

Hymns  
from  
The  
Bible.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
4909





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

<http://archive.org/details/fred00fabe>







LIBRARY OF PRINCETON  
MAR 15 1933  
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



SELECTED FROM



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.



Northampton, Mass.  
BRIDGMAN AND CHILDS.  
1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by  
BRIDGMAN AND CHILDS,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

---

Cambridge : Stereotyped and Printed by John Wilson and Son.



## P R E F A C E.

---



AS the English editions of "Faber's Hymns" are quite expensive, and contain much that has no interest for any who are not members of his church, I have taken pains to exclude all that is sectarian from these pages, and have only culled that which will be dear to any heart desiring to "grow in the knowledge and love of God."

The few hymns by Faber that have already been published in such selections as "Hymns of the Ages" have met with so much favor, that I confidently anticipate an immediate and wide popularity for this selection, which includes all the best Hymns and Poems of the larger and more costly work, which has never been republished in this country.

## PREFACE.

I have omitted here and there a verse, but have not in any case altered one word of the original text.

I feel sure that those who once read these pages will read them again with increasing delight and profit. It will prove a true friend in joy or sorrow, and will be a valuable gift, as it says so much that we all feel, yet cannot always so well express.

H. L. B.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.





I.—HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

	PAGE
THE THOUGHT OF GOD . . . . .	3
THE ETERNAL WORD . . . . .	7
THE ETERNAL FATHER . . . . .	10
MY FATHER . . . . .	15
THE GREATNESS OF GOD . . . . .	18
OUR HEAVENLY FATHER . . . . .	21
JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL . . . . .	24
JESUS IS GOD . . . . .	27
THE WILL OF GOD . . . . .	31
PREDESTINATION . . . . .	35
THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD . . . . .	39
THE ETERNAL SPIRIT . . . . .	43
VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS . . . . .	47
THE AGONY . . . . .	49
COME TO JESUS . . . . .	53
CONVERSION . . . . .	56
THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH TO HEAVEN . . . . .	59
THE WORLD . . . . .	61

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PEEVISHNESS . . . . .	64
SELF-LOVE . . . . .	68
HARSH JUDGMENTS . . . . .	71
PERFECTION . . . . .	77
DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER . . . . .	80
DRYNESS IN PRAYER . . . . .	84
LOW SPIRITS . . . . .	88
TRUE LOVE . . . . .	91
DESIRE OF GOD . . . . .	95
THE GIFTS OF GOD . . . . .	100
THE RIGHT MUST WIN . . . . .	104

### II. — HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

A CHILD'S DEATH . . . . .	110
AFTER A DEATH . . . . .	114
THE HOUSE OF MOURNING . . . . .	119
DEEP GRIEF . . . . .	125
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD . . . . .	129

### III. — THE LAST THINGS.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT . . . . .	135
HOW GENTLY FLOW THE SILENT YEARS . . . . .	137
WISHES ABOUT DEATH . . . . .	140
THE PATHS OF DEATH . . . . .	143
THE LENGTH OF DEATH . . . . .	147
THE ETERNAL YEARS . . . . .	151
FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY" . . . . .	155
THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA . . . . .	158



CONTENTS.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE
THE STARRY SKIES . . . . .	163
THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS . . . . .	168
THE SORROWFUL WORLD . . . . .	171
MUSIC . . . . .	176
THE OLD LABORER . . . . .	182
THE SACRED HEART . . . . .	187
FROM "LIGHT IN DARKNESS" . . . . .	190
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK . . . . .	192







I.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.







## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

---



HE thought of God, the thought of Thee,  
Who liest in my heart,  
And yet beyond imagined space  
Outstretched and present art, —

The thought of Thee, above, below,  
Around me and within,  
Is more to me than health and wealth,  
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree  
Beneath whose shade I lie,  
And watch the fleet of snowy clouds  
Sail o'er the silent sky.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis like that soft, invading light  
Which in all darkness shines,  
The thread that through life's sombre web  
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes  
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
It is a daybreak to our hopes,  
A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,  
Then wipes them from the eyes,  
Most often fills our soul with joy,  
And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great, our souls  
Little and modest grow,  
And, by its vastness awed, we learn  
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the grassy ground  
Scarce bends its pliant form,  
When overhead the autumnal wood  
Is thundering like a storm.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

So is it with our humbled souls,  
Down in the thought of God,  
Scarce conscious in their sober peace  
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,  
And is outspoken praise ;  
And pain can even passive thoughts  
To actual worship raise.

O Lord ! I live always in pain,  
My life's sad under-song, —  
Pain in itself not hard to bear,  
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,  
When it has no relief ;  
A joyless life is worse to bear  
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord ! a suffering life  
One grand ascent may dare ;  
Penance, not self-imposed, can make  
The whole of life a prayer.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will  
Which are to Thee addressed ;  
To suffer for Thee is our work,  
To think of Thee, our rest.







## THE ETERNAL WORD.

---



**A**MID the eternal silences

God's endless Word was spoken ;  
None heard but He who always spake,  
And the silence was unbroken.

### CHORUS.

Oh, marvellous ! oh, worshipful !  
No song or sound is heard,  
But everywhere and every hour,  
In love, in wisdom, and in power,  
The Father speaks His dear eternal Word.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

For ever in the eternal land  
The glorious day is dawning ;  
For ever is the Father's light  
Like an endless outspread morning.

From the Father's vast tranquillity  
In light co-equal glowing  
The kingly consubstantial Word  
Is unutterably flowing.

For ever climbs that morning star,  
Without ascent or motion ;  
For ever is its daybreak shed  
On the Spirit's boundless ocean.

O Word ! who fitly can adore  
Thy birth and Thy relation,  
Lost in the impenetrable light  
Of Thine awful Generation?

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore  
In unspeakable embraces,  
While the angels tremble as they praise,  
And shroud their dazzled faces.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

And oh! in what abyss of Love,  
So fiery yet so tender,  
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee  
With His uncreated splendor!

O Word! O dear and gentle Word!  
Thy creatures kneel before Thee,  
And in ecstasies of timid love  
Delightedly adore Thee.

Hail, choicest mystery of God!  
Hail wondrous Generation!  
The Father's self-sufficient rest!  
The Spirit's jubilation!

Dear person! dear beyond all words,  
Glorious beyond all telling!  
Oh, with what songs of silent love  
Our ravished hearts are swelling!

Oh, marvellous! oh, worshipful!  
No song or sound is heard,  
But everywhere and every hour,  
In love, in wisdom, and in power,  
The Father speaks his dear Eternal Word.



## THE ETERNAL FATHER.

---



FATHER ! the sweetest, dearest name  
That men or angels know !  
Fountain of life, that had no fount  
From which itself could flow !

Thy life is one unwearing day ;  
Before its " Now," thou hast  
No varied future yet unliued,  
No lapse of changeless past.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not ;  
Thou wert not, wilt not be ;  
Eternity is but a thought  
By which we think of Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

No epochs lie behind Thy life ;  
Thou hold'st Thy life of none :  
No other life is by Thy side ;  
Thine is supremely lone.

Far upward in the timeless past,  
Ere form or space had come,  
We see Thee in Thine own dread light,  
Thyself Thine only home.

Thy vastness is not young or old ;  
Thy life hath never grown ;  
No time can measure out Thy days ;  
No space can make Thy throne.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,  
Sole unbegotten Sire !  
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee,  
In co-eternal fire.

They flow from Thee, They rest in Thee  
As in a Father's breast, —  
Processions of eternal love,  
Pulses of endless rest !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

That They in majesty should reign  
Co-equal, Sire ! with Thee,  
But magnifies the singleness  
Of Thy paternity.

Their uncreated glories, Lord !  
With Thine own glory shine ;  
Thy glory, as the Father, needs  
That Theirs should equal Thine.

All things are equal in Thy life ;  
Thou joy'st to be alone,  
To have no sire, and yet to have  
A co-eternal Son.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee ;  
Thy Word is Thy delight,  
Thou givest Them to equal Thee  
In glory and in might.

Thou art too great to keep unshared  
Thy grand Eternity ;  
They have it, as Thy gift to Them,  
Which is no gift to Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

We too, like Thy co-equal Word,  
    Within Thy lap may rest ;  
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,  
    May nestle in Thy breast.

Lone fountain of the Godhead, hail !  
    Person most dread and dear !  
I thrill with frightened joy to feel  
    Thy fatherhood so near.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord ! I live  
    As in some gorgeous maze ;  
Thy sea of unbegotten light  
    Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,  
    All motherlike and meek ;  
The hearts that will not come to it,  
    Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st  
    As if from far above,  
That fear may make more bold with Thee,  
    And be beguiled to love.

