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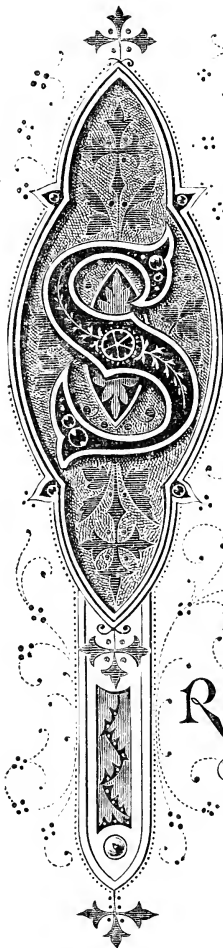
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





HYMNS
SELECTED FROM FABER



HYMNS

SELECTED

from

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by

R. Peckall Smith

WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY
1874
No. 239 E
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PREFACE.



GVERY one of us is a mute poet.
The crowned singer but gives
expression to our own hearts.
He only gives shape and voice to the deep
surgings of our emotions. The joy of
poetry is that it brings a sense of relief
by putting into words the movings of our
souls. The poet is the vocal interpreter
of our inward life, and so far as he gives a

true rendering of the inward music, so far he holds our hearts.

The expression of emotion widens and deepens its channels, making the rills into rivers of joy. What the various song-birds are to bursting nature in the sunshine and the shade of spring, poets are to their brethren, swelling with an inward life they cannot *themselves* articulate. The greatest poet is he who most faithfully interprets the inner world of the emotion of his fellows.

In like manner every Christian is a Psalmist. Not mere human but divine emotions are surging and swelling within his bosom. One joy of heaven is that they will find free vent before the throne of God. He who best knew our needs has given us the poetry and Psalms of the Bible to relieve and yet fill our hearts

by meditation and praise. I sometimes thank God that He caused the Bible to be written in the Orient, where heart-life predominates over the cold action of the intellect. I am so glad that it was not penned by any of us cold Anglo-Saxons! I know not how He could have waked such music out of our frozen blood, as David, Solomon, Isaiah, and the long line of inspired poets have given us. Where would the Church be were her glowing Bible a book of cold creeds, and mere accurate statements of doctrine. Nay, it opens to us a glowing life, a dwelling in love and in God, a rejoicing always, an offering of praise, a shout of triumph. David danced with holy joy while *he* blessed God, and Michal was cursed for seeking to restrain it. *We* are shocked by a hearty "Amen?" when it bursts from a

full heart. Shame on us for this paralysis of the soul !

The more we let our being out in harmony with the holy passions which inspired God's poets, the more free and happy our hearts will become. Yet we fear excitement, while we are suffering with partial paralysis. The freezing man fears lest he shall burn. The spirit " of a sound mind " in Christians, is also that of love and power, and of ardent religious emotions. Cold propriety is foreign to the spirit of the Bible.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their king,
Let them praise His name in the dance,
Let them sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp,
Let the saints be joyful in glory,
Let them sing aloud in their beds,
Let the high praises of God be in their mouth,
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord !

Praise the Lord, call upon His name !

Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things !

Cry out and *shout*, thou inhabitants of Zion !

Shout unto the Lord with a voice of triumph !

Clap your hands, all ye people !

Blow the trumpet in Zion !

It is because the hymns here printed have for many years done so much to stir and express my own spiritual affections, that I have longed to present them in an accessible form to my brethren. They have sunk too deeply into my own heart, too often expressed and developed the deepest religious emotions of which my soul is capable, for me to think of criticising them. They speak not merely *to* but *for* the heart of him who loves Jesus. They teach the dumb how himself to sing, the silent how to praise.

The power of these poems lies in this,

that the expression of feeling is ever the means of developing its forces.

And they who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but thirst to love Him still better.

