentary glance of thine
Can from her guilt the soul recall
To tears of penitence divine.

Awake us from false sleep profound,
And through our senses pour thy light ;
Be thy blest name the first we sound
At early dawn, the last at night.

Breviary.



COME, Holy Ghost, and through each heart
 In thy full flood of glory pour ;
 Who, with the Son and Father, art
 One Godhead blest for evermore.

So shall voice, mind, and strength conspire
 Thy praise eternal to resound ;
 So shall our hearts be set on fire,
 And kindle every heart around.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

Breviary.



LORD of eternal truth and might !
 Ruler of nature's changing scheme !
 Who dost bring forth the morning light,
 And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
 And bid the heat of passion cease ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Breviary.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O THOU true life of all that live!
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day:

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
 So may our souls no sunset see;
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.

Breviary.



L ET us arise and watch ere dawn of light,
 And to the Lord our hearts and voices raise;
 And meditate in psalms, and all unite
 In holy hymns of praise.

So joining in the strains of saints on high
 Hereafter, in the courts of heaven's great King,
 May we be meet his praise eternally
 With them in bliss to sing.

Breviary.

O THOU the Father's Image blest !
Who callest forth the morning ray ;
O Thou eternal Light of light !
And inexhaustive Fount of day !

True Sun ! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore ;
And through each sense the quick'ning beam
Of the eternal Spirit pour.

Thee too, O Father, we entreat,
Father of might and grace divine !
Father of glorious majesty !
Thy pitying eye on us incline.

Confirm us in each good resolve ;
The Tempter's envious rage subdue ;
Turn each misfortune to our good ;
Direct us right in all we do.

Rule Thou our inmost thoughts ; let no
Impurity our hearts defile ;
Grant us a true and fervent faith ;
Grant us a spirit free from guile.

May Christ himself be our true Food,
And Faith our daily cup supply ;

While from the Spirit's tranquil depth
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

Still ever with the peep of morn
May saintly modesty attend ;
Faith sanctify the midday hours ;
Upon the soul no night descend.

Fast breaks the dawn.—Each whole in Each,
Come, Father blest ! Come, Son most high !
Shine in our souls, and be to them
The dawn of immortality.

Breviary.



LO, fainter now lie spread the shades of night,
And upward shoot the trembling gleams of morn ;
Suppliant we bend before the Lord of Light,
And pray at early dawn,—

That his sweet charity may all our sin
Forgive, and make our miseries to cease ;
May grant us health, grant us the gift divine
Of everlasting peace.

Breviary.

THE CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL AT SUNRISE.

SOIL not thy plumage, gentle dove,
With sublunary things,—
Till in the fount of light and love,
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall Nature from her couch arise,
And rise for thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
Such types of truth contain.

See—where the Sun of Righteousness,
Unfolds the gates of day:
Go,—meet Him in his glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!

There, where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours,—
Soar thou,—and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers:

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!

And let the drops of sparkling dew,
From Siloa's spring be shed,

To form a fragrance fresh and new,
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,
Nor fear to wend away ;
And let a glow of heavenly air,
Gild every earthly day !

Brydges.



Consors paterni luminis.

PURE Light of light ! eternal Day !
Who dost the Father's brightness share ;
Our chant the midnight silence breaks ;—
Be nigh, and hearken to our prayer.

Scatter the darkness of our minds,
And turn the hofs of hell to flight ;
Let not our souls in sloth repose,
And sleeping sink in endless night.

O Christ ! for thy dear mercy's sake,
Spare us, who put our trust in Thee ;
Nor let our hymns ascend in vain
To thy immortal Majesty.

Breviary.

NOW, while the herald bird of day
Proclaims the morning bright ;
Christ also, speaking in the soul,
Wakes her to life and light.

“Take up your beds,” we hear Him say,
“No more in slumber lie ;
In justice, truth, and temperance,
Keep watch ;—Your Lord is nigh.”

O Christ ! and art Thou nigh indeed ?—
Then let us watch and weep ;
This truth but once in earnest felt
Forbids the heart to sleep.

Break, Lord, the spell that wraps us round
In deadly bonds of night ;
Shatter the chains of former guilt ;
Renew in us thy light.

Breviary.



Nox et tenebræ et nubila.

YE mist and darkness, cloud and storm,
Confused creations of the night ;
Light enters—morning streaks the sky—
Christ comes,—’tis time ye take your flight.

Pierced by the sun’s ethereal dart,
Night’s gloomy mass is cleft in twain ;
And, in the smiling face of day,
Nature resumes her tints again.

O God, we know no sun but Thee !
Shine in our souls divinely bright !
We seek Thee in simplicity ;
Through all our senses shed thy light.

A thousand objects all around
In false delusive colors shine ;
To purge them clear, we ask, O Lord,
But one immortal beam of thine.

Breviary.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

NOW with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us infill ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will :

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

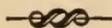
Breviary.



GRANT us a body pure within ;
A wakeful heart, a ready will ;
Grant us, by no deep cherish'd sin,
The fervor of the soul to chill.

Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true !
With thy most pure celestial ray ;
So may we walk in safety through
All the temptations of this day.

Breviary.



UPON our fainting souls distil
The grace of thy celestial dew ;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

Grant us the grace, for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below ;
Faith to detect each falsity ;
And knowledge, Thee alone to know.

Breviary.

THE star that heralds in the morn
Is fading in the skies;
The darkness melts;—O Thou true Light!
Upon our souls arise.

Steep all our senses in' thy beam;
The world's false night expel;
Purge each defilement from the soul,
And in our bosoms dwell.

Come, early Faith! fix in our hearts
Thy root immovably;
Come, smiling Hope! and, last not least,
Immortal Charity!

Breviary.



VESPERS.



CHRISTMAS VESPER HYMN.

DEPART awhile, each thought of care,
Be earthly things forgotten all;
And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer;
Obedient to that sacred call.
For hark! the pealing chorus swells;
Devotion chants the hymn of praise,
And now of joy and hope it tells,
Till fainting on the ear, it says—
Gloria tibi Domine,
Domine, Domine.

Thine, wondrous babe of Galilee!
Fond theme of David's harp and song,
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy—
To thee its ransom'd chords belong.
And hark! again the chorus swells,
The song is wafted on the breeze,
And to the listening earth it tells—
In accents soft and sweet as these—
Gloria tibi Domine.

My heart doth feel that still He's near,
 To meet the soul in hours like this,
 Else—why, O why, that falling tear!
 When all is peace and love and bliss!
 But hark! that pealing chorus swells
 Anew, its thrilling vesper strain,
 And still of joy and hope it tells,
 And bids creation sing again—
 Gloria tibi Domine.

J. Hughes.



COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
 And in our souls take up thy rest;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

Breviary.

THE pall of night o'er shades the earth,
And hides the tints of day;—
O Thou! to whom no night comes near,
Dread Judge! to Thee we pray!

That Thou wilt all our guilt remove,
And our lost peace restore;
And of thy mercy grant that we
May grieve thy heart no more.

The guilty soul, which all too long
In lethargy hath lain,
Yearns to cast off her load, and seek
Her Saviour's face again.

Expel from her the darkness, Lord,
Of her internal night;
Renew her bliss,—renew in her
Thy beatific light.

Breviary.



LORD of eternal purity!
 Who dost the world with light adorn,
 And paint the tracts of azure sky
 With lovely hues of eve and morn :

Who didst command the sun to light
 His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze ;
 Didst set the moon her circuit bright ;
 The stars their ever-winding maze :

That, each within its order'd sphere,
 They might divide the night from day ;
 And of the seasons through the year,
 The well remember'd signs display :

Scatter our night, eternal God,
 And kindle thy pure beam within ;
 Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
 And break the deadly bonds of sin.

Breviary.



THEE in the hymns of morn we praise ;
 To Thee our voice at eve we raise ;
 Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,
 Thee through all time to glorify.

Breviary.

ASPIRATION.



PERFECTION.

O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

O utter but the Name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above ;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul !
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
O these are graces far below
What longing love would ask !

Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free :
Look long at Jesus ; his sweet Blood,
How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;
It is not hard to love ;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move !

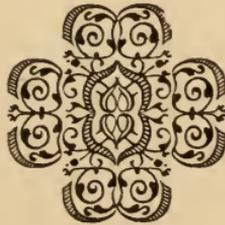
Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast ;
Better the missions wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

Yet none of these perfection needs :—
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

O keep thy conscience sensitive ;
No inward token miss ;
And go where grace entices thee ;—
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be !

Faber.



THE ETERNAL FATHER.

O HOW I fear Thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for thyself
And for thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me thy sinful child.

Only to fit and think of God—
O what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the Name—
Earth has no higher bliss !

Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Faber.



PECCATOR AD CHRISTUM.

MY spirit longeth for Thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although I am unworthy
Of so divine a Guest!

Of so divine a Guest—
Unworthy though I be;
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to Thee!

Until it come to Thee,—
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found!

No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love:
Oh! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above!

Brydges.

CHRISTUS AD PECCATOREM.

CHEER up, desponding soul,
Thy longing pleased I see :
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I long'd for thee !

Wherewith I long'd for thee,
And left my Father's throne ;
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own !

To claim thee for my own,
I suffer'd on the cross :
Oh ! were my love but known,
All else would be as dross !

All else would be as dross !
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live forever mine !

Brydges.



SELF-CONSECRATION.



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

FAITH of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our Fathers, chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faber.

THE VOW.

BRIGHT Angels who attend
Around our altar now,
Your wonted cares suspend,
Lift to the holy Vow,
Which, while the sacrifice
Of Heaven's eternal love,
Pleads for us every grace,
Is heard in heaven above.

Jesus! my happy heart
Now gives itself to Thee,
O! never hence depart,
Reign here eternally.
Thy sacred name alone,
All my delight shall prove;
No joy my soul shall own,
But in thy holy love.

And, oh! in after years,
When life is fading fast,
When flow repentant tears,
Cancelling errors past,
Still shall that holy vow,
Be breathed to Heaven,
And fervently as now,
My heart to Thee be given.

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
 And make it always thine,—
 That I from 'Thee no more may stray,
 No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
 Behold I prostrate fall :
 Let every sin be crucified,—
 Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
 Adopt me for thine own,—
 That I may see thy glorious face,
 And worship at thy throne !

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
 My blest atonement prove,—
 That I from first to last may be
 The purchase of thy love !

Let every ^{wish} thought, and work, and word,
 To Thee be ever given,—
 Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven.

Brydges.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Crux sublata. Matt. xvi. 24.

JESUS,—I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 I am poor, despised, forsaken,—
 Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
 Perish every fond ambition,—
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition,—
 God and heaven are still mine own!

Let the world despise and leave me,
 It has left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not like them untrue:
 Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,—
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;—
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go then,—earthly fame and treasure,
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,—
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, Abba Father!
 I have set my heart on Thee:

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All will work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me ;—
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

Soul,—then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee :
Child of heaven, cans't thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,—
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Patience shall thy spirit raise ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

CONVERSION.

O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts,
We know not how or when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith!
My God! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Should'st give that gift to me?

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

How many hearts Thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

Ah Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

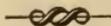
How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
Seem trifles less than light,—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then
 I lovingly adore;
 O give me grace to keep thy grace,
 And grace to merit more!

Faber.



PRAYER OF THE CONTRITE SINNER.

HAVE mercy Thou, most gracious God!
 And my remittance sign;
 The more thy mercy shall accord,
 The greater glory thine.

Thou surely hast not said in vain:
 "More joy in heaven is made,
 For the lost sheep that's found again,
 Than those which never stray'd."

Help'd by thy grace, no more I'll stray,
 No more resist thy voice;
 Where Thou, good Shepherd, lead'st the way,
 That way shall be my choice.

Too long, alas! my wand'ring feet
 The crooked paths have trod;
 Henceforth I'll follow, as is meet,
 The sure unerring road.

If casual falls retard my pace,
With speed again I'll rise ;
With speed I'll reassume my race,
And run and gain the prize.

All praise, O Lord, to Thee alone,
Below, as 'tis above :
And may thy joys, Eternal One,
Both draw and crown my love.



HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby ;
Nor because they who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;

And griefs and torments numberless ;
And sweat of agony ;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ !
Should I not love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell :

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Missal.



TRUST.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

O there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good ; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks ;
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are ;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own ;
Her step is firm and free ;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkeſt battle-field
Thou ſhalt know where to ſtrike.

O bleſſ'd is he to whom is given
The inſtinſt that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is moſt invisible !

And bleſſ'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the ſide that ſeems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

O learn to ſcorn the praiſe of men !
O learn to loſe with God !
For Jeſus won the world through ſhame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Moſt ſtrange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, leaſt like
What men agree to praiſe.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's miſjudging ſhame,
In his own world He is content
To play a loſing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast Soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Faber.



SURSUM CORDA.

“LIFT up your hearts!” Yes, I will lift
My heart and soul, dear Lord, to Thee
Who every good and perfect gift
Vouchsaf’st so lavishly and free.

All that is best, from Thee comes down
On us, with rich and ample store,
Thy bounteous hands our wishes crown
With good, increasing more and more.

’Twas Thou that gave us life and breath,
It is thy hand that holds us still,
That keeps us from the sleep of death,
And shelters us from every ill.

Yea, more than corporal life,—thy love
Has promise given of life to come ;
And taught us, by the faith, above
All ills to soar, and burst the tomb.

Then, while I live, with ardent eye,
Let me look up to Thee, and learn,
From blessings *here*, to look on high,
And purer blessings *there* discern !

All Thou hast given is thine, then take
 Me, thine own gift, for all thine own,
 And teach me every day to make
 New vows of love to Thee alone!



GOD AND HEAVEN.

THE silver chord in twain is snapp'd
 The golden bowl is broken,
 The mortal mould in darkness wrapp'd,
 The words funereal spoken;
 The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
 Or delved is the grassy clod,
 And what for mourning man is left?
 O what is left—but God!

The tears are shed that mourn'd the dead,
 The flowers they wore are faded;
 The twilight dun hath veil'd the sun,
 And hope's sweet dreamings shaded:
 And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
 From our heart of hearts are riven;
 And what is left us when we weep?
 O what is left—but Heaven!

THE WILL OF GOD.

“Thy will be done.”

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of his Heart
Those Three-and-Thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men ;
When simple Hearts outwit the wise,
O thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet :
I cannot fear thee, bleffed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O bleffed Will!
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

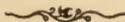
Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will !

Faber.



Dies iræ, dies illa.

[Crashaw's Translation.]

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
 Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings,
 Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
 The world in flames shall pass away ?

O that fire ! before whose face,
 Heaven and Earth shall find no place ;
 O these eyes ! whose angry light
 Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump ! whose blast shall run
 An even round with th' circling sun,
 And urge the murmuring graves to bring
 Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of nature, hell and death!
When a deep groan as from beneath
Shall cry, "We come! we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright,
Will set the world in severe light:
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure—yet none can fly.

Ah! thou poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more than stand.

But thou givest leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And, with the wings of thine own dove,
Fly to the sceptre of soft love.