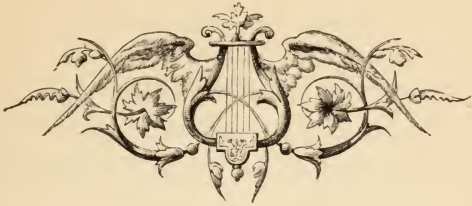
HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

On earth, Thou hidest, not to scare  
Thy children with Thy light ;  
Then showest us Thy face in heaven,  
When we can bear the sight.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee ;  
All loves are shadows cast  
From the beautiful eternal hills  
Of Thine unbeginning past.







MY FATHER.

---



GOD! Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing  
Creation can behold;  
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins  
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and evermore,  
Should we, Thy creatures, bless,  
Most worshipful of attributes,  
Thine awful holiness.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

There's not a craving in the mind,  
Thou dost not meet and still ;  
There's not a wish the heart can have,  
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round Thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade ;  
I see Thee all through time ;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,  
And out-worn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God ! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of Thee have drunk their fill ;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,  
The Saviour's heart and soul ;  
And, undiminished still, Thy waves  
Of calmest glory roll.

All things that have been, all that are,  
All things that can be dreamed ;  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon Thy power,  
Thy mercy may command ;  
And still outflows Thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own ?



## THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



MAJESTY unspeakable and dread!

Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,  
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our  
belief,  
Too little for our heart.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the side  
Of creatures frail and undivine;  
Yet they would have a greatness of their own,  
Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,  
A spectre, terror, and a grief,  
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,  
Oppressing our belief.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room  
For all things in its lap to lie ;  
We should be crushed by a magnificence  
Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things  
Still prospering as we decayed ;  
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed  
Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,  
A shelter for the meanest life,  
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth,  
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite ; 'tis ours,  
For we and it alike are Thine ;  
What I enjoy, great God ! by right of Thee,  
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie  
Outside us like a boundless sea ;  
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,  
Nor drift away from Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Out on that sea, we are in harbor still,  
And scarce advert to winds and tides,  
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves  
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves ;  
'Tis goodness bids us fear ;  
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are  
When those they love are near.

Great God ! our lowliness takes heart to play  
Beneath the shadow of Thy state ;  
The only comfort of our littleness  
Is that thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down ;  
Already life is heaven for me ;  
No cradled child more softly lies than I, —  
Come soon, Eternity !



## OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.



MY God! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy seat  
In depths of burning light!

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate spirits, day and night  
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power  
And awful purity!

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

Oh, then, this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee for Thyself  
And for Thy glory's sake.

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

Only to sit and think of God,  
Oh what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the name,  
Earth has no higher bliss.



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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





## JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL.



JESUS! Jesus! dearest Lord!  
Forgive me if I say  
For very love Thy sacred Name  
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how  
My transports to control;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful! that Thou shouldst let  
So vile a heart as mine  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The craft of this wise world of ours  
    Poor wisdom seems to me ;  
Ah ! dearest Jesus ! I have grown  
    Childish with love of Thee !

For Thou to me art all in all,  
    My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
    My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love ! within my heart  
    Burn fiercely night and day,  
'Till all the dross of earthly loves  
    Is burned, and burned away.

O light in darkness, Joy in grief,  
    O Heaven begun on earth !  
Jesus ! my love ! my treasure ! who  
    Can tell what Thou art worth ? —

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !  
    What art Thou not to me ? —  
Each hour brings joys before unknown,  
    Each day new liberty !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

What limit is there to thee, Love?  
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?  
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus! blessed love!  
So will it ever be;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity.





JESUS IS GOD.



ESUS is God! the solid earth,  
The ocean broad and bright,  
The countless stars, like golden dust  
That strew the skies at night,

The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,  
The pleasant, wholesome air,  
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,  
His own creations were.

Jesus is God! the glorious bands  
Of golden angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker, and their King.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's cross, true God,  
He who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time, on earth abode.

Jesus is God! there never was  
A time when He was not;  
Boundless, eternal, merciful,  
The Word the Sire begot!

Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,  
Onward through endless bliss, —  
For there are two eternities,  
And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! alas! they say  
On earth the numbers grow,  
Who His Divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe.

And yet what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was man?

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Jesus is God ! let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill ;  
All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfil ;

Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If by our Credo we might own  
The Godhead of our Lord !

Jesus is God ! oh, could I now  
But compass land and sea,  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy I should be !

Oh, had I but an angel's voice  
I would proclaim so loud, —  
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,  
Is everlasting God !

Jesus is God ! if on the earth  
This blessed faith decays,  
More tender must our love become,  
More plentiful our praise.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

We are not angels, but we may  
Down in earth's corners kneel,  
And multiply sweet acts of love,  
And murmur what we feel.







## THE WILL OF GOD.



WORSHIP Thee, sweet will of God!  
And all Thy ways adore,  
And every day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of His heart  
Those three and thirty years.

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I love to see Thee bring to nought  
The plans of wily men ;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh Thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard  
Upon the church full oft,  
And then how easily Thou turnst  
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where Thou  
Hast set Thine unseen feet ;  
I cannot fear Thee, blessed will !  
Thine empire is so sweet.

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

I know not what it is to doubt ;  
My heart is ever gay ;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast Thy way.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I have no cares, O blessed will !  
For all my cares are Thine,  
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine,

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

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

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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





## PREDESTINATION.



FATHER and God ! mine endless doom  
Is hidden in Thy hand,  
And I shall know not what it is  
'Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed  
For me in Thy dread will ;  
I in my helpless ignorance  
Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness, when I think  
Of what may be my fate ;  
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach  
Both faith and love to wait.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

A little strife of flesh and soul,  
A single word from Thee,  
And in a moment I possess  
A fixed Eternity ;—

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed !  
Oh at this silent hour  
The thought of what is possible  
Comes with terrific power ;

As though into some awful depth  
Rash hands had flung a stone,  
And still the frightening echoes grow,  
As it goes sounding on.

My fears adore Thee, O my God !  
My heart is chilled with awe ;  
Yet love from out that very chill  
Fresh life and heat can draw.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord !  
Thy being hath no ties ;  
The world lies open to Thy will,  
Its victim, and its prize.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Father ! Thy power is merciful  
To us poor worms below.  
Not bound by justice but because  
Thyself hath willed it so.

The fallen creature hath no rights,  
No voice in Thy decrees ;  
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,  
Thy love makes promises.

Thou mayest have willed that I should die  
In friendship, Lord ! with Thee,  
Or I may in the act of sin  
Touch on Eternity.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord !  
For Thou art God alone ?  
My soul is safer in Thy hands,  
Father ! than in my own.

I worship Thee with breathless fears ;  
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt ;  
The worst Thine anger hath in store  
Is far below my guilt.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

O fearful thought! one act of sin  
    Within itself contains  
The power of endless hate of God,  
    And everlasting pains.

For me to do such act I know  
    How slight a change I need,  
Yet know not if restraining grace  
    For me hath been decreed.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?  
    That trust my heart will cheer;  
And love must learn to live abashed  
    Beneath continual fear.

That Thou art God, is my one joy;  
    Whate'er Thy will may be,  
Thy glory will be magnified  
    In Thy last doom of me.





## THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.



GOD! who wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night.

O let me speak to Thee, dear God!  
Of those old mercies past,  
O'er which new mercies day by day  
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!  
Sweet was the freedom deemed,  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

At school Thou wert a kindly face  
Which I could almost see ;  
But home and holiday appeared  
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand  
Were underneath my head,  
That I might kiss it if I lay  
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt —  
I knew that Thou wert near,  
A silence tingling in the room,  
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home Sundays long since passed  
How strangely memory clings ;  
For then my mother told of Thee  
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee,  
What picture I had made  
Of that eternal Majesty  
To whom my childhood prayed.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I know I used to lie awake  
And tremble at the shape  
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish  
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,  
Yet never spoke of Thee ;  
The nights we spent together, Lord !  
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives which seemed distinct  
Yet which did intertwine ;  
One was my mother's—it is gone—  
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !  
But sinned before Thy face ;  
Yet now on looking back, my sins  
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more Divine,  
More glorious than before ;  
I feared Thee with a deeper fear  
Because I loved Thee more.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Thou broadenest out with every year  
Each breadth of life to meet ;  
I scarce can think Thou art the same,  
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms  
Thy past ones only prove ;  
O make my heart more strong to bear  
This newness of Thy love !

These novelties of Love ! when will  
Thy goodness find an end ?  
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord !  
Incredibly extend ? —

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?  
A joy all joys above,  
Something more sacred than a fear,  
More tender than a love !

With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
Dear God ! to see Thy face ;  
And meanwhile in my narrow heart  
O make Thyself more space !



## THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.



OUNTAIN of love ! Thyself true God !  
Who through eternal days  
From Father and from Son hast flowed  
In uncreated ways !

O Majesty unspeakable !  
O Person all Divine !  
How in the Threefold Majesty  
Doth Thy Procession shine !

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light  
Thy fiery Breath doth move ;  
Thou art a wonder by Thyself  
To worship and to love !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Proceeding, yet of equal age,  
    With those whose love Thou art ;  
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those  
    From whom Thou seems't to part ;

An undivided nature shared  
    With Father and with Son ;  
A person by Thyself ; with them  
    Thy simple essence one ;

Bond art Thou of the other twain !  
    Omnipotent and free !  
The consummating love of God !  
    The limit of the three !

Thou limitest Infinity,  
    Thyself all infinite ;  
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,  
    In thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, unbegotten Love !  
    True God ! sole fount of grace !  
And now before Thy blessed throne  
    My sinful self abase.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Ocean, wide-flowing ocean, Thou,  
Of uncreated Love ;  
I tremble as within my soul  
I feel thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;  
Awful, immense Thou art ;  
A sea which can contract itself  
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too  
Out on the shoreless sea,  
A harbor that can hold full well  
Shipwrecked humanity.

Thou art an unborn breath outbreathed  
On angels and on men,  
Subduing all things to Thyself,  
We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth  
Create while He consumes !  
A God of light ! whose rays on earth  
Darken where He illumines !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All things, dread Spirit! to Thy praise  
Thy presence doth transmute;  
Evil itself Thy glory bears,  
Its one abiding fruit!

O light! O love! O very God!  
I dare no longer gaze  
Upon Thy wondrous attributes,  
And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread!  
My heart is fit to break  
With love of all Thy tenderness  
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore;  
My comfort this shall be,  
That when I serve my dearest Lord,  
That service worships Thee!





VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.



COME, Holy Spirit! from the height  
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light!  
Come, Father of the friendless poor!

Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,  
Come with that unction which imparts  
Such consolations as endure.

The soul's refreshment and her guest,  
Shelter in heat, in labor rest,  
The sweetest solace in our woe!  
Come, blissful light! Oh come and fill,  
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,  
And make our inward fervor glow.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Where Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,  
For evil's self Thy light can kill ;  
Oh let that light upon us rise !  
Lord ! heal our wounds and cleanse our stains,  
Fountain of grace ! and with Thy rains  
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,  
And quicken what the world would chill !  
And homeward call the feet that stray ;  
Virtue's reward and final grace,  
The Eternal vision face to face,  
Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.





## THE AGONY.



SOUL of Jesus ! sick to death !

Thy Blood and prayer together plead ;  
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,  
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight — and still the oppressive load  
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie ;  
Still the abhorred procession winds  
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !  
All darkly on Thy human soul ;  
And clouds of supernatural gloom  
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The weight of the eternal wrath  
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;  
And, forced upon the olive roots,  
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

Thy Spirit weighs the sins of men ;  
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;  
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,  
And the pores open, Blood is spilt,

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !  
Even to the limit of Thy strength,  
While hours, whose minutes were as years,  
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act  
And shrunk with an astonished fear,  
As if Thou couldst not bear to see  
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger ! they  
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;  
All, save the love within Thy heart,  
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

My God! my God! and can it be  
That I should sin so lightly now,  
And think no more of evil thoughts  
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin — and heaven and earth go round  
As if no dreadful deed were done,  
As if God's blood had never flowed  
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
Do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?  
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me  
The grace Thy passion merited,  
Hatred of self, and love of Thee?

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,  
Grant me the gift of holy fear;  
And give me of Thy bloody sweat  
To wash my guilty conscience clear!

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
    Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,  
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,  
    And bleeding, on the earth He made,

And make me feel it was my sin,  
    As though no other sin there were,  
That was to Him who bears the world  
    A load that He could scarcely bear.





COME TO JESUS.



SOULS of men, why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep? —  
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep? —

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet? —

It is God: His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems!  
'Tis our Father; and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour ;  
There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this ;  
There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

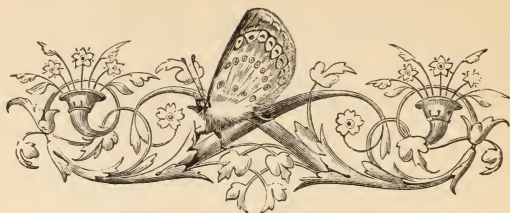
But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own ;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed ;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus ;  
It is something more than all ;  
Greater good because of evil,  
Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus ;  
And oh come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.



## CONVERSION.



FAITH! thou workest miracles  
Upon the hearts of men,  
Choosing thy home in those same hearts  
We know not how nor when.

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

O gift of gifts ! O grace of faith !  
My God ! how can it be  
That Thou who hast discerning love  
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

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

How many hearts Thou mightest have had  
More innocent than mine,  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of Thine !

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

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

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



THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH  
TO HEAVEN.

---



BLEST is the faith divine and strong,  
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,  
Whose life is one perpetual song  
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Blest is the hope that holds to God  
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,  
And sings along the heavenly road,  
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Blest is the love that cannot love  
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest,  
Whose raptures thrill like saints' above,  
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Blest is the time that in the eye  
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,  
And grows into Eternity  
Like noiseless trees when men are sleeping.





## THE WORLD.



JESUS! if in days gone by  
My heart hath loved the world too well,  
It needs more love for love of Thee  
To bid this cherished world farewell.

And yet I can rejoice there are  
So many things on earth to love,  
So many idols for the fire,  
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose  
And willing loss is Love's best prize;  
The more that Yesterday hath loved  
The more To-day can sacrifice.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

O Earth ! thou art too beautiful,  
And thou, dear home ! thou art too sweet,  
The winning ways of flesh and blood  
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers and running streams,  
The sunshine of the common skies,  
The round of household peace — what heart  
But owns the might of these dear ties?

The sweetness of known faces is  
A couch where weary souls repose ;  
Known voices are as David's harp,  
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright world ! thou art not wise ;  
Oh no ! enchantress though thou art,  
Thou art not skilful in thy way  
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,  
I might have been thy servant still ;  
But slighted love and broken faith,  
Poor world ! these are beyond thy skill.



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh, bless thee, bless thee, treacherous world!

That thou dost play so false a part,  
And drive, like sheep into the fold,  
Our loves into our Saviour's heart.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord!

This world hath had Thy rightful place;  
But come, dear jealous King of love!  
Come and begin Thy reign of grace.

Banish far from me all I love,

The smiles of friends, the old fireside,  
And drive me to that home of homes,  
The heart of Jesus crucified.

Take all the light away from earth,

Take all that men can love from me;  
Let all I lean upon give way,  
That I may lean on naught but Thee.



## PEEVISHNESS.



GOD! that I could be with Thee  
Alone by some sea shore,  
And hear Thy soundless voice within,  
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash  
The world from off my brow ;  
And I should feel amidst the storm  
That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks  
Would seem to break on me ;  
And he who stands an outward shock  
Gains inward liberty.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,  
My dark thoughts would I lay,  
And let them bear them out to sea,  
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight ;  
Each effort seems a fall ;  
And all things weary me on earth,  
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,  
From shame, and not from pride ;  
My love of souls, my joy in saints,  
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth  
And yet craved not for heaven,  
But for another nature longed,  
Not that which Thou hast given.

For goodness all ignoble seems,  
Ungenerous and small,  
And the holy are so wearisome,  
Their very virtues pall.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Alas ! this peevishness with good  
Is want of love of God ;  
Unloving thoughts within distort  
The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars  
So sadly in life's song ;  
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,  
When others seem so wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves ;  
Self is the irksome weight ;  
To those who can see straight themselves,  
All things look always straight.

My God ! with what surpassing love  
Thou lovest all on earth,  
How good the least good is to Thee,  
How much each soul is worth !

I seem to think if I could spend  
One hour alone with Thee,  
My human heart would come again  
From Thy Divinity.

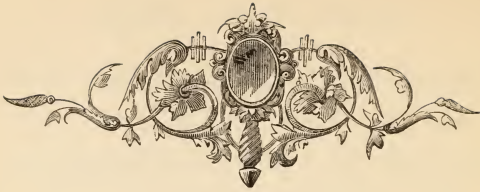
HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

And yet I cannot build a cell  
For Thee within my heart,  
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,  
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem  
My dazzled eyes to hurt ;  
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,  
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might  
My fettered thoughts unbind,  
And where the elements might be  
Like scapegoats to my mind.

Where all things round should loudly tell  
Storm, rocks, sea-birds and sea,  
Not of Thy worship, but much more,  
And only, Lord ! of Thee.