For examples of the expression of the heart's yearnings, I call attention to the Prologue; for reverential love, to the hymn entitled "Our Heavenly Father;" for love to Christ, to "Jesus, my God and my all;" for submission to God, to "The Will of God;" for tenderness, to "The God of my Childhood" and "True Love;" for the deep conceptions of the sufferings of Christ, to "The Agony;" for the ways of charity, to "Harsh Judgments;" for the presence of God, to "The Starry Skies;" for wonderful poetical breathings, to "The Sorrowful World," and "Music;" and to the whole

collection for poems scarcely paralleled in the language for depth, tenderness, glow, power, and reverential love to God.

While thus cordially endorsing the Hymns here selected, I feel compelled earnestly to express my regret for others written while under the shadow of a monstrous system of idolatry, the most essential evil of which, we have reason to believe, the Poet renounced in his dying hours.

R. P. S.





CONTENTS.



PAGE

PROLOGUE	1
--------------------	---

Part I.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE SPIRIT.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER	7
MY FATHER	9
THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD	12
THE GREATNESS OF GOD	16
LONGING FOR GOD	19
JESUS IS GOD	22
THE AGONY	20
THE PAIN OF LOVE	30
JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL	32
TRUE LOVE	35
VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS	40

Part II.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

	PAGE
THE GIFTS OF GOD	45
THE WORK OF GRACE	49
THE END OF MAN	52
INVITATION TO THE MISSION	54
COME TO JESUS	57
THE TRUE SHEPHERD	60
CONVERSION	64
PERFECTION	67
THE WILL OF GOD	70
SELF-LOVE	73
HARSH JUDGMENTS	77
DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER	83
DRYNESS IN PRAYER	86
SWEETNESS IN PRAYER	90
PEEVISHNESS	93
LOW SPIRITS	97

Part III.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE UNBELIEVING WORLD	103
THE SORROWFUL WORLD	108
THE WORLD	114

CONTENTS.

XV

	PAGE
THE RIGHT MUST WIN	116
THE STARRY SKIES	120
EVENING HYMN	125
A COTTAGER'S CHILD	128
MUSIC	130
SUNDAY	136
THE OLD LABOURER	140

Part IV.

THE LAST THINGS.

WISHES ABOUT DEATH	147
THE PATHS OF DEATH	149
A CHILD'S DEATH	153
AFTER A DEATH	158
DEEP GRIEF	163
HEAVEN	167





Prologue.



OH for freedom, for freedom in wor-
shipping 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.

But none honours 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.

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
measure,

For their love is but hunger to love Him still
better.

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast
thou found

Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on
thy way ?

All the hard would be easy, all the tangles
unwound,

Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

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.

'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 dis-
 cover ;

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

'Tis a great gift of God to live after our
 Lord ;

Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of
 fire,

When fainting souls fed on each dim figured
 word,

And God called men He loved most—the Men
 of Desire.

Oh then wish more for God, burn more with
 desire,
Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous
 face ;
Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift
 of fire
To come down on thy heart with its whirl-
 winds of grace.

God loves to be longed for, He longs 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.



Part I.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE
SPIRIT.



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!

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 my 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!



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 ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

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 outworn 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.

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 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,—

Oh 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.

At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see ;
But home and holyday 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 past
How fondly 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.

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.

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 ;
Oh 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
Oh make Thyself more space !



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.

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.

Out on that sea we are in harbour 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 our-
selves;

'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!





LONGING FOR GOD.

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.

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.

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 !





JESUS IS GOD.



JESUS 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.

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?

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 should I 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.

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 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.

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.

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?

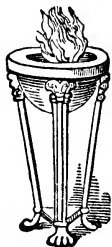
I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if Christ's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

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?

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 sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear !





THE PAIN OF LOVE.



ESUS! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all ;
Dear Lord ! Thou knowest me ;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles !
Now give me tears to weep ; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord ! the more
I hate my own cold heart ;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord !
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where Thou canst never see ?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given ?
Ah no ! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in heaven.



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.

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 honour 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 joy before unknown,
Each day new liberty !

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!





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.

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

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

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

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

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 is,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss!

They cannot tell how Jesus oft
His sacred 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.