MY GOD AND MY ALL.

Deus meus et omnia.

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

Yes; Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger;
My strength when I suffer; my hope when I fall;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger;
My treasure, my glory, my God, and my all.

To Thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall;
And love Thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call;
And quit Thee on earth, but to find Thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God and my all.

W. Young.

PRAYER.



Telluris alme conditor.

O BOUNTEOUS Framers of the globe!
Who with thy mighty hand
Didst gather up the rolling seas,
And firmly base the land:

That so the freshly teeming earth
Might herb and seedling bear,
Standing in early beauty gay,
With flowers and fruitage fair:

On our parch'd souls pour Thou, O Lord,
The freshness of thy grace;
So penitence shall spring anew,
And all the past efface.

Grant us to fear thy holy law,
To feel thy goodness nigh;
Grant us through life thy peace; in death
Thine immortality.

Breviary.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give:

Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live;

Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If Thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds,—our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :

Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
 Thee confess and Thee adore,
 In thy sevenfold gifts, descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;
 Give them life with Thee on high ;
 Give them joys which never end.

Missal.



Veni Creator.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind ;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free
 And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light
 The Father's promised Paraclete !

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :
But oh ! inflame and fire our hearts :
Our frailties help, our vice control—
Submit the senses to the soul :
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Translated by Dryden.

LENT.

Audi benigne Conditor.

THOU loving Maker of mankind,
Before thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills
Discern, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
Again to us thy mercy show.

Much have we sinn'd; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore:
Oh, for the praise of thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore!

And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
Sole Unity! to Thee we cry:
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.

Breviary.

Magnæ Deus potentiæ.

LORD of all power! at whose command,
The waters, from their teeming womb,
Brought forth the countless tribes of fish,
And birds of every note and plume :

Who didst, for natures link'd in birth,
Far different homes of old prepare ;
Sinking the fishes in the sea ;
Lifting the birds aloft in air.

Lo! born of thy baptismal wave,
We ask of Thee, O Lord divine!
“Keep us, whom Thou hast sanctified
In thy own Blood, forever thine.

“Safe from all pride, as from despair ;
Not sunk too low, nor raised too high
Left raised by pride, we headlong fall ;
Sunk in despair, lie down and die.”

Breviary.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

JESUS.

THE light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return ;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrain'd and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

O that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss!

O that they knew what faith can work!
What Sacraments can do!
What simple love is like, on fire
In hearts absolved and true!

How can they tell but Jesus oft
His secret thirst will flake,
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take?

{ Poor souls! they know not how to love;
They feel not Jesus near;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace?

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones,
If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been huff'd
In reverential thought.

They would have smiled in playful ways
To ease their fervid heart,
And learn'd with other simple souls
To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God
For their own vileness' sake,
And fear'd lest some interior light
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile
The inward awe can prove ;
They fathom not the creature's fear
Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not ; for they have not kiss'd
The Saviour's outer hem :
They fear not ; for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them !

Faber.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong is the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Soldiers of Christ! arise!
The God of armies calls
Unto his mansions in the skies—
His everlasting halls:
Behold! the angel host appears
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh! what is earth, its fights, and tears,
Its joys compared to this!

Crush'd is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone,
But ye with victory crown'd, shall go
To Christ's eternal throne.
There shall the conqueror rest,
And in that blest abode,
Forever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

MARY MAGDALEN.

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
She mark'd not the splendor that blazed on their board ;
But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her cheek ;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall ;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd at his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes ;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly press'd.

On the cloud, after tempests, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sun-beam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one—her sins were forgiven ;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Callanan.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

MY soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in heaven no work to do
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self
And in his own infinity?

So must it seem to our blind eyes :
He gave his love no Sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

From out his glorious Bosom came
His only, his Eternal Son ;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with his Blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against his love ;
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only look'd at sin
' Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For his Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown his own elected ones.

Men spurned his grace ; their lips blasphemed
The love that made itself their slave :
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night ;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is man's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth his anger tells ;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin
The world's Redeemer crucified ;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, his gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself
In patient and forbearing love,
To be his creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee !
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity !

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss !

What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for his mercy upon thee !

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SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

WHY dost thou beat so quick, my heart?
Why struggle in thy cage?
What shall I do for thee, poor heart!
Thy throbbing heat to suage?

What spell is this come over thee?
My soul! what sweet surprise?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
That start into mine eyes?

How are my passions laid to sleep,
How easy penance seems!
And how the bright world fades away—
O are they all but dreams?

How great, how good does God appear,
How dear our holy faith!
How tasteless life's best joys have grown!
How I could welcome death!

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask ;
But, O most gentle Dove !
O wherefore hast Thou lit on one
That so repays thy love ?

Ah ! that Thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
With thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are thy rest ;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;
Thou makest there thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove ! I'll lend to Thee
To mourn with at thy will ;
My tongue shall be thy lute to try
On sinners' souls thy skill.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
And let it be thy nest.

Faber.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

O FOR the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my Spirit so enjoy'd
More than earth's liberty!

O for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never pall'd,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was call'd!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

O who hath lock'd those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stay'd?
What sudden act hath thus transform'd
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesu's blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
The Feast of Angels' Bread :—

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread ;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

O when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earn'd
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day,
Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which thy beauty show'd,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught,
And only as my God.

O bleffed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And bleffed be all things that teach
God's great supremacy.

Faber,

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

AH! dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glow bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! Thou know'st
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
In weak distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

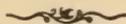
And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord! it hangs on Thee.

The soul, that on self-sacrifice
Is dutifully bent,
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface-troubles come and go,
Like ruffings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee!

Faber.



PREPARATIVE TO PRAYER.

WHEN thou dost talk with God—by prayer I mean—
Lift up pure hands, lay down all lust's desires;
Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience clean:
Since holy blame to mercy's throne aspires,
Confess faults' guilt, crave pardon for thy sin,
Tread holy paths, call grace to guide therein.

It is the spirit with reverence must obey
Our Maker's will, to practise what He taught:
Make not the flesh thy council when thou pray;
'Tis enemy to every virtuous thought;
It is the foe we daily feed and clothe;
It is the prison that the soul doth loathe.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,
Did cast his mantle to the earth behind ;
So, when the heart presents the prayer on high,
Exclude the world from traffic with the mind :
Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

As Abraham, ascending up the hill
To sacrifice ; his servants left below,
That he might act the great Commander's will,
Without impeach to his obedient blow ;
Even so the soul, remote from earthly things,
Should mount salvation's shelter—mercy's wings.

Scutwell.



CHRIST.



PASTOR ANIMARUM.

(From the Spanish.)

COME, wandering sheep, O come!
I'll bind thee to my breast;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deign'd to die—
What greater proof could I
Give,—than to seek the tomb?
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest?
I bear thee in my arms;
Thou, bear me in thy breast!
O, this is love—come, rest—
This is a blissful doom.
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

DOMUS AUREA.

LIGHT! Light! Infinite Light!
The mountains melted away:
Ten thousand thousand seraphim bright
Were lost in a blaze of day:
For God was there, and beneath his feet
A pavement of sapphires glow'd,*
As the mirror of glory transcendently meet
To reflect his own abode!

Love! Love! Infinite Love!
The lowly Lady of grace
Bows underneath the o'ershadowing Dove,
Her eternal Son to embrace!
For God is there, the Ancient of Days,
An Infant of human years:
Whilst angels around them incessantly gaze,
And nature is wrapt in tears!

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!
A Golden House hath it found,
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase
With immortality crown'd!
For God was there, the Lord of the skies,
Whose loud alleluias ran,
From heaven to earth,—as Emmanuel lies
In the arms of Mary for man!

Brydges.

* Exodus xxiv. 10.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Breviary.

Jesu Rex admirabilis.

O JESUS! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renown'd!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable!
In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou vifiteft the heart,
Then truth begins to fhine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpaffing all the joys we know,
All that we can defire :

May every heart confefs thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And seeking Thee, itfelf inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives exprefs
The image of thine own.

Breviary.

Jesu decus angelicum.

O JESU! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above ;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloy'd !
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which naught but Thou can fill.

O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light
Illumine the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !
Our life and joy ! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

Breviary.

Marentes oculi spargite lacrymas.

NOW let us sit and weep,
And fill our hearts with woe :
Pondering the shame, and torments deep,
Which Christ from wicked men did undergo.

See! how the multitude,
With swords and staves, draw nigh :
See! how they smite, with buffets rude,
That head divine of awful majesty :

How, bound with cruel cord,
Christ to the scourge is given ;
And ruffians lift their hands, unawed,
Against the King of Kings and Lord of Heaven.

Then roughly dragg'd to death,
Christ on the Cross is slain ;
And, as He dies, with parting breath,
Into his Father's hands gives back his soul again.

To Him who so much bore,
To gain for sinners grace,
Be praise and glory evermore,
From the whole universal human race.

Breviary.

Quicumque certum queritis.

ALL ye who seek a certain cure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred Heart,—
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh !

Ye hear how kindly He invites ;
Ye hear his words so blest ;—
“All ye that labor, come to Me,
And I will give you rest.”

What meeker than the Saviour's Heart ?—
As on the Cross He lay,
It did his murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

O Heart ! thou joy of Saints on high !
Thou Hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
 Which forth from Thee doth flow ;
 New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
 And better heart bestow.

Breviary.



Summi Parentis filio.

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,
 And Son of God most high,
 The Father of the world to come,—
 Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his Heart for us
 The wound of love He bore ;—
 That love, which still He kindles in
 The hearts that Him adore.

O Fount of endless life !
 O Spring of waters clear !
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in thy dear Heart,
 For thither do I fly ;
 There seek thy grace through life, in death
 Thine immortality.

Breviary.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
O come and let us mourn with her,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently he hangs,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

His Mother cannot reach his face !
She stands in helplessness beside,
Her heart is martyr'd with her Son's,—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Death came, and Jesus meekly bow'd ;
His failing eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is ;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O love of God ! O sin of Man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

EASTER.

Ad regias agni dapes.

NOW at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

O depth of love! for us He drinks
The chalice of his agony:
For us a victim on the Cross
He meekly lays Him down to die.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er:

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through;
While for unleaven'd bread we need
But heart sincere and purpose true.

Hail, purest victim Heaven could find,
The powers of Hell to overthrow!
Who didst the chains of Death destroy;
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !
 To Thee alone belongs the crown ;
 Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,
 And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.

O Jesus ! from the death of sin
 Keep us we pray ; so shalt Thou be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Breviary.



LIGHT of the Soul, O Saviour blest !
 Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
 Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
 And all is sweetness and delight.

Son of the Father ! Lord most high !
 How glad is he who feels Thee nigh !
 How sweet in Heaven thy beam doth glow,
 Denied to eye of flesh below !

O Light of Light celestial !
 O Charity ineffable !
 Come in thy hidden majesty ;
 Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.

Breviary.

Dies iræ dies illa.

NIGHER still, and still more nigh
Draws the Day of Prophecy,
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.

Oh, what trembling there shall be,
When the world its Judge shall see,
Coming in dread majesty!

Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne:

Time and Death it doth appall,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread;
Now the writing must be read,
Which condemns the quick and dead:

Now, before the Judge severe
Hidden things must all appear;
Naught can pass unpunish'd here.

What shall guilty I then plead?
Who for me will intercede,
When the Saints shall comfort need?

King of dreadful Majesty!
Who dost freely justify!
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

Recollect, O Love divine!
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine
Thou thy glory didst resign:

Satest wearied seeking me;
Sufferedst upon the tree:
Let not vain thy labor be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer!
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare!
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo! thy gracious face I seek;
Shame and grief are on my cheek;
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive;
Didst the dying thief receive;
Hence doth hope within me live.

Suppliant in the dust I lie ;
 My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry ;
 Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !

Full of tears, and full of dread,
 Is the day that wakes the dead,
 Calling all, with solemn blast,
 From the ashes of the past.

Lord of mercy ! Jesu blest !
 Grant the Faithful light and rest.

Missal.



Salutis humanæ Sator.

O THOU pure light of souls that love,
 True joy of every human breast,
 Sower of life's immortal seed,
 Our Saviour and Redeemer blest !

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal ;
 Be Thou our pathway to the skies ;
 Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul ;
 In death our everlasting prize.

Breviary.

ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling ;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Toplady.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd finners slain :
 'Thousand—thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Jesus Christ shall ever reign!

See the universe in motion,
 Sinking on her funeral pyre,—
 Earth dissolving, and the ocean
 Vanishing in final fire :—
 Hark, the trumpet! Hark, the trumpet!
 Loud proclaims that Day of Ire!

Graves have yawn'd in countless numbers,—
 From the dust the dead arise :
 Millions, out of silent slumbers,
 Wake in overwhelm'd surprise ;
 Where creation,—Where creation,
 Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Pure, ineffable, divine :—
 See the great Archangel bearing

High in heaven the mystic sign :
 Cross of Glory! Cross of Glory!
 Christ be in that moment mine !

See Redemption,* long expected,
 In transcendent pomp appear,—
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Throng in gathering legions near :
 Melt, ye mountains! Melt, ye mountains!
 Into smoke,—for God is here!

Every eye shall then behold Him
 Robed in awful majesty :—
 Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to a tree,—
 Deeply wailing,—Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!

Lo! the last long separation!
 As the cleaving crowds divide ;
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side!
 Lord of mercy! Lord of mercy!
 How shall I that day abide!

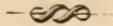
Oh! may thine own Bride and Spirit
 Then avert a dreadful doom,—
 And me summon to inherit
 An eternal blissful home :—

* Romans viii. 23.

Ah! come quickly! Ah! come quickly!
Let thy second Advent come!

Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee,
On thine amaranthine throne!
Saviour,—take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Men and angels: Men and angels,
Kneel and bow to Thee alone!

Brydges.



Tinctam ergo Christi sanguine.

OH, turn those bleffed points, all bathed
In Jesu's blood, on me;
Mine were the fins that wrought his death,
Mine be the penalty.

Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;
So may some drop distill
Of blood divine, into my soul,
And all its evils heal.

So shall my feet be flow to fin,
Harmless my hands shall be;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.

Breviary.

MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

OH! that it were as it was wont to be,
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles! gave glorious chase
 To persecutions, and against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore Thee.
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach Thee.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And reënthroned Thee in thy rosy nest.
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
 It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
 Welcome, dear, all-ador'd name!
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not Thee;
 Or, if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas! what will they do,
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads,
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,

And crouch before the dazzling light of thy dread majesty ?
 They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore Thee,
 Shall then with just confusion bow,
 And break before Thee.

Crashaw.



RISE—GLORIOUS CONQUEROR, RISE.

RISE—glorious Conqueror, rise ;
 Into thy native skies,—
 Assume thy right :
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward roll'd—
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light !

Victor o'er death and hell !
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train :
 Praises all heaven inspire ;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain !

Enter, Incarnate God !—
 No feet, but thine, have trod
 The serpent down :

Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour—triumphant—go,
 And take thy crown !

Lion of Judah—Hail !—
And let thy name prevail
 From age to age :
Lord of the rolling years,—
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage !

Yet—who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
 Can count or say—
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles—
A galaxy of souls,
 In white array ?

And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
 Lo ! these have come,
Followers of Him, who gave
His life, their lives to save ;
And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home.

Brydges.

HEAD of the Hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,—
Thy church on earth below,
Blending with those on high,—
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy,—
For ever glow!

Then raise the song of gladness,
To dissipate our sadness—
Along this vale of tears :
We wend our weary way
Up towards the realms of day,—
And watch,—and wait,—and pray,
Constant in fears!

Holy Apostles! beaming
With radiance brightly streaming
From diadems of power ;
Call on the awful name,—
That we, through flood and flame
The gospel may proclaim
In every hour!

Martyrs!—whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round and round ;

Wave—wave your banners—wave!
For Christ—our Saviour, clave
For Death itself a grave,—
 In hell profound!

Saints!—in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
 At Jesu's pierced feet,—
Amidst our rude alarms,
Stretch forth your conquering arms,
That we too, safe from harms,
 In heaven may meet!

Virgins!—in bliss transcendent,
Whose coronals resplendent
 Unwithering bloom:
Exalt, in ceaseless lays,
Him whom all anthems praise,
And oft our spirits raise
 With your perfume!

Angels—Archangels! glorious
Guards of the church victorious!
 Sing to the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,—
One of the Three by right,—
Love,—Majesty,—and Might,—
 The 'Great I AM!

Brydges.

"AND JESUS WEPT."

St. John xi. 35.

BRIGHT were the mornings first impearl'd
O'er earth, and sea, and air ;
The birthdays of a rising world—
For power divine was there.

But fairer shone the tears of Christ
For Lazarus, o'er his grave ;
Since love divine bedew'd the sod
Of one He sought to save.

Sweet drops of grace, the pledges given
Of Mercy's mighty plan,—
That He, who was the Prince of heaven,
Had pity upon man !

Let us thy dear example, Lord,
Fix'd in our memories keep,—
That we, obedient to thy word,
May weep with those that weep.

Brydges.

BRIGHT cherubim and seraphim,
In one mysterious crowd,
Expand the everlasting hymn
That rolls from cloud to cloud.

Odors, in folds of fragrant fumes,
Pervade the ravish'd skies ;
Whilst angels form, with arching plumes,
A firmament of eyes!*

They gaze, and as they gaze, they shine,
And as they shine, admire,
With adoration all divine,—
All love,—all life,—all fire!

No temple there is made with hands
By human priesthood trod ;
Alone the once-slain Victim stands,
The living Lamb of God!

Brydges.

* Ezek. i. 18-23 : x. 12. Apocal. iv. 8.

Quicumque Christum quæritis.

ALL ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above!
Where, traced upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.

Lo! on the trembling verge of light
A something all divinely bright!
Immortal, infinite, sublime!
Older than chaos, space, or time!

Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!
All hail, O Israel's King adored!
To Abraham sworn in ages past,
And to his seed while earth shall last.

To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father doth declare,
That all who would his glory see,
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

Breviary.

SAINTS, MARTYRS, &c.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Antra deserti teneris sub annis.

IN caves of the lone wilderness thy youth
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,
And guarding the pure treasure of thy soul
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse; the rock a bed supplied;
The stream thy thirst; locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied.

Oh, blest beyond the Prophets of old time!
They of the Saviour sang that was to be:
Him present to announce, and show to all,
Was granted but to thee.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John; to whom was given
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize,
And open the door of Heaven.

Breviary.

CHRIST.

Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum.

O CHRIST! the beauty of the angel worlds!
Of man the Saviour and Redeemer blest!
Grant us one day to mount the path of light,
And in thy glory rest.

Angel of Peace! thou, Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native Hell.

Angel of Strength! thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revifit once again.

And Raphael, Physician of the soul,—
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,
To heal the sick, and guide each doubtful course
Through all our life aright.

Thou too, O Virgin, with the angel choirs,
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace! descend
And bring with thee the radiant Court of Heaven
Thy children to befriend.

Breviary.

OF MANY MARTYRS.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.

SING we the peerless deeds of martyr'd Saints,
 Their glorious merits, and their portion blest;
 Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
 The greatest and the best.

Them in their day th' insensate world abhorr'd,
 Because they did forsake it, Lord, for Thee;
 Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
 Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
 And came victorious all torments through;
 The iron hooks, which piecemeal tore their flesh,
 Could not their souls subdue.

Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
 Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate;
 For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
 In patient virtue great.

What tongue those joys, O Jesus, can disclose,
 Which for thy martyr'd Saints Thou dost prepare!
 Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
 Who in thy glory share!

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
Grant us thy peace, grant us thine endless love
Through endless years to sing.

Breviary.

Æterna Christi munera.

THE Lord's eternal gifts,
Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories, and high reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the churches they ;
Triumphant Chiefs of war ;
Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Court ;
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saints' high Faith ;
And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone ;
In them the Son o'ercame ;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

Breviary.

ST. STEPHEN.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

O CAPTAIN of the Martyr Host!
O peerless in renown!
Not from the fading flowers of earth
Weave we for thee a crown.

The stones that smote thee, in thy blood
Made glorious and divine,
All in a halo heavenly bright
About thy temples shine.

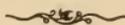
The scars upon thy sacred brow
Throw beams of glory round;
The splendors of thy bruised face
The very sun confound.

Oh, earliest Victim sacrificed
To thy dear Victim Lord!
Oh, earliest witness to the Faith
Of thy Incarnate God!

Thou to the heavenly Canaan first
Through the Red Sea didst go,
And to the Martyrs' countless Host,
Their path of glory show.

Erewhile a servant of the poor,—
 Now at the Lamb's high Feast,
 In blood-empurpled robe array'd,
 A welcome nuptial guest!

Breviary.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

O nimis felix meritique celsi.

O BLESSED Saint, of snow-white purity!
 Dweller in wastes forlorn!
 O mightiest of the Martyr host on high!
 Greatest of Prophets born!

Of all the diadems that on the brows
 Of Saints in glory shine,
 Not one with brighter, purer halo glows,
 In Heaven's high Court, than thine.

Oh! upon us thy tender, pitying gaze
 Cast down from thy dread throne;
 Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged ways,
 And break our hearts of stone.

So may the world's Redeemer find us meet
 To offer Him a place,
 Where He may set his ever-blessed feet
 Coming with gifts of grace.

Breviary.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

LO! on the slope of yonder shore
Beneath that lonely shed,—
A saint hath found his conflicts o'er,
And laid his dying head!

No gloom of fear hath glazed his eye,
For though loud billows roll,—
The Aurora of Eternity
Is rising on his soul.

The glorious Saviour of his love
Receives him in his arms,
And bears him, like a ransom'd dove,
Away from all alarms!

Champion of Jesus!—man of God,
Servant of Christ, well done!
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
Thy red-cross crown is won!

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
And leagues on leagues of land,
Amidst a wilderness of graves,
With death on every hand,—

He flew to woo and win a world ;
That men might kiss the feet
Of Him, whose banner he unfurl'd,—
Father,—Son,—Paraclete!

His tongue, the Spirit's two-edged sword,
Had magic in its blade,—
For while it smote with every word,
It heal'd the wounds it made!

His lips were love, his touch was power,
His thoughts were vivid flame,
The flashes of a thunder-flower—
Where'er, or when they came!

Around him shone the light of life,
Before him darkness fell—
Satan receded from the strife,
And sought his native hell!

Yet, who so humbly walk'd as he,
A conqueror in the field,
Wreathing the rose of victory
Around his radiant shield?

As silvery clouds, at eventide,
Float on the balmy gale,
Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
Behind their fleecy veil;

So lowly sense of flightest worth
 Fresh graces o'er him threw ;
 For he unconscious lived on earth,
 Of all the praise he drew !

Champion of Jesus ! on that breast
 From whence thy fervor flow'd,
 Thou hast obtain'd eternal rest,
 The bosom of thy God !

Brydges.



ST. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Domare cordis impetus Elizabeth.

PURE, meek, with soul serene,
 Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
 Her God, than reign a queen.

Now far above our fight,
 Enthroned upon the azure star-paved height,
 She reigns in realms of light ;

So long as time shall flow,
 Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
 The good that power can do.

Breviary.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. LUCY.

WE watch'd, as she linger'd all the day
Beneath the torturer's skill ;
And we pray'd that the spirit might pass away,
And the weary frame be still.
'Twas a long sharp struggle from darkness to light,
And the pain was fierce and sore ;
But she, we knew, in her latest fight
Must be more than conqueror !

Oh, what a change had the prison wrought
Since we gazed upon her last !
And mournful the lessons her thin frame taught
Of the sufferings she had past :
Of pain and sickness—not of fear !
There was courage in her eye :
And she enter'd the amphitheatre
As to triumph, and not to die !

And once, when we could not bear to see
Her sufferings, and turn'd the head,
"His rod and His staff they comfort me,"
The virgin martyr said :
It was near the setting of the sun,
And her voice wax'd faint and low ;
And we knew that her race was well-nigh run,
And her time drew near to go.

We could almost deem the clouds that roll'd
In the ruddy sun's decline
To be chariots of fire and horses of gold
On the steep of Mount Aventine :
Yea, guardian angels bent their way
From their own skies' cloudless blue,
And a triumph more glorious was thine to-day
Than ever the Cæsar knew !

We lay thee here in the narrow cell
Where thy friends and brethren sleep ;
And we carve the palm, of thy lot to tell,
And we do not dare to weep.
Hopefully wait we God's holy time
That shall call us to share thy rest ;
Till then, we must dwell in an alien clime,
While thou art in Abraham's breast.

Neale.



THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth ;
Bright glow'd in her features the roses of health ;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold :
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for her suffering race ;
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answer'd " I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Loft ever to fashion—to vanity loft,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame :

Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice, that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinkets, a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed ;
Her paintings,—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees ;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease :
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined :
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapors of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weigh'd
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

Griffin.

H



MARTYRDOM OF THE INNOCENTS.

L OVELY flowers of martyrs, hail!
 Smitten by the tyrant foe
 On life's threshold,—as the gale
 Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ, sweet lambs!
 At the very altar ye,
 With your fatal crowns and palms,
 Sport in your simplicity.

Breviary.

IN MEMORIAM.

H OLY and innocent were all his ways;
 Sweet, temperate, unstain'd;
 His life was prayer,—his every breath was praise,
 While breath to him remain'd.

To God, of all the centre and the source,
 Be power and glory given;
 Who sways the mighty world through all its course,
 From the bright throne of Heaven.

Breviary.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

Pater superni luminis.

FATHER of lights ! one glance of Thine,
Whose eyes the Universe control,
Fills Magdalene with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those sacred feet to pour ;
She washes them with burning tears ;
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

Impassioned to the Cross she clings ;
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay ;
Of ruffian soldiers naught she recks,
For love has cast all fear away.

O Christ, thou very Love itself !
Blest hope of man, through Thee forgiven !
So touch our spirits from above,
And purify our souls for Heaven.

Breviary.

COMMUNION SERVICE.

LO! upon the Altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of Angels from the skies,
 Made the food of mortal man :
Children's meat to dogs denied ;
In old types forefignified
In the manna Heaven-supplied,
 Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep!
Thou thy flock in safety keep.
Living Bread! thy life supply ;
Strengthen us, or else we die ;
 Fill us with celestial grace :
Thou who feedest us below !
Source of all we have or know !
Grant that with thy Saints above,
Sitting at the feast of love,
 We may see Thee face to face.

Missal.

ASPIRATIONS AFTER COMMUNION.

PRESERVE, my Jesus, oh preserve
My soul to everlasting life.

Oh, may this blest communion serve

To aid my soul in passion's strife :

Oh, may thy body, may thy blood,

Be to my soul a saving food,

To fill it still with life and grace,

And every sinful stain efface !

To bless Thee be my sole employ,

My God, my Saviour, great and kind !

Inflame my heart with holy joy ;

Teach me, in praising Thee, to find

Warm thoughts and feelings warm, whose glow

My gratitude may aptly show.

But no, my God ! nor word, nor thought,

Could bless and praise Thee as I ought.

Weak praise were mine. Do Thou inspire

My soul with love and living fire.

Oh, may this cold and lowly breast

Be warm'd by Thee, its God, its guest.

May it by Thee be moved to love,

And taught thy saving grace to improve.

Take, then, my thoughts from all but Thee.

To Thee, may ev'ry impulse tend.

What 'vails to tell my misery?

I have my God—my guest—my friend :
So be His praise my only theme !

All wants my Saviour will redeem.

My Saviour knows whate'er I need—

He gives Himself: and shall I plead

For other boons? No! let me raise

Mine ev'ry thought in love and praise.

Dear Lord, no other prayer I form

Than for devotion pure and warm.

May warm devotion fill my soul ;

May love for Thee each thought control ;

May piety increase ; and prayer

Mine ev'ry thought, word, action share ;

The gift of love my sole request—

Thou, God of love! wilt grant the rest.

Dear Lord! may this Communion prove

A never-failing bond of love.

Forgive my coldness, and supply

Mine every weak deficiency.

May thy best grace suffice for all,

And every wayward sense enthrall :

Such grace on every feeling pour

As ne'er may leave thy servant more :

Each hope, each impulse firmly bind

In grace to Thee, my Saviour kind :

Such saving grace, dear Lord, be given

As leads the happy soul to heaven.

J. R. Beste.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.



Alto ex Olympi vertice.

FROM highest Heaven, the Father's Son,
Descending like that mystic stone
Cut from a mountain without hands,
Came down below, and filled all lands ;
Uniting, midway in the sky,
His House on earth, and House on high.

That House on high,—it ever rings
With praises of the King of kings ;
For ever there, on harps divine,
They hymn th' eternal One and Trine ;
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Sion's song.

O Lord of lords invisible !
With thy pure light this temple fill :
Hither, oft as invoked, descend ;
Here to thy people's prayer attend :
Here, through all hearts, for evermore,
The Spirit's quick'ning graces pour.

Here may the Faithful, day by day,
 In kneeling adoration pray ;
 And here receive from thy dear love
 The blessings of that home above ;
 Till, loosen'd from this mortal chain,
 Its everlasting joys they gain.

Breviary.



Celestis urbs Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, thou City blest !
 Dear vision of celestial rest !
 Which far above the starry sky,
 Piled up with living stones on high,
 Art, as a Bride, encircled bright,
 With million angel forms of light :

Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour !
 The Father's glory was thy dower ;
 The Spirit all His graces shed,
 Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head ;
 When Christ espoused thee for his Bride,
 O City bright and glorified !

Thy gates a pearly lustre pour ;
 Thy gates are open evermore ;

And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die ;
Or smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured, and joys abhorr'd.

Thou too, O Church, which here we see!
No easy task hath builded thee.
Long did the chisels ring around !
Long did the mallets' blows rebound !
Long work'd the head and toil'd the hand !
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand !

Breviary.



MISCELLANEOUS.



THE ASCENSION.

WHY is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanish'd from thy sight?