## SELF-LOVE.

“ Christ pleased not Himself.”

---



O H, I could go through all life's troubles  
singing,  
Turning earth's night to day,  
If self were not so fast around me cling-  
ing  
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building  
Mean castles in the air ;  
I use my love for others for a gilding  
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging  
My merit or my blame ;  
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging  
Of praise which I might claim.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or mountain,  
Self is forgotten never ;  
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,  
Its waters flow forever.

Alas ! no speed in life can snatch us wholly  
Out of self's hateful sight ;  
And it keeps step whene'er we travel slowly  
And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing,  
Self and the soul can sever ;  
The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,  
Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched swathing  
Not letting virtue swell ;  
Thus is our whole life numbed, forever bathing  
Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching  
Over all time and space,  
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching  
The goal in every race !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Inevitable self! vile imitation  
Of universal light, —  
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation  
Of God's exclusive right!

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,  
Deep in my nature lying;  
For I may hardly hope, alas! to kill thee,  
Save by the act of dying.

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 enduring,  
A life without self-pleasing!





## HARSH JUDGMENTS.



GOD! whose thoughts are brightest light,  
Whose love runs always clear,  
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls  
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like Thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls  
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;  
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,  
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I often see in my own thoughts,  
When they lie nearest Thee,  
That the worst men I ever knew  
Were better men than me.

And of all truths no other truth  
So true as this one seems ;  
While others' faults that plainest were  
Grow indistinct as dreams.

All men look good except ourselves,  
All but ourselves are great ;  
The rays that make our sins so clear,  
Their faults obliterate.

Things, that appeared undoubted sins,  
Wear little crowns of light ;  
Their dark, remaining darkness, still  
Shames and outshines our bright.

Time was, when I believed that wrong  
In others to detect,  
Was part of Genius, and a gift  
To cherish, not reject.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord!

This truth dawns on my mind, —  
The best effect of heavenly light  
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height  
Enables Thee to stoop,  
Whose Holiness bends undefiled  
To handle hearts that droop.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye  
Men's least attempts approving;  
Whom justice makes all-merciful,  
Omniscience makes all-loving.

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

Yet habits linger in the soul;  
More grace, O Lord! more grace!  
More sweetness from Thy loving Heart!  
More sunshine from Thy face!

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind ;  
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,  
Only the poison find.

We paint from self the evil things  
We think that others are ;  
While to the self-despising soul  
All things but self are fair.

Yes, they have caught the way of God,  
To whom self lies displayed  
In such clear vision as to cast  
O'er others' faults a shade.

A bright horizon out at sea  
Obscures the distant ships ;  
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful  
In charity's eclipse.

Love's changeful mood our neighbor's faults  
O'erwhelms with burning ray,  
And in excess of splendor hides  
What is not burned away.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Again with truth like God's it shades  
Harsh things with untrue light,  
Like moons that make a fairy-land  
Of fallow fields at night.

Then mercy, Lord! more mercy still!  
Make me all light within,  
Self-hating and compassionate,  
And blind to others' sin.

I need Thy mercy for my sin;  
But more than this I need, —  
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul  
For others' sins to bleed.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins;  
'Tis but one step to Heaven:  
When I am kind to others, then  
I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world  
Of golden ether bright,  
A Heaven where other souls might float,  
Like all Thy worlds, in light!

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All bitterness is from ourselves,  
All sweetness is from Thee;  
Sweet God! for evermore, be Thou  
Fountain and fire in me!





## PERFECTION.

---



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

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

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

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

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
But let thy hand be free ;  
Look long at Jesus ; His sweet blood,  
How was it dealt to Thee?



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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





## DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.



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

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

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

Sweet Jesus ! teach me how to prize  
These tedious hours when I,  
Foolish and mute, before Thy face  
In helpless worship lie.

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour  
O'er tongue and eye and ear,  
Had I but mortified all day  
Each joy as it came near,

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

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

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

The heart that on self-sacrifice  
Is covetously bent,  
Will bless Thy chastening hand, that makes  
Its prayer its punishment.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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





## DRYNESS IN PRAYER.



Oh for the happy days gone by,  
When love ran smooth and free,  
Days when my spirit so enjoyed  
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart  
Long prayer hath never palled,  
Times when the ready thought of God  
Would come when it was called!

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

What can have locked those fountains up?

Those visions what hath stayed?

What sudden act hath thus transformed

My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will,

Dry as the desert sand,

Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts

That come without command, —

A faith that seems not faith, a hope

That cares not for its aim,

A love that none the hotter grows

At Thy most blessed Name, —

The weariness of prayer, the mist

O'er conscience overspread,

The chill repugnance to frequent

The feast of Angels' bread, —

The torment of unsettled thoughts

That cannot fix on Thee,

And in the dread confessional,

Hard, cold fidelity : —

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord!  
If it be Thy sweet will,  
Spare not, but to the very brim  
The bitter chalice fill.

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

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

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

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



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

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

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,  
Hire which Thy beauty showed,  
Can I not serve Thee now for naught  
And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,  
This deep in which I lie,  
And blessed be all things that teach  
God's dear supremacy!



## LOW SPIRITS.



EVER, and fret, and aimless stir,  
And disappointed strife,  
All chafing unsuccessful things,  
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sameness doubles cares,  
While one unbroken chain of work  
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;  
The streets resound with noise ;  
And the soul sinks to see its peers  
Chasing their joyless joys.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Voices are round me ; smiles are near ;  
Kind welcomes to be had ;  
And yet my spirit is alone,  
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain  
Be quit of my long part ;  
The burden of unquiet life  
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work  
As thou hast done before ;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know, and life to do,  
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought  
Unto a heart unstrung,  
Like sweet bells at the evening time  
Most musically rung.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis not His justice or His power,  
Beauty or blest abode,  
But the mere unexpanded thought  
Of the Eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,  
Nor even that He is ;  
Words fail it, but it is a thought  
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart  
That I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st  
When sadness makes us lowly,  
As though thou wert the echo sweet  
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord ! for this kind check  
To spirits over free,  
And for all things that make me feel  
More helpless need of Thee.



## TRUE LOVE.

---



THINK well how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love,  
As though by His free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's babe  
To sinners' trembling arms,  
And veils His everlasting light  
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear ;  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which Love may not come near.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,  
Helpless as babes can be ;  
His love seems very foolishness  
For its simplicity.

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 Sina was of old.

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They know not how our God can play  
The Babe's, the Brother's, part ;  
They dream not of the ways He has  
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,  
Yet they dare not come near ;  
They cannot know in their blind place  
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness  
God sinks to gain our love ;  
They put away the sign in fear,  
And our free ways reprove.

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

Would that they knew what faith could work,  
What sacraments can do ;  
What simple love is like, on fire  
In hearts absolved and true !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They cannot tell how Jesus oft  
His secret thirst will slake  
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts  
Are taught by God to take.

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

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

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

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



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They would have smiled in harmless ways  
To ease their fevered heart,  
And learned with other simple souls  
To play love's crafty part.

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

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

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

They love not : for they have not kissed  
The Saviour's outer hem !  
They fear not : for the living God  
Is yet unknown to them.



## DESIRE OF GOD.

---



H for freedom, for freedom in worshipping  
God,

For the mountain-top feeling of generous  
souls,

For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and  
broad,

Where grace not in rills, but in cataracts, rolls !

Most good is the brisk, wholesome service of fear,  
And the calm, wise obedience of conscience is sweet ;  
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,  
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,  
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him ;  
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,  
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the  
brim.

Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest yearning,  
For the beautiful pining of holy desire ;  
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning  
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice happy  
fire.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells, with its  
treasure,  
And the languor of love captive hearts can unfetter ;  
And they who love God cannot love Him by meas-  
ure,  
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills ;  
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have  
trod ;  
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills  
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass  
over ;

'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to love ;

'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover ;

'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of the  
Dove.

I have seen living men, and their good angels  
know

How they failed and fell short through the want of  
desire ;

Souls once almost saints have descended so low

'Twill be much if their wings bear them over the  
fire.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their dying  
As our love would have wished, —and through lack  
of desire ;

Oh that we may die languishing, burning, and sigh-  
ing ;

For God's last grace and best is, to die all on fire.

Then wish more for God, burn more with desire,  
Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous face ;

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Pray louder, pray long, for the sweet gift of fire  
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of  
    grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul ! ever pine ;  
Oh, languish 'mid all that life gives thee of mirth ;  
Famished, thirsty, and restless, — let such life be  
    thine, —

For what sight is to heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for, He loves to be sought,  
For He sought us Himself with such longing and  
    love ;

He died for desire of us, marvellous thought !  
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.





## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

---



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

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

From out His glorious bosom came  
His only, His eternal Son;  
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,  
And with His blood sin's captives won.

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed  
The Love who made Himself their slave ;  
They grieved that blessed Comforter,  
And turned against Him what He gave.

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

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

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

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



HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought! —  
The love that God hath had for thee,  
Spending on thee no less a sum  
Than the undivided Trinity!

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

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





THE RIGHT MUST WIN.



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

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

The Church, the sacraments, the Faith,  
Their up-hill journey take,  
Lose here what there they gain, and, if  
We lean upon them, break.

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

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

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

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

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God ;  
For Jesus won the world through shame  
And beckons thee His road.

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

As He can endless glory weave  
From what men reckon shame,  
In His own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul ;  
Muse, and take better heart ;  
Back with thine angel to the field,  
And bravely do thy part.

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

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

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

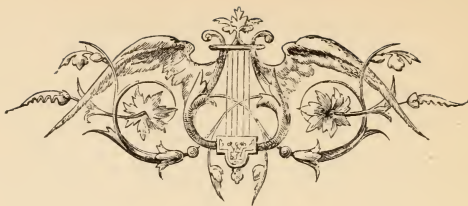




II.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.





## A CHILD'S DEATH.



THOU touchest us lightly, O God! in our  
grief;

But how rough is Thy touch in our pros-  
perous hours!

All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and  
brief,

Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

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 eldest ! O Father ! how glorious he was,  
 With the soul looking out through his fountain-like  
 eyes !

Thou lovest Thy Sole-born ! and had I not cause  
 The treasure Thou gavest me, Father ! to prize ? —

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.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to me ;  
 Thou hast taken the fairest : 'tis always Thy way ;  
 Thou hast taken the dearest : was he dearest to  
 Thee ?

Thou art welcome, thrice welcome : — yet woe is the  
 day !

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy  
choice,

Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed  
him with mirth ;

He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding  
voice,

While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through  
heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake !

Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him re-given,

Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father ! Thou  
knowest

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;

It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour ! Thou  
sowest

The grief of to-day, for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom, my  
Pride !

And thy beauty makes Jesus and Mary more glad ;

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born  
died ;

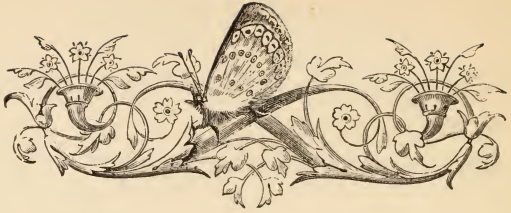
Oh, why, my own saint ! is thy mother so sad? —

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child !  
Thou art His ; I am His ; and thy sisters are His ;  
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild, —  
To think that her son is an angel in bliss !

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's bright  
shore

Should I still in my child find a separate joy :  
While I lie in the light of Thy face evermore,  
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy? —





AFTER A DEATH.

---



THE grief that was delayed so long,  
O Lord! hath come at last;  
Blest be Thy name for present pain,  
And for the weary past!

Yet, Father! I have looked so long  
Upon the coming grief,  
That what should grieve my heart the most  
Seems almost like relief.

Alas! then, did I love the dead  
As well as he loved me?  
Or have I sought myself alone  
Rather than him or Thee?—

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

To fear is harder than to weep ;  
To watch, than to endure ;  
The hardest of all griefs to bear  
Is a grief that is not sure.

As on a watch-tower did I stand,  
Like one that looks in fear,  
And sees an overwhelming host  
O'er hill and dale draw near.

The bitterness each day brought forth  
Was more than I could bear,  
And hope's uncertainty was worse  
Than positive despair.

I grew more unprepared for grief  
Which had so long been stayed ;  
The blow seemed more impossible,  
The more it was delayed.

Yes ! the most sudden of our griefs  
Are those which travel slow ;  
The longer warning that it gives,  
The deeper is our woe.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

To look a sorrow in the face  
False magnitude imparts ;  
All sorrows look immensely large  
Unto our little hearts.

But to look long upon a grief  
Which is so long in sight  
Unmans the heart more terribly  
Than a sudden death at night.

A swift and unexpected blow,  
If hard to bear, is brief ;  
But oh ! it is less sudden far  
Than a quiet creeping grief.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,  
Each worse than those before ;  
Our own griefs always greater griefs  
Than those our fathers bore.

The griefs we have to bear alone,  
The griefs that we can share.  
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,  
Which are the worst to bear?—

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Yet all are less than our deserts ;  
    Within our grace they lie ;  
The sorrows we exaggerate  
    We cannot sanctify.

Dear Lord ! in all our loneliest pains  
    Thou hast the largest share ;  
And that which is unbearable,  
    'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful Thine anger is,  
    How tender it can be,  
How wonderful all sorrows are  
    Which come direct from Thee !

Years fly, O Lord ! and every year  
    More desolate I grow ;  
My world of friends thins round me fast,  
    Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,  
    Old places left unfilled,  
And young lives quenched before the old,  
    And the love of old hearts chilled.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Dear voices and dear faces missed,  
Sweet households overthrown ;  
And what is left, more sad to see  
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,  
This rupture with the past ;  
For thus we die before our deaths,  
And so die well at last.







## THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.



LOOM gathered round us every hour  
In that house of awful sorrow ;  
Each day lay darker and more dark  
In the shadow of its morrow.

And yet no cloud that came passed on ;  
No yesterdays went by ;  
'Twas a storm that gathers without wind,  
Until it chokes the sky.

Time hungered for some dreadful change,  
And yet grew sick with fear,  
Impatient at the slow approach  
Of that which was too near.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

But we never named what most we feared ;  
It was only understood ;  
And we lived on an unspoken faith  
That somehow God was good.

Yes ! God was good ; on that one thought  
The whole day we were leaning ;  
Yet we dared not put it into words,  
Lest it should lose its meaning.

Of many things, of many wants,  
We had to be reminded ;  
We felt our way about the house  
Like men that had been blinded.

We scarce breathed any thing but grief ;  
We almost held our breath ;  
We were inwardly unmanned and numbed  
With the looking out for death.

Each told to each what each well knew,  
Each told it o'er and o'er ;  
Questions we asked which we ourselves  
Had answered just before.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

From its intensity of aim,  
Our whole life aimless seemed ;  
The very stern reality  
Made us almost think we dreamed.

The days could somehow drag themselves  
Like wounded worms along ;  
But I know not how we lived those nights,  
Save that God made us strong.

And somehow all things turned to fears ;  
And foolish things became  
Fountains of unrefreshing tears ,  
Which burned the eyes like flame.

Oh what a life it was, a life—  
Of such entangled woe,  
Like the panic of a shipwrecked crew, —  
Only this was so slow : —

Entangled with minute details,  
Needful, but out of season,  
Yet a woe of such simplicity  
As almost troubled reason.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

God shut us up there seven long weeks  
As in some unworldly ark,  
And we learned what He had meant us learn,  
To live, and to see in the dark.

Darkness is easier far to bear  
Than that unrestful gloom,  
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts  
The shapes and the things in the room.

One of those darknesses was this,  
In which God loves to dwell,  
One of those restful silences  
In which He is audible.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn  
Not sunshine, to our night,  
A new, more spiritual thing,  
An advent of pure light.

Perhaps not light ; rather the soul  
Which just then came to see,  
And saw through its world-darkened life,  
And saw Eternity.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

O God! it was a time divine,  
Rich epoch of calm grace,  
A pressing of our hearts to Thine  
In mystical embrace.

The work of years was done in days,  
Fights won, and trophies given ;  
For sorrow is the atmosphere  
Which ripens hearts for heaven.

I saw dear souls with seemliest haste  
Array themselves in light,  
And weave themselves angelic robes  
Out of the utter night.

Eternal thoughts in simplest words  
Fell meekly from their tongue,  
While the fragrance of eternity  
To their silent presence clung.

For month-like days, for year-like nights,  
I saw all this about me :  
It should have been my work, but God  
Had to do the work without me.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

I only saw how I had missed  
A thousand things from blindness,  
How all that I had done appeared  
Scarce better than unkindness,

How that to comfort those that mourn  
Is a thing for saints to try ;  
Yet haply God might have done less,  
Had a saint been there, not I.

Alas ! we have so little grace,  
With love so little burn,  
That the hardest of our works for God  
Is to comfort those who mourn.





## DEEP GRIEF.



**D**AYS, weeks, and months have gone, O  
Lord!  
They seemed both long and brief;  
Yet darker still the darkness grows,  
And deeper lies the grief.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,  
They said what time would do;  
Wise-sounding words! yet have they been  
Most bitterly untrue.

