

# In Green Pastures

Poems of  
Green, Faith, Hope and Comfort



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IN GREEN PASTURES

## PRELUDE.

*"Green pastures," said the Psalmist,  
In that old strain of praise  
Which pours its matchless music o'er  
Our rough and rugged ways ;  
Which rests us with its tenderness  
As when a mother sings,  
And to our weary moods of pain  
Divinest healing brings.*

. . . . .  
*"And he who clothes the meadows,  
And weaves the radiant light  
Of flower and vine on mountain sides,  
And through the valleys bright,  
Shall give to me the pasture green,  
The waters still and sweet,  
Oft as I take my need, my thirst,  
And bend me at His feet."*

*Margaret E. Sangster.*





In Green Pastures. — *Frontispiece.*



# ✓ IN GREEN PASTURES

POEMS OF CHEER, FAITH  
HOPE, AND COMFORT

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He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He  
leadeth me beside the still waters."

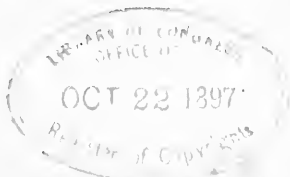
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## PREFACE.

LIFE has its dusty highways, its barren plains, its steep cliffs, and its slippery marshes, but it has also its green pastures. Nor are they far off in the distance ; they are close beside the daily path ; we need but to open a gate or step over a stile, and the grass is soft beneath our feet, the still waters are ready for our thirsty lips, and the peace which passeth all understanding lays its cool hand on our weary brows.

Next to psalms and promises of Holy Writ, it is the poets that lead us most skilfully into these green pastures. They sing of faith and hope, of love and light ; they lift us over the rough places and help us up the steep paths ; they show us how to look beneath the dark surfaces into the shining depths ; they fit a song to every gladness and a hymn to every sorrow ; with them we walk through the green pastures of

earth and look onward to the yet greener pastures of Heaven.

It is of such songs that this collection has been made,—songs that inspire, encourage, and comfort. They are new and old, they are drawn from sources unknown and well known, and they all sing of praise to God and love to man ; they tell us how to make the way smooth though it be rough, easy though it be hard, short though it be long, and therefore they are what we all need,—you and I, our friend and our friend's friend,—all who wish to make life “one grand, sweet song.”

And may the blessing of God be upon singers and listeners, now and always !

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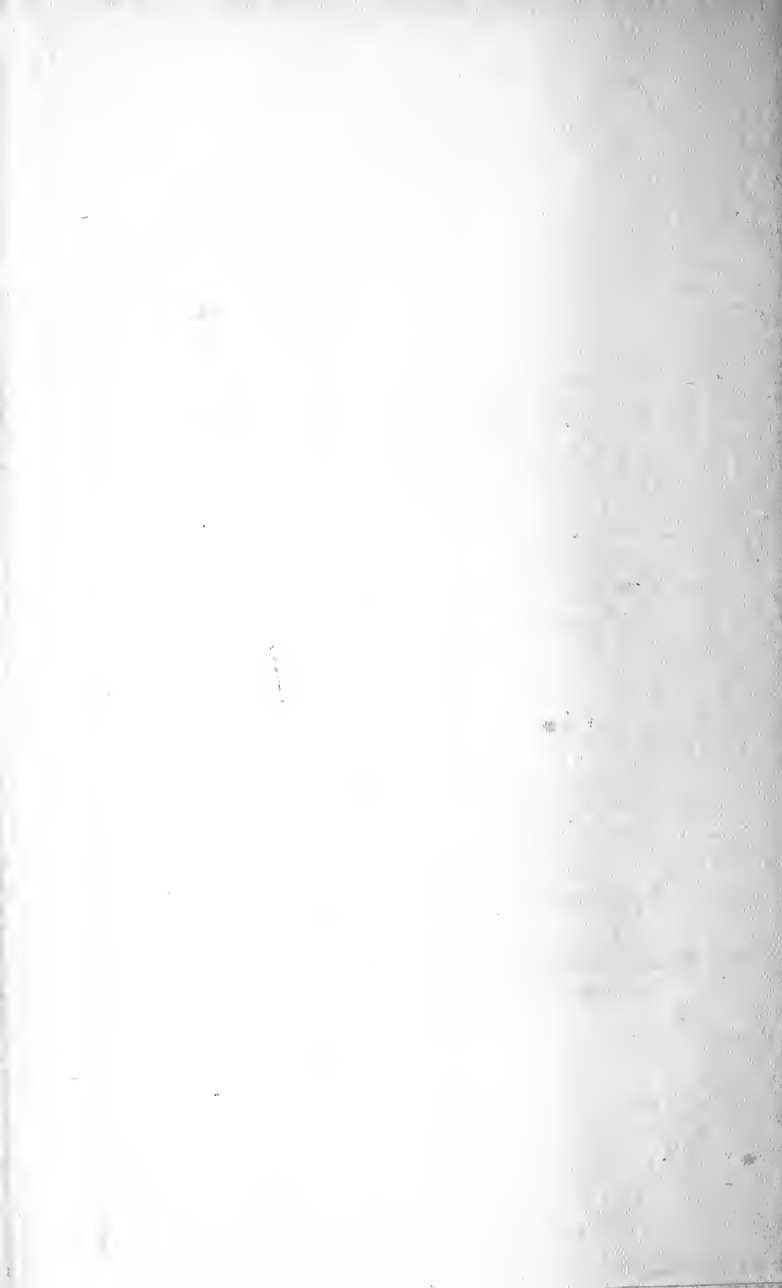
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GREEN PASTURES AND STILL  
WATERS.

THE path I tread seems often bare,  
Or it is rough to weary feet ;  
Yet all beside the way are fair  
Green fields, and waters sweet.  
I do but need to turn aside,  
And lift my heart to God, and lo !  
Around me stretch the pastures wide,  
The peaceful waters flow.

Lord, give me grace in every place  
To lift a trustful heart to Thee,  
That so my soul may walk at ease  
Amid Thy pastures free ;  
That, leaving other draughts behind—  
The draughts that chill, or heat, or  
sting—  
My soul may ever seek and find  
Thy love's unfailing spring !

## REST.

THERE is a rest that deeper grows  
In midst of pain and strife,—  
A mighty, conscious, willed repose,  
The heart of deepest life.  
To have and hold the precious prize  
No need of jealous bars,  
But windows open to the skies,  
And skill to read the stars.

Who dwelleth in that secret place ;  
Where tumult enters not,  
Is never cold with terror base,  
Never with anger hot.  
For if an evil host should dare  
His very heart invest,  
God is his deeper heart, and there  
He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,  
And tear the scattered waves,  
Peaceful as summer woods, below  
Lie darkling ocean caves :

The wind of words may toss my heart,  
But what is that to me ?  
'T is but a surface storm,—Thou art  
My deep, still, resting sea.

## TRANSFIGURED.

How changed in an instant ! What was it ?  
A word, or the glance of an eye,  
Or a thought flashed from spirit to spirit,  
As the rush of the world swept by ?

I cannot tell how, yet I know it—  
That once unto me it was given,  
'Mid the noonday stir of the city,  
To breathe for a moment in Heaven. . . .

And my soul was aware of a vision  
Too brief and too holy to tell ;  
But I saw that the world of our longing  
Was close to the world where we dwell.

Yes, heaven has come down to meet us ;  
It hangs in our atmosphere ;

Its beautiful, open secret  
Is whispered in every ear.

And everywhere, here and always,  
If we would but open our eyes,  
We should find, through these beaten foot-  
paths,  
Our way into Paradise.