His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast;
The branches of the hoary trees
Droop'd as the shadow pass'd.

And as He rose with all his train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew into the ground.

Down stoop'd a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star.

The silver cloud hath sail'd away,
The skies are blue and free ;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

The Feet which thou hast kiss'd so oft,
Those living Feet, are gone ;
Mother ! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

Yes ! He hath left thee, Mother dear !
His throne is far above ;
How canst thou be so full of joy
When thou hast lost thy Love ?

O surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When He is gone who was its light
For Three-and-Thirty Years.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His Feet upon their way?
O why doth not the Mother speak
And bid her Son to stay?

Ah no! thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee!

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel his presence near;
Yet loyal love his glory holds
A thousand times more dear.

Who would have known the way to love
Our Jesus as we ought,
If thou in varied joy and woe
Hadst not that lesson taught?

Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain!

True love is worship: Mother dear!
O gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right!

Faber.

HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(For Children.)

DEAR Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A little child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes! when I pray thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
O weary not for me:

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

Faber.

HYMN OF THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS.

DARKER and darker fall around
The shadows from the pine ;
It is the hour with hymn and prayer
To gather round thy shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother! thou hast known
Our earthly hopes and fears,
The bitterness of mortal toil
The tenderness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones,
Those who knelt with us here—
The father, brother, and the son,
The distant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark
Upon the stormy sea ;
Affection's anxiousness of love,
Is it not known to thee ?

The soldier, he who only sleeps
His head upon his brand,
Who only in a dream can see
His own beloved land.

The wandering Minstrel, he who gave
Thy hymns his earliest tone,
Who strives to teach a foreign tongue
The music of his own.

Kind Mother, let them see again
Their own Italian shore ;
Back to the home, which wanting them,
Seems like a home no more.

Madonna, keep the cold north wind
Amid his native seas,
So that no withering blight come down
Upon our olive trees.

And bid the sunshine glad our hills,
The dew rejoice our vines,
And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep
In music through the pines.

Pray for us that our hearts and homes
Be kept in fear and love ;
Love for all things around our path,
And fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are fill'd with tears,
Oh! let them wash away
The soil of our unworthiness :—
Pray for us, Mother, pray!

We know how vain the fleeting flowers
Around thine altar hung ;
We know how humble is the hymn
Before thine image sung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath,
And sanctify the lay ;
We trust to thee our hopes and fears,—
Pray for us, Mother, pray !

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

AT the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last :
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One !
Christ above in torment hangs ;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of his own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till his Spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above.
Make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Breviary.



PORTUGUESE HYMN.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lovest on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
 We hang, within thy holy shrine.
When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters toss'd,
 From earthly aid we turn'd to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.
 Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the vast and howling main,
 When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain,
 Erect their stormy heads on high;
When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee;
 The star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
 Ave Maris Stella!

Star of the dark and stormy sea,
 When, wreaking tempests round us rave
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
 Bright rising o'er the hoary wave.

The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims, sink in music sweet ;
The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the desert waters wild,
Who, pitying, hear'ft the seaman's cry,
The Lord of Mercy, as a child,
On that chaste bosom loved to lie ;
While soft the chorus of the sky
Their hymns of tender mercy sing,
And angel voices named on high
The Mother of the Heavenly King.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blest name
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel ;
The soft celestial accents steal
So soothing through the realms of woe,
That suffering souls a respite feel
From torture in the depths below.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas,
Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
O'er all that to the depths go down,

With hymns of grateful transport own ;
When gathering clouds obscure their light,
And heaven assumes an awful frown,
The star of ocean glitters bright.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres
To hymn thy holy name essay,
In vain a mortal harp aspires
To mingle in the mighty lay !
Mother of Christ ! one living ray
Of hope our grateful bosoms fires,
When storms and tempests pass away,
To join the bright immortal choirs.
Ave Maris Stella !



THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

NO track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air ;
Jesus hath gone ; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
They tread the streets no more ;
His soul-converting voice gives not
Its music as before.

His Mother fits all worshipful
With her majestic mien ;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gather'd round their Queen.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,
Her features are like his,
Her presence is their ample strength,
Her face reflects their bliss.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth ;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Or heaven-born charity.

The Eye of God looks down on them,
His love is centred there ;
His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
By their sweet strife of prayer.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer,
In accents meek and faint,
And highest heaven is quick to own
The beautiful constraint.

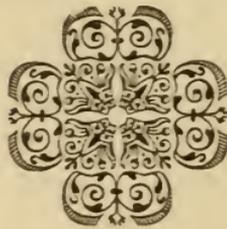
The Eternal Son takes up the prayer
Upon his royal throne ;
The Son his human Mother hears,
The Sire his holy Son.

Faber.

THOU ART OF ALL CREATED THINGS.

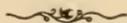
THOU art of all created things,
O Lord, the essence and the cause—
The source and centre of all bliss ;
What are those veils of woven light,
Where sun and moon and stars unite—
The purple morn, the spangled night—
But curtains which thy mercy draws
Between the heavenly world and this ?
The terrors of the sea and land—
When all the elements conspire,
The earth and water, storm and fire—
Are but the sketches of thy hand ;
Do they not all in countless ways—
The lightning's flash—the howling storm—
The dread volcano's awful blaze—
Proclaim thy glory and thy praise ?
Beneath the sunny summer showers
Thy love assumes a milder form,
And writes its angel name in flowers ;
The wind that flies with winged feet
Around the grassy gladden'd earth,
Seems but commission'd to repeat
In echo's accents—silvery sweet—

That Thou, O Lord, didst give it birth.
There is a tongue in every flame—
There is a tongue in every wave—
To these the bounteous Godhead gave
These organs but to praise his name!



LYRA GERMANICA.

LYRA GERMANICA.



FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light.

From the Epistle.

O WATCHMAN will the night of sin
Be never past?
O watchman, doth the day begin
To dawn upon thy straining fight at last?
Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
With the fresh morn;
But all my heart is cold, and dark, and sad;
Sun of the soul, let me behold thy dawn!
Come Jesus, Lord!
Oh, quickly come, according to thy word!

Do we not live in those blest days
 So long foretold,
When Thou shouldst come to bring us light and grace?
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
 Pining to see
Thy glory; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou cam'st to be the light
 Of all men here;
And yet in me is nought but blackest night.
Wilt Thou not then to me, thine own, appear?
 Shine forth and bless
My soul with vision of thy righteousness!

If thus in darkness ever left,
 Can I fulfil
The works of light, while of all light bereft?
How shall I learn in love and meekness still
 To follow Thee,
And all the sinful works of darkness flee?

The light of reason cannot give
 Life to my soul;
Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of his can make my spirit whole.
 Arise, and shine
On this poor longing, waiting heart of mine!

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
 The eye must be,

To which thy glory shall an entrance find ;
For if thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,
 No earthly screen
Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jesus, do Thou mine eyes unseal,
 And let them grow
Quick to discern whate'er Thou dost reveal,
So shall I be deliver'd from that woe,
 Blindly to stray
Through hopeless night, while all around is day.
Richter, 1704.



FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you,
Rejoice . . . The Lord is at hand.

From the Epistle.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
Praise, O my God, to Thee !
Creator, wise is thy decree !

The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side,
His Kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
O Saviour, great thy deeds shall be!

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts, and happy homes,
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
Praise, O my God, to thee!
Comforter, for thy comfort free!

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorn'd with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
Praise, O my God, be thine,
For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy inner presence feel,

Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal be won!
Eternal praise and fame,
Be offer'd, Saviour, to thy name!

Weiszel. 1635.



ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

I HAVE seen, I have seen the afflictions of my people.

From the Lesson.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seek your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
 Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown ;
God is with us, we are his own,
 Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer :
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare ;
 Fight for us once again !
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
 World without end. Amen.

Altenburg.

Gustavus Adolphus's Battle-Song. 1631.



INNOCENTS' DAY.

EXCEPT ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. *Matt. 18: 3.*

DEAR Soul, couldst thou become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
Then God himself were ever near,
And Paradise around thee here.

A child cares nought for gold or treasure,
Nor fame nor glory yield him pleasure ;
In perfect trust, he asketh not
If rich or poor shall be his lot.

Little he recks of dignity
Nor prince nor monarch feareth he ;
Strange that a child so weak and small
Is oft the boldest of us all!

He hath not skill to utter lies,
His very soul is in his eyes ;
Single his aim in all, and true,
And apt to praise what others do.

No questions dark his spirit vex,
No faithless doubts his soul perplex,
Simply from day to day he lives,
Content with what the present gives.

Scarce can he stand alone, far less
Would roam abroad in loneliness ;
Fast clinging to his mother still
She bears and leads him at her will.

He will not stay to pause and choose,
His father's guidance e'er refuse,
Thinks not of danger, fears no harm,
Wrapt in obedience' holy calm.

For strange concerns he careth nought ;
What others do, although were wrought
Before his eyes the worst offence,
Stains not his tranquil innocence.

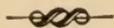
His dearest work, his best delight,
Is, lying in his mother's fight,
To gaze forever on her face,
And nestle in her fond embrace.

O childhood's innocence ! The voice
Of thy deep wisdom is my choice !
Who hath thy love is truly wise
And precious in our Father's eyes.

Spirit of childhood ! loved of God,
By Jesus' spirit now bestowed ;
How often have I long'd for thee ;
O Jesus, form thyself in me !

And help me to become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
That I may find God always near,
And Paradise around me here.

Gerhardt Tersteegen. 1731.



THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

Hymn for New Year's Day.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom. *Psalm 90: 12.*

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
For even as on a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,

Even so, Eternity, in thee
Entrance nor exit can there be.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an Eternal Now,
Never, we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh lasting joy, Oh lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!

They who lived poor and naked, rest
With God for ever rich and blest,
And love and praise the highest good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
The world finds place with him no more;
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to God,
Here, judge, burn, smite me with thy rod,
Here, let me all thy justice bear,
When time of grace is past, then spare!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LIFT up your eyes unto the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and the people that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

From the Lesson.

GOD liveth ever!
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
 Our God is good, in every place
 His love is known, his help is found,
 His mighty arm, and tender grace
 Bring good from ills that hem us round.
 Easier than we think can He
 Turn to joy our agony.
 Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
 Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
 Who gave the eye its power to see?
 Shall He not hear his children weep
 Who made the ear so wondrously?
 God is God; He sees and hears
 All their troubles, all their tears.

Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never .
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet ;
Thy God is great, his mercy nigh
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for his grace is sure,
Ever doth his truth endure ;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever !

O my Soul, despair thou never !
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
O come to God, and fear Him not,

His love shall sweep them all away.
Pains of hell at look of his,
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, forget not in thy pain,
God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewilder'd with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own his hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

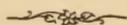
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Let earth and heaven outworn with age,
Sink to the chaos whence they came;
Let angry foes against us rage,
Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;
Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in Him trusts;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou, never!

What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

Zihn. 1682.



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

FOR as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven; and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

From the Lesson.

THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of thine.
Water'd from Thee
Let every tree
Bud forth and blossom to thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone ;
Keen as a fire so burns thy Word
And pierceth flesh and bone.

Let it go forth
O'er ail the earth
To purify all hearts within
And shatter all the might of sin.

Thy Word a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.

Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss thy light divine.

Anon.



QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

AND Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight, thy faith hath saved thee: and immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God. *From the Gospel.*

MY Saviour, what Thou didst of old
 When Thou wast dwelling here,
 Thou doest yet for them, who, bold
 In faith, to Thee draw near.
 As Thou hadst pity on the blind,
 According to thy Word,
 Thou sufferedst me thy grace to find,
 Thy Light hast on me pour'd.

Mourning I sat beside the way,
 In fightless gloom apart,
 And sadness heavy on me lay,
 And longing gnaw'd my heart;
 I heard the music of the psalms
 Thy people sang to Thee,
 I felt the waving of their palms,
 And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
 Too keen my grief became,
 Then I took heart in my despair
 To call upon thy name;
 "O Son of David, save and heal,
 As Thou so oft hast done!

O dearest Jesus, let me feel
My load of darkness gone."

And ever weeping as I spoke
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.
A sudden answer still'd my fear,
For it was said to me,
"O poor blind man, be of good cheer,
Rejoice, He calleth thee."

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodest still,
Groping thy feet I sought,
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.
Thou saidst, "What is it Thou wouldst have?"
"Lord, that I might have sight;
To see thy countenance I crave:"
"So be it, have thou Light."

And words of thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.
Thou blestest me, and forth I fare
Free from my old disgrace,
And follow on with joy where'er
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace.

De La Motte Fouque.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

AND the disciples said, Send her away, for she crieth after us ;
. . . . But he said, Great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as
thou wilt. *From the Gospel.*

I WILL not let Thee go ; Thou Help in time of
need !

Heap ill on ill

I trust Thee still,

E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst flay indeed !

Do as Thou wilt with me,

I yet will cling to Thee,

Hide Thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need,

I will not let Thee go !

I will not let Thee go ; should I forsake my bliss ?

No, Lord, thou'rt mine,

And I am thine,

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.

Though dark and sad the night,

Joy cometh with thy light,

O Thou my Sun ; should I forsake my bliss ?

I will not let Thee go !

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord !

Not Death can tear

Me from his care,

Who for my sake his soul in death outpour'd.

Thou diedst for love to me,
 I say in love to Thee,
 E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my
 Lord,
 I will not let Thee go!

Deszler. 1692.



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

AND ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again,
 and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from
 you.

From the Gospel.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
 After mourning joy again,
 After heavy bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief;
 And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He, whom this world dares not face,
 Hath refresh'd me with his grace,
 And his mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound;

Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since his mercy, like a flood,
Pour'd o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimm'd my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies ;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turn'd away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on Him had cast a load.
 Who in God his hope hath placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still ;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vex'd with care,
Fill'd with fears, well-nigh despair ;

When with watching many a night
On me fell pale sickness' blight ;
 When my courage fail'd me fast,
 Camest Thou, my God, at last,
 And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for his sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts his friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.

From the Gospel.

O HOLY Ghost! Thou fire Divine!
From highest heaven on us down shine;
Comforter, be thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noon-day heat,
Before whom mourning fieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely nought.

O cleanse us that we fin no more,
O'er parched souls thy waters pour ;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways ;
O melt the frozen with thy rays ;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
And hold the faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity ;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss.

King Robert of France about A. D. 1000.



TRINITY SUNDAY.

AND God said, Let us make man in our image.

From the Lesson.

MOST High and Holy Trinity!
Who of thy mercy mild
Hast form'd me here in time, to be
Thy image and thy child:
Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh come, thyself my soul prepare,
And make thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and fight,
Were all her joy of yore;

Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O, Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with thy flame my will;
Come, with thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favor and thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity!

Angelus. 1657.



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CAST all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.

From the Epistle.

GOD! Thou art my Rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms,
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor Death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are thine own.

On Thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at thy feet.

O, my soul, why art thou vex'd?
Let things go e'en as they will;
Though to thee they seem perplex'd
Yet his order they fulfil.
Here He is thy strength and guard,
Power to harm thee here has none;

Yonder will He each reward
 For the works he here has done.