O sorrow! 'tis thy law to feed  
On what should be relief;  
O time! of all things surely thou  
Art cruellest to grief.

They tell me I am better now,  
That tears have passed away :  
Alas ! those earlier days of tears  
Were sunshine to to-day.

The mind was less afraid of self,  
When sorrow's thoughts grew rank ;  
The sights and sounds of recent grief  
Were better than this blank.

Old grief is worse than new : its pain  
Is deeper in the heart ;  
The dull blind ache is worse to bear  
Than blow, or wound, or smart.

Deeper and deeper in my soul  
The weight of grief is stealing,  
And, strange to say, I feel it more  
When it has sunk past feeling.

O grief ! when thou wert fresh and sharp,  
Part of life felt thy blow ;  
But, grown the habit of my heart,  
Thou art my whole life now.



HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Most sovereign when least sensible,  
Most seen when out of sight,  
Thou art the custom of the day,  
And the haunting of the night.

Oh that they would not comfort me !  
Deep grief cannot be reached ;  
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,  
Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone ;  
Voices to it are swords ;  
A silent look will soothe it more  
Than the tenderness of words.

Oh, speak not ! I will do my work,  
Nay, more work than my share ;  
For to feel that it is idle grief  
Is what deep grief cannot bear.

Deep grief is not a past event :  
It is a life, a state,  
Which habit makes more terrible,  
And age more desolate.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

But am I comfortless? Oh, no!  
Jesus this pathway trod;  
And deeper in my soul than grief  
Art Thou! my dearest God!

Good is that darkening of our lives,  
Which only God can brighten;  
But better still that hopeless load,  
Which none but God can lighten.





## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.



**Q**H it is sweet to think  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted,  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them ;  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them ;

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Another sweetness shines  
Around their well-known features ;  
God with His glory signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own  
Since now they are God's only ;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead,  
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us ;  
And distant heaven, like home,  
Through them begins to woo us ;  
Love that was earthly wings  
Its flight to holier places ;  
The dead are sacred things,  
That multiply our graces.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

They whom we loved on earth  
Attract us now to heaven ;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to Heaven  
With grudging sighs we gave you,  
To Him ! be doubts forgiven !  
Who took you there to save you !—  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our homes above,  
And trust to God more blindly.





III.

THE LAST THINGS.









## THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.



ARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are  
swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's  
wave-beat shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,  
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;  
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,  
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

THE LAST THINGS.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul ! faith's moonbeams softly glisten  
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;  
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen  
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.



“HOW GENTLY FLOW THE SILENT  
YEARS!”



HOW gently flow the silent years,  
The seasons one by one !  
How sweet to feel, each month that goes,  
That life must soon be done !

O weary ways of earth and men !  
O self more weary still !  
How vainly do you vex the heart  
That none but God can fill !

It is not weariness of life  
That makes us wish to die ;  
But we are drawn by cords which come  
From out eternity.

THE LAST THINGS.

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,  
No heart of man can tell,  
The store of joys God has prepared  
For those who love Him well.

Oh, may those joys one day be ours  
Upon that happy shore !  
And yet those joys are not enough :  
We crave for something more.

The world's unkindness grows with life,  
And troubles never cease ;  
'Twere lawful then to wish to die,  
Simply to be at peace.

Yes ! peace is something more than joy,  
Even the joys above ;  
For peace, of all created things,  
Is likest Him we love.

But not for joy, nor yet for peace,  
Dare we desire to die :  
God's will on earth is always joy,  
Always tranquillity.

THE LAST THINGS.

To die, that we might sin no more,  
Were scarce a hero's prayer ;  
And glory grows as grace matures,  
And patience loves to bear.

And yet we long and long to die,  
We covet to be free ;  
Not for Thy great rewards, O God !  
Not for Thy peace — but Thee !

Ah leave us, then, at peace, to greet  
Each waxing, waning moon,  
Whose silver light seems aye to say —  
Soon, exile spirit ! soon !





## WISHES ABOUT DEATH.



WISH to have no wishes left,  
But to leave all to Thee ;  
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will  
Things that I wish should be . .

And these two wills I feel within,  
When on my death I muse ;  
But, Lord ! I have a death to die,  
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose? for in Thy love  
Most surely I descrie  
A gentler death than I myself  
Should dare to ask to die.

THE LAST THINGS.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear  
    What those few wishes are,  
Which I abandon to Thy love,  
    And to Thy wiser care.

Triumphant death I would not ask,  
    Rather would deprecate ;  
For dying souls deceive themselves  
    Soonest when most elate.

All graces I would crave to have  
    Calmly absorbed in one, —  
A perfect sorrow for my sins,  
    And duties left undone.

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.

And I would pass in silence, Lord !  
    No brave words on my lips,  
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I  
    Should die in the eclipse.

THE LAST THINGS.

But when, and where, and by what pain —  
All this is one to me ;  
I only long for such a death  
As most shall honor Thee.

Long life dismays me, by the sense  
Of my own weakness scared ;  
And by Thy grace a sudden death  
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished, —  
That I at last might die  
Of grief for having wronged with sin  
Thy spotless Majesty.







## THE PATHS OF DEATH.



HOW pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

Like the bright slanting west,  
Thou ledest down into the glow  
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,  
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

Back to our own dear dead  
Into that land which hides in tombs  
The better part of our old homes ;  
'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

Thither where sorrows cease,  
To a new life, to an old past,  
Softly and silently we haste,  
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

Thy new restores our lost ;  
There are voices of the new times  
With the ringing of the old chimes  
Blent sweetly on thy coast.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

One faint for want of breath, —  
And above thy promise thou hast given ;  
All, we find more than all in heaven,  
O thou truth-speaking Death !

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !

E'en children after play  
Lie down, without the least alarm,  
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,  
Their little life away.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
E'en grown-up men secure  
Better manhood, by a brave leap  
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep,  
Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
The old, the very old,  
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,  
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb ;  
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Ever from pain to ease ;  
Patience that hath held on for years,  
Never unlearns her humble fears  
Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
From sin to pleasing God ;  
For the pardoned in thy land are bright  
As innocence in robe of white,  
And walk on the same road.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Straight to our Father's Home ;  
All loss were gain that gained us this,  
The sight of God, that single bliss  
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Ever from toil to rest, —  
Where a rim of sea-like splendor runs,  
Where the days bury their golden suns,  
In the dear hopeful west !





## THE LENGTH OF DEATH.



SWEET Saviour ! take me by the hand,  
And lead me through the gloom ;  
Oh it seems far to the other land,  
And dark in the silent tomb !

I thought it was less hard to die,  
A straighter road to Thee,  
With at least a twilight in the sky,  
And one narrow arm of sea.

Saviour ! what means this breadth of death,  
This space before me lying,  
These deeps where life so lingereth,  
This difficulty of dying? —

THE LAST THINGS.

So many turns, abrupt and rude,  
Such ever-shifting grounds,  
Such a strangely peopled solitude,  
Such strangely silent sounds?

Another hour! what change of pain  
In this last act doth lie!  
Surely to live life o'er again  
Were less prolix than to die.

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord!  
Canst Thou have cause to fear?  
Who is that spirit with the sword?  
Art Thou not master here? —

Whom are we trying to avoid?  
From whom, Lord! must we hide?  
Oh, can the dying be decoyed,  
With his Saviour by his side? —

Deeper! — dark! dark! but yet I follow;  
Tighten, dear Lord! Thy clasp!  
How suddenly earth seems to hollow!  
There is nothing left to grasp!

THE LAST THINGS.

I cannot feel Thee ; art Thou near ?

It is all too dark to see ;

But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear !

I can go on with Thee.

What speed ! how icy-smooth these stones !

Oh, might we make less haste ?

How the caves echo back my moans

From some invisible waste !

May we not rest, dear Help ? oh, no,

Not on a road so steep !

Sweet Saviour ! have we far to go ?

Ah, how I long for sleep !

Loose sand — and all things sinking ! Hark,

The murmur of a sea !

Saviour ! it is intensely dark ;

Is it near Eternity ?

Can I fall from Thee, even now ?

Both hands, dear Lord ! both hands !

Why dost thou lie so deep, so low,

Thou shore of the Happy Lands ?

THE LAST THINGS.

Ah! death is very, very wide,  
A land terrible and dry :  
If Thou, sweet Saviour! hadst not died,  
Who would have dared to die?

Another fall! surely we steal  
On towards eternity!—  
Lord! is this death?—I only feel  
Down in some sea with Thee.







## THE ETERNAL YEARS.

---



HOW shalt thou bear the Cross that now  
So dread a weight appears?  
Keep quietly to God, and think  
Upon the Eternal years.

