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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

“AS THY DAYS”

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

MARY K. A. STONE

AUTHOR OF “A CONCORDANCE TO THE PSALMS AND THE PSALTER”

Oh Christian! as the bird that sings at night
Or as the bird that God has taught to wait
Until the day-break—sing at heaven's gate,
“For after darkness, Light!”

MARY L. DEMAREST

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To

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF MY SISTER

ELIZABETH KENT ALLEN.

*We thank Thee, Lord, that paradise so near us lies,
Its gateway scarcely closed, e'en now, in death's disguise,
On those dear souls whom for a little moment we
Below, still striving Christwards, may no longer see.*

ALMIGHTY FATHER, mercifully look upon us, and sanctify us by the Holy Ghost, that being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, we may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally we may come to the land of everlasting rest, there to reign with Thee, world without end ; through Christ Jesus our Lord. *Amen.*



As Thy Days.

“ THY SHOES SHALL BE IRON AND BRASS ; AND AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.” —*Deut.* xxxiii. 25.

IN Christ this living word is mine,
“ Yea and Amen,” by grace divine ;
The Father’s promise, given of old,
Is pledged my goings to uphold :
And this shall be my pilgrim song :
“ When I am weak, then am I strong.”

Daily I find the promise true
For loss to bear, or work to do ;
Crooked and rough the path may be,
Yet is it just the best for me—
The one my Father’s love hath planned
To bring me to the Better Land.

He may not smooth the path alway,
Or take the stones and thorns away ;
But iron and brass my shoes shall be,
To tread right onward steadfastly ;
So shall I walk and never faint,
Upheld by cheerful love’s constraint.

And when the road is bleak and bare,
Jesus will walk beside me there,
And lift my stumbling, way-worn feet
Over the stones in mercy sweet ;
His circling Arm will give me strength
For all the toilsome journey’s length.

Oft in a waste and desert land,
He leads to wayside brooks at hand,

Whose living waters, as they flow,
 Make ceaseless music, glad and low ;
 And in their cool, restoring rest,
 My soul is comforted and blest.

Saviour ! still lead me on, I pray,
 And strength apportion to my day ;
 Help me to grasp Thy faithful word,
 My lamp to trim, my loins to gird ;
 Then I Thy faithfulness will boast,
 When I have proved its " uttermost."

The Fire of Love.

FOR EPIPHANY.

" O MAKE MY LIFE HOW SHORT I CARE NOT, SO THAT IT CAN HAVE THE FIRE
 IN IT FOR AN HOUR."—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

O LORD of light, anointing Holy Ghost,
 Who led'st of old Thy servants by a star,
 Now, on this day of " Holy Lights," unbar
 Our stubborn wills, and shine through all our coast !

It is not time we want, nor eloquence,
 But hearts afire with burning zeal intense,
 That, like the lightning flash, will melt the rock
 It strikes ; like furnace-fire, refine the block
 Of precious golden ore.

Christ's love must glow
 To the heart's core, enkindled from His cross ;
 Thence, touching other hearts, must onward go
 To drive out darkness, unbelief and dross ;
 The light that emanates from God's own Son
 Must burn and burn, until a world be won.

" Out of Suffering Comes Song."

Is this the way that praise is born ?
 Must pain be parent so

Of all the rarest, sweetest song
 That God's beloved know ?
 "The servant must be as his lord"—
 So speaks the Master's voice ;
 Like Jesus, self-effaced to lie,
 Must be his followers' choice.

I thank Thee, O my mindful Lord !
 That Thou hast held the key
 Of all the discipline and ill
 That life has brought to me.

I bless Thee, too, that suffering
 Is but Thy instrument—
 A tool within the Master's hand
 To grave His deep intent.

"He suffered, and was buried"—
 Not e'en the Christ was crowned
 Without this crucifixion grace
 Whereby our songs abound.

If Christ, with sorrow, give Himself,
 How glad the life ! how strong !
 Defeat, denial, even death,
 Transmuted into song.

Lord, teach my pain-anointed lips
 To plead for Christ with men ;
 And give the unction of Thy love
 To bring lost lambs again.

So, when my praying breath is spent,
 Ended earth's paltry praise,
 New songs may join with mine in heaven,
 For all Thy wondrous ways.

His Yoke.

"A YOKE IS NOT AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE ; IT IS AN INSTRUMENT OF MERCY. IT IS NOT MEANT TO GIVE PAIN, BUT TO SAVE PAIN."—*Drummond.*

THE yoke of Christ means saving strength
 To all whose hearts by sin are spent ;

No hard or weary weight imposed
 On necks already bowed and bent.
 The world's rude yoke must fret and gall—
 Life hath so many pains and cares!
 Only beneath Christ's easy yoke
 Our load is lightened unawares.
 His yoke! O pattern close and true
 Fitted to each—the strong, the weak!
 Yielding our wills to its control,
 His joy will not be far to seek.
 His yoke means burdens lightly drawn
 In lowly patience, lest we fall;
 Yea, "quietness and confidence,"
 With love divine to sweeten all.
 O meek and lowly Christ! We crave
 This blessed servitude to know;
 In us Thy joy be now fulfilled—
 Wilt Thou not make it yet to grow?

