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To the Rev. Mr. ...

Arthur & Howard

from his ...

It is an ...

St. Hill Castle.

Christmas 1843.

THE EXPOSITOR'S DICTIONARY
OF
POETICAL QUOTATIONS

THE
EXPOSITOR'S DICTIONARY
OF
POETICAL QUOTATIONS

BY
JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON
ST. PAUL'S HOUSE
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THE contents of this volume are of two kinds. Some are more or less direct quotations from the Bible, others illustrate suggestively and aptly the thought of the verse which is prefixed. I hope that both classes of quotations will help to enrich the significance and interest of the Bible for those who read it. "A verse," as George Herbert put it, "may finde him who a sermon flies," and many fly from sermons in these latter days. Even those who do not, whether they have to make them or to listen to them, may perhaps be "found" by some of the verses printed in these pages.

I have omitted the longer and familiar poems on subjects like Rizpah, Samson, and Pilate's wife. Even so, considerations of space have prevented me from treating some books of the Bible with the same fulness as others. Besides, if one had attempted to do this, the result would have been not a single volume but several.

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NEW TESTAMENT

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OLD TESTAMENT

GENESIS.

GEN. I. 3.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

“Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the
voice
Of God as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.”
—MILTON.

“‘Let there be light!’ said God, ‘and there was light.’

‘Let there be blood!’ says man, and
there’s a sea!
The fiat of this spoil’d child of the Night
(For Day ne’er saw his merits) could
decree
More evil in an hour than thirty bright
Summers could renovate, though they
should be
Lovely as those which ripen’d Eden’s fruit;
For war cuts up not only branch but root.”
—BYRON.

“Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in
night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was
light.”

—POPE.

GEN. I. 5.

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

“We awake up in the twilight of the dawn;
yes,
The soul looks out on the twilight from
its sleep,

And we slowly, as the vapours are with-
drawn, guess

The wonders of the land and of the deep.
And the morning and the evening are the first
day,—

The morning when we run and when we leap;
And the evening, when our times are at their
worst, ay,

’Tis a view of human life to make us weep.

When the beauty of our earthly day is done,
when

The mortal frame is sinking to decay,
May the spirit light the body with the dawn,
ere

It brightens all our being with its day.
For the spirit to the twilight of the *ere*
wakes,—

The twilight and the perils of the night,—
And is nurtured in the darkness till it leave
takes

To rise up in its glory to the light.
So the evening and the morning are the first
day—

The evening that but ushers in the light;
And the morning when the bonds of flesh
are burst, ay,

We feel that we are reading it aright.”

—IDA PFEIFFER.

GEN. II. 18.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

“Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
Of nature, angels, and of God.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

“ I am resolved that thou shalt learn
To trust my strength as I trust thine ;
I am resolved our souls shall burn
With equal, steady, mingling shine ;
Part of the field is conquered now,
Our lives in the same channel flow,
Along the self-same line ;

And while no groaning storm is heard,
Thou seem’st content it should be so,
But soon as comes a warning word
Of danger—straight thine anxious brow
Bends over me a mournful shade,
As doubting if my powers are made
To ford the floods of woe.

Know, then it is my spirit swells,
And drinks, with eager joy, the air
Of freedom—where at last it dwells,
Chartered, a common task to share
With thee, and then it stirs alert,
And pants to learn what menaced hurt
Demands for thee its care.”

—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

GEN. III. 15.

*And I will put enmity between thee and the
woman, and between thy seed and her
seed ; it shall bruise thy head, and thou
shalt bruise his heel.*

“ When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve.
‘ To human race antipathy declare !
Betwixt them and thee be everlasting war !’
But, O, the sequel of the sentence dread !
And whilst you bruise their heel, beware
your head !”

—LADY MONTAGU and LORD HERVEY to
Pope.

GEN. IV. 8.

*And Cain talked with Abel his brother : and
it came to pass, when they were in the
field, that Cain rose up against Abel his
brother, and slew him.*

“ When the first traitor Cain (too good to be
Thought patron of this black fraternity)
His bloody tragedy of old designed,
One death alone quenched his revengeful
mind,

Content with but a quarter of mankind ;
Had he been Jesuit, and but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone ;
His hand had sent old Adam after too,
And forced the Godhead to create anew.”

—JOHN OLDHAM : *Satires upon the Jesuits.*

GEN. IV. 21.

*Jubal was the father of all such as handle the
harp and organ.*

“ When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship the celestial sound.”

—DRYDEN.

GEN. V. 24.

*And Enoch walked with God : and he was
not ; for God took him.*

“ I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplexed ?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

Go fearless, then, my soul with God
Into another room ;
Thou, who hast walkèd with Him here,
Go see thy God at home.”

—JOHN MASON.

GEN. V. 29.

*He called his name Noah, saying, This same
shall comfort us concerning our work and
toil of our hands.*

“ To Michael’s heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood
of all—

Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts."

—WORDSWORTH.

GEN. XII. 11.

*Behold now, I know thou art a fair woman to
look upon.*

"Trust me, girl,
That fear of man sucks out love's soaring
ether,
Baffles faith's heavenward eyes, and drops
us down,
To float, like plumeless birds on any stream."
—KINGSLEY : *The Saint's Tragedy* (iii. 3).

GEN. XVIII. 25.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

"Not souls severely white,
But groping for the light,
Are what Eternal Justice here demands.
Fear not; He made thee dust.
Cling to that sweet word 'just'.
All's well with thee if thou art in just hands."

—A. R. ALDRICH.

GEN. XVIII. 32.

I will not destroy it for ten's sake.

Cf. the apostrophe to London at the close
of bk. iii. of Cowper's *Task* :—

"Ten righteous would have saved a city
once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for
thee!
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted
else,
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in
vain."

GEN. XIX. 15.

*When the morning arose, then the angels
hastened Lot.*

"Will the day be bright or cloudy?
Sweetly has its dawn begun;
But the heaven may shake with thunder
Ere the setting of the sun."

—EMILY BRONTË.

GEN. XXI. 16.

*And she sat over against him, and lift up her
voice, and wept.*

"Many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild,
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an angel form was nigh
To show soft waters gushing by
And dewy shadows mild."

—KEBLE.

GEN. XXIX. 30.

*And he loved Rachel more than Leah, and
served with him yet other seven years.*

"And as I have deserved,
So grant me now my hire!
You know, I never swerved!
You never found me liar!
For Rachel I have served,
For Leah cared I never!
And her I have reserved
Within my heart for ever."

—SIR THOMAS WYATT.

GEN. XXXV. 8.

*But Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she
was buried beneath Beth-el under an oak.*

"I remember too
With what a zeal she served her master's
house;

GENESIS

And how the prattling tongue of garrulous
age
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale
Or anecdote domestic."

—LAMB.

GEN. XXXVII. 18.

They conspired against him to slay him.

"And many a jealous conference had they,
And many times they bit their lips alone,
Before they fixed upon a surest way
To make the youngster for his crime atone ;
And at the last, these men of cruel clay
Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the
bone."

—KEATS.

GEN. XXXIX. 9.

*How then can I do this great wickedness, and
sin against God ?*

"Fear to do base unworthy things is valour ;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too."

—BEN JONSON: *The New Inn* (Act iv. Scene 3).

GEN. XL. 23.

*Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph,
but forgot him.*

"I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corrup-
tion
Inhabits our frail blood."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night* (Act iii.
Scene 4).

GEN. XLIX. 1.

*And Jacob called unto his sons, and said,
Gather yourselves together, that I may
tell you that which shall befall you in the
last days.*

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical
lore,
And coming events cast their shadows be-
fore."

—CAMPBELL.

"He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have
taught to gloze ;
More are men's ends marked than their lives
before :

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest
last,

Writ in remembrance more than things
long past."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II.* (Act ii.
Scene 1).

EXODUS.

EXOD. I. 11.

*Therefore did they set over them taskmasters
to afflict them with their burdens. And
they built for Pharaoh treasure cities,
Pithom and Raamses.*

“Oh, many a widow, many an orphan cursed
The building of that fane ; and many a father,
Worn out with toil and slavery, implored
The poor man’s God to sweep it from the
earth,

And spare his children the detested task
Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning
The choicest days of life
To soothe a dotard’s vanity.”

—SHELLEY : *Queen Mab*.

EXOD. II. 2.

*And when she saw him that he was a goodly
child, she hid him three months.*

“When old things terminate and new com-
mence,

A solitary great man’s worth the world.

God takes the business into His own hands
At such time : who creates the novel flower
Contrives to guard and give it breathing-
room.”

—BROWNING : *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.

EXOD. II. 3.

*She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and put
the child therein ; and she laid it in the
flags by the river’s brink.*

“A little child in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile’s broad water ;

That child made Egypt’s glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and
slaughter.

A little child inquiring stood
In Israel’s temple of its sages,
That child by lessons wise and good,
Made pure the temples of past ages.

’Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to Freedom still aspiring ;
Though nursed in Superstition’s chain,
If human minds be still inquiring—

Then let not priest or tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding ;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing.”

—W. J. Fox.

EXOD. II. 4.

*And his sister stood afar off, to wit what would
be done to him.*

“She left her babe, and went away to weep,
And listen’d oft to hear if he did cry ;
But the great river sang his lullaby,
And unseen angels fann’d his balmy sleep.
And yet his innocence itself might keep ;
The sacred silence of his slumb’rous smile
Makes peace in all the monster-breeding
Nile ;

For God e’en now is moving in the sweep
Of mighty waters. Little dreams the maid,
The royal maid, that comes to woo the wave
With her smooth limbs beneath the trem-
bling shade

Of silver-chaliced lotus, what a child
Her freak of pity is ordain'd to save!
How terrible the thing that looks so mild!"

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

EXOD. II. 11.

*He spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one
of his brethren.*

"Where'er thy wildered crowd of brethren
jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of
wrong,
There still is need for martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying
song."

—LOWELL.

EXOD. II. 14.

*And he said, Who made thee a judge and a
prince o'er us? Intendest thou to kill
me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And
Moses feared, and said, Surely this thing
is known.*

"—Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had
done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,
Deliverance offered. I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to command my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke
loud the doer."

—MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*.

EXOD. II. 21 and IV. 18.

*And he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter
. . . and Moses said to Jethro, Let me
go, I pray thee, and return to my brethren
which are in Egypt.*

"That love for one, from which there doth
not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing."

—LOWELL.

EXOD. II. 22.

*And she bare him a son, and he called his
name Gershom.*

"'Tis not in battles that from youth we
train

The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as woman-
hood.

Wisdom doth live with children round her
knees."

—WORDSWORTH.

EXOD. II. 23.

*And the children of Israel sighed by reason of
the bondage, and they cried; and their
cry came up unto God by reason of the
bondage.*

"Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious
more

To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of
old

Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bas-
tille."

—COWPER: *The Task* (v.).

EXOD. III. 2.

*And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him
in a flame of fire out of the midst of a
bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush
burned with fire, and the bush was not
consumed.*

"The sun is burning with intensest light
Behind you grove; which, in the golden
glow

Of unconsuming Fire, burns; as though
It were the Bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! And O, am I not
right

In thinking that he reappears e'en now

To me in the old Glory? So I bow
 My head, in wonder hush'd, before His
 might!
 Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's
 clear eye,
 Is but that burning Bush full of His Power,
 His Light, and Glory; not consumed there-
 by,
 But made transparent: till, in each least
 flower,
 Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
 His spirit shining through it visibly."

—HENRY ELLISON.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God;
 But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
 The rest sit round it and pluck black-
 berries."

—E. B. BROWNING.

EXOD. III. 5.

*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place
 whereon thou standest is holy ground.*

Cf. Mr. H. C. Merivale's description
 in *Old and New Rome*, of the flippant
 tourists:—

"From holy place to holy place they flit,
 To 'do' as many churches as they can;
 And humbly kneeling, for the fun of it,
 They climb the ladder of the Lateran.

There a slim youth, while all but he are
 kneeling,
 Through levelled opera-glass looks down
 on them,

When round the Sistine's pictured roof is
 peeling
 Our buried Lord's majestic Requiem.

For him each storied wonder of the globe is
 'The sort of thing a fellow ought to see';
 And so he patronised *Ora pro nobis*,
 And wanted to encore the *Tenebræ*.

Stranger! what though these sounds and
 sights be grandest
 Of all that on earth's surface can be found?
 Remember that the place whereon thou
 standest,
 Be thy creed what it may, is holy ground."

EXOD. III. 13.

What shall I say unto them?

"It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come
 in sight
 Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
 One single word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free natures in the weak
 And friendless sons of men."

—LOWELL.

EXOD. III. 14.

*And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I
 AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say
 unto the children of Israel, I AM hath
 sent me unto you.*

"If, before those sepulchres unmoving
 I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
 Crying, 'Where are ye, O my loved and
 loving?'—

I know a voice would sound, 'Daughter, I
 AM.

Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth?'"

—E. B. BROWNING.

EXOD. III. 16.

*The Lord, the God of your fathers, of Abra-
 ham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.*

"Awake, my spirit! think through *whom*
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent-lake,
 And then strike home!"

—BYRON.

EXOD. IV. 10.

And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.

“Put not on me, O Lord! this work divine,
For I am too unworthy, and Thy speech
Would be defrauded through such lips as
mine.

I have not learned Thee yet, and shall I
teach!

O choose some other instrument of Thine!
The great, the royal ones, the noble saints,
These all are Thine, and they will speak for
Thee.

No one who undertakes Thy words but faints;
Yet if that man is saintly and sin-free,
Through him Thou wilt, O Lord! self-
uttered be.

But how shall I say anything, a child,
Not fit for such high work—oh, how shall I
Say what in speaking must not be defiled?
And yet, and yet, if I refuse to try,
The light that burns for mine own life will
die.”

—H. S. SUTTON.

EXOD. IV. 14.

Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart.

“Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns
impart!

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.”
BROWNING: *Paracelsus* (pt. i.).

“One spirit to command, and one to love
And to believe in it and do its best,
Poor as that is, to help it—why, the world

Has been won many a time, its length and
breadth,

By just such a beginning!”

—BROWNING: *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*
(Act ii. Scene 2).

EXOD. VI. 9.

They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage.

“O dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each ‘Come, Lord,’ ‘Here am I!’
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine:

Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven . . .

All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save the contrite heart;

All other gifts unto his foes

He freely gives, nor grudging knows;

But love's sweet smart and costly pain

A treasure for his friends remain.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH: *Poems* (p. 310).

EXOD. VII. 12.

For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.

“One master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's rod, will swallow up the rest.”

—POPE.

EXOD. VII. 22.

Pharaoh's heart was hardened.

“When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our
eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us while we
strut

To our confusion.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

EXOD. VIII. 5.

Stretch forth thine hand with thy rod over the streams, over the rivers, and over the ponds, and cause frogs to come up upon the land of Egypt.

In the second book of the *Task*, Cowper traces the mischievous effects of dissipation and luxury to the lack of discipline in the universities, and closes with this simile:—

“So when the Jewish leader stretched his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt. Gardens, fields, and plains
Were covered with the pest. The streets
were filled :
The crawling nuisance lurked in every nook,
Nor palaces, nor even chambers 'scaped,
And the land stank, so numerous was the fry.”

EXOD. VIII. 15.

But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart.

Cf. Tennyson's account of Sir Launcelot:—
“The great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not
live ;
For, when the blood ran lustier in him again,
Full often the sweet image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.”

“‘So,’ said the Dwarf, ‘rapine and murder once more on horseback.’ ‘On horseback?’ said the bandit; ‘ay, ay, Elshie, your leech-craft has set me on the bonny bay again.’ ‘And all those promises of

amendment which you made during your illness forgotten?’ continued Elshender. ‘All clear away, with the water-saps and panada,’ returned the unabashed convalescent. ‘Ye ken, Elshie, for they say ye are weel acquaint wi’ the gentleman,
When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.’”

—SCOTT : *The Black Dwarf* (ch. ii.).

EXOD. IX. 34.

And when Pharaoh saw that the rain and the hail and the thunders were ceased, he sinned yet more, and hardened his heart.

“Plagues after plagues! and yet not Pharaoh yield
T'enlarge poor Israel? was thy heart so steel'd,
Rebellious tyrant, that it dare withstand
The oft-repeated judgment of Heav'n's hand?
Could neither Mercie's oyle nor Judgment's Thunder
Dissolve, nor break thy flinty heart in sunder?
No, no, what sunbeames soften not, they harden ;
Purpos'd Rebellions are asleepe to Pardon.”
—FRANCIS QUARLES.

EXOD. X. 23.

They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days: but all the Children of Israel had light in their dwellings.

Compare Wordsworth's appeal, in the ninth book of *The Excursion*, to British statesmen:—

“Your country must complete
Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian plague
Of darkness stretch'd o'er guilty Europe
makes

The brightness more conspicuous that invests
The happy Island where ye think and act ;
Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
Show to the wretched nations for what end
The powers of civil polity were given."

"There was darkness in Egypt while Israel
had sun,
And the songs in the cornfields of Goshen
were gay,
And the chosen who dwelt 'mid the heathen
moved on
Each threading the gloom with his own
private day.

Ah, so it is now with the Church of Thy
choice ;
Her lands lie in light which to worldlings
seem dim ;
And each child of that Church, who must
live in dark realms,
Has a sun o'er his head which is only for
him."

—F. W. FABER.

EXOD. x. 29.

*And Moses said, Thou hast spoken well, I will
see thy face again no more.*

"The day is lapsing on its way,
Is lapsing out of sight ;
And, after all the chances of the day,
Comes the resourceless night."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

"Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-
been ;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Fare-
well."

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

EXOD. XIII. 17.

*God led them not through the way of the land
of the Philistines, although that was near ;
for God said, Lest peradventure the people*

*repent when they see war, and they return
to Egypt.*

"The race elect
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, ad-
vance
Through the wild desert,—not the readiest
way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not
on.

This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness ; there they shall
found
Their government, and their great senate
choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws
ordained."

—MILTON : *Paradise Lost* (xii.).

"What if this work's great hardness was
concealed
From us, until so far upon our way
That no escape remained us, no retreat—
Lest, being at an earlier hour revealed,
We might have shrunk too weakly from the
heat,
And shunned the burden of this fiery day."
—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH : *Poems* (p. 344).

EXOD. XIII. 18.

*God led the people about, through the way of
the wilderness of the Red Sea.*

"He leads round, but He leads right :
All the way is in His sight ;
Be it rough, or be it long ;
Void of joy, or set to song ;
Bringing much, or mite by mite ;
He leads round, but He leads right.

He leads round, but He leads right :
Heaviest burden groweth light ;

Marah ! Elim ! Wilderness !
 Each in turn the Lord doth bless ;
 Canaan shines, far-off but bright ;
He leads round, but He leads right.
 —A. B. GROSART.

EXOD. XIII. 22.

He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

“ Like the tribes of Israel,
 Fed on quails and manna,
 Sherman and his glorious band
 Journeyed through the rebel land,
 Fed from Heaven’s all bounteous hand,
 Marching on Savannah !

As the moving pillar shone,
 Streamed the starry banner,
 All day long in rosy light,
 Flaming splendour all the night,
 Till it swooped in eagle flight
 Down on doomed Savannah.”

—O. W. HOLMES.

EXOD. XIV. 10.

The children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them ; and they were sore afraid : and the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord.

“ With heat o’er laboured and the length of way,
 On Ethan’s beach the bands of Israel lay.
 ’Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along ;
 Save where the locust trill’d her feeble song,
 Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
 The wave’s low whisper, or the camel’s bell.—
 ’Twas silence all !—the flocks for shelter fly
 Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie ;
 While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
 With arms enfolded and dejected head,

Dreams o’er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
 And, late revealed, his children’s destiny. . . .
 Soft fell the eve :—But, ere the day was done,
 Tall waving banners streaked the level sun ;
 And wide and dark along the horizon red,
 In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
 ‘ Mark, Israel, mark ! ’ on that strange sight intent,
 In breathless terror every eye was bent ;
 And busy faction’s fast increasing hum,
 And female voices shriek, ‘ They come ! They come ! ’ ”

—HEBER.

EXOD. XIV. 30.

And Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore.

“ Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
 Mock on, mock on ; ’tis all in vain ;
 You throw the sand against the wind,
 And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem,
 Reflected in the beams divine ;
 Blown back, they blind the mocking eye,
 But still in Israel’s paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
 And Newton’s particles of light
 Are sands upon the Red Sea shore
 When Israel’s tents do shine so bright.”

—BLAKE.

“ Shout ! for the Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
 Upon the shores of that renowned land,
 Where erst His mighty arm and out-stretched hand
 He lifted high,
 And dashed, in pieces dashed the enemy ;—
 Upon that ancient coast,
 Where Pharaoh’s chariot and his host
 He cast into the deep,

Whilst o'er their silent pomp He bid the
swoln sea sweep ;

Upon that Eastern shore,
That saw His awful arm revealed of yore,
Again hath He arisen, and opposed
His foes' defying vaunt : o'er them the deep
hath closed.

Hasten, O God ! the time, when never more
Pale Pity, from his moonlight seat shall
hear,

And dropping at the sound a fruitless
tear,

The far-off battle's melancholy roar ;
When never more Horror's portentous cry
Shall sound amid the troubled sky ;
Or dark Destruction's grimly-smiling mien
Through the red flashes of the fight be
seen !

Father in heaven ! our ardent hopes fulfil ;
Thou speakest ' Peace,' and the vexed world
is still !

Yet should Oppression huge arise,
And with bloody banners spread,

Upon the gasping nations tread,
Whilst he Thy name defies,

Trusting in Thee alone, we hope to quell
His furious might, his purpose fell ;
And as the ensigns of his baffled pride
O'er the seas are scattered wide,
We will take up a joyous strain and cry—
Shout ! for the Lord hath triumphed glori-
ously."

—W. L. BOWLES : *The Battle of the Nile*.

EXOD. XV. 10.

*Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered
them : they sank as lead in the mighty
waters.*

Compare Longfellow's *Ballad of the French
Fleet, October, 1740* :—

" The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried ' Stand still and see
The salvation of the Lord'.

The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the overwhelming seas ;
Ah ! never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line :
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea."

EXOD. XV. 20.

*And Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in
her hand ; and all the women went out
after her with timbrels and with dances.*

" Who has time,
An hour's time . . . think !—to sit upon a
bank

And hear the cymbal tinkle in white hands ?
When Egypt's slain, I say, let Miriam sing !—
Before—where's Moses ? "

" Ah, exactly that.
Where's Moses ?—is a Moses to be found ?
You'll seek him vainly in the bulrushes,
While I in vain touch cymbals."

—E. B. BROWNING : *Aurora Leigh* (bk. ii.).

EXOD. XV. 21.

*And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the
Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.*

" Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song ;
Sing with Miriam by the sea :

He has cast the mighty down :
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
He has triumphed gloriously.

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done ?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as far beneath the sun ?

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains.
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !”

—From WHITTIER'S poem, *Laus Deo*, written
on hearing the bells ring to commemor-
ate the abolition of slavery.

“Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark
sea !
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are
free !
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave,—
How vain was their boasting ! The Lord
hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
Lord !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our
sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride ?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar
of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide.”

—THOMAS MOORE.

EXOD. xv. 25.

*And the Lord showed him a tree, which when
he had cast into the waters, the waters
were made sweet.*

“Where is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave ?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save ?

Nay, wherefore ask ? since gifts are ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled fount with showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree.”

—MRS. HEMANS.

The waters were made sweet.

“I see not a step before me as I tread on
another year ;
But I've left the past in God's keeping,—
the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may
brighten as I draw near.
For perhaps the dreaded future is less bitter
than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I
stoop to drink ;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand
beside its brink.”

—M. G. BRAINARD.

EXOD. xv. 27.

*And they came to Elim, where were twelve
wells of water, and threescore and ten
palm trees.*

“As in the storm that paves destruction
round,
Is here and there a ship in safety found ;

So in the storms of life some days appear
More blest and bright for the preceding
fear ;

These times of pleasure that in life arise,
Like spots in desert, that delight, surprise,
And to our wearied senses give the more,
For all the waste behind us and before."

—CRABBE : *Tales of the Hall* (vi.).

"To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells,
And happy shade for desert weariness ;
'Twas Marah yesterday, all rock and sand,
Unshaded solitude and bitterness.

Yet the same desert holds them both ; the
same
Soft breezes wander o'er the lonely
ground ;
The same low stretch of valley shelters both,
And the same mountains compass them
around.

So is it here with us on earth ; and so
I do remember it has ever been ;
The bitter and the sweet, the grief and joy,
Lie near together, but a day between."

—H. BONAR.

"Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could journey on,
Day and night, and night and day."

—SHELLEY.

EXOD. XVI. 17.

And the children of Israel gathered.

"Mysteries are food for angels ; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment ; but
man,
While yet he lives below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve and
die."

—COWPER : *The Four Ages*.

EXOD. XVI. 20.

*Some of them left of it until the morning, and
it bred worms and stank.*

"The manna gathered yesterday
Already savours of decay ;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone ;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift, and faith is slow."

—WHITTIER.

EXOD. XVII. 6.

*Thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come
water out of it.*

"Am I a stone, and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy
cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow
loss,
And yet not weep ? . . .
Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the
flock ;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once
more
And smite a rock."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

EXOD. XVII. 12.

*But Moses' hands were heavy ; and they took
a stone, and put it under him, and he sat
thereon : and Aaron and Hur stayed up
his hands, the one on the one side, and the
other on the other side ; and his hands
were steady until the going down of the sun.*

"Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;

But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed."

—COWPER.

EXOD. XVIII. 27.

*And Moses let his father-in-law depart ; and
he went his way into his own land.*

"One moment, yes, our hearts may swell,
One moment our eyes drink love's farewell,
And lip to lip and hand in hand,
We may pledge to meet in a far-off land.

Then on once more. The voices die,
The door is shut, the lights go by.
Comrade, give me your hand in the night !
The choice was hard, but we chose the right.

The dark hills lower, the chill snow gleams,
The sweet past hours are dimmest dreams ;
Our life is hard as it used to be ;
But God goes with us, and you with me."

—F. W. BOURDILLON.

"Must we go different ways ?—thou fol-
lowest

Thy path, I mine ;—but all go westering,
And all will meet among the Hills of God."
—ROBERT BUCHANAN : *The Book of Orm.*

EXOD. XIX. 4-5.

*Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians,
and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and
brought you unto myself.*

*Now therefore, if you will obey my voice indeed,
and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a
peculiar treasure unto me above all people :
for all the earth is mine.*

"Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes
proclaim

The favours poured upon the Jewish name :
Their freedom purchased for them at the
cost

Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;
For them the state they left made waste and
void ;

For them the state to which they went
destroyed ;

A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way ;
For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
The dews condensed into angelic food ;
Streams, swelled above the bank, enjoined
to stand,

While they passed through to their ap-
pointed land ;

Themselves secured beneath the Almighty's
wing ;

Their God, their captain, lawgiver, and
king. . . .

But grace abused brings forth the foulest
deeds,

As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds."

—COWPER.

EXOD. XIX. 8.

*And all the people answered together and said,
All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.*

"Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers, and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they
dwell,
Their kindred and the children of their
blood."

—WORDSWORTH : *The Old Cumberland
Beggar.*

EXOD. XIX. 16.

*There were thunders and lightnings, and a
thick cloud upon the mount.*

"How else should man prove God's will
than through methods of human
thought ?

How else than through human words should
he gather the things that he ought ?

If the Lord should speak day by day from
 Sinai 'mid clouds and fire,
 Should we hear 'mid those thunders loud
 the still voices that now inspire?
 Would not either that awful sound, like that
 vivid and scorching blaze,
 Confuse our struggling thought, and our
 tottering footsteps amaze?
 Or, if it should peal so clear that to hear
 were to obey indeed,
 'Twere a thing of dry knowledge alone, not
 one of a faithful creed.

No lantern for erring feet, but a glare on a
 white, straight road,
 Where life struggled its weary day, to sink
 before night with its load,
 Where the blinded soul might long for the
 shade of a cloud of doubt,
 And yearn for dead silence, to blot that
 terrible utterance out.
 Yet God is not silent indeed; not seldom
 from every page—
 From the lisping story of old, to the seer
 with his noble rage;
 From the simple life divine, with its accents
 gentle and true,
 To the thinker who formed by his learning
 and watered the faith as it grew;
 All are fired by the Spirit of God."

—LEWIS MORIS: *Evensong*.

EXOD. XX. 1.

And God spake all these words.

Compare Clough's satirical lines entitled
The Latest Decalogue:—

"Thou shalt have one God only; who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency:
 Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse:
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend:

Honour thy parents; that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall;
 Thou shalt not kill; but needs't not strive
 Officiously to keep alive:
 Do not adultery commit;
 Advantage rarely comes of it:
 Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
 When it's so lucrative to cheat:
 Bear not false witness; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly:
 Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition."

EXOD. XX. 19.

Let not God speak with us, lest we die.

"The voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
 That Moses might report to them His will,
 And terror cease; He grants what they
 besought,
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high office now
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretell."

—MILTON: *Paradise Lost* (xii.).

EXOD. XXII. 22.

*Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless
 child.*

Compare the cry of Constance in *King
 John* (Act ii. Scene 1):—

"His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
 shames,
 Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his
 poor eyes,
 Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall
 be bribed
 To do him justice and revenge on you."

Also her later cry, in the same play (Act
 iii. Scene 1):—

"Arm, arm, you heavens, against these
 perjured kings!
 A widow cries! be husband to me, heavens."

EXODUS

EXOD. XXIII. 8.

The gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.

“ Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown.”

—SHELLEY : *Mask of Anarchy*.

EXOD. XXIII. 9.

Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.

“ He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humble resting-place was nigh ;
With hesitating step at last
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.”

—SIR W. SCOTT : Introduction to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

EXOD. XXIV. 9-11.

Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and they saw the God of Israel : and there was under His feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in His clearness. . . . Also they saw God, and did eat and drink.

“—The paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain.

Moses, Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu

Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved
work,

When they ate and drank and saw God also.”

BROWNING : *One Word More*.

EXOD. XXIV. 15.

And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount.

“ God first appeared to Moses in the myre ;
The next time He appeared, H'appeared in
fire ;

The third time, He was knowne to Moses' eye
Upon Mount Sinai, cloath'd in maiestic.

Thrice God appears to man : first, wallowing
in

His foule Pollution, and base myre of sin ;
And like to Pharoe's daughter do'es bemoane
Our helpless state, and drawes us, for His
owne ;

The next time, He appears in fyre, whose
bright

And gentle flames consume not, but give
light ;

It is the fire of Grace ; where man is bound
To d'off his shoes, because 'tis holy ground :

The last appearance shall be in that mount,
Where every soule shall render an account

Of good or evill ; where all things transitory
Shall cease ; and grace be crowned with
perfect glory.”

—FRANCIS QUARLES.

EXOD. XXIV. 18.

And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him into the mount : and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.

“ If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp

EXODUS

Close to my breast, its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

EXOD. XXV. 40.

And look that thou make them after their pattern which was showed thee on the mount.

"Fasting he watched, and all alone,
Wrapt in a still, dark, solid cloud,
The curtain of the Holy One
Drawn round him like a shroud:

So separate from the world, his breast
Might duly take and strongly keep
The print of heaven, to be expressed
Ere long on Sinai's steep."

—KEBLE: *The Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity*.

"He had his dream, and all through life
Worked up to it through toil and strife.

Afloat for e'er before his eyes,
It coloured for him all his skies.

The storm-cloud dark

Above his bark,

The calm and listless vault of blue
Took on its hopeful hue,

It pictured every passing beam—

He had his dream."

—PAUL DUNBAR.

"I care,—intimately care to have

Experience how a human creature felt
In after-life, who bore the burden grave

Of certainly believing God had dealt
For once directly with him: did not rave

—A maniac, did not find his reason melt

—An idiot, but went on, in peace or strife,

The world's way, lived an ordinary life.

How many problems that one fact would
solve!

An ordinary soul, no more, no less,

About whose life earth's common sights
revolve,

On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-
stress,

This fact—God tasks him, and will not ab-
solve

Task's negligent performer!"

—BROWNING: *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

EXOD. XXVIII. 33-34.

*And beneath upon the hem of it, thou shalt
make pomegranates of blue, and of purple,
and of scarlet, round about the hem there-
of; and bells of gold between them round
about:*

*A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell
and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the
robe round about.*

"Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the
tent of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his
garment resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light,
on his forehead,

Round the hem of his robe the golden bells
and pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came, and the bars
of vapour beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea
at his feet was a laver."

—LONGFELLOW: *Courtship of Miles Standish* (ix.).

EXOD. XXX. 9.

Ye shall offer no strange incense thereon.

"Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as he wills shall gather

Imperfect tribute, for that sole obedience
Valued perchance! He seeks not that his

altars

Blaze, careless how, so that they do but
blaze."

—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

EXODUS

EXOD. XXXII. 2.

And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

“Think, when the men of Israel had their God

Encamped among them, talking with their chief,

Leading them in the pillar of the cloud,
And watching o’er them in the shaft of fire,
They still must have an image; still they longed

For somewhat of substantial, solid form
Whereon to hang their garlands, and to fix
Their wandering thoughts, and gain a stronger hold

For their uncertain faith, not yet assured
If those same meteors of the day and night
Were not mere exhalations of the soil. . . .
Yet these must have their idol, brought their gold,

That star-browed Apis might be god again;
Yea, from their ears the women brake the rings

That lent such splendour to the gypsy brown
Of sunburnt cheeks — what more could woman do

To show her pious zeal? They went astray,
But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel’s golden calf
And scoff at Egypt’s sacred scarabee,
Would have our amulets to clasp and kiss,
And flood with rapturous tears.”

—O. W. HOLMES: *Wind-clouds and Star-drifts* (xi.).

EXOD. XXXII. 7-8.

And the Lord said to Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves; they have made them a molten calf.

“And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai’s peaks of old,

While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho’ the trumpet blew so loud.”

—TENNYSON: *In Memoriam* (xcv.).

EXOD. XXXII. 30.

Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin.

“For what shall heal, when holy water banes?

Or who may guide

O’er desert plains

Thy loved yet sinful people wandering wide,

If Aaron’s hand unshrinking mould

An idol form of earthly gold?

Teacher of teachers, priest of priests! from Thee

The sweet strong prayer

Must rise, to free

First Levi, then all Israel from the snare.

Thou art our Moses out of sight—

Speak for us, or we perish quite.”

—KEBLE: *The Fifth Sunday after Easter*.

EXOD. XXXIV. 12.

Take heed to thyself, lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land whither thou goest, lest it be for a snare in the midst of thee.

“God spreads the heavens above us like great wings,

And gives a little round of deeds and days,

And then come the wrecked angels and set snares,

And bait them with light hopes and heavy
dreams,
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes,
Half shuddering and half joyous, from God's
peace."

—W. B. YEATS.

EXOD. XXXIV. 20.

*The firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with
a lamb.*

"God did forbid the Israelites to bring
An ass unto Him, for an offering;
Only, by this dull creature to express
His detestation to all slothfulness."

—HERRICK.

EXOD. XXXIV. 23.

*Three times in the year shall all thy males
appear before the Lord God.*

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so
rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed
are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

—SHAKESPEARE (Sonnet lii.).

EXOD. XXXIX. 26.

*A bell and a pomegranate, a bell and a pome-
granate, round about the hem of the robe
to minister in.*

"With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates bordered round,
The need of holiness expressed,
And called for fruit as well as sound."

—COWPER.

EXOD. XL. 33.

So Moses finished the work.

"To yield my breath,
Life's Purpose unfulfilled!—this is thy sting,
O Death."

—SIR NOEL PATON.

"Go to your work and be strong, halting
not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant
dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain
of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men
in a world of men."

—KIPLING.

"Castilian gentlemen
Choose not their task—they choose to do it
well."

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gypsy.*

EXOD. XL. 38.

*The cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle
by day, and fire was on it by night, in the
sight of all the house of Israel, throughout
all their journeys.*

"They trod in peace the Arab sand,
In martial pomp and show,
With banners spread and sword in hand,
None dared to be a foe.
Though wandering o'er the world's wide face,
None dared molest the sacred race.

For o'er the ark still hovered nigh
The mystic guide and shield;
A cloud when day o'erspread the sky,
A flame when night concealed.
This pointed out their devious way,
Or told their armies where to stay.

But oh! how changed from those glad times!
That wonder how reversed!
They wander still o'er different climes,
But joyless and accursed;
Their remnant scattered far and wide,
Without a God, without a guide."

—HENRY ROGERS.

"Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came
the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent
us to lead."

—KIPLING.

LEVITICUS.

LEV. V. 7.

And if he be not able to bring a lamb, then he shall bring for his trespass which he hath committed two turtle-doves.

“ While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou

(Disdainful dust and ashes) bend thy brow ;
Nor on God’s altar cast two scorching eyes
Baked in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice :

But (for a lamb) thy tame and trembling heart

New struck by Love, still trembling on his dart ;

Or (for two turtle-doves) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.”

—CRASHAW : *On a Treatise of Charity.*

LEV. XXV. 4.

In the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land.

“ Well-born and wealthy, wanting no support,

You steer betwixt the country and the court ;

Nor gratify whate’er the great desire,
Nor grudging give what public needs require ;
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade,
And part employed to roll the watery trade ;

Even Canaan’s happy land, when worn with toil,

Required a Sabbath year to rest the soil.”

—DRYDEN : *To John Driden.*

LEV. XXVI. 12.

And I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people.

“ How thou canst think so well of us,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.”

—F. W. FABER.

NUMBERS.

NUM. I. 1.

And the Lord spake unto Moses in the wilderness of Sinai.

“ God is not dumb that He should speak no more ;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness,
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor ;
There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.”
—LOWELL.

NUM. XXII. 28.

*And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass,
and she said to Balaam, What have I*

*done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me
these three times ?*

“ He hath the hardness of a Balaam's heart ;
And, prophet though he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Saved him, or the unrelenting seer had died.”
—COWPER: *The Task*.

NUM. XXII. 38.

*Have I now any power at all to say anything ?
the word that God putteth in my mouth,
that shall I speak.*

“ Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day ;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.”

—CAMPBELL.

DEUTERONOMY.

DEUT. I. 17.

*Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man ; for
the judgment is God's.*

“ Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.”

—KIPLING.

DEUT. V. 12.

Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it.

“ O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend and with his blood :
The couch of time, care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.”

—G. HERBERT.

DEUT. V. 17.

Thou shalt not kill.

“ Religion —freedom — vengeance — what
you will,
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill ;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught
and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms
be fed.”

—BYRON : *Lara* (viii.).

DEUT. VI. 4.

*Hear, O Israel : The Lord our God is one
Lord.*

“ Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our
God is One,

But we, Jehovah His people, are dual and
so undone.

Slaves in eternal Egypts, baking their straw-
less bricks,

At ease in successive Zions, prating their
politics.”

—I. ZANGWILL : *Israel*.

DEUT. XI. 14.

*I will give you the rain of your land in his due
season, the first rain and the latter rain.*

“ Though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall
find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.”

—COLERIDGE.

DEUT. XII. 13.

*Take heed that thou offer not thy burnt offer-
ings in every place that thou seest.*

“ The voice that dwells
In sober birthdays speaks to me
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavished unwisely, carelessly ;
Of counsel mocked ; of talents made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines.”

—MOORE.

DEUT. XIX. 19.

*So shalt thou put the evil away from among
you.*

“ Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to divide,

DEUTERONOMY

Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome
decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant
pride."

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. v. Canto
iv. 1).

DEUT. XX. 8.

*What man is there that is fearful and faint-
hearted? let him go and return unto his
house, lest his brethren's heart faint as
well as his heart.*

"Did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Third Part of Henry VI.*
(Act v. Scene 4).

DEUT. XXVIII. 67.

*In the morning thou shalt say, Would God
it were even! and at even thou shalt say,
Would God it were morning! for the
fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt
fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which
thou shalt see.*

"In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoyce,
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done."

—BYRON: *Manfred*.

"Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing
hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide
night."

—SHAKESPEARE: *King Richard III.* (Act i.
Scene 4).

DEUT. XXX. 13.

*Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst
say, Who shall go oter the sea for us, and
bring it to us?*

"What sacred instinct did inspire
My soul in childhood with a hope so
strong?

What secret force moved my desire
To expect my joys beyond the sea, so
young? . . .

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were
by:

And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all which round about did
lie."

—TRAHERNE.

DEUT. XXXII. 48-49.

*And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Get
thee up into this mountain . . . and be-
hold the land of Canaan, which I give to
the children of Israel for a possession.*

"From these and all long errors of the
way,

In which our wandering predecessors
went,

And like th'old Hebrews many years did
stray,

In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon like Moses led us forth at last.

The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand

Of the blest promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted
wit,

Saw it himself and showed us it."

—A. COWLEY.

"Thou mindest me of him, the ruler mild,
Who led God's chosen people through the
wild,

And bore with wayward murmurers, meek
as thou
That bringest waters from the rock, with
bread
Of angels strewing earth for us! like him
Thy force abates not, nor thy eye grows dim!
But still with milk and honey droppings
fed,
Thou ledest to the promised Country fair,
Though thou, like Moses, mayest not enter
there!"

—DORA GREENWELL: *Hope*.

"Though Reason cannot through Faith's
mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heaven's door, and there does
humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes
peep.
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descried."

—A. COWLEY.

DEUT. XXXIV. 4.

*I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but
thou shalt not go over thither.*

"Moses, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,

To show us how love's quickening flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou who hast taught me in Thy fear,
Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
To gain his future rest!"

—NEWMAN.

DEUT. XXXIV. 9.

*And Joshua the son of Nun was full of the
spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his
hands upon him.*

Zarca. "Farewell, my younger self—
Strong-hearted daughter! Shall I live
in you
When the earth covers me?"

Fedalma. My father, death
Should give your will divineness, make
it strong
With the beseechings of a mighty soul
That left its work unfinished."

—G. ELIOT: *The Spanish Gypsy*.