Austerity is little help,  
Although it somewhat cheers ;  
Thine oil of gladness is the thought  
Of the Eternal years.

Set hours and written rules are good,  
Long prayer can lay our fears ;  
But it is better calm for thee  
To count the Eternal years.

THE LAST THINGS.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,  
God's word unto the ears ;  
But He will have thee rather brood  
Upon the Eternal years.

Full many things are good for souls  
In proper times and spheres ;  
Thy present good is in the thought  
Of the Eternal years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,  
Though meekness it appears ;  
More humbling is it far for thee  
To face the Eternal years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,  
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;  
Learn to be real, from the thought  
Of the Eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,  
Nor be ashamed of tears ;  
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart  
Sing of the Eternal years.

THE LAST THINGS.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,  
Though little it appears ;  
For there is hid in it the weight  
Of the Eternal years.

And knowest thou not how bitterness  
An ailing spirit cheers ?  
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought  
Of the Eternal years.

One cross can sanctify a soul ;  
Late saints and ancient seers  
Were what they were, because they mused  
Upon the Eternal years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower ;  
Time flies, and judgment nears ;  
Go ! make thy honey from the thought  
Of the Eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen  
Through calm contritions' tears,  
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp  
At the Eternal years.

THE LAST THINGS.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought  
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears ;  
Such prison-house thine heart will make  
Free of the Eternal years.

A single practice, long sustained,  
A soul to God endears ;  
This must be thine, to weigh the thought  
Of the Eternal years.

He practises all virtue well  
Who his own cross reveres,  
And lives in the familiar thought  
Of the Eternal years.





FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY."



LONE! to land alone upon that shore!  
With no one sight that we have seen be-  
fore, —

Things of a different hue,  
And the sounds all new,  
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.  
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!  
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,  
Perhaps no shape of ground,  
Perhaps no sight or sound,  
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange, —  
But to begin alone that mighty change!

THE LAST THINGS.

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
Knowing so well we can return no more ;  
    No voice or face of friend,  
    None with us to attend  
Our disembarking on that awful strand,  
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
To begin alone to live forevermore,  
    To have no one to teach  
    The manners or the speech  
Of that new life, or put us at our ease ; —  
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone? the God we know is on that shore,  
The God of whose attractions we know more  
    Than of those who may appear  
    Nearest and dearest here ;  
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know  
More privately than any friend below? —

Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,  
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more

THE LAST THINGS.

In trials and in woes  
Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife —  
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life !

Alone? the God we love is on that shore,  
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,  
And whom we loved all through  
And with a love more true  
Than other loves — yet now shall love Him more : —  
True love of Him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore ;  
Twill be as though we had been there before ;  
We shall meet more we know  
Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove,  
And be at home at once with our Eternal love !





## THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

---



THE land beyond the Sea !  
When will life's task be o'er?  
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,  
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?  
When shall we come to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea?

The land beyond the Sea !  
How close it often seems,  
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;  
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams !  
It longs to fly to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !



THE LAST THINGS.

The land beyond the Sea !  
Sometimes distinct and near  
It grows upon the eye and ear,  
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;  
We seem half way to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
Sometimes across the strait,  
Like a drawbridge to a castle-gate,  
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait  
For us to pass to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
Oh, how the lapsing years,  
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love, to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
How dark our present home !  
By the dull beach and sullen foam  
How wearily, how drearily, we roam,

THE LAST THINGS.

With arms outstretched to thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
When will our toil be done?  
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run  
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !  
Homesick we are for thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
Why fadest thou in light?  
Why art thou better seen towards night?  
Dear land ! look always plain, look always bright,  
That we may gaze on thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !  
Sweet is thine endless rest,  
But sweeter far that Father's breast  
Upon thy shores eternally possess ;  
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,  
Calm land beyond the Sea !



IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.







## THE STARRY SKIES.



THE starry skies, they rest my soul,  
Its chains of care unbind,  
And with the dew of cooling thoughts  
Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,  
I rest, and sing, and rest,  
Among those bright dissevered worlds,  
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays  
Swing with me where I light,  
While brighter branches lure me o'er  
New gulfs of purple night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yes, something draws me upward there,  
As morning draws the lark ;  
Only my spell, whate'er it is,  
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there, —  
To which my soul was turning,  
A home not seen, but nightly proved  
By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space  
Could hold it in its bond ;  
Thought climbs its highest, still it is  
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never seems like home, though fresh  
And full its tide of mirth ;  
No glorious change we can conceive  
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home ;  
And His sweet Vision lies  
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,  
Beyond the starry skies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

So, as if waiting for a voice,  
    Nightly I gaze and sigh,  
While the stars look at me silently  
    Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred! God is my home,  
    And God Himself is here ;  
Why have I looked so far for Him  
    Who is nowhere but near?

Oh, not in distant starry skies,  
    In vastness not abroad,  
But everywhere in His whole self  
    Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,  
    Not in vague fields of bliss,  
But whole in every present point  
    The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskiest vales where'er  
    My pilgrimage may be,  
Thou, Lord! wilt be a ready home,  
    Always at hand for me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I spake ; but God was nowhere seen ;  
Was His love too tired to wait ?  
Ah, no ! my own unsimple love  
Hath often made me late.

How often things already won  
It urges me to win,  
How often makes me look outside  
For that which is within !

Our souls go too much out of self  
Into ways dark and dim :  
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,  
Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw  
God softly drawing near ;  
How came He, without sight or sound,  
So soon to disappear ?

God was not gone : but He so longed  
His sweetness to impart,  
He too was seeking for a home,  
And found it in my heart.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Twice had I erred : a distant God  
Was what I could not bear ;  
Sorrows and cares were at my side ;  
I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off  
As even to be near ;  
He is within ; our spirit is  
The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side  
Is almost as untrue,  
As to remove His throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary ;  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,  
Myself God's sanctuary.



## THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

---



IN pulses deep of threefold love,  
Self hushed, and self possessed,  
The mighty, unbeginning God  
Had lived in silent rest.

With His own greatness all alone,  
The sight of self had been  
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,  
Before His eye serene.

He lay before Himself and gazed,  
As ravished with the sight,  
Brooding on His own attributes  
With dread, untold delight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No ties were on His bliss, for He  
Had neither end nor cause ;  
For His own glory 'twas enough  
That He was what He was.

His glory was full grown ; His light  
Had owned no dawning dim ;  
His love did not outgrow Himself,  
For nought could grow in Him.

He stirred — and yet we know not how  
Nor wherefore He should move ;  
In our poor human words, it was  
An overflow of love.

It was the first outspoken word  
That broke that peace sublime,  
An outflow of eternal love  
Into the lap of time.

He stirred ; and beauty all at once  
Forth from His being broke ;  
Spirit and strength, and living life,  
Created things, awoke.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Order and multitude and light  
In beauteous showers outstreamed ;  
And realms of newly fashioned space  
With radiant angels beamed.

How wonderful is life in heaven  
Amid the angelic choirs,  
Where uncreated love has crowned  
His first created fires !

But see ! new marvels gather there :  
The wisdom of the Son  
With heaven's completest wonder ends  
The work so well begun.





## THE SORROWFUL WORLD.



HEARD the wild beasts in the woods  
complain ;  
Some slept, while others wakened to  
sustain

Through night and day the sad, monotonous round,  
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,  
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,  
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those  
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife  
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,  
As, when the clash of battle dies away,  
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,  
As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;  
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,  
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,  
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;  
Their faces, when they look to us, they raise,  
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;  
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;  
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,  
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,  
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,  
Shunning our confidence, as if we were  
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing, but they must wail ;  
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;  
One mountain hollow to another calls  
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,  
As if the earth were fainting in distress,  
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,  
And naught but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair ;  
And when the thunder bellows in the air,  
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,  
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,  
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :  
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing  
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste cold grimly overawes  
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;  
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,  
And o'er the land like an oppression lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow  
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;  
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,  
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear  
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care ;  
The very babes that in their cradles lie,  
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song,  
The protest of the weak against the strong ;  
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,  
And from dark mines, the same sad sound it yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !  
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;  
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm ;  
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but moans ?  
Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?  
Oh, can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,  
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic power  
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,  
And straightway, of its single self, unbind  
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant Mind.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Alas ! of all this sorrow there is need :  
For us Earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed ;  
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts  
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes ! it is well for us ; from these alarms,  
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms ;  
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout  
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

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 us calm and bold ?

Oh it is well for us : with angry glance  
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :  
Seek where we will, — Father ! we see it now, —  
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou !



## MUSIC.



HAT music breathes all through my spirit,  
As the breezes blow through a tree ;  
And my soul gives light as it quivers,  
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,  
New passions that have not a name ;  
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms  
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings  
Which make my life broaden and swell ;  
And I hear strange things that are soundless,  
And I see the invisible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O silence that clarion in mercy —  
For it carries my soul away ;  
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,  
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

O exquisite tyranny ! silence, —  
My soul slips from under my hand,  
And as if by instinct is fleeing  
To a dread unvisited land.

Is it sound or fragrance or vision ?  
Vocal light wavering down from above ?  
Past prayer and past praise I am floating  
Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered ;  
Within me the Past is awake ;  
The Present is grandly transfigured ;  
The Future is clear as day-break.

Now Past, Present, Future, have mingled,  
A new sort of Present to make ;  
And my life is all disembodied,  
Without time, without space, without break.

MISCELLANEOUS.

But my soul seems floating for ever  
In an orb of ravishing sounds,  
Through faint-falling echoes of heavens  
'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,  
The concords glide in like a stream,  
With a sound that is almost a silence,  
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,  
My soul has a storm in its bowers,  
Like the thunder among the mountains,  
Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling  
In their silent and eddying rings;  
We tremble, — they touch us so lightly,  
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,  
That are full of significant sound,  
Like music echoing music  
Under water, or under ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.

That clarion again ! through what valleys  
Of deep, inward life did it roll,  
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet  
Right down in the caves of my soul?

My mind is bewildered with echoes, —  
Not all from the sweet sounds without ;  
But spirits are answering spirits  
In a beautiful muffled shout.

O cease then, wild Horns ! I am fainting ;  
If ye wail so, my heart will break ;  
Some one speaks to me in your speaking  
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,  
How native, how household, they are !  
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,  
The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices, that long have been silenced,  
Come clear from their peaceable land,  
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness  
From the Presence in which they stand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Or is music the inarticulate  
Speech of the angels on earth?  
Or the voice of the undiscovered  
Bringing great truths to the birth?

O music! thou surely art worship;  
But thou art not like praise or prayer;  
And words make better thanksgiving  
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,  
An outflow of something divine;  
For the voice of adoring silence,  
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendors made vocal  
As they glanced from that shining sea,  
Where the Vision is visible music,  
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord! art the Father of music;  
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;  
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,  
Though it singeth them silently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

But I guess, by the stir of this music,  
What raptures in heaven can be,  
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,  
And the music is light out of Thee.





## THE OLD LABORER.



WHAT end doth he fulfil?

He seems without a will,  
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn  
man!

He hath let the years pass,  
He hath toiled and heard Mass,  
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

And this forsooth is all ;  
A plant or animal  
Hath a more positive work to do than he ;



MISCELLANEOUS.

Along his daily beat,  
Delighting in the heat,  
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

What doth God get from him?  
His mind is very dim,  
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.  
Is there glory in his strife?  
Is there meaning in his life?  
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear? —

Peace! he is dying now;  
No light is on his brow;  
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.  
The poor die often so —  
And yet they long to go,  
To take to God their overweighted hearts.

Born only to endure,  
The patient, passive poor  
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;  
For they are men who keep  
Their lives secret and deep;  
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This laborer that is gone  
Was childless and alone,  
And homeless as his Saviour was before him ;  
He told in no man's ear  
His longing, love, or fear,  
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

He had so long been old,  
His heart was close and cold ;  
He had no love to take, no love to give ;  
Men almost wished him dead ;  
'Twas best, for him they said ;  
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

He walked with painful stoop,  
As if life made him droop,  
And care had fastened fetters round his feet ;  
He saw no bright blue sky,  
Except what met his eye  
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good ?  
He slept, and he took food ;  
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

He bore to take relief  
Less as a right than grief; —  
To what might such a soul as his aspire?

His inexpressive eye  
Peered round him vacantly,  
As if, whate'er he did, he would be chidden;  
He seemed a mere growth of earth;  
Yet even he had mirth,  
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Always his downcast eye  
Was laughing silently,  
As if he found some jubilee in thinking;  
For his one thought was God,  
In that thought he abode,  
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.

Thus did he live his life,  
A kind of passive strife,  
Upon the God within his heart relying;  
Men left him all alone,  
Because he was unknown,  
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

God judges by a light,  
Which baffles mortal sight,  
And the useless seeming man the crown hath won :  
In his vast world above,  
A world of broader love,  
God hath some grand employment for his Son.





## THE SACRED HEART.



UNCHANGING and unchangeable,  
Before angelic eyes,  
The vision of the Godhead  
In its tranquil beauty lies ;  
And, like a city lighted up  
All gloriously within,  
Its countless lustres glance and gleam,  
And sweetest worship win.  
On the unbegotten Father,  
Awful well-spring of the Three,  
On the sole-begotten Son's  
Co-equal majesty,  
On Him eternally breathed forth  
From Father and from Son,  
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze,  
And unreckoned ages run.

MISCELLANEOUS.

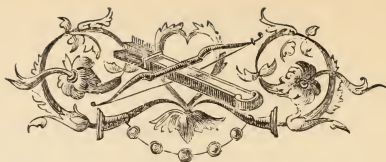
Still the fountain of the Godhead  
Giveth forth eternal being ; —  
Still begetting, unbegotten,  
Still His own perfection seeing,  
Still limiting His own loved self  
With His dear co-equal Spirit,  
No change comes o'er that blissful life,  
No shadow passeth near it.  
And beautiful dread attributes,  
All manifold and bright,  
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves  
In one self-living light ;  
And far in that deep life of God,  
In harmony complete,  
Like crownèd Kings, all opposite  
Perfections take their seat.

See ! deep within the glowing depth  
Of that eternal light,  
What change hath come, what vision new  
Transports angelic sight?  
A creature can it be,  
In uncreated bliss?  
A novelty in God?  
Oh, what nameless thing is this?  
The beauty of the Father's power

MISCELLANEOUS.

Is o'er it brightly shed ;  
    The sweetness of the Spirit's love  
Is unction on its head ;  
    In the wisdom of the Son  
It plays its wondrous part ;  
    While it lives the loving life  
Of a real human heart !

A heart that hath a Mother,  
    And a treasure of red blood ;  
A heart that man can pray to,  
    And feed upon for food !  
In the brightness of the Godhead  
    Is its marvellous abode,  
A change in the unchanging,  
    Creation touching God !  
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest,  
    Who on that vision gaze,  
Salute the Sacred Heart with all  
    Your worshipful amaze !  
Adore, while with ecstatic skill  
    The Three in One ye scan,  
The mercy that hath planted there  
    That blessed heart of man !



FROM "LIGHT IN DARKNESS."



MY soul lay at the door of death,  
Anguish and dread within ;  
For all I had and all I was  
Seemed nothing then but sin.  
How I could speak I cannot tell ;  
How I could dare to pray  
Seemed wonderful ; and yet my heart  
To Jesus dared to say ;—

Show me the Father's face, O Lord !  
This was my venturous cry,  
And close before me, as I prayed,  
Methought Some One passed by.



MISCELLANEOUS.

The space of one swift lightning's flash  
Was the Majesty outspread ;  
Then the angels' songs the silence broke,  
And the glorious darkness fled.





## THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.



HE shadow of the rock !

Stay, Pilgrim ! stay !

Night treads upon the heels of day ;

There is no other resting-place this way.

The Rock is near,

The well is clear ;

Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !

The desert wide

Lies round thee like a trackless tide,

In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.

The sun is gone,

Thou art alone ;

Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !  
All come alone,  
All, ever since the Sun hath shone,  
Who travelled by this road have come alone.  
Be of good cheer,  
A home is here ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !  
Night veils the land ;  
How the palms whisper as they stand !  
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !  
Cool waters take,  
Thy thirst to slake ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

The shadow of the Rock !  
Abide ! abide !  
This rock moves ever at thy side,  
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.  
Ages are laid  
Beneath its shade ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !  
Always at hand,  
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,  
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.  
It comes in sight  
Only at night ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

The shadow of the Rock !  
'Mid skies storm-riven,  
It gathers shadows out of heaven,  
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.  
Through the charmed air  
Dew falls not there ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !  
To angels' eyes  
This Rock its shadow multiplies,  
And at this hour in countless places lies.  
One Rock, one Shade,  
O'er thousands laid ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !  
To weary feet  
That have been diligent and fleet,  
The sleep is deeper, and the shade more sweet.  
O weary ! rest,  
Thou art sore pressed ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !  
Thy bed is made ;  
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid  
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.  
They who rest here  
Wake with heaven near ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !  
Pilgrim ! sleep sound ;  
In night's swift hours, with silent bound,  
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,  
Gaining more way  
By night than day ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !  
One day of pain  
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,  
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain,  
And only wake  
In heaven's day-break ;  
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.















THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF  
ART AND HISTORY  
NEW YORK