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.





VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.



OME, 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 labour 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 fervour glow.

Where Thou art, Lord! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill :

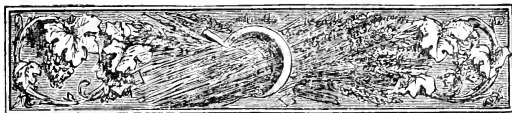
Oh let that light upon us rise!
Lord! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

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.



Part II.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.



THE GIFTS OF GOD



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

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

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

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

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

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

The world rose up against His love :
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only 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.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave ;
They grieved that blessèd 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.

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

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 WORK OF GRACE.



HOW the light of heaven is stealing,
Gently o'er the trembling soul;
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Fairer than the pearly morning
Comes the softly struggling ray:
Ah, it is the very dawning
That precedes eternal day.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

See the tears, the blessed trouble,
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles!
How the guilt of sin seems double,
And how plain are Satan's wiles!
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Now the light is growing brighter,
Fear of hell and hate of sin;
Another flash! the heart is lighter;
Love of God hath entered in.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

Now upon the favourite passion
Falls a steady ray of grace;
And the lights of world and fashion
In the new light fade apace.
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling.

See! more light! the spirit tingles
With contrition's piercing dart;—
More,—and love divinely mingles
Ease and gladness with the smart.

Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!

Free! free! the joyous light of heaven
Comes with full and fair release;—
O God, what light! all sin forgiven,
Jesus, Jesus, love, and peace.

Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way is feeling!





THE END OF MAN.



COME to Thee once more, my God!
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world
through,
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest,
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

Then honour and the world's good word
 Appeared a nobler faith ;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
 And trembled on a breath ?

The pleasure of the passing hour
 My spirit next could while ;
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick
 Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
 The flush of manhood's power ;
But then it came and went so quick,
 It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world
 Hath done its best for me ;
Yet I have found, O God ! no rest,
 No harbour short of Thee.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
 All for Thyself alone ;
Ah ! send Thy sweet transforming grace
 To make it more Thine own.



INVITATION TO THE MISSION.



Oh come to the merciful Saviour who
calls you,

Oh come to the Lord who forgives
and forgets ;

Though dark be the fortune on earth that
befalls you,

There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are ex-
tended

To fold His dear children in closest em-
brace ;

Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter

The longer you look at the depths of His
love ;

And fear not ! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter,

As you think of the home and the glory
above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world
have before you ?

Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt ?

Oh fear not, and doubt not ! the mother who
bore you

Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood
you have spilt.

Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love
Him,

And vow at His feet you will keep in His
grace ;

For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.

Come, come to His feet and lay open your
story,
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of
shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His
glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His
Name.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,
Come now, for who needs not His mercy and
love ?
Believe me, dear children, that England's fair
gardens
Are dull to the bright land that waits you
above.





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.

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.

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 vast 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.



THE TRUE SHEPHERD.



WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo
me :

And I thought I heard Him say,
As he came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;

And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me ;
 My sheep should never fear Me ;
 I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,
 His voice could not deceive me ;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
 O silly souls ! come near Me ;
 My sheep should never fear Me ;
 I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me ;
He bade my love be bolder,
 And said how He had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
 As He went along His way,

O silly souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
Whenever I did better ;
And he coaxed Me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor ;
And I always heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me ;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do **then**, dearest brothers !

What will best and longest please us,
Follow not the ways of others,

But trust ourselves to Jesus ;

We shall ever hear Him say,

As He goes along His way,

O silly souls ! come near Me ;

My sheep should never fear Me ;

I am the Shepherd true.





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.

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

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

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

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

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

How 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

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





PERFECTION.



Oh 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.

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 ?

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 !

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





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.

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.

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 gaily waits on Thee.

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

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

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



SELF-LOVE.



“Christ pleased not Himself.”—*Romans xv. 3.*



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

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air ;
I use my love of 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.

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

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 swath-
ing

Not letting virtue swell ;

Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever 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.