Let thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to Thee,
 In the peace thy love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally.
 Be my All; in all I do
 Let me only seek thy will,
 Where the heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. Francke. 1663-1727.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God,
 follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.

From the Lesson.

WHY haltest thus, deluded heart,
 Why waverest longer in thy choice?
 Is it so hard to choose the part
 Offer'd by Heaven's entreating voice?
 Oh look with clearer eyes again,
 Nor strive to enter in, in vain.
 Press on!

Remember, 'tis not Cæsar's throne,
 Nor earthly honor, wealth, or might,

Whereby God's favor shall be shown
To him who conquers in this fight;
Himself and an eternity
Of bliss and rest He offers thee.
Press on!

Then break the rotten bonds away,
That hinder you your race to run,
That make you linger oft and stay;
Oh, be your course afresh begun!
Let no false rest your soul deceive,
Up! 'tis a Heaven ye must achieve!
Press on!

Omnipotence is on your side,
And wisdom watches o'er your heads,
And God himself will be your guide
So ye but follow where He leads;
How many guided by his hand,
Have reach'd ere now their native land.
Press on!

Let not the body dull the soul,
Its weakness, fears, and sloth despise;
Man toils and roams from pole to pole
To gain some earthly fleeting prize,
The highest good he little cares
To win, or striving soon despairs.
Press on!

Oh, help each other, hasten on,
 Behold the goal is nigh at hand;
 Soon shall the battle-field be won,
 Soon shall your King before you stand!
 To calmest rest He leads you now,
 And sets his crown upon your brow.
 Press on!

Lehr. 1733.



ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

IN thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. *Psalm 16: 12.*

O FRIEND of souls, how well is me
 Whene'er thy love my spirit calms!
 From sorrow's dungeon forth I flee
 And hide me in thy shelt'ring arms.
 The night of weeping flies away
 Before the heat-reviving ray
 Of love, that beams from out thy breast;
 Here is my heaven on earth begun;
 Who were not joyful had he won
 In Thee, O God, his joy and rest!

The world may call herself my foe,
 So be it; for I trust her not,

E'en though a friendly face she show,
And heap with her good things my lot.
In Thee alone will I rejoice,
Thou art the Friend, Lord, of my choice,
For Thou art true when friendships fail;
'Mid storms of woe thy truth is still
My anchor; hate me as it will,
The world shall o'er me ne'er prevail.

Through deserts of the cross Thou ledest,
I follow leaning on thy hand;
From out the clouds thy child Thou feedest,
And giv'st him water from the sand.
I know thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend,
Enough if Thou art ever near!
I know, whom Thou wilt glorify,
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou lead'st through depths and darkness here.
Deszler. 1692.



THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THEN Hezekiah received the letter at the hands of the messenger, and read it, and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.

From the Lesson.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
 And hope in Him whate'er betide,
 Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
 Thy all-sufficient strength and guide ;
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
 Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail
 These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
 What can it help us to bewail
 Each painful moment as it flies ?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope ; content
 To take whate'er his gracious will,
 His all-discerning love hath sent.
 Doubt not our inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
 He sends them as He sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
 And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware
And makes thee own his loving care.

Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
 Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
 Thou enviest, is of Him preferr'd.
Time passeth and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to every thing.

All are alike before his face ;
 'Tis easy to our God most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
 To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
 But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust his rich promises of grace
 So shall they be fulfill'd in thee ;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Neumarck. 1653.

MORNING HYMN.

COME, my soul, awake, 'tis morning,
Day is dawning
O'er the earth, arise and pray ;
Come, to Him who made this splendor,
Thou must render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty,
See their beauty
Paling in the golden air ;
So God's light thy mists should banish,
Thus should vanish
What to darken'd sense seem'd fair.

See how every thing that liveth,
Gladly striveth
On the pleasant light to gaze ;
Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,
As it knoweth
Darkness smitten by its rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer ;
Thou shouldst offer
Praise to Him, who from thy head

Kept afar the storms of sorrow,
That the morrow
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

Bid Him bless what thou art doing,
If pursuing
Some good aim ; but if there lurks
Ill intent in thine endeavor,
May He ever
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

Think that He, the all-discerning,
Knows each turning
Of thy path, each sinful stain ;
Nay, what shame would fain gloss over,
Can discover ;
All thou dost to Him is plain.

Bound unto the flying hours
Are our powers ;
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,
That thy ship, my soul, is hafting,
Never resting,
To its haven in the grave.

Pray that when thy life is closing,
Calm reposing,
Thou mayst die, and not in pain ;
That the night of death departed,

Thou glad-hearted,
Mayst behold the Sun again.

From God's glances shrink thou never,
Meet them ever ;
Who submits him to his grace,
Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth
Such as gloweth
O'er his pathway all his days.

Waken'ft thou again to sorrow,
Oh! then borrow
Strength from Him, whose sun-like might
On the mountain-summit carries,
And yet carries
To the vales their mirth and light.

Round the gifts He on thee showers,
Fiery towers
Will He set, be not afraid ;
Thou shalt dwell 'mid angel-legions,
In the regions
Satan's self dares not invade.

Von Canitz. 1654-1699.

FOR THE SICK AND DYING.

GOD! whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of Thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath check'd the love
Wherewith Thou my heart wouldst move,
When thy Spirit works within!

In my weakness be Thou strong,
Be Thou sweet when I am sad,
Let me still in Thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that plagues my body now,
All that wafteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love hath sent, for Love art Thou!

Suffering is the work now sent,
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by;
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will
And receive it hush'd and still;
Suffering is my worship now.

Richter, 1713.

FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

NOW rests her soul in Jesus' arms,
Her body in the grave sleeps well,
His heart her death-chill'd heart rewarms,
And rest more deep than tongue can tell,—
Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd,—
She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last ;
She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,
God wipes away her tears, she feels
New life that all her languor heals,
The glory of the Lamb she sees.

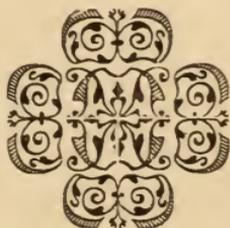
She hath escaped all danger now,
Her pain and fighting all are fled ;
The crown of joy is on her brow,
Eternal glories o'er her shed,
In golden robes, a queen, a bride,
She standeth at her Sovereign's side,
She sees his face unveil'd and bright ;
With joy and love He greets her soul
She sees herself made inly whole,
A lesser light amid his light.

The child hath now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what those words may mean,
"Himself, the Father, loveth thee."

A shoreless ocean, an abyss
Unfathom'd, fill'd with good and bliss,
Now breaks on her enraptured sight ;
 She sees God's face, she learneth there
 What this shall be, to be his heir,
Joint heir with Christ her Lord, in light.

Allendorf, 1725.

L



LYRA APOSTOLICA.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.



HOLINESS.

“THE effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

THERE is not on the earth a soul so base
But may obtain a place
In covenanted grace ;
So that forthwith his prayer of faith obtains
Release of his guilt-stains,
And first-fruits of the second birth, which rise
From gift to gift, and reach at length the eternal prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that heavenward tower,
Aim at a wider power,
Gifts on the world to shower.—
And this is not at once ;—by fastings gained,
And trials well sustained,
By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God above.

AFFLICTION.

“ THOU in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

L ORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine ;
I am all thine,—thy care and choice,
My very praise is thine.

I praise Thee, while thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unasked, unhopèd, have come ;
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear
Heart-pang or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
And thorn-encompassed head.

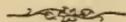
And such thy loving force be still,
'Mid life's fierce shifting fray,
Shaping to Truth self's froward will
Along thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,
And Faith in this world's shame.



DISCIPLINE.

WHEN I look back upon my former race,
 Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
 More brightly burned, or guided some new way ;
 Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space,
 Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace,
 And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
 Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
 To my tormented soul such larger grace.
 So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
 The shadow of the Providential Hand,
 Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
 Searching to know what He will now reveal,
 What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
 And girding me to work his full behest.

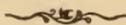


LEAD THOU ME ON.

SHED kindly light amid the encircling gloom
 And lead me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
 The *distant* scene : one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'ft lead me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still
'Twill lead me on!
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



DEEDS NOT WORDS.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.



HOLINESS.

“ BE strong, and He shall comfort thine heart.”

“ **L** ORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,
 And sackcloth has my girdle been,
 To purge my soul I have essayed
 With hunger blank and vigil keen.
 O God of mercy! why am I
 Still haunted by the self I fly? ”

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
 O bind it round thee still;
 Fasting, it is angels' food,
 And Jesus loved the night-air chill;
 Yet think not prayer and fast were given
 To make one step 'twixt earth and heaven.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

“ THY love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.”

O HEART of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
Last greeted face to face!
He doom'd to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.

Yet it was well:—for so, mid cares of rule,
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle-scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm sceptre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived, before thy throne to stand
Thy spirit keen and high,
Sure it had snapped in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory;
Paul's strife unblest,* its serious lesson gives,
He bides with us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

* Acts 15 : 39.

BEREAVEMENT.

“WHEREFORE I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

JOB xlii. 6.

AND dare I say, “welcome to me
The pang that proves thee near?”
O words, too oft on bended knee
Breathed to the Unerring Ear.
While the cold spirit silently
Pines at the scourge severe.

Nay, try once more—thine eyelids close
For prayer intense and meek:
When the warm light gleams through and shows
Him near who helps the weak.
Unmurmuring then thy heart’s repose
In dust and ashes seek.

But when the self-abhorring thrill
Is past, as pass it must,
When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
Risen from thy tears and dust,
Then be the self-renouncing will
The seal of thy calm trust.

CONFESSION.

MY smile is bright, my glance is free,
My voice is calm and clear ;
Dear friend, I seem a type to thee
Of holy love and fear.

But I am scanned by eyes unseen,
And these no saint surround ;
They mete what is, by what has been,
And joy the lost is found.

Erst my good Angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill ;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
Scar-seamed and crippled still.



FAITH.

“IT is I: be not afraid.”

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer
“’Tis I: be not afraid!”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
“Fear not, it is but I!” shall flow
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
“Be not afraid! . . . a friend!”

And O! when judgment’s trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
“’Tis Christ! He comes to save.”

HOME.

BANISHED the House of sacred rest
Amid a thoughtless throng,
At length I heard its Creed confessed,
And knelt the Saints among.

Artless his strain and unadorned,
Who spoke Christ's message there ;
But what at home I might have scorned,
Now charmed my famished ear.

Lord, grant me this abiding grace,
Thy Word and Sons to know ;
To pierce the veil on Moses' face,
Although his speech be flow !



LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

M

LYRA INNOCENTIUM.



UNWEARIED LOVE.

“JESUS saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times ; but until seventy times seven.”

MY child, the counsels high attend
Of thine Eternal Friend.
When longings pure, when holy prayers,
When self-denying thoughts and cares
Room in thy heart would win,
Stay not too long to count them o'er ;
Rise in His name ; throw wide the door,
Let the good Angels in :

Nor listen, should the Tempter say,
“How wearying, day by day,
To say the prayer we said before,
The mountain path climb o'er and o'er,
No end to warfare find!”

Nor seek thou limit to discern
In patient woe, in duty stern,
But learn thy (Saviour's) mind.

He pardoning wearies not. Ah why
Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee, more to win
Of hope in thy last end.
In heart forgive—that pays Him all:
But grudging souls must die in thrall,
No Saviour and no Friend.



THE BOY WITH THE FIVE LOAVES.

“If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.”

WHAT time the Saviour spread his feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply the wonders to behold,
A boy, 'mid other boys he came,
A lamb of Jesus' fold,
Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet obedient ways
The Apostles brought him near, to share
Their Lord's laborious days,
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart
That led him sacrifice to bring
For his own simple part,
To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glow'd his cheek,
How he look'd down, half pride, half fear:
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in JESUS' ear.

“There is a lad—five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain—but what are they,
Where hungry thousands be?”
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks his sheep
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Or who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave endearing look,
When from that favored boy
The wondrous pledge He took?—

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word ;
Bring Him thy best : who knows but He
For his eternal board
May take some gift of thee ?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet :
But kneel in faith : an arm benign
Such prayers will duly set
Within the holiest shrine.

And Prayer has might to spread and grow.
Thy childish darts, right-aim'd on high,
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
Far in the eternal sky :

Even as He made that stripling's store
Type of the feast by Him decreed,
Where Angels might adore,
And souls for ever feed.



HEZEKIAH'S DISPLAY.

“THERE is nothing among my treasures that I have not showed them.”

WHEN Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers return,
And Angels bring thee treasures from on high,
Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern,
And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.

In friendly guise, perchance with friendly heart,
From Babel, see, they haste with words of love :
But if thou lightly all thy wealth impart,
Their race will come again, and all remove.

Ill thoughts, the children of that King of Pride,
O'er richest halls will swarm, and holiest bowers,
Profaning first, then spoiling far and wide :
Voluptuous Sloth make free with Sharon's flowers.

Close thou the garden-gate, and keep the key,
There chiefly, where the tender seedlings fold
Their dainty leaves—a treasure even to thee
Unknown, till air celestial make them bold.

When sun and shower give token, freely then
The fragrance will steal out, the flower unclose :

But busy hands, and an admiring ken,
Have blighted ere its hour full many a rose.

Then rest thee, bright one, in thy tranquil nook,
Fond eyes to cherish thee, true arms to keep,
Nor wiftful for the world's gay sunshine look;—
In its own time the light will o'er thee sweep.



FINE CLOTHES.

“AND a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way.”

(For Palm Sunday.)

LOOK westward, pensive little one,
How the bright hues together run,
Around where late the waning sun
Sank in his evening cloud.
Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

Thou seest it not: an envious screen,
A fluttering leaflet, hangs between

Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in heaven afar,
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.

And while to clear the view we stay
Lo! the bright hour hath pass'd away ;
A twilight haze, all dim and gray,
Hath quench'd the living gleam.
Remember this, thou little child,
In hours of prayer, when fancies wild
Betwixt thee and thy Saviour mild
Come floating on life's stream.

O shame, O grief, when earth's rude toys,
An opening door, a breath, a noise,
Drive from the heart th' eternal joys,
Displace the Lord of Love !
For half a prayer perchance on high
We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh,
But ah ! too soon frail heart and eye
Sink down and earthward rove.

The Sunday garment glittering gay
The Sunday heart will steal away.
Then haste thee, ere the fond glance stray,
Thy precious robes unfold,

And cast before thy Saviour's feet :
 Him spare not with thy best to greet,
 Nor dread the dust of Sion's street,
 'Tis jewels all and gold.



SHYNESS.

“MOSES hid his face ; for he was afraid to look upon God.”

TEAR not away the veil, dear friend,
 Nor from its shelter rudely rend
 The heaven-protected flower :
 It waits for sun and shower
 To woo it kindly forth in its own time,
 And when they come, untaught will know its hour of
 prime.