We should walk there with one another,  
Nor halting, disheartened, wait  
To enter a dreamed-of City  
By a far-off, shadowy Gate.

Dull earth would be dull no longer,  
The clod would sparkle—a gem ;  
And our hands at their commonest labor,  
Would be building Jerusalem.

For the clear cool River of Eden  
Flows fresh through our dusty streets ;  
We may feel its spray on our foreheads  
Amid wearisome noontide heats.

We may share in the joy of God's angels  
On the errands that He has given ;  
We may live in a world transfigured,  
And sweet with the air of Heaven.

## MIRACLE.

AH ! not in strange, portentous way  
Christ's miracles were wrought of old ;  
The common thing, the common clay,  
He touched and tintured, and straightway  
It grew to glory manifold.

The barley loaves were daily bread,  
Kneaded and mixed with usual skill ;  
No care was given, no spell was said,  
But when the Lord had blessed, they fed  
The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common sun,  
Watered by common dews and rain,  
Of which the fisher's nets were spun ;  
Nothing was prophesied or done  
To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the net  
When the Lord spake and ordered so ;  
They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,  
Just as in other days, and set  
Their backs to labor, bending low ;

But quivering, leaping from the lake,  
The marvellous, shining burdens rise  
Until the laden meshes break,  
And, all amazed, no man spake,  
But gazed with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place  
Thou standest by the toiling folk  
With love and pity in Thy face,  
And givest of Thy help and grace  
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell,  
Baffling and darkening Nature's face ;  
Thou takest the things we know so well,  
And buildest on them Thy miracle—  
The heavenly on the commonplace.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,  
The hearts which are so cramped and  
dull,

The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,  
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo !  
They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder-peal,  
Resounding from a mount of fire,  
While round our daily paths we feel  
Thy sweet love and Thy power to heal,  
Working in us Thy full desire.

## ONE DEED.

ONE deed may mar a life,  
And one can make it ;  
Hold firm thy will for strife,  
Lest a quick blow break it !  
Even now from far on viewless wing  
Hither speeds the nameless thing  
Shall put thy spirit to the test.  
Haply or e'er yon sinking sun  
Shall drop behind the purple West,  
All shall be lost—or won !

## GOOD IN ALL.

LET me go where'er I will,  
 I hear a sky-born music still :  
 It sounds from all things old,  
 It sounds from all things young,  
 From all that 's fair, from all that 's foul,  
 Peals out a cheerful song.  
 It is not only in the rose,  
 It is not only in the bird,  
 Not only where the rainbow glows,  
 Nor in the song of women heard,—  
 But in the darkest, meanest things  
 There always, always, something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,  
 Nor in the cups of budding flowers,  
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,—  
 But in the mud and scum of things  
 There always, always, something sings.

## WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say  
 That God made angels every day,  
 Perfect as Michael and the rest  
 First brooded in creation's nest,



Whose only office was to cry  
 Hosanna ! once and then to die ;  
 Or rather, with Life's essence blent,  
 To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill  
 To know that Heaven is in God's will ;  
 And doing that, though for a space  
 One heart-beat long, may win a grace  
 As full of grandeur and of glow  
 As Princes of the Chariot know.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be  
 One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,  
 To burn with Seraphs, or to shine  
 With Cherubs deathlessly divine ;  
 Yet I, perhaps—poor earthly clod—  
 Could I forget myself in God,  
 Could I but find my nature's clew  
 Simply as birds and blossoms do,  
 And but for one rapt moment know  
 'T is Heaven must come, not we must go,  
 Should win my place as near the throne  
 As the pearl-angel of its zone ;  
 And God would listen 'mid the throng  
 For my one breath of perfect song,  
 That in its simple human way  
 Said all the Host of Heaven could say.

## PROGRESS.

I SEEM to halt ; but yet I know  
The breath of God is in the sails :  
Whether by zephyrs or by gales  
The ships of God must onward go.  
E'en when to rest He singeth them,  
He to the haven bringeth them.

## SEEKING.

“ AND where, and in what pleasant places  
Have ye been, that ye come again  
With your laps full of flowers, and your  
faces  
Like buds blown fresh after rain ? ”  
“ We have been,” said the children, speak-  
ing  
In their gladness, as the birds chime,  
All together,—“ we have been seeking  
For the fairies of olden time.  
For we thought, they are only hidden ;  
They would never surely go  
From this green earth all unbidden,  
And the children that love them so . . .

We thought, rolled up we shall find them  
Among mosses old and dry ;  
From gossamer threads that bind them  
They will start like the butterfly,  
All winged : so we went forth seeking,  
Yet still they have kept unseen,  
Though we think our feet have been keep-  
ing  
The track where they have been. . . .  
But we found," said the children, speak-  
ing  
More quickly, "so many things !  
That we soon forgot we were seeking,  
Forgot all the fairy rings,  
Forgot all the stories olden  
That we hear round the fire at night,  
Of their gifts and favors golden,  
The sunshine was so bright ;—  
And the flowers !—we found so many  
That it almost made us grieve  
To think there were some, sweet as any,  
That we were forced to leave  
As we left, by the brookside lying,  
The balls of drifted foam,  
And brought, after all our trying,  
These Guelder roses home."

Then, "Oh!" I heard one speaking  
Beside me soft and low,  
"I have been, like the blessed children,  
seeking,  
Still seeking to and fro ;  
Yet not, like them, for the fairies,—  
*They* might pass unmourned away  
For me, that had looked on angels,  
On angels that would not stay ;—  
No ! though in haste before them  
I spread all my heart's best cheer,  
And made love my banner o'er them,  
If I might but keep them here ! . . .  
But my care was not availing,  
I found their sweetness gone ;  
I saw their bright tints paling :  
They died ; yet I lived on !  
Yet seeking, ever seeking,  
Like the children, I have won  
A guerdon all undreamt of  
When first my quest begun.  
And my thoughts come back like wan-  
derers,  
Out-wearied, to my breast :  
What they sought for long they found not,  
Yet was the unsought best.

For I sought not out for crosses,  
 I did not seek for pain ;  
 Yet I find the heart's sore losses  
 Were the spirit's surest gain."

## LIFE.

FORENOON and afternoon and night ;—  
 Forenoon,  
 And afternoon, and night ;—Forenoon,  
 and——what ?  
 The empty song repeats itself. No more ?  
 Yea, that is Life : make this forenoon sub-  
 lime,  
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
 And time is conquered, and thy crown is  
 won.

## CONSIDER IT.

## CONSIDER it

(This outer world we tread on) as a harp,—  
 A gracious instrument on whose fair strings  
 We learn those airs we shall be set to play  
 When mortal hours are ended. Let the  
 wings,  
 Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,

And draw forth melody. Why shouldst  
thou yet

Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er  
was lost :

Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night  
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise  
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,  
Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for  
her,

And give her time to grow, and cherish  
her ;

Then will she come, and oft will sing to  
thee

When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad,—  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

### REJOICE EVERMORE.

“ REJOICE ! ” saith one, with a sigh,  
“ Right gladly, in sooth, would I !  
But discords of sorrow and strife  
Mar the sweet music of life.

Never so merry an air,  
Never so brilliant a key,  
But the snarl of the 'wolf' is there,  
In the heart of the melody,  
Or sorrowful minors creep in!  
For songs there are doubts and dis-  
may,  
Or moanings of anguish and sin,  
For harmonies, death and decay,—  
'*Rejoice!*' did you say?"

"Rejoice!" a quiet voice saith,  
"Yea, surely; what hindereth?  
However the world may spin,  
There 's music my heart within.  
Trust, like a summer rill,  
Singeth the way along;  
Hope hath a joyous trill,  
Patience an undersong;  
Faith setteth the key, and Love  
Is the dominant, sweet and strong;  
Some string doth in sweetness move,  
And richly to fill up the chord  
I rejoice in the Lord."