JOSHUA.

JOSH. VI. 5.

*And it shall come to pass, that when they
make a long blast with the ram's horn,
and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet,
all the people shall shout with a great
shout; and the wall of the city shall fall
down flat, and the people shall ascend up,
every man straight before him.*

“Breathe thy fine keen breath along the
brass,

And blow all class-walls level as Jericho's
Past Jordan,—crying from the top of souls,
To souls that, here assembled on earth's
flats,

They get them to some purer eminence
Than any hitherto beheld for clouds!”

—E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh* (ix.).

JOSH. X. 13.

*So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven,
and hastened not to go down about a whole
day.*

“Should God again
As once in Gibeon interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! but speaks it
less
An agency divine, to make him know

His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle, but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.”

—COWPER: *The Task*.

JOSH. XIV. 11.

*As was my strength then, even so is my
strength now, for war, both to go out
and to come in.*

“Yet, at the darkened eye, the withered
face,

Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame,
is mine.”

—BEATTIE.

JOSH. XXIV. 14.

*Now therefore put away the gods which your
fathers served on the other side of the
flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the
Lord.*

“When the half-gods go,
The gods arrive.”

—EMERSON.

JUDGES.

JUD. I. 8.

*And Judah said unto Simeon his brother,
come up with me . . . and I likewise
will go up with thee.*

“Wagner, commend me to my dearest
friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Their conference will be a greater help to
me
Than all my labours, plot I ne'er so fast.”
—MARLOWE.

JUD. IV. 9.

*The journey that thou takest shall not be for
thine honour; for the Lord shall sell
Sisera into the hand of a woman.*

“Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by
some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield
and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did
reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastful men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull
herse,
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe
reverse?
If they be dead, then woe is me, therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too longe I burne with envy sore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere
spake

Of bold Penthesilea, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plain;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great
disdaine.”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii, Canto
iv. 1-2).

JUD. V. 16.

Why satest thou among the sheepfolds?

“'Tis a vile life that like a garden pool
Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves,
That has no ear save for the tickling lute
Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
Of that large music rolling o'er the world:
A miserable, petty, low-roof'd life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through nought save light or dark in its own
cabin.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

JUD. V. 28.

*The mother of Sisera looked out at a window,
and cried through the lattice, Why is his
chariot so long in coming?*

“His Mother look'd from her lattice high—
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
''Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.'
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest
tower:
'Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat.'”

—BYRON: *The Giaour*.

JUD. VI. 12.

*And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him,
and said, The Lord is with thee, thou
mighty man of valour.*

“My life was a long dream ; when I awoke,
Duty stood like an angel in my path,
And seemed so terrible, I could have turned
Into my yesterdays and wandered back
To distant childhood, and gone out to God
By the gate of birth, not death.”

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

JUD. VII. 18.

The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.

“To bleed for others’ wrongs,
In vindication of a cause, to draw
The sword of the Lord and Gideon—oh,
that seems
The flower and top of life.”

—CLOUGH.

JUD. VIII. 3.

*Then their anger was abated toward him, when
he had said that.*

“The thing I pity most
In men is—action prompted by surprise
Of anger : men ? nay, bulls—whose onset lies
At instance of the firework and the goad !
Once the foe prostrate,—trampling once be-
stowed,—
Prompt follows placability, regret,
Atonement.”

—BROWNING : *A Forgiveness.*

JUD. VIII. 20.

He feared, because he was yet a youth.

“’Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
Unfit against the tide to pull,
And those that with the Bruce would sail
Must learn to strive with stream and gale.”

—SCOTT : *Lord of the Isles.*

JUD. XI. 39.

*Her father . . . did with her according to his
row which he had rowed.*

“Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath :
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah’s, when he sacrificed his
daughter.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Third Part of Henry VI*
(Act v. Scene 1).

JUD. XVI. 9.

*And he brake the withs, as a thread of tow is
broken when it toucheth the fire.*

“The noble cause of Liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his country
rose
Like Samson from her sleep, and broke her
chains,
And proudly with her worthies she enroll’d
Her murder’d Sidney’s name.”

—SOUTHEY.

JUD. XVI. 25.

*And it came to pass, when their hearts were
merry, that they . . . called for Samson
out of the prison house ; and he made sport
before them.*

“Observe the Nazirite !
Blinded he was,—an easy thing to bear :
Intrepidly he took imprisonment,
Gyves, stripes and daily labour at the mill :
But when he found himself i’ the public
place,
Destined to make the common people
sport,
Disdain burned up with such an impetus
I’ the breast of him that, all the man on
fire,
Moriatur, roared he, let my soul’s self die,

JUDGES

Anima mea, with the Philistines !
So, pulled down pillar, roof, and death and
all,

Multosque plures interfecit, ay,
And many more he killed thus, *moriens*,
Dying, *quam vivus*, than in his whole life,
Occiderat, he had even killed before."

—BROWNING : *The Ring and the Book* (viii.
643-657).

JUD. XXI. 25.

*In those days there was no king in Israel :
every man did that which was right in
his own eyes.*

"Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master-spirit, no determined road."

—WORDSWORTH.

RUTH.

RUTH I. 16.

*Whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou
lodgest, I will lodge.*

“ All through the day, my love, seeking in
vain
Wings for the hours that pass weighted
with pain,
All things are drear to thee, nothing is
gay ;
Yet I am dear to thee, so I will stay
All through this day of ours, though it be
long,
Open for us no flowers, wakens no song ;
Reddens the autumn leaf, withers the rose,
All through this way of ours, unto its
close.”

—DORA GREENWELL.

RUTH II. 17.

So she gleaned in the field until even.

“ Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.”
—KEATS : *Ode to a Nightingale*.

RUTH IV. 6.

*I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine
own inheritance.*

“ I would be worldly wise ; for the other
wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-governed life,
And to do good to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.”

—MASSINGER.

1 SAMUEL.

1 SAM. II. 12.

*Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial: they
knew not the Lord.*

“The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From mean self-interest and ambition clear,
Their hope in heaven, servility their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate and warn . . .
Should fly the world’s contaminating touch,
Holy and unpolluted: are thine such?
Except a few with Eli’s spirit blest,
Hophni and Phinehas may describe the
rest.”

—COWPER: *Expostulation.*

1 SAM. IV. 21.

*She named the child I-chabod, saying, The
glory is departed from Israel: because
the Ark of God was taken.*

“The one false word of life is Ichabod.
The glory is not departed:
They lie who say it, being heavy hearted.
The glory was here; the glory is hid with
God.

All glories that we lose, or we forgo,
Some day shall find us, this I surely know.”

—NORA CHESSON.

1 SAM. X. 27.

*But certain sons of Belial said, How shall this
man save us? And they despised him
. . . But he held his peace.*

“If I am

Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
know
My faculties nor person, yet will be

The chronicles of my doing, let me say
’Tis but the fate of place, and the rough
brake

That virtue must go through.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII.* (Act i.
Scene 2).

1 SAM. XV. 23.

Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.

“Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they
pursued;
The pulpit preached the crime, the people
rued.”

—DRYDEN.

1 SAM. XVI. 17.

*Provide me now a man that can play well, and
bring him to me.*

“Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Second Part of Henry IV.*
(Act iv. Scene 5).

1 SAM. XVIII. 1.

*The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of
David, and Jonathan loved him as his
own soul.*

“And such the force the fair example had
As they that saw

The good and durst not practise it, were
glad

That such a law
Was left yet to mankind,
Where they might read and find

Friendship indeed was written, not in words,
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men."

—BEN JONSON.

I SAM. XX. 14-15.

*And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew
me the kindness of the Lord, that I die
not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy
kindness from my house for ever.*

"Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy and youth:
To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death:
And Ziba and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend."

—C. SMART.

I SAM. XXVII. 1.

*And David said in his heart, I shall now
perish one day by the hand of Saul.*

"Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain."

—CLOUGH.

I SAM. XXVIII. 8.

*And Saul despised himself and came to the
woman by night; and he said, I pray*

*thee, bring me him up whom I shall name
unto thee.*

"I have one resource
Still in my science,—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor."

—BYRON: *Manfred*.

I SAM. XXXI. 4.

Saul took his sword, and fell upon it.

"Our time is fix'd, and all our days are
numbered!
How long, how short, we know not: this
we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give per-
mission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd
stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they're
relieved.
Those only are the brave that keep their
ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick . . . 'tis mad,
No frenzy half so desperate as this."

—R. BLAIR: *The Grave*.

2 SAMUEL.

2 SAM. I. 17.

*And David lamented with this lamentation
over Saul.*

“Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace; say of the dead,
His heart was black, his hands were red—
Say this much, and be satisfied;
Gloat over it, all undenied.
I only say that he to me
Whatever he to others was,
Was truer far than anyone
That I have known beneath the sun,
Sinner or Saint or Pharisee.
I simply say, he was my friend
When strong of hand, and fair of fame.
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.”

—JOAQUIN MILLER: *Songs of the Sierras*.

“Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!”

—SHAKESPEARE: *First Part of Henry IV.*
(Act v. Scene 4).

2 SAM. I. 26.

*I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy
love to me was wonderful, passing the love
of women.*

“My sweet companion and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever and my life to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death’s agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,

Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from
thee.”

—COWLEY.

2 SAM. V. 10.

*And David went on, and grew great, and the
Lord God of Hosts was with him.*

“Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel’s horn, and God’s renown,
Which is the people’s voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God’s own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o’er the foes
Whom God’s just laws abhor;
And, arm’d in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.”

—C. SMART.

2 SAM. XV. 21.

*And Ittai answered the king and said, . . .
Surely in what place my lord the king
shall be, whether in death or life, even
there also will thy servant be.*

“Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.”

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

“The Whigs may scoff, the Whigs may jeer,
But ah! that love maun be sincere
Which still keeps true, whate’er betide,
And for his sake leaves all beside.”

—LADY NAIRNE.

1 KINGS.

1 KINGS II. 5.

*Moreover thou knowest also what Job the son
of Zeruiah did to me.*

“For sooner shall the Ethiop change his
skin,

Or from the leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old flagitious heart.

Have ye not seen him in the balance
weigh’d

And there found wanting?”

—SOUTHEY: *Ode on Buonaparte.*

1 KINGS II. 6.

*Let not his hour head go down to the grate in
peace.*

“That king who lived to God’s own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he ;

Charles left behind no harsh decree

For schoolmen with laborious art

To salve from cruelty :

Those for whom love could no excuses frame
He graciously forgot to name.”

—DRYDEN.

1 KINGS IV. 25.

*And Judith and Israel dwelt safely, every man
under his vine and under his fig-tree.*

“Let earth in gold be garmented,
And tented in her tent of blue,
Let goodly rivers glide between
Their leaning willow walls of green,
Let all things be fill’d full of sun,
And full of warm winds from the sea,
And I beneath my vine and tree
Take rest, nor war with anyone ;

Then I will thank God with full cause,
Say this is well, is as it was.”

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

1 KINGS VII. 23.

And he made a molten sea.

“Lord, with what glorie wast Thou served
of old,

When Solomon’s temple stood and flourishéd !

When most things were of purest gold,

The wood was all embellishéd

With flowers and carvings mysticall and
rare !

All showed the builders craved the seer’s
care. . . .

All Solomon’s sea of brasse and world of
stone

Is not so deare to Thee as one good grone.”

—HERBERT.

1 KINGS X. 4-5.

*And when the queen of Sheba had seen all
Solomon’s wisdom, and the house that he
had built . . . there was no more spirit
in her.*

“I lose myself within thy mind—from room
To goodly room thou ledest me, and still
Dost show me of thy glory more, until
My soul, like Sheba’s queen, faints, over-
come,

And all my spirit dies within me, numb,
Sucked in by thine, a larger star, at will.”

—DORA GREENWELL: *To Elizabeth Barrett
Browning.*

1 KINGS

1 KINGS XI. 22.

Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing; howbeit let me go in any wise.

“And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.”

—SIR SAMUEL FERGUSSON.

1 KINGS XII. 13, 16.

*And the king answered the people roughly,
. . . So Israel departed unto their tents.*

“Men seek not moss upon a rolling stone,
Or water from the sieve, or fire from ice,
Or comfort from a reckless monarch’s hands.”

—ROBERT GREENE: *James the Fourth* (Act ii. Scene 2).

1 KINGS XIV. 16.

Jeroboam who did sin, and who made Israel to sin.

“Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won Others to sin, and made my sins their door?”

—JOHN DONNE.

1 KINGS XVIII. 21.

If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.

“’Tis time, however, if the case stand thus,
For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
To build our altar, confident and bold,
And say as stern Elijah said of old,
‘The strife now stands upon a fair award,
If Israel’s Lord be God, then serve the Lord;

If He be silent, faith is all a whim;
Then Baal is the God, and follow him.’”

—COWPER: *Conversation*.

“God will have all, or none; serve Him or fall

Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial:
Either be hot or cold: God doth despise,
Abhorre and spew out all Neutralities.”

—HERRICK.

2 KINGS.

2 KINGS II. 9.

And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.

“Thou from low earth in nobler flames
didst rise,
And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst
prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled
be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me.”
—A. COWLEY: *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.*

2 KINGS II. 11.

There appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

“That she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her below;
The rest (so smooth, so suddenly she went)
Looked like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.”
—DRYDEN: *Eleonora.*

2 KINGS IV. 29 f.

Then he said to Gehazi . . . lay my staff on the face of the child. . . . And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.

“Was not Elisha once!—
Who bade them lay his staff on a corpse-face.

There was no voice, no hearing: he went in
Therefore, and shut the door upon them
twain,
And prayed unto the Lord: and he went
up
And lay upon the corpse, dead on the
couch,
And put his mouth upon its mouth, his
eyes
Upon its eyes, his hands upon its hands,
And stretched him on the flesh; the flesh
waxed warm:
And he returned, walked to and fro the
house,
And went up, stretched him on the flesh
again,
And the eyes opened. 'Tis a credible feat
With the right man and way.”

—BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book* (i. 760-772).

2 KINGS XIV. 26-27.

The Lord saw the affliction of Israel, that it was very bitter: for there was not any shut up, nor any left, nor any helper for Israel. And the Lord said not that he would blot out the name of Israel from under heaven: but he saved them by the hand of Jeroboam the son of Joash.

“Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long opprest!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannie power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth.”

—MILTON.

1 CHRONICLES.

1 CHRON. IV. 10.

*And Jabez called on the God of Israel . . .
and God granted him that which he re-
quested.*

“Who live in prayer a friend shall never miss ;
If we should slip, a timely staff and kind
Placed in our grasp by hands unseen
shall find ;
Sometimes upon our foreheads a soft kiss,
And arms cast round us gently from be-
hind.”

—H. S. SUTTON.

1 CHRON. XII. 17.

*If ye be come to betray me to mine enemies,
. . . the God of our fathers look there-
on, and rebuke it.*

“Revenge may stain a righteous sword,
It may be just to slay ;
But, traitor, traitor,—from *that* word
All true breasts shrink away.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

1 CHRON. XIII. 10.

*And the anger of the Lord was kindled against
Uzza, and he smote him, because he put
his hand to the ark.*

“The ark of God has hidden strength ;
Who reverence or profane,
They or their seed shall find at length
The penalty or gain.

While as a sojourner it sought
Of old its destined place,
A blessing on the home it brought
Of one who did it grace.

But there was one, outstripping all
The holy-vestured band,
Who laid on it, to save its fall,
A rude corrective hand.

Read, who the Church would cleanse, and
mark
How stern the warning runs ;
There are two ways to aid the ark—
As patrons and as sons.”

—J. H. NEWMAN.

2 CHRONICLES.

2 CHRON. V. 13.

It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord.

“Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The differing world’s agreeing sacrifice,
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds.”

—DAVENANT.

2 CHRON. VI. 8.

Forasmuch as it was in thine heart to build an house for my name, thou didst well in that it was in thine heart.

“There lives

A Judge who, as man claims by merit, gives ;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed.”

—WORDSWORTH.

2 CHRON. XX. 15.

Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude ; for the battle is not yours, but God’s.

“O God of battles ! Steel my soldiers’
hearts ;

Possess them not with fear ; take from them
now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed num-
bers

Pluck their hearts from them.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Henry V.* (Act iv. Scene 1).

2 CHRON. XXIV. 22.

Thus Joash the king remembered not the kindness which Jehoiada his father had done to him, but slew his son.

“Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee’s collected treasures sweet,
Sweet Music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.”

—GRAY : *For Music.*

2 CHRON. XXV. 9.

The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.

“Tis not so poor a thing to be
Servants to heaven, dear Lord, and Thee,
As this fond world believes,
Not even here, where oft the wise
Are most exposed to injuries,
And friendless virtue grieves.

Sometimes Thy hand lets gently fall
A little drop that sweetens all

The bitter of our cup ;
O what hereafter shall we be,
When we shall have whole draughts of Thee,
Brim-full, and drink them up ?

Say, happy souls, whose thirst now meets
The fresh and living stream of sweets,

Which spring from the blest throne ;
Did you not find this true, even here ?
Do you not find it truer there,
Now heaven is all your own ?”

—JOHN AUSTIN.

EZRA.

EZRA I. 3.

Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (he is the God) which is in Jerusalem.

“ I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.”
—BLAKE.

EZRA II. 68-69.

And some of the chief of the fathers . . . offered freely for the house of God to set it up in his place : they gave after their ability.

“ Give all thou canst ! high Heaven rejects
the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more.”
—WORDSWORTH.

EZRA VII. 10.

For Ezra had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it.

“ Not Fortune’s slave is man : our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.”
—WORDSWORTH.

EZRA VII. 27.

Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, which hath put such a thing as this in the king’s heart, to beautify the house of the Lord which is in Jerusalem.

“ Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.”
—DRYDEN : *Annus Mirabilis*, 290.

NEHEMIAH.

NEH. II. 12.

*Neither told I any man what my God had put
into my heart to do for Jerusalem.*

“Three silences there are: the first of
speech,

The second of desire, the third of thought ;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to
teach.

These silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect silence that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he
caught

Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our
reach.”

—LONGFELLOW.

NEH. IX. 16-17.

*But they and our fathers dealt proudly, and
hardened their necks, and hearkened not
to thy commandments, and refused to
obey, neither were mindful of thy wonders
that thou didst among them.*

“The Jews, a headstrong, moody, mummur-
ing race,

As ever tried the extent and stretch of
grace.”

—DRYDEN.

NEH. IX. 26.

*Nevertheless they were disobedient, and re-
belled against thee, and cast thy law be-
hind their backs.*

“Now by the verdure on thy thousand hills,
Beloved England, doth the earth appear
Quite good enough for men to overbear
The will of God in, with rebellious wills.”

—E. B. BROWNING.

NEH. XIII. 10-11.

*I perceived that the portions of the Levites had
not been given them: so that the Levites
and the singers, that did the work, were
fled every one to his field. Then contended
I with the rulers.*

“Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.”

—GOLDSMITH.

ESTHER.

ESTHER I. 17.

The king Ahasuerus commanded Vashti the queen to be brought in before him, but she came not.

“We move, my friend,
At no man’s beck, but know ourself and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon’d out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shusan underneath the palms.”

—TENNYSON: *The Princess*.

ESTHER II. 17.

*And the king loved Esther above all the women
. . . so that he set the royal crown upon
her head.*

“Illustrious Princesse, had thy chance not
beene,
To be a Captive, thou hadst bin no Queene:
Such is the Fortune our Misfortune brings;
Had we not first bin Slaves, we’d n’ere beene
Kinges.”

—QUARLES.

ESTHER IV. 16.

*And so will I go in unto the king, which is not
according to the law: and if I perish, I
perish.*

“Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemm comeliness:
A gather’d mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace:
Thus, arm’d with innocence, secure they
move

Whose highest ‘treason’ is but highest love.”

—WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

ESTHER VII. 7.

*For he saw that there was evil determined
against him by the king.*

“Great princes’ favourites their fair leaves
spread

But as the marigold at the sun’s eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnets* (xxv.).

JOB.

JOB I. 9.

*Then Satan answered the Lord, and said,
Doth Job fear God for nought?*

“Most men are led by interest: and the few
Who are not, expiate the general sin,
Involved in one suspicion with the base.”

—M. ARNOLD: *Merope*.

JOB I. 12.

*And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all
that he hath is in thy power.*

Compare Pope's caustic lines in the third
of his *Moral Essays*:—

“The devil was piqued such saintship to
behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of
old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich not making
poor.”

JOB I. 18.

*While he was yet speaking, there came also
another.*

“Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.”

—LONGFELLOW: *The Song of Hiawatha*
(xix.).

JOB I. 19.

*And, behold, there came a great wind . . .
and it fell upon the young men, and they
are dead.*

“Do you remember, my sweet, absent son,
How in the soft June days forever done,
You loved the heavens so warm and clear
and high;
And, when I lifted you, soft came your
cry—
'Put me 'way up—'way, 'way up in blue
sky'?
I laughed and said I could not—set you
down,
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath that
crown
Of bright hair gladdening me as you raced by.
Another Father now, more strong than I,
Has borne you voiceless to your dear blue
sky.”

—GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

“My children, my children, they clustered
all round me,
Like a rampart which sorrow could never
break through;

Each change in their beautiful lives only
bound me

In a spell of delight which no care could
undo.

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the
rain,

And the tallest is gone from the place
where he grew ;

My tallest, my fairest ! Oh let me complain ;
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests
beat through.

I murmur not, Father ! My will is with
Thee ;

I knew at the first that my darling was
Thine :

Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father !—
but see,

Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed
he was mine.”

—F. W. FABER.

JOB I. 20.

*Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and
shaved his head, and fell down upon the
ground, and worshipped.*

“Canst thou silent lie ?

Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like nature
pass

Into the winter night's extinguished wood ?

Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
And being latent feel thyself no less ?”

—EMERSON.

JOB II. 7.

*So went Satan forth from the presence of the
Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from
the sole of his foot unto his crown.*

“O world outspread beneath me ! only for
myself I speak,

Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my
brothers strong and weak,

Full and empty, wise and foolish, good and
bad, in every age,

Every clime, I turn my eyes from, as in one
or other stage

Of a torture writhe they, Job-like couched
on dung and crazed with blains—

Wherefore ? whereto ? ask the whirlwind
what the dread voice then explains !

I shall ‘vindicate no way of God's to man,’
nor stand apart,

‘Laugh, be candid !’ while I watch it tra-
versing the human heart.

Traversed heart must tell its story uncom-
mented on : no less

Mine results in ‘only grant a second life, I
acquiesce

In this present life as failure, count mis-
fortune's worst assaults

Triumph not defeat, assured that loss so
much the more exalts

Gain to be.’”

—BROWNING : *La Saisiaz*.

JOB II. 9.

*Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still
retain thine integrity ? curse God, and die.*

“A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of
pain,

As much or more, we should ourselves com-
plain :

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve
thee

With urging helpless patience wouldst re-
lieve me.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Comedy of Errors* (Act ii.
Scene 1).

“When the days of golden dreams had
perished,

And even Despair was powerless to
destroy :

Then did I learn how existence could be
cherished,

Strengthened and fed, without the aid of
joy.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

“Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch
the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on
earth.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Henry the Sixth* (Part II,
Act iii. Scene 2).

JOB II. 10.

In all this did not Job sin with his lips.

“But ye, keep ye on earth
Your lips from over-speech,
Loud words and longing are so little worth ;
And the end is hard to reach.
For silence after grievous things is good,
And reverence, and the fear that makes
men whole,
And shame, and righteous governance of
blood,
And lordship of the soul.
But from sharp words and wits men pluck
no fruit,
And gathering thorns they shake the tree
at root ;
For words divide and rend,
But silence is most noble till the end.”

—SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*.

JOB II. 13.

*They sat down with him upon the ground
seven days and seven nights, and none
spake a word unto him : for they saw that
his grief was very great.*

“With silence only as their benediction,
God’s angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.”

—WHITTIER.

“O Friend, long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot
heal.”

—COLERIDGE.

JOB III. 3, 6, 9.

*Let the day perish wherein I was born . . . Let
it not rejoice among the days of the year ;
let it not come into the number of the
months . . . because it shut not up the
doors of my mother’s womb.*

“A wicked day, and not a holy day !
What hath this day deserved ! what hath
it done,

That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar ?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with
child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this
day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be
cross’d.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *King John* (Act iii.
Scene 1).

JOB III. 6.

*As for that night, let thick darkness seize
upon it.*

“Why rail’st thou on thy birth, the heaven,
and earth !

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three
do meet

In thee at once ; which thou at once
wouldst lose.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet* (Act iii.
Scene 3).

JOB III. 13, 14.

*Now should I have lain still and been quiet, I
should have slept : then had I been at rest,
with kings and counsellors of the earth.*

“The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.”
—JAMES SHIRLEY.

JOB III. 17.

*There the wicked cease from troubling; and
there the weary be at rest.*

“To my true king I offered free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage
vain.

For him I threw lands, honours, wealth
away,

And one dear hope, that was more prized
than they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Greyhair'd with sorrow in my manhood's
prime;

Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to
weep;

Till God who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.”

—MACAULAY: *Epitaph on a Jacobite.*

“When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried
and pure,
Had not the power to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that thro' night I seek a dimmer shore;
Say rather that my morn has first begun—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.”

—PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

“O sweet and strange it seems to me, that
ere this day is done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be
beyond the sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls
and true—

And what is life, that we should moan?
why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed
home—

And there to wait a little while till you and
Effie come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon
your breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest.”

—TENNYSON: *May Queen.*

JOB III. 19.

*The small and great are there; and the ser-
vant is free from his master.*

“The rich man dies; and the poor dies:
The worm feeds sweetly on the dead.

Whate'er thou lackest, keep this trust:
All in the end shall have but dust:

The one inheritance, which best

And worst alike shall find and share:

The wicked cease from troubling there,
And there the weary be at rest.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI: *A Testimony.*

“Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;

Though you bind in every shore,

And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day,

Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,

And mingle with forgotten ashes when

Death calls ye to the crowd of common
men.”

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

JOB III. 22.

Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?

“ For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro’ the grey skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair’d of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.”

—TENNYSON: *Enoch Arden*.

JOB III. 23.

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

“ Oh stars, and dreams, and gentle night ;
Oh, night and stars, return !
And hide me from the hostile light
That does not warm but burn ;

That drains the blood of suffering men ;
Drinks tears instead of dew ;
Let me sleep through his blinding reign,
And only wake with you.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

“ Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop
and pine.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“ I rise like one in a dream when I see the
red sun flaring low,
That drags me back shuddering from sleep
each morning to life with its woe.”

—MATHILDE BLIND.

JOB IV. 15.

Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up.

“ A spirit pass’d before me ; I beheld
The face of immortality unveiled—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—

And there it stood—all formless but divine :
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake ;

And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :

‘ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure

Than He who deems even Seraphs insecure ?

Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust !

The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?

Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom’s wasted light.”

—BYRON.

Compare the Queen’s description of Hamlet (Act iii. Scene 4) as he sees his father’s ghost :—

“ Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end.”

JOB V. 6, 7.

Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground ; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

“ Heaven’s Dome is but a wondrous House
of Sorrow,
And Happiness therein a lying Fable.

When first they mixed the Clay of Man,
 and clothed
 His spirit in the Robe of Perfect Beauty,
 For Forty Mornings did an Evil Cloud
 Rain Sorrows over him from Head to Foot ;
 And when the Forty Mornings pass'd to
 Night,
 Then came one Morning-Shower — one
 Morning-Shower
 Of Joy—to Forty of the Rain of Sorrow !—
 And though the better Fortune came at last
 To seal the work, yet every wise man knows
 Such Consummation never can be here !”
 —FITZGERALD : *Salámán and Absál*.

JOB v. 7.

*Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly
 upward.*

“To be man, my lord,
 Is to be but the exercise of cares
 In several shapes : as miseries do grow,
 They alter as men’s forms ; but how none
 knows.”

—FORD : *The Lover’s Melancholy* (Act i.
 Scene 1).

JOB v. 23.

*Thou shalt be in league with the stones of
 the field.*

“This earth shall have a feeling and these
 stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion’s arms.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Richard the Second* (Act
 iii. Scene 2).

JOB v. 24.

Thou shalt know that thy tent is in peace.

Shelley makes the King in *Queen Mab* cry
 out as follows :—

“O dear and blessed peace !
 Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity
 In penury and dungeons ? wherefore lurkest

With danger, death, and solitude ; yet
 shun’st

The palace I have built thee ? Sacred peace,
 Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed
 One drop of balm upon my withered soul !

Vain man ! that palace is the virtuous heart,
 And peace defileth not her snowy robes
 In such a shed as thine.”

JOB v. 26.

*Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age,
 like as a shock of corn cometh in in its
 season.*

“So mayst thou live till like ripe fruit thou
 drop
 Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease
 Gathered, not harshly pluck’d, for death
 mature.”

—MILTON.

“An old age, serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“Ane by ane they gang awa’ . . .
 The gatherer gathers great an’ sma’,
 Ane by ane maks ane an’ a’.

Aye whan ane is ta’en frae ane,
 Ane on earth is left alane,
 Twa in heaven are knit again.

Whan God’s hairst is in or lang,
 Golden-heidit, ripe, and thrang,
 Syne begins a better sang.”

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

JOB VI. 4.

*The arrows of the Almighty are within me,
 the poison whereof my spirit drinketh up ;
 the terrors of God do set themselves in
 array against me.*

“Therefore because thou art strong, our
 father, and we

Feeble; and thou art against us, and thine
hand
Constrains us in the shallows of the sea
And breaks us at the limits of the land;
Because thou hast bent thy lightnings like a
bow,
And loosed the hours like arrows . . .
Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremu-
lous,
Lo, with ephemeral life and casual breath,
At least we witness of thee ere we die
That these things are not otherwise, but
thus;
That each man in his heart sigheth and
saith,
That all men even as I,
All we are against thee, against thee, oh
God most high."

—SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*.

JOB VI. 8-9.

*Oh that I might have my request; and that
God would grant me the thing that I long
for! even that it would please God to
crush me.*

"The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering.

And then, to go to sleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor,
The liberty to die."

—EMILY DICKINSON.

JOB VI. 11.

*What is my strength, that I should wait?
And what is mine end, that I should
be patient?*

"Now the loves with faith for mother,
Now the fears with hope for brother,
Scarce are with us as strange words,
Notes from songs of last year's birds.

Now the morning faintlier risen
Seems no God come forth of prison,
But a bird of plume-plucked wing,
Pale with thought of evening.

Now hath hope, outraced in running,
Given the torch up of his cunning,
And the palm he thought to wear
Even to his own strong child—despair."

—A. C. SWINBURNE.

"Never happy any more!
Is it not but a sorry lore
That says, 'Take strength, the worst is
o'er!'

Shall the stars seem as heretofore?
The day wears on more and more,—
While I was weeping the day wore.
Never happy any more!

In the cold behind the door
That was the dial striking four;
One for joy the past hours bore,
Two for hope and will cast o'er,
One for the naked dark before."

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

JOB VI. 15.

*My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook,
and as the stream of brooks they pass away.*

Compare Wordsworth's poem, *A Com-
plaint: suggested by a change in the manner
of a friend*:—

"There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, not long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did: not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well?"

JOB VII. 1-2.

*Are not his days like the days of an hireling?
As a servant that earnestly desireth the
shadow?*

Compare Homer's simile in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey* (Worsley's version):—

“As when one longeth for his evening
fare,
For whom two wine-dark steers the livelong
day
Drag through the field in furrows the slow
share;
He, on the watch, still toiling as he may,
Gladly beholds the sunlight fade away.”

JOB VII. 2.

And as an hireling that looketh for his wages.

Compare the opening lines of the dirge in *Cymbeline* (Act iv. Scene 2):—

“Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.”

JOB VII. 4.

*When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise?
but the night is long; and I am full of
tossings to and fro unto the dawning of
the day.*

“Thus ebbs and flows the current of her
sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her com-
plaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her
remaining.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Lucrece*, 1570_f.

JOB VII. 10.

*He shall return no more to his house, neither
shall his place know him any more.*

“For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”
—GRAY.

JOB VII. 13-14.

*When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my
couch shall ease my complaint; then thou
scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me
through visions.*

“My mind is as a sea of shudd'ring pines,
At thick o' night when all's asleep but wind—
Wind blindly groping in the heavy dark-
ness
And formless shapes crowd round their
mother Night,
And all the moonless, starless horror seems
Of old and changeless, hopeless, everlasting.”
—I. ZANGWILL: *Night Mood*.

“Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.”
—COLERIDGE.

“The City is of Night, but not of sleep;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary
brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages
creep,
A night seems teemless hell. This dread-
ful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never
ceases,
Or which some moment's stupor but in-
creases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches
there insane.”

—JAMES THOMSON: *The City of Dreadful
Night*.

JOB VII. 15.

*My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather
than these my bones.*

“When first the world grew dark to me,
I called on God, yet came not He;
Whereon, as wearier waxed my lot,
On Love I called, but Love came not.
When a worse evil did befall,
Death, on thee only did I call.”

—AMY LEVY.

JOB VII. 16.

*I loath my life, I would not live alway: let me
alone; for my days are vanity.*

“Weep, though no hair’s breadth thou shalt
move

The living earth, the heaven above
By all the bitterness of love!
Weep and cease not, now hope is dead!
Sighs rest thee not, tears bring no ease,
Life hath no joy, and death no peace;
The years change not, though they decrease,
For hope is dead, for hope is dead.”

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

“Lo! I am weary of all,
Of men and their love and their hate;
I have been long enough Life’s thrall,
And the toy of a tyrant Fate.
I would have nothing but rest;
I would not struggle again;
Take me now to thy breast,
Earth, sweet mother of men.
This is the fate I crave,
For I look to the end and see
If there be not rest in the grave
There will never be rest for me.”

—HERBERT E. CLARKE.

JOB VIII. 3.

*Doth God pervert judgment? or doth the
Almighty pervert justice?*

“Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.”
—MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*.

JOB VIII. 7

*Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter
end should greatly increase.*

“As Thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair Thy world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best.”

—WHITTIER: *The Clear Vision*.

JOB VIII. 20-21.

*Behold, God will not cast away a perfect
man; . . . he will yet fill thy mouth with
laughter.*

“Not always Fall of leaf, nor ever Spring!
No endless night; yet not eternal day!
The saddest birds a season find to sing!
The roughest storm, a calm may soon
allay!
Thus with succeeding terms, God tempereth
all!
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.”

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

JOB IX. 22.

*It is all one; therefore I say, He destroyeth
the perfect and the wicked.*

“Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room . . .
Nature with equal mind
Sees all her sons at play;

Sees man control the wind,
The wind sweep man away."

—M. ARNOLD: *Empedocles on Etna*.

JOB IX. 25.

*Now my days are swifter than a post: they
flee away, they see no good.*

"I hate all times, because all times doo flye
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by."

—SPENSER: *Daphnaïda*, 413 f.

JOB IX. 25-26.

*Now my days are swifter than a post: they
flee away, they see no good. They are
passed away as the swift ships: as the
eagle that swoopeth on the prey.*

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:

How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal
surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the
graves

Of Empires heave but like some passing
waves."

—BYRON.

"I think it is over, over,

I think it is over at last:

Voices of foemen and lover,

The sweet and the bitter have passed:

Life, like a tempest of ocean,

Hath outblown its ultimate blast:

There's but a faint sobbing seaward

While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold! like the welcoming quiver

Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river,

Those lights in the harbor at last,

The heavenly harbor at last!"

—PAUL H. HAYNE.

JOB X. 1-2.

*My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my
complaint upon myself; I will speak in
the bitterness of my soul.*

*I will say unto God, Do not condemn me;
show me wherefore thou contendest with
me.*

"Thy pity, Lord, for those who lie
With folded hands and weary eye,
And watch their years go fruitless by,
Yet know not why!

Who long with valiant spirit still,
To work with earnest hand and will,—
Whose souls for action strive and thrill,
Yet must be still.

Dear Lord, forgive, if, as they lie
And sadly watch their lives drift by,
Pain-torn, in anguish sore, they cry
'I would know why.'"

—JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

JOB X. 16.

Thou huntest me as a fierce lion.

"None hath beheld him, none
Seen above other gods and shapes of things,
Swift without feet and flying without wings,
Intolerable, not clad with death or life,

Insatiable, not known of night or day,
The Lord of love and loathing and of strife,
Who gives a star and takes a sun away;
Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren
wife

To the earthly body and grievous growth
of clay;

Who turns the large limbs to a little flame
And binds the great sea with a little
sand;

Who makes desire, and slays desire with
shame;

Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his
hand;

Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,
 Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,
 Smites without sword, and scourges without rod ;
 The supreme evil, God.”
 —SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*.

JOB X. 21-22.

I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness, and to the shadow of death ; a land of thick darkness, as darkness itself ; a land of the shadow of death, where the light is as darkness.

“ Strange, is it not ? that of the myriads who
 Before us pass’d the door of Darkness through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we must travel too.”
 —FITZGERALD: *Rubāiyat* (lxiv.).

“ What of the Darkness ? Is it very fair ?
 Are there great calms, and find ye silence there ? . . .
 Is it a bosom where tired heads may lie ?
 Is it a mouth to kiss our weeping dry ?
 Is it a hand to still the pulses’ leap ?
 Is it a voice that holds the runes of sleep ?”
 —R. LE GALLIENNE.

“ Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; or to be worse than worst
 Of these, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling—’tis too horrible.”
 —SHAKESPEARE.

“ For all
 There shines one sun and one wind blows
 till night,

And when night comes the wind sinks and the sun,
 And there is no light after, and no storm,
 But sleep and much forgetfulness of things.”
 —SWINBURNE.

“ Twixt birth and death,
 What days of bitter breath
 Were thine alas !
 Thy soul had sight
 To see, by day, by night,
 Strange phantoms pass.

But here is rest
 For aching brain and breast,
 Deep rest, complete,
 And nevermore,
 Heart-weary and foot-sore,
 Shall stray thy feet,—

Thy feet that went,
 With such long discontent,
 Their wonted beat
 About thy room,
 With its deep-seated gloom,
 Or through the street.

Death gives them ease ;
 Death gives thy spirit peace ;
 Death lulls thee, quite.
 One thing alone
 Death leaves thee of thine own—
 Thy starless night.”

—PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON: *Poems* (pp. 354-5).

JOB XI. 7.

Canst thou by searching find out God ? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ?

“ Where broods the Absolute,
 Or shuns our long pursuit
 By fiery utmost pathways out of ken ?
 Fleeter than sunbeams, lo,
 Our passionate spirits go,
 And traverse immemorial space, and then
 Look off, and look in vain, to find
 The master-clew to all they left behind.

Seek elsewhere, and in vain
 The wings of morning chain ;
 Their speed transmute to fire and bring the
 light,
 The coeternal beam
 Of the blind minstrel's dream ;
 But think not that bright heat to know
 aright,
 Nor how the trodden seed takes root,
 Waked by its glow, and climbs to flower and
 fruit.

We think, we feel, we are ;
 And light, as of a star,
 Gropes through the mist,—a little light is
 given ;
 And aye from life and death
 We strive, with indrawn breath,
 To somehow wrest the truth, and long have
 striven,
 Nor pause, though book and star and clod
 Reply, *Canst thou by searching find out God ?* ”
 —E. C. STEDMAN.

Compare Faust's speech to Margaret
 (*Faust*, Scene xvi. Bayard Taylor's ver-
 sion) :—

“ Who dare express Him ?
 And who profess Him ?
 Saying, I believe in Him ?
 Who, feeling, seeing,
 Deny His Being ? . . .
 Call it then what thou wilt,—
 Call it Bliss, Heart, Love, God !
 I have no name to give it !
 Feeling is all in all ;
 The name is sound and smoke,
 Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.”

JOB XI. 8.

*It is high as heaven ; what canst thou do ?
 deeper than hell ; what canst thou know ?*

“ I dimly guess what Time in mists con-
 founds ;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity,
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimps'd turrets slowly wash
 again.”

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

JOB XI. 17.

*And thine age shall be clearer than the
 noonday.*

“ Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate with meridian ray ;
 Hours splendid as the past may still be
 thine,
 And bless thy future as thy former day.”
 —BYRON.

JOB XII. 17.

*He leadeth counsellors away spoiled, and
 maketh the judges fools.*

“ In just resentment of his injured laws
 He pours contempt on them and on their
 cause ;
 Strikes the rough thread of error right ath-
 wart
 The web of every scheme they have at heart ;
 Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust
 The pillars of support in which they trust,
 And do his errands of disgrace and shame
 On the chief strength and glory of the frame.”
 —COWPER.

JOB XII. 18.

*He looseth the bonds of kings, and girdeth
 their loins with a girdle.*

“ God said, I am tired of kings,
 I suffer them no more ;
 Up to my ear the morning brings
 The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
 A field of havoc and war,
 Where tyrants great and tyrants small
 Might harry the weak and poor ?”

—EMERSON.

JOB XIII. 5.

*O that ye would altogether hold your peace!
and it should be your wisdom.*

“O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice* (Act
i. Scene 1).

JOB XIII. 15.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

“What if I perish, after all,
And lose this life, Thy gracious boon?
Let me not fear that I shall fall
And die too soon.

I cannot fall till Thou dost let,
Nor die, except at Thy command.
Low let me lie, my Father, yet
Beneath Thy hand.

’Tis good to think, though I decrease
Thou dost not, Lord, decrease with me;
What matters it that I must cease,
Since Thou must be!”
—H. S. SUTTON.

JOB XIV. 1.

*Man that is born of woman is of few days, and
full of trouble.*

“If the fits of joy were longer,
Or the day were sooner done,
Or, perhaps, if hope were stronger,
No weak nursling of an earthly sun!”
—M. ARNOLD: *The New Sireus*.

“Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer’s tender haunches.”
—KEATS: *Endymion*.

JOB XIV. 2.

*He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut
down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and
continueth not.*

Compare M. Arnold’s paraphrase (in
Sohrab and Rostum) of Catullus’ lyric:—

“He saw that youth . . .
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass.”