Blame not the eye that from thee turns,
 The cheek that in a moment burns
 With tingling fire so bright,
 Feeling thine eager fight,—
 The lowly drooping brow, the stammering tongue,
 The giddy wavering thought, scarce knowing right and
 wrong.

With quivering hands that closely fold
Over his downcast eyes, behold
 The Shepherd on the Mount
 Adores the Living Fount
Of pure unwafting fire: no glance he steals,
But in his heart's deep joy the Dread Eye gazing feels,—

Feels it, and gladlier far would die
Than let it go. There will he lie
 Till the Dread Voice return,
 And he the lore may learn
Of his appointed task—bold deeds to dare,
High mysteries to impart, deep penances to bear.

Then tear we not the veil away,
Nor ruthless tell in open day
 The tender spirit's dream.
 O let the deepening stream,
Might, from the mountain-springs in silence draw ;
O mar we not his work, who trains his saints in awe.



THE GLEANERS.

THE Church is one wide harvest field,
Where Time and Death are gathering in
Rich blessings by the Almighty owner sealed
For spirits meet his pardoning word to win.

We are as children : here and there
A few fallen ears, the sheaves among,
We glean, where best the bounteous Hand may spare,
So learning for his perfect store to long.

Come, little ones—come early out,
Come joyous, come with steady heart,
Roam not to seek wild flowers the field about,
Nor yet at dreams of fancied vipers start.

The sun of Autumn climbs full fast :
He will have quaffed each drop of dew,
Ere half the fragrant, healthy lane be passed,
The lingerers, they will find scant ears and few.

Come, quit your toys, and haste away.
But mark : ye may not leave behind
Your store of smiles, your gladsome talk and gay,
Your pure thoughts, fashioned to your Master's mind.

Blithe be your course, yet bear in heart
The lame and old, and help them on ;
Full handfulls drop where they may take a part,
As high will swell your heap when day is done.

Yon slumbering infant in the shade,—
Grudge not one hour on him to wait
While others glean. The work with finging aid,
With ready mirth all sharper tones abate.

Sing softly in your heart all day
Sweet carols to the harvest's Lord,
So shall ye chase those evil powers away
That walk at noon—rude gaze and wanton word.



EFFECT OF EXAMPLE.

“FOR I have five brethren ; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.”

FIVE loving souls, each one as mine,
And each for evermore to be !
Each deed of each to thrill
For good or ill
Along thine awful line,
Eternity !

Who for such burden may suffice?
Who bear to think, how scornful tone,
Or word or glance too bold,
Or ill dream told,
May bar from Paradise
Our Master's own?

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Left in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

THE WATERFALL.

“YE also, as lively stones, are built up, a spiritual house.”
“I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth.”

“**W**HAT is the Church, and what am I?
A world, to one poor sandy grain,
A waste of sea and sky
To one frail drop of rain.

“What boots one feeble infant tone
To the full choir denied or given,
Where millions round the Throne
Are chanting, morn and even?”

Nay, the kind Watchers hearkening there
Distinguish in the deep of song
Each little wave, each air
Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half note in the great Amen,
Even by the utterer's self unheard,
They store: O fail not then
To bring thy lowly word:

Spare not to swell the bold acclaim;
So in the future battle-shout,
When at the Saviour's name
The Church shall call thee out,

No doubtful sound thy trump shall pour.
Remember, when in earlier days
Thou toil'dst upon the floor
Palace or tower to raise,

No mimic stone but found a place,
And glorious to the builder shone
The pile: then how should Grace
One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,
One sparkle of th' unearthly light?—
Go where the waters fall
Sheer from the mountains height;

Mark how, a thousand streams in one,
One in a thousand on they fare,
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They win their way, and find their rest
Together in their ocean home.
From East and weary West,
From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm :
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream :—
Its living waters from above
All marr'd and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied :
One is their awful End,
One their unfailing Guide.

We that with eye too daring seek
To scan their course, all giddy turn :—
Not so the floweret meek,
Harebell or nodding fern :

They from the rocky wall's steep side
Lean without fear, and drink the spray ;
The torrent's foaming pride
But keeps them green and gay.

And Christ hath lowly hearts, that rest
Amid fallen Salem's rush and strife ;
The pure, peace-loving breast
Even here can find her life.

What though in harsh and angry note
The broken flood chafe high? they muse
On mists that lightly float,
On heaven-descending dews,

On virgin snows, the feeders pure
Of the bright river's mountain springs:—
And still their prayers endure,
And Hope sweet answer brings.

If of the Living Cloud they be
Baptismal drops, and onward press
Toward the Living Sea
By deeds of holiness,

Then to the Living Waters still
(O joy with trembling!) they pertain,
Joined by some hidden rill,
Low in Earth's darkest vein.

Scorn not one drop: of drops the shower
Is made, of showers the waterfall:
Of children's souls the Power
Doomed to be Queen o'er all.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

“ I WILL not offer burnt-offerings without cost.”

“ **W**HY deck the high cathedral roof
With foliage rich and rare,
With crowns and flowerets far aloof,
To none but angels fair ?

“ Why for the lofty Altar hide
Thy gems and gold in store ?
Why spread the burnished pall so wide
Upon the chancel floor ? ”

Nay, rather ask, why duteous boy
And mother-loving maid
Scarce in their filial gifts find joy,
If nought of theirs be paid :

Why hearts, that true love-tokens need
For brother or for friend,
Count not the cost with careful heed,
But haste their all to spend :

Ask why of old the favored king
Inquired the Temple's price,
Not bearing to his Lord to bring
An unbought sacrifice.

Yea, lowly fall, and of thy Lord
 In silence ask and dread,
 Why praised He Mary's ointment, poured
 Upon his Sacred Head.



ELIJAH AT SAREPTA.

“MAKE me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son.”

LO, cast at random on the wild sea sand
 A child low wailing lies:
 Around, with eye forlorn and feeble hand,
 Scarce heeding its faint cries,
 The widowed mother in the wilderness
 Gathers dry boughs, their last sad meal to bless.

But who is this that comes with mantle rude
 And vigil-wafted air?
 Who to the famished cries, “Come give me food,
 I with thy child would share?”
 She bounteous gives: but hard he seems of heart,
 Who of such scanty store would crave a part.

Haply the child his little hand holds forth,
 That all his own may be.—

Nay, simple one, thy mother's faith is worth
Healing and life to thee.
That handful given, for years insures thee bread;
That drop of oil shall raise thee from the dead.

For in yon haggard form He begs unseen,
To whom for life we kneel:
One little cake He asks with lowly mien,
Who blesses every meal.
Lavish for Him, ye poor, your children's store
So shall your cruise for many a day run o'er.



THE EMPTY CHURCH.

“THE blind and the lame came to him in the temple.”

WHY should we grudge the hour and house of prayer
To Christ's own blind and lame,
Who come to meet Him there?
Better, be sure, his altar-flame
Should glow in one dim wavering spark,
Than quite die down, and leave his temple drear and dark.

“But in our Psalm their choral answers fail.”

Nay, but the heart may speak,
And to the holy tale
Respond aright in silence meek.

And well we know, bright angel throngs
Are by, to swell those whisperings into warbled songs.

What if the world our two or three despise ?

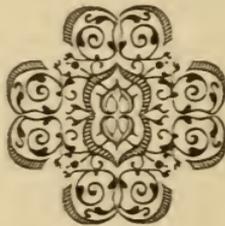
They in his name are here,

To whom in suppliant guise

Of old the blind and lame drew near.

Befide his royal courts they wait

And ask his healing hand ; we dare not close the gate.



MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.



VIGILS.

IT is the fall of eve ;
And the long tapers now we light
And watch : for we believe
Our **LORD** may come at night.
Adeste Fideles.

An hour—and it is Seven,
And fast away the evening rolls :
O, it is dark in heaven,
But light within our souls.
Veni Creator Spiritus !

Hark ! the old bell strikes Eight !
And still we watch with heart and ear,
For as the hour grows late,
The Day-star may be near.
Jubilate Deo !

Hark ! it is knelling Nine !
But faithful eyes grow never dim ;

And still our tapers shine,
 And still ascends our hymn.
 Cum Angelis !

The watchman crieth Ten!
 My soul, be watching for the Light,
 For when he comes again,
 'Tis as the thief at night.
 Nisi Dominus !

By the old bell—Eleven!
 Now trim thy lamps, and ready stand ;
 The world to sleep is given,
 But JESUS is at hand.
 De Profundis !

At midnight—is a cry!
 Is it the bridegroom draweth near ?
 Come quickly, LORD, for I
 Have long'd thy voice to hear!
 Kyrie Eleison !

Could ye not watch One hour ?
 Be ready : or the bridal train
 And bridegroom, with his dower,
 May sweep along in vain.
 Miserere mei !

By the old steeple—Two!
 And now I know the day is near !

Watch—for his word is true,
 And JESUS may appear!
 Dies Irae!

Three—by the drowsy chime!
 And joy is nearer than at first.
 O, let us watch the time
 When the first light shall burst!
 Sursum Corda.

Four—and a streak of day!
 At the cock-crowing He may come;
 And still to all I say,
 Watch—and with awe be dumb.
 Fili David!

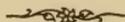
Five!—and the tapers now
 In rosy morning dimly burn!
 Stand, and be girded thou,
 Thy LORD will yet return!
 Veni JESU!

Hark! tis the Matin call!
 Oh, when our LORD shall come again
 At prime or even-fall,
 Blest are the wakeful men!
 Nunc dimittis.

A. C. Cox.

NOTE.—The Latin lines, at the end of every stanza, are the titles of chaunts appropriate to the several hours. *Adeste*: Hither ye

faithful.—*Veni Creator*: Come Holy Ghost.—*Jubilate Deo*: The 100th Psalm.—*Cum Angelis*: Therefore with angels and archangels, &c.—*Nisi Dominus*: Unless the Lord keep the city, the Watchman waketh but in vain.—*De Profundis*: Out of the depths, Ps. 130.—*Kyrie Eleison*: Lord have mercy upon us.—The *Miserere*: Ps. 57.—*Dies Irae*: The day of wrath.—*Sursum Corda*: Lift up your hearts.—*Fili David*: Son of David, have mercy upon us.—*Veni Jesu*: Come Lord Jesus—come quickly.—*Nunc Dimittis*: Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, Luke 2. 29.



PENITENCE.

DEEPEN the wounds thy hands have made
 In this weak, helpless soul,
 Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
 Descend to make me whole.

I see the exceeding broad command,
 Which all contains in one:
 Enlarge my heart to understand
 The mystery unknown.

O that, with all thy saints, I might
 By sweet experience prove
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of perfect love!

C. Wesley.

GOING TO CHRIST.

“HIM that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”—
John 6: 37.

JUST as I am! without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,—
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

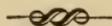
Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt—
Fightings within, and fears without—
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 Oh Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliot.



LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all
 A soundless, shoreless sea !
 Wherein at last, our souls shall fall,
 O Love of God most free !

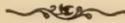
When over dizzy steeps we go,
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,
 The other leads us safe and slow,
 O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
 And wander wide and long,
 Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
 O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul
 The toilworn frame and mind,
 Alike confess thy sweet control,
 O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win :
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee !



EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eye can see
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all ; the air, the birds, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer ;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy Holy Throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give
Forgive me Lord I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart ;
And more of mercy and of grace impart
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew—
And as the stars whose nightly course is true—
So would I be to Thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore ;
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er
Whom Thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction's griefs and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be Thou their solace, and their joy, and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

Anonymous.

EVENING HYMN.

THE night is come ; like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon : for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep :
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
Whilst I do rest, my soul advance ;
Make my sleep a holy trance :
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die :
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.

And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again :
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep thus again, but wake for ever.

Sir Thomas Browne.



PRAYER.

ERE the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away ;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose ;
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your **FIRST** and **LATEST** care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven his throne shall smile on you ;
Angels sent by Him shall tend,
Your daily labor to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

Bishop Mant.

O H Lord ! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to Thee,
If we from self could rest :
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love
Is working, for the best.

For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise.
Sure that our Father who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry
Will hear his children's cries.

Oh ! would these restless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers
And learn from self to cease ;
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And in his mercy trusting still
Find in each trial, peace.

Anonymous.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To sooth and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;

And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied.
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee—
And careful, less to serve Thee much,
Than to please Thee PERFECTLY.

There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free ;"
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty.

Anna Letitia Waring.

IN having all things and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labors got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
 And having Thee alone what have I not ?
 I wish not sea nor land ; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

Great God ! Thou art the flowing spring of light ;
 Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray ;
 Thou art my path ; direct my steps aright,
 I have no other light, no other way ;
 I'll trust my God, and Him alone pursue :
 His law shall be my path, his heavenly light my clue.

Quarles.



EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

HE is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
 If any be a bondman, He is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is He !
 To dead men life He is, to sick men health ;
 To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

Giles Fletcher.

HARK ! my soul, how every thing
Strives to serve our beauteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir,
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring ;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford,
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my slothful heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part :

Learn of birds and springs and flowers,
How to use thy noble powers.

Call all nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He all nature made ;
Join in one eternal song
Who to one God all belong.



CALM, PEACE, AND LIGHT.

THERE is a Calm the Poor in Spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe ;
There is a Peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distressed ;
There is a Light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower,
That calm, to faith and hope and love is given,
That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven.



SONNET.

“O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominions.”—*Psalm 103 : 22.*

ANSWER, with all thy pulses, throb and speak,
Thou tender, palpitating heart of God!
Through earth, through air, and caves of ocean broad,
All thronged with myriad beings, strong or weak
In terror, or deep love! Flush on the cheek
Of morn, breathe sweet from evening's dewy sod!
Tremble in music, 'mid the choral ode
That from the soft vale to the mountain peak
Whispers or thunders!—Art Thou cold, or dead,
Or vengeful?—Hush! a holy silence reigns:
That our own heart, stilling our throbbing veins,
And only with its own assurance fed,
May be itself thy answer and abode,
O tender, palpitating heart of God!

Chauncy Hare Townshend.



SONNET.

“ALL things work together for good to them that love God.”—
Romans 8: 28.

O H, what a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the Cross ! The feverish care ;
The wish that we were other than we are ;
The sick regrets ; the yearnings numberless ;
The thought, “ this might have been,” so apt to press
On the reluctant soul ; even past despair,
Past sin itself,—all—all is turned to fair
Ay, to a scheme of ordered happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us ! . . . Accepting the great pledge
Of his concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger’s edge ;
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father’s arms we smile as infants do !

Chauncy Hare Townshend.



SONNET.

“WHAT is truth?”—*St. John* 18 : 38.

O H, how we pine for truth! for something more
Than husks of learning! How did ancient Greece
Hang on the virtuous lips of Socrates,
Turning from words more sounding to adore
The wisdom that sent souls to their own store
For knowledge. So let us our hearts release!
'Tis time the jargon of the schools should cease—
Errors that rot Theology's deep core,
Lying at the base of things. Down, down must fall
The glittering edifice, cemented much
With blood, yet baseless. At Truth's simple touch
All the vain fabric will be shattered — all!
But not the Bible! Nature there is stored,
And God! Eternal is the Saviour's Word!