## IN PAIN.

By Thine anguish cleanse my soul,  
By Thy Passion make me whole ;  
Weak and helpless on the Tree,  
Thou didst gain a victory :  
Weak and helpless as I lie,  
Thou canst triumph, sin can die.

Search me through, and nothing spare,  
Burn the sin out that is there,  
All that is of Thine and Thee  
Quicken into energy :  
Let Thy Love enlarge my heart,  
Deepen, soften every part.

In the silence deep and still  
Bind me closer to Thy Will :  
Earthly friends are far away,  
Be Thou with me night and day :  
Earthly happiness I miss,  
Make me taste of Heaven's bliss.

Teach me how to guess aright  
Of the wonders out of sight :  
Let my spirit grow more clear,  
Heavenly whispers let me hear :





" Brave souls climb to summits high."—Page 17.



Let the veil become more thin,  
And the glory pierce within.

Make me pure, that I may be  
Able to be one with Thee ;  
And reveal Thyself, for Thou  
Art the thing I long for now :  
When the veil at last is riven,  
To behold Thee will be Heaven !

WHICH IS BEST ?

IN sheltered gardens valleys lie  
Of peace and rest,  
But brave souls climb to summits high  
With bleeding feet,—and which are best ?

'T is not of rest we make our boast  
At set of sun ;  
Though great, though small, we value most  
The care, the thought of work well done.

GOD'S ALL-COMLETE.

HAVE I knowledge ? confounded it shrinks  
at Wisdom laid bare.  
Have I forethought ? how purblind, how  
blank, to the Infinite Care !

I but open my eyes, and perfection, no  
 more and no less,  
 In the kind I imagine, full-fronts me ; and  
 God is seen God  
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the  
 soul and the clod.  
 And thus looking within and around me, I  
 ever renew  
 (With that stoop of the soul which in bend-  
 ing upraises it too)  
 The submission of man's nothing-perfect  
 to God's all-complete,  
 As by each new obeisance I climb to His  
 feet.

. . . . .

—What, my soul ! see thus far and no far-  
 ther? When doors great and small  
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,  
 should the hundredth appall?  
 In the least things have faith, yet doubt in  
 the greatest of all?  
 Do I find love so full in my nature—God's  
 ultimate gift—  
 That I doubt His own love can compete  
 with it? Here, the parts shift?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—  
the end, what began?  
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do  
all for this man,  
And dare doubt He alone shall not help  
him, Who yet alone can? . . .  
Would I suffer for him that I love? So  
wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou!  
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffa-  
blest, uttermost crown,  
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor  
leave up nor down  
One spot for the creature to stand in! It  
is by no breath,  
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation  
joins issue with death.  
As Thy love is discovered almighty, al-  
mighty be proved  
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of  
being beloved!  
He who did most shall bear most: the  
Strongest shall stand the most weak.  
'T is the weakness in strength that I cry  
for, my flesh that I seek  
In the Godhead. I seek and I find it.  
O Saul, it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee ; a  
Man like to me  
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever :  
A Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to  
thee ! See the Christ stand !

### LOVE AND HATE.

I AM strong  
In faith and hope and charity ; . . .  
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong,  
Because I am in love with Love,  
And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;  
For Hate is death ; and Love is life,  
A peace, a splendor from above ;  
And Hate, a never-ending strife,  
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss  
Where unclean spirits coil and hiss !  
Love is the Holy Ghost within,  
And Hate the unpardonable sin !  
Who preaches otherwise than this  
Betrays his Master with a kiss !

## A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him : Yes, and let him know  
That you love him ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow :  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend—till he is dead ?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it : Do not let the singer  
Wait deservèd praises long :—  
Why should one that thrills your heart  
Lack that joy you may impart ?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone ;  
Join it : Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone ;  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of " two or three " in prayer ?

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a sorrowing brother's eyes,  
Share them : and by loving sharing  
Own your kinship with the skies ;

Why should any one be glad  
When his brother's heart is sad ?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it : 'T is the wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place ;  
There 's health and goodness in the mirth  
Wherein an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly helping hand,  
Say so : Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veil the land.  
Should a brother workman here  
Falter for a word of cheer ?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,  
All enriching as you go ;  
Leave them : Trust the Harvest-giver,  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So, until life's happy end,  
You shall never lack a Friend.



## IF ONLY !

IF only we were worthier found  
Of the stout ball that bears us round ! .  
Might one be healed from fevering  
    thought,  
And only look, each night,  
On some plain work well wrought,  
Or if a man as right and true might be  
As a flower or a tree !  
I would give all the mind  
In the prim city's hoard can find—  
House with its scrap-art bedight,  
Straitened manners of the street,  
Smooth-voiced society—  
If so the swiftness of the wind  
Might pass into my feet ;  
If so the sweetness of the wheat  
Into my soul might pass,  
And the clear courage of the grass,—  
If the lark caroled in my song,—  
If one tithe of the faithfulness  
Of the bird-mother with her brood  
Into my selfish heart might press,  
And make me instinct-good !

## HUNGER FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FATHER, I cry to Thee for bread,  
With hungered longing, eager prayer ;  
Thou hear'st and givest me instead  
Mere hunger and a half-despair.

O Lord ! how long ? My days decline,  
My youth is lapped in memories old ;  
I need not bread alone, but wine,—  
See, cup and hand to Thee I hold.

And yet Thou givest ! thanks, O Lord,  
That still my heart with hunger faints !  
The day will come when at Thy board  
I sit, forgetting all my plaints.

If rain must fall and winds must blow,  
And I pore long o'er dim-seen chart,  
Yet, Lord, let not the hunger go,  
And keep the faintness at my heart !

## LAST AND BEST.

SOMETIMES, when rude, cold shadows run  
Across whatever light I see,—  
When all the work that I have done  
Or can do seems but vanity ;

I strive, nor vainly strive, to get  
Some little heart's-ease from the day  
When all the weariness and fret  
Shall vanish from my life away ;

For I, with grandeur clothed upon,  
Shall lie in state and take my rest,  
And all my household, strangers grown,  
Shall hold me for an honored guest.

. . . . .

What things will be the first to fade,  
And down to utter darkness sink ?  
The treasures that my hands have laid  
Where moth and rust corrupt, I think.

And Love will be the last to wait  
And light my gloom with gracious  
gleams ;  
For Love lies nearer heaven's gate  
Than all imagination dreams.

Aye, when my soul its mask shall drop—  
The twain to be no more as one,—  
Love with its prayers shall bear me up  
Beyond the lark's wings and the sun.

## AFTER-SONG.

THROUGH love to light ! Oh, wonderful  
     the way  
 That leads from darkness to the perfect  
     day !  
 From darkness and from sorrow of the  
     night  
 To morning that comes singing o'er the  
     sea !  
 Through love to light ! Through light, O  
     God, to Thee,  
 Who art the love of love, the eternal light  
     of light !

## CONTENT.

CONTENT to come, content to go,  
     Content to wrestle or to race,  
 Content to know or not to know,  
     Each in his place.

Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so  
     That, glad of heart, and glad of face,  
 At last we may sit high or low,  
     Each in his place ;

Where pleasures flow as rivers flow,  
And loss has left no barren trace,  
And all that are, are perfect so  
Each in his place !

## LEND A HAND.

LEND a hand ! Do not think because  
yours is small,  
Or because from its fingers no riches may  
fall,  
It was meant you should render no succor  
at all.

## OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,

Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour ;  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain,—  
And a blessing failing us once or twice  
May come if we try again.

### WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to  
toil,—  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines  
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,  
And Death's mild curfew shall from work  
assoil.  
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil  
To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,

For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and  
    hand  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy  
    brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to  
    all.  
The least flower, with a brimming cup,  
    may stand  
And share its dew-drop with another near.

## A WORKER'S PRAYER.

OH ! lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
    The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
Oh ! feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
    Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh ! strengthen me, that while I stand  
    Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
    To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh ! teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
    The precious things Thou dost impart ;

And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh ! give thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh ! fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh ! use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blesséd Face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

#### SINGING ALL THE WAY.

By meadow bank, by forest glade,  
A brooklet flows along ;  
And in the sun, and in the shade,  
It sings the same sweet song.

A rapid here, a shallow there,  
A sand-bar farther on,—



It sings and sparkles everywhere,  
As life and song were one.

Sharp rocks and matted stalks it finds  
Drawn up to bar its way ;  
It widens, narrows, leaps, and winds,  
And sings its cheery lay.

It smooths the stones with touches soft  
Repeated o'er and o'er ;  
It freshens many a crop and croft,  
And singeth evermore.

It feeds a fountain's silver spray,  
It turns a busy mill ;  
And to its work as to its play  
Goes singing, singing still.

No thirsty mouth, no drooping crest,  
No life so great or small,  
But unto each it bares its breast,  
And sings its song for all.

And be its way or dark or bright,  
It sings and seeks the Sea,  
Reflecting every gleam of light :  
Lord give such grace to me !

## RIVERS AND SEA.

LORD, we are rivers running to Thy sea,  
Our waves and ripples all derived from  
Thee :

A nothing we should have, a nothing be  
Except for Thee.

Sweet are the waters of Thy shoreless sea,  
Make sweet our waters that make haste to  
Thee ;

Pour in Thy sweetness, that ourselves  
may be  
Sweetness to Thee.

## ALMS.

ONE smile can glorify a day,  
One word true hope impart ;  
The least disciple need not say  
There are no alms to give away,  
If love be in the heart.



“ Lord, we are rivers running to Thy sea. ”—*Page 32.*



## LOOKING UNTO GOD.

*“ Who sees God’s hand in all things, and all things in God’s hand.”*

I LOOK to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain ;  
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love !  
And all is well again :  
The thought of Thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrows are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road,—  
But let me only think of Thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still ;  
Around me flows Thy quickening life  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy presence fills my solitude,  
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,  
Held in Thy law, I stand ;

Thy hand in all things I behold,  
 And all things in Thy hand ;  
 Thou ledest me by untaught ways,  
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

### COUPLETS.

#### DOUBLE GAIN.

WITHIN the Eternal Heart I strove to lose  
 my soul,  
 And found myself the more, the more I  
 found the Whole.

#### NARROWNESS.

To love mankind and not the Man with-  
 out a peer,  
 Is like the love of stars when the sun is  
 shining clear.

#### ETERNITY.

ETERNITY'S soft winds my sultry soul  
 sweep o'er,  
 As travellers feel sea-breezes ere they  
 reach the shore.

## YET ONWARD.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for precious things  
Which Thou into my life hast brought ;  
More gratefully my spirit sings  
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

How fair to me Thy world has been !  
How dear the friends who breathe its  
air !

But who can guess what waits within  
Thine opening realms, Thy worlds more  
fair ?

That which I had has slipped away,  
Lost in the abysses of the Past ;  
By that I lack I am to-day  
Heir of Thine undawned æons vast.

If Thou Thyself at once couldst give,  
Then wert Thou not the God Thou art :  
To explore Thy secret is to live,  
Creation's inexhaustible Heart ! . . .

For veils of hope before Thee drawn,  
For mists that hide the immortal coast,  
Hid in Thy farthest, faintest dawn,—  
My God, for these I thank Thee most.

Joy, Joy ! to see, from every shore  
 Whereon my step makes pressure fond,  
 Thy sunrise reddening still before !  
 More light, more love, more life beyond !

### DAY BY DAY.

WALKING with patience where the way is  
 rough,  
 Resting in quiet when the storm is nigh,  
 Knowing that Love Divine is strong enough  
 To bear me up, as weary days go by ;  
 Trusting that sorrow is but love's disguise,  
 And all withholding but another way  
 Of making richer by what love denies,—  
 So grows the soul a little, day by day.

### BEGIN THE DAY.

BEGIN the day with God ;  
 He is thy sun and day ;  
 He is the radiance of thy dawn,  
 To Him address thy lay.

Take thy first meal with God ;  
 He is thy heavenly food ;  
 Feed with and on Him ; He with thee  
 Will feast in brotherhood.



Thy first transaction be  
With God Himself, above ;  
So shall thy business prosper well,  
And all the day be love.

## AT EVENTIME.

TO-NIGHT, my soul, be still, and sleep ;  
The storms are raging on God's deep—  
God's deep, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;  
God's hands shall still the tempest's  
sweep—  
God's hands, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;  
God's love is strong while night hours  
creep.  
God's love, not thine : be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep ;  
God's heaven will comfort those who  
weep—  
God's heaven—and thine : be still and  
sleep.

## EXAMPLE.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low !

## COMMON MERCIES.

DEAR Lord, are we ever so thankful,  
 As thankful we should be to Thee,  
 For Thine angels sent down to defend us  
 From dangers our eyes never see?—  
 From perils that lurk unsuspected,  
 The powers of earth and of air,  
 The while we are heaven-protected,  
 And guarded from evil and snare ?

Are we grateful, as grateful we should be,  
For commonplace days of delight,  
When safe we fare forth to our labor,  
And safe we fare homeward at night ;  
For the weeks in which nothing has hap-  
pened  
Save commonplace toiling and play,  
When we 've worked at the tasks of the  
household,  
And peace hushed the house day by  
day ?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight—  
The weird of the wind and the flame—  
Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise  
Thee,

We lift up our hearts in Thy Name !  
That the circle of darlings unbroken  
Yet gathers in bliss round our board,  
That commonplace love is our portion,  
We give Thee our praises, O Lord !  
Forgive us who live by Thy bounty,  
That often our lives are so bare  
Of the garlands of praise we should render,  
All votive and fragrant with prayer ?  
Dear Lord, in the sharpness and trouble  
We cry from the depth to Thy throne,—

In the long days of gladness and beauty,  
Take Thou the glad hearts as Thine  
own.

Oh, common are sunshine and flowers,  
And common are rain-drop and dew,  
And the gay little footsteps of children,  
And common the love that holds true :  
So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,  
That straight from Thy hand are be-  
stowed,

We are fain to lift up our thanksgiving,—  
Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

#### SOUL-TUNING.

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,  
Where with the choir of saints forevermore  
I shall be made Thy music ; as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here  
before.

YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERI-  
TAGE.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep,  
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and  
leaves :

Tend thou thy cornfield : one day thou  
shalt reap

In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or, if thine be an orchard, graft and prop  
Food-bearing trees each watered in its  
place ;

Or if a garden, let it yield for crop  
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

“But if my lot be sand where nothing  
grows ?”—

Nay, who hath said it ? Tune a thank-  
ful psalm :

For, though thy desert bloom not as the  
rose,

It yet can rear thy palm.

## RESURGAM.

THE fool asks, "With what flesh? in joy  
or pain?"

Helped or unhelped? And lonely, or  
again

Surrounded by our earthly friends?"

I know not; and I glory that I do

Not know; that for Eternity's great ends  
God counted me as worthy of such trust

That I need not be told.