“Keen after heat is cold,
Sore after summer is rain,
And melteth man to the bone.
As water he weareth away,
As a flower, as an hour in a day.”
—SWINBURNE.

JOB XIV. 7-10.

*For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,
that it will sprout again, and that the
tender branch thereof will not cease . . .
Through the scent of water it will bud,
and bring forth boughs like a plant. But
man dieth, and wasteth away.*

“Now winter with its snow departs,
The green leaves clothe the tree;
But summer smiles not on the hearts
That bleed and break for thee:
The young May weaves her flowery crown,
Her boughs in beauty wave;
They only shake their blossoms down
Upon thy silent grave.”
—D. M. MOIR.

JOB XIV. 10.

*But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man
giveth up the ghost, and where is he?*

“Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,

Nor wake with wings in heaven,
 Nor weep for pains in hell ;
 Though one were fair as roses,
 His beauty clouds and closes,
 And well though love reposes,
 In the end it is not well."

—SWINBURNE: *The Garden of Proserpine*.

"After the slumber of the year
 The woodland violets reappear,
 All things revive in field or grove,
 And sky and sea, but two, which move
 And form all others, life and love."

—SHELLEY.

"They weep and know not what they weep ;
 They wait a vain re-birth :
 Vanity of vanities, alas,
 For there is but one birth
 On the wide green earth."

—FIONA MACLEOD: *The Mourners*.

"Yea, and with weariness of lips and eyes,
 With breaking of the bosom and with sighs,
 We labour, and are clad and fed with grief,
 And filled with days we would not fain be-
 hold,
 And nights we would not hear of ; we wax
 old,
 All we wax old, and wither like a leaf.
 We are outcast, strayed between bright sun
 and moon ;
 Our light and darkness are as leaves of
 flowers,
 Black flowers and white, that perish ; and
 the noon
 As midnight, and the night as daylight
 hours.
 A little fruit a little while is ours
 And the worm finds it soon."

—SWINBURNE.

JOB XIV. 12-13.

*Man lieth down, and riseth not : till the heavens
 be no more, they shall not awake, nor be*

*raised out of their sleep. Oh, that Thou
 wouldst hide me in Sheol !*

"PHILASTER: Oh, but thou dost not know
 What 'tis to die.

BELLARIO: Yes, I do know, my lord :
 'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
 A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
 A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
 It is but giving over of a game
 That must be loss."

—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER: *Philaster*
 (Act iii. Scene 1).

JOB XIV. 21.

*His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it
 not ; and they are brought low, but he
 perceiveth it not.*

"His sons grow up that bear his name,
 Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
 But he is chill to praise or blame."

—TENNYSON: *The Two Voices*.

JOB XV. 20-24.

*The wicked man travaileth with pain all his
 days . . . a sound of terrors is in his ears
 . . . he knoweth that the day of darkness
 is ready at his hand : distress and anguish
 make him afraid.*

"My conscience hath a thousand several
 tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Richard the Third* (Act
 v. Scene 3).

JOB XVI. 2.

*I have heard many such things : miserable
 comforters are ye all.*

"Logic and sermons never convince,
 The damp of the night drives deeper into
 my soul."

—WALT WHITMAN.

“Yes, your discourses with their glittering
show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought
like paper,
Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow
The rustling leaves through chill autumnal
vapour.”
—GOETHE’S *Faust* (Scene i.): Bayard
Taylor’s version.

“When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit comfort me.”
—HERRICK.

JOB XVI. 16.

My face is foul with weeping.

“The flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all
Were there no watery eyes.

Love thou thy sorrow: grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years:—
The rainbow!—see how fair a thing
God hath built up from tears.”
H. S. SUTTON.

JOB XVI. 16-17.

*On my eyelids is the shadow of death; although
there is no violence in mine hands, and
my prayer is pure.*

“My crime—that, rapt in reverential awe,
I sate obedient, in the fiery prime
Of youth, self-governed, at the feet of
Law. . . .
The gods declare my recompense to-day.
I look’d for life more lasting, rule more
high;
And when six years are measur’d, lo, I die.”
—M. ARNOLD: *Mycerinus*.

JOB XVI. 22.

I shall go the way whence I shall not return.

“Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death—
The undiscover’d country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will.”
—SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet* (Act iii. Scene 1).

JOB XVII. 9.

*Yet shall the righteous hold on his way, and
he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger
and stronger.*

“Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of
nature.”
—SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet* (Act iii. Scene 4).

JOB XVII. 11.

*My days are past, my purposes are broken off,
even the thoughts of my heart.*

“I would have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay, God bids me go:
Now I would rest, God bids me work.
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

JOB XVII. 16.

*It shall go down to the bars of Sheol, when once
there is rest in the dust.*

“O Death, we come full-handed to thy gate,
Rich with strange burden of the mingled
years,

Gains and renunciations, mirth and tears,
 And love's oblivion, and remembering hate,
 Nor know we what compulsion laid such
 freight
 Upon our souls—and shall our hopes and
 fears
 Buy nothing of thee, Death? Behold our
 wares
 And sell us the one joy for which we wait.
 Had we lived longer, life had such for sale,
 With the last coin of sorrow purchased
 cheap,
 But now we stand before thy shadowy pale,
 And all our longings lie within thy keep—
 Death, can it be the years shall nought
 avail?
 Not so, Death answered, they shall pur-
 chase sleep.”

—EDITH WHARTON.

JOB XVIII. 5, 11.

*The light of the wicked shall be put out . . .
 Terrors shall make him afraid on every
 side, and shall chase him at the heels.*

“MACBETH: Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals
 me?
 What hands are here? ha! they pluck out
 mine eyes.”
 —SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth* (Act ii. Scene 2).

JOB XIX. 6-7, 11.

*God hath overthrown me and compassed me
 with his net. Behold I cry out of wrong,
 but I am not heard . . . He hath kindled
 his wrath against me, and he counteth
 me unto him as one of his enemies.*

“And that inverted Bowl they call the sky,
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and
 die,
 Lift not your hands to it for help—for It
 As impotently moves as you or I.”
 —FITZGERALD: *Rubáiyat* (lxxii.).

“His hidden face and iron feet
 Hath not man known, and felt them in their
 way
 Threaten and trample all things and every
 day?
 Hath he not sent us hunger? who hath
 cursed
 Spirit and flesh with longing? filled with
 thirst
 Their lips who cried unto him?”

—SWINBURNE: *Sappho*.

JOB XIX. 13-14.

*Mine acquaintance are verily estranged from
 me. My kinsfolk have failed, and my
 familiar friends have forgotten me.*

“Friends . . . old friends . . .
 One sees how it ends.
 A woman looks
 Or a man tells lies,
 And the pleasant brooks
 And the quiet skies,
 Ruined with brawling
 And caterwauling,
 Enchant no more
 As they did before;
 And so it ends
 With friends.”

—W. E. HENLEY.

JOB XIX. 26.

*And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,
 yet from my flesh shall I see God.*

“I am thy grass, O Lord,
 I grow up sweet and tall
 But for a day, beneath Thy sword
 To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough
 In that brief day of mine?
 The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff
 The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown,—

Love will not let me be ;
Love holds me here ; Love cuts me down ;
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so ;
Thy purpose is full plain ;
I die that after I may grow
As tall, as sweet again.”

—L. W. REESE.

“ But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“ The more unjust seems present fate,
The more my spirit swells elate,
Strong, in thy strength, to anticipate
Rewarding destiny.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

JOB XX. 11.

*His bones are full of his youth, but it shall lie
down with him in the dust.*

Compare Cæsar’s words on Mark Antony
(*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i. Scene 4) :—

“ From Alexandria
This is the news : he fishes, drinks, and
wastes

The lamps of night in revel . . .

If he fill’d

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for’t.”

JOB XX. 13.

Though he forsake it not.

“ My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone ;
My youngers daily drop away ;
And can I think to ’scape alone ?
No ! No ! I know that I must die ;
And yet my life amend not I.”

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

JOB XX. 25.

Terrors are upon him.

“ We are the slaves of wind, and hail and
flood ;

Fear jogs our elbow in the market-place,
And nods beside us on the chimney-seat.
Ill-bodings are as native to our hearts
As are their spots unto the woodpeckers.”

—W. B. YEATS.

JOB XX. 27.

*The heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the
earth shall rise up against him.*

So Macbeth cries (Act ii. Scene 1) :—

“ Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk,
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout.”

JOB XXI. 7, 9.

*Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea,
are mighty in power ?*

*Their seed is established in their sight with
them, and their offspring before their eyes.*

“ My father loved injustice, and lived long ;
Crown’d with grey hairs he died, and full
of sway.”

—M. ARNOLD : *Mycerinus*.

JOB XXI. 13.

In a moment they go down to Sheol.

“ O

My God ! can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly ? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy
ground !

To be nailed down into a narrow place ;
To see no more sweet sunshine, hear no
more

Blithe voice of living things, muse not
again

Upon familiar thoughts.”

—SHELLEY : *The Cenci*.

JOB XXII. 21.

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee.

“Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though
it seem
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of
thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of
prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal
bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.”

—WORDSWORTH.

JOB XXII. 29.

When they cast thee down thou shalt say, There is lifting up: and the humble person He shall save.

“I struck him, he grovelled of course—
For, what was his force?
I pinned him to earth with my weight
And persistence of hate; . . .
When sudden . . . how think ye, the end?
Did I say ‘without friend’?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge,
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun’s self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a
breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!

Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God’s skirts, and
prayed!
So, I was afraid.”

—BROWNING: *Instans Tyrannus*.

JOB XXIII. 10.

He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

“I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink
or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once
more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee,
commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee . . .

Thou knowest I have in age ratified all
those vows and strictly kept them,
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith
nor ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison’d, in disgrace, repining
not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from
Thee.”

—WALT WHITMAN: *Prayer of Columbus*.

JOB XXIV. 12.

Men groan from out of the city, and the soul of the wounded crieth out.

“Ah, London! London! our delight,
Great flower that opens but at night,
Great city of the midnight sun,
Whose day begins when day is done.

The human moths about the light
Dash and cling close in dazed delight,
And burn and laugh, the world and wife,
For this is London, this is life!

Upon thy petals butterflies,
But at thy root, some say, there lies
A world of weeping, trodden things,
Poor worms that have not eyes or wings.”

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

JOB XXIV. 13.

These are of them that rebel against the light.

So Lady Macbeth cries (Act i. Scene 5) :—
 “Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the damnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it
 makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
 dark
 To cry ‘Hold, hold’.”

“This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Lucrece*, 672 f.

JOB XXIV. 17.

*For the morning is to all of them as the shadow
 of death.*

“Morning?” says the guilty Sebald to
 Ottilia, his accomplice, in *Pippa Passes*—

“Morning ?
 It seems to me a night with a sun added.
 Where’s dew, where’s freshness ?”

JOB XXVI. 14.

*Lo, these are parts of His ways ; but how
 little a portion is heard of Him ? but the
 thunder of His power who can under-
 stand ?*

“Let lore of all Theology
 Be to thy soul what it *can* be :
 But know—the Power that fashions man
 Measured not out thy little span
 For thee to take the meting-rod
 In turn, and so approve on God
 Thy science of theometry.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI : *Soothsay*.

JOB XXVIII. 11.

The thing that is hid bringeth He forth to light.

“Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
 hides ;
 Who cover faults, at last them shame de-
 rides.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Lear* (Act i. Scene 1).

JOB XXVIII. 12-28.

*Where shall wisdom be found ? . . . Man
 knoweth not the price thereof, neither is
 it found in the land of the living. The
 depth saith, It is not in me ; and the sea
 saith, It is not with me.*

“Up from Earth’s Centre through the
 Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate ;
 And many a knot unravell’d by the Road ;
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

Earth could not answer ; nor the seas that
 mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn ;
 Not rolling Heaven, with all his signs
 reveal’d
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
 Morn.”

—FITZGERALD : *Rubáiyat* (xxxì., xxxiii.).

JOB XXIX. 2.

*Oh that I were as in months past, as in the
 days when God preserved me.*

“ Ah we never know
 How lovely is the lowly, tinkling flow
 Of peaceful moments, with their sunny
 sparks,
 Their eddies, and their bubbles brightly
 broken,
 Their little shallow whirlpools which betray
 Like the clear shells and tiny gem-like
 stones,

Humble and pure affections underneath ;
Till tempest swings the sudden torrent down
That clouds their beauty."

—FREDERICK TENNYSON: *Isles of Greece*
(p. 284).

JOB XXIX. 3.

By His light I walked through darkness.

"I am saved
The sad review of an ambitious youth
Choked by vile lusts, unnoticed in their
birth,
But let grow up and wind around a will
Till action was destroyed. No, I have gone
Purging my path successively of aught
Wearing the distant likeness of such lusts."

—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

JOB XXIX. 13 f.

*I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy . . .
I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to
the lame. I was a father to the needy ;
and the cause of him that I knew not, I
searched out . . . I dwelt as a king in the
army, as one that comforteth the mourners.*

"He leadeth me. He makes me care
For every pang his creatures bear !
I will arise and ask aloud
Of every pain that cries to God,
How it has come. And I shall know,
I shall, I shall,—God tells me so ;
And many a pain shall pass away,
Like darkness in the light of day."

—W. B. RANDS.

JOB XXIX. 16-17.

*The cause of him I knew not I searched out,
and I brake the jaws of the unrighteous.*

"If aught seems wrong below,
Then wrong it is—of thee to leave it so."
—I. ZANGWILL: *A Working Philosophy*.

"With a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing :
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at its expense, is slender praise ;
He, that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can
To assuage the throbbings of the festered
part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken
heart."

—COWPER.

JOB XXX. 12.

Upon my right hand rise the rabble.

"Nor might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding cal-
umny
The whitest virtue strikes."

—SHAKESPEARE.

JOB XXX. 26.

*When I looked for good, then evil came ; and
when I waited for light, there came dark-
ness.*

"I craved for flash of eye and sword,
I dreamt of love and glory,
And Fate—who sends dreams their award—
Unfolds like changeless coils of cord
Life's long, slow, sordid story."

—I. ZANGWILL: *Blind Children* (p. 89).

See also Miss Jane Barlow's sonnet on
Disappointment :—

"A twofold harm we hate in thy one name,
Thou who a mocking foe still enterest
At doors set wide to greet the longed-for
guest ;
A spy to track our Hope the path she came,
And stab her at the goal ; a trickster's game
That cheats with foul for fair and worst for
best ;
Spiller of brimming joy-cups, fate's old jest ;
A pleasure poisoned, and a frustrate fame."

JOB XXXI. 26.

*If I beheld the sun when it shined or the moon
walking in brightness.*

“ Fair father of all
In thy ways we have trod,
That have risen at thy call,
That have thrilled at thy nod,
Arise, shine, lighten upon me, oh sun that
we see to be God.

As my soul has been dutiful
Only to thee,
Oh God most beautiful,
Lighten thou me,
As I swim through the dim long rollers
with eyes uplift from the sea.”
—SWINBURNE: *Off Shore*.

JOB XXXII. 7.

*Days should speak and multitude of years
should teach wisdom.*

“ *I thank my God because my hairs are grey!*
But have grey hairs brought wisdom? Doth
the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day?”
—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

“ I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.”
—LANDOR: *To Age*.

JOB XXXII. 9-10.

*Great men are not always wise; neither do the
aged understand judgment.
Therefore I said, Hearken to me; I also will
shew mine opinion.*

“ Have the elder races halted?
Do they drop and end their lesson, wearied
over there beyond the seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden
and the lesson,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world,
varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world
of labour and the march,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!”
—WALT WHITMAN.

JOB XXXIII. 28.

*He hath redeemed my soul from going down
into the pit, and my life shall behold the
light.*

“ We’ve toiled and failed; we spoke the
word;
None hearkened; dumb we lie;
Our Hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o’er the earth to die.
What’s this? For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The Day of Days is here.”
—WILLIAM MORRIS.

JOB XXXIII. 29-30.

*Lo, all these things doth God work, twice, yea
thrice, with a man, to bring back his soul
from the pit, that he may be enlightened
with the light of the living.*

“ Oh, not alone when life flows still, do
truth
And power emerge, but also when strange
chance
Ruffles its current; in unused conjuncture,
When sickness breaks the body—hunger,
watching,
Excess or languor—oftenest death’s ap-
proach.”
—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

JOB XXXIV. 10, 12.

Far be it from God, that He should do wickedness ; and from the Almighty, that He should commit iniquity . . . Yea, of a surety, God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty perrert judgment.

“Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him, Thou art just.”
—TENNYSON : *In Memoriam*.

JOB XXXIV. 15.

All flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again unto dust.

“Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust . . .
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.”
—SHAKESPEARE : *Cymbeline* (Act iv. Sc. 2).

JOB XXXIV. 21-22.

His eyes are upon the ways of man, and He seeth all his goings. There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.

“The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
Frames many a purpose, and God works His own . . .
None ever yet impeded what He wrought,
None bars Him out from His most secret thought :
Darkness itself before His eye is light,
And hell’s close mischief naked in His sight.”

—COWPER.

“Buried in woods we lay, you recollect ;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead ;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burn’d through the pine-tree roof, here
burned and there,
As if God’s messenger thro’ the close wood
screen

Plunged and re-plunged his weapon at a
venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me.”

—BROWNING : *Pippa Passes*.

JOB XXXIV. 26-28.

He striketh them as wicked men in the open sight of others, because they turned back from Him, and would not consider any of His ways ; so that they cause the cry of the poor to come unto Him, and He heareth the cry of the afflicted.

“The wretch that works, and weeps without relief,

Has one who notices his silent grief.
He from whose hands alone all power proceeds,
Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
Considers *all* injustice with a frown ;
But *marks* the man, that treads his fellow
down.

Remember, Heaven has an avenging rod ;
To smite the poor is treason against God.”
—COWPER.

“A cry of tears goes up from blackened
homesteads,

A cry of blood goes up from reeking earth :
Tears and blood have a cry that pierces
Heaven

Though all its Hallelujah swells of mirth ;
God hears their cry, and though He tarry,
yet
He doth not forget.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

JOB XXXIV. 29.

When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ? and when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him ? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only.

“Sweetness of rest, when Thou sheddest
rest,
Sweetness of patience till then ;

Only the will of our God is best
For all the millions of men."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

JOB XXXVI. 24-26.

*Remember that thou magnify His work, which
men behold. Every man may see it; man
may behold it afar off.*

*Behold, God is great, and we know Him not,
neither can the number of His years be
searched out.*

Compare the opening stanza of Spenser's
Hymn of Heavenly Love:—

"Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heavens
bright,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovaigne
might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may
sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's king."

JOB XXXVII. 5.

*Great things doeth He, which we cannot
comprehend.*

"Though thou tame a bird to love thee,
Press thy face to grass and flowers,
All these things reserve above thee
Secrets in the bowers,
Secrets in the sun and showers."

—ALICE MEYNELL.

JOB XXXVII. 14-15.

*Hearken unto this, O Job: stand still, and
consider the wondrous works of God.
Dost thou know when God disposed them, and
caused the light of His cloud to shine?*

Compare the words of Ulysses in *Troilus
and Cressida* (Act i. Scene 3):—

"The heavens themselves, the planets and
this centre

Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order."

JOB XXXVII. 21.

*And now men see not the bright light which is
in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and
cleanseth them.*

"Hiero, thou know'st—for known to thee is
all traditions' lore—

How, for each blessing gods bestow, they
add a double share of woe:

Fools may not brook its weight, but wise
men find

The threatening cloud is silver-lined."

—PINDAR: *Pyth.* (viii.).

JOB XXXVIII. 7.

The morning-stars sang together.

"Such musick (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges
hung."

—MILTON.

"When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss of myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the wid'ning wastes of space to
play,

Their silver voices in chorus rang,

And this was the song the bright ones
sang:

'Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The blue, fair fields that before us lie,—

Each sun with the worlds that round him
roll,

Each planet pois'd on her turning pole ;
 With her isles of green and her clouds of
 white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.
 Look, look, through our glittering ranks
 afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star ;
 How they brighten them as they swiftly
 pass !
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling
 mass !
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen
 Where the small waves dance and the young
 woods lean.
 Away, away ! in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of
 ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with
 morn,
 See, love is brooding and life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from
 night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.' ”

—W. C. BRYANT.

JOB XXXVIII. 11.

*Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ; and
 here shall thy proud waves be stayed.*

“ *Thus far and no farther*, when addressed
 To the wild wave, or wilder human-breast,
 Implies authority that never can,
 That never ought to be the lot of man.”

—COWPER : *The Progress of End.*

JOB XXXVIII. 23.

Against the day of battle and war.

“ I know not,” Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, “ whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them ; but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job,

‘ Against the day of battle and of war ’—
 spoken of religion :—
 ‘ Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morn-
 ing bright :
 Tis *this*, that gilds the horror of our night ;
 When wealth forsakes us, and when friends
 are few,
 When friends are faithless, or when foes
 pursue,
 Tis *this* that wards the blow or stills the
 smart,
 Disarms affliction, or repels his dart ;
 Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
 Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless
 skies.’ ”

JOB XXXVIII. 33-35.

*Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens ?
 Canst thou establish the dominion thereof
 in the earth ? Canst thou lift up thy
 voice to the clouds, that abundance of
 waters may cover thee ?*

Lucretius (ii. 1095-6, tr. Mallock) argues from the same facts to the opposite conclusion, holding that nature’s infinite size is incompatible with any agency of the gods :—
 “ I ask, could such as they are hold the reins
 Of all the worlds, or in their courses keep
 The forces of the immeasurable deep ?
 Whose are the hands could make the stars
 to roll
 Through all their courses, and the fruitful
 clod
 Foster the while with sunlight.”

JOB XXXIX. 13 f.

*The ostrich which leaveth her eggs in the
 earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and
 forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
 or that the wild beast may break them.*

In *Tirocinium* Cowper applies this pas-
 sage to the case of parents, who are careless
 about the proper education of their children,

JOB

consigning them to the tender mercies of
public schools :—

“ Whom care and cool deliberation suit
Not better much than spectacles a brute ;
Who, if their sons some slight tuition
share,

Deem it of no great moment whose, or
where ; . . .

The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,
And form'd of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautions to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust.”

PSALMS.

Ps. II. 10.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings ; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear.

“ ’Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line ;

But sacred thoughts, in holy bosom stored,
Make people noble and the place adored.”

—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER: *Bonduca*
(Act iv. Scene 4).

Ps. IV. 8.

*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ;
for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*

“ The breeze from the embalmèd land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not
question more.”

—R. L. STEVENSON.

Ps. IX. 15.

*The heathen are sunk down in the pit they
have made ; in the net which they hid is
their own foot taken.*

“ *Osric.* How is’t, Laertes ?

Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to mine own
springe, Osric ;

I am justly killed with mine own
treachery.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ps. XIX. 1.

*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the
firmament showeth His handiwork.*

“ My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty’s mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

In the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator’s name.”

—WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Ps. XIX. 4 f.

*In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun.
. . . The law of the Lord is perfect, con-
verting the soul . . . the fear of the Lord
is clean, enduring for ever.*

“ O like the sun may I fulfil
Th’ appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world’s wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared to this.”

—ISAAC WATTS.

PSALMS

Ps. XIX. 12.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

“But faults you ne'er suspected,
Nay, praised, no faults at all,—
These would you had detected—
Crushed eggs whence snakes could crawl!”
—BROWNING: *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

Ps. XXIII. 1-2.

The Lord is my shepherd . . . He leadeth me beside the still waters.

“I ask not for Thy love, O Lord: the days
Can never come when anguish shall atone.
Enough for me were but Thy pity shown,
To me as to the stricken sheep that strays,
With ceaseless cry for unforgotten ways—
O lead me back to pastures I have known,
Or find me in the wilderness alone,
And slay me, as the hand of mercy slays.
I ask not for Thy love; nor e'en so much
As for a hope on Thy dear breast to lie;
But be Thou still my Shepherd—still with
such

Compassion as may melt to such a cry;
That so I hear Thy feet, and feel Thy touch,
And dimly see Thy face ere yet I die.”

—G. J. ROMANES.

“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.”

—F. W. FABER.

Ps. XXVII. 4.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple.

“One thing, O Lord, do I desire:
Withhold not Thou the wish from me,
Which warms me like a secret fire,
That I, Thy child, may dwell with Thee.

Dwell in Thine house for evermore,
Thy wondrous beauty to behold,
And make enquiry as of yore,
Till all Thy will to me is told.

Fear tells my heart that I may be
Some day an alien from Thy door,
May cease Thy lovely face to see,
And hear Thy whispers nevermore.

Tell me that hour shall never come,
Plant me so deep Thy courts among,
That I may have my final home
And end where I began my song.”
—JAMES SMETHAM.

Ps. XLV. 10-11.

Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord.

“Peace be with those thou leavest! peace
with thee!

Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
But very much: for Love himself feels pain,
While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last
year's;

And one at home (how dear that one!) re-
calls

Thy name, and thou recallest one at home.
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of
tears

Is over . . . arise, far-sighted bride! look
forward.”

—LANDOR.

Ps. XLVI. 1-2.

God is our refuge and strength . . . Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

“O God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from Thee,
Could smite us into nought!

But shouldst Thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand
Thy little ones would sleep."

—EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ps. LI. 16-17.

*Thou desirest not sacrifice . . . the sacrifices
of God are a broken spirit, a broken and
a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not
despise.*

"Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn,
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

—SCOTT.

Ps. LV. 6.

*And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove !
for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*

"Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
I seek to shun, not hate mankind ;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh ! that to me the wings were given
Which bears the turtle to her nest !
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away and be at rest."

—BYRON.

Ps. LV. 17.

*Evening and morning and at noon will I
pray and cry aloud.*

"Look up to Heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace, through life's short
day,

Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
Where we shall sink to final rest."

—WORDSWORTH.

Ps. LVIII. 11.

*So that a man shall say, Verily there is a re-
ward for the righteous : verily there is a
God that judgeth in the earth.*

"Hope soothes me in the griefs I know ;
She lulls my pain for others' woe,
And makes me strong to undergo
What I am born to bear. . . .
The more unjust seems present fate
The more my spirit swells elate,
Strong in thy strength to anticipate
Rewarding destiny."

—EMILY BRONTË.

Ps. LXII. 5.

My soul, wait thou only upon God.

"O let me be alone awhile !
No human form is nigh ;
And I may sing and muse aloud,
No mortal ear is by.

Away ! ye dreams of earthly bliss,
Ye earthly cares begone !
Depart, ye restless, wandering thoughts,
And let me be alone !

One hour, my spirit, stretch thy wings,
And quit this joyless sod ;
Bask in the sunshine of the sky,
And be alone with God."

—EMILY BRONTË.

PSALMS

Ps. LXIII. 1.

*O God, thou art my God; early will I seek
Thee: my soul thirsteth for Thee, my
flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty
land, where no water is.*

“The thirsty earth is broke with many a
gap,
And lands are lean where rivers do not
run:

Where soul is reft from that it loveth best,
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?”

—ROBERT GREENE: *James the Fourth*
(Act v. Scene 1).

Ps. LXV. 2.

*O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all
flesh come.*

“Of what an easie quick accesse,
My blessed Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine ears invade!
To show that State dislikes not easinesse,
If I but lift mine eyes my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not heare than Thou
canst die.”

—HERBERT.

Ps. LXXI. 12.

*O God, be not far from me: O my God, make
haste for my help.*

“O for one minute hark what we are saying!
This is not pleasure that we ask of Thee!
Nay, let all life be weary with our praying,
Streaming of tears and bending of the
knee—

Only we ask thro’ shadows of the valley
Stay of Thy staff and guiding of Thy rod,
Only, when rulers of the darkness rally,
Be Thou beside us, very near, O God!”

—F. W. H. MYERS.

Ps. LXXII. 7.

*In his days shall the righteous flourish: and
abundance of peace so long as the moon
endureth.*

“Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
’Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness’ summer, that confirm a
prince: . . .

No, Lucio, he’s a king,
A true, right king, that dares do aught save
wrong,

Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust,
Who is not blown up with the flattering
puffs

Of spongy sycophants: who stands unmoved,
Despite the jostling of opinion:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver
crown

Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king,
And of his empire, every man’s possest,
That’s worth his soul.”

—JOHN MARSTON: *Antonio and Mellida*
(Act iv.).

Ps. LXXIII. 15.

*If I said, I will speak thus; behold I should
offend against the generation of thy chil-
dren.*

“He was too good and kind and sweet,
Even when I knew him in his hour
Of darkest doubt, and in his power,
To fling his doubts into the street.”

—TENNYSON.

Ps. LXXXVIII. 10.

Shall the dead arise and praise Thee?

“The world lies under me: and nowhere I
detect
So great a gift as this—God’s own—of
human life.

‘Shall the dead praise thee?’ No! ‘The whole live world is rife, God, with Thy glory,’ rather.”

—BROWNING: *Iron Ironoritch*.

Ps. LXXXVIII. 18.

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me.

“Nor would I vex my heart with grief or strife

Though friend and lover Thou hast put afar,

If I could see, through my worn tent of life,
The stedfast shining of Thy morning star.”

—LOUISE C. MOULTON.

Ps. xc. 5-6.

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

“There’s not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for one Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass Withered at eve.”

—WORDSWORTH.

Ps. xc. 9.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

“Heaven gives our years of fading strength Indemnifying fleetness:
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.”

—CAMPBELL.

Ps. xc. 10.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow.

“Woodville, in the realms of bliss
To thine offspring thou mayest say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour’d in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.”

—SOUTHEY.

Ps. xc. 17.

Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

“We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power

To live, and act, and serve the future hour.”

—WORDSWORTH.

Ps. xcii. 1-2.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and . . . to shew thy faithfulness every night.

“Oh then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm!

All labourers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
Which sent this summer day!”

—MICHAEL HUME.

Ps. xcii. 14.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.

“And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; O, my only Light,

It cannot be
That I am he

On whom thy tempests fell last night!”

—HERBERT.

Ps. cI. 3, 6.

*I hate the work of them that turn aside . . .
mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of
the land.*

“Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress.”

—SWIFT.

Ps. cIV. 26.

*There is that Leviathan thou hast made to
play therein.*

“Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it eleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to
sweepe

The fomie waves out of the dreadful deepe,
The huge Leviathan, dame Nature’s wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to
weep.”

—SPENSER : *Vision of the World’s Vunitie*,
48 f.

Ps. cIV. 14, 30.

*He causeth the grass to grow. . . . Thou re-
newest the face of the earth.*

“Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue’s flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature’s God.”

—M. BRUCE.

Ps. cIX. 17.

As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him.

“For curses are like arrows shot upright,
Which falling down light on the shooter’s
head.”

—*Arden of Feversham* (Act iv. Scene 4).

Ps. cx. 7.

*He shall drink of the brook in the way ; there-
fore shall he lift up the head.*

“As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man while Virtue’s glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life’s refreshing springs
To soothe him on his way.”

—W. WHITEHEAD.

Ps. cxII. 7.

*He shall not be afraid of evil tidings ; his
heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.*

“You know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar’d, that fears no ill to come.”

—S. DANIEL.

Ps. cxv. 1.

*Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy
name give glory.*

“But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of
men.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *All’s Well that Ends Well*
(Act ii. Scene 1).

“Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God’s, both power and
eke will.”

—SPENSER : *Fuerie Queene* (Bk. i. Canto
x. 1).

“The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralysed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone ;
One crying out :

All nations spoke through me.

The other :

*True ; and through this tempest burst
God's word ; the fall of angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, man.
Glory, be glory, not to me, to God !*"

—LANDOR : *Shakespeare and Milton.*

Ps. CXIX. 75.

*I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right,
and that Thou in faithfulness hast
afflicted me.*

"I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own,
His judgments too are right ;
I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies."

—WHITTIER.

Ps. CXIX. 141.

*I am small and despised : yet do I not forget
Thy precepts.*

"Why should I murmur at my lot forlorn ?
The self-same Fate that doom'd me to be
poor
Endues me with a spirit to endure
All, and much more, than is or has been
borne
By better men, of want, or worldly scorn."

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Ps. CXXXVII. 4.

*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange
land ?*

"'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream,
More hard in Babel's street."

—E. B. BROWNING.

Ps. CXLIII. 10.

Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God.

"What, my soul, was thy errand here !
Was it mirth or ease ?
Or heaping up dust from year to year !
'Nay, none of these !'

Speak, soul, aright in His Holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night :
'To do His will !'

—WHITTIER.

Ps. CXLV. 2.

Every day will I bless Thee.

"Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven.
I will praise Thee ;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I will raise Thee."

—HERBERT.

Ps. CXLVIII. 12-13.

*Old men . . . let them praise the name of the
Lord.*

"One effort more, my altar this bleak sand ;
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouch-
safed of Thee . . .

For that, O God, be it my latest word, here
on my knees,

Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee,
My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels racked, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the
waves buffet me,

Thee Thee at least, I know."

—WALT WHITMAN : *Prayer of Columbus.*

PROVERBS.

PROV. I. 31.

Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.

“I’ve borne full many a sorrow, I’ve suffered many a loss—
But now, with a strange, new anguish, I carry this last dread cross ;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whate’er thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all.
Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair, strong youth,
Veiling my eyes from the blessed light, and closing my heart to the truth ;
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my wildest thought,
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the work my hands had wrought.”

—KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

PROV. III. 11.

Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.

“The way is long, my children, long and rough,
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark ;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill’d save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss’d the discipline of noble hearts.”

—SCOTT.

PROV. III. 11.

*Despise not the chastening of the Lord ;
neither be weary of His correction.*

“Sorrow like showers descend, and as the heart
For them prepares, they good or ill impart ;
Some on the mind, as on the ocean rain,
Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again—
Some as to fertile lands, a boon bestow,
And seeds, that else had perished, live and grow.”

—CRABBE : *Posthumous Tales* (ii.).

PROV. III. 24.

*When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid :
yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.*

“Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole ;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.”

—KEATS : *To Sleep*.

PROV. IV. 17-18.

They eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

“For him no wretches born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep ;

No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the
last,
His heaven commences ere the world be
past."

—GOLDSMITH.

"The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delight us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore."

—WORDSWORTH.

PROV. VI. 9.

*How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? When
wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ?*

"Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' usurper Rage is soon depos'd ;
Intemperance, when there's no temptation,
Makes voluntary abdication ;
Of other tyrants short the strife,
But Indolence is king for life :
The despot twists, with soft control,
Eternal fetters round the soul."

—HANNAH MORE.

PROV. XIV. 30.

*A sound heart is the life of the flesh : but envy
the rottenness of the bones.*

"Fowle jealousy ! that turnest love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving
hart
With hatefull thought to languish and to
pine,
And feede it selfe with selfe-consuming
smart !
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest
art !"

—SPENSER : *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii. Canto
xi. 1).

PROV. XV. 18.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife.

"Full many mischiefes follow cruell wrath :
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty seath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life."

—SPENSER : *Faerie Queene* (Bk. i. Canto
iv. 35).

PROV. XVI. 28.

A whisperer separateth chief friends.

"Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

—COLERIDGE.

PROV. XVII. 17.

A friend loveth at all times.

"Oh call me but thy Friend !
Seek thou no other word when thou wouldst
pour
Thy soul in mine ; for this unto the core
Of love doth pierce, and in it comprehend
All secrets of its lore."

—DORA GREENWELL.

PROV. XVII. 22.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

"Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food ;
Let each man keep his heart at ease :
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep."

—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER : *The Knight
of the Burning Pestle.*

PROVERBS

PROV. XIX. 4.

Wealth maketh many friends.

“ Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No one will supply thy want. . . .
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
There are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

PROV. XX. 29.

The beauty of old men is the grey head.

“ I thank my God because my hairs are grey !
But have grey hairs brought wisdom ? Doth
the flight
Of summer birds, departed while the light
Of life is lingering on the middle way,
Predict the harvest nearer by a day ? . . .
Or is my heart, that, wanting hope, has lost
The strength and rudder of resolve, at
peace ?
Is it no longer wrathful, vain, and proud ?
Is it a Sabbath, or untimely frost,
That makes the labours of the soul to
cease ? ”

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PROV. XXII. 2.

*The rich and poor meet together : the Lord is
the maker of them all.*

“ 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.”

—COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

PROV. XXII. 26.

*Be not thou one of them that are sureties for
debts.*

“ Long before the time
Of which I speak, the shepherd had been
bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life and ample means ;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,
A grievous penalty.”

—WORDSWORTH.

PROV. XXIII. 26.

My son, give me thine heart.

“ But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to
Thee ;
When Thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly.”

—HERBERT.

PROV. XXV. 16.

*Hast thou found honey ? Eat so much as is
sufficient for thee.*

“ He who of these delights can judge, and
spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.”

—MILTON.

PROV. XXVII. 7.

The full soul loatheth an honeycomb.

“ The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite ;
Therefore love moderately.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet* (Act ii.
Scene 6).

PROVERBS

PROV. XXVII. 9.

Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart ; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.

“So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Sonnets* (lxxv.).

PROV. XXVII. 10.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.

“Could I trace

The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface

The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that freedom of the mind

Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly.”

—MOORE.

“Let thy soul strive that still the same
Be early friendship's sacred flame.
The affinities have strongest part
In youth, and draw men heart to heart.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

PROV. XXVIII. 23.

He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favour than he that flattereth with the tongue.

“Everyone that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

PROV. XXX. 15-16.

There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, four things say not, It is enough : the grave ; and the barren womb ; the

earth that is not filled with water ; and the five that saith not, It is enough.

“From plots and treasons

Heaven preserve my years,

But save me most from my petitioners,

Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave,

God cannot grant so much as they can crave.”

—DRYDEN.

PROV. XXX. 18-19.

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not : the way of an eagle in the air ; the way of a serpent upon a rock ; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea ; and the way of a man with a maid.”

“There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,

Or the way of a man with a maid ;

But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea

In the heel of the North-East Trade.”

—KIPLING.

PROV. XXXI. 30.

Beauty is deceitful, and favour is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

“Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;

A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;

A flower that dies when first it gins to bud ;

A brittle glass that's broken presently :

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *The Passionate Pilgrim* (xiii.).

“Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,

Whose short refresh upon the tender green

Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,

And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.”

—SAMUEL DANIEL.

ECCLESIASTES.

ECCLES. II. 5.

I made me gardens and orchards.

“ I have planted me gardens and vineyards,
and gotten me silver and gold,
And my hand from whatever my heart hath
desiréd I did not withhold :
And what profit have I in the works of my
hand which I take not away ?
I have searchéd out wisdom and knowledge :
and what do they profit me, they ?
As the fool dieth, so doth the wise. What
is gather'd is scattered again.
As the breath of the beasts, even so is the
breath of the children of men :
And the same thing befalleth them both.
And not any man's soul is his own.'
This he thought as he sat in his garden, and
watch'd the great sun go down.”

—OWEN MEREDITH : *The Apple of Life.*

ECCLES. III. 13.

*Every man should eat and drink and enjoy the
good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.*

“ To measure life learn thou betimes, and
know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest
way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in
show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, re-
frains.”

—MILTON.

ECCLES. VII. 23.

I said, I will be wise ; but it was far from me.

“ Through the unheeding many he did
move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it
not.”

—SHELLEY.

ECCLES. IX. 9.

*Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest
. . . for that is thy portion in this life.*

“ O happy love, where love like this is found :
O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,—

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In one another's arms, breathe out the
tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale.”

—BURNS.

ECCLES. X. 16.

*Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child,
and thy princes eat in the morning !*

“ ’Tis much when sceptres are in children's
hands ;
But more when envy breeds unkind
division ;

There comes the ruin, there begins confusion."

—SHAKESPEARE: *First Part of Henry VI.*
(Act iv. Scene 1).

ECCLES. XI. 9.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth . . . but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

—GRAY: *The Bard.*

ECCLES. XII. 1.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.

"Children, keep up that harmless play;
Your kindred angels plainly say,
By God's authority, ye may.
Be prompt His holy word to hear,
It teaches you to banish fear;
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the sprightliest lad
In Nature's face will look more sad,
And ask where are these smiles she had.

Ere many days the last will close;—
Play on, play on; for then (who knows?)
You who play here may here repose."

—LANDOR.

ECCLES. XII. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death."

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ECCLES. XII. 12.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

This is the motto of Faber's sonnet upon Socrates:—

"Thou, mighty Heathen, wert not so bereft
Of heavenly helps to thy great-hearted deeds,
That thou shouldst dig for truths in broken creeds,
'Mid the loose sand of four old empires left.
Motions and shadows dimly glowing fell
On thy broad soul from forms invisible.
With its plain grandeur, simple, calm, and free,
What wonder was it that thy life should merit
Sparkles of grace, and angel ministry,
With jealous glimpses of the world of spirit?
Greatest and best in this—that thy pure mind,
Upon its saving mission all intent,
Scorned the untruth of leaving books behind,
To claim for thine what through thy life was sent."

SONG OF SOLOMON.

SONG OF SOL. II. 12.

*The flowers appear on the earth . . . and the
voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

“Hark, how the winds have changed their
note!

And with warm whispers call thee out ;
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle’s voice ;
And here, in dust and dirt, Oh here
The lilies of His love appear.”

—VAUGHAN.

SONG OF SOL. IV. 12.

*A garden shut up is my sister, my bride . . .
a fountain sealed.*

“Art not thou void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ?”

—SHELLEY.

SONG OF SOL. IV. 16.

*Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south ;
blow upon my garden, that the spices
thereof may flow out.*

“Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north ;

Blow on the treasures of Thy word,
And call the spices forth.”

—COWPER.

SONG OF SOL. VIII. 6.

*Jealousy is cruel as the grave, the flashes
thereof are flashes of fire.*

“For where love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, ‘Kill,
kill!’”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Venus and Adonis*.

SONG OF SOL. VIII. 7.

*If a man would give all the substance of his
house for love, it would utterly be con-
temned.*

“Gold pays the worth of all things here ;
But not of love !—that gem’s too dear
For richest rogues to win it :

I therefore, as a proof of love,
Esteem thy present far above

The best things kept within it.”