Seek Ye the Lord.

"IT WAS AN ANCIENT SAYING OF THE PERSIANS THAT THE WATERS RUSH FROM THE MOUNTAINS, AND HURRY PORTH INTO ALL THE LANDS TO FIND THE LORD OF THE EARTH; AND THE FLAME OF FIRE, WHEN IT AWAKES, GAZES NO MORE UPON THE GROUND, BUT MOUNTS HEAVENWARD TO SEEK THE LORD OF HEAVEN; AND HERE AND THERE THE EARTH HAS BUILT THE GREAT WATCH-TOWERS OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND THEY LIFT THEIR HEADS FAR UP INTO THE SKY AND GAZE EVER UPWARD AND AROUND, TO SEE IF THE JUDGE OF THE WORLD COMES NOT."—*Hyperion*.

SEEK ye the Lord, O Streams that run,
 Him whom ye praise from sun to sun,
 Whose wondrous handiwork are ye,
 Ye restless Rivers, glad and free,
 Rush on, until your course be won!
 Ye Fire and Heat, that leap to see
 The Lord of all, where hiddenly
 He is—say, have ye seen His Son?
 Seek ye the Lord!

Ye Mountain watch-towers, one by one,
 By earth up-built, of eld begun,
 That gaze around, afar, lest He,
 The Judge of all, come ere the sun
 Go down, to give His last "Well-done,"
 Seek ye the Lord!

Accepted Sorrow.

"TO HIM TO WHOM LIFE IS BUT AN EPISODE . . . GRIEF COMES AS ANGELS
 CAME TO THE TENT OF ABRAHAM."—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

A STRANGER waits, O Friend, without thy gate,
 His mien to grief akin; yet 'neath thy roof
 Pray him to tarry till the storm abate,
 And of thy willing welcome make full proof:
 Like Abraham, haste to loose his pilgrim shoon,
 And bathe his tired feet; then girded rise
 To set the salt and break the bread that's blest—
 Beside thy hearth-fire watching, dawn to noon,
 Until the sun gleam through the curtained skies:
 This do, for Christ's dear sake, in any wise,
 And at thy board, so honored as a guest,
 Shall God-sent Sorrow wear an angel's guise
 And speak for Christ—while from those patient eyes
 The Lord Himself shall look and give thee rest!

A Saturday Evening Prayer.

O LORD of all our nights and days,
 Who giv'st us ever of Thy best,
 We hymn Thy perfect praise to-night,
 Ere dawns for us the Sabbath rest.
 How can we e'er forget our Lord,
 Who had not where to lay His head?
 Homeless in all this world of homes,
 A-hungered—He, the Living Bread!
 Father! forgive our halting step,
 So laggard on the upward road;

And grant that each new week of days
 May bring us nearer Thine abode.

Thy patience and Thy faithfulness
 Encamp about us as we move ;
 Goodness and mercy go before,
 And crown each evening with Thy love.

Oh ! let Thy Dove of Peace descend—
 Peace none can give or take away ;
 Keeping our hearts, for Jesus' sake,
 Unto the endless Sabbath day.

Oh ! Day of days, we lift our eyes
 To greet the glow of thy fair dawn ;
 Rise thou within these waiting hearts,
 And shine unto the perfect morn !

Waiting for the Tide.

HIGH on the beach, a noble vessel lay
 Waiting the tide-wave from the sea ;
 Her cargo, stored in time's long golden day,
 Her orders, for Eternity.

A balanced freight she bore, of precious things,
 Faith, Hope, and Love, the "blessed three"—
 Ripe wisdom, with its deep imaginings
 And childhood's heart of purity.

One winter's noon, the flood-wave came at last,
 Launching our freighted craft from shore ;
 And now, her solemn waiting overpast,
 We wait, till seas shall be no more.

A Fragment.

. . . AND in this school of discipline she learned
 That thus to suffer, need not be to *sorrow*.
 Up from the weary weight that pressed at first,
 She rose, more patient, loving, cheerful, true,

Ready to do the duty nearest her,
That so each coming one might be more clear.

Her heart, checked earthward, opened up the more
To the sweet light and gentle warmth of heaven,
And thus drew toward it those who needed most
Her ministry. She did not close her life
From any sacred human sympathies ;
But, in the sweet “gray robe of self-denial wrapt,”
Inwrought of lowly deeds and prayer, she moved,
Growing more like the Master, as she walked,
His Spirit still outworking in her life.

With God no love is lost, or goes unclaimed,
But bears some fruit in the eternal years.
If here our eyes are holden, may we not,
In heaven, behold love’s opened mystery ?

Work on, dear hearts ! together, though apart !
Ye shall not know, this side the gate of death,
How beautiful your mutual ministry.
But He, from whom no secret can be hid,
Is working out by you His perfect plan ;
And in the light of heaven, beholding eye to eye,
All hidden things shall be at last revealed.

“In Pace.”

JANUARY 23, 1893.