I hold

That if it be

Less than enough for any soul to know

Itself immortal, immortality

In all its boundless spaces will not find

A place designed

So small, so low,

That to a fitting home such soul can go.

Out to the earthward brink

Of that great tideless sea

Light from Christ's garments streams;

Cowards who fear to tread such beams

The angels can but pity when they sink.

Believing thus, I joy although I lie in  
dust:



“ Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so ;

Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.”—*Page 43.*





I joy, not that I ask or choose,  
But simply that I must.

I love and fear not : and I cannot  
lose

One instant this great certainty of peace.  
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease :  
I must arise.

“ EN VOYAGE.”

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so ;  
Then blow it east or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone :  
A thousand fleets from every zone  
Are out upon a thousand seas :  
What blows for one a favoring breeze  
Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom upon a hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way ;  
But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me—trusting still

That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with me  
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me—every peril past—  
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so :  
And blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

#### TO FIGHT ALOUD.

To fight aloud is very brave,  
But gallanter, I know,  
Who charge within the bosom  
The cavalry of woe,—

Who win, and nations do not see,  
Who fall, and none observe,  
Whose dying eyes no country  
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,  
For such the angels go,  
Rank after rank, with even feet,  
And uniforms of snow.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

I NEED not care  
If days to come be dark or fair,  
If the sweet summer bring delight,  
Or bitter winter chill the air.

No thought of mine  
Can penetrate the deep design  
That forms afar, through buds and bloom,  
The purple clusters of the vine.

I do not know  
The subtle secret of the snow,  
That hides away the violets  
Till April teaches them to blow.

Enough for me  
Their tender loveliness to see,  
Assured that little things and large  
Fulfil God's purpose equally.

How this is planned,  
Or that, I may not understand ;  
I am content, my God, to know,  
That all my times are in Thy hand.

Whatever share  
Of loss, or loneliness, or care,  
Falls to my lot, it cannot be  
More than Thy will for me to bear.

And none the less,  
Whatever sweet thing comes to bless  
And gladden me, Thou art its source,—  
The sender of my happiness.

Add this to me,  
With other gracious gifts so free,  
That I may never turn my face  
In any evil hour from Thee;

Nor on the sand  
Of shifting faith and feeling stand ;  
But wake and sleep with equal trust,  
Knowing my times are in Thy hand.

#### IN PART.

THE winter cometh, whence ?  
The winter goeth, whither ?  
Lord, Thou didst send it hither,

And Thou wilt call it hence :  
Why need we seek to know  
How winters come and go,  
Since Thou art Daily Providence !

So holden is our sight,  
That things to us the nearest,  
And hearts to us the dearest,  
We cannot read aright :  
Our whole is but a part,  
The Perfect mocks our art ;  
Our bright proves dark, our darkness  
bright.

Enough for us to know  
That to Thy larger seeing  
These broken curves of being  
(So dim to us below !)  
In perfect circles shine,  
In rounded spheres combine,  
That in harmonious orbits go.

Enough that Thou dost see  
The end in the beginning,  
The fabric in the spinning,

In scattered drops the sea !  
So may we trust at last,  
Earth's fragments overpast,  
Parts of Thy perfect Whole to be.

## UNCHANGING.

THE lightning and thunder,  
They go and they come ;  
But the stars and the stillness  
Are always at home.

## NATURE'S RENEWING.

BENEATH the drifted snow she keeps  
Her children safe from harm ;  
Each folded germ securely sleeps  
In silence sweet and warm.

And when the laughing wind shall break  
The bonds of winter's might,  
Then from their sleep the flowers shall  
wake  
To seek the pleasant light.

The Spring-time ever comes. O soul !  
Though loosed the silver cord,

And shattered is the golden bowl,  
And on the trampled sward

The pitcher at the fountain lies  
Beside the broken wheel,  
O'er thee shall bend the kindly skies,  
And balmy breaths unseal

Death's frosty silence with a kiss  
Light as an angel's wing ;  
And thou shalt wake 'mid tides of bliss  
To hear God's angels sing.

I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

I LAY me down to sleep,  
With little care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head  
That only asks for rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now ;

## In Green Pastures

To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong,—all that is past ;  
I am ready not to do  
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,  
And this is all my part,—  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim ;  
These stripes as well as stars  
Lead after Him.

## THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

IN the still air the music lies unheard ;  
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen ;  
To make the music and the beauty needs  
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel  
keen.



Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful  
hand,

Let not the music that is in us die ;  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,  
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us  
lie !

Spare not the stroke ; do with us as Thou  
wilt ;

Let there be nought unfinished, broken,  
marred ;  
Complete Thy purpose, that we may be-  
come  
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord !

### CARE THOU FOR ME.

CARE Thou for me ! let me not care !  
Too weak am I, dear Lord, to bear  
The heavy burdens of the day ;  
And oft I walk with craven feet  
Upon life's rough and toilsome way ;—  
How sweet to feel, how passing sweet,  
Thy watchful presence everywhere !  
Care Thou for me ! let me not care !

Care Thou for me ! why should I care,  
 And looks of gloomy sadness wear,  
 And fret because I cannot see  
 (Thy wisdom doth ordain it so)  
 The path Thou hast marked out for me ?  
 My Father's plan is best, I know,  
 It will be light, sometime—somewhere,—  
 Care Thou for me ! Why should I care ?

Care Thou for me ! let me not care !  
 This, each new day, shall be my prayer :  
 Thou who canst read mine inmost heart  
 Dost know I am exceeding frail ;  
 Both just and merciful Thou art,  
 Whose loving kindness ne'er shall fail ;  
 My human nature Thou wilt spare,—  
 Care thou for me ! I will not care !

### THY WILL.

O LORD, fulfil Thy will,  
 Be the days few or many, good or ill :  
 Prolong them, to suffice  
 For offering up ourselves, Thy sacrifice ;

Shorten them if Thou wilt,  
To make in righteousness an end of guilt.

Yea, they will not be long  
To souls who learn to sing a patient song.

Yea, short they will not be  
To souls on tiptoe to fly home to Thee.

O Lord, fulfil Thy will :  
Make Thy will ours, and keep us patient  
still,  
Be the days few or many, good or ill.

#### THE MAN AT THE GATE.

“ I am willing, with all my heart,” said He.  
— *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

IN summer and winter, in calm and storm,  
When the morning dawns, when the night  
falls late,  
We may catch, if we will, the steadfast  
form  
Of the Man that watches beside the  
Gate.

In the early spring, when the voice was  
heard  
Of the singing birds in their sweet de-  
files,  
When the face of the earth once more was  
stirred  
By the flowers that came and went like  
smiles,

I saw the stars of the morning wait  
On their lofty towers to watch the land,  
As a little child stole up to the Gate,  
And knocked with a tiny, trembling  
hand :

“ I am only a little child, dear Lord,  
And already my feet are stained with  
sin,  
But they said you had sent the children  
word  
To come to the Gate and enter in.”

The Man at the Gate looked up and  
smiled—  
A heavenly smile and fair to see,

And He opened and bent to the pleading  
child,—

“ I am willing, with all My heart,” said  
He.

. . . . .

It was afternoon, and the sun was low,  
And the troubled winds sobbed long  
and loud,

As an old man tottered across the snow  
Which wrapped the earth in a bitter  
shroud :

He knocked with a withered, trembling  
hand :

“ I can but perish at last,” he said,  
“ For the cruel night comes fast on the  
land,  
And the morning will find me cold and  
dead.

“ O Thou that watchest beside the Gate,  
Had I come to Thee in days gone by  
Thou hadst received me ; but now too  
late,  
I lay me down on Thy threshold to die.