—COWPER : *On receiving a network purse
made by his cousin.*

“The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man never can bring to the
mart,

Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.”

—BLAKE.

ISAIAH.

ISA. III. 16.

*The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk
with stretched forth necks and wanton
eyes, walking and mincing as they go.*

“ Her women insolent and self-caressed,
By Vanity’s unwearied finger dressed,
Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrowed one from
art ;

Were just such trifles without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce ;
Curled, scented, furbelowed, and flounced
around,

With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretched the neck, and rolled the
wanton eye,
And sighed for every fool that fluttered by.”

—COWPER.

ISA. VIII. 17.

*And I will wait upon the Lord that hideth
his face from the house of Jacob, and I
will look for him.*

“ The poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink
from hope

In the worst moment of these evil days ;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven
lays

For its own honour on man’s suffering heart.”

—WORDSWORTH.

ISA. XIV. 4.

How hath the oppressor ceased !

“ A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;

Truth shall restore the light by nature
given,

And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of
Heaven !

Prone to the dust oppression shall be
hurl’d,

Her name, her nature, wither’d from the
world.”

—CAMPBELL : *Pleasures of Hope* (Part I).

ISA. XIV. 12.

*How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer,
Son of the morning !*

“ ’Tis done—but yesterday a King !

And arm’d with kings to strive—

And now thou art a nameless thing :

So abject—yet alive !

Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,

Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.”

—BYRON.

ISA. XVI. 6.

*We have heard of the pride of Moab ; he is
very proud.*

“ Ambition, like a torrent, ne’er looks back,
But is a-swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off.”

—BEN JONSON : *Catiline* (Act iii. Scene 2).

ISA. XXV. 8.

He will swallow up death in victory.

“ Death, be not proud, though some have
callèd thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so :

For those whom thou thinkest thou dost
overthrow,

Die not, poor Death ; nor yet caust thou kill
me . . .

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more : Death, thou
shalt die."

—JOHN DONNE.

ISA. XXX. 1.

*Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord,
that take counsel, but not of me . . . that
they may add sin to sin.*

"The ills that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater ; and I feel
A spirit within me chides my sluggish
hands,
And says, they have been innocent too
long."

—BEN JONSON : *Catiline* (Act i. Scene 1).

ISA. XXXII. 1.

Behold . . . princes shall rule in judgment.

"These men were truly magistrates ;
These neither practised force nor forms ;
Nor did they leave the helm in storms :
And such as they make happy states."

—BEN JONSON : *Catiline* (Act ii.).

ISA. XXXII. 5.

*The vile person shall no more be called liberal,
nor the churl said to be bountiful.*

"My Poyntz ! I cannot frame my tune to
feign !
To cloak the truth for praise, without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retain."

—SIR THOMAS WYATT.

ISA. XXXVII. 31.

*And the remnant that is escaped of the house
of Judah shall again take root downward
and bear fruit upward.*

"But as high turrets for their airy steep
Require foundations in proportion deep,

And lofty cedars as far upward shoot
As to the nether heavens they drive the
root,

So low did her secure foundation lie ;
She was not humble, but humility."

—DRYDEN : *Eleanora*.

ISA. XXXVIII. 8.

*So the sun returned ten degrees, by which de-
grees it was gone down.*

"The prayers at least for his reprieve were
heard ;

His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferred :

Against the sun the shadow went ;

Five days, those five degrees, were
lent,

To form our patience, and prepare the
event."

—DRYDEN : *Threnodia Augustalis*.

ISA. XL. 31.

*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their
strength . . . they shall run.*

"Not so in haste, my heart !

Have faith in God and wait ;

Although He linger long,

He never comes too late.

Until He cometh, rest,

Nor grudge the hours that roll ;

The feet that wait for God

Are soonest at the goal."

—BRADFORD TORREY.

ISA. XLVI. 4.

*Even to your old age I am he ; and even to
hoar hairs will I carry you.*

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

—LONGFELLOW.

ISA. XLVII. 9.

These two things shall come to thee in one moment in one day, the loss of children and widowhood.

“A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust.”

—BYRON.

ISA. LVI. 9, 11.

*All ye beasts of the field, come to devour . . .
These are shepherds that cannot understand;
they have all turned to their own way,
each one to his gain, from every quarter.*

“Drain not thy People’s Purse—the Tyranny
Which thee enriches at thy subject’s cost,
Awhile shall make thee strong; but in the end
Shall bow thy Neck beneath a double Burden.
The Tyrant goes to Hell—follow not him—
Become not thou the Fuel of its Fires.
Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock the People,
To save and not destroy.”

—FITZGERALD.

ISA. LVII. 1.

*The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart:
and merciful men are taken away,
none considering that the righteous is taken away
from the evil to come.*

“But happy thou, ta’en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for Heaven no soul e’er chose.”

—COWLEY.

ISA. LVIII. 13, 14.

*If thou call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord,
honourable . . . then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.*

“He calls it a delight,
A day of luxury, observed aright,
When the glad soul is made heaven’s welcome guest,
Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.”

—COWPER: *The Progress of Error.*

ISA. LXIV. 6.

We all do fade as a leaf.

“But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne’er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.”

—HERRICK.

“The leaves are falling; so am I:
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;

So have I too.

Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous or even unjoyous bird
The whole wood through.

Winter may come: he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire

Where old friends meet:

Let him;—now heaven is overcast,
And Spring and Summer both are past,
And all things sweet.”

—LANDOR.

ISA. LXVI. 13.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee.

“They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother’s ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.”

—F. W. FABER.

JEREMIAH.

JER. III. 14.

Turn, O back-sliding children, saith the Lord.

“As I rav’d and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling ‘Childe’;
And I replied, ‘My Lorde’.”

—HERBERT.

JER. VI. 14.

*They have healed also the hurt of the daughter
of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace;
when there is no peace.*

Compare the word to ministers given by
a shrewd character in Dr. W. C. Smith’s
North Country Folk (p. 211):—

“Believing much
The Cross, that it is all our help and hope,
We will not touch
It with our fingers, fain to let it drop:
And therewith cease
The grace and bliss and riches that it brings,
And all increase;
Meanwhile we sing about the angels’ wings,
And soothe the sickly conscience while it
sings,
And call this Peace.”

JER. VIII. 10.

*Every one, from the least even unto the
greatest, is given to covetousness.*

“Knives, they would steal and sell the stars
of heaven,
If only they were silver-headed nails;
Or melt the sacred strings of Orpheus’ lyre
To buy a feast of beans.”

—FREDERICK TENNYSON.

JER. VIII. 22.

Is there no balm in Gilead?

“I crawl, I creep: my Christ, I come
To Thee, for curing balsamum:
Thou hast, nay more,
Thou art the Tree,
Affording salve of sovereigntie.”

—HERRICK.

JER. IX. 1.

*Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes
a fountain of tears, that I might weep day
and night for the slain of the daughter of
my people.*

“The prophet wept for Israel; wished his
eyes
Were fountains fed with infinite supplies:
For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong;
There were the scorner’s and the slanderer’s
tongue,
Oaths, used as playthings or convenient
tools,
As interest biassed knaves, or fashion fools.”

—COWPER: *Expostulation*.

JER. XIV. 12.

When they fast, I will not hear their cry.

“Thy fastings, when calamity at last
Suggests the expedient of a yearly fast,
What mean they? canst thou dream there is
a power
In lighter diet at a later hour,
To charm to sleep the threatenings of the
skies,
Or hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?”

—COWPER.

J E R E M I A H

JER. XX. 7.

I am in derision daily, every one mocketh me.

“Of all the griefs that harass the distress’d,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.”

—JOHNSON: *London* (166-167).

JER. XX. 9.

*Then I said, I will not make mention of him,
nor speak any more in his name: but his
word was in mine heart as a burning fire
shut up in my bones, and I was weary
with forbearing, and I could not stay.*

“He cried aloud to God: ‘The men below
Are happy, for I see them come and go,
Parents and Mates and Friends, paired
clothed with love;

They heed not, see not, need not me above—
I am alone here. Grant me love and peace,
Or, if not then, grant me at least release.’
God answered him: ‘I set you here on
high

Upon my beacon-tower, you know not why.
Your soul-torch by the cruel gale is blown,
As desperate as your aching heart is lone.
You may not guess but that it shines in
vain,

Yet, till it is burned out, you must remain.’”

—EDWARD LUCAS WHITE.

JER. XXXI. 18-19.

*Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised,
as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke:
turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for
thou art the Lord my God. Surely after
that I was turned, I repented.*

“Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:

Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin’s so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.”
—DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.

JER. XXXVI. 3.

*It may be that the house of Judah will hear all
the evil which I purpose to do unto them;
that they may return every man from his
evil way.*

“There is but joy and grief,
If either will convert us, we are Thine.”
—HERBERT.

JER. XLIX. 16.

The pride of thy heart hath deceived thee.

“Be warned and know that pride,
Howe’er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with
him
Is in its infancy.”

—WORDSWORTH.

LAMENTATIONS.

LAM. I. 12.

*Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like
unto my sorrow.*

“To see sad sights moves more than hear
them told ;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Lucrece*.

LAM. III. 22-23.

*His compassions fail not. They are new every
morning : great is Thy faithfulness.*

“ Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully,
From the far lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful after-glow.

So out of life the splendour dies ;
So darken all the happy skies ;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern ;
But overhead the planets burn ;
And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away ;
What though our eyes with tears be wet ?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.”

—CELIA THAXTER.

LAM. III. 48.

*Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water
for the destruction of the daughter of my
people.*

“ A child will weep a bramble’s smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman’s heart :
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.”

—SCOTT : *Marmion* (Canto v.).

LAM. III. 57.

*Thou drewest near in the day that I called
upon thee : thou saidst, Fear not.*

“ Sanctuaries inaccessible to fear
Are in the heart of man while yet below :
Love, not of sense, can wake such commings
As are among the Soul’s eternal things.”

—SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

LAM. IV. 22.

*The punishment of thine iniquity is accom-
plished, O daughter of Zion ; he will no
more carry thee away into captivity.*

“ O God ! I know and do confess
My sins are great and still prevail :
Most heinous sins and numberless !
But Thy compassions cannot fail :—
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while Time runs, and after it
Eternity which never ends,
Quite through them both, still infinite,
Thy covenant by Christ extends ;
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil His merits and Thy truth.”

—VAUGHAN.

EZEKIEL.

EZEK. I. 9.

*Their wings were joined one to another ;
they turned not when they went.*

“ Even as those mysterious Four
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore
By Chebar in the fiery blast,
So, on their tasks of love and praise,
The Saints of God their several ways
Right onward speed, yet join at last.”
—KEBLE.

EZEK. I. 20, 26, 28.

*Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went,
thither was their spirit to go ; and the
wheels were lifted up oter against them :
for the spirit of the living creature was
in the wheels.*

*And above the firmament that was oter their
heads was the likeness of a throne, as the
appearance of a sapphire stone : and
upon the likeness of the throne was the
likeness as the appearance of a man above
upon it.*

*As the appearance of the bow that is in the
cloud in the day of rain, so was the ap-
pearance of the brightness round about.
This was the appearance of the likeness
of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw
it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a
voice of one that spake.*

“ He that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th’ Abyss to spy,
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and
Time ;

The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.”

—GRAY’S description of Milton, in *The
Progress of Poesy.*

EZEK. II. 7.

*And thou shalt speak my words unto them,
whether they will hear, or whether they
will forbear.*

“ Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
All at all points thou canst not meet,
Some will pass and some will pause.”
—TENNYSON.

EZEK. II. 9-10.

*An hand was sent to me ; and lo, a roll of a
book was therein ; and he spread it be-
fore me ; and there was written therein
lamentations, and mourning, and woe.*

“ And the suns of the limitless universe
sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew
that their light was a lie—
Bright as with deathless hope—but, how-
ever they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them
were worlds of woe like our own—
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the
earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation
and woe.”

—TENNYSON : *Despair.*

EZEK. III. 17.

*Son of man, I have made thee a watchman
unto the house of Israel.*

“Hadst thou but lived, though stripp’d of
power,

A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp’d the tottering
throne ;

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet’s silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.”

—SIR W. SCOTT : Introduction to *Marmion*.

EZEK. III. 19.

*Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not
from his wickedness, nor from his wicked
way, he shall die in his iniquity ; but thou
hast delivered thy soul.*

In F. W. Robertson’s *Life* (letter lxxiv.)
the following passage occurs :—

“ This afternoon I received a packet which
touched me a good deal ; it was a —— book,
sent from —— by a gentleman, who once
came to me in great anguish after a sermon in
Trinity Chapel, which had struck home and
revealed to him the inevitable results of the
line of conduct he was pursuing. I did not
know he had left the country. It appears
that the warning was in vain ; all his earthly
happiness is and must be wrecked for ever,
and he has quitted England, I should con-
ceive, never to return. The inscription on
the title-page, in Latin, is as follows :—

‘ In memory of a warning,
Given, how benignly,
Forgotten, how evilly,
Mourned, how vainly,
Ended by ruin, how entirely !
Given by Infelix.’

And that is all I know of the concluding
history of one of the saddest tales of an un-
regulated heart I ever heard or perhaps shall
ever know.”

EZEK. III. 22.

And the hand of the Lord was there upon me.

“ Behold to the high hills Ezekiel turns ;
To meet the vision of his God he burns.
And well the shattered wilderness becomes
The vehement prophet that athwart it roams,
Whose rooted trees half hide, but not com-
pose

To grace the birth of nature’s rudest throes,
Imperfect, difficult, unreconciled :
Blind moaning caverns, rocks abruptly
piled

Below, and herbless black peaks split
asunder

Aloft, the awful gateways of the thunder.
Accord they not with him whose burdened
eye

Sees, through the rent of kingdoms great
and high,

Thick gleams of wrath divine, whose visions
range

Throughout the obstructed solitudes of
change,

Whose spirit stumbles ’midst the corner-
stones

Of realms disjointed and of broken thrones ?”

—THOMAS AIRD.

EZEK. V. 11.

*Because thou hast defiled My sanctuary with
all thy detestable things, therefore will I
also diminish thee.*

Contrast the avowal of Browning’s *Pictor
Ignatus* :—

“ I chose my portion. If at whiles
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
Those endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and
Saint,

With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,—
 At least no merchant traffics in my heart ;
 The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
 Vain tongues from where my pictures
 stand apart :
 Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine."

EZEK. VIII. 5.

And behold this image of jealousy.

"As some temple seemed
 My soul, where nought is changed and in-
 cense rolls
 Around the altar, only God is gone
 And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat."
 —BROWNING : *Pauline*.

EZEK. VIII. 12.

*Then said he unto me, Son of man, hast thou
 seen what the ancients of the house of
 Israel do in the dark, every man in the
 chambers of his imagery? for they say,
 The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath
 forsaken the earth.*

In *King Arthur's Tomb*, William Morris
 makes his Guinevere confess :—

"We went, my maids and I, to say prayers
 when
 They sang mass in the chapel on the lawn.

And every morn I scarce could pray at all,
 For Launcelot's red golden hair would
 play,
 Instead of sunlight, on the painted wall,
 Mingled with dreams of what the priest
 did say."

EZEK. IX. 10.

I will recompense their way upon their head.

"These dread curses, like the sun 'gainst
 glass
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil
 And turn the force of them against thyself."
 —SHAKESPEARE : *Second Part of Henry
 Sixth* (Act iii. Scene 3).

EZEK. XIII. 3.

*Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their
 own spirit and have seen nothing.*

"—thee, whose lot is cast
 With those who watch but work no more,
 Who gaze on life but live no more.
 Yet we trusted thou shouldest speak
 The message which our lips, too weak,
 Refused to utter,—shouldest redeem
 Our fault : such trust, and all a dream !
 Must one more recreant to his race
 Die with unexerted powers,
 And join us, leaving as he found
 The world, he was to loosen, bound ?"
 —BROWNING : *Paracelsus* (Part I).

EZEK. XV. 8.

*And I will make the land desolate because they
 have committed a trespass, saith the Lord
 God.*

Compare Prof. Murray's version of a frag-
 ment from the *Melanippe* of Euripides :—

"How think you? are they separate wingéd
 things,
 The sins of men ; and rise each on his wings
 Up to the throne, where in a folded book
 Some angel writes, that God may some day
 look
 And utter judgment due? Not all God's sky
 Were wide enough to hold that registry ;
 Not God's own eye sees clear to deal each sin
 Its far-off justice. She is here, within.
 Not distant, nor hereafter ; with each deed
 Its judgment fellow-born, would ye but heed."

EZEK. XVI. 43.

*Because thou hast not remembered the days of
 thy youth, but hast fretted me in all these
 things, behold, therefore, I will recom-
 pense thy way upon thine own head.*

"Like a child
 In some strange garden left awhile alone,
 I pace about the pathways of the world,

Plucking light hopes and joys from every
stem,
With qualms of vague misgiving in my
heart,
That payment at the last will be required,
Payment I cannot make, or guilt incurred,
Or shame to be endured."

—CLOUGH.

EZEK. XVII. 15.

*Shall he prosper, shall he escape, that doeth
such things?*

"A boat amid the ripples, drifting, rocking,
Two idle people, without pause or aim;
While in the ominous west there gathers
darkness
Flushed with flame.

A haycock in a hayfield backing, lapping,
Two drowsy people pillowed round about;
While in the ominous west across the dark-
ness
Flame leaps out.

Better a wrecked life than a life so aimless,
Better a wrecked life than a life so soft;
The ominous west glooms thundering, with
its fire
Lit aloft."

—C. G. ROSSETTI: *Pastime*.

EZEK. XX. 3.

*As I live, saith the Lord, I will not be enquired
of by you.*

"The gods hear men's hands before their lips,
And heed, beyond all crying and sacrifice,
Light of things done and noise of labouring
men."

—SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon*.

EZEK. XX. 37.

*And I will cause you to pass under the rod,
and I will bring you into the bond of the
covenant.*

"Yes! I could find some comfort in the
thought

Of being scourged.

Were there but hope that this defiling sin
Which mars my life and taints my soul within
Could be so purged,
And I might live, in virtue of the rod,
The life with God."

—W. C. SMITH: *North Country Folk* (p. 97).

"Though Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy
rod,

Rail at 'blind Fate' with many a vain 'Alas!'
From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
By that same path our true forefathers trod;
And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
Draw from my death Thy living flower and
grass,

Before I learn that Love, which is and was
My Father, and my Brother, and my God."

—TENNYSON: *Doubt and Prayer*.

EZEK. XX. 49.

*Then said I, Ah Lord God! they say of me,
Doth he not speak parables?*

Bunyan met or anticipated the same criti-
cism from his contemporaries, as is plain
from the rhymed apology prefixed to the
Pilgrim's Progress:—

"All things in Parables despise not we;
Lest things most hurtful lightly we receive,
And things that good are, of our souls be-
reave."

EZEK. XXI. 9-10.

*Then saith the Lord; Say, A sword, a sword
is sharpened, . . . it is furbished that it
may glitter.*

"Ho! then, the splendour
And sheen of my ministry!
Clothing the earth
With a livery of lightnings!
Ho! then, the music
Of battles in onset

And ruining armours,
 And God's gift returning
 In fury to God!
 Glittering and keen
 As the song of the winter stars,
 Ho! then, the sound
 Of my voice, the implacable
 Angel of Destiny!—
 I am the sword. . . .

Hark, how the Trumpet
 The mistress of mistresses
 Calls, silver-throated
 And stern, when the tables
 Are spread, and the work
 Of the Lord is in hand,
 Sifting the nations,
 The slag from the metal,
 The waste and the weak
 From the fit and the strong;
 Fighting the brute.”

—W. E. HENLEY.

EZEK. XXII. 6.

Behold, the princes of Israel, every one according to his power, have been in thee to shed blood.

“Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
 Is it that they on earth, whose earthly
 power
 Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
 Least like to thee in attributes divine,
 Tread on the universal necks that bow,
 And then assure us that their rights are
 thine?”

—BYRON: *The Prophecy of Dante.*

EZEK. XXII. 30.

I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge . . . but I found none.

“Still, on life's loom, the infernal warp and weft
 Woven each hour! Still, in august renown,
 A great realm watching, under God's great
 frown!

Ever the same! The little children cleft
 In twain: the little tender maidens reft
 Of maidenhood! And through a little town
 A stranger journeying, wrote this record
 down,
 ‘In all the place there was not one man
 left.’

O friend, the sudden lightning of whose pen
 Makes Horror's countenance visible afar,
 And Desolation's face familiar,
 I think this very England of my ken
 Is wondrous like that little town, where are
 In all the streets and houses no more men.”

—WILLIAM WATSON: *The Purple East.*

EZEK. XXIII. 22.

Therefore, O Aholibah, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I will raise up thy lovers against thee.

“In the beginning God made thee
 A woman well to look upon,
 Thy tender body as a tree
 Whereon cool wind hath always blown.

God called thy name Aholibah,
 His tabernacle being in thee,
 A witness through waste Asia;
 Thou wert a tent sewn cunningly
 With gold and colours of the sea.”

So Swinburne in his poem entitled *Aholibah*, which, after a description of her sins, closes thus:—

“Therefore, oh thou Aholibah,
 God is not glad because of thee;
 And thy fine gold shall pass away
 Like those fair coins of ore that be
 Washed over by the middle sea.

Therefore the wrath of God shall be
 Set as a watch upon her way;
 And whoso findeth by the sea
 Blown dust of bones will hardly say
 If this were that Aholibah.”

EZEK. XXV. 15-16.

*Because the Philistines have dealt by revenge,
and have taken vengeance with a despite-
ful heart . . . Behold, I will stretch out
mine hand upon the Philistines.*

“ You are three men of sin. . . . Remem-
ber—
For that’s my business to you—that you
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures

Against your peace.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*.

“ Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.”

—MILTON.

EZEK. XXVI. 12.

*And they shall make a spoil of thy riches, and
make a prey of thy merchandise.*

“ Once it was the busiest haunt
Whither, as to a common centre, flocked
Strangers and ships and merchandise :

Once peace and freedom blest
The cultivated plain ;

But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity :
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not, until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss

Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity.”

—SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

EZEK. XXVI. 15.

*Then saith the Lord God to Tyre ; Shall not
the isles shake at the sound of thy fall ?*

“ O sweet as the breath of morn
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise ;
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men’s lips.”

—LONGFELLOW.

EZEK. XXVII. 2-3.

*Take up a lamentation for Tyrus: and say
unto Tyrus, O thou that art situate at the
entry of the sea . . . O Tyrus, thou hast
said, I am of perfect beauty.*

“ Tyre of the West, and glorying in the name
More than in Faith’s pure fame !

O trust not crafty fort nor rock renowned
Earned upon hostile ground ;
Wielding Trade’s master-keys, at thy proud
will

To lock or loose its waters, England ! trust
not still.

Dread thine own power ! Since haughty
Babel’s prime

High towers have been man’s crime.
Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay
bare,

Strongholds have been man’s snare.
Thy nest is in the crags ; ah ! refuge frail !
Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, will
prevail.”

—NEWMAN.

EZEK. XXVII. 3.

I am of perfect beauty.

“ The Cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships' full tale—
 Their corn and oil and wine,
 Derrick and loom and bale,
 And rampart's gun-flecked line ;
 City by city they hail :
 'Hast aught to match with mine ?' ”
 —KIPLING.

EZEK. XXVII. 5-6.

They have made all thy ship boards of fir trees of Senir : they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars.

“Lo, the noble oak of the forest with his feet in the flowers and the grass,
 How the winds that bear the summer o'er its topmost branches pass,
 And the wood-deer dwell beneath it, and the fowl in its fair twigs sing,
 And there it stands in the forest, an exceeding glorious thing :
 Then come the axes of men, and low it lies on the ground,
 And the crane comes out of the southland, and its nest is nowhere found,
 And bare and shorn of its blossoms is the house of the deer of the wood.
 But the tree is a golden dragon ; and fair it floats on the flood,
 And beareth the kings and the earl-folk, and is shield-hung all without ;
 And it seeth the blaze of beacons, and heareth the war-god's shout,
 There are tidings wherever it cometh, and the tale of its time shall be told.
 A dear name it hath got like a king, and a fame that groweth not old.”
 —W. MORRIS : *Sigurd the Volsung* (p. 74).

EZEK. XXVIII. 9.

Thou shalt be a man, and no god, in the hand of him that slayeth thee.

Compare Wordsworth's description of how in France he heard the news that Robespierre was no more :—

“The foremost of the band
 As he approached, no salutation given
 In the familiar language of the day,
 Cried ‘Robespierre is dead!’—nor was a doubt,
 After strict question, left within my mind,
 That he and his supporters all were fallen.
 Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
 To everlasting justice, by this fiat
 Made manifest.”

EZEK. XXX. 6.

They also that uphold Egypt shall fall ; and the pride of her power shall come down ; from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword, saith the Lord God.

In the fourth canto of Book I. of the *Faerie Queene*, Spenser portrays the stately palace of Duessa's pride :—

“Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
 And golden foile all over them displaid . . .
 It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workman's witt ;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a moulede
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :
 For on a sandy hill, that still did fit
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shaked itt.”

EZEK. XXXI. 3.

Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature ; and his top was among the thick boughs.

Compare Warwick's lament in the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* (Act v. Scene 2) :—

“Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-
ing tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's power-
ful wind."

EZEK. XXXIII. 7.

*O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto
the house of Israel.*

"Faint not and fret not, for threaten'd woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce tho' the
foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
Ill-fitted pair unite;
Some work for love, and so work for
hire;
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.

Time's years are many, Eternity one,
And one is the Infinite;
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done,
For scantness is still Heaven's might."

—NEWMAN.

EZEK. XXXIII. 8.

*If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from
his way, that wicked man shall die in his
iniquity: but his blood will I require at
thine hand.*

"The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely
preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones pro-
claim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods or to know their
truth."

—COLERIDGE.

EZEK. XXXIII. 32.

*And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely
song of one that hath a pleasant voice,
and can play well on an instrument: for
they hear thy words, but they do them not.*

"Ours the agonizing sense
Of the heaven this earth might be,
If from their blank indifference
Men woke one hour and felt as we."
—LORD HOUGHTON: *Poems* (p. 81).

"And thus, O prophet bard of old,
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
The same which earth's unwelcome seers
Have felt in all succeeding years.
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard, nor understood,
Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds and scorn and evil will
The world requites its prophets still.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes
The Future as the Present lies!
Beyond a narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
Through arches round the throne of God!
Thy audience worlds!—all Time to be
The witness to the Truth in thee!"

—WHITTIER.

EZEK. XXXIII. 33.

*And when this cometh to pass (lo, it will come,)
then shall they know that a prophet hath
been among them.*

"Farewell, I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognised."
—HOOD.

“For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the
worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and
lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show
us
Whiles it was ours.” —SHAKESPEARE.

This thought is twice expressed in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Once in the second scene of the first act, where Antony, on hearing of his wife's death, cries:—
“There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone.”

And again, in the fourth scene of the same act, Cæsar says of Pompey:—
“It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear by being lack'd.”

“'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep;
And all at once they leave you, and you know them.”
—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

EZEK. XXXIV. 8.

My flock became meat to every beast of the field, because there was no shepherd, neither did my shepherds seek for my flock.

“Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Second Part of Henry VI.* (Act iii. Scene 1).

EZEK. XXXIV. 13.

I will seek out my sheep, and deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.

“Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!”

—EMILY DICKINSON.

EZEK. XXXV. 6.

As I live, saith the Lord God, sith thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee.

Compare Wordsworth's description of what he felt at the horrors of the French Revolution (*Prelude*, Bk. x.):—

“But as the ancient prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
With them to take a troubled, human heart,
Wanted not consolation, nor a creed
Of reconciliation, then when they de-
nounced,

On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
Of their offences, punishment to come;
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
Before them, in some desolated place,
The wrath consummate and the threat ful-
filled;

So, with devout humility, be it said,
So, did a portion of that spirit fall
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being

That through the time's exceeding fierceness
saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime behests."

EZEK. XXXVI. 9.

*Behold, I am for you, and I will turn to you,
and ye shall be tilled and sown.*

"Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, wind,
If winter comes can spring be far behind?"

—SHELLEY.

EZEK. XXXVI. 11.

*And I will do better unto you than at your
beginnings.*

"No less I make an end in perfect joy,
For I, who thus again was visited,
Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,
And, though this weak soul sink and dark-
ness whelm,
Some little word shall light it, raise aloft,
To where I clearer see and better love."

—BROWNING: *Pauline*.

EZEK. XXXVI. 25.

*And I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and
ye shall be clean.*

"Whiteness most white. Ah, to be clean
again

In mine own sight and God's most holy sight!
To reach through any flood or fire of pain

Whiteness most white:

To learn to hate the wrong and love the
right,

Even while I walk through shadows that are
vain,

Descending through vain shadows into night.

Lord, not to-day: yet some day bliss for
bane

Give me, for mortal frailty give me might,
Give innocence for guilt, and for my stain

Whiteness most white."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

EZEK. XXXVII. 2.

*And, behold, there were very many in the open
valley; and, lo, they were very dry.*

"Those who are devoted to science solely;
the men

'Who never caught a noontide dream
By murmur of a running stream,
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To *them*, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds;'

who look coldly round a superb edifice, and
ask *why* it was built, and think *how* it was
constructed, are not unlike the bones spoken
of by the prophet Ezekiel—'and, behold,
there were very many in the open valley;
and, lo, they were very dry'. We ought to
pray that either domestic affection, or refined
philanthropy, or sincere religion, may be
infused into their hard natures, saying, 'O
breath, breathe upon these slain, that they
may live'."

—SIR ARTHUR HELPS: *Thoughts in the
Cloister*.

EZEK. XXXVII. 2-3.

*And, behold, there were very many in the open
valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And
he said to me, Son of man, can these bones
live? And I answered, O Lord God,
thou knowest.*

"One Power too is it, who doth give
The food without us, and within
The strength that makes it nutritive:
He bids the dry bones rise and live,
And even in hearts depraved to sin
Some sudden, gracious influence
May give the long-lost good again,
And wake within the dormant sense
And love of good."

—CLOUGH.

“What, can these dead bones live, whose
sap is dried

By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?
Is this the House of Israel, whose pride
Is as a tale that’s told, an ancient song?
Are these ignoble relics all that live
Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the
breath

Of very heaven bid these bones revive?
Open the graves and clothe the ribs of
death?

Yea, prophesy, the Lord hath said. Again
Say to the wind, Come forth, and breathe
afresh,

Even that they may live upon those slain,
And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to
flesh.

The spirit is not dead, proclaim the word,
Where lay dead bones, a host of armed men
stand!

I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,
And I shall place you living in your land.”

—EMMA LAZARUS.

EZEK. XXXVII. 3.

*He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones
live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou
knowest.*

“‘Can these bones live?’—God knows:
The prophet saw such clothed with flesh
and skin;

A wind blew on them, and life entered
in;

They shook and rose.

Hasten the time, O Lord, blot out their
sin,

Let life begin.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI: *Christian and Jew*.

EZEK. XXXVII. 7.

*And behold there was a shaking, and the
bones came together, bone to his bone.*

“When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;

When sinews o’er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires
the dead:

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound.”

—DRYDEN.

EZEK. XXXVIII. 21.

*And I will call for a sword against him
throughout all My mountains, saith the
Lord God.*

“Discerning sword that Justice wields, do
thou

Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging
fires,

Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.”

—WORDSWORTH.

EZEK. XLIV. 13, 14.

*They shall not come near unto me, to do the
office of a priest unto me, nor to come
near to any of my holy things, in the most
holy place; but they shall bear their
shame, and their abominations which they
have committed: But I will make them
keepers of the charge of the house, for all
the service thereof, and for all that shall
be done therein.*

Compare Tennyson’s *Guinevere*, appealing
to the nuns for sanctuary:—

“So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with
you; . . .

Pray and be pray’d for; lie before your
shrines;

Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute
dole

To poor sick people . . .

And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the
King.”

“ I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life’s steep Calvary.

To think my own hands drove the nails !
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary ! ”

—ANNE R. ALDRICH.

EZEK. XLVII. 1.

*And, behold, waters issued out from under the
threshold of the house eastward.*

“ East the forefront of habitations holy
Gleamed to Engedi, shone to Eneglaim :
Softly thereout and from thereunder slowly
Wandered the waters, and delayed, and
came.

Then the great stream, which having seen
he showeth,
Hid from the wise but manifest to him,
Flowed and arose, as when Euphrates
floweth,
Rose from the ankles till a man might
swim.

Even with so soft a surge and an increasing,
Drunk of the sand and thwarted of the
clod,
Stilled and astir and checked and never-
ceasing
Spreadeth the great wave of the grace of
God ;

Bears to the marishes and bitter places
Healing for hurt and for their poisons
balm,

Isle after isle in infinite embraces
Floods and enfolds and fringes with the
palm.”

—F. W. H. MYERS.

EZEK. XLVII. 9.

*And it shall come to pass that everything that
lieth, which moeth, whithersoever the
rivers shall come, shall live.*

“ What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife ;
When friendship, love, and peace, combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine ?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above ;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where’er the healing water flows.”

—COWPER.

EZEK. XLVII. 11.

*But the miry places thereof and the marishes
thereof shall not be healed ; they shall be
given to salt.*

“ All the land is like as one man’s face is,
Pale and troubled still with change of
cares.

Doubt and death pervade her clouded
spaces : . . .

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes,
Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight
thinned,

Stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges
Watch the towers and tombs of men that
sinned

Once, now calm as earth whose only change
is

Wind and light and wind and cloud and
wind.”

—SWINBURNE : *In the Salt Marshes.*

DANIEL.

DAN. III. 16.

O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

“A just man cannot fear, thou foolish
tribune ;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant’s ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain’d authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life :
His innocence is armour against these.”

—BEN JONSON: *The Poetaster* (Act v. Scene 1).

“What is this life to me? not worth a
thought ;
Or, if it be esteem’d, ’tis that I lose it
To win a better : even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the
world ;

Where, circled with true pleasures, placed
above
The reach of death and time, ’twill be my
glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.”

—MASSINGER: *The Virgin-Martyr* (Act iv. Scene 3).

DAN. III. 17-18.

*He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king.
But if not, be it known unto thee, O king,
that we will not serve thy gods, nor wor-
ship the golden image which thou hast set
up.*

“He sail’d far south, he sail’d far east,
Until he pass’d all Christendie ;
He sail’d far south, he sail’d far east,
Until he came to Pagandie.
He viewed the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship too view’d he ;
But to Mahound or Termagant,
Lord Beichan wou’d not bend a knee.”
—*Scots Ballad.*

DAN. III. 27.

The fire had no power upon their bodies.

“Remember how God made the fierce fire
seem
To those three children like a pleasant dew.
Remember too,
The triumph of St. Andrew on his cross,
The patience of St. Lawrence in the fire.
Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,
God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.”
—TENNYSON.

DAN. V. 5.

*In the same hour came forth fingers of a man’s
hand, and wrote over against the candle-
stick upon the plaster of the wall of the
king’s palace : and the king saw the part
of the hand that wrote.*

“The lights of joy at midnight hour
Were up in ancient Babylon.
Beauty and Pleasure, Pride and Power,
Were gathered round Belshazzar’s throne.
In farther halls the dance went on,
A pomp of circling peers was nigh ;
Yet sate the king as if alone,
In boding gloom, he knew not why.

That midnight hour, forth came a Hand
 And wrote along the darkened wall ;
 In fiery rows the letters stand,
 And flaming out the king appal.
 From round him, like a garment fall
 The princely heads, awed to the earth,
 The Horror runs from hall to hall,
 Devouring up the distant mirth."

—THOMAS AIRD.

DAN. XI. 2.

*When he is waxed strong through his riches,
 he shall stir up all against the realm of
 Greece.*

"Gold is the thing :

Get much of that, and you may pick your
 way

Over the crouching world : this tawny key
 Can open wide the secrets of all hearts,
 And nature wears a universal smile."

—C. J. WELLS.

DAN. XI. 15.

So the king of the north shall come.

"From the farthest north,
 Some nation may,
 Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway :

Some nation yet shut in
 With hills of ice
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice."

—HABINGTON.

DAN. XII. 1.

*Michael, the great prince which standeth for
 the children of thy people.*

"If there be Beings of higher class than
 Man,
 I deem no nobler province they possess,
 Than by disposal of apt circumstance
 To rear up kingdoms."

—COLERIDGE : *The Destiny of Nations.*

DAN. XII. 3.

*And they that turn many to righteousness as
 the stars for ever and ever.*

"The world of men are like the numerous
 stars

That beam and twinkle in the depth of
 night,

Each clad in glory according to his sphere ;
 But we that wander from our native seats
 And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
 Grow large as we advance ; and some
 perhaps

The most obscure at home, that scarce were
 seen

To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance
 That the astonished world, with upturned
 eyes,

Regardless of the moon and those that once
 were bright,

Stand only for to gaze upon their splen-
 dour."

—BLAKE : *King Edward the Third.*

HOSEA.

Hos. II. 14.

I will bring her into the wilderness.

“These are the haunts of meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspir-
ing breath
Ecstatic felt ; and, from this world retir’d,
Convers’d with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent—to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
In waking whispers and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thoughts and warn the favour’d
soul
For future trials fated to prepare.”

—THOMSON : *The Seasons*.

“If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or
done ;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew ;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.”

—LOWELL.

Hos. VI. 4.

Your goodness is as a morning cloud.

“But Italy, my Italy,
Can it last, this gleam ?
Can she live and be strong,
Or is it another dream
Like the rest we have dreamed so long ?”

—E. B. BROWNING.

Hos. VII. 8.

*Ephraim, he mixeth himself among the
peoples.*

“Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe
round,
And gathered every vice on Christian
ground.”

—POPE.

Hos. VIII. 5.

*How long will it be ere they attain to
innocency ?*

“We were two pretty babes, the youngest
she,
The youngest and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has
been,
We two did love each other’s company ;
Time was, we two had wept to have been
apart.
But when by show of seeming good be-
guiled,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man’s society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My lov’d companion dropp’d a tear and
fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou
art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world
around ?”

—CHARLES LAMB.

Hos. xi. 9.

*I will not revoke the fierceness of mine anger,
I will not return to destroy Ephraim:
for I am God, and not man.*

“O mitigate thy mighty spirits. It fits not
one that moves
The hearts of all to live unmoved, and
succour hates for loves.
The Gods themselves are flexible, whose
virtues, honours, powers,
Are more than thine, yet they will bend
their hearts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benign devotions, savours of
offerings burned,
And holy rites, the engines are with which
their hearts are turned,
By men that pray to them, whose faith their
sins have falsified.”
—HOMER, *Iliad*, Bk. ix. (tr. Chapman).

Hos. xii. 4.

*He had power over the angel, and prevailed;
he wept, and made supplication unto him.*

“Lord, I have wrestled through the live-long
night ;

Do not depart,

Nor leave me thus in sad and weary plight,
Broken in heart ;
Where shall I turn, if thou shouldst go away,
And leave me here in this cold world to stay ?

I cannot yet discern Thee as Thou art ;
More let me see ;
I cannot bear the thought that I must part
Away from Thee :
I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless ;
Oh ! help me, Lord, in all my helplessness.”
—JOHN SHARP.

Hos. xiv. 4.

*I will heal their backsliding, I will love them
freely: for mine anger is turned away
from him.*

“Oh doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll,
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul !
To doubt the love that fain would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb ;
And dream that God can thee forsake
As thou forsakest Him.”

—WHITTIER.

JOEL.

JOEL I. 4.

*That which the palmer-worm hath left hath
the locust eaten; and that which the
locust hath left hath the cankerworm
eaten; and that which the cankerworm
hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.*

“ For oft, engendered by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful
eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd
core
Their eager way. A feeble race, yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance: on whose
course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.”

—THOMSON: *The Seasons*.

JOEL II. 28.

*And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will
pour out My Spirit upon all flesh: and
your sons and your daughters shall pro-
phesy, your old men shall dream dreams,
your young men shall see visions.*

“ Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision and the old men's
dream,
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing bless.”

—DRYDEN.

“ A certain stage
At least I reach, or dream I reach, where I
discern
Truer truths, laws behold more lawlike than
we learn
When first we set our foot to tread the
course I trod
With man to guide my steps: who leads me
now is God.
'Your young men shall see visions': and in
my youth I saw
And paid obedience to man's visionary law:
'Your old men shall dream dreams': and,
in my age, a hand
Conducts me through the cloud round law
to where I stand
Firm on its base—know cause, who, before,
knew effect.”

—BROWNING: *Itàn Itànovitch*.

AMOS.

AMOS I. 11.

Thus saith the Lord: For three transgressions of Edom, yea for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because he did pursue his brother with the sword, and did cast off all pity, and his anger did tear perpetually, and he kept his wrath for ever.

“Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change
The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.”
—SHELLEY.

AMOS III. 7.

Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret to His servants the prophets.

“Yea, and as thought of some departed friend
By death or distance parted will descend,
Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight . . .

So may the ear
Hearing not hear,
Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring;

So the bare conscience of the better thing
Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
May fix the entranced soul 'mid multitudes
alone.”

—CLOUGH.

AMOS V. 13.

Therefore he that is prudent shall keep silence in such a time; for it is an evil time.

“When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.”
—JOHNSON.

AMOS VI. 4 f.

Ye that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches . . . that drink wine in bowls.

“They eat on beds of silk and gold,
At ivory tables, or wood sold
Dearer than it; and leaving plate,
Do drink in stone of higher rate . . .
Hence comes that wild and vast expense,
That hath enforced Rome's virtue thence,
Which simple poverty first made:
And now ambition doth invade
Her state, with eating avarice,
Riot and every other vice.”

—BEN JONSON: *Catiline* (Act i. Scene 1)

OBADIAH.

OBAD. 11.