“OH ! IF WE COULD ONLY LIFT UP OUR HEADS, AND LIVE WITH HIM ; LIVE
NEW LIVES, HIGH LIVES, LIVES OF HOPE AND LOVE AND HOLINESS, TO
WHICH DEATH SHOULD BE NOTHING BUT THE BREAKING AWAY OF THE
LAST CLOUD, AND THE LETTING OF THE LIFE OUT TO ITS COMPLETION.”
—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

We thank Thee, Lord, though now with quivering breath,
For Thy good gift in very love to us,
Of this *one life*, so simple, grand, and true,
That brought Thy Christ divinely home to each,
According to his needs. That he, this man,

Has lived in this our day his Christ-like life,
 An inspiration to all high desire,
 A drawing upward out of self to Thee,
 We thank Thee, Lord.

Still be our hearts in truest touch with his,
 Our waiting eyes unto the light he saw,
 Until the morning without clouds shall dawn.
 With him, death is indeed the breaking cloud
 That lets the life to grand completion out,
 Clothing itself in light supernal, free.
 And we will lift our heads to catch some ray
 That falls in blessing through death's rifted cloud,
 And thank Thee, Lord.

Oh! look upon his work—Thy work, where now
 The plough lies leaderless in furrows broad,
 Deep driven by his urgent hand—the hand
 That wrought for us so early and so late.
 Spirit of Life! bless Thou the springing seed,
 And bid Thy laborers take heart to pray
 For some Elisha, quick of eye and soul,
 On whom may rest the prophet's mantle now :
 So shall we thank Thee, Lord.

At the Lord's Table.

“DRINK THIS IN REMEMBRANCE THAT CHRIST DIED FOR THEE, AND BE
 THANKFUL.”

WINE of my Saviour's love, poured out for me,
 Thankful, I know my spirit's thirst assuaged,
 Bringing my need to Thy infinity
 Whose deeps can ne'er be meted out nor gauged ;
 I know that Christ's unspoken sympathy,
 Like rich, ripe treasure of the trodden grape
 Which from the royal wine-press finds escape,
 Is, for all want, the fullest ministry.
 My Lord! I take Thee for my meat and drink,
 A double store of bliss for all my rue,

Rest and refreshing by the river's brink,
Where Thou dost shut the head-spring in from view ;
A fountain by the King's own signet sealed
To flow in cooling waters God hath healed.

My Heavenly Birthday.

My heavenly birthday—day of days!—
O speed thy laggard feet!
How shall I bide in patience still
Until thy dawn I greet—
Until thou keep thy tryst with me,
To walk the golden street?
For O, dear Lord, my spirit longs
For her redemption day,
That strange, that unknown hour of bliss
When, loosed from bonds of clay,
I shall behold Thee face to face,
And love Thee as I may!
When from these lips the jarring word
Shall nevermore escape,
Or thought unloving and untrue
Within the heart take shape ;
But Christ's own comeliness my soul
In perfect beauty drape.
Already have forerunners sped
That called the loved and dear ;
Surely, full soon the messenger
Must at my door appear,
With token from my Lord of life
That I, too, may come near.
Then fill me with Thy presence, Lord,
That life may be to me
A trust so sacred and so high,
Not death's own ministry
May be more solemn to my thought
Than life for Christ shall be.

My Shepherd.

“He leadeth me!”

And so I need not seek my own wild way
 Across the desert wide;
 He knoweth where the shaded pastures lie,
 Where the still waters glide,
 And how to reach the coolness of their rest
 Beneath the calm hillside.

“He leadeth me!”

And though it be by rugged, weary ways,
 Where thorns spring sharp and sore,
 No pathway can seem strange or desolate
 Where Jesus “goes before”;
 His gentle shepherding my solace is,
 And gladness yet in store.

“He leadeth me!”

O Love that draws, but never drives me on,
 Close be my following;
 In blessed fellowship of joy or pain,
 Taught still Thy praise to sing;
 And never thorn shall wound my way-worn feet
 But first He felt its sting.

“He leadeth me!”

I shall not take one needless step through all,
 In wind or heat or cold,
 And all day long He sees the peaceful end
 Through trials manifold:
 Up the far hillside, like some sweet surprise,
 Waiteth the quiet fold.

Two November Pictures.

Now lieth earth so close to heaven's own vast—
 Heart laid to heart—one mighty pulse is felt
 That stilleth strife, while soft relentings melt

Life's sterner mood. Both bud and bloom are past ;
 Where tossed the trees their darkling robe of green,
 Stand giants grand, all bare of limb and mien,
 Whose clear-cut outlines, sketched against the blue,
 Are toned to sober brown of autumn's hue.

Cool winds, through air as clear as amethyst,
 Sweep off the busy summer's dust and soil,
 Bidding us gird anew our loins for toil,

To work the mills of God, whose goodly grist
 Yields for our brother-man bounty untold
 Of ripe, rare grain, reaped by Love's sickle bold.

The scene dissolves. November's veiling mist
 Hugs now the mountains, and each hoary head
 Enshrouding, hides where yesterday lies dead.
 Thought backward turns in faithful tryst,
 And, set to wordless harmony, would list

The tale of Indian summer's golden rune.