“ I have fought and finished an evil fight,  
I have earned the deadly wages of sin ;  
It is hard to die in the snow to-night,  
But no man is willing to take me in.”

The sun was low in the changing West,  
The shadows were heavy from hill and  
tree,  
As the Watchman opened the Gate of  
rest,—  
“ I am willing, with all My heart,” said  
He.

. . . . .

“ O, gentle Watchman ! turn Thee now  
To rest awhile in the House of God ;  
Forget the heavy burdens which bow  
The weary of heart in our sad abode :

“ Be it far from Thee to watch all night  
For the children of sorrow, and sin, and  
shame ;  
In the heavenly places the lamps are bright,  
And the saints are rising to sing Thy  
name.”

But the Watchman turned and looked on me  
Till I bent my head adown to weep :  
“ Suffer me then to watch with Thee  
Alone to-night while the nations sleep ! ”

So I watched with Him through the moon-  
less hours  
Of that sweetest night I have ever known,  
And His words were as dew on the tender  
flowers,  
And all in the darkness the true Light  
shone.

We heard the gentle steps of the snow  
Coming down from its home at God's  
right hand,  
As the angels came softly, long ago,  
To the fragrant hills of the Holy Land.

And at midnight there came the voice of one  
Who had crept to the Gate through the  
blinding snow,  
And who moaned at the Gate as one un-  
done  
Might moan at the sight of the last dread  
Woe.

A woman's voice, and it rose and fell  
On the muffled wings of the snowy night,  
With a trembling touch that seemed to tell  
Of one who was chilled and spent out-  
right.

“ I wove the crown for the Brow divine,  
I pierced the Hand that was stretched  
to save,  
I dare not pray that the moon may shine  
To show me the prints of the nails I  
drave ;

“ I beat this night on my sinful breast,  
I dare not pray Him to succor me ” . . .  
But the Watchman opened the Gate of  
rest,—  
“ I am willing, with all my heart,” said  
He.

. . . . .

Thus day and night they are pressing nigh,  
With tears and sighs, to the Heavenly  
Gate,



Where the Watchman stands in His maj-  
esty,  
With a patience that never has said,  
"Too late."

Let the sorrowful children of want and sin  
Draw near to the Gate whence none de-  
part ;  
Let the nations arise and enter in,  
For the Lord is willing, with all His  
heart.

#### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly :  
"Oh, mother, take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before,  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,  
 Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
 And faith is small and hope delays ;  
 Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
 And let us feel the light of Thee.

### LIKE THE LARK.

LIKE the lark, like the lark  
 Cleaving the heavenly arc,  
 On quivering wings rejoicing,  
 A vision of sunrise, voicing  
 And flinging his message o'er open and  
 cloud  
 Till the very winds sing aloud,  
 In the spell of his rapture caught :—  
 So uprises my thought.

The song of the lark must end,  
 And the singer descend.  
 Weary at last in his flight,  
 The pæan hushed and the sweet throat  
 dumb,  
 Sorrowful, shorn of delight,  
 He must sink—sink—sink and alight ;  
 Back to earth he must come.

But my thought, but my thought  
Abideth, returning not.  
For oh ! through the ether rare  
It hath soared and trembled and drifted—  
Drifted all unaware  
Through the shining gates uplifted,  
And hath found its harbor there :  
For my thought is a prayer.

## ANGELS.

IN the old days God sent His angels oft  
To men in threshing-floors, to women  
pressed  
With daily tasks ; they came to tent and  
croft,  
And whispered words of blessing and of  
rest.

Not mine to guess what shapes those angels  
wore,  
Nor tell what voice they spoke, nor with  
what grace  
They brought the dear love down that  
evermore  
Makes lowliest souls its best abiding  
place.

But in these days I know my angels well ;  
They brush my garments on the common  
way,  
They take my hand and very softly tell  
Some bit of comfort for my weary day.

And though their angel-names I do not  
ken,  
Though in their faces human love I read,  
They are God-given to this world of men,  
God-sent to bless it in its hour of need.

Child, mother, wife, brave hearts that take  
The rough and bitter cross, and help us  
bear  
Its heavy weight when strength is like to  
break,—  
God bless you all, our angels unaware !

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE.

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for  
e'en as thy thought  
So are the things that thou see'st—e'en  
as thy hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to  
provoke thee against them;

Hast thou courage? enough, see them  
exulting to yield. . . .

Go from the east to the west, as the sun  
and the stars direct thee;

Go with the girdle of man, go and en-  
compass the earth:

Not for the gain of the gold, for the get-  
ting, the hoarding, the having,

But for the joy of the deed, but for the  
Duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher voli-  
tion and action,

With the great girdle of God, go and  
encompass the earth.

Go: say not in thy heart: And what then,  
were it accomplished,

Were the wild impulse allayed, what  
were the use and the good?

Go: when the instinct is stilled, and when  
the deed is accomplished,

What thou hast done and shalt do, shall  
be declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet  
evermore in thy spirit

Say to thyself : It is good : yet there is  
better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do  
is but little,—

Nevertheless it is good, though there is  
better than it.

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### BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to love in loneliness  
Than bask in love all day ;  
Better the fountain in the heart  
Than the fountain by the way.

Better to sit at a master's feet  
Than thrill a listening state ;  
Better suspect that thou art proud  
Than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen  
Than watch the hour's event ;  
Better the *Well-done* at the last  
Than the air with shoutings rent.

Better to have a quiet grief  
Than a hurrying delight ;  
Better the twilight of the dawn  
Than the noonday burning bright.

Better a death when work is done  
Than earth's most favored birth ;  
Better a child in God's great house  
Than the king of all the earth.

## EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked  
clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that the great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine  
height ;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one ;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

## NEEDLESS FEARS.

WE dwell with fears on either hand,  
    Within a daily strife,  
And spectral problems waiting stand  
    Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,  
    The truths we know, are one ;  
The known and nameless stars revolve  
    Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
    And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
    The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we glide,  
    Unharm'd as in our dreams ;  
The far-off terror, at our side,  
    A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all tender heart  
    Alike rest great and small :  
Why fear to lose our little part  
    When He is pledged for all ?



## START AND GOAL.

WHAT is the beginning? Love. What the course? Love still.

What the goal? The goal is Love on the happy hill.

Is there nothing then but Love, search we sky or earth?

There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual worth:

All things flag but only Love, all things fail or flee;

There is nothing left but Love worthy you and me.

## A THOUSAND YEARS.

A RICH man dies—so runs the eastern tale,—

And as he wakes the farther side of death,

“Where wilt thou go?” an angel questioneth,

Putting aside the darkness like a veil.

“And may I choose? Why, that is wondrous kind!

I thought"—he turned as from a subtle  
snare :

“Content am I in any place, if there  
Good dinners, music, pictures, I can  
find.”

Straight was he ushered in a palace filled  
With all things fair to earthy taste and  
sight :

The walls were thick with pictures jewel-  
bright,  
And music through the sheeny hangings  
thrilled.

The richest food was served on golden  
plate :

The choicest wine in jewelled goblets  
gleamed :

In fancy's wildest hour he had not  
dreamed

Of such abounding luxury and state.

Months—years—went on. By each was  
something reft

From pleasure's earlier charm, till came  
an hour

When concord, color, dainties, lost all  
power  
To please. Satiety alone was left.

Anon the angel, passing, paused to say :  
“ What ! tired so soon ? ” “ So soon ! ”  
the man outcried,  
“ Thou dost but mock me in thine angel-  
pride ;  
I have been here a thousand years to-day !