In the day that thou stoodest upon the other side, in the day that strangers carried away his substance, and foreigners entered into his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem, even thou wast as one of them.

“Whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour’s
good ;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.”

—THOMSON : *The Seasons*.

OBAD. 12.

Look not thou on the day of thy brother in the day of his disaster, and rejoice not over the children of Judah in the day of their

destruction ; neither speak proudly in the day of distress.

“Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other
here for an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin
at a brother’s shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are a
little breed.”

—TENNYSON.

OBAD. 18.

*There shall not be any remaining to the house
of Esau.*

“Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.’

—SHELLEY.

JONAH.

JONAH I. 3.

*But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from
the presence of the Lord.*

“ Deep in his meditative bower,
The tranquil seer reclined ;
Numbering the creepers of an hour,
The gourds which o’er him twined.

To note each plant, to rear each fruit
Which soothes the languid sense,
He deemed a safe refined pursuit,—
His Lord, an indolence.

The sudden voice was heard at length,
‘ Lift thou the prophet’s rod ! ’
But sloth had sapped the prophet’s strength,
He feared, and fled from God.

Next, by a fearful judgment tamed,
He threatens the offending race ;
God spares ;—he murmurs, pride inflamed,
His threat made void by grace.

What ?—pride and sloth ! man’s worst of
foes !

And can such guests invade
Our choicest bliss, the green repose
Of the sweet garden shade ? ”

—J. H. NEWMAN.

JONAH I. 4-5.

*And there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so
that the ship was like to be broken. Then
the mariners were afraid.*

“ Lord ! Lord ! methought, what pain it was
to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine
ears !

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw’d upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of
pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter’d in the bottom of the sea.”

—SHAKESPEARE : *Richard III.* (Act i.
Scene 4).

JONAH I. 17.

*And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow
up Jonah ; and Jonah was in the belly of
the fish three days and three nights.*

“ Thou that didst grant the wise king his
request :

Thou that in whale Thy prophet didst
preserve :

Thou that forgavest the wounding of Thy
breast :

Thou that didst save the thief in state to
sterve :

Thou only God, the giver of all grace :

Wipe out of mind the path of youth’s vain
race.”

—LORD VAUX.

JONAH III. 10 and IV. 1.

*God repented of the evil that He had said
that He would do unto them, and He did
it not. But it displeased Jonah exceed-
ingly and he was very angry.*

“ Too well they act the prophet’s fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart ;
And each, like Jonah, is displeased if God
Repent his anger or withhold his rod.”

—CRABBE : *The Library.*

MICAH.

MIC. I. 3.

For, behold, the Lord cometh forth out of His place, and will come down.

“God is then said for to descend, when He Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ; As when in human nature He works more Than ever, yet, the like was done before.”

—HERRICK.

MIC. IV. 3.

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

“The Sword sang on the barren heath,
The Sickle in the fruitful field :
The Sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the Sickle yield.”

—BLAKE.

MIC. VI. 7.

Shall I give my first-born, for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ?

“Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.

Then sacred seem'd the ethereal vault no more ;

Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :

Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;

With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,

And played the god an engine on his foe.”

—POPE : *Essay on Man.*

MIC. VI. 8.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?

“Fair solitary path ! whose blessed shades
The old, white prophets planted first and dressed ;

Leaving for us—whose goodness quickly fades—

A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest ;
Who is the man that walks in thee ? who loves

Heaven's sacred solitude, those fair abodes,
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move,

Without to-morrow's evils and future loads ?
He that doth seek and love

The things above,

Whose spirit ever poor, is meek and low ;

Who simple still and wise,

Still homeward flies,

Quick to advance, and to retreat most slow.”

—VAUGHAN : *To Righteousness.*

NAHUM.

NAHUM I. 7.

He knoweth them that put their trust in him.

“ Oh thou of dark forebodings drear,
Oh thou of such a faithless heart,
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,
That thou hast ventured so to fear ?

No weed on ocean's bosom cast,
Borne by its never-resting foam,
This way and that, without a home,
Till flung on some bleak shore at last :

But thou the lotus, which above
Sway'd here and there by wind and tide,
Yet still below doth fixed abide,
Fast rooted in the eternal Love.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

NAHUM I. 8-9.

But with an overrunning flood he will make a full end of the place thereof, and will pursue his enemies into darkness. What do ye imagine against the Lord? he will make a full end.

“ I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
Even where the Tyrant seem'd to touch
the skies,

Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble
burst,

And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
Even in that faith had look'd not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.”

—SOUTHEY.

HABAKKUK.

HAB. I. 12.

*Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord my
God, mine Holy One? we shall not die.*

“Lord of unsleeping Love,
From everlasting Thou! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou
form,
Teachers of God through evil, by brief
wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o’er the fixed untrembling heart.”

—COLERIDGE: *Religious Musings*.

“Wherefore, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I: but while rocks
stand
And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or
quail;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall
disband,
Then Thou shalt be my rock and tower,
And make their ruins praise Thy power.”

—HERBERT.

HAB. I. 16.

*They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense
unto their drag.*

“Should e’er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.
To our own nets ne’er bow we down,
Lest on the eternal shore,
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore.”

—KEBLE.

HAB. II. 4.

The just shall live by his faith.

“Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.”

—WHITTIER.

HAB. III. 2.

In the midst of the years make known.

“Are there not, then, two musics unto
men?—
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune beside;
Yet in despite its pride
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
And sounding solely in the sounding head:
The other, soft and low,
Stealing whence we not know,
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
With pauses oft and many a science strange
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is
not),
Revivals too of unexpected change:
Haply thou thinkest ’twill never be begun,
Or that ’t has come and been, and passed
away
Yet turn to other none,—
Turn not, oh, turn not thou!
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard
it may;
Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding
now?”

—CLOUGH.

ZEPHANIAII.

ZEPH. II. 14.

*And herds shall lie down in the midst of her,
all the beasts of the nations.*

“ Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous
name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal
game.
The fields are ravished from th’ industrious
swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their
fanés :
The levelled towns with weeds lie covered
o’er ;
The hollow winds through naked temples
roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
O’er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind ;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage barkings fill the sacred quires.”
—POPE.

ZEPH. III. 15.

*The king of Israel, even the Lord, is in the
midst of thee ; thou shalt not fear evil any
more.*

“ I hear at morn and eve
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth’s Babel tongues o’erpower.
Then, then I feel, that He,
Remember’d or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.”

—J. MONTGOMERY.

ZEPH. III. 17.

*The Lord thy God is in the midst of thee, a
mighty one who will save.*

“ God, is His name of Nature ; but that
word
Implies His Power, when He’s call’d the
Lord.”

—HERRICK.

ZEPH. III. 17.

*He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest
in His love.*

“ O Thy bright looks ! Thy glance of love
Shown, and but shown, me from above !
Rare looks ! that can dispense such joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine and die,
Like a starved eaglet for Thine eye.”

—WOTTON.

HAGGAI.

HAG. II. 4.

Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Joshua, son of Jehozadak, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you.

“Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword;
My trust was in Thy name and word:
’Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong;
Thy spirit went with mine along;
How was I then alone?”

—HEBER.

HAG. II. 9.

The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former.

“That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.”

—WORDSWORTH.

HAG. II. 17, 19.

I smote you with blasting and with mildew and with hail in all the work of your hands . . . Is the seed yet in the barn? yea, the vine, and the fig-tree, and the pomegranate, and the olive tree, hath not brought forth.

“Two seasons now are past, and we have look’d
With hollow eye upon the fruitless earth;
And look’d in vain; for not a single blade
From all the thousand grains we scatter’d
forth,

Comes in the emerald livery of spring
To cheer our anxious and desponding sight . . .
The paths that led to pastures and to fields
For want of use are overlaid with dust;
Old customs too that were our daily work
And daily bread, are bolted from our use
In the hard seasons. Spring doth blow the
grain

Back in our faces ere it can be sown,
And autumn yields us ample crops of dust.”

—C. J. WELLS.

ZECHARIAH.

ZECH. VIII. 21.

And the inhabitants of one city shall go to another, saying, Let us go speedily to intreat the favour of the Lord, and to seek the Lord of hosts: I will go also.

“Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love;
And love’s a weight to hearts, to eies a signe.
We all are but cold suitors; let us move

Where it is warmest; leave thy six and seven;

Pray with the most, for where most pray
is heaven.”

—HERBERT: *The Temple*.

ZECH. IX. 3-4.

Tyre did build herself a stronghold, and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Behold, the Lord will dispossess her, and he will smite her power in the sea; and she shall be devoured with fire.

“Tyre mocked when Salem fell: where
now is Tyre?”

Heaven was against her. Nations thick as
waves

Burst o’er her walls, to ocean doomed and
fire:

And now the tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned
merchants’ graves.”

—KEBLE.

ZECH. XI. 2.

*For the cedar is fallen; because the mighty
are spoiled.*

“Thus yields the cedar to the axe’s edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch over-peer’d Jove’s spread-
ing tree.

And kept low shrubs from winter’s powerful
wind. . . .

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth
and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Third Part of Henry VI.*
(Act v. Scene 2).

MALACHI.

MAL. I. 1.

*The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel
by Malachi.*

“How many generations had gone by
’Twixt suffering Job and boding Malachi!
’Twixt Malachi and Paul—how mute a
pause!
Is the Book finish’d? May not God once
more
Send forth a prophet to proclaim His laws
In holy words not framed by human lore?”

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

MAL. I. 6.

*A son honoureth his father, and a servant
his master: if then I be a father, where
is mine honour? and if I be a master,
where is my fear? saith the Lord of
hosts unto you, O priests, that despise my
name.*

“I fear the devil worst, when gown and
cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin’s cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.”

—SIR W. SCOTT.

MAL. II. 5.

My covenant was with him of life and peace.

“Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At thine altar, pure and white:
They that once Thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth’s delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants Thou hast made,
Endless, know not days nor years.

In Thy word, Lord, is my trust,
To Thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet Thy grace can lift me high.”

—THOMAS CAMPION.

MAL. II. 6.

The law of truth was in his mouth.

“I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she’s pleas’d to make them lords of
truth:
Integrity of life is fame’s best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the
end.”

—WEBSTER: *Duchess of Malfi* (Act v.
Scene 5).

MAL. III. 1.

*The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to
His temple.*

“Be not amazed at life; ’tis still
The mode of God with His elect
Their hopes exactly to fulfil,
In times and ways they least expect.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

MAL. III. 16.

*Then they that feared the Lord spake often one
to another.*

“We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:
Or whether war’s avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God.”

—TENNYSON: *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.*

NEW TESTAMENT

MATTHEW.

MATT. II. 3.

*When Herod the king had heard these things,
he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with
him.*

“Why art thou troubled, Herod? what
vain fear

Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth
move?

Heaven’s King, who doffs Himself weak
flesh to wear,

Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in
love:

Nor would He this thy feared crown from
thee tear,

But give thee a better with Himself
above.

Poor jealousy! why should He wish to
prey

Upon thy crown, Who gives His own
away?”

—CRASHAW: *Sospetto d’Herode* (lxv.).

MATT. II. 16.

*Then Herod slew all the male children that
were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders
thereof, from two years old and under.*

“The economy of heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have missed the mark,
Why human buds like this should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral.”

—C. LAMB.

“For thou hast ta’en thine innocence on
high,

The child-simplicity of thy stainless years;
And on thy brows we see the diadem

Of those who walk with Christ in purity,

Fair souls, and wept, like thee, with lifelong
tears,
Sword-slain in Ephratean Bethlehem.”

—F. T. PALGRAVE.

MATT. III. 7.

*Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath
to come?*

“Did each man know there was a storm at
hand,

Who would not clothe him well, to shun the
wet?

Did prince and peer, the lawyer and the
least,

Know what were sin, without a partial
gloss,

We’d need no long discoursing then of
crimes,

For each would mend, advis’d by holy
men.”

—ROBERT GREENE: *James the Fourth* (Act
v. Scene 5).

MATT. V. 9.

*Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall
be called the children of God.*

“A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Second Part of Henry
IV.* (Act iv. Scene 2).

“Now have I done a good day’s work:
You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to
heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on
earth."

—SHAKESPEARE: *King Richard III.* (Act
ii. Scene 1).

MATT. v. 12.

*So persecuted they the prophets which were
before you.*

"Alas! how full of fear
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!
For evermore, for evermore,
It shall be as it hath been heretofore;
The age in which they live
Will not forgive
The splendour of the everlasting light,
That makes their foreheads bright,
Nor the sublime forerunning of their time."

—LONGFELLOW.

MATT. vi. 2-5.

*Therefore when thou doest thine alms do not
sound a trumpet before thee, as the
hypocrites do in the synagogues and in
the streets, that they may have glory
of men. When thou prayest, thou shalt
not be as the hypocrites.*

"'Twould give me joy some gracious deed
to meet,

That has not called for glory in the street."

—CRABBE: *The Borough* (xiii).

"Therefore, when thou wouldst pray, or
doest thine alms

Blow not a trump before thee: hypocrites
Do thus vaingloriously: the common streets
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.
On such the laud of men, like unctuous
balms,

Falls with sweet savour. Impious Counter-
feits!

Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom
beats!

Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal
palms,

God needs not iteration nor vain cries:
That man communion with his God might
share

Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:
Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given
The heart should rise on wings of love to
heaven."

—AUBREY DE VERE.

MATT. vi. 3.

*Let not thy right hand know what thy left
hand doeth.*

"Unto my soul I said,—'Make now com-
plete

Thy sacrifice by silence. Undeterr'd
Strike down this beggar heart, that would
be heard,

And stops men's pity in the public street.'"

—OWEN MEREDITH.

"Who builds a church to God, and not to
Fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name."

—POPE.

MATT. vi. 9.

Our Father which art in heaven.

"Will, can you recall

The time we were lost on the Bright Down?

Coming home late in the day,

As Susie was kneeling to pray,

Little blue eyes and white nightgown,

Saying 'Our Father who art—

Art what?' So she stayed with a start.

'In Heaven,' your mother said softly.

And Susie sighed, 'So far away!'

'Tis nearer, Will, now to us all."

—SARAH WILLIAMS.

MATT. VI. 13-14.

Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it.

“Oh, see ye na that braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Tho’ some call it the road to heaven.
And see ye not yon narrow road,
Sae thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Tho’ after it but few inquire.”

—*Scots Ballad.*

MATT. VI. 19-21.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

“Because a man has shop to mind
In time and place, since flesh must live,
Needs spirit lack all life behind,
All stray thoughts, fancies fugitive,
All loves except what trade can
give? . . .
From where these sorts of treasures are,
There should our hearts be—Christ, how
far?”

—BROWNING: *Shop.*

MATT. VI. 24.

No man can serve two masters.

“Not serve two masters! Here’s a youth
will try it—
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his
due.

Says grace before he does a deed of villainy,
And returns thanks devoutly when ’tis
acted.”

—SIR W. SCOTT.

MATT. VI. 28.

*Consider the lilies of the field, how they
grow.*

“Then homeward all take off their sev’ral
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven’s clam’rous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow’ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best,

For them and for their little ones provide:
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine
preside.”

—BURNS.

“Behold, O Man, that toilsome paines doest
take,

The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt
growes,

How they themselves doe their ensample
make,

Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth
throwes

Out of her fruitful lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome
freshe and faire,

And decke the worlde with their rich pomp-
ous showes;

Yet no man for them taketh paines or
care,

Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
compare.”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. ii. Canto
vi. 15).

MATT. VII. 1.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

“In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.”
—JOAQUIN MILLER : *Songs of the Sierras.*

MATT. X. 14.

*And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear
your words, as ye go forth out of that
house or that city, shake off the dust of
your feet.*

“So the day came, after a space,
When Dante felt assured that there
The sunshine must lie sicklier
Even than in any other place,
Save only Florence. When that day
Had come, he rose and went his way.
He went and turned out. From his shoes
It may be that he shook the dust,
As every righteous dealer must
Once and again ere life can close.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

MATT. X. 29.

*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?
and one of them shall not fall on the
ground without your Father.*

“The day is here, the night will fall,
The ox will slumber in the stall;
The night will pass, the day will break,
And rested eyes will sweetly wake.

So goes the time, so roll the years,
With wake and sleep, and smiles and tears,
While in the heavens, beyond the Mount,
The Lord abides, who keeps the count,

And drives the lightning down the skies,
And sees when the small sparrow dies.”

—W. B. RANDS.

“Thou, in peace, in silence sleeping,
In some still world, unknown, remote,
The mighty parent's care hast found,
Without whose tender guardian thought
No sparrow falleth to the ground.”

—COLERIDGE.

MATT. X. 37.

*He that loveth father or mother more than Me,
is not worthy of Me; and he that loveth
son or daughter more than Me, is not
worthy of Me.*

“Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the *one*—
We must resign all passions save our pur-
pose—

We must behold no object save our country.”
—BYRON : *Marino Faliero* (Act ii. Scene 2).

MATT. X. 42.

*Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these
little ones a cup of cold water only . . .*

“But under the poor woodman's bitter
brows,

That cares have frozen to a constant frown,
May run the warm blood from a loving
heart.

And if he hands unto a poorer brother
A cup of water only, his sad looks
And plaining voice mean, ‘Oh! that this
were wine!’”

—FREDERICK TENNYSON : *The Isles of
Greece* (p. 19).

MATT. XII. 19.

*He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his
voice be heard in the streets.*

“Why art thou speechless, O thou setting
sun?

Speak to this earth, speak to this listening
scene,

Where Charente flows among the meadows
green,

And in his gilded waters, one by one,
The inverted minarets of poplar quake
With expectation, until thou shalt break
The intolerable silence. See, he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward
shrinks.

Thou dost not strive, O sun, nor dost thou
cry,
Amid thy cloud-built streets; but meek and
still,
Thou dost the type of Jesus best fulfil,
A noiseless revelation in the sky."

—FABER.

MATT. XII. 24.

*When the Pharisees heard it, they said, this
fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beel-
zebub the prince of the devils.*

"Because you want the grace that others
have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils."
—SHAKESPEARE: *First Part of Henry VI.*
(Act v. Scene 4).

MATT. XIII. 9.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul,
Under the ribs of death."

—MILTON: *Comus.*

MATT. XIII. 22.

*The care of this world and the deceitfulness of
riches, choke the word.*

"Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust
riches outward,

And remain beggars within; contemplate
nothing

But the vile sordid things of time, place,
money,

And let the noble and the precious go."

—BEN JONSON: *The Staple of News* (Act ii.
Scene 1).

MATT. XIII. 30.

Let both grow together.

"The world in all doth but two nations
bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed every-
where."

—MARVELL.

MATT. XIV. 9-10.

*The king was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's
sake . . . he sent and beheaded John in
the prison.*

"It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound to any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man . . .
And have no other reason for his wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?"

—SHAKESPEARE: *Second Part of Henry VI.*
(Act v. Scene 1).

MATT. XVI. 3.

*In the morning ye say, It will be foul weather
to-day: for the sky is red and lowring.*

"Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to
herds."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Venus and Adonis.*

MATT. XVI. 16.

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

“Be thou the first true merit to befriend :
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.”

—POPE.

MATT. XVIII. 4.

Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

“Around the child bend all the three
Sweet graces—Faith, Hope, Charity.
Around the man bend other faces—
Pride, Envy, Malice are his Graces.”

—W. S. LANDOR.

MATT. XVIII. 6.

Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea.

“There’s anyhow a child
Of seventeen years, whether a flower or weed,
Ruined : who did it shall account to Christ—
Having no pity on the harmless life
And gentle face and girlish form he found,
And thus flings back. Go practise if you please
With men and women : leave a child alone
For Christ’s particular love’s sake !—so I say.”

—BROWNING : *The Ring and the Book* (iii. 83-90).

MATT. XX. 12.

These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

“Though God, as one that is an householder,

Called these to labour in His vineyard
first,
Before the husk of darkness was well
burst

Bidding them grope their way out and bestir,
(Who, questioned of their wages, answered,

‘Sir,

Unto each man, a penny’) though the
worst

Burthen of heat was theirs and the dry
thirst :

Though God has since found none such as
these were

To do their work like them :—Because of
this

Stand ye not idle in the market-place.

Which of ye knoweth *he* is not that last
Who may be first by faith and will ?”

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

MATT. XXII. 46.

Neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.

“’Twas time to hold their peace when they
Had ne’er another word to say :
Yet is their silence, unto Thee,
The full sound of Thy victory :
Their silence speaks aloud and is
Thy well pronounc’d panegyric . . .
To hold their peace is all the ways
These wretches have to speak thy Praise.”

—CRASHAW.

MATT. XXIV. 12.

The lore of many shall wax cold.

“Because Man is parcelled out in men
To-day ; because, for any wrongful blow
No man not stricken asks, ‘I would be told
Why thou dost thus’ ; but his heart whispers
then,

‘He is he, I am I.’ By this we know
That our earth falls asunder, being old.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

MATT. XXIV. 44.

Therefore be ye also ready.

“ If our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all
without us,
That prove vexatious often more than com-
fort ;
How mighty ought our providence to be,
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live ! ”
—MASSINGER: *The Old Law* (Act iv.
Scene 2).

MATT. XXV. 20.

*He that had received the five talents came and
brought other five talents, saying, Lord,
thou deliveredst unto me five talents: be-
hold, I have gained beside them five talents
more.*

“ Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she
nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents other five she made ;
Heaven that had largely given was largely
paid ;
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.”
—DRYDEN: *Eleanora*.

MATT. XXV. 21.

*His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good
and faithful servant.*

“ No firmer breast than thine hath heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given :
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust :
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate

Rise up before the eternal throne,
And hear in God's own voice ' Well done '.”
LANDOR to Southey.

MATT. XXVI. 14-15.

*Then . . . Judas Iscariot went unto the chief
priests and said, What are ye willing to
give me, and I will deliver him to you ?*

“ There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart ;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood,—
At the bank his name is good,
At the bank and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream.”

—LOWELL.

MATT. XXVI. 35.

*Peter said to him, though I should die with
thee, yet will I not deny thee.*

“ Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear ;
And, each vainglorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.”

—J. B. COTTERILL.

MATT. XXVI. 49.

*And forthwith he came to Jesus and said,
Hail, Master ; and kissed Him.*

“ GLOUCESTER: And, that I love the tree
from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd
his master,
And cried ' all hail ! ' when as he meant
all harm.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Third Part of Henry
VI.* (Act v. Scene 7).

MATT. XXVII. 12.

*And when He was accused of the chief priests
and elders He answered nothing.*

“O mighty Nothing! nnto thee,
Nothing, we are all things that be;
God spake once when He all things made,
He saved all when He Nothing said.
The world was made of Nothing then;
'Tis made by Nothing now again.”

—CRASHAW.

MATT. XXVII. 24.

*Pilate . . . took water and washed his hands
before the multitude, saying, I am innocent
of the blood of this just person.*

“A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
patch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my
hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!”

—SHAKESPEARE: *King Richard III.* (Act i.
Scene 4).

MATT. XXVII. 34.

*They gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with
gall: and when He had tasted thereof He
would not drink.*

“I would the light of reason, Lord,
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul
Until it passed to thine.”

—F. W. FABER.

“Thou wilt feel all, that thou mayest pity all;
And rather wouldst thou wrestle with strong
pain,

Than overcloud thy soul,
So clear in agony.”

—KEBLE.

MARK.

MARK I. 4.

Preaching the baptism of repentance.

"A spotless child sleeps on the flowering
moss—

'Tis well for him; but when a sinful man,
Envyng such slumber, may desire to put
His guilt away, shall he return at once
To rest by lying there? Our sires knew well
(Spite of the grave discoveries of their sons)
The fitting course for such: dark cells, dim
lamps,

A stone floor one may writhe on like a
worm:

No mossy pillow blue with violets."

—BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

MARK I. 10.

The Spirit as a dove.

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead . . .
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying wise and sweet—
Not as a vulture but a dove
The Holy Ghost came from above."

—LONGFELLOW.

MARK I. 15.

Jesus came, saying Repent.

George Meredith closes his sonnet upon
The Garden of Epicurus with these lines:—

"That Garden would on light supremest
verge,

Were the long drawing of an equal breath
Healthful for Wisdom's head, her heart, her
aims.

Our world which for its Babels wants a
scourge,
And for its wilds a husbandman acclaim
The crucifix that came of Nazareth."

MARK I. 32-34.

And He healed many.

In his sonnet on *Charity*, Coleridge apos-
trophises an old beggar, inviting him to enter
and be warmed and fed:—

"My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,
Of purple pride, that scowls on wretched-
ness.—

He did not so, the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazars turned from rich men's
doors,
And called them friends and healed their
noisome sores."

MARK III. 19.

*And Judas Iscariot which also betrayed
Him.*

"I love my friend in God, and say 'tis well,
But to know him, all trusting, all-betrayed,
Is sorrow's hell.

To know a true love spurned—nay, worse,
received

By shallow, faithless heart, too false to
see,

Full of poor joys and meaner aims and ends
Its matchless purity.

Saviour, my God, all else but this I bear ;
This fills my cup ; hast Thou too suffered
this ?

Ay more, denied by Thy best friend, and
mocked

By Judas' kiss."

—C. C. FRASER TYTLER.

MARK III. 23.

He went through the cornfields on the Sabbath-day, and His disciples began, as they walked, to pluck the ears of corn.

"And wandering forth, while blew the
Sabbath breeze,

Pluck'd ears of corn, with humble men like
these.

God blames not him who toils six days in
seven,

Where smoke and dust bedim the golden
day,

If he delight, beneath the dome of heaven,
To hear the winds, and see the clouds at
play,

Or climb his hills, amid their flowers to
pray."

—EBENEZER ELLIOTT: *The Ranter* (iv.).

MARK IV. 32.

When it is sown, it groweth up.

"All seed is in the sower's hands,

And what at first was trained to spread

In shelter for some single head,—

Yea, even such fellowship of wands—

May hide the sunset, and the shade

Of its great multitude be laid

Upon the earth and elder sands."

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

MARK IV. 39 and v. 15.

And He said unto the sea, Peace, be still. . . .

*And they come to Jesus, and see him that
was possessed with the devil sitting and
clothed and in his right mind.*

"There are storms within
That heave the struggling heart with wilder
din ;

And there is power and love,

The maniac's rushing frenzy to reprove ;

And when he takes his seat

Clothed and in calmness at his Saviour's
feet,

Is not the peace as strange, the love as
blest,

As when He said, Be still! and ocean
sank to rest."

—KEBLE.

MARK IV. 40.

*And he said to them, why are ye fearful?
have ye not yet faith?*

"There is no storm but this

Of your own cowardice

That braves you out ;

You are the storm that mocks

Yourselves ; you are the rocks

Of your own doubt."

—CRASHAW.

MARK V. 13.

*And the unclean spirit entered into the swine,
and the herd rushed down the steep into
the sea.*

"I watch the darkening droves of swine

That range on yonder plain.

In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,

They graze and wallow, breed and sleep ;

And oft some brainless devil enters in,

And drives them to the deep."

—TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art*.

MARK V. 15.

*And they come to Jesus, and see him that was
possessed with the devil, and had the legion,
sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind :
and they were afraid.*

"And, though the strife be sore,

Yet in his parting breath

Love masters agony ; the soul that seemed
Forsaken, feels her present God again,
And in her Father's arms
Contented dies away."

—KEBLE.

MARK V. 35.

Thy daughter is dead.

"Was she so irrecoverable yet—
The bird, escaped, that's just on bough
above ;
The flower, let flutter half-way down the
brink ?
Not so detached seems lifelessness from life
But—one dear stretch beyond all straining
yet—
And he might have her at his heart once
more."

—BROWNING : *Balaustion's Adventure.*

MARK VII. 34.

*And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and
saith to him, Ephphatha, that is, Be
opened.*

"The Son of God in doing good
Was fain to look to heaven and sigh :
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed in charity ?
God will not let love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart ;
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe."

—KEBLE.

MARK IX. 41.

*For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to
drink, because ye are Christ's, he shall in
no wise lose his reward.*

"God, who registers the cup
Of mere cold water, for His sake
To a disciple rendered up,
Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered."

—BROWNING.

MARK X. 18.

None is good save one, even God.

" ' Good.' Distrust that word.
' There is none good save God,' said Jesus
Christ.
If He once, in the first creative week,
Called creatures good,—for ever afterward
The Devil only has done it, and his heirs,
The knaves who win so, and the fools who
lose ;
The word's grown dangerous . . . We all
have known
Good critics who have stamped out poet's
hope,
Good statesmen who pulled ruin on the
state,
Good patriots who for a theory risked a
cause,
Good kings who disembowelled for a tax,
Good popes who brought all good to jeo-
pardy,
Good Christians who sat still in easy-
chairs
And damned the general world for standing
up—
Now may the good God pardon all good
men !"
—E. B. BROWNING : *Aurora Leigh* (Bk. iv.).

MARK X. 31.

*Many that are last shall be first, and the first
last.*

" I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling."
—SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet* (Act v. Scene 1).

" Nor yet shall people be too confident
In judging, even as he is who doth count
The corn in field or ever it be ripe.
For I have seen all winter long the thorn
First show itself intractable and fierce,
And after bear the rose upon the top :

And I have seen a ship direct and swift
Run o'er the sea throughout its course
entire,
To perish at the harbour's mouth at last."
--DANTE'S *Paradiso* (xiii.) (tr. Longfellow).

"Look thou, many crying are 'Christ,
Christ!'
Who at the judgment shall be far less near
To Him than some shall be that knew not
Christ."
--DANTE'S *Paradiso* (xiii.) (tr. Longfellow).

MARK XII. 30-31.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . . Thou
shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

Compare Chaucer's description of the
poor parson's brother, the plowman:—
"A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with all his herte,
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And then his neighbour right as himselve.
He wolde threshe and thereto dike and
delve,
For Christe's sake, for every pour weighte,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might!"

MARK XIV. 8.

She hath done what she could.

"There's a kind o' chilly feelin' in the
blowin' o' the breeze,
An' a sense o' sadness stealin' thro' the
tresses o' the trees;
An' its not the sad September that's slowly
drawin' nigh,
But jest that I remember I'm here to say
'Good-by!'
The work I've done is with you; maybe
some things went wrong,
Like a note that jars the music in the sweet
flow of a song!

But, brethren, when you think o' me, I only
ask you would
Say as the Master said o' one: 'He's done
jest what he could!'"

—F. L. STANTON.

MARK XIV. 22.

And as they were eating, he took bread.

"He was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it."

—DONNE.

MARK XIV. 72.

And he wept.

"O ye tears, O ye tears! I am thankful that
ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall
glitter in the sun;
The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse
to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the
saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears, O ye tears! ye relieve me of my
pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken
once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid
Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness
in the land.

There is light upon my path, there is sun-
shine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not
utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the
bloom of long ago—
O ye tears, O ye tears! I am thankful that
ye flow."

—From the poems of CHARLES MACKAY.

M A R K

MARK XV. 17.

*And plaiting a crown of thorns, they put it on
Him.*

“The most childish sin which man can do
Is yet a sin which Jesus never did
When Jesus was a child, and yet a sin
For which, in lowly pain, He lived and
died;

And for the bravest sin that e'er was praised,
The King eternal wore the crown of thorns.”

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

MARK XV. 40.

*And there were also women beholding from
afar.*

“Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour
stung,

Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers
brave,

Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.”

—E. S. BARRETT: *Woman*.

MARK XVI. 5.

*And entering into the tomb, they saw a young
man sitting on the right side, arrayed in
a white robe.*

“Follow Light, and do the Right—for man
can half-control his doom—

Till you find the deathless Angel seated in
the vacant tomb.”

—TENNYSON.

MARK XVI. 9.

Now when He was risen . . .

“O Thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-
eyed!

I have denied Thee calmly—do I not
Pant when I read of Thy consummate power,
And burn to see Thy calm, pure truths out-
flash

The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy?
Do I not shake to hear aught question Thee?
If I am erring, save me, madden me,
Take from me powers and pleasures, let me
die

Ages, so I see Thee! I am knit round
As with a charm by sin and lust and pride,
Yet though my wandering dreams have seen
all shapes

Of strange delight, oft have I stood by Thee—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with
Thee

In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
Or leaning on Thy bosom, proudly less,
Or dying with Thee on the lonely cross,
Or witnessing Thine outburst from the
tomb?”

—BROWNING: *Pauline*.

LUKE.

LUKE I. 15.

He shall be great in the sight of the Lord.

“When old things terminate and new commence,
A solitary great man’s worth the world.
God takes the business into His own hands
At such time: who creates the novel flower
Contrives to guard and give it breathing
room.”

—BROWNING: *Prince Hoheustiel-Schwangau*.

“John, than which man a sadder or a greater
Not till this day hath been of woman born,
John, like some lonely peak by the Creator
Fired with the red glow of the rushing
morn.”

—F. W. H. MYERS.

LUKE I. 27.

And the virgin’s name was Mary.

“Work and play,
Things common to the course of day,
Awed thee with meanings unfulfilled;
And all through girlhood, something still’d
Thy senses like the birth of light,
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night,
Or washed thy garments in the stream;
To whose white bed had come the dream
That He was thine and thou wast His
Who feeds among the field-lilies.
O solemn shadow of the end
In that wise spirit long contain’d!
O awful end! and those unsaid
Long years when It was Finishèd.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI: *Are*.

LUKE I. 28.

Hail, thou that art highly favoured.

“Everywhere

I see in the world the intellect of man,
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
The knowledge that defends him like a
shield—

Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine, earth’s
flower

She holds up to the softened gaze of God.”

—BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book* (x.
1013-19).

LUKE I. 28 and II. 35.

*Blessed art thou among women. . . . A sword
shall pierce through thy own soul also.*

“O highest, strongest, sweetest woman-soul!
Thou holdest in the compass of thy grace
All the strange fate and passion of thy
race:

Of the old primal curse thou knowest the
whole:

Thine eyes, too wise, are heavy with the dole,
The doubt, the dread, of all this human
maze;

Thou in the virgin morning⁷ of thy days
Hast felt the bitter waters o’er thee roll.

Yet thou knowest, too, the terrible delight,
The still content, and solemn ecstacy,
Whatever sharp, sweet bliss thy kind
may know.

Thy spirit is deep for pleasure or for
woe—

Deep as the rich, dark-caverned, awful sea
That the keen-winded, glimmering dawn
makes white.”

—R. W. GILDER.

LUKE II. 4-5.

*And Joseph went up unto Bethlehem with Mary,
his espoused wife.*

“There burns a star o’er Bethlehem town—
See, O my eyes.
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a Virgin Mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek:
Burn on, O star, and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night.

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart.
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him our Saviour and our King,
And sweetly all this night they sing;
Sing as in rapture, angel throng;
That we may learn that heavenly song.

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree—
O heart, beat low.
And it shall stand on Calvary;
But from the shade thereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again,
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—
Hark, O my soul.
’Tis of the Babe that wears the crown;
It telleth us that man is free—
That He redeemeth all and me.
The night is sped—behold the morn—
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born.”
—EUGENE FIELD.

LUKE II. 7.

There was no room for them in the inn.

“Thou camest from Heaven to Earth, that
we
Might go from Earth to Heaven with Thee;
And though thou found’st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.”
—VAUGHAN.

“But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be;
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou
wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-
place.”

—KEBLE.

LUKE II. 15.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.

“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.”
—F. W. FABER.

LUKE II. 16.

And they found the babe lying in the manger.

“’Tis folly all!—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticoes, and roofs of gold:
Delightful views of nature, dressed by art,
Enchant no longer this indifferent heart;
The Lord of all things, in His humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering
wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all . . .
All, all have lost the charm they once pos-
sessed,
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast;
From Bethlehem’s bosom I no more will rove,
There dwells my Saviour, and there rests my
love.”
—MADAME DE GUYON (trans. by Cowper).

“It was not that I cared for Thee—
But thou didst set Thy heart upon
Me, even me
Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee
To leave Thy majesty and Throne,
And grow like me
A little One.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

“Feeding their sheep, they found the Shep-
herd Good,
Who gave His life a ransom for the sheep ;
The Shepherd who in love His scattered flock
Came down from heaven to gather and to
keep.

Feeding their sheep they find the fold of
heaven,

Which whoso enters shall go out no more ;
The living water there, the pastures green,
The soft fresh air of the celestial shore.”

—HORATIUS BONAR.

LUKE II. 25.

*And behold there was a man in Jerusalem ;
and the same man was waiting for the
consolation of Israel.*

“I am a watcher whose eyes have grown
dim
With looking for a star which breaks on him
Altered and worn and weak and full of
tears.”

—BROWNING : *Pauline*.

LUKE III. 16.

He shall baptize you . . . with fire.

“Enthusiasm’s the best thing, I repeat ;
Only, we can’t command it ; fire and life
Are all, dead matter’s nothing, we agree :
And be it a mad dream or God’s very
breath,

The fact’s the same—belief’s fire, once in us,
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself.”

—BROWNING : *Bishop Blougram’s Apology*.

LUKE IV. 9-10.

And the devil said unto Him . . . It is written.

“Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
And the shadows of the night,
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by.”

—SHELLEY : *Mask of Anarchy*.

LUKE IV. 43.

*I must preach the good tidings of the king-
dom of God to the other cities as well.*

“Ah, the key of our life, that passes all
wards, opens all locks,
Is not *I will*, but *I must*, I must—I must,
and I do it.”

—CLOUGH.

LUKE V. 13.

I will : be thou clean.

The *Cornhill Magazine*, some years ago,
contained a poem on Sister Rose Gertrude,
who devoted her life, like Father Damien,
to the poor lepers. The poem opened and
closed thus :—

“Sister Rose, when saw you the Lord ?
Did you gaze at Him coming from off the
hill
When the leper cried, and He said, ‘I
will :
Be clean !’ Or when did the angels meet
And strew the lilies about your feet,
And press your hands to the sword ?

It matters little : the angels came,
Passed through the streets of the troubled
town
To the quiet village beneath the Down ;
They touched your soul, and they opened
your eyes,
They fired an altar of sacrifice,
And cast your heart in the flame.

And ever since then your grey hills gleamed
 As grey as the native hills He knew,
 Who loved His friends to the death and
 drew
 The whole world after ; yea, yonder mill,
 With its arms outstretched on the top of
 the hill
 Like a cross in the darkness seemed."

LUKE VI. 22.

*Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you,
 and cast out your name as evil, for the
 Son of man's sake.*

"I swear to you I heard his voice between
 The thunders in the black Viragna-nights,
 'O soul of little faith, slow to believe!
 Have I not been about thee from thy birth?
 Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-Sea?
 Set thee in light till time shall be no more?
 Is it I who have deceived thee or the world?
 Endure! thou hast done so well for men,
 that men
 Cry out against thee: was it otherwise
 With mine own Son!'"

—TENNYSON: *Columbus*.

LUKE VI. 42.

*How canst thou say to thy brother, Brother,
 let me pull out the mote that is in thine
 eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the
 beam that is in thine own eye?*

"AJAX: I do hate a proud man, as I hate
 the engendering of toads.

"NESTOR: [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is't
 not strange?"

—SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida* (Act
 ii. Scene 3).

"Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy!
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me!
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to
 reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in
 love?"

But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you
 not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote, the king your mote did
 see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three."
 —SHAKESPEARE: *Love's Labour's Lost*
 (Act iv. Scene 3).

LUKE VII. 37 f.

*And behold, a woman which was in the city, a
 sinner, began to wet His feet with her tears.*

"When God, the ever-living, makes
 His home in deathly winter frost,
 And God, the ever-loving, wakes
 In hardening eyes of woman lost,
 Then through the midnight moves a wraith:
 Open the door, for this is Faith.

Open the door, and bring her in,
 And stir thy heart's poor fires that shrink.
 Oh, fear to see her pale and thin,
 Give love and dreams to eat and drink;
 For Faith may faint in wandering by—
 In that day thou shalt surely die."

—EDWARD ELLIS.

"Her art! whose pensive, weeping eyes,
 Were once sin's loose and tempting spies;
 But now are fixed stars, whose light
 Helps such dark stragglers to their sight."

—VAUGHAN.

"Why kept she not her tears for her own
 faults, and not His feet? . . .

Dear soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe
 and deigne

To bear her filth, and that her sins did
 dash

Ev'n God Himself; wherefore she was
 not loth,

As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash;

And yet in washing one she washèd both."

—GEORGE HERBERT.

LUKE VIII. 37.

*And all the people of the country of the Ger-
sanes asked him to depart from them.*

“Till even the witless Gadarene,
Preferring Christ to swine, shall learn
That life is sweetest when 'tis clean.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

LUKE IX. 29.

*The fashion of His countenance was altered,
and His raiment became white and daz-
zling.*

“This wall of solid flesh that comes between
your soul and mine,
Will vanish and give place to the beauty
that endures,
The beauty that endures on the Spiritual
height,
When we shall stand transfigured, like
Christ on Hermon hill.”

—TENNYSON: *Leper's Bride*.

LUKE IX. 42.

*And as he was yet a coming, the devil threw
him down, and tare him. And Jesus re-
buked the unclean spirit, and healed the
child.*

“Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *King John* (Act iii.
Scene 4).

LUKE X. 29.

Wishing to justify himself.

“Inclination snatches arguments,
To make indulgence seem judicious choice.”

—GEORGE ELIOT.

LUKE X. 31.

*And when he saw him, he passed by on the
other side.*

“Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou
that passest by,
Handling and turning them with an un-
wounded eye?”

—CRASHAW.

LUKE X. 34-35.

*And went to him and bound up his wounds . . .
and brought him to an inn, and took care
of him. And on the morrow . . .*

“'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Timon of Athens* (Act i.
Scene 1).

LUKE X. 37.

Go, and do thou likewise.

“What though thine arm has conquered in
the fight—

What though the vanquished yield unto thy
sway,

Or riches garnered pave thy golden way—
Not therefore hast thou gained the sovran
height

Of man's nobility! No halo's light
From these shall round thee shed its sacred
ray;

If these be all thy joy—then dark thy day,
And darker still thy swift approaching
night!