Chauncy Hare Townshend.



PRAYER.

L ORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!

What parchéd grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;

We rise, and all, the distant and the near,

Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;

We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,

Or others—that we are not always strong—

That we are ever overborne with care—

That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled—when with us is prayer,

And joy, and strength, and courage are with *Thee?*
Trench.



ACCESS TO GOD EVERY WHERE.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;—
God is present every where.

Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer
God is present every where.

Anon.

PERFECT IN LOVE.

“WHOSO feareth is not made perfect in love. Perfect love casteth out fear.”—1 *John* 4: 18.

“**P**ERFECT in love!”—Lord, can it be,
Amidst this state of doubt and sin?
While foes so thick without, I see,
With weakness, pain, disease within:
Can perfect love inhabit here,
And strong in faith, extinguish fear?

O, Lord! amidst this mental night,
Amidst the clouds of dark dismay,
Arise! arise! shed forth thy light,
And kindle love's meridian day.
My Saviour God to me appear,
So love shall triumph over fear.



THE CHILDREN'S DESIRE.

I THINK when I read the sweet story of old,
How when Jesus was here among men,
He once called little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head
That his arms had been thrown around me ;
And that I might have seen his kind look, when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to his footstool in faith I may go,
And there ask for a share of his love ;
And I know if I earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—
In that beautiful place, He is gone to prepare,
For all those who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Anonymous.

Mrs. Luke



LIFE.

IT is not life upon thy gifts to live,
But, to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee ;
And when the sun and shower their bounties give,
To send out thick-leaved limbs ; a fruitful tree,
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,
Whose moss-grown arms their rigid branches rear,
And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near ;
Who tastes its gifts shall never hunger more,
For tis the Father spreads the pure repast,
Who, while we eat, renews the ready store,
Which at his bounteous board must ever last ;
For none the bridegroom's supper shall attend,
Who will not hear and make his word their friend.

Jones Very.

P



FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love,
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness, from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair,—O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love :
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of Trust, and Strength, and Calmness, from above.

S. Johnson.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone :
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on !

Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—“God is Love.”
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
“Upward ever,—heaven's above.”

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver :
O, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus,—“ Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done !”

S. Johnson.



SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind :
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

O, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

C. Wesley.

JESUS, the only thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on thy beauty feast.
No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame,
No thought can reach, no words can say
The sweets of thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace ;
Sole comfort in our banishment
O what when face to face !
Jesus ! that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light ;
More than I ask in thee I find,
And languish in delight.

No art nor eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love ;
Spirits alone can understand
What they in Jesus prove.
Thee then I'll seek, retired apart,
From world and business free
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for thee.

Before the morning light I'll come,
With Magdalen, to find,
In sighs and tears, my Jesus' tomb,
And there refresh my mind.
My tears upon his grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill,
Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek his will.



O THOU whose wise paternal Love
Hath cast my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And prostrate at thy gracious throne
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do,
But while a daily death I die,
Thy power I can in weakness show
My patience shall thy glory raise
My steadfast woe proclaim thy praise.

Steele.

ADORATION.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love thee, Lord ; but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all thy children need,
And there is none beside ;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide,—
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

Madame Guyon.



FRIEND SORROW.

DO not cheat thy heart, and tell her
“ Grief will pass away—
“ Hope for fairer times in future,
“ And forget to-day.”

Tell her, if you will, that Sorrow
Need not come in vain—
Tell her, that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort
“Soon she will forget.”
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret.
Bid her not seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things.
But rather nurse her caged Sorrow
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet.
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings:
And she'll whisper low and gently,
Blessings that she brings.

A. A. Procter.



LABOR AND REST.

“Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past.”—*Russian Proverb.*

“TWO hands upon the breast,
 And labor’s done :
 Two pale feet crossed in rest—
 The race is won :
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease :
 Two lips where grief is mute
 And wrath at peace.”

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot ;
 God in his kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work address
 Aye for his praise :
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking his ways :
 Two eyes that look above
 Still, through all tears :
 Two lips that breathe but love,
 Nevermore fears.”

So cry we afterwards, low at our knees :
 Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

D. M. Muloch.

GOD IS LOVE.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and flowers,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, "God is love."

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen, "God is love."

All the charities that start
From the fountains of the heart,
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."

Earth with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and flowers,
All are voices from above,
Loudly sounding, "God is love."

COULD'ST THOU NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?

THY night is dark—behold the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper,
—Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with me?

O, thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation,
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only,
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,
And peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul, to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no more,
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee, because so near to him.

Can't thou forget thy Christian superscription—
"Behold we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure would'st thou in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul—I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore!

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride,
Thou can’st not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

O, that thy faithless soul, one hour only
Would comprehend the Christian’s perfect life,
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
Their Father yieldeth back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy they never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace,
Seeking no aid from any human creature;
Looking to God alone for his release.

And He will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

THE SACRIFICE.

O ALL ye who pass by, whose eyes and mind
 To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind,—
 To me, who took eyes that I might you find;—
 Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own apostle, who the bag did bear,
 Though he had all I had, did not forbear
 To sell *me* also, and to put me there.
 Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
 Can't thou find hell about my lips, and miss
 Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss?
 Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me; not with the hands
 Of faith, but fury. Yet, at their commands,
 I suffer binding, who have loosed *their* bands.
 Was ever grief like mine?

All my disciples flee; fear put a bar
 Betwixt my friends and me. They leave that Star
 That brought wise men out of the East from far.
 Was ever grief like mine?

Ah! how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
 Doubles each lash. And yet, their bitterness
 Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness.

Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
 For these are all the grapes Zion doth bear,
 Though I my vine planted and watered there.

Was ever grief like mine?

So fits the earth's great curse, in Adam's fall,
 Upon *my* head; so I remove it all
 From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.

Was ever grief like mine?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
 Which angels did desire to have the grace,
 And prophets, once, to see, but found no place.

Was ever grief like mine?

But, *O my God! my God!* why leavest thou me,
 Thy Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
 MY GOD! MY GOD!————

Never was grief like mine!

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;—
 Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
 Reproaches, which are free while I am bound.

Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyself, Physician! now come down!

Alas! I did so, when I left my crown,
And Father's smile, for you to feel his frown.

Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.

Alas! what have I stolen from you? Death.

Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,—
But more with malice. Yet, when they did call,
With manna, angels' food, I fed them all.

Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death, their spite shall further go;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know;—
That, as sin came, so sacraments might flow.

Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die. Now all is finished—
My woe, man's weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine!

George Herbert.

THE CHARMER.

“WE need some Charmer, for our hearts are sore
With longings for the things that may not be—
Faint for the friends that shall return no more
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

“What is this life? And what to us is Death?
Whence came we? whither go? And where are those
Who in a moment stricken from our side
Passed to that land of shadow and repose.

“Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time?”

“Oh man divine!—on thee our souls have hung,
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high;
But ah! this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly guiding eye.”

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
When Socrates lay calmly down to die—
So spake the Sage, prophetic of the hour
When Earth's fair Morning Star should rise on high.

They found him not, those youths of soul divine
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore:
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years passed on—and lo! the Charmer came
Pure, silent, sweet as comes the silver dew—
And the world knew him not—he walked alone
Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian Sage—rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh,
He drew his faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *His* hour was come to die.

“Let not your heart be troubled,” then He said:
My Father's house has mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with me there.—

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair:
Whither He went we know—the way we know,
And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

H. B. Stowe.

THE CALM OF THE SOUL.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices,
Dies in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

H. B. Stowe.

WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.

STILL, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee.*

Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

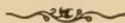
As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'er shading
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
 Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, *I am with Thee !*

H. B. Stowe.



ORDINATION HYMN.

CHRIST to the young man said : " Yet one thing more ;
 If thou would'st perfect be,
 Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
 And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
 Those sacred words hath said,
 And his invisible hands to-day have been
 Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
 The unseen Christ shall move,
 That he may lean upon his arm and say,
 " Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
 To make the scene more fair ;
 Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
 Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

Longfellow.



HYMN FOR LENT.

O WEEP for them who never knew
The mother of our love,
And shed thy tears for orphan ones,
Whom angels mourn above;
The wandering sheep—the straying lambs,
When wolves were on the wold,
That left our Shepherd's little flock,
And ventured from his fold.

Nay, blame them not! for them, the Lord
Hath loved as well as you:
But O, like Jesus, pray for them
Who know not what they do:
O plead as once the Saviour did,
That we may all be one,
That so the cruel world may know
The Father sent the Son.

O let thy Lenten litanies
Be full of prayer for them!
O go ye to the scattered sheep
Of Israel's parent stem!
O keep thy fast for Christendom!
For CHRIST's dear body mourn;
And weave again the seamless robe,
That faithless friends have torn.

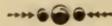
Ye love your dear home-festivals,
With every month entwined;
O weep for them whose sullen hearths
No Christmas garlands bind!
Those Iceland regions of the faith
No changing seasons cheer,
While our sweet paths drop fruitfulness,
Through all the joyous year.

What though some borealis-beams
On even them may flare;
Pray God the sunlight of his love
May rise serenely there!
For flashy gleams, O plead the Lord
To give his daily ray!
With heavenly light at morn and eve
To thaw their wintry way.

O weep for those, on whom the Lord
While here below did weep,

Left grievous wolves should enter in,
 Not sparing of his sheep ;
 And eat thy bitter herbs awhile,
 That when our Feast is spread,
 These too—that gather up the crumbs,
 May eat the children's bread.

A. C. Cox.



THE BLESSING AFTER SERVICE.

THE peace which God bestows,
 Through him who died and rose,
 The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
 Be known in every mind,
 The broken heart to bind,
 And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

Ye who have known to weep,
 Where your beloved sleep,
 Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry,
 God's blessing be as balm,
 The fevered soul to calm,
 And wondrous peace the troubled mind supply.

Young man, whose cheek is bright
 With nature's warmest light,

While youth and health thy veins with rapture swell
Let the remembrance be
Of thy God blest to thee,
Peace passing understanding guard thee well.

Parents, whose thoughts afar,
Turn where your children are,
In their still graves, or beneath foreign skies,—
This hour, God's blessing come
Cheer the deserted home,
And peace, with dove-like wings, around you rise.

Ere this week's strife begin,
The war without, within,
The God of Love, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head,
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep you all through every troubled hour.



STRENGTH.

(To an Invalid.)

“WHEN I am weak, I’m strong,”
The great Apostle cried.
The strength that did not to the earth belong,
The might of Heaven supplied.

“When I am weak, I’m strong,”
Blind Milton caught that strain,
And flung its victory o’er the ills that throng
Round Age, and Want, and Pain.

“When I am weak, I’m strong,”
Each Christian heart repeats ;
These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
And fire its languid beats.

O Holy Strength ! whose ground
Is in the heavenly land ;
And whose supporting help alone is found
In God’s immortal hand !

O blessed ! that appears
When fleshly aids are spent ;
And girds the mind, when most it faints and fears,
With trust and sweet content.

It bids us cast aside
All thoughts of lesser powers ;—
Give up all hopes from changing time and tide,
And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess
That there's but one retreat :
And meekly lay each need and each distress
Down at the Sovereign feet ;—

Then, then, it fills the place
Of all we hoped to do ;
And sunken Nature triumphs in the Grace,
That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health
Flushes the cheek and brow,
The heart is stout with store of nameless wealth :—
We can do all things now.

No less sufficiency seek ;
All counsel less is wrong ;
The whole world's force is poor, and mean, and weak ;—
“When I am weak, I'm strong.”

N. L. Frothingham.

CALL TO THE PRODIGAL.

RETURN, O wandérer, return,
And seek thy Father's face ;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wandérer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wandérer, return,
And wipe away the tear ;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"—
Mercy invites thee near.

Collyer.



THE MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

“ WE glory also in tribulations.”—*Romans* 5 : 3.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy :

Would'st thou its secret strength unbind ?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf ? this stone ? It is thy heart :
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. Wilberforce.



PROVIDENCE.

SINCE all the coming scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

Since none can doubt his equal love,
Immeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Hervéy.



“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

Psalm 31: 15.

“MY times are in thy hand,”
My God, I'd have them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

“My times are in thy hand,”
Whatever they may be ;
Pleas'ing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

“My times are in thy hand,”
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

“My times are in thy hand,”
I'll always trust in Thee :
And after death, at thy right hand,
I shall for ever be.

HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I WILL lead them in the paths they have not known."

Isaiah 42 : 16.

HOW few who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be ;
Painting the visions of the way

In colors soft, and bright, and free.

How few who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought !

For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toil for God and man ;

And view with eyes of keen desire

The upland way of toil and pain ;
Almost with scorn they think of rest,
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast,

But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,—

With love to make the labor light ;

And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes and lost to fight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm, and still, they labor there ;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfil ;
And, if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still.
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought ;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot,—
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief, to walk in Heaven ;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

What matter what the path shall be ?
The end is clear and bright to view ;
We know that we a strength shall see,
Whate'er the day may bring to do,

We see the end, the house of God,
 But not the path to that abode ;
 For God, through ways they have not known,
 Will lead his own.



CORRECTION NEEDED.

“ WHEREFORE doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins ? ”—*Lamentations* 3 : 39.

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away ;
 With me a wise and thankful heart,
 With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
 Nor from his loved correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave ;
 His portion in our souls to prove,
 What is it to the gift He gave,
 The only Son of his dear love ?

In life's long sickness, evermore
 Our thoughts are tossing to and fro :
 We change our posture o'er and o'er,
 But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod?
Never so safe as when our will
Yields, undiscerned by all, to God.

Keble.



DETAINED FROM THE SANCTUARY.

“FOR I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day.”—*Psalm 42 : 4.*

SWEET Sabbath bells! I love your voice,—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I cannot go;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured;
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

His sanctuary is the heart,—
 There, with the contrite, will he rest ;
 Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
 And make thy temple in my breast.



CLINGING TO JESUS.

“SEEING then we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.”

Heb. 4: 14.

HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,
 Since on thy arm thou bid’st me lean,
 Help me throughout life’s varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I’ll ne’er repine ;
 E’en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee!

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress’d,
 Here she has found her place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee!

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good,—I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.



LORD, I BELIEVE.

“LORD, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”—*Mark 9: 24.*

YES, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy—myself, mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine,—
“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

Unworthy, even, to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, O forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,—
“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

True, I am weak, ah, very weak; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again,—
“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

O, draw me nearer; for, too far away,—
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still have strength to pray,—
“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

Monsell.



DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, “Peace!”

Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Longfellow.

CHRIST UNCHANGING.

“JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.”

Heb. 13 : 8.

CHANGE is written everywhere,
Time and death o'er all are ranging ;
Seasons, creatures, all declare,
Man is mortal, earth is changing.

Life, and all its treasures, seem
Like a sea in constant motion ;
Thanks for an eternal beam
Shining o'er the pathless ocean.

One by one, although each name
Providence or death will sever ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Yesterday, to-day, forever.