“ And in a thousand years who would not  
tire  
Of all these things ! ” The angel spake  
again  
More gravely sweet : “ Thou sayest well :  
Amen.  
And now, what next doth waken thy de-  
sire ? ”

“ I would ”—he paused, then added, wary-  
eyed :  
“ First, to prevent mistakes, I pray thee  
tell

What place is this?" The angel answered : " Hell."

The man stared round on all the sumptuous pride

And luxury and beauty of the place :

" If this be Hell"—he took a humbler tone,—

" I am not fit to enter there, I own,  
But might I look on Heaven some small,  
brief space?"

The angel took him to a lofty height.

Where he could look at ease. His ravished eyes

Fastened upon the scene with swift surprise,

Nor turned to see his guide had vanished quite.

His gaze, entranced, now lingered here,  
now there,

Now roved in breathless haste from side  
to side ;

And ever seemed the view to grow more  
wide,

And ever seemed the view to be more fair.

He gazed and gazed, the most from sight  
to win. . . .

“Art weary yet?”—The angel waited  
nigh.

“Disturb me not so soon!” came swift  
reply

In pleading tones;—“to look I scarce  
begin.

“Leave me a little while, and go thy way.”  
Answered the angel with a fine, slow  
smile :

“‘So soon,’ sayst thou, and yet ‘a little  
while’?”

Thou hast been here a thousand years to-  
day.”

#### MY PRAYER.

An ear  
Quick to hear  
Eternal melody ;  
An eye quick to see  
All beauty, Christ, in Thee ;  
A mouth  
Seasoned with charity,  
Softer than soft wind of the South ;—  
Grant these, O Lord, to me !

## COMFORTED.

I, even I, am He that comforteth you.—Isa. li., 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,  
My heavenly Friend, to me,  
While through the hidden way of faith  
I journey home with Thee,  
Learning by quiet thankfulness  
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace  
My feet would often stray,  
Thy mercy follows all my steps,  
And will not turn away ;  
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last  
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place  
I hush my hastened breath,  
To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving Spirit saith,  
And feel my safety in Thy hand  
From every kind of death.

Oh, there is nothing in the world  
To weigh against Thy will ;



"Oft in a dark and lonely place  
I hush my hastened breath,

To hear the comfortable words  
Thy loving Spirit saith."—Page 72.





Even the dark times I dread the most  
Thy covenant fulfil ;  
And when the pleasant morning dawns  
I find Thee with me still.

Then, in the secret of my soul,  
Though hosts my peace invade,  
Though through a waste and weary land  
My lonely way be made,  
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—  
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place  
I would awhile abide,  
Till with the solace of Thy love  
My soul is satisfied,  
And all my hopes of happiness  
Stay calmly at Thy side.

### THE FOIL.

God hath made stars the foil  
To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning.  
Yet in this wretched world we toil,  
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning!

## WHAT THOU WILT.

Do what thou wilt ! yes, only do  
What seemeth good to Thee :  
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,  
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt, or beating shower,  
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;  
Alike, in still or stormy hour,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn  
Each lesson full and sweet,  
And deeper things of God discern  
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word  
My quick obedience win ;  
Let loyalty and love be stirred  
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know  
I shall be rich indeed :  
My King rejoices to bestow  
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, beloved Lord,  
For I have all in Thee !  
My own exceeding great reward,  
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

### THE CHRONICLES OF HOPE.

I WOULD not chronicle my life  
By dynasties of joy or pain,  
By reigns of peace, or times of strife,  
By accidents of loss and gain :  
The hopes that, nurtured in my breast,  
Have been as very wings to me,  
On which existence floats and rests,—  
These only shall my eras be.

With equal love I love them all  
For their own special sakes, nor care  
What sequence here and there might fall,  
Each has its sweet memorial share :  
Let but my hopes, in coming years,  
Preserve their long, unbroken line,  
And smiles will shine through any tears,  
And grief itself be half-divine.

For not to man on earth is given  
 The ripe fulfilment of desire ;—  
 Desire of Heaven itself is Heaven,  
 Unless the passion faint and tire :  
 So upward still, from hope to hope,  
 From faith to faith, the soul ascends ;  
 And who has scaled the eternal cope,  
 Where that sublime accession ends ?

#### IN THE DARK.

LORD, if there be, as wise men spake,  
 No death but only fear of death,  
 And when Thy temple seems to shake,  
 'Tis but the shaking of our breath,—  
 Whether by day or night we see  
 Clouds where Thy winds have driven  
 none,  
 Let unto us as unto Thee  
 The darkness and the light be one !

#### SUBSTANCE.

EACH fearful storm that o'er us rolls,  
 Each path of peril trod,  
 Is but a means whereby our souls  
 Acquaint themselves with God.

Our want and weakness, shame and sin,  
 His pitying kindness prove ;  
 And all our lives are folded in  
 The mystery of His love.

His sun is shining sure and vast  
 O'er all our nights of dread ;  
 Our darkness by His light at last  
 Shall be interpreted.

## MUTATION.

THEY talk of short-lived pleasures,—be it  
 so !

Pain dies as quickly : stern, hard-feat-  
 ured pain

Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign,  
 And, after dreams of horror, comes again  
 The welcome morning with its rays of  
 peace.

Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,  
 Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to  
 cease :

Remorse is virtue's root ; its fair increase  
 Are fruits of innocence and blessedness :

Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still  
release

His young limbs from the chains that  
round him press.

Weep not that the world changes—did it  
keep

A stable, changless state, 't were cause in-  
deed to weep.

#### OUR LAMPS.

THOU one all-perfect Light !  
Our lamps are lit at Thine,  
And into darkness as of night  
We go to prove they shine.

#### HIS COMPASSIONS FAIL NOT."

'THE rain may fall in constant showers,  
The south-wind tarry on its way,  
But through the night and through the  
day  
Advance the summer's fragrant hours.

And though the north-wind force him  
back,

The song-bird hurries from the South,  
With summer's music in his mouth,  
And studds with song his airy track.

What then, my soul, if thou must know  
Thy days of darkness, gloom and cold,  
If joy its ruddy beams withhold,  
And grief compels my tears to flow?

. . . . .

As tarry not the flowers of June  
For all the ill the heavens can do,  
And, to their inmost natures true,  
The birds rejoice in sweetest tune ;

So, Father, shall it be with me ;  
And whether winds blow foul or fair,  
Through want and woe, and toil and  
care,  
Still will I struggle up to Thee,

That, though my winter days be long,  
And brighter skies refuse to come,  
My life no less may sweetly bloom,  
And none the less be full of song.

## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE : yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away ;  
But another and holier treasure—  
You would now perchance disdain—  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait : yet I do not tell you  
The hour that you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow on its brow ;  
Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy that you know not  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray : though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading—  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;  
An answer—not that you long for,  
But diviner—will come one day ;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it ;  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray !



## RECIPROCATION.

BECAUSE Thy love hath sought me,  
All mine is Thine and Thine is mine ;  
Because Thy blood hath bought me,  
I will not be mine own, but Thine.

I lift my heart to Thy Heart—  
Thy Heart, sole resting-place for mine ;  
Shall Thy Heart crave for my heart,  
And shall not mine crave back for  
Thine ?

## SWEETNESSES.

SWEET, so sweet, it is to know,  
All my life for me is planned !  
Not by chance my roses blow,  
Falls my rain or drifts my snow,  
Each is measured by Thy hand.

Sweet, so sweet, it is to see  
All that 's best of earth is mine ;  
As the blossom for the bee,  
Earth's wide beauty is for me,  
Yielding honey pure and fine.