But if in thee more truly than in others
Hath sweet love's charity;—if by their aid
Others have passed above thee, and if thou,
Though victor, yieldest victory to thy
brothers,

Though conquering conquered, and a vassal
made—

Then take thy crown, well may'st thou wear
it now.”

—SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

LUKE X. 39.

Mary sat at the Lord's feet, and heard His word.

"'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

—COWPER.

LUKE X. 41.

And Jesus said unto her, Martha, Martha.

"The repetition of the name made known
No other than Christ's full affection."

—HERRICK.

LUKE XI. 1.

Teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

"We might not onward press,
To where he dwelt upon the mountain's
height,
Arrayed in holiness,
True priest, great prophet, stainless Nazarite.
Yet still, from that blest day,
We strove to curb the promptings of the
sense ;

Taught by him how to pray,
We climbed the lower slopes of excellence."

—E. H. PLUMPTER.

LUKE XV. 1 f.

Now all the publicans and sinners were drawing near unto Him for to hear Him.

"Seemeth not Love at times so occupied
For thee, as though it cared for none beside ?

To great and small things Love alike can
reach,

And cares for each as all, and all as each.

Love found me in the wilderness, at cost
Of painful quests, when I myself had lost.

Love on its shoulders joyfully did lay
Me, weary with the greatness of my way.

Love lit the lamp and swept the house all
round,

Till the lost money in the end was found.

Love the King's image there would stamp
again,

Effaced in part, and soiled with rust and
stain.

'Twas Love, whose quick and ever-watchful
eye

The wanderer's first step homeward did
espy.

From its own wardrobe Love gave word to
bring

What things I needed—shoes and robe and
ring."

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

LUKE XV. 18.

Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee.

"Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection a crime."

—BYRON : *The Corsair* (x.).

"The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox ;

I have been cunning in mine overthrow,

The careful pilot of my proper woe."

—BYRON.

LUKE XV. 19.

Make me as one of Thy hired servants.

"What I know of thee I bless,

As acknowledging thy stress

On my being, and as seeing

Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,

Bound on what thou hadst forbid ;

Sow the wind I would ; I sinned :

I repent of what I did.

Bad I am but yet thy child,
 Father, be thou reconciled.
 Spare thou me, since I see
 With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life left with me still,
 And thy purpose to fulfil ;
 Yes, a debt to pay thee yet ;
 Help me, sir, and so I will."

—GERALD HOPKINS.

LUKE XVI. 25.

Son, remember.

" Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu !
 Would I could add Remembrance too !"
 —BYRON.

LUKE XVI. 31.

*If they hear not Moses and the prophets,
 neither will they be persuaded, though one
 rose from the dead.*

" If our discretion tells us how to live,
 We need no ghost a helping hand to give ;
 But if discretion cannot us restrain,
 It then appears a ghost would come in vain."
 —CRABBE : *Tales of the Hall* (xvi.).

LUKE XVIII. 2.

*There was in a city a judge which feared not
 God, neither regarded man.*

" At last him chaunst to meete upon the
 way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters
 gay,
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every
 joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a
 point."
 —SPENSER : *Faerie Queene* (Bk. i. Canto ii.
 12).

LUKE XVIII. 10.

Two men went up into the temple to pray.

" Two went to pray ! O, rather say
 One went to brag, th' other to pray :
 One stands up close and treads on high,
 Where th' other dares not send his eye,
 One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God."

—CRASHAW.

LUKE XVIII. 35, 38.

*A certain blind man . . . cried, saying, Jesus,
 son of David, have mercy on me.*

" As Jesus went into Jericho town,
 'Twas darkness all, from toe to crown,
 About blind Bartimæus.
 He said, ' When eyes are so very dim,
 They are no use for seeing him ;
 No matter—he can see us.'

O Jesus Christ, I am very blind ;
 Nothing comes through into my mind ;
 'Tis well I am not dumb :
 Although I see thee not, nor hear,
 I cry, because thou mayst be near :
 O Son of Mary, come."

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

LUKE XX. 34 f.

*The children of this world marry and are given
 in marriage ; but they which shall be ac-
 counted worthy to obtain that world, and
 the resurrection from the dead, neither
 marry, nor are given in marriage ; neither
 can they die any more : for they are equal
 to the angels.*

" Marriage on earth seems such a counter-
 feit,
 Mere imitation of the inimitable :
 In heaven we have the real and true and
 sure.
 'Tis there they neither marry nor are given
 In marriage, but are as the angels : right,

Oh how right that is, how like Jesus Christ
To say that! Marriage-making for the earth,
With gold so much,—birth, power, repute
so much,

Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these!
Be as the angels rather who, apart,
Know themselves into one, are found at
length

Married, but marry never, no, nor give
In marriage; they are man and wife at
once

When the true time is."

—BROWNING: *The Ring and the Book* (vii.
1824-37).

LUKE XXI. 19.

In your patience possess ye your souls.

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great
hearts;

These are their stay, and when the leaden
world

Sets its hard face against this fateful
thought,

And brute strength, like a scornful con-
queror,

Clangs his huge mace down in the other
scale,

The inspired soul but flings his patience
in,

And slowly that outweighs the ponderous
globe—

One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

—LOWELL.

LUKE XXII. 31.

*Satan hath desired to have you, that he may
sift you as wheat.*

"In St. Luke's gospel we are told

How Peter in the days of old

Was sifted;

And now, though ages intervene,

Sin is the same, while time and scene

Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,

As wheat, to sift us, and we all

Are tempted;

Not one, however rich or great,

Is by his station or estate

Exempted."

—LONGFELLOW.

LUKE XXII. 61.

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.

"I think that look of Christ might seem to
say—

'Thou Peter! art thou then a common stone
Which I at last must break my heart
upon?'"

—E. B. BROWNING.

LUKE XXIII. 55.

*And the women . . . beheld the tomb and how
his body was laid.*

"Yet more than half

The victory is attained when one or two,

Through the fool's laughter and the
traitor's scorn,

Beside thy sepulchre can abide the morn,
Crucified Truth, when thou shalt rise anew."

—LOWELL.

JOHN.

JOHN I. 14.

*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt
among us.*

“The Father’s wisdom will’d it so,
The Son’s obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature :
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.”

—BEN JONSON.

JOHN I. 16.

And grace for grace.

“And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.”

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

“I know thy love hath broadened, yet
I know when it began,
It seemed the fulness of the grace
That could be granted man.”

—WILLIAM C. ROSCOE.

JOHN I. 50.

Thou shalt see greater things than these.

“As he who sails southwards, beholds, each
night,
New constellations rise, all clear and fair ;
So, o’er the waters of the world, as we

Reach the mid zone of life, or go beyond,
Beauty and bounty still beset our course ;
New beauties wait upon us everywhere ;
New lights enlighten and new worlds at-
tract.”

—BAILEY : *Festus.*

JOHN III. 1-2.

*Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, . . . came to
him by night.*

“Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o’er thy glorious
noon,
That men might look and live, as glowworms
shine
And face the moon :
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.”

—HENRY VAUGHAN.

JOHN III. 16.

*God so loved the world that he gave his only
begotten Son.*

“I do believe that die I must,
And be return’d from out my dust :
I do believe that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :
I do believe that I must come
With others to the dreadful Doome ;
I do believe the bad must goe
From thence to everlasting woe :
I do believe the good, and I,
Shall live with Him eternally :
I do believe I shall inherit
Heaven, by Christ’s mercies, not my merit ;
I do believe the One in Three,
And Three in perfect Unitie :

Lastly, that Jesus is a Deed
Of gift from God: And here's my creed."
—HERRICK.

JOHN IV. 37.

One soweth and another reapeth.

"Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown."
—CLOUGH.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.
What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made."
—WHITTIER.

JOHN V. 2 f.

*There is at Jerusalem . . . a pool, which is
called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda.*

"I need a cleansing change within—
My life must once again begin;
New hope I need, and youth renewed,
And more than human fortitude,—
New faith, new love, and strength to cast
Away the fetters of the past.
Ah! why did fabling Poets tell
That Lethe only flows in Hell? . . .
Ah no, but Lethe flows aloft
With lulling murmur, kind and soft . . .
It is the only fount of bliss
In all the human wilderness—
It is the true Bethesda—solely
Endued with healing might, and holy:—
Not once a year, but evermore—
Not one, but all men to restore."
—HARTLEY COLERIDGE: *Regeneration*.

"Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel by his glad descent
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went;
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save."
—BERNARD BARTON.

JOHN V. 17.

My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

"Ah little recks the laborer,
How near his work is holding him to God,
The loving Laborer through space and
time!"
—WALT WHITMAN.

JOHN VI. 68.

*Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to
whom shall we go? thou hast the words
of eternal life.*

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I
do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the
King.
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow
the King.
Else wherefore born?"
—TENNYSON: *Gareth and Lynette*.

JOHN IX. 4.

The night cometh, when no man can work.

"If I could live without the thought of
death,
Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,
I would not ask for other joy than breath
With light and sound of birds and the
sun's ray . . .
I could afford to wait, but for the hurt
Of this dull tick of time which chides my
ear.
But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt

And staff unlifted, for death stands too
near,
I must be up and doing—ay, each minute,
The grave gives time for rest when we are
in it.”

—W. S. BLUNT.

JOHN XI. 5.

*Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and
Lazarus.*

“True love in this differs from gold and
clay,
That to divide is not to take away.”

—SHELLEY.

JOHN XII. 24.

If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

William Caldwell Roscoe, in a poem
bearing these words as its title, compares
the soul to a seed, and closes with the
following stanzas:—

“Take then this seed, laid bare with pain,
Softened with suffering’s bitter rain,
And lay it in the abhorred earth
Of isolation, all this worth.

Throw on a spadeful of despair ;
Shut out the helpful healing air ;
In cold and darkness bury deep,
And bid the prisoner watch and weep.

Then, even then, mysterious love
Within the prison’s walls shall move ;
A new sensation, new desires,
Shall stir the soul with secret fires.

Sweet undiscovered hid relations ;
Not faint surmises, revelations,
Shall swell the soul beneath the sod
And it shall feel the living God.

Deep down in grief it strikes its roots,
Swift up to heaven its head it shoots,
Serenely spreads its boughs abroad
And fronts the chilly blast unawed.

O happy soul, thus sorely tried !
Happy, thou strangely dignified !
Come joy or grief, thou canst but see
A father leaning over thee.”

“Say, does this seed scorn earth and seek
the sun ?

Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there :
And thence rise, tree-like grow through
pain to joy,
More joy and most joy—do man good again.”

—BROWNING: *Balaustion’s Adventure*.

JOHN XIII. 10.

*He that is washed needeth not save to wash his
feet.*

“He that is washed needs but to wash his
feet,
And he is wholly clean. What words are
these ?

So hard, so dark, they warn us from the beat
Of outward sense, and bid us rise to seize
Some ray of light flashed downwards from
the sun
Of truth, eternal on the truthful one.

He that is washed needs but to wash his
feet ;
His comings and his goings must be clean,
His path still pure adown life’s crowded
street,

His track upon its mire and slime unseen.
Few are too weak or vile to purge their walk ;
Our Master did not mock us in His talk.

He bade us do the thing we *could*—no more ;
Be heedful of our outward ways and deeds.
Watch well our feet—that so He might
outpour

His Spirit for our spirits’ inward needs ;
Till we in Sabbath rest and peace should sit,
And hear the words, ‘Clean are ye every
whit’.”

—IDA PFEIFFER.

JOHN XIV. 22.

Judas (not Iscariot) saith to Him, Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, and not unto the world?

“The darkness of his kind
Filled him with such endless ruth,
That the very light of truth
Pained him walking 'mid the blind.”

—LORD HOUGHTON.

JOHN XIV. 30.

The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me.

“The prince of this world came, and nothing found

In thee, O Master; but, oh, woe is me!
He cannot pass me, on other business bound,
But, spying in me things familiar, he
Casts over me the shadow of his flight.”

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

JOHN XVI. 21.

A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but when she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.

“—A tremulous joy

Felt in the centre of that heavenly calm
With which by nature every mother's soul
Is stricken in the moment when her throes
Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
Which tells her that a living child is born;
And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the dread storm is weathered by them
both.”

—WORDSWORTH: *Excursion* (Bk. vii.).

JOHN XVII. 12.

While I was with them in the world I kept them in Thy name; those that Thou garest me I have kept, and none of them is lost.

“Who shall keep thy sheep,
Lord, and lose not one?
Who save one shall keep,
Lest the shepherd sleep?
Who beside the Son?

From the grave-deep wave,
From the sword and flame,
Thou, even thou, shalt save
Sons of king and slave
Only by Thy name.

Light not born with morn
Or her fires above,
Jesus, virgin-born,
Held of men in scorn,
Turn their scorn to love.

Bid our peace increase,
Thou that madest morn;
Bid depression cease;
Bid the night be peace;
Bid the day be born.”

—SWINBURNE.

JOHN XVII. 24.

Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.

“Heaven's portals wide expand to let him
in,

Nor are his friends shut out: as a great
prince

Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is there should his followers
be.

Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward
fears!

But not untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-
road

To bliss.”

—ROBERT BLAIR.

JOHN XIX. 26.

*When Jesus therefore saw His mother . . .
He saith to His mother,*

“O Christ of the five wounds,
Who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate,
mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes
turned away,
And no last word to say!”

—E. B. BROWNING: *Mother and Poet.*

JOHN XIX. 30.

He bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

“He spread His arms upon the Cross
To offer His embrace;
He bowed His head in death to us,
That we might see his face.”

—GERALD MASSEY.

JOHN XX. 16.

*Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned
herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni;
which is to say, Master.*

“O great good shepherd! so he came to meet
The sheep that cried to find him—so to greet
Her for whose need he was unseen so nigh.
He knows his sheep and calls them all by
name.”

—S. J. STONE.

JOHN XX. 21.

*Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto
you: as My Father hath sent Me, even so
send I you.*

“‘Peace be to you!’—their peace who stand
In sentry with God's sword in hand,
The peace of Christ's loved champions
warring in His sight.”

—KEBLE.

“'Tis loving and serving the highest and
best;
'Tis onward unswerving—and this is true
rest.”

—GOETHE.

JOHN XXI. 7.

*When Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord,
he girt his fisher's coat unto him (for he
was naked), and did cast himself into the
sea.*

“To him who longs unto his Christ to go,
Celerity even itself is slow.”

—HERRICK.

JOHN XXI. 22.

*If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that
to thee? Follow thou Me.*

“Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?”

—KEBLE.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

ACTS I. 26.

The lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles.

“ Let us moreover mind his fall,
Whose room Matthias got,
So to believe and fear withal,
That we forsake Thee not.
For titles, be they ne'er so high
Or great or sacred place,
Can no man's person sanctify
Without Thy special grace.”

—WITHER.

ACTS II. 3.

And there appeared unto them as it were cloven tongues of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

“ Not on one favour'd forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost.”

—WHITTIER.

ACTS V. 37.

He also perished, and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed.

“ His death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his
troops ;
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy
lead.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Second Part of Henry IV.* (Act i. Scene 1).

ACTS VII. 55.

But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God.

“ He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans.
Tho' cursed and scorn'd and bruised with
stones :

But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.”

—TENNYSON: *The Two Voices.*

ACTS VII. 57-58.

Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him.

“ For one moment afterward
A silence follow'd as of death, and then
A hiss as from a wilderness of snakes,
Then one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
And then a shower of stones that stoned
him dead,
And then once more a silence as of death.”

—TENNYSON: *St. Telemachus.*

ACTS VIII. 27, 38.

And behold, a man of Ethiopia . . . And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch ; and he baptized him.

“ Let it no longer be a forlorn hope
To wash an Ethiop.”

—CRASHAW.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

ACTS IX. 31.

Then had the churches rest.

“After long stormes and tempests over-
blowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth
cleare :
So when as fortune all her spight hath
showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes
appare :
Else should afflicted wightes oftines des-
peire.”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. v. Canto
iii. 1).

ACTS IX. 36.

This woman was full of good deeds.

“Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem
to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth.”

—LOWELL.

ACTS X. 4.

*Thy prayers and thine alms are gone up for a
memorial before God.*

“Man is God’s image ; but a poore man is
Christ’s stamp to boot ; both images re-
gard.

God reckons for him, count the favour His ;
Write, ‘So much giv’n to God’ : thou
shalt be heard.

Let thy alms go before and keep heaven’s
gate

Open for thee ; or both may come too late.”

—HERBERT.

ACTS XII. 1, 23.

*Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex
certain of the church. . . . And he was
eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.*

“To-day

Stern is the tyrant’s mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow
comes !

That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past : that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that
arm

The worm has made his meal.”

—SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

ACTS XII. 2.

*He killed James the brother of John with the
sword.*

“Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David’s royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not,
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard ; and willed that James should
fall

First prey of Satan’s rage ;
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above,
Before the Conqueror’s throne :
Thus God grants prayer ; but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.”

—NEWMAN.

ACTS XII. 3.

*When he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded
to seize Peter also.*

“Praise, too dearly lov’d, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblessed,
Leans for all pleasure on another’s breast.”

—GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*, 269 f.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

ACTS XII. 21-22.

*And Herod . . . made an oration unto them.
And the people gave a shout, saying, It is
the voice of a god, and not of a man.*

“ They do abuse the king that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
 glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may
 err.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Pericles* (Act i. Scene 2).

ACTS XV. 29.

*And there arose a sharp contention, so that
they parted asunder one from the other.*

“ Alas ! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;
That stood the storm when winds were
 rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.”

—MOORE.

ACTS XVI. 26.

*And suddenly there was a great earthquake,
. . . and immediately all the doors were
opened, and everyone's bands were loosed.*

“ Never was dungeon so obscurely deep,
Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep.
Never did moone so ebb, or seas so wane,
But they left Hope-seed to fill up agayne.
So you, my Lord, though you have had your
 stay,
Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe ;
 you may
Spring up afresh . . . as when

That Earthquake shook the house, and gave
the stout
Apostles, way (unshackled) to goe out.”
—HERRICK: *Upon the Bishop of Lincoln's
Imprisonment.*

“ Paul and Silas in their prison
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.”
—LONGFELLOW.

ACTS XVII. 24.

*The God that made the world and all things
therein dwelleth not in temples made with
hands.*

“ Oh, lowly ignorance !
To think the Being who could fashion us,
Give us impassioned minds, affections strong,
Put fire into the sun, and poise the world,
Garnish the seasons, and clothe all the earth
Varied and beauteous, and over all
Cast such a canopy as this above,
Would meanly hide Him in an idol's
 shrine !”
—C. J. WELLS.

ACTS XVII. 25.

*He giveth to all life, and breath, and all
things.*

“ O Source divine and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know Thee truly but in this—
That Thou bestowest all our good.
And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.”
—JOHN STERLING.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

ACTS XVII. 27.

If haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.

“And blest are they,
Who in this fleshly world, the elect of
heaven,
Their strong eye darting through the deeds
of men,
Adore with steadfast unpresuming gaze
Him Nature’s essence, mind, and energy!
And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend
Treading beneath their feet all visible things
As steps, that upward to their Father’s
throne
Lead gradual—else not glorified nor loved.”
—COLERIDGE: *Religious Musings*.

ACTS XVII. 30.

But now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent.

“But let not him that shares a brighter day
Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his base stupidity no crime.”
—COWPER.

ACTS XX. 19.

Ye yourselves know after what manner I have been with you, serving the Lord with many tears . . . and how I have taught you publicly and from house to house.

“In his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch’d and wept, he pray’d and felt for
all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.”
—GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Village*, 165 f.

ACTS XX. 19.

Serving the Lord with all humility of mind.

“He never knew what Envy was or Hate.
His soul was filled with Worth and Honesty,
And with another thing quite out of date,
Called Modesty.”

—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM: *Epitaph on Lord Fairfax*.

ACTS XX. 24.

Neither count I my life dear unto myself.

“Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do
suppose

What hath been cannot be.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *All’s Well that Ends Well* (Act i. Scene 1).

ACTS XXI. 13.

*What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?
for I am ready not to be bound only, but
also to die at Jerusalem for the name of
the Lord Jesus.*

“Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
’Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

ACTS XXI. 39.

I am a citizen of no mean city.

“City! I am true son of thine;
Ne’er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens:
Ne’er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne’er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.”

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

ACTS XXII. 20.

I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death.

“Some must fall as thou hast fallen ; some
Remain to fight and fall another day ;
And some go down in peace to their long
rest.

If 'twere not now, it would be still to come,
And whether now, or when thy hairs were
grey,
Were fittest for thee, God alone knows
best.”

—R. H. STODDARD.

ACTS XXVI. 19.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

“The thing is done,
Which undone, these our latter days had
risen
On barren souls.”

—KEATS.

ACTS XXVIII. 3.

But when Paul had gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, a viper came out and fastened on his hand.

“Secure in his prophetic strength,
The water peril o'er,
The many-gifted man at length
Stept on the promised shore.

He trod the shore ; but not to rest,
Nor wait till angels came ;
Lo ! humblest pains the saint attest,
The firebrands and the flame.

But when he felt the viper's smart,
Then instant aid was given ;
Christian, hence learn to do thy part,
And leave the rest to heaven.”

—NEWMAN.

ACTS XXVIII. 15.

When the brethren heard of us they came to meet us . . . whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.

“World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace,
Till God's own smile came out :
That was thy face !”

—BROWNING.

ROMANS.

ROM. I. 20.

For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.

“I can but lift the torch
Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life,
And gaze on this great miracle, the World,
Adoring That who made, and makes, and is,
And is not, what I gaze on.”

—TENNYSON: *Akbar's Dream*.

“I have wondered oft
How many tribes and nations overlook
God's greatness in His works, and cast the
praise
Upon some lifeless object deified—
Out of the grossness of their earthward
mind.”

—C. J. WELLS.

ROM. I. 21.

Knowing God, they glorified Him not as God.

“I too have strength—
Strength to behold Him and not worship
Him,
Strength to fall from Him and not cry on
Him,
Strength to be in the universe and yet
Neither God nor His servant.”

—E. B. BROWNING: *A Drama of Exile*.

ROM. II. 4.

*The goodness of God leadeth thee to
repentance.*

“If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.”

—GEORGE HERBERT.

ROM. III. 28.

*A man is justified by faith without the deeds
of the law.*

“Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths
below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that smile and rest on hill-tops
high,
Wisdom at once and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the eternal shore?”

—CLOUGH.

ROM. V. 3.

Let us also rejoice in our tribulations.

“Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go.”

—BLAKE: *Auguries of Innocence*.

“I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;

Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,

With emptied arms and treasures lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

—E. B. BROWNING.

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,

And shut the sky and landscape from their view. . . .

Be still and strong,

O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,

That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death."

—E. B. BROWNING.

ROM. v. 7.

Peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head."

—WHITTIER.

ROM. v. 11.

Alire unto God in Christ Jesus.

"No extramural God, the God within
Alone gives aid to city charged with sin."

—MEREDITH.

ROM. vi. 20.

When ye were servants of sin, ye were free in regard of righteousness.

"Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or stray compunction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control ;

But in the quietness of thought :

Me this unchartered freedom tires,

I feel the weight of chance desires ;

My hopes no more must change their name,

I long for a repose that ever is the same."

—WORDSWORTH : *Ode to Duty.*

ROM. VI. 21.

These things whereof ye are now ashamed.

"Because I knew not when my life was good,

And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,

O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me,

In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,

O Lord, I do repent."

—SARAH WILLIAMS.

ROM. VII. 18 f.

How to perform that which is good I find not.

"A soul confined by bars and bands,
Cries help! O help! and wrings her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.

Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heartsick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favour comes, nor word of grace.

It was not I that sinned the sin,
The ruthless body dragged me in ;
Though long I strove courageously,
The body was too much for me.

Dear prisoned soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace :
To set thee free and bear thee home,
The heavenly pardoner death shall come."

—WALT WHITMAN.

ROM. VII. 19.

For the good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I practise.

“He knows a baseness in his blood,
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.”

—TENNYSON.

ROM. VIII. 2.

The law of the Spirit of life.

“Know

That He who gave us life ordained us law.
‘Law! and is law then but to bind and freeze?

By law the lightning spurts, and the earth quakes,

And the spring surges through a million buds;

And law is filled with rushings and with thunder.’”

—STEPHEN PHILLIPS: *The Sin of David.*

ROM. VIII. 19.

The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

“Pellucid thus in saintly trance,
Thus mute in expectation,
What waits the earth? Deliverance?
Ah no! Transfiguration!

She dreams of that ‘new earth’ divine,
Conceived of seed immortal;
She sings, ‘Not mine the holier shrine,
Yet mine the steps and portal!’”

—AUBREY DE VERE.

“In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. . . .
Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love, this quenchless faith

In Thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld,
withhold not from us

Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,

Health, peace, salvation universal.

Is it a dream?

Nay but the lack of it the dream,

And failing it life’s lore and wealth a dream,

And all the world a dream.”

—WALT WHITMAN.

ROM. IX. 18-21.

Whom He will He hardeneth.

“It is the will of God, and we are clay
In the potter’s hands; and, at the worst,
are made

From absolute nothing, vessels of disgrace,
Till His most righteous purpose wrought in us,

Our purified spirits find their perfect rest.”

—CHARLES LAMB.

ROM. IX. 20.

Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why didst thou make me thus?

“Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;

And shall it to the potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,

To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.”

—LONGFELLOW.

ROM. x. 6 f.

Say not, Who shall ascend into heaven?

“It were a vain endeavour
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west :
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains
are within.”

—COLERIDGE.

“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.”

—LORD HOUGHTON.

ROM. xii. 2.

By the renewing of your mind.

“For what is true repentance but in
thought—
Not even in inmost thought—to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to
us.”

—TENNYSON.

ROM. xii. 15.

Rejoice with them that rejoice.

“And sometimes
'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
That we may lift the soul, and contemplate
With lively joy the joys we cannot share.”

—COLERIDGE.

ROM. xiii. 1.

The powers that be are ordained of God.

“Yes, mark the word, deem not that saints
alone
Are heaven's true servants, and His laws
fulfil
Who rules o'er just and wicked. He from
ill

Culls good ; He moulds the Egyptian's
heart of stone

To do Him honour, and e'en Nero's throne
Claims as His ordinance ; before Him still
Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
Most does His bidding, following most its
own.”

—HURRELL FROUDE.

ROM. xv. 3.

Christ also pleased not Himself.

“He so farre thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot :
Did He die, or did He not ?”

—GEORGE HERBERT.

“O Lord, that I could waste my life for
others,

With no ends of my own ;
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou livedst ; self-abjuring,
Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom en-
during,
A life without self-pleasing.”

—F. W. FABER.

ROM. xv. 4.

*Whatsoever things were written aforetime
were written for our learning.*

“For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne from yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.”

—CHAUCER : *Assembly of Foules.*

ROM. xv. 13.

*Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and
peace in believing.*

“Why to God's goodness cannot we be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new ?”

—WORDSWORTH.

ROM. XV. 25.

*Now I go unto Jerusalem to minister unto the
saints.*

“All worldly joyes go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.”
—HERBERT.

ROM. XVI. 3.

*Salute Prisca and Aquila, my fellow-workers
in Christ Jesus.*

“Nor unto manhood’s heart alone
The holy influence steals :
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels !
As she who by Samaria’s wall,
The Saviour’s errand sought,—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought.”
—WHITTIER.

ROM. XVI. 13.

*Salute Rufus the chosen in the Lord, and his
mother and mine.*

“Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of ‘mother,’
Therefore by that dear name I long have
called you—

You who are more than mother unto me.”
—E. A. POE.

ROM. XVI. 19.

*I would have you wise unto that which is good,
and simple concerning evil.*

“Apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked ; and of her roving is no end,
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she
learn
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom : what is more is fame,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.”
—MILTON : *Paradise Lost* (viii.).

1 CORINTHIANS.

1 COR. I. 18, 20.

For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness. . . . Where is the wise? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?

Cf. Cowley's apostrophe to Brutus:—

“The time's set forth already which shall quell

Stiff reason, when it offers to rebel ;

Which these great secrets shall unseal,

And new philosophies reveal.

A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,

Would have confounded human virtue's pride,

And shew'd thee a God crucified.”

—COWLEY.

1 COR. I. 26.

Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh.

“Were this the charter of our state,

‘On pain o’ hell be rich and great,’

Damnation then would be our fate,

Beyond remead ;

But, thanks to Heaven! that's no the gate

We learn our creed.”

—BURNS.

1 COR. II. 9.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

“A deep below the deep,
And a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.”

—TENNYSON: *The Voice and the Peak.*

1 COR. VI. 19.

Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you.

“Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same.

O Father, grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into human forms.”

—O. W. HOLMES.

1 COR. VIII. 1.

Knowledge puffeth up.

“In him goodness joy'd to see
Learning learn humility.”

—CRASHAW.

I CORINTHIANS

I COR. IX. 24.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

“Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life’s mad career,
Wild as the waves;
Here pause—and, thro’ the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain’d his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom’s root.”

—BURNS.

I COR. IX. 27.

Lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

“‘Lest that by any means
When I have preached to others, I myself
Should be a castaway.’ If some one now
Would take that text and preach to us that
preach—

. . . Yes I preach to others
And am—I know not what—a Castaway?
No, but a man who feels his heart asleep,
As he might feel his hand or foot. The limb
Will not awake without a little shock,
A little pain perhaps, a nip or blow,
And that one gives and feels the waking
pricks.

But for one’s heart I know not. I can give
No shock to make mine prick.”

—AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

“O ship of my soul, storm-tossed
In the far and the fearful nights!
Lost, lost in the blackness! lost
In sight of the harbour lights.”

—F. L. STANTON.

I COR. X. 13.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

“Allegiance
Tempted too far is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil; as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,
So trust enforced too far proves treachery.”

—MASSINGER: *The Great Duke of Florence*
(Act ii. Scene 3).

I COR. XI. 1.

Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.

“The King will follow Christ, and we the
King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret
thing.”

—TENNYSON.

I COR. XII. 6.

There are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all.

“Oh to be like my Lord! Yet must I be
Mine own self too,
And to the nature He bestowed on me
Be frankly true.

The olive fruits not as the clustering vine;
Nor may we get
Scent of the rose or lily from woodbine,
Or violet.”

—W. C. SMITH.

I COR. XIII. 1.

Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

“But was it thou—I think
Surely it was!—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss.”
—M. ARNOLD: *Heine's Grave.*

I COR. XIII. 3.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

“’Tis love, not years or limb that can
Make the martyr, or the man.”
—CRASHAW: *Hymn to Saint Teresa.*

“Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister’s fame:
Her superfluity the poor supplies,
But, if she touch a character, it dies.”
—COWPER.

I COR. XIII. 7.

Love . . . believeth all things.

“Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a ’scutcheon’s dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield.”
—COVENTRY PATMORE.

I COR. XIII. 12.

Now we see through a glass, darkly.

“O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, through the feeble twilight of this
world

Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen.”
—TENNYSON.

Now I know in part, but then shall I know.

“What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched ’neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof!
Still we say as we go,—
‘Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day.’”
—D. G. ROSSETTI.

But then face to face.

“O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of
life!
O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though
late,
Even yet renew this soul with duteous
breath:
That when the peace is garnered in from
strife,
The work retrieved, the will regenerate,
This soul may see thy face, O Lord
of death.”
—D. G. ROSSETTI.

I COR. XIII. 13.

The greatest of these is love.

“The summer of the heart is late or soon,
The fever in the blood is less or more;
But while the moons of time shall fill and
wane,
While there is earth below and heaven
above,
Wherever man is true and woman fair,
Through all the circling cycles Love is Love!

And when the stars have flower'd and fallen
 away,
 And of this earthly ball
 A little dust upon eternity
 Is all that shall remain,
 Love shall be Love . . .
 And we, whose wonted eyes
 Seek vainly the familiar universe,
 Shall feel the living worlds in the immortal
 soul."

—SYDNEY DOBELL.

1 COR. XIV. 19.

I had rather speak five words with my understanding . . . than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.

"Resign the rhapsody, the dream,
 To men of larger reach ;
 Be ours the quest of a plain theme,
 The piety of speech."

—R. L. STEVENSON.

1 COR. XV. 19.

If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable.

"Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
 We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
 And most beliefless that had most believed."

—CLOUGH.

1 COR. XV. 25.

For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet.

Contrast with this expectation the closing stanzas of Shelley's *Hellas*, where the poet predicts that :—

"Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time

Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime ;
 And leave, if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love, their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued."

1 COR. XV. 31.

I die daily.

"Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth* (Act iv. Scene 3).

1 COR. XV. 32.

Let us eat and drink ; for to-morrow we die.

Compare the song of the islanders in Byron's *The Island* (second canto) :—

"But feast to-night ! to-morrow we depart.
 Strike up the dance ! the carved bowl fill high !
 Drain every drop !—to-morrow we may die."

1 COR. XV. 52.

We shall all be changed, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.

"Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of the wars,
 When as order'd forward, after a long march,
 Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt for the night,
 Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun and knapsack, dropping asleep in our tracks.
 Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up begin to sparkle.

Outposts of pickets posted surrounding
 alert through the dark,
 And a word provided for countersign, careful
 for safety,
 Till to the call of the drummer at daybreak
 loudly beating the drums,
 We rise up refreshed, the night and sleep
 pass'd over, and resume our journey,
 Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
 Which the days of peace keep filling, and
 the days of war keep filling,
 With a mystic army (is it too order'd
 forward? is it too only halting awhile,
 Till night and sleep pass over?) . . .

For presently, O soldiers, we too camp in
 our place in the bivouac-camps of
 green,
 But we need not provide for outposts, nor
 word for the countersign,
 Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.”
 —WALT WHITMAN.

1 COR. XV. 57.

*But thanks be to God which giveth us the
 victory.*

“They talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—
 Pain dies as quickly: stern, hard-featured
 pain
 Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.
 The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
 And after dreams of horror, comes again
 The welcome morning with its rays of
 peace.”

—W. C. BRYANT.

1 COR. XV. 58.

*Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not
 in vain in the Lord.*

“Happy is he who, caring not for Pope,
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
 The destiny of Man and live in hope.”

—WORDSWORTH.

“Ah yes! some of us strive
 Not without action to die
 Fruitless, but something to snatch
 From dull oblivion, not all
 Glut the devouring grave!”

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

2 CORINTHIANS.

2 COR. IV. 17.

*Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and
eternal weight of glory.*

“What if some little payne the passage
have,
That makes frail flesh to feare the bitter
wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that brings
long ease,
And layes the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please.”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. i. Canto
ix. 40).

“He felt assured
Of happy times, when all he had endur’d
Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.”
—KEATS: *Endymion*.

2 COR. IV. 18.

*While we look not at the things which are seen,
but at the things which are not seen: for
the things which are seen are temporal;
but the things which are not seen are
eternal.*

“Eyes deep and wistful, as of those who
drink
Waters of hidden wisdom, night and day,
And live twain lives, conforming as they
may,
In diligence and due observances,
To ways of men; yet, not at one with these,
But ever straining past the things that
seem,
To that which Is—the Truth behind the
Dream.”
—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD: *Light of the World*.

“Whose mind is but the mind of his own
eyes,
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet.”
—WORDSWORTH.

2 COR. VI. 2.

Behold, now is the day of salvation.

“I heard God often say,
Now, of salvation is the day,—
But turn’d from heaven my view,
I still had something else to do;
Till God a dream instructive sent,
To warn me timely to repent.

Methought Death, with his dart,
Had mortally transfixed my heart;
And devils round about,
To seize my spirit flying out,
Cried, ‘Now, of which you took no care,
Is turn’d to *Never* and despair!’

I gave a sudden start,
And waked, with *Never* in my heart:
Still I that *Never* felt,
Never upon my spirit dwelt;—
A thousand thanks to God I paid,
That my sad *Never* was delay’d.”

—KEN.

2 COR. VI. 4.

*Approving ourselves as ministers of God, in
much patience, in afflictions, in neces-
sities, in distresses.*

“Fain had I been to shrink with coward
mind
Not merely from an idle world’s turmoil,
But even from friendly greetings of my kind,
Yea, quite to shun my life’s appointed toil.

But when hereafter shall to me betide
 Sorrow or pain, oh then not any more
 May I so seek to thrust my tasks aside ;
 Oh then may I retain a nobler lore—
 From common burdens no exemption ask,
 But in sustaining them best comfort find ;
 As knowing life has evermore a task
 Which must be done—with glad or sorrow-
 ing mind.”
 —ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

2 COR. VI. 17.

*Touch not the unclean thing; and I will
 receive you.*

“ For most men carry things so even
 Between this world and hell and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it.”
 —SAMUEL BUTLER.

2 COR. XI. 5.

*Casting down every high thing that is exalted
 against the knowledge of God.*

“ They build each other up with dreadful
 skill,
 As bastions set point blank against God’s
 will ;
 Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
 Deeply resolved to shut a Saviour out.”
 —COWPER.

2 COR. XI. 29.

Who is weak, and I am not weak?

“ Bitterly, deeply I’ve drunk of thy woe ;
 When thy stream was troubled, did mine
 calmly flow ?”

—EMILY BRONTË.

2 COR. XII. 20.

*For I fear, lest, when I come, I shall not find
 you such as I would, and that I shall be
 found unto you such as ye would not.*

“ A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,
 Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,
 Though justice guides the stroke.”

—SHELLEY : *Charles the First.*

2 COR. XII. 21.

Many have not repented.

“ God and the world they worship still to-
 gether ;
 Draw not their lawes to Him, but His to
 theirs ;
 Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither ;
 Amid their own desires still raising feares ;
 Unwise, as all distracted powers be ;
 Strangers to God, fooles to humanitie.”
 —LORD BROOKE.

GALATIANS.

GAL. III. 3 and v. 7.

Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect in the flesh? Ye did run well; who did hinder you?

“Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course,
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?”
—MASSINGER: *The Virgin Martyr* (Act v.).

GAL. IV. 16.

Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?

“O Britons! O my brethren! I have told
Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.”
—COLERIDGE: *Fears in Solitude*.

GAL. V. 14.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

“God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another stir, and still another spreads;

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race.”
—POPE.

GAL. VI. 1.

Restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

“Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.”
—GRAY: *Hymn to Adversity*.

GAL. VI. 8.

He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

“The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.”
—BYRON: *Childe Harold* (iv. 10).

GAL. VI. 9.

Let us not be weary in well-doing.

“All things weary me on earth,
But good things most of all.

For goodness all ignoble seems,
Ungenerous and small,
And the holy are so wearisome,
Their very virtues pall.”

—F. W. FABER.

EPHESIANS.

EPH. I. 21.

*Far above all rule, and authority, and power,
and dominion.*

“Those long-forgotten Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,

Existences that live and move in realms
As far beyond our thought as Europe lies
Beyond the comprehension of the worm.”

—ALFRED NOYES.

EPH. IV. 2-4.

*Forbearing one another in love; endeavouring
to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond
of peace. There is one body and one
Spirit . . . one Lord, one faith.*

“Christ’s⁶¹⁰³ faith makes but one body of all
souls,
And Love’s that body’s soul.”

—CRASHAW.

EPH. IV. 26.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

“Then homeward and to bed :
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
‘Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,’
Said, ‘Love, forgive him’ : but he did not
speak ;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.”

—TENNYSON : *Sea Dreams*.

EPH. V. 2.

*Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us and
hath given Himself for us.*

“Most glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this
day,

Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win :

This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin ;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest
dye,

Being with thy deare blood clene washt
from sin,

May live for ever in felicity !

And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst
buy,

With love may one another entertayne !
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought :
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.”

—SPENSER : *Sonnets* (lxviii.).

EPH. VI. 2-3.

*Honour thy father and mother, which is the
first commandment with promise, that it
may be well with thee, and thou mayest
live long on the earth.*

“The promise on the Mount vouchsafed,
Nor abrogate by any later law

Reveal’d to man . . . that promise,⁶¹⁰⁴ as by
thee

Full piously deserved, was faithfully
In thee fulfilled, and in the land

Thy days were long.”

—SOUTHEY : *Dedication of “Colloquies”*.

EPHESIANS

EPH. VI. 9.

*And ye masters, do the same things unto them,
forbearing threatening.*

“Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters . . . but man to
man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the suffering of his slave ;
Since pride stepped in and riot, and o’er-
turned
This goodly frame of concord, teaching
masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command.”

—MASSINGER: *The Bondman* (Act iv.
Scene 2).

EPH. VI. 11.

*Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may
be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.*

“Quench not out
The holy fires within you, though tempta-
tions
Shower down upon you ! Clasp thine armour
on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these
wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams and thy feet touch
stars.”

—MASSINGER: *The Virgin Martyr* (Act ii.
Scene 2).

“O clothe us with thy heavenly armour,
Lord,

Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;

We ask no victories that are not Thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.”

—J. W. CHADWICK.

EPH. VI. 24.

*Grace be with all them that love our Lord
Jesus Christ in sincerity.*

“Time will, we know, to beauty work de-
spite,

And youthful bloom will take with him its
flight ;

But love shall still subsist, and, undecay’d,
Feel not one change of all that Time has
made.”

—CRABBE: *Lines written at Warwick.*

“The clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and
creeds ;

Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counting in task-field and o’er peopled
town.”

—J. G. WHITTIER.

“Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there ;

Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.”

—HERBERT.

PHILIPPIANS.

PHIL. I. 18.

*What then? only that in every way, whether
in pretence or in truth, Christ is pro-
claimed; and therein I rejoice, now, and
will rejoice.*

“Purge vanity away and the weak care
That name or fame of me should widely
spread;

And the deep wish keep burning in their stead
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,

Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith or love, delay

My own steps in that high, thought-paven
way,

In which my soul her clear commission sees:

Yet with an equal joy let me behold

Thy chariots o'er that way by others roll'd.”

—SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

PHIL. I. 23.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.

“I know my state, both full of shame and
scorn,

Conceived in sin and unto labour born,

Standing with fear, and must with horror
fall,

And destined unto judgment, after all.