"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

NOT here!—not here! Not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near:
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
"I shall be satisfied;" but, O! not here!

Not here—where all the dreams of bliss deceive us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words—"I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing—
 The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
 O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
 As I look upward to the heavenly hills:

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
 Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
 Guide me toward Home, where all my wanderings ending,
 I shall see thee, and "*shall be satisfied.*"



FROM "THE CHERUBIC PILGRIM,"

The Dew and the Rose.

"GOD'S spirit falls on me as dew-drops on a rose,
 If I but like a rose to him my heart unclose.

The Tabernacle.

The soul wherein God dwells—what church can holier
 be?—
 Becomes a walking tent of heavenly majesty.

The Difference.

Ye know God but as Lord, hence *Lord* his name with ye,
 I feel him but as Love, and LOVE his name with me.

Christ must be Born in Thee.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.

The Outward Profiteth Not.

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The cross in thine heart alone can make thee whole.

The only Want's in Thee.

Ah, would thy heart but be a manger for the birth,
God would once more become a child upon the earth.

The Seasons of the Day.

In Heaven is the day, in Hell below, the night;
'Tis twilight here on Earth: consider this aright!

The loveliest Tone.

In all Eternity, no tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat.

Magnet and Steel.

God is a magnet strong; my heart, it is the steel,
'Twill always turn to Him, if once his touch it feel.

Love's Transubstantiation.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that too become thou must:
God—if thou lovest God; Dust—if thou lovest dust.

The Well is Deep.

Why should'st thou cry for drink? The fountain is in thee,
Which so thou stopp'st it not, will flow eternally.

John 4: 11.

To Theologians.

Within this span of time, God's name ye will unfold,
Which in eternities can never quite be told.

Blessedness.

The soul that's truly blest, knows not of selfishness;
She is one light with God, with God one Blessedness.

Old and Young.

Thou smilest at the child that cryeth for his toys,
Are they less toys, old man, that cause thy griefs and joys?

It is Here.

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
Love is the only good; love and be blessed here.

Spiritual Sun and Moon.

Be Jesus thou my Sun, and let me be thy moon,
Then will my darkest night be changed to brightest noon.

The Spiritual Mount.

I am a mount in God, and must myself ascend,
Shall God, to speak to me, upon my top descend.

Life in Death.

In God alone is Life, without God is but death,
An endless godless life were but a life in death.

Wisdom a Child.

We ask how Wisdom can thus play in children's guise?
Why Wisdom *is* a child, so's every man that's wise.

The Valley and the Rain.

Let but thy heart, O man! become a valley low,
And God will rain on it till it will overflow.

Divine Music.

A quiet patient heart that meekly serves his Lord,
God's finger joys to touch; it is his harpsichord.

How we can see God.

God dwelleth in a light far out of human ken,
Become thyself that light, and thou wilt see Him then.

God's Work and Rest.

God never yet has worked, nor did He ever rest,
His rest is aye his work, his work is aye his rest.

Great Gifts and small Receivers.

Our great God always would the greatest gifts impart,
If but his greatest gifts found not so small a heart.

To the Reader.

Let, Reader, this suffice. But should'st thou wish for more,
Then read in *thine own heart* a page of mystic lore.

Angelus Silesius.



FROM ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY.

The Beatific Vision.

THE dazzling beauty of the Loved One shines unseen,
And self's the curtain o'er the road ; away, O screen !

The Luminous Truth.

“Who will give me his heart,” said God, “my love he shall
find.”

With that speech a resplendent sun fell into my mind.

The Two Travellers.

Says God : “Who comes towards Me an inch through
doubtings dim,

In blazing light I do approach a yard towards him.”

All is Safe.

Whatever road I take, it joins the street

Which leadeth all who walk it Thee to meet.

The Divine Judgment.

God asks, not "To what sect did he belong?"
 But "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

Precept without Practice.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
 Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

A Rank in Joys.

My heart! abstain thou from the senses' dear wine-bowl;
 Diviner joys thy God intends shall through thee roll.

Nip the Bud.

A sprout of evil, ere it has struck root,
 With thumb and finger one up-pulls:
 To start it, when grown up and full of fruit,
 Requires a mighty yoke of bulls.

Swift Opportunity.

A thousand years a poor man watched
 Before the gate of Paradise:
 But while one little nap he snatched,
 It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?

Squandered Youth.

Ah, five-and-twenty years ago had I but planted seeds of
 trees,
 How now I should enjoy their shade, and see their fruit
 swing in the breeze!

The Pilgrim to Deity.

Heedless, allured, one moment I forgot my goal :
A thousand years it stretched the journey of my soul.

The Pledge and the Thing.

This life is a dim pledge of friendship from our God :
Give me the Friend, and the pledge may sink in the sod.

Cling not to aught that may be snatched from o'er the
rim ;
One fairy tale was all that Jemschid took with him.

God All in All.

Exempt from lust, exempt from love of pelf,
The wise man acts unconscious of himself.
He cares not for his actions' consequence,
But feeds devotion's fire with pure incense.

God is his gift, his sacrifice is God ;
God is his sacrificial knife and rod,
Himself, his altar, altar's flame, the sword ;
God also is the worship's sole reward.



THE BEGGAR'S COURAGE.

TO heaven approached a Súfi saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admiffion at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
" 'Tis I, dear Friend," the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourgings of life's rods;
But aye his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until, from faith's pure fires and tears,
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

THE SAYINGS OF RABIA.

I.

A pious friend one day of Rabia asked
How she had learned the truth of Allah wholly :
By what instructions was her memory tasked ?
How was her heart estranged from the world's folly ?

She answered, "Thou, who knowest God in parts,
Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell :
I only know that, in my heart of hearts,
I have despised myself, and loved Him well."

II.

Some evil upon Rabia fell ;
And one, who loved and knew her well,
Murmured, that God, with pain undue,
Should strike a child so fond and true.
But she replied, "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just.
I had, in contemplation, striven
To realize the joys of heaven ;
I had extended Fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights ;
Had counted, till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed ;
Had sounded the ecstatic rest

I should enjoy on Allah's breast ;
And for those thoughts I now atone,
They were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone."

III.

When Rabia unto Mecca came,
She stood awhile apart, alone ;
Nor joined the crowd, with hearts of flame,
Collected round the sacred stone.

She like the rest, with toil had crossed
The waves of water, rock, and sand ;
And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
Beheld the Raala's promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened :
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed :
The shouts of prayer she hardly listened ;
She beat her heart, and cried aloud,—

" O heart ! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee !"

IV.

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely.
"Daughter of God!" the youngest said,
"Endure the Father's chastening bravely:
They who have steeped their souls in prayer,
Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully or sadly.
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,
"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly:
They who have learned to pray aright,
From Pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then spake she out, "Your words are fair;
But oh! the truth lies deeper still:
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill:
They who God's face can understand,
Feel not the workings of his hand."

"Heart Songs."



THE TWISTER.

“A TWISTER in twisting would twist him a twist,
And, twisting his twist, seven twists he doth twist;
If one twist, in twisting, untwist from the twist,
The twist untwisting, untwists the twist.”

A RAVELLED rainbow overhead
Lets down to life its varying thread:
Love's blue, — joy's gold, — and, fair between,
Hope's shifting light of emerald green;
With, either side, in deep relief,
A crimson Pain, — a violet Grief.
Would'st thou, amid their gleaming hues,
Clutch after those, and these refuse?
Believe, — as thy beseeching eyes
Follow their lines, and sound the skies, —
There, where the fadeless glories shine,
An unseen angel twists the twine.

And be thou sure, what tint soe'er
The broken rays beneath may wear,
It needs them all, that, broad and white,
God's love may weave the perfect light!

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

THE HEAVENLY SOWING.

SOWER Divine !
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field
An hundred fold to yield.

Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine !

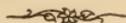
Sower Divine !
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield ;
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thy hand, but sow ;
Then shall the harvest grow.

Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine !

Sower Divine !
Let not this barren clay,
Lead Thee to turn away ;

Let not my fruitlessness
 Provoke Thee not to blefs ;
 Let not this field be dry,
 Refresh it from on high.
 Sower Divine,
 Water this heart of mine !

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.



ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

Lyra Germanica.

THO'RT mine, yes, still thou art mine own !
 Who tells me thou art lost ?
 But yet thou art not mine alone,
 I own that He who cross'd
 My hopes, hath greatest right in thee ;
 Yea, though He ask and take from me
 Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,
 My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah might I wish, ah might I choose,
 Then thou, my star, should'st live,
 And gladly for thy sake I'd lose
 All else that life can give.
 Oh fain I'd say: Abide with me,
 The sunshine of my house to be,
 No other joy but this I crave, —
 To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus saith my heart, and means it well,
God meaneth better still ;
My love is more than words can tell,
His love is greater still ;
I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own !
And He who once hath given,
Will have thee now beside His throne,
To live with Him in Heaven.
I cry, alas ! my light, my child !
But God hath welcome on him smiled,
And said, " *My child*, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

Oh blessed word, oh deep decree,
More holy than we think !
With God no grief or woe can be,
No bitter cup to drink,
No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there ;
Yes, in that Father's sheltered home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's sake ;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
How best for them to make

A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed ;
How seldom does their future prove
What we had planned for those we love !

How many a child of promise fair
Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to dare
Forsake Christ's holy way.
Oh fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men !
The bitterest tears that e'er are shed
Are his who mourns a child misled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
Where thou art, all is well ;
For thou thy Father's face doth see,
With Jesus thou dost dwell !
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine ;
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below.

He hears their singing evermore
His little voice too sings,
He drinks of wisdom's deepest lore,
He speaks of secret things,
That we can never see or know,
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet amid the mists we stand
That veil this dark and tearful land.

Oh that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but awhile
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile,
As he doth praise the holy God,
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burdened heart would overflow.

And I should say: Stay here, my son,
My wild laments are o'er,
O well for thee that thou hast won,
I call thee back no more;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home,
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells!

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,
The sunshine of eternal rest;
Abide, my child, where thou art blest;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

Paul Gerhardt. 1650.

QUIET FROM GOD.

“IF He giveth quiet, who can make trouble?” — *Job* 34 : 29.

QUIET from God! It cometh not to still
 The vast and high aspirings of the soul,
 The deep emotions which the spirit fill,
 And speed its purpose onward to the goal;
 It dims not youth's bright eye,
 Bends not joy's lofty brow,
 No guiltless ecstasy
 Need in its presence bow.

It comes not in a sullen form, to place
 Life's greatest good in an inglorious rest;
 Through a dull, beaten track its way to trace,
 And to lethargic slumber lull the breast;
 Action may be its sphere,
 Mountain paths — boundless fields,
 O'er billows its career:
 This is the power it yields.

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
 To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel;
 To bear about forever in the heart
 The gladness which His spirit doth reveal;

Not to deem evil gone
From every earthly scene ;
To see the storm come on,
But feel His shield between.

It giveth not a strength to human kind,
To leave all suffering powerless at its feet,
But keeps within the temple of the mind
A golden altar, and a mercy seat ;
A spiritual ark,
Bearing the peace of God
Above the waters dark,
And o'er the desert's sod.

How beautiful within our souls to keep
This treasure, the All-Merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake, and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breeze from heaven !
Quiet at hearth and home,
Where the heart's joys begin ;
Quiet where'er we roam,
Quiet around, within.

Who shall make trouble ? — not the evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower,
The spirit peace hath so attuned, finds
There feelings that may own the Calmer's power ;
What may she not confer,
E'en where she must condemn ?
They take not peace from her,
She may speak peace to them !

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

THE wind ahead, the billows high,
A whited wave, but sable sky,
And many a league of toffing sea,
Between the hearts I love and me.

The wind ahead : day after day
These weary words the sailors say ;
To weeks the days are lengthened now, —
Still mounts the surge to meet our prow.

Through longing day and lingering night
I still accuse Time's lagging flight,
Or gaze out o'er the envious sea,
That keeps the hearts I love from me.

Yet, ah, how shallow is all grief!
How instant is the deep relief!
And what a hypocrite am I,
To feign forlorn, to 'plain and sigh!

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favoereth me, —
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

This surging brine *I* do not sail,
This blast adverse is not my gale ;
'Tis here I only seem to be,
But really sail another sea,—

Another sea, pure sky its waves,
Whose beauty hides no heaving graves,—
A sea all haven, whereupon
No hapless bark to wreck hath gone.

The winds that o'er my ocean run,
Reach through all heavens beyond the sun ;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

Eternal trades, they cannot veer,
And blowing, teach us how to steer ;
And well for him whose joy, whose care,
Is but to keep before them fair.

Oh, thou God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine !
Spread sail ! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny !

For Destiny pursues us well,
By sea, by land, through heaven or hell ;
It suffers Death alone to die,
Bids life all change and chance defy.

Would earth's dark ocean suck thee down?
Earth's ocean thou, O Life, shalt drown,
Shalt flood it with thy finer wave,
And, sepulchred, entomb thy grave!

Life loveth life and good: then trust
What most the spirit would, it must;
Deep wishes, in the heart that be,
Are blossoms of necessity.

A thread of Law runs through thy prayer,
Stronger than iron cables are;
And Love and Longing toward her goal,
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail,
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage and roar.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark
With snowy wake still nears her mark;
Cheerly the trades of being blow,
And sweeping down the wind I go.

D. A. Waffon.

CHEERFULNESS.

BE merry, man, and tak not sair to mind
 The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow ;
 To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
 And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow ;
 His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow.
 Be blyth in hearte for my aventure,
 For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
 Without Gladnes availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends ;
 For warld's gain without health naught avails ;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
 Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails ;
 Seek to solace when sadnes thee affails ;
 In dolour long thy life may not endure,
 Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails ;
 Without Gladnes availes no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
 With famous folkes hald thy company ;
 Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
 For warldly honour lastes but a day.
 For trouble in earth tak no melancholy ;

Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor ;
 Who lives merrily he lives mightily ;
 Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

William Dunbar. 1479-1520.



FORGIVENESS.

THE fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
 For who forgives without a further strife,
 His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
 And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
 To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won.
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :
 Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seld
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth this same allow, —
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn :
To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong ;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
To scorn a free-born heart, slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind :
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against his mind ?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Lady Elizabeth Carew. 1613.



PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! Why, 'tis the soul of peace :
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin of heaven :
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,—
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

Thomas Dekkar. 1630.



GOD.

SHAKE hands with earth, and let your soul respect
 Her joys no farther, than her joys reflect
 Upon her Maker's glory ; if thou swim
 In wealth, see Him in all ; see all in Him :
 Sink'ft thou in want, and is thy small cruise spent ?
 See Him in want, enjoy Him in content ;
 Conceiv'ft Him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain ?
 In prayer and patience find Him out again.

Francis Quarles.

HEAVEN.

THER is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:—
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Than evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preyfing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevене call;
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the fighte of Godde's bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

Richard Rolle. About 1350.

LOVE.

O WEDDING-GUEST ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends :
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest ;
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

Cowper.

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