The short, low grass sunning itself at noon,
 The whirr athwart a lichened wall, of wings unseen—
 Where little birds God's promised morsel glean—

The homely fowls that day-long peck and croon,
 The ripple of a brook that singeth late
 Of hours serenely still in rounded calm,—

These are earth's chaunt of hope, her patient psalm,
 Her "all things come to him who knows to wait."

Life-Rests.

"THERE IS NO MUSIC IN A REST ; BUT THERE IS THE MAKING OF MUSIC IN IT."

ANOTHER rest, full-counted out for me,
 Before life's psalm takes up its movement grand ;
 The pause filled in with silence from His hand
 Who leads, though broken be the harmony.

A silence timed by God, who writes to-day
 The music of our lives. Then be my ear
 Attent upon His count ; that true and clear
 My voice may strike the coming note away.

With patience teach me, Lord, the value meet
 Of chord and rest, in Thy diviner thought ;
 Then, be Thy rod, of grief or sickness wrought,
 I would keep measure with its steady beat.

I may not slur one note, or slight one rest,
 If *Christ* be key-note of both prayer and praise ;
 For from the pauses of my changeful days
 His hand shall draw such strains as please Him best.

Whate'er Thou wilt, dear Master, Thou canst make,
 Of music, from Thy many-stringèd lute ;
 And should some tightened chord the while lie mute,
 With Thy restoring touch, mend Thou the break !

After Sickness.

“ I WILL SING PRAISE TO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE MY BEING.”—*Ps.* civ. 33.

God of my health, Oh ! give me notes
 Wherewith to sing in glad, new lays,
 Thy timely praise.
 For Thou didst compass me about
 With “ very present help,” when low
 In pain and woe.

And when, from out her darkened depths,
 My soul cried out for Thee, her stay,
 In sore dismay,
 It was Thy ready hand that saved,
 Thy clasping arm that gave me rest
 Safe on Thy breast.

I know not rightly, Lord, to hymn that love
 Which struggles on my lips for speech—
 But thou canst teach ;
 And He who gave, can surely read
 Its broken utterance to-day—
 Hear, Lord, I pray.

To thee I wholly consecrate
 The life once more redeemed from ill,
 To work Thy will :
 Dear Lord of Life, accept the gift
 That now my thankful heart would make,
 For Jesus' sake.

The Bird in the Tomb.

[THIS SPRING A PAIR OF BIRDS BUILT THEIR NEST IN ONE CORNER OF THE SHALLOW, PANELED RECESS OVER THE TOMB OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON.]

REVERENT I stand before the portals barred,
 And gaze within, where pilgrims may not pass ;
 Without, the freshly springing April grass
 Is growing, green and lush, all myrtle-starred.
 No stranger hand may lift the bolted bar,
 Yet has one little life an entrance won ;
 For safe, above the grave of Washington,
 Within a niche where words of Jesus are,
 A tiny mother-bird has built her nest ;
 And sitting patient in the sheltered nook,
 All unafraid—though eager eyes will look—
 She warms her young with soft maternal breast.
 So e'en the birds, reared in this solitude,
 Singing their loves amid Mount Vernon's bloom,
 Are answering Death, above the closèd tomb,
 With Life, the largess of God's fatherhood.
 And o'er the brooding wings of brown I read
 The Saviour's words of calm for all earth's strife :
 " I am the Resurrection and the Life ;
 He that believes on me shall live, though dead."

MOUNT VERNON, 1884.

The Old Well-Spring.

A SUNNY spring, whose waters clear
 Pulse through the yielding sands below,

Encircled close by rough-laid stones,
Rude birthplace of a life, I trow.
For, gliding thence, a truant brook,
Through quiet meads, flows toward the west,
Leaving the bubbling source of youth
To seek—world-wide—a home, a rest.
I strayed beside its winding banks,
Green-edged, as now, with fragrant mint;
I plucked the blue forget-me-not
That snares the sunbeam's passing glint.
There lady-slipper hangs her bells,
And laughing waters purl their way,
With low, sweet country chimes, that ring
To keep a fairy holiday.
There widens out the grassy field,
All daisied o'er with starry white,
And clover vies with buttercup—
Scarce know I which the fairer sight.
One easy bound would set my feet
On either side the rippling stream—
Too young as yet to far divide
By pebbly bed or arrowy gleam.
Long as its spring's clear sands are stirred
By pearl-drops, new-born one by one,
So long shall swell a river's might,
Until the wide sea's bourne be won.
And life's still depths must aye be moved
By birth of love from hidden source,
And self be merged, be lost from sight,
As brooklet in the river's course.
Man, with a restless hand, builds up,
And shifts the landmarks to his dreams;
But changeless still, through all our years,
God's vales and hills, His springs and streams.

Sabbath Sunset in September.

IN the clear, golden west, the sun hangs low,
 Hasting to gain the hiding of the hills ;
 Straight lies the path unto his bourne. Peace fills
 My thought—peace that is Sabbath overflow,
 Possessing heart and life.