I feel my grief too, and there scarce is
ground

Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound;—

Yet dare I not complain or wish for death,

With holy Paul, lest it be thought the
breath

Of discontent; or that these prayers be

For weariness of life, not love of Thee.”

—BEN JONSON: *The Forest*.

“O let me—like him—know my end!

And be as glad to find it:

And whatso'er Thou shalt commend

Still let thy servant mind it!

Then make my soul white as his own,

My faith as pure and steady,

And deck me, Lord, with the same crown

That has crown'd him already.”

—VAUGHAN.

PHIL. II. 2.

*Be likeminded, having the same love, being of
one accord, of one mind.*

“And whoever in Love's City

Enters, finds but Room for One,

And but in Oneness Union.”

—FITZGERALD.

PHIL. II. 4.

*Look not every man on his own things, but every
man also on the things of others.*

“Each bliss unshared is unenjoyed,

Each power is weak, unless employed

Some social good to gain.”

—W. WHITEHEAD.

PHIL. II. 26.

*He was sore troubled, because he had heard that
he was sick.*

“I love you so

That I in your sweet thoughts would be for-
got

If thinking on me then should make you
woe.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnets* (lxxi.).

PHILIPPIANS

PHIL. III. 10.

*That I may know Him . . . and the fellowship
of His sufferings.*

“For He who once a Heavenly Child
Came to a world not clad in bright
Spring blossoms nor in gay leaves dight,
But to its winter bleak and wild,

To faithful hearts comes evermore
When grief has touched with finger sere
The glories of life's earlier year,
As never He had come before.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

PHIL. III. 19.

*Whose end is destruction, whose god is their
belly, and whose glory is in their shame,
who mind earthly things.*

“The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate ;
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding-sheet ;
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Shall dance before dead England's hearse.”

—BLAKE : *Auguries of Innocence.*

PHIL. IV. 6.

With thanksgiving.

“But wind-strown blossom is that good
Whose apple is not gratitude.”

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

PHIL. IV. 7.

*The peace of God, which passeth all understand-
ing, shall keep your hearts and minds
through Christ Jesus.*

“The hold that falls not when the town is
got,
The heart's heart, whose immurèd plot
Hath keys yourself keep not !
Its keys are at the cincture hung of God ;
Its gates are trepidant to His nod ;
By Him its floors are trod.”

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PHIL. IV. 12-13.

*I know both how to be abused, and I know how
to abound: every where and in all things I
am instructed both to be full and to be
hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.
I can do all things through Christ, which
strengtheneth me.*

Compare Longfellow's version of Santa
Teresa's book-mark :—

“Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee ;
All things are passing ;
God never changeth ;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things ;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting ;
Alone God sufficeth.”

COLOSSIANS.

COL. I. 19.

*It pleased the Father that in Him should all
fulness dwell.*

“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.

COL. II. 9-10.

*For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-
head bodily. And ye are complete in Him.*

“That all things thou dost fill, I well may
think—
Thy power doth reach me in so many ways.
Thou who in one the universe dost bind,
Passest through all the channels of my
mind.”

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

COL. III. 5.

Coretousness, which is idolatry.

“Ye have made yourselves a god of gold
and silver ;
And from the idolater how differ ye,
Save that he one, and ye a hundred wor-
ship ?”

—DANTE’S *Inferno*, ix. 112 f. (tr. Long-
fellow).

COL. III. 11.

Where there cannot be Greek or Jew.

“No more Jew or Greek then—taunting
Nor taunted ;—no more England nor France !
But one confederate brotherhood planting
One flag only, to mark the advance
Onward and upward, of all humanity.
For civilization perfected
Is fully developed Christianity.
‘Measure the frontier,’ shall it be said,
‘Count the ships,’ in national vanity ?
—Count the nation’s heart-beats sooner.”

—E. B. BROWNING.

COL. III. 12.

*Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and
beloved, humbleness of mind, meekness.*

“Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy
glorie.

Frailtie gets pardon by submissiveness ;
But he that boasts shuts that out of his
storie ;

He makes flat warre with God, and doth
defie

With his poor clod of earth the spacious
skie.”

—HERBERT : *The Church Porch.*

COL. III. 19.

*Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter
against them.*

“The man was angry with himself,
With her, with all the world and much be-
side :

And so the unseemly words were inter-
changed

Which crystallize what else evaporates,
And make mere misty petulance grow hard
And sharp inside each softness, heart and
soul."

—BROWNING: *Red Cotton Night-Cap
Country* (iii.).

COL. III. 22.

*Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in
singleness of heart, fearing the Lord.*

"The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Their master's and their mistress's commaud,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' art o' sight, to jauk or
play;

And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway."

—BURNS: *The Cottar's Saturday Night*.

COL. IV. 6.

Know how ye ought to answer every man.

"Maturer optics don't delight
In childish dim religious light,
In evanescent vague effects
That shirk, not face, one's intellects."

—CLOUGH.

COL. IV. 17.

*Say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry
which thou hast received in the Lord,
that thou fulfil it.*

"Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my
carnal sense;

I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness
light;

Give me the power to labour for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot
speak;

Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the
foolish, mind;

And lead still further on such as thy king-
dom seek."

—THEODORE PARKER.

1 THESSALONIANS.

1 THESS. IV. 9, v. 19.

Ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another. Quench not the Spirit.

“Thanks to God
And love to man—from man take these
away,
And what is man worth?”
—BROWNING: *Perishtah's Fancies*.

1 THESS. IV. 13.

I would not have ye to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

“Hope's the lamp I'll take for sleeping,
When I wish the world good-night.”
—ERNEST C. JONES.

“Sustain this heart in us that faints,
Thou God, the self-existent!
We catch up wild at parting saints,
And feel Thy heaven too distant!

The wind that swept them out of sin
Has ruffled all our vesture:
On the shut door that let them in
We beat with frantic gesture.

But God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers promise,
And Hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone from us.”
—E. B. BROWNING.

1 THESS. V. 2.

The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.

“Earth must show
All signs of meaning to pursue
Her tasks as she was wont to do
—The skylark, taken by surprise
As we ourselves, shall recognize

Sudden the end. For suddenly
It comes; the dreadful must be
In that; all warrants the belief—
‘At night it cometh like a thief’.
I fancy why the trumpet blows;
—Plainly, to wake one. From repose
We shall start up, at last awake
From life, that insane dream we take,
For waking now, because it seems.”
—BROWNING.

1 THESS. V. 6.

Let us watch.

“Chance will not do the work. Chance
sends the breeze,
But if the pilot slumber at the helm
The very wind that wafts us towards the
port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's
part
Is vigilance, blow it or rough or smooth.”
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1 THESS. V. 16-17.

Rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks.

“If we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are:
If never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire throne,—this were to pray
indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.”
—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

2 THESSALONIANS.

2 THESS. I. 4.

Your patience and faith in all your persecutions and in the affliction which ye endure.

“Patience must dwell with Love, for Love and Sorrow
Have pitched their tent together here ;
Love all alone will build a house to-morrow,
And sorrow be not near.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

2 THESS. I. 7-8.

At the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of His power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God, and to them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus.

“And dare ye deem God’s ire must cease
In Christ’s new realm of peace ?
’Tis true, beside the scorner’s gate
The Lord longsuffering deigned to wait,
Nor on the guilty town
Called the stern fires of old Elijah down :
A victim not a judge, He came,
With his own blood to slake th’ avenging
flame.

Now, by those hands so rudely rent
The bow of Heaven is bent ;
And ever and anon His darts
Find out even here the faithless hearts,
Now gliding silently,
Now rushing loud, and blazing broad and
high,
A shower or ere that final storm
Leave earth a molten ocean without form.

True love, all gentle though she be,
Hath eyes, the wrath to see ;

Nor may she fail in faith to pray
For hastening of Redemption’s day,
Though with the triumph come
Forebodings of the dread, unchanging
doom :—

Though with the Saints’ pure lambent
light
Fires of more lurid hue mysteriously unite.”
—KEBLE.

“O at what time soever Thou,
—Unknown to us—the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,—
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security . . .
Let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself will be the Sun,
Thou’lt find me drest, and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.”
—VAUGHAN.

2 THESS. III. 8.

Neither did we eat bread for nought at any man’s hand, but in labour and travail, working night and day, that we might not burden any of you.

“To catch Dame Fortune’s golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
An’ gather gear by ev’ry wile
That’s justified by honour :
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

—BURNS.

1 TIMOTHY.

1 TIM. I. 9.

*The law is not made for a righteous man, but
for the lawless and disobedient.*

“Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce,
and strong,
His nature leads unguided man along ;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that
tide,
The laws are formed, and placed on every
side ;
Whene’er it breaks the bounds by these
decreed,
New statutes rise, and stranger laws suc-
ceed.”

—CRABBE: *The Library*.

“Long ago,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they lived, till wantonness
And liberty began t’ increase,
And one man lay in another’s way ;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.”

—BLAKE.

1 TIM. I. 19.

*Holding faith, and a good conscience ; which
some having put away concerning faith
have made shipwreck.*

“There is a preacher in our chapel,
And all the livelong day teaches he :
When day is gone, and night is come,
There’s ne’er a word I mark but three.
The first and second is—Faith and Con-
science.”

—Scots Ballad.

“The idle flapping of the sail is doubt ;
Faith swells it full to breast the breasting
seas.

Hold, conscience, fast, and rule the ruling
helm ;
Hell’s freezing north no tempest can send
out,
But it shall toss thee homeward to thy leas.”

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

1 TIM. IV. 3.

*Meats, which God created to be received with
thanksgiving.*

“What God gives, and what we take,
’Tis a gift for Christ His sake :
Be the Meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thanked for those and these :
Have we flesh or have we fish,
All are fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing.”

—HERRICK.

1 TIM. V. 6.

*But she that lieth in pleasure is dead while
she lieth.*

“The divine woman, her body, I see the
body, I look on it alone . . .
Dead house of love—house of madness and
sin, crumbled, crush’d,
House of life, erewhile talking and laughing
—but ah, poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing garnish’d house,
but dead, dead, dead.”

—WALT WHITMAN: *The City Dead-House*.

“ They trampled on their youth and faith
and love,
They cast their hopes of humankind away,
With Heaven's clear message they madly
strove,
And conquered—and their spirits turned to
clay.
Lo, how they wander round the world,
their grave,
Gibbering at living men and idly rave,
‘ We, only, truly live, but ye are dead ’.
Alas ! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.”

—LOWELL.

1 TIM. VI. 7.

*For we brought nothing into this world, and it
is certain we can carry nothing out.*

“ By Grecian annals it remains untold,
But may be read in Eastern legend old,
How when great Alexander died, he bade
That his two hands uncovered might be laid
Outside the bier—for men therewith to see
(Men who had seen him in his majesty)
That he had gone the common way of all,
And nothing now his own in death might
call ;
Nor of the treasures of two Empires aught
Within those empty hands unto the grave
had brought.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

1 TIM. VI. 9-10.

*They that will be rich fall into temptation and
a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful
lusts, which drown men in destruction
and perdition.*

*For the love of money is the root of all evil ;
which while some coveted after, they have
erred from the faith, and pierced them-
selves through with many sorrows.*

“ Ah, had ye knowledge how God evermore,
With agonies of soul and grievous heats,
As on an anvil beats
On them that in this earth hold high estate,—
Ye would choose little rather than much
store,

And solitude than spacious palaces . . .
Oh wealth, with thee is won
A worm to gnaw for ever on his soul
Whose abject life is laid in thy control.”

—GUIDO CAVALCANTI (translated by D.
G. Rossetti).

1 TIM. VI. 11.

O man of God, follow after . . . patience.

“ Patience ! though I have not
The thing that I require,
I must of force, God wot !
Forbear my most desire !
For no ways can I find
To sail against the wind.

Patience ! Do what they will
To work me woe or spite ;
I shall content me still
To think, both day and night !
To think and hold my peace ;
Since there is no redress.”

—SIR THOMAS WYATT.

2 TIMOTHY.

2 TIM. I. 12.

*For the which cause I also suffer these things :
nevertheless I am not ashamed ; for I
know whom I have believed, and am per-
suaded that He is able to keep that which
I have committed unto Him against that
day.*

“ How easily my neighbour chants his creed,
Kneeling beside me in the House of God.
His ‘ I believe ’ he chants, and ‘ I believe,’
With cheerful iteration and consent—
Watching meantime the white, slow sun-
beam move
Across the aisle, or listening to the bird
Whose free, wild song sounds through the
open door. . . .

Christ of Judea, look thou in my heart !
Do I not love thee, look to thee, in thee
Alone have faith of all the sons of men—
Faith deepening with the weight and woe
of years.

Lead me, yea lead me deeper into life,
This suffering, human life wherein thou
livest
And breathe'st still, and hold'st thy way
divine.
’Tis here, O pitying Christ, where thee I
seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest.”

—R. W. GILDER.

2 TIM. II. 3.

*Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good
soldier of Jesus Christ.*

“ Praised be the lips of the Day
For their clarion call to the field
Where the Battle of Life must be fought.

Praised be the fire of the fray,
Where the soul is refined and annealed,
And the spirit heroic revealed,
And pure gold from base substances
wrought.”

—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

2 TIM. II. 22.

Flee also youthful lusts.

“ Waste not thy Body's Strength, nor taint
thy Soul,
Nor set the Body and the Soul in strife !
Supreme is thy original Degree,
Thy Star upon the Top of Heaven : but
Lust
Will fling it down even unto the Dust.”

—FITZGERALD : *Saláman and Absál.*

2 TIM. II. 23.

*Foolish and unlearned questions avoid, know-
ing that they do gender strifes. And the
servant of the Lord must not strive.*

“ Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her
friends ;
If learn'd, their pride, if weak, their zeal
she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness who have
soundest heads :
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputations men :
Who the bless'd Gospel's peaceful page
explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.”

—CRABBE : *The Library.*

2 TIM. III. 1.

In the last days perilous times will come.

“These are the grievous times that Paul foretold ;

Men have become self-lovers, moneyers ;
Boastful and haughty ; scorners of the old ;
Thankless, unholy ; worse

Than apes in lust unspoken that appal
Sweet love ; of dissolute fantastic mood ;
Egoists, artists, scientists ; and all
Haters of what is good.

Be warned ye sceptics, poets—fools ; refrain
Who lick the lip and roll the lustful eye ;
Repent ye rich, that for your pleasure drain
The heart of labour dry.”

—JOHN DAVIDSON.

2 TIM. IV. 7.

*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my
course, I have kept the faith.*

“Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not
adoration merely ;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my
youth,
Thou knowest my manhood’s solemn and
visionary meditations.

Thou knowest how before I commenced I
devoted all to come to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all
those vows and strictly kept them.”

—WALT WHITMAN : *The Prayer of Columbus.*

2 TIM. IV. 12.

Bring . . . the books.

“Dreams, books, are each a world ; and
books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and
good ;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh
and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.”

—WORDSWORTH.

2 TIM. IV. 14.

Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil.

“Sometimes at lonely dead of night
Weird sounds assail the ear,
And in our hearts is cold affright
To think a ghost is near.

Why should we feel swift through us thrill
A sense of awe and dread ?
It is the living work us ill,
And not the peaceful dead.”

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

TITUS.

TIT. I. 16.

By their works they deny Him.

“Yes, I who now with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years,
A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven’s light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.”

—LOWELL.

TIT. II. 5.

*To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good,
obedient to their own husbands, that the
word of God be not blasphemed.*

“In men, we various passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix’d, they first and last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.”

—POPE: *Moral Essays* (i.).

TIT. III. 1-2.

*Put them in mind to be subject to principles
and powers . . . to speak evil of no
man, to be no brawlers but gentle.*

“When I look before me,
There do I behold
There’s none that sees or knows me:
All the world’s a-gadding,
Running madding;

None doth his station hold.

He that is below envieth him that riseth,
He that is above, him that’s below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counterplot
deviseth.”

—WILLIAM CLELAND.

TIT. III. 9.

Shun foolish questionings and strifes.

“In controversial foul impureness
The peace that is thy light to thee
Quench not: in faith and inner sureness
Possess thy soul and let it be.

No violence—perverse, persistent—
What cannot be can bring to be;
No zeal what is make more insistent,
And strife but blinds the eyes that see.
By curses, by denunciation,
The coming fate they cannot stay;
Nor thou, by fiery indignation,
Though just, accelerate the day.”

—CLOUGH.

TIT. III. 13.

*Set forward Zenas the lawyer and Apollos on
their journey diligently, that nothing be
wanting to them.*

“True friendship’s laws are by this rule
express,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting
guest.”

—POPE.

PHILEMON.

PHIL. 5.

*Hearing of thy love and of the faith which thou
hast toward the Lord Jesus, and toward
all the saints.*

“As we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored :
‘Christians ! behold your happy state :
Christ is in these, who round you wait ;
Make much of your dear Lord !’ ”
—KEBLE.

PHIL. 7.

*I had much joy and comfort in thy love, be-
cause the hearts of the saints have been
refreshed through thee.*

“True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware ;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the everydayness of this work-day
world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness.”
—LOWELL.

“We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts
rude,
We dare not live in nature’s solitude ;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make one calm and bold ?”
—FABER.

PHIL. 9.

*Paul the aged, and now a prisoner also of
Christ Jesus.*

Compare Cowper’s tribute to Whitfield :—
“Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life ;
And he that forged, and he that threw the
dart,
Had each a brother’s interest in his heart.
Paul’s love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were espied close in him, and well trans-
cribed.
He followed Paul ; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous
seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and
ease ;
Like him he laboured, and like him content
To bear it, suffered shame where’er he went.”

PHIL. 22.

*I hope that through your prayers I shall be
granted unto you.*

“He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another’s breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o’erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need’st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign,
That every heart hath needs like thine.”
—WHITTIER.

HEBREWS.

HEB. I. 1.

God spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.

“God’s voice (that mingled up the beauteous world,
Inlaid pure heaven, and sweetly coloured it . . .)
Was then upon the earth and with men’s ears
Creating reverence and faith and love.”

—C. J. WELLS.

HEB. I. 14.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

“And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the cace
Of men than beasts. But oh! th’ exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.

O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. ii. Canto viii. 1-2).

HEB. II. 9.

That he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

“Ah! Sion’s Daughters, do not feare
The Crosse, the Cords, the Nailes, the Speare,
The Myrrhe, the Gall, the Vinegar,

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of God’s fierce wrath;
Onely there’s left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for you.”

—HERRICK.

Compare these lines written at the close of his life by Mr. G. J. Romanes, under the motto of Heb. ii. 10 (or xi. 10).

“Amen, now lettest Thou Thy servant,
Lord,
Depart in peace according to Thy word:
Although mine eyes may not have fully seen

Thy great salvation, surely there have been
Enough of sorrow and enough of sight
To show the way from darkness into light;
And Thou hast brought me, through a wilderness of pain,
To love the sorest paths if soonest they attain.

Enough of sorrow for the heart to cry—
 'Not for myself, nor for my kind, am I :'
 Enough of sight for Reason to disclose,
 'The more I learn the less my knowledge
 grows.'

Ah! not as citizens of this our sphere,
 But aliens militant we sojourn here,
 Invested by the hosts of evil and of wrong,
 Till Thou shalt come again with all Thine
 angel throng.

As Thou hast found me ready to Thy call,
 Which stationed me to watch the outer
 wall,
 And, quitting joys and hopes that once
 were mine,
 To pace with patient steps this narrow line,
 Oh! may it be that, coming soon or late,
 Thou still shalt find Thy soldier at the gate,
 Who then may follow Thee till sight needs
 not to prove,
 And faith will be dissolved in knowledge of
 Thy love."

HEB. III. 17.

*With whom was he grieved forty years? was
 it not with them that had sinned, whose
 carcasses fell in the wilderness?*

Compare Lowell's searching lines on *The
 Ghost Seer* :—

"He who might have been a lark
 Of Truth's morning, from the dark
 Raining down melodious hope
 Of a freer, broader scope,
 Aspirations, prophecies,
 Of the spirit's full sun-rise,
 Chose to be a bird of night,
 Which with eyes refusing light,
 Hooted from some hollow tree
 Of the world's idolatry.
 'Tis his punishment to hear
 Flutterings of pinions near,
 And his own vain wings to feel
 Drooping downwards to his heel,
 All their grace and import lost,
 Burdening his weary ghost."

HEB. IV. 6.

It remaineth that some should enter thereinto.

"As grains of sand, as stars, as drops of dew,
 Numbered and treasured by the Almighty
 Hand,
 The saints triumphant throned that holy land.
 Where all things and Jerusalem are new.
 We know not half they sing or half they do,
 But this we know, they rest and understand."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

HEB. IV. 9.

*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people
 of God.*

"Rest remains when all is done,
 Work and vigil, prayer and fast,
 All fulfilled from first to last,
 All the length of time gone past,
 And eternity begun!

Fear and hope and chastening rod
 Urge us on the narrow way :
 Bear we now as best we may
 Heat and burden of to-day,
 Struggling, panting, up to God."

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

"Sabbaths are threefold (as S. Austin
 says :)
 The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes ;
 The second is a Conscience trespass-free ;
 The last the Sabbath of eternity."

—HERRICK.

"There's a fancy some lean to and others
 hate—
 That, when this life is ended, begins
 New work for the soul in another state,
 Where it strives and gets weary, loses
 and wins :
 Where the strong and the weak, this world's
 congeries,

Repeat in large what they practised in
 small,
 Through life after life in unlimited series ;
 Only the seale's to be changed, that's all.
 Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen
 By the means of Evil that Good is best,
 And, through earth and its noise, what is
 heaven's serene,—
 When our faith in the same has stood the
 test—
 Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
 The uses of labour are surely done ;
 There remaineth a rest for the people of
 God :
 And I have had trouble enough, for one.”
 —BROWNING : *Old Pictures in Florence.*

HEB. v. 13-14.

*For everyone that useth milk is unskilful in the
 word of righteousness : for he is a babe.
 But strong meat belongeth to them that are
 of full age.*

“ Our bodies had their morning, have their
 noon,
 And shall not better—the next change is
 night :
 But their far larger guest, t' whom sun and
 moon
 Are sparks and short-lived, claims another
 right.
 The noble soul by age grows lustier,
 Her appetite and her digestion mend ;
 We must not starve nor hope to pamper
 her
 With woman's milk and pap unto the end.
 Provide you manlier diet !”
 —DONNE.

HEB. vi. 12.

*Be not slothful, but followers of them who
 through faith and patience inherit the
 promises.*

“ Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,
 In you alone hath lost his wings.

Look round and read the World's wide face,
 The field of nature or of grace ;
 Where can you fix, to find excuse
 Or pattern for the pace you use ?
 Mark with what faith fruits answer flowers,
 And know the call of Heaven's kind showers,
 Each mindful plant hastes to make good
 The hope and promise of his bud . . .
 Mark how the eurl'd waves work and wind,
 All hating to be left behind.
 Each big with business thrusts the other,
 And seems to say, 'Make haste, my
 brother'.
 Chide your delay : yea, those dull things,
 Whose ways have least to do with wings,
 Make wings at least of their own weight,
 And by their love control their fate.”
 —CRASHAW.

HEB. vi. 19.

*Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
 both sure and steadfast.*

“ Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from
 earth,
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
 On steady wings sails through the immense
 abyss,
 Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of
 bliss,
 And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner
 here,
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits
 wear.
 Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds
 fast
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.”
 COWPER.

HEB. vii. 19.

*For the law made nothing perfect, but the
 bringing in of a better hope did.*

“ Jehovah's fingers wrote the Law :
 He wept ; then rose in zeal and awe,

And, in the midst of Sina's heat,
Hid it beneath His Mercy-Seat.

O Christians, Christians, tell me why
You rear it on your altars high !”

—BLAKE: *The Gates of Paradise*.

HEB. X. 32.

*Call to remembrance the former days, in which,
after ye were enlightened, ye endured.*

“Altho' we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago ?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last ?
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face ;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.”

—SWIFT.

HEB. X. 32.

*After ye were enlightened, ye endured a great
conflict of sufferings.*

In Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* (Act ii.
Scene 2), Dorothea cries :—

“ You lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your
tortures :
Through all the army of my sins, I have
even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to
th' face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.”

HEB. XI. 6.

*He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek
Him.*

“ Future joy and far light
Working such relations,
Hear us singing gently
Exiled is not lost.
God, above the starlight,
God, above the patience,
Shall at last present ye
Guerdons worth the cost.”

—E. B. BROWNING: *A Drama of Exile*.

HEB. XI. 14.

*They that say such things declare plainly that
they seek a country.*

“ O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.”

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

HEB. XI. 35.

Women received their dead raised to life again.

“ Here have I cause in men just blame to
find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in arms and chevalree
They doe impart, we maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowess martiall :
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes : yet the same writ-
ing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their
glories all.

But by record of antique times I finde
That wemen wont in warres to beare most
 sway,
And to all great exploits them selves inclind,
Of which they still the girland bore away.”
—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii. Canto
ii. 1-2).

HEB. XI. 38.

Of whom the world was not worthy.

“ My God! when I read o’er the bitter lives
Of men whose eager hearts were quite too
 great
To beat beneath the cramped mode of the
 day,
And see them mocked at by the world they
 love,
Haggling with prejudice for the pennyworths
Of that reform which their hard toil will
 make
The common birthright of the age to come—
When I see this, spite of my faith in God,
I marvel how their hearts bear up so long:
Nor could they, but for this same prophecy,
This inward feeling of the glorious end.”
—LOWELL.

“ Probe Nature’s heart to its red core,
 There’s more of good than evil;
And man, down-trampled man, is more
 Of Angel than of Devil.
Prepare to die? *Prepare to live!*
 We know not what is living:
And let us for the world’s good give,
 As God is ever giving.
Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth, and
 Time,
 To win the primal age again;
Believe me, ’tis a truth sublime,
 God’s world is worthy better men.”
—GERALD MASSEY.

HEB. XII. 1.

*Seeing we also are compassed about with so
 great a cloud of witnesses.*

Compare Lowell’s lines to *The Past*:—

“ Whatever of true life there was in thee
 Leaps in our age’s veins:
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
 And shake thine idle chains;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
 Thy poets still are singing.

Here, ’mid the bleak waves of our strife and
 care,
 Float the green Fortunate Isles
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
 Our martyrdoms and toils;
 The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
 That made the old time splendid.”

HEB. XII. 5.

Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.

“ As in a dawn of June
The lover, dreaming of the brown-bird’s
 tune
And longing lips unto his own brought near,
Wakes up the crashing thunder-peal to
 hear.
So, sirs, when this world’s pleasures came
 to nought,
Not upon God we set our wayward thought,
But on the folly our own hearts had made;
Once more the stories of the past we
 weighed
With what we hitherto had found; once
 more
We longed to be by some unknown far
 shore;
Once more our life seemed trivial, poor,
 and vain,

Till we our lost fool's paradise might
gain."

—W. MORRIS: *The Earthly Paradise*
(Prologue).

HEB. XII. 8.

*If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are
partakers, then are ye bastards, and not
sons.*

"God makes not good men wantons, but
doth bring
Them to the field, and there, to skirmishing ;
With trialls those, with terrors these He
proves,
And hazards those most, whom the most
He loves ;
For Sceva darts ; for Cocles, dangers ; thus
He finds a fire for mighty Martius ;
Death for stout Cato ; and beside all these,
A poyson too He has for Socrates ;
Torment for high Attilius ; and, with want,
Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant :
But bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of
pikes."

—HERRICK.

"What ? wearied out with half a life ?
Scared with this smooth unbloody strife ? . . .
How couldst thou hang upon the Cross,
To whom a weary hair is loss ?
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,
Who shrinkest from a scornful look ?"

—KEBLE.

HEB. XII. 11.

*No chastening for the present seemeth to be
joyous . . . nevertheless afterward it
yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteous-
ness.*

"Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have
roll'd

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :
Something, I know not what—does still
uphold

A spirit of slight patience ;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase
pain."

—BYRON.

HEB. XII. 17.

*He found no place of repentance, though he
sought it earnestly with tears.*

"O strange that he must die
Now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
His failing heart, and keenest memory
Had shown him all his changing life past
by ;
And what he was, and what he might have
been,
Yea, and should be, perchance, so clear
were seen !

Yea, then were all things laid within the
scale,
Pleasure and lust, love and desire of fame,
Kindness, and hope, and folly—all the tale
Told in a moment, as across him came
That sudden flash, bright as the lightning-
flame,
Showing the wanderer on the waste how he
Had gone astray 'mid dark and misery."

—WILLIAM MORRIS: *The Earthly Paradise*
("The Death of Paris").

HEB. XII. 17.

*When he afterward desired to inherit the
blessing he was rejected.*

"Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

—COWPER.

HEB. XII. 18-19.

*Ye are not come unto the mount . . . that
burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and
darkness, and tempest, and the sound of
a trumpet.*

“Come to me God ; but do not come
To me, as to the gen’rall Doome,
In power ; or come thou in that state,
When thou thy Lawes didst promulgate,
When as the Mountains quaked for dread,
And sullen clouds bound up his head.
No, lay thy stately terrors by,
To talke with me familiarly ;
For if thy thunder-claps I heare,
I shall lesse swoone, than die for feare.”
—HERRICK.

HEB. XII. 22 f.

*Ye are come unto . . . God the Judge of all,
and to the spirits of just men made perfect.*

“I know there is a blessed shore,
Opening its ports for me and mine ;
And, gazing Time’s wide waters o’er,
I weary for that land divine,
Where we were born, where you and I
Shall meet our dearest, when we die ;
From suffering and corruption free,
Restored unto the Deity.”
—EMILY BRONTË.

HEB. XII. 23.

The spirits of just men made perfect.

“Yet if, as holiest men have deem’d, there
be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours
light !

To hear each voice we fear’d to hear no
more !

Behold each mighty shade reveal’d to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who
taught the right !”

—BYRON : *Childe Harold* (ii. 8).

HEB. XIII. 2.

*Be not forgetful to entertain strangers : for
thereby some have entertained angels un-
aware.*

In his panegyric, *Eleonora*, upon the
late Countess of Abingdon (32 f.), Dryden
thus praises her hospitality :—

“Want passed for merit at her open door ;
Heaven saw he safely might increase his
poor,
And trust their sustenance with her so well
As not to be at charge of miracle . . .
Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great master’s
train :
Her Lord himself might come, for aught we
know,
Since in a servant’s form he lived below ;
Beneath her roof he might be pleased to stay ;
Or some benighted angel in his way
Might ease his wings, and seeing Heaven
appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method as above,
All carried on, all of a piece with theirs.”

HEB. XIII. 5.

*He hath said I will never leave thee nor for-
sake thee.*

“Not upon kings and priests alone
The power of that dear word is spent ;
It chants to all in softest tone
The lowly lesson of content :

Heaven's light is poured on high and low ;
To high and low Heaven's Angel spake ;
'Resign thee to thy weal or woe,
I ne'er will leave thee nor forsake'."

—KEBLE.

HEB. XIII. 7.

*Remember them which had the rule over you,
which spake unto you the word of God ;
and considering the issue of their life,
imitate their faith.*

“ True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from
our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard ; with
those
The future cannot contradict the past :
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone ; the transit made that shows
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.”
—WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion* (Bk. v).

HEB. XIII. 14.

*Here have we no continuing city, but we seek
one to come.*

“ I long to go
Home to my Father's mansion,
My Father's tender heart.
To that deep peace which from the world's
loud highway
Lies safe and far apart.
I entered on life's road with hopes all
thronging,
Now I return with but one quiet longing.
One wish remains while I am here below :
That I may go.

I long to go.
Thy load has been my burden,
Thou world of sin and pain.
I long to go, thy joys have no more meaning,
Thy pleasures are no gain.
Since in His wisdom God still bids me tarry,
My cross with fortitude I hope to carry,

While deep within the wish must ever grow
That I may go.

I long to go.

I see through dreams and visions

A country far away.

Here all things change and end ; on that
fair region

Shines one eternal day.

The spring is past ; the swallow, homeward
flying

O'er hill and dale, tells that the year is dying.
Like birds escaped from net and snare below,

I long to go.

I long to go.

The skiff sails for the harbour,

The brooklet seeks the sea,

The little child sleeps on its mother's
bosom—

At rest I too would be.

My songs I sang on happy days and dreary,
But joys and griefs are past, and I am weary.

One hope lights up my path with steady
glow :

That I may go.”

—H. F. (from the German of Gerok).

HEB. XIII. 20.

*The God of peace who brought again from the
dead our Lord Jesus.*

“ As flame streams upward, so my longing
thought

Flies up with Thee,

Thou God and Saviour who hast truly
wrought

Life out of death, and to us, loving, brought
A fresh, new world : and in Thy sweet chains
caught

And made us free !

Hadst Thou not risen, there would be no joy
Upon earth's sod ;

Life would be still with us, a wound or toy
A cloud without the sun—O Babe, O Boy,

O Man of Mother pure, with no alloy,

O risen God !”

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

JAMES.

JAMES I. 1.

James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes scattered abroad.

“Now there seems one only worthy aim
For poet—that my strength were as my
will!—

And which renounce he cannot without
blame—

To make men feel the presence by his skill
Of an eternal loveliness, until

All souls are faint with longing for their
home,

Yet the same time are strengthened to fulfil
Their task on earth, that they may surely
come

Unto the land of life, who here as exiles
roam.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

JAMES I. 2.

Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.

“Count each affliction, whether light or
grave,

God’s messenger sent down to thee! do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold,
crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thy heart; allow

No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wars

Of mortal tumult to obliterate

The soul’s marmoreal calmness; grief should
be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to com-
mend

Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
lasting to the end.”

—AUBREY DE VERE.

JAMES I. 6.

Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.

Compare the King’s confession in *Hamlet*
(Act iii. Scene 3):—

“O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon’t,
A brother’s murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.”

“ANGELO. When I would pray and think, I
think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
words.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*
(Act ii. Scene 4).

He that wavereth.

“None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue;
For though ere yet his shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes the elastic string,
It err but little from the intended line,

It falls at length far wide of his design;

So he who seeks a mansion in the sky

Must watch his purpose with a steadfast
eye;

That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.”

—COWPER: *The Progress of Error.*

JAMES I. 7.

Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.

Compare the words of the Duchess in *Richard the Second* (Act v. Scene 3):—

“Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are
in jest;
His words come from his mouth.”

JAMES I. 10.

As the flower of the grass, he shall pass away.

“For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.
Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme; who with his scyth adrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly
things,
And all their glory to the ground downe
flings,
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
He flies about, and with his flaggy winges
Beats downe both leaves and buds without
regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.”

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii. Canto vi. 38-39).

JAMES I. 12.

He shall receive the crown of life.

“Though now thou hast failed and art fallen,
despair not because of defeat,
Though lost for a while be thy heaven, and
weary of earth be thy feet,
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter
through sorrowful years,
And lovely the dews for thy chilling, and
ruby thy heart-drip of tears.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last
of the secrets of power;
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall
shape of thy sorrow a flower,
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom
of its tenderest rays,
The heart of whose shining is bright with
the light of the Ancient of Days.”

—G. W. RUSSELL.

JAMES I. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin.

“SALISBURY. The colour of the king doth
come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds ’twixt two dreadful battles
set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must
break.

PEMBROKE. And when it breaks, I fear will
issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child’s
death.”

—SHAKESPEARE: *King John* (Act iv. Scene 2).

And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

“Padua, thou within whose walls
Those mute guests at festivals,
Son and mother, Death and Sin,
Played at dice for Ezzelin.”

—SHELLEY.

JAMES I. 22.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

“Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o’er again.”
—CRASHAW: *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

JAMES I. 27.

Pure religion and undefiled.

“Rise then, immortal maid! Religion,
rise!
Put on thyself in thine own looks: t’our
eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have
made thee,
Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betray’d
thee)
Heaven set thee down new-dressed. . . .
Thy holiest humblest handmaid, Charity,
She’ll dress thee like thyself, set thee on
high
Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command
each eye.”
—CRASHAW: *On a Treatise of Charity.*

*To visit the fatherless and widows in their
affliction.*

“’Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply;
That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal;
Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and wo
The christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for want to
plead,
But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the
need.”
—CRABBE: *The Borough* (xvii.).

JAMES II. 6.

Ye have despised the poor.

“We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man’s
life
For gold, as at a market.”
—COLERIDGE: *Tears in Solitude.*

JAMES II. 11.

*He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also,
Do not kill.*

“What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquished?”
—MILTON.

JAMES II. 14.

*What doth it profit, though a man say he hath
faith and have not works? Can faith save
him?*

Set beside this the satirical comment of
Burns, in *A Dedication to Garin Hamilton,*
Esq., on Scottish antinomianism:—

“Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o’ thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!
No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
And hand their noses to the grundstone,
Ply ev’ry art o’ legal thieving;
No matter—stick to sound believing.”

“First amend, my son,
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief
Belief indeed, nor grace with such a name
The easy acquiescence of mankind
In matters nowise worth dispute.”
—BROWNING: *Ferishtah’s Fancies* (“Shah
Abbas”).

JAMES III. 1.

My brethren, be not many masters.

“The world with masters is so covered o’er,
There is no room for pupils any more.”
—D. G. ROSSETTI.

JAMES III. 17.

The wisdom that is from above.

“Glad wisdom is not gotten, but is given :
Not dug out of the earth, but dropp’d from
heaven :
Heavenly, not earthly, is the brightness of
it.”

—OWEN MEREDITH.

JAMES IV. 2.

*Ye lust and have not: ye kill and covet, and
cannot obtain: ye fight and war.*

“Can piety the discord heal,
Or staunch the death-feud’s enmity ?
Can Christian love, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity ?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;
Implor’d in vain the grace divine,
For chiefs their own red falchions slew :
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter’d chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot.”

—SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Lay of the
Last Minstrel* (Canto i.).

JAMES IV. 3.

*Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss,
that ye may consume it upon your lusts.*

“What can a poor man do but love and
pray ?
But if his love be selfish, then his prayer,
Like noisome vapour, melts in vacant air.”

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

JAMES IV. 4.

*The friendship of the world is enmity with
God.*

Compare Cranmer’s speech in Tennyson’s
Queen Mary (Act iv. Scene 3):—

“And first I say it is a grievous case,
Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly.
They care for nothing else, what saith St.
John ;—

‘Love of this world is hatred against God’.”

JAMES IV. 15.

Ye ought to say, If the Lord will.

“God with a beck can change each worldly
thing,
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.
What then hath man wherein he well may
boast,
Since by a beck he lives, a lour¹ is lost.”

—ROBERT GREENE: *James the Fourth* (Act
ii. Scene 1).

JAMES V. 7.

Unto the coming of the Lord.

“The centuries are God’s days; within His
hand,
Held in the hollow, as a balance swings,
Less than its dust, are all our temporal
things.

Long are His nights, when darkness steeps
the land ;

Thousands of years fill one slow dawn’s
demand ;

The human calendar its measure brings,
Feeble and vain, to lift the soul that clings
To hope for light, and seeks to understand.
The centuries are God’s days; the greatest
least

In His esteem. We have no glass to sweep
The universe. A hand’s breadth distant dies,
To our poor ears, the strain whose echoes
keep

All heaven glad. We do but grope and
creep.

There always is a day-star in the skies.”

—HELEN JACKSON.

¹ I.e. frown.

JAMES V. 8.

Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

“I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God’s. Had we no
hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow
faint
To muse upon eternity’s constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the
scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the
road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the
bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be
said,
‘Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee,
God!’”

—E. B. BROWNING.

“And we have stood and watched, all wist-
fully,
While fluttering hopes have died out of our
lives,
As one who follows with a straining eye
A bird that far, far-off fades in the sky,
A little rocking speck—now lost; and still
he strives
A moment to recover it—in vain;
Then slowly turns back to his work again.
But loves and hopes have left us in their
place,
Thank God, a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in His good time,
Worth more than all earth’s joys to which
we climb.”

—E. R. SILL.

JAMES V. 10-11.

An example of patience. . . . Ye have heard of the patience of Job and have seen the end of the Lord, how that the Lord is full of pity and merciful.

“Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life’s smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father’s will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, ‘Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.’”

—WHITTIER.

JAMES V. 11.

Ye have seen the end of the Lord.

“All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.”
—MILTON: *Samson Agonistes* (1744 f.).

JAMES V. 13.

Is any among you afflicted, let him pray.

“Prayer is the hand that catcheth hold on
peace;—
Nay, ’tis the very heart of nobleness
Whose pulses are the measure of the stress
Wherewith He doth us, we do Him, possess:
If these should fail all our true life would
cease.”

—H. S. SUTTON.

JAMES V. 19.

Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth.

“Say, in a hut of mean estate
A light just glimmers and then is gone,

Nature is seen to hesitate—

Put forth and then retract her pawn.

Say, all that strength foiled in its trust ;

Say, all that wit crept but a span ;

Say, 'tis a drop spilled in the dust—

And then say *brother*—then say *man!*”

—D. R. GOODALE.

“ If there be some weaker one,

Give me strength to help him on ;

If a blinder soul there be,

Let me guide him nearer Thee.”

—WHITTIER.

“ Tell us young ones, you grey old man,

What is your secret, if you can ;

We have a ship as good as you,

Show us how to keep our crew ? ’

So in his ear the youngster cries ;

Then the grey Boatswain straight replies :—

‘ All your crew be sure you know,

Never let one of your shipmates go.

‘ If he leave you, change your tack,

Follow him close and fetch him back ;

When you’ve hauled him in at last,

Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

‘ If you’ve wronged him, speak him fair,

Say you’re sorry, and make it square ;

If he’s worried you, wink so tight,

None of you see what’s plain in sight.

‘ When the world goes hard and wrong,

Lend him a hand to help him along.’ ”

—O. W. HOLMES : *The Old Cruiser*.

1 PETER.

1 PETER I. 8.

Whom not having seen ye love.

“ We were not by when Jesus came ;
But round us, far and near,
We see His trophies, and His name
In choral echoes hear . . .
For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o’ercast ;—
Soon will He show thee all His wounds, and
say,
‘ Long have I known thy name—know thou
my Face alway ’.”