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 always runs 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.

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

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.

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 !

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 neighbour's
faults
O'erwhelms with burning ray,
And in excess of splendour hides
What is not burned away.

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' sin 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.

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





DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.



OH 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's bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

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

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily 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 knowst
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

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

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

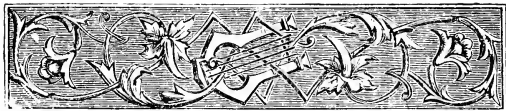
Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord!
In weak distracted prayer :
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

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

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 had 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.

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,—

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 sin of mine,
Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

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

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.

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 nought,
And only as my God?





SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.



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

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

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

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!

Dear Spirit! it is Thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask;
But, dear and gentle Dove!
Oh wherefore hast Thou lit on one
That so repays Thy love?

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

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

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

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

How silver-like Thy plumage is,
Thy voice how grave, how gay!
Ah me! how I shall miss Thee, Lord!
Then promise me to stay.

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





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.

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.

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.

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, seabirds, and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord ! of Thee.





LOW SPIRITS.



LEVER, 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.

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.

'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.

Part III.

MISCELLANEOUS



THE UNBELIEVING WORLD.



Lord! when I look o'er the wide-
spreading world,
How lovely and yet how unhappy
it seems,

How full of realities, pure and divine,
Yet how bent on unworshipful dreams!

My heart swells within me with thankfullest
joy

For the faith which to me Thou hast given;
For in all Thine amazing abundance of gifts,
Thou hast no better gift short of heaven.

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

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

Yet it grieves me too, Lord! that so many
should wander,
Should see nought before them but desolate
night,

That men should be walled in with darkness
around them,
When within and without there is nothing
but light.

But still more I grieve for Thy glory, O
Lord!

That the world should be only an Egypt for
Thee,
That the bondsmen of error should boast of
their chains,
And scoff at the love that would fain set
them free.

But we who have light, we must make our
light brighter,
And thus show our love to Thee, Lord! for
Thy gift;
The faith Thou hast sent us our love can make
greater,
And almost to sight our believing can lift.

Faith is sweetest of worships to Him who so
loves

His unbearable splendours in darkness to
hide ;

And to trust to Thy word, dearest Lord ! is
true love,

For those prayers are most granted which
seem most denied.

Oh, why hast Thou made then faith's field all
so narrow,

Nor multiplied objects for childlike belief ;
For faith, though it is such a beautiful
worship,

Is but earth's span of heaven, too fleeting
and brief.

Thou hast dealt better measure to hope than
to faith ;

Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes,
Lord ! for Thee ;

Nought is lacking to love which has fastened
on God—

It is love lost in love like a drop in the sea.

But faith throws her arms around all Thou
hast told her,
And, able to hold as much more, can but
grieve ;
She could hold Thy grand Self, Lord ! if Thou
wouldst reveal it,
And love makes her long to have more to
believe.





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.

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 their looks 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.

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

Inanimate things can rise into despair;
And, when the thunders bellow 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 sob-
bing.

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.

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.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong ;

Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank 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!

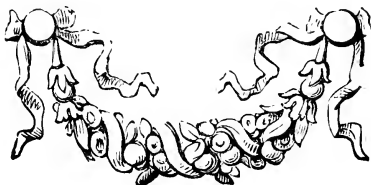
Alas! of all this sorrow there is need;
For us earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed:
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

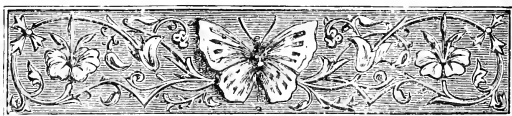
Yes! it is well for us : from these alarms,
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms ;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

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.





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.

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.

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.



THE RIGHT MUST WIN.



WH it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield 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.

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.

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.

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.

Workmen of God ! oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battlefield
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.

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.

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



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.

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 feels 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.

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.

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.

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.





EVENING HYMN.



SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy words into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to
glow

With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,—unto Thee we call
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.





A COTTAGER'S CHILD.



MET a child, and kissed it: who
shall say
I stole a joy in which I had no part?
The happy creature from that
very day

Hath felt the more his little human heart.
Now when I pass he runs away and smiles,
And tries to seem afraid with pretty wiles.

I am a happier and a richer man,
Since I have sown this new joy in the
earth:

'Tis no small thing for us to reap stray
mirth

In every sunny wayside where we can.

It is a joy to me to be a joy,
Which may in the most lowly heart take
root ;
And it is gladness to that little boy
To look out for me at the mountain foot





MUSIC.



THAT 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.

Oh 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.

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.

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.

Oh 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.

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 splendours 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.

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.





SUNDAY.



HERE is a Sabbath won for us,
A Sabbath stored above,
A service of eternal calm,
An altar-rite of love.

There is a Sabbath won for us,
Where we shall ever wait
In mute or voiceful ministries
Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled
With Christ's eternal name,
Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea
Of molten glass and flame.

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
Our heaven and earth apart,
Lest thou shouldst wrong the heaven begun
Already in thy heart.

Though heaven's above and earth's below,
Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
Doth interpenetrate.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill,
And is the root of heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher Sabbath bliss.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labour's wheel unbound ;

A day of such homekeeping bliss
As on the poor may wait,
With all such lower joys as best
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs
The little sparkling flood ;
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,
He hears the plovers crying ;
The plough and harrow, both upturned,
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith, he may believe
That earth's diurnal way
Doth, like its blessèd Maker, pause
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man !
If heaven be aught like this ; -
'Tis heaven within him, breeding there
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh leave the man, my fretful friend !
To follow nature's ways,
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts
Are no true holydays.

Is earth to be as nothing here,
When we are sons of earth ?
May not the body and the heart
Share in the spirit's mirth ?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold
Whereto his soul may cling,
Will the poor creature left behind
Be more a heavenly thing ?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart,
Because in thought our heaven and earth
Are cast too far apart.



THE OLD LABOURER.



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

What doth God get from him ?
 His very mind is 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 over-weighted 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**.

This labourer 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 :
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.

Alway his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking ;
For his one thought was God,
In that one 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.

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.



Part IV.

THE LAST THINGS.



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 descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

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

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.

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

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



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 sun-
sets 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.

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.

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.

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 splendour runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west!





A CHILD'S DEATH.



THOU touchest us lightly, O God! in
our grief;
But how rough is Thy touch in our
prosperous 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 foun-
tain-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 !

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

Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'er-
whelmed him with mirth :

He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sound-
ing 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 angels more
glad :
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 tny 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?

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 watchtower 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 the woe.

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 griet.

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?

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 :

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.





DEEP GRIEF.

DAYS, 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 cruelest 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.

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.

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





HEAVEN.



QH what is this splendour that beams
on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns
on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds
roll ?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gar-
dens of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures
of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless
towers ?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal
array,

Come the princes of heaven, how bravely
they shine!

'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the
way,

And to tell me that all I see round me is
mine.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks
and degrees,

And each with a beauty and crown of his
own;

And there, far outnumbering the sands of the
seas,

The bright rings of angels encircle the
throne

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win

One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,

From that hour they would cease to be able to
sin,

And earth would be heaven; for heaven is
love.

But words may not tell of the vision of
peace,

With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous
fires ;

Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows
all cease,

And the gift has outbidden its boldest
desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,

No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful
toil ;

No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,

No rust to corrupt, and no canker to
spoil.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago

That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains ;

All was cheerless around me, all weeping and
woe ;

Now the wailing is changed to angelical
strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures
all lost ?

Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won
heaven for me ?

Oh no ! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that, dearest Lord ! was my service of
Thee.

I had hardly to give ; 'twas enough to receive,
Only not to impede the sweet grace from
above ;

And,—this first hour in heaven,—I can hardly
believe

In so great a reward for so little a love.

THE END.

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