The autumn haze

A dusky glamour throws over the stretch
 Of meadow-flats, where broods a ripened glow
 On fields and woods that hand of art might sketch.
 O stillness, solemn as of Sabbath days
 All worded into one ! rest which is praise
 Breathed by the thankful year that, grand and slow,
 Passes away, like great souls when they go
 To Paradise, leaving man's poor appraise,
 To take th' award of God's unerring gaze !

BOXFORD, 1887.

Only a Little Leaf.

“WE ARE IN HIM THAT IS TRUE.”—1 *John* v. 20.

ONLY a little leaf,
 A far-off branch,
 Yet fresh and fair and green,
 Fed from a life unseen
 That throbs through all the tree—
 Strong-rooted, staunch—
 Unto each weakest bough,
 Each outmost branch.

Be glad, my soul, that Christ
 Is all for thee !
 The little leaf thou art,
 The branch, of Him a part.
 Far off, yet more than His ;
 His life in thee
 Hath made thee one with Him
 Eternally.

Ah, hinder not with fears
 His loving thought ;
 Be not so faithless thou—
 An unfed, withered bough,—
 But strong in Him abide ;
 Let not one doubt
 Of Christ clog thy heart's health,
 Or shut Him out.

Faith is the graft on Christ,
 The Life of life ;
 Then let thy veins drink deep
 From Him, that so may leap
 Fresh juices, bounding on
 In blessed strife,
 Working out flower and fruit
 With fragrance rife.

“According to your faith be it unto you.”

“Jesus Only.”

To Thee, Lord Jesus, will I cling,
 To Thee, continually ;
 And O ! may nothing separate
 My trusting heart from Thee !
 Thou art my very Life of Life,
 My ever-freshening spring,
 The Vine, whose ripening juices give
 My soul her strengthening.

Where could I find a greater good
 Than Thou art, Lord, to me,
 In all my changing times of need,
 Poor sinner though I be ?
 Could any such sweet comfort give,
 As Thou hast promised true,
 Who dost all things in heaven and earth
 To Thy one will subdue ?

Ah! who could show my sin-stained soul
 Such love as Jesus bare,
 Who shed for me His precious blood,
 To make me clean and fair?
 He gave Himself to death for me,
 Because His name was Love ;
 O! shall I not be true to Him
 Who pleads for me above ?

Yes, Lord, with grateful, loving heart,
 I hold me fast by Thee ;
 Through every strain of joy or grief,
 O what art Thou to me !
 I watch for Thy dear beckoning, Lord,
 Above all calls of earth,
 And walking with Thee, day by day,
 Await my heavenly birth.

O! stay Thou near me, while I live ;
 And, when life's day is past,
 Lay Thy dear hands, Thy piercèd hands,
 Upon my head at last ;
 Then let me hear Thy secret voice,
 “ My child ! the night draws on ;
 Because thou hast believed on Me,
 Thy victory is won.”

Lord Christ ! be with me closer then,
 Breathe on my fainting soul,
 Like to the cool, fresh breeze of morn,
 That makes the weary whole ;
 Dawn Thou upon my darkening sight,
 O quickly, Jesus, come,
 That I may joyful journey hence,
 As one who moveth home !

Translation from the German of Spitta.

One of the King's Gifts.

"I WILL GIVE HIM THE MORNING STAR."—*Rev. ii. 28.*

SHINE forth, O Christ! my bright and Morning Star,
 Mine by most kingly deed of gift from Thee;
 And let Thy cleansing beams efface in me
 The self whose stains would Thy pure whiteness mar;
 So never for one instant I may claim
 That aught of shining is my own; or deem
 That self's dark orb supplies the vital beam.
 Cold, dumb, and dead am I, till Thy blest flame
 Enkindle me, love's circling course to run;
 Then, like the planet lit from central sun,
 In Thy unhindered light I simply shine—
 Not careful how, for all the work is Thine:
 While o'er life's orbit, Jesus' deathless love
 Glows purer than the morning star above.

The Southern Cross.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

FROM out the shining chambers of the South,
 O starry sign! thy track I see;
 Thy twin-companions circling at thy side,
 Forever pointing up to thee.
 Christ of the Cross! it is Thy love I read
 Lettered in lines of light on high;
 The same wise Hand that planned the heavens, hath writ
 Love's parable upon the sky:—
 God's steadfast stars! that shine serene and clear,
 Over the restless waves of time,
 Keeping their patient pathway silently,
 While God's deep counsels wait sublime!
 O! Thou who knowest when a sparrow falls,
 Earth, sea, and air of Thee are full;
 The best of all things is their voiceless speech
 That tells Thy love ineffable.

Sweet Gospel—writ in stars where all may read
 That symbol of the Lamb once slain ;
 Who in the struggle “conquer by that sign,”
 At last shall more than conqueror reign.

Cross of the South! shine on thy radiant way ;
 Tell out thy bright evangel through the years,
 Until all nations walk within thy light,
 And join the mystic music of the spheres.