—KEBLE.

1 PETER II. 16.

*As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak
of maliciousness, but as the servants of
God.*

“ Say, what is Freedom ? What the right of
souls
Which all who know are bound to keep, or
die,
And who knows not, is dead ? . . .
But what is Freedom ? Rightly understood,
A universal license to be good.”

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

1 PETER II. 17.

Honour all men.

“ I heard a man proclaim, all men were
wholly base :

*One such at once I knew there stood before
my face.”*

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

“ Her life, all honour, observed, with awe
Which cross experience could not mar,
The fiction of the Christian law
That all men honourable are.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

1 PETER III. 3-6.

*Whose adorning let it not be that outward
adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wear-
ing gold, or of putting on of apparel ; but
. . . the ornament of a meek and quiet
spirit.*

“ My dear lord’s wise, and knows
That tinsel glitter, or rich purpled robes,
Curled hairs hung full of sparkling carcanets,
Are not the true adornments of a wife.
So long as wives are faithful, modest, chaste,
Wise lords affect them.”

—JOHN MARSTON : *Antonio’s Rerenge* (Act
i. Scene 2).

1 PETER III. 6.

*Eten as Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him
lord.*

“ The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit :
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command ;

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intentions,

To love and honour Henry as her lord."

—SHAKESPEARE: *First Part of Henry VI.*
(Act v. Scene 4).

1 PETER IV. 8.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

"Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just
Heaven.

Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"

—WORDSWORTH (on Charles Lamb).

1 PETER IV. 19.

*Wherefore let them that suffer according to the
will of God commit the keeping of their
souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a
faithful Creator.*

"Then what is He that mouldeth all these
things,

Merely, as 'twere, for exercise of truth?
And what are we who look on them and die?
The children of His mercy? nor forlorn
Nor cold into our bosoms will return
Our mortal yearnings, seeing we're allied
To all the truth and beauty He has made:
For He who fashioned us from forth His love,
Made us so fair, surrounded us with good,
Out of His love will think of us in death."

—C. J. WELLS.

1 PETER V. 4.

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear.

"Lord, I am old; the life that was so
sweet

Will soon be breathed out darkly at Thy
feet;

No more for me the sudden joys, or tears,
The keen pursuits and longings of young
years;

Life's gloaming is about me calm and still,
Here in the deepening shadow of the hill.

Lord, I am old; but, soul of love and ruth,
In Thee I find again my vanished youth;
For Thee I am a child,—more dear, may be,
Than when I lisped beside my mother's
knee.

To others worn and wasted, spent, and old,—
To Thee a lamb returning to the fold."

—IDA PFEIFFER.

*Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth
not away.*

"—not unhearing
Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colours."

—COLERIDGE.

2 PETER.

2 PET. I. 6.

*In your temperance patience, and in your
patience godliness.*

“ Dear Jesus, give me patience here,
And faith to see my crown as near,
And almost reach'd, because 'tis sure
If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
And to my greatest haters kind.
Give me, my God, a heart as mild
And plain, as when I was a child.”

—VAUGHAN.

2 PET. I. 15.

*I will endeavour that ye may be able after my
decease to have these things always in re-
membrance.*

“ As nears my soul the verge
Of this dim continent of woe and crime,
Shrinks she to hear Eternity's long surge
Break on the shores of Time ?

I want not vulgar fame—
I seek not to survive in brass or stone ;
Hearts may not kindle when they hear my
name,
Nor tears my value own—

But might I leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair
trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind,
When I was in the dust ;—

Within my narrow bed
Might I not wholly mute or useless be ;
But hope that they, who trampled o'er my
head,

Drew still some good from me ;—

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent
sod,—

Might I thus live to bless my fellowmen,
Or glorify my God.”

—H. F. LYTE.

2 PET. III. 2.

*Remember the words which were spoken before
by the holy prophets.*

“ When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.”

—SHELLEY.

2 PET. III. 10.

*The earth and the works that are therein shall
be burned.*

“ The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of Elements,
The wrecks of Matter, and the crush of
Worlds.”

—ADDISON : *Cato*.

“I see the world grows old, when, as the
heat
Of Thy great Love,—once spread—as in an
urn
Doth closet itself up and still retreat,
Cold Sinne still forcing it,—till it return,
And calling Justice, all things burn.”
—HERBERT.

2 PET. III. 14.

*Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for
these things, give diligence that ye may
be found in peace, without spot and blame-
less in his sight.*

“O Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy
turf
And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom
leaps,
As to a mother’s, the o’erwearied heart,

Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,
The hurrying feet, the curses without
number,
And, circled with the glow Elysian
Of their exulting vision,
Out of its cares woos charms for peace and
slumber.”
—LOWELL: *To the Future*.

2 PET. II. 19.

*For of whom a man is overcome, of the same is
he brought into bondage.*

“What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that which strong affections doe apply
Against the fort of reason evermore,
To bring the sowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinful vellenage.”
—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. ii. Canto
xi. 1).

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

I JOHN II. 14.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong . . . and ye have overcome the wicked one.

“Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed or victor being charged.”
—SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnets* (lxx.).

I JOHN II. 15.

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

“I do believe that our salvation
Lies in the little things of life,
Not in the pomp and acclamation
Of triumph, or in battle-strife,
Not on the thrones where men are crown'd,
Not in the race where chariots roll,
But in the arms that clasp us round
And hold us *backward* from the goal!
In Love, not Pride; in stooping low,
Not soaring blindly at the sun;
In power to feel, not zeal to know;
Not in rewards, but duties done . . .
Dearest and Best! Soul of my Soul,
Life of my Life, kneel here with me!
Pray while the storms around us roll,
That God may keep us frail, yet free!
Be Love our strength, be God our goal!
Amen et Benedicite!”

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I JOHN III. 2.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

“What we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear;
Ah! did he tell what we are here?”

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To face the sad confusion through,
And say;—It doth not yet appear,
What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us, receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.”

I JOHN III. 2.

We shall see Him as He is.

“That happy day that never shall see night,
When He will be all beauty to the sight;
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union and the Trinity!
That holy, great, and glorious mystery
Will there revealèd be in majesty,
By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In his humanity.”

—BEN JONSON.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN

1 JOHN III. 6.

Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not.

“What never, never more to sin?
When shall I so abide in Thee?
Open Thine heart and take me in,
Plunge in the depths of Deity
A soul that to thy bosom flies
From sin: possessed of this high prize,
I ask no other paradise.”

—C. WESLEY.

1 JOHN III. 12.

Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother.

“As all villainies do boast a head,
A measur'd standard of enormity,
So murder has, which still seems white and clear,
Beside the fratricide's inhuman act.”

—C. J. WELLS.

Compare the bitter cry of Beatrice at the close of Shelley's *The Cenci*:—

“Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring:
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death.
Oh plead
With famine, or wind-walking Pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man; righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, Mother, we must die.”

1 JOHN III. 17.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

“O my soul! oft thou scorn'st
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies!
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.”

—COLERIDGE.

1 JOHN III. 18.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

Compare Kent's sarcastic words to Regan and Cordelia (*King Lear*, i. i. 188 f.):—

“And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.”

1 JOHN IV. 1.

Believe not every spirit.

“Thy hasty servant, Lord, restrain,
Till perfectly renewed,
As prone, alas, to trust in man
As to mistrust my God!
And lest I every spirit receive
With blind credulity,
Help me each moment to believe
With all my soul in Thee.”

—C. WESLEY.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN

I JOHN IV. 7.

Let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

“ In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind’s concern is charity :
All must be false that thwart this one great
end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind or
mend.”

—POPE: *Essay on Man.*

Love is of God.

“ My eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for goddès grace :
No other care nor hope is mine,
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above :
’Tis namèd when God’s name is said,
’Tis Love, ’tis Heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.”

—ROBERT BRIDGES.

“ Though love is all of earth that’s dear,
Its home, my children, is not here :
The pathos of eternity
Does in its fullest pleasure sigh.”
—COVENTRY PATMORE: *The Victories of Love.*

I JOHN IV. 8.

He that loveth not, knoweth not God.

“ By love alone
God binds us to Himself and to the hearth
And shuts us from the waste beyond His
peace,
From maddening freedom and bewildering
light.”

—W. B. YEATS.

God is love.

“ On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying, and dazed and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God, and to Faith, and to Love, Love,
Love!

What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary and dazed and weak,
From the very low to the very high ?
Only this, and this is all :
From the fresh green soil to the wide blue
sky,
From greatness to weariness, Life to Death,
One God have we on whom to call ;
One great bond from which none can fall ;
Love below, which is life and breath,
And Love above, which sustaineth all.”

—MRS. OLIPHANT (lines dictated on her deathbed).

I JOHN IV. 16.

And we know and believe the love which God hath to us.

“ Faith is my skill ; Faith can believe
As fast as Love new laws can give.”

—CRASHAW.

God is love.

“ God, thou art love ! I build my faith on
that . . .
I know thee who hast kept my path, and
made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering
sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy ;
It were too strange that I should doubt thy
love.”

—BROWNING: *Paracelsus.*

“ ’Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven, assume
the lyre,

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN

And tell the world, still kindling as he
 sung,
 With more than mortal music on his tongue,
 That He who died below, and reigns above,
 Inspires the song, and that His name is
 Love.”

—COWPER: *Table Talk*.

“ I stagger at the Koran and the sword.
 I shudder at the Christian and the stake ;
 Yet ‘ Alla,’ says their sacred book, is ‘ Love,’
 And when the Goan Padre quoting Him,
 Issa ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried
 ‘ Love one another, little ones ’ and ‘ bless ’
 Whom ? even ‘ your persecutors ’ ! there
 methought

The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam
 Than glances from the sun of our Islam.”

—TENNYSON: *Akbar's Dream*.

And he that abideth in love abideth in God.

“ No : love which, on earth, amid all the
 shows of it,

Has ever been seen the sole good of life
 in it,

The love, ever growing there, spite of the
 strife in it,

Shall arise, made perfect, from death's
 repose of it.

And I shall behold thee, face to face,
 O God, and in Thy light re-trace
 How in all I loved here, still wast Thou ! ”

—BROWNING.

1 JOHN IV. 17-18.

*Herein is our love made perfect, that we may
 have boldness in the day of judgment. . . .
 There is no fear in love ; but perfect love
 casteth out fear.*

“ In childhood's season fair,
 On many a balmy, moonless summer night,
 While wheeled the lighthouse arms of dark
 and bright

Far through the humid air ;

How patient have I been,
 Sitting alone, a happy little maid,
 Waiting to see, careless and unafraid,
 My father's boat come in.

I had no fears, not one ;
 The wild, wide waste of water leagues
 around

Washed ceaselessly ; there was no human
 sound,

And I was all alone.

Yet it was joy to hear,
 From out the darkness, sounds grow clear
 at last,
 Of rattling rowlock, and of creaking mast,
 And voices drawing near !

‘ Is't thou, dear father ? Say ! ’

What well-known shout resounded in reply,
 As loomed the tall sail, smitten suddenly,
 With the great lighthouse ray !

I will be patient now,
 Dear Heavenly Father, waiting here for
 Thee :

I know the darkness holds Thee. Shall I be
 Afraid, when it is Thou ?

On Thy eternal shore,
 In pauses, when life's tide is at its prime,
 I hear the everlasting note of Time
 Beating for evermore.

Shall I not then rejoice ?
 Oh, never lost or sad should child of Thine
 Sit waiting, fearing lest there come no sign,
 No whisper of Thy voice ! ”

—CELIA THAXTER.

1 JOHN IV. 21.

*And this commandment have we from Him,
 that he who loveth God love his brother also.*

“ Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of
 peace,

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 ‘ What writest thou ? ’—the vision raised its
 head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer’d ‘ The names of those who love the
 Lord ’.

‘ And is mine one ? ’ said Abou. ‘ Nay, not
 so,’
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, ‘ I pray thee
 then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men ’.

The angel wrote and vanish’d. The next
 night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show’d the names whom love of God
 had bless’d,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.”

—LEIGH HUNT.

1 JOHN v. 1, 5.

*Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is
 begotten of God. . . . Who is he that*

*overcometh the world, but he that believeth
 that Jesus is the Son of God ?*

“ The voice of St. John,
 The beloved disciple,
 Who wandered and waited
 The Master’s appearance,
 Alone in the darkness,
 Unsheltered and friendless :—

‘ It is accepted
 The angry defiance,
 The challenge of battle !
 It is accepted,
 But not with the weapons
 Of war that thou wieldest !

Cross against corselet,
 Love against hatred,
 Peace-cry for war-cry ! . . .

The dawn is not distant,
 Nor is the night starless ;
 Love is eternal !
 God is still God, and
 His faith shall not fail us ;
 Christ is eternal ! ’ ”

—LONGFELLOW : *The Saga of King Olaf*
 (xxii.).

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF JOHN.

2 JOHN 2.

*The truth dwelleth in us, and shall be in us for
ever.*

“ Jesus, we stedfastly believe,
The grace Thou dost this moment give
Thou wilt the next bestow,
Wilt keep us every moment here,
And show Thyself the Finisher,
And never let us go.”

—C. WESLEY.

2 JOHN 5.

*And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I
wrote to thee a new commandment, but*

*that which we had from the beginning,
that we love one another.*

“ The sense of the world is short,—
Long and various the report—
To love and be beloved ;
Men and gods have not outlearned it ;
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
’Tis not to be improved.”

—EMERSON.

“ He measureth world's pleasure,
World's ease, as Saints might measure ;
For hire
Just love entire
He asks, not grudging pain.”

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE THIRD EPISTLE OF JOHN.

3 JOHN 7.

For many deceivers are gone forth into the world.

“The Saviour’s happy light
Wherein at first was dight
His boon of life and immortality,
In desert ice of subtleties was spent
Or drowned in mists of childish wonderment,
Fond fancies here, there false philosophy.”
—M. ARNOLD.

3 JOHN 11.

Beloved, imitate not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God.

“He went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God’s heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of endless good.”

—LOWELL.

3 JOHN 14.

I hope shortly to see thee, and we shall speak face to face.

“Face unto face, then, say,
Eyes mine own meeting,
Is your heart far away,
Or with mine beating?
When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.”

—THOMAS HARDY.

The friends salute thee. Salute the friends by name.

“Oh take this coin, too oft to worthless ends
Profaned, and see upon its circlet shine
One Image fair, one Legend never dim;
And whose but Cæsar’s? for this word by Him
Was used at parting, ‘I have called you Friends’”.

—DORA GREENWELL.

JUDE.

JUDE 3.

*I was constrained to write to you exhorting
you to contend earnestly for the faith.*

“But since the Apostles could not be confined

To these or those, but severally designed
Their large commission round the world to
blow,

To spread their faith, they spread their
labours too.

Yet still their absent flocks their pains did
share ;

They hearkened still, for love produces
care.

And as mistakes arose and discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,

As charity grew cold or faction hot,

Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,

For all their wants they wisely did provide,

And preaching by Epistles was supplied :

So great physicians cannot all attend,

But some they visit, and to some they send.

Yet all those letters were not writ to all,

Nor first intended, but occasional—

Their absent sermons.”

DRYDEN : *Hind and Panther* (Part II).

JUDE 11.

*Woe unto them! for they went in the way of
Cain, and ran riotously in the error of
Balaam for hire, and perished in the
gainsaying of Korah.*

“Look not thou on beauty’s charming ;

Sit thou still when kings are arming ;

Taste not when the wine-cup glistens ;

Speak not when the people listens ;

Stop thine ear against the singer ;
From the red gold keep thy finger ;
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.”

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JUDE 12.

Shepherds that without fear feed themselves.

“Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know

how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the
least

That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ?

They are sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw ;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.”

—MILTON : *Lycidas*.

JUDE 21.

Keep yourselves in the love of God.

“Kingdoms melt away like snow,

Gods are spent like wasting flames,

Hardly the new peoples know

Their divine thrice-worshipp’d names !

At the last great hour of all,

When thou makest all things new,

Father, hear thy children call,

Let not love go too.”

—ALFRED NOYES.

JUDE

*Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus
Christ unto eternal life.*

“ He that beholds all from on high
Knows better what to do than I.
I'm not mine own : should I repine
If He dispose of what's not mine ?
Purge but thy soul of blind self-will,
Thou straight shalt see God doth no ill.
The world He fills with the bright rays

Of His free goodness. He displays
Himself throughout. Like common air
That spirit of life through all doth fare,
Suck'd in by them as vital breath,
That willingly embrace not death.
But those that with that living Law
Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw :
Mistrust of God's good providence
Doth daily vex their wearied sense.”

—MORE.

REVELATION.

REV. I. 6.

*And hath made us kings and priests unto his
God and Father.*

“ Priests, priests!—There’s no such name!—
God’s own, except
Ye take most vainly. Through Heaven’s
lifted gate
The priestly ephod in sole glory swept
When Christ ascended, entered in, and sate
(With victor face sublimely overwept)
At Deity’s right hand to mediate,
He alone, He for ever. On His breast
The Urim and the Thummim, fed with fire
From the full Godhead, flicker with the
unrest
Of human pitiful heartbeats. Come up
higher,
All Christians! Levi’s tribe is dispossessed!”
—E. B. BROWNING: *Casa Guidi Windows*.

REV. I. 9.

*I John, who also am your brother, and com-
panion in tribulation.*

“ We may not make this world a paradise
By walking it together hand in hand,
With eyes that meeting feed a double
strength.
We must be only joined by pains divine
Of spirits blent in mutual memories.”
—GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gypsy*.

I . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos.

“ And God’s own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains,
And under, the sea,

And within me my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be!”
—BROWNING: *The Englishman in Italy*.

REV. I. 10.

I was in the Spirit.

Teiresias, in the *Bacchæ* of Euripides,
speaks thus:—

“ Prophecy
Cleaves to all frenzy, but beyond all else
To frenzy of prayer. Then in us verily
dwells
The God himself, and speaks the thing to
be.”

—PROF. G. G. MURRAY.

REV. I. 10-11.

*And I heard behind me a great voice, as of a
trumpet, saying, What thou seest, write.*

Compare Longfellow’s lines on *The Poet*
and his *Songs*, closing thus:—

“ As come the white sails of ships
O’er the ocean’s verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge:

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says 'Write'."

In his monologue of *The Abbot Jouchim*,
Longfellow recurs to the same passage:—

"O breath of God! O my delight
In many a vigil of the night,
Like the great voice in Patmos heard
By John, the evangelist of the Word,
I hear thee behind me saying, Write
In a book the things that thou hast seen,
The things that are, and that have been,
And the things that shall hereafter be!

This convent, on the rocky crest
Of the Calabrian hills, to me
A Patmos is, wherein I rest:
While round about me like a sea
The white mists roll, and overflow
The world that lies unseen below
In darkness and in mystery.
Here in the spirit, in the vast
Embrace of God's encircling arm,
Am I uplifted from all harm."

REV. I. 16.

*And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged
sword.*

Newman makes this the motto of his
lines on Italian superstition:—

"O Lord and Christ, Thy children of the
South
So shudder, when they see
The two-edged sword sharp-issuing from
Thy mouth,
As to fall back from Thee,
And cling to charms of man, or heathen
rite
To aid them against Thee, Thou Fount of
love and light!

But I before Thine awful eyes will go
And firmly fix me there,

In my full shame; not bent my doom to
know,
Not fainting with despair;
Not fearing less than they, but deeming
sure,
If e'en Thy Name shall fail, naught my base
heart can cure."

REV. II. 4.

Thou hast left thy first love.

"For naught's so sad the whole world o'er,
As much love which has once been more."
—COVENTRY PATMORE.

"Oh stars of heaven that fade and flame,
Oh whispering waves below!
Were earth, or heaven, or I the same,
A year, a year ago?

The stars have kept their home on high,
The waves their wonted flow;
The love is lost that once was I,
A year, a year ago."

—F. W. H. MYERS.

REV. II. 9.

But thou art rich.

"And these are the gems of the human
soul,

The rubies and pearls of a love-sick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh."

—BLAKE.

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or
poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest
store,
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches."

—SPENSER: *Faerie Queene* (Bk. vi. Canto
ix. 30).

REVELATION

REV. II. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death.

“What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er
betray ;
Though for faith unstained my life must
forfeit pay.”

—EMILY BRONTË.

“Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ;
One in fire, and two in field
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.”

—BYRON: *The Prisoner of Chillon.*

REV. II. 11.

*He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the
second death.*

“The course of my long life hath reached at
last
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbour, where must ren-
dered be
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned fantasy that, vague and
vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and
harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of
yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may
be mine—
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms ?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its
arms.”

—MICHAEL ANGELO (tr. by Longfellow).

Compare George Herbert on *Man's Med-
ley*:—

“But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble :
He hath two winters, other things but one ;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his life ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.”

“But souls that of his own good life partake,
He loves as his own self, dear as his eye
They are to him ; he'll never them forsake ;
When they shall die, then God Himself shall
die :

They live, they live in blest eternity.”

—HENRY MORE.

REV. II. 20.

*Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel . . . to
seduce my servants.*

“Then better were it that a woman died
Than all the help of Scotland should be
blent.

'Tis policy, my liege, in every state,
To cut off members that disturb the head :
As by corruption generation grows.”

—ROBERT GREENE: *James the Fourth*
(Act iv. Scene 5).

REV. III. 19.

As many as I love, I reprove and chasten.

“And we, of all others, have reason to pay
The tribute of thanks and rejoice on our way ;
For the counsels that turned from the follies
of youth ;
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of
truth ;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tem-
pered its edge ;
For the household's restraint, and the dis-
cipline's hedge.”

—WHITTIER.

REVELATION

REV. IV. 9.

The living creatures give . . . glory to him that sitteth on the throne, to him that liveth for ever and ever.

“Night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne,
And listens for the creatures’ praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave His throne;
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.”

—E. B. BROWNING.

REV. IV. 10.

The four and twenty elders shall cast their crowns before the throne.

“Take from my head the thorn-wreath
brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for Thee
Whose days eternally go on.”

—E. B. BROWNING.

REV. V. 13.

And every created thing heard I saying, Unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, be blessing and honour and glory and dominion, for ever and ever.

Compare Cowper’s well-known description of the golden age to come:—

“All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,

But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.

One song employs all nations, and all cry,
‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!’”

“Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King.

The heav’ns are not too high,

His praise may thither flie;

The earth is not too low,

His praises there may grow.

The Church with psalms must shout,

No door can keep them out:

But above all the heart

Must bear the largest part.”

—GEORGE HERBERT.

REV. VI. 9.

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain . . . and it was said to them that they should rest yet awhile.

“Rest awhile,

Children of wretchedness! more groans
must rise,

More blood must stream, or ere your
wrongs be full.

Yet is the day of retribution nigh:

The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal:

And upward rush on swiftest wings of fire

The innumerable multitude of wrongs

By man on man inflicted.”

—COLERIDGE.

REV. VI. 9-10.

I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

“Not ’neath the altar only,—yet, in sooth,
There more than elsewhere—is the cry,
‘How long?’”

REVELATION

The right sown there hath still borne fruit
in wrong—

The wrong waxed fourfold. Thence (in
hate of truth)

O'er weapons blessed for carnage, to fierce
youth

From evil age, the word hath hissed
along:—

'Ye are the Lord's: go forth, destroy, be
strong:

Christ's church absolves ye from Christ's law
of ruth.'

Therefore the wine-cup at the altar is

As Christ's own blood indeed, and as the
blood

Of Christ's elect, at divers seasons spilt
On the altar-stone, that to man's church, for
this,

Shall prove a stone of stumbling—whence
it stood

To be rent up ere the true Church be
built."

—D. G. ROSSETTI: *Vox Ecclesiae, vox
Christi.*

"All nations curse thee, France! for where-
soe'er

In peace or war thy banner hath been
spread,

All forms of human woe have follow'd there.

The Living and the Dead

Cry out alike against thee! They who
bear,

Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron
yoke,

Join, in the bitterness of secret prayer,

The voice of that innumerable throng,

Whose slaughter'd spirits day and night
invoke

The Everlasting Judge of Right and Wrong,

How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how
long!"

—SOUTHEY.

REV. VI. 15-16.

*And the great men hid themselves in the dens
and in the rocks of the mountains, and
said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on
us and hide us from the face of him that
sitteth on the throne and from the wrath
of the Lamb.*

Compare the reminiscence of this passage
in the despairing shrieks of Marlowe's
Faustus, as the coils of the devil close round
his soul:—

"Oh, I'll leap up to heaven!—who pulls me
down!

See where Christ's blood streams in the
firmament:

One drop of blood will save me: oh, my
Christ!

Rend not my heart for naming of my
Christ;

Yet will I call on Him. Oh, spare me,
Lucifer!—

Where is it now? 'tis gone!

And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall
on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of
Heaven!"

REV. VII. 3.

*Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the
trees, till we have sealed the servants of
our God in their foreheads.*

"Sure if our eyes were purged to trace

God's unseen armies hovering round,

We should behold by angels' grace

The four strong winds of Heaven fast
bound,

Their downward sweep a moment stayed
On ocean cave and forest glade,

Till the last flower of autumn shed

Her funeral odours on her dying₁bed.

Little they dream, those haughty souls
 Whom empires own with bended knee,
 What tardy fate their own controls,
 Together linked by Heaven's decree ;—
 As bloodhounds hush their baying wild,
 To wanton with some fearless child,
 So Famine waits, and War, with greedy
 eyes,
 Till some repenting heart be ready for the
 skies."

—KEBLE.

REV. VII. 14.

*These are they which came out of great tribu-
 lation.*

"Pain like a worm beneath their feet they
 trod,
 Their souls went up like incense unto God."

—WILLIAM WATSON.

REV. VII. 15.

*Therefore are they before the throne of God,
 and serve him day and night in his
 temple.*

Compare Coleridge's apostrophe to Chat-
 terton :—

"Too long before the vexing storm-blast
 driven

Here hast thou found repose! beneath this
 sod!

Thou! O vain word! *thou* dwell'st not with
 the clod!

Amid the shining host of the Forgiven
 Thou at the throne of mercy and thy God
 The triumph of redeeming Love dost hymn
 (Believe it, O my soul!) to harps of
 seraphim."

REV. VII. 17.

*The Lamb shall lead them to living fountains
 of water.*

"There's a perpetual spring, perpetual
 youth:

No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
 Famine, nor age, have any being there.
 Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
 Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards :—
 The golden fruit, kept by the watchful
 dragon,

Which did require a Hercules to get it,
 Compared with what grows in all plenty
 there,

Deserves not to be named. The Power I
 serve

Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
 Elysian shades; for he hath made his
 bowers

Better in deed than you can fancy yours."

—MASSINGER: *The Virgin Martyr* (Act
 iv. Scene 3).

REV. VIII. 1.

*And there was silence in heaven about the
 space of half an hour.*

Mrs. Browning takes this as the text for
 her sonnet upon Heaven and Earth :—

"God, who with thunders and great voices
 kept

Beneath Thy throne, and stars most silver-
 paced

Along the inferior gyres, and open-faced
 Melodious angels round—canst intercept

Music with music—yet, at will, hast swept
 All back, all back (said he at Patmos

placed)
 To fill the heavens with silence of the

waste
 For half an hour!—lo, I who have wept

All day and night, beseech Thee by my
 tears,

And by that dread response of curse and
 groan,

Men alternate across these hemispheres,
 Vouchsafe us such a half-hour's hush alone,

In compensation for our stormy years :
 As heaven has paused from song, let earth

from moan."

REV. VIII. 11.

And the name of the star is called Wormwood.

“ We do not curse thee, Waterloo !
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew.
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the waterspout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion : . . .
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose ;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be brightening !
Like the wormwood star foretold
By the sainted seer of old,
Showering down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood ! ”

—BYRON : *Poems on Napoleon.*

REV. IX. 6.

*In those days shall men seek death, and shall
not find it ; and shall desire to die, and
death shall flee from them.*

“ Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye ;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.”

—SIR WALTER SCOTT : *Alice Brand.*

REV. IX. 12.

*The first Woe is past : behold there come yet
two Woos hereafter.*

“ One woe is past. Come what come will
Thus much is ended and made fast :
Two woes may overhang us still ;
One woe is past.”

—C. G. ROSSETTI.

REV. XI. 10.

*And they that dwell on the earth rejoice over
them, and make merry.*

“ Our griefs declare our fall,
But how much more our joys.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

REV. XI. 15.

*The kingdoms of this world are become the
kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ.*

“ The advent of that morn divine,
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedar woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end.”

—WILLIAM WATSON.

REV. XI. 17.

*Thou hast taken to thee thy great power and
hast reigned.*

“ It often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party
strong ;
But Justice, though her doome she doe pro-
long,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause
right.”

—SPENSER : *Faerie Queene* (Bk. v. Canto
xi. 1).

REV. XII. 6.

And the woman fled into the wilderness.

Compare Newman's lines on Persecu-
tion :—

“ Say, who is he in deserts seen,
Or at the twilight's hour ?
Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,
Measured in speech, in purpose keen,
Calm as in Heaven he had been,
Yet blithe when perils lower.

My Holy Mother made reply,
 'Dear child, it is my Priest.
 The world has cast me forth, and I
 Dwell with wild earth and gusty sky ;
 He bears to man my mandates high,
 And works my sage behest.

'Another day, dear child, and thou
 Shalt join his sacred band.
 Ah! well I deem, thou shrinkest now
 From urgent rule, and severing vow ;
 Gay hopes flit round, and light thy brow :
 Time hath a taming hand !''

REV. XII. 7-9.

Michael and his angels fought against the dragon ; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not. . . . And the great dragon was cast out.

Compare the closing lines of Coleridge's sonnet to Sheridan :—

"Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
 Swell the full tones! and now thine eye-
 beams dance
 Meanings of scorn and wit's quaint revelry!
 Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
 The apostate by the brainless rout adored,
 As erst the elder Fiend beneath great
 Michael's sword."

"Vengeance is just :
 Justly we rid the earth of human fiends
 Who carry hell for pattern in their souls.
 But in high vengeance there is noble scorn ;
 It tortures not the torturer, nor gives
 Iniquitous payment for iniquity.
 The great avenging angel does not crawl
 To kill the serpent with a mimic fang ;
 He stands erect, with sword of keenest edge
 That slays like lightning."

—GEORGE ELIOT : *The Spanish Gypsy*.

REV. XII. 11.

*They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb,
 and by the word of their testimony ; and
 they loved not their lives unto the death.*

"Thy old soldiers, great and tall,
 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach
 down
 With strong arms their triumphant crown ;
 Such as could with lusty breath
 Speak loud into the face of Death
 Their great Lord's glorious name."

—CRASHAW : *Hymn to Saint Teresa*.

They loved not their lives unto the death.

"Life is not measured by the time we live :
 'Tis not an even course of threescore
 years,—

A life of narrow views and paltry fears,
 Gray hairs and wrinkles, and the cares they
 bring

That take from Death the terrors or the
 sting ;

But 'tis the generous spirit, mounting high
 Above the world, that native of the sky ;
 The noble spirit, that, in dangers brave,
 Calmly looks on, or looks beyond the grave."

—CRABBE : *The Village*.

REV. XIV. 12-13.

*Here is the patience of the saints. . . . And I
 heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,
 Write, Blessed are the dead which die in
 the Lord from henceforth.*

"Who dare build temples, without tombs
 in sight !

Or live, without some dead man's benison ?
 Or seek truth, hope for good, and strive for
 right,

If, looking up, he saw not in the sun
 Some angel of the martyrs all day long
 Standing and waiting !"

—E. B. BROWNING.

REVELATION

REV. XV. 2.

*And I saw them that had gotten the victory
over the beast stand on the sea of glass,
having the harps of God.*

Compare Newman's lines, *A Voice from
Afar* :—

“ Weep not for me :—

Be blithe as wont . . .

A sea before

The Throne is spread :—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We on its shore,

Share in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.”

REV. XV. 3.

*Just and true are thy ways, thou King of
saints.*

“ 'Tis life in life to know the King is just,
And will not animate his helpless dust
With fire unquenchable whose ardour must
Achieve majestic deeds that raise
Universal shouts of praise. . . .

This fire will not be granted to distress,
To fail in cold dead ash and bitterness :
He will not grant true love that yearns to
bless

The world, that it may only sigh
Back into itself and die.”

—THOMAS WOOLNER : *My Beautiful Lady*.

REV. XVII. 1-3.

*I will show thee the judgment of the great
whore that sitteth upon many waters ;
with whom the kings of the earth have
committed fornication . . . and I saw a
woman . . . having seven heads and ten
horns.*

Compare Dante's attack on the simoniacal
Popes (*Inferno*, ix. 106 f., tr. Longfellow) :—
“ Your avarice afflicts the world,
Trampling the good and lifting the depraved.

The Evangelist you Pastors had in mind,
When she who sitteth upon many waters
To fornicate with kings by him was seen ;
Ah, Constantine ! of how much ill was
mother,
Not thy conversion, but that marriage
dower
Which the first wealthy Father took from
thee !”

REV. XVII. 3 f.

*I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured
beast.*

Coleridge, in his *Religious Musings*, applies
this passage also to his own day, thus :—

“ O return !

Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred
Form

Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly
pomp,

Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,

Whose names were many and all blasphem-
ous,

Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence
that cry ?

The mighty army of foul spirits shrieked
Disinherited of earth ! For she has fallen
On whose black front was written Mystery ;
She that reeled heavily, whose wine was
blood ;

She that worked whoredom with the Daemon
Power,

And from the dark embrace all evil things
Brought forth and nurtured : mitred athe-
ism ! . . .”

REV. XVIII. 2 f.

*Fallen is Babylon the great, and is become a
hold of every unclean and hateful bird.*

“ O Rome, my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

REVELATION

What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your
way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples . . .

'The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Children and crownless, in her voiceless
woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago . . .

'The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,
and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's
pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride."
—BYRON: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, iv.

REV. XVIII. 19.

*Alas! alas that great city. . . For in one
hour is she made desolate.*

"Men are we, and must grieve when even
the shade
Of that which once was great is passed
away."

—WORDSWORTH.

"Think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and
sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment,
see
How soon this mightiness meets misery."

—SHAKESPEARE: Prologue to *Henry VIII*.

REV. XIX. 1.

*After these things I heard a great voice of
much people in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.*

"This for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill won't still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will cleere againe.

First, peales of Thunder we must heare,
Then lutes and harpes shall stroke the
eare."

—HERRICK: *Hesperides*.

REV. XIX. 9.

*Blessed are they which are called to the
marriage supper of the lamb.*

"THE GUESTS OF GOD."

"Why should we wear black for the guests of
God?"—RUSKIN.

"From the dust of the weary highway,
From the smart of sorrow's rod,
Into the royal presence,
They are bidden as guests of God.
The veil from their eyes is taken;
Sweet mysteries they are shown.
Their doubts and fears are over,
For they know as they are known.

For them there should be rejoicing
And festival array,
As for the bride in her beauty,
Whom love hath taken away—
Sweet hours of peaceful waiting
Till the path that we have trod
Shall end at the Father's gateway,
And we are the guests of God."

—MARY F. BUTTS.

REV. XX. 6.

*Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the
first resurrection . . . they shall be priests
of God and of Christ, and shall reign
with Him a thousand years.*

"For in His own and in His Father's might
The Saviour comes! While as the Thousand
Years
Lead up their mystic dance, the desert shouts!
Old Ocean claps his hands! The mighty
Dead

REVELATION

Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
With conscious zeal had urged Love's won-
drous plan,
Coadjutors of God."

—COLERIDGE.

REV. XX. 10.

*And the devil, that deceived them, was cast into
the lake of fire and brimstone, where the
beast and the false prophet are.*

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

—W. C. BRYANT.

REV. XX. 12.

Earth fled away.

"I look to you stars and say,
Thank Christ, ye are so far away
That when I win you I can turn
And look and see no sign of earth."

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

REV. XXI. 1.

And there was no more sea.

"If heaven's bright halls are very far from
sea,
I dread a pang the angels could not 'suage ;
The imprisoned seabird knows, and only he,
How drear, how dark, may be the proudest
cage.

Outside the bars he sees a prison still :
The self-same world or mead or silver stream
That lends the captive lark a joyous thrill
Is landscape in the seabird's prison-dream—
So might I pine on yonder starry floor
For sea-wind, deaf to all the singing
spheres ;

Billows like these, that never knew a shore,
Might mock mine eyes and tease my hungry
ears ;

No scent of amaranth, moly, or asphodel,
In lands that bloom above you glittering
vault,

Could soothe me if I lost this briny smell,
This living breath of ocean, sharp and salt."

—THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON : *The Coming
of Love.*

REV. XXI. 23.

*And the city hath no need of the sun, neither
of the moon, to shine upon it ; for the
glory of God did lighten it.*

"Not once nor twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has
won

His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

—TENNYSON.

REV. XXII. 11.

*He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteous-
ness still ; and he that is filthy, let him be
filthy still.*

"Let such men rest
Content with what they judged the best ;
Let the unjust usurp at will ;
The filthy shall be filthy still :
Miser, there waits the gold for thee !
Hater, indulge thine enmity !"

—BROWNING.

REV. XXII. 17.

*And he that is athirst, let him come : he that
will, let him take the water of life freely.*

"Here is the copse, the fountain, and—a
Cross !
To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor
knees,

REVELATION

Rather to thee, green bosage, work of God,
Black holly, and white-flowered, wayfaring
tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn
By this good Wiclif mountain down from
heaven,
And speaking clearly in thy native tongue—
No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and
drink!”

—TENNYSON: *Sir John Oldecastle*.

REV. XXII. 20.

*Surely I come quickly. Amen: even so come,
Lord Jesus.*

In D. G. Rossetti's poem *Ave*, addressed
to Mary, the mother of our Lord, he puts
this apostrophe:—

“Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John),
Between the naked window-bars
That spacious vigil of the stars?

For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor;
And finding the fixed terms endure
Of day and night which never brought
Sounds of His coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through clond-waste unexplor'd
Those eyes which said, ‘How long, O Lord?’
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together—tears long bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet, ‘Surely I come quickly,’ so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen: even so, Lord Jesus, come!”

“O dull of heart! enclosed doth lie
In each ‘Come, Lord’ a ‘Here am I’ . . .
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.”

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

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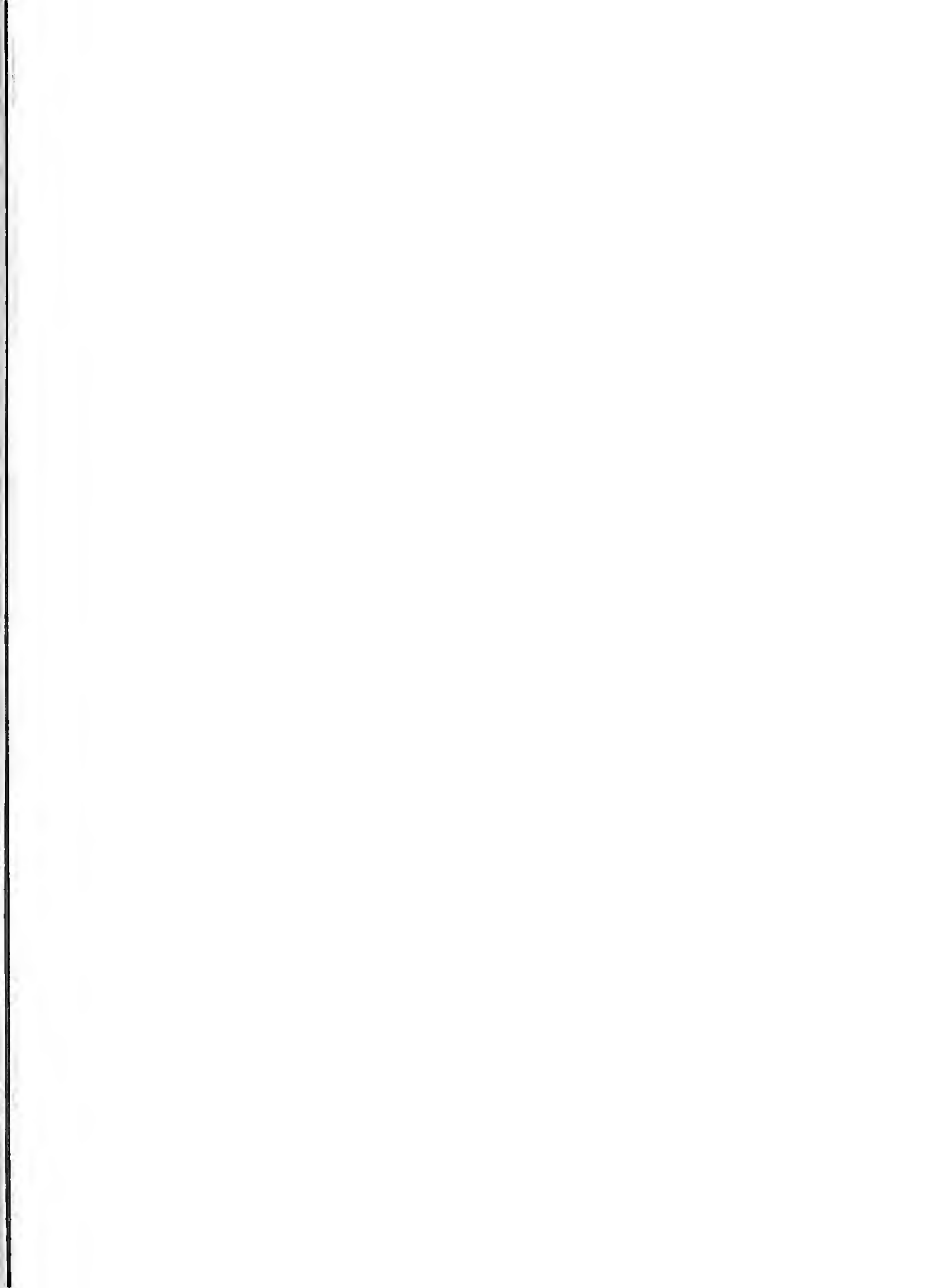
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