And though I watch thy fast-declining light,
 Never to see thee rise again,
 I know that He who liveth, and was dead,
 Is come the Light of Life to reign :

“He must increase”—O blessed word to me!
 While earth-lights pale, and joys grow dim,
 Deep down, below all surface chance and change,
 Abides my confidence in Him.

[1870.]

Spring Time.

A QUEENLY maid is passing through the land,
 Her garments fluttering joyous in the wind,
 And perfumed balmily with breath of flowers ;
 Her step attuned to happy song of birds,
 And sweet child-voices, fresh from Paradise.
 Earth is astir to give her welcome fair :
 The lilies nod, the little brooks run, glad
 To meet her, and the lowly grasses spring,
 Laying an em'rald carpet for her feet.

Rise up, O waiting ones!

Go forth to greet the blushing maiden, Spring.
 Lift up your heads, ye toiling sons of men,
 And welcome her with open hearts once more,
 The blessing of the year!

For, lo! the very clod
 Is drinking in of life's new light and heat,
 To give it forth again in grateful bloom ;

And e'en the earth-worm turns and crawls toward the sun
To claim its share in earth's epiphany!

Dear heart of mine! wilt *thou* not throb and beat
With quickened love, bringing thy winter's store,
To lay it, lavish, at thy Father's feet,
Eager to spend it all—yea, all and more,
For Him who holdeth still thy soul in life,
Whom all things earthly worship and adore?

None liveth to himself—the wayside flower
Storeth its honey for the summer's bee,
Opens a chalice for the dew-drop's rest,
And e'en exhales its life in sweets for thee!
The brooklet helps to swell the river's breast,
While that in turn feeds ever cloud and sea.

Then give, O soul! from out thy being's best,
Seek out the lonely, the wayfaring one;
That so, by this thy patient, loving quest,
Thy brother's heart catch brightness from thine own.
Give of thy "barley-loaves" and fishes twain—
The talents that thy Master lent at first:
Head, hands, and heart; thy will, thy means, *thyself*,
Till many barns be full and presses burst!

A Fable.

A LOW-GROWN vine had neared a friendly fence,
But finding there her eager runners stayed,
Bewailed the fate that kept her bloom this side
The garden's pale, hid by the hindering shade.
Whereat, one struggling branch, for all the rest,
Took up the challenge, given free and fair—
For lo! its tendrils find the rude, rough edge,
And, clasped thereon, it climbs to bloom and bear!

Make thou the hindrance in thy lot
 Faith's ladder upward from the earth ;
 Hug not the ground—lay hold and rise,
 Achieving so thy right of birth.

The Sight of the Cross.

“HE HATH GIVEN ME REST BY HIS SORROWS, AND LIFE BY HIS DEATH.”—
Pilgrim's Progress.

LORD! hear my broken speech,
 Though poor the words I bring ;
 Love flutters in my breast, and strives
 To rise on wounded wing.

Within the restful shade
 Of Thy dear Cross I stand ;
 'Twas here my burden rolled away,
 Loosed by Thy piercèd hand.

And here the Shining Ones
 Came to me, in the way,
 And for my holy pilgrimage
 Robed me in fit array.

With *Christian* would I gaze
 And feast my fainting heart,
 Till all the springs of love are stirred
 Deep in their hidden part.

O let me kiss Thy feet,
 And never more depart,
 But tell Thee how Thy blessed love
 Encompasseth my heart.

The lips that Thou hast touched
 And cleansed to speak for Thee,
 Will gladly stammer in Thy praise,
 Rather than silent be.

Were I so thankless, Lord,
 The very rocks might speak ;

Since all that hath a voice or soul
 For praising breath must seek.

Then do Thou bow Thine ear
 Unto this prayer of mine ;
 Its deeper meaning Thou canst read,
 Interpreter divine.

“The Lamb is the Light Thereof.”

FOR A CHILD.

SOME day my little life
 Must end below ;
 And last good-nights be said,
 Before I homeward go.

In heaven no night can come,
 Nor sin, nor tears ;
 But Christ, the Lamb, is light,
 Through all the endless years.

Shine now within my heart,
 Thou blessed Light,
 That, when death's angel comes,
 I may not fear “ Good-night.”

The Clod and the Diamond.

A PARAPHRASE.

THE sun may shine upon the clod till it is warm,
 Warm for its own poor darkling self to live ;
 He smites the diamond, and oh ! how glows the gem,
 Chilling itself, irradiant, to give.

The silent soul, that takes but gives not out again,
 In shining thankfulness, a smile, a tear,
 Absorbing, makes none other glad, and misses so
 The purest and the best of love's rich cheer.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

DEAR heart! so heavy with the days behind,
That hold for thee so much of ill and loss,
Wilt thou not turn and hear the tender voice
That speaketh to thee from a Saviour's cross?

Poor heart! how soon a-weary of thy life,
And forced to wear for mask the joyless smile,
Embittered even by the very gift
That made the sweetness of thy cup erewhile!

Oh, turn thee, turn thee, with thy bruised love,
To Jesus, for He only knows it all;
Wound not anew the Hand that maketh whole,—
Slight not the love that fain would save from thrall.

He claims the heart thus torn and tempest-driven,
For 'tis His stroke that makes thee maimed and dumb:
He will not let thee set thy love too low,
But calls thee, all unwilling, “Daughter, come!”

Can mother e'er forget her helpless child,
Or shut the heart against so true a plea?
Yea, this she may; yet cannot God forget
One soul whom Christ hath loved eternally.

“A Place to Hide Me in.”

PS. XXXII. 8. (PSALTER VERSION.)

O FATHER! hide me from myself—
This foolish, wilful self within;
Draw me, so restless, to my rest,—
Jesus—“a place to hide me in!”

The tempter comes, with guileful art,
To snare me in some thought of sin;
I breathe in prayer one blessed Name:
“Jesus”—“a place to hide me in!”

Before the bar of God's just law,
 Condemned, He tells me, I have been ;
 I face Him with this perfect plea :
 Jesus—" a place to hide me in ! "

Yea ! though dark doubt and unbelief
 Harass my heart with mocking din,
 I flee to faith's strong citadel :
 Jesus—" a place to hide me in ! "

The winds of sorrow, ruthless, search
 The secrets of my heart within ;
 Lo ! in the midst a quiet rock—
 Jesus—" a place to hide me in ! "

O, hidden life, with Christ in God,
 Let me Thy blest abiding win !
 The shadow of God's lovingness,
 Jesus—" a place to hide me in ! "

Thy hidden ones ! O, Lord, what joy,
 What utter peace from self and sin !
 It needs no other word than this—
 Jesus—" a place to hide me in ! "

Song of a Brook.

A BROOK, that saunters leisurely
 Among the forest trees,
 As though all life were holiday,
 From mountain to the seas ;

Or, like a child meandering,
 That runs to right, to left—
 Then drops, to lave her tired feet
 Within a rock's cool cleft :

Where'er she goes, gray stones are clad
 In coats of mossy green ;
 Along their bed she glides and glooms,
 Herself but little seen.

We hear the crooning of her song
 In lulling undertone—
 Anon she sparkles, purls for glee
 In shallows pebble-strewn.

The yellow birch, its twisted roots
 Hugs close about her rocks,
 In rough caresses of a love
 That deepens under shocks.

Stray sunbeams sifting through the boughs
 In golden touches play,
 Where grow the fern and tangled brake
 Aloof from common day.

And so our streamlet seeks the sea,
 Through shine and shadow still,
 Gurgling for very heart's delight
 And sheer content of will :

The while her song goes up to Him
 Who decked the earth so fair,
 Who rounds the rain-drops, every one,
 And makes the birds His care.

Fast as she flows, she gives herself
 In good that passes count ;
 And while she waters many lives,
 Kind heaven renews her fount.

Pennyroyal.

OH ! modest little lane-side herb
 My eager feet have pressed,
 I had not known you—growing low—
 Save by your sweets confessed !
 Balm'd in these leafy spikes of green,
 You hide your healing store,
 Till, brushed by passing step, you yield
 Fresh perfume o'er and o'er.

Would that my thought, my life, might be
 Like yours, so wholly true,
 That breeze, or foot, or noon-tide heat,
 Should prove but ready clue
 To lowly deeds of helpfulness,
 With love's rare fragrance fraught—
 The lure for balm as freshly cool
 As this that came unsought!

A Place for You.

SINCE the Ane wha hath luv'd me promised true,
 "I go to prepare a place for you,"
 I wad fain mak' me ready noo to flee
 To my Lord, whom I weary sair to see.
 Weel kens He ilka grief I hae—
 He bears them a' for me each day,
 An' O! for you bonnie Hame abune
 I pray Him to fit me verra sune!

Gin the King o' that countree, ah! sae fair,
 Deep down i' my hert wad noo prepare
 For Himsel' a hame, and gar me to grow
 In likeness to Him, maist luvly, I trow!
 Then wad I ready be to gang
 Unto His luv, than death mair strang;
 An' O! that yon bonnie Hame abune
 Wad gie me its welcome verra sune!

Sweet Briar.

IN MEMORIAM M. L. D.

SHE grows beside the grassy road
 Where late our steps were straying,
 The fresh aroma of her breath
 A generous soul betraying.
 Her fragrance wins us as we pass,
 Though no fair, waiting token,

In even one belated bloom,
 Reveals her thought unspoken.
 Sweet gospeler! we trust her truth,
 Though skies may frown or favour;
 In her glad grace of constancy
 We know she will not waver.
 Dear emblem of unselfish love,
 That lives to bless another,
 Without a thought of recompense
 Or praise from any brother;
 Of love that hides a hurt or ill
 With breath of true forgiving,
 And covers thorns of circumstance
 By yet more patient living.
 Ah! though we miss her from our path—
 Our dearest "heart's desire"—
 Fadeless she blooms in memory,
 Our quaint, our fresh *Sweet Briar!*

An October Song-Bird.

OH! sweeter, dearer to our hearts,
 Than spring-bird's gladdest lay,
 The song of you sweet loiterer,
 This calm, still, autumn day!
 Hark! how the soft, persuasive notes
 Well over into praise—
 A hymn of joy, in unison
 With Nature's crown of days.
 With reverent spirit, hushed to hear,
 I follow where he sings,
 Until beyond my ken he mounts—
 'Tis thankfulness on wings!
 Sing on! sweet bird, thy song is pledge
 Of spring-time yet to come;

Thy voice will echo in my heart,
When other songs are dumb.

Thy notes of praise shall teach me still
New thanks for every gift ;
And e'en in each dark cloud that frowns,
To find love's golden rift !

The Peerless Climax.

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS ; WHETHER PAUL, OR APOLLOS, OR CEPHAS, OR THE WORLD, OR LIFE, OR DEATH, OR THINGS PRESENT, OR THINGS TO COME ; ALL ARE YOURS ; AND YE ARE CHRIST'S ; AND CHRIST IS GOD'S."—1 *Cor.* iii. 21, 22, 23.

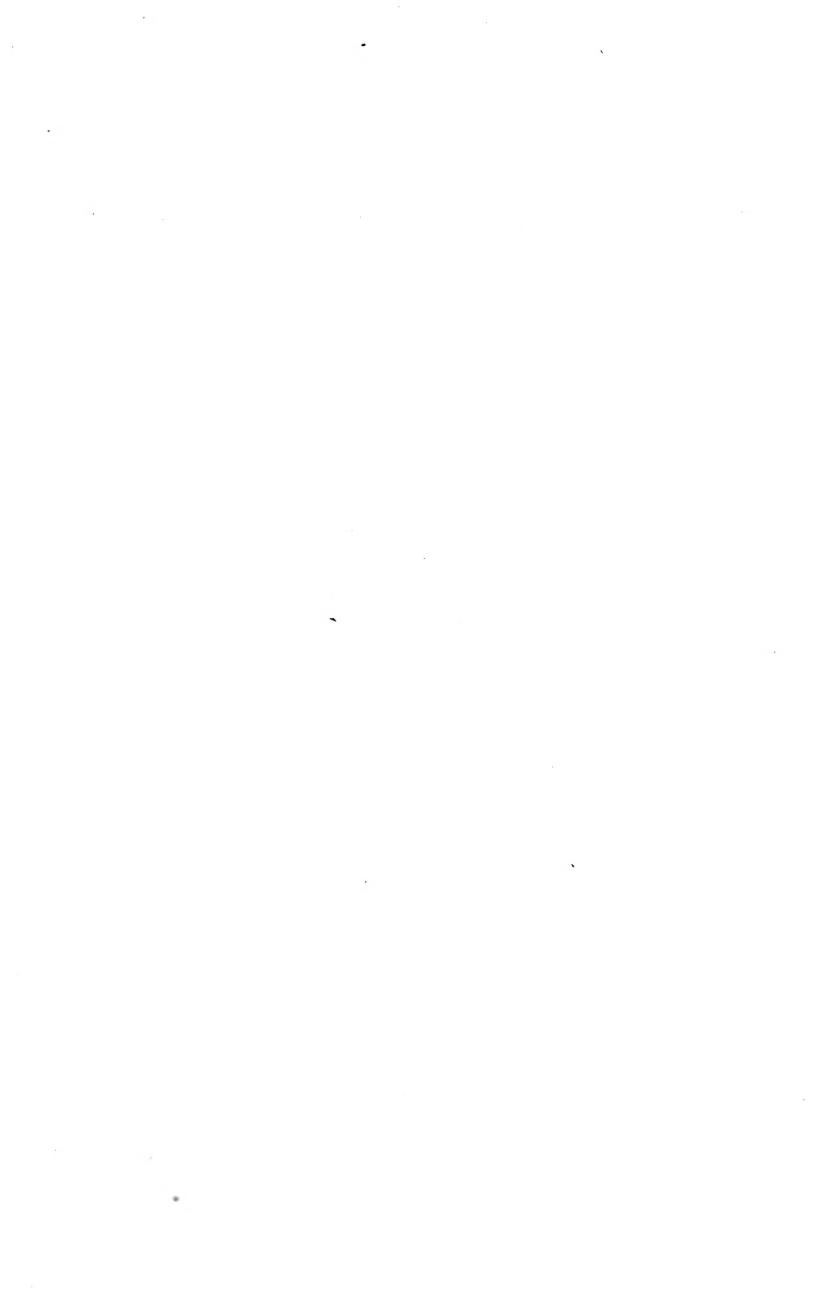
OH ! royal children, take your heritage
Of love, with all its high awards :
"All things are yours—Paul, Cephas, life or death,
And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

A golden ladder, all whose upward rounds,
In sequence new, are firmly trod
By Hope's exultant footsteps, as she mounts
Up to the loving Father, God.

Ah ! then, what matters that our lot be crook'd—
What, that we sometimes walk rough-shod ?
We know the end—it will not cheat our faith—
Life's mystery is wrapped in God.

And all its happenings, or sad or bright,
Until we lie beneath the clods,
Are swallowed up in this one climax grand :
"For ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's !"





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