Sweeter still it is to trust,  
When these present joys are past—  
Turned to dream or turned to dust,  
As all earthly pleasures must,—  
Better things are kept for last.

Sweeter sweetnesses remain  
For the soul that trusts in Thee,—  
Stars that rise but never wane,  
Joys that fade not into pain,  
Light that makes all mysteries plain,  
Love that loveth endlessly.

### THE SOWER.

A SOWER went forth to sow ;  
His eyes were dark with woe ;  
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,  
Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,  
That prayed for pity everywhere.  
He came to a field that was harried  
By iron, and to heaven laid bare ;  
He shook the seed that he carried  
O'er that brown and bladeless place.

He shook it, as God shakes hail  
Over a dooméd land,  
When lightnings interlace  
The sky and the earth, and His wand  
Of love is a thunder-flail.  
Thus did that Sower sow ;  
His seed was human blood,  
And tears of women and men.  
And I, who near him stood,  
Said : When the crop comes, then  
There will be sobbing and sighing,  
Weeping and wailing and crying,  
Flame, and ashes, and woe.

## II.

It was an autumn day  
When next I went that way.  
And what, think you, did I see ?  
What was it that I heard ?  
What music was in the air ?—  
The song of a sweet-voiced bird ?  
Nay—but the songs of many,  
Thrilled through with praise and prayer.  
Of all those voices not any  
Were sad of memory ;

But a sea of sunlight flowed,  
 A golden harvest glowed,  
 And I said : Thou only art wise,  
 God of the earth and skies !  
 And I praise Thee, again and again,  
 For the Sower whose name is Pain.

### WORSHIP.

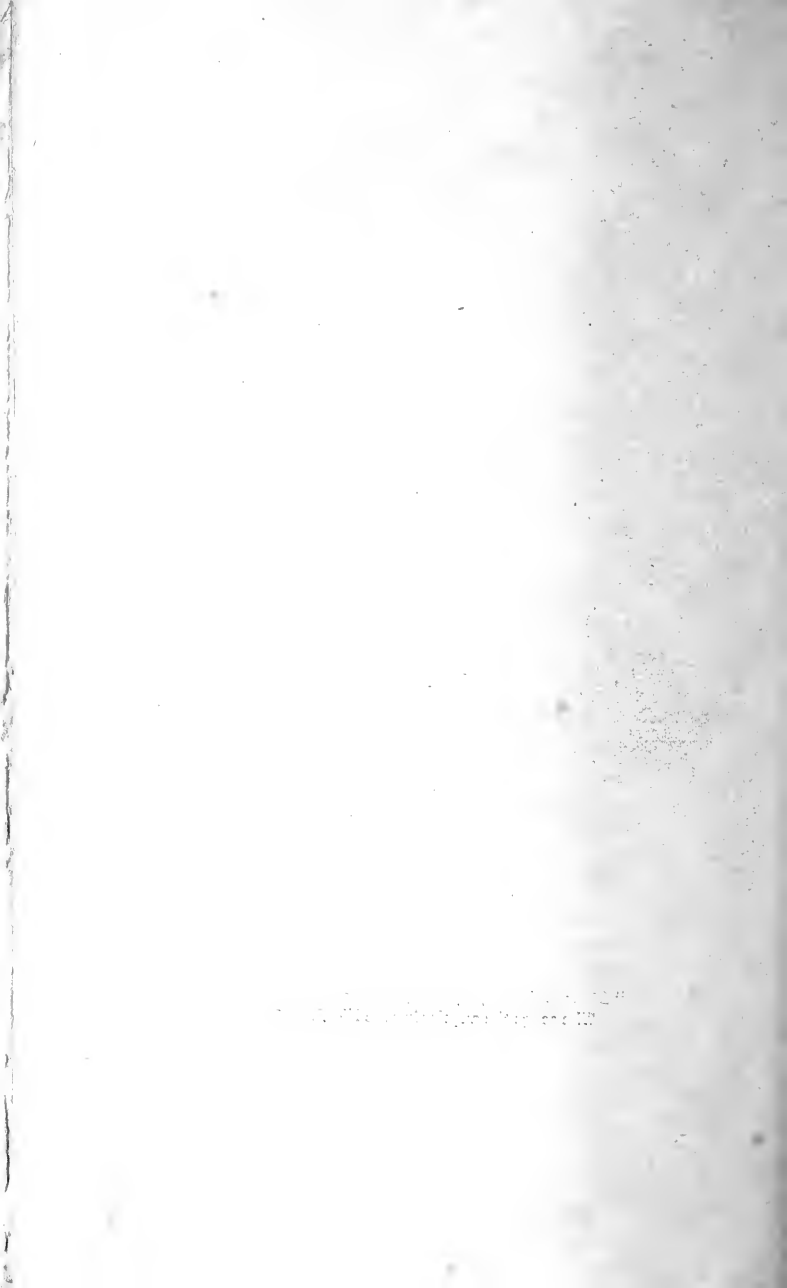
“ Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this : to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

O BROTHER man ! fold to thy heart thy  
 brother ;  
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is  
 there ;  
 To worship rightly is to love each other—  
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a  
 prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great ex-  
 ample  
 Of Him whose holy work was “ doing  
 good ” ;



"Give me the ear, my God, to hear  
The songs the angels sing me!"—*Page 85.*



So shall the wide earth seem our Father's  
temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

## A CANTICLE OF TIME.

SLOWLY the hours  
Gather to years ;  
They deal with our tears—  
That grief be not vain—  
Gently as flowers  
Deal with the rain.  
Slowly the hours  
Gather to years,  
Sowing with roses  
The graves of our fears.  
Lo ! the dark crosses  
Of torture's completeness  
Mistily fade into  
Symbols of sweetness,  
And behold it is evening.

## SPIRITUAL SENSES.

GIVE me the ear, my God, to hear  
The songs the angels sing me !  
Give me the eyes that shall descry  
With joy the joys they bring me !

To my poor heart the power impart  
To know that Thou art near me,  
And let love listen to the Christ  
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Oh, for the ear that, hearkening  
In stillness rapt and holy,  
Misses no undertone of song  
Howe'er so soft and lowly,—  
The ear that notes the mystic psalms  
The mystic choirs are singing,—  
God louder in His silences  
Than clouds their thunder flinging !

O, for the eye that out beyond  
The stars spies others gleaming,  
That scans the Unbeheld as real,  
The Seen as only seeming ;  
The eye that earthly blindness helps  
To spiritual seeing,  
And deep within the inmost finds  
The richer, fuller being !



## LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome ; yet my soul  
drew back,

Guilty of dust and sin :

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow  
slack

From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  
If I lacked anything.

“A guest,” I answered, “worthy to be  
here.”

Love said, “You shall be he.”

“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on Thee.”

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply :  
“Who made the eyes but I?”

“Truth, Lord, but I have marred them :  
let my shame

Go where it doth deserve.”

“And know you not,” says Love, “Who  
bore the blame?”

“My dear, then will I serve.”

“You must sit down,” says Love, “and  
taste my meat.”

So I did sit and eat.

## OPPOSITION.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,  
Complain no more ; for these, O heart,  
Direct the random of the will  
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret, that runs athwart  
The strain and purpose of the string,  
For governance and nice consort  
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails,  
The dark distils divinest dewes ;  
The dark is rich with nightingales,  
With dream, and with the heavenly  
Muse.

What grace may lie within the chill  
Of favor frozen fast in scorn !  
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill !  
This rosy time is glacier-born.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,  
Complain thou not, O heart ; for these  
Bank in the current of the will  
To uses, arts, and charities.

## MANNA.

THE times of old bright pictures bring ;  
We give them little heed :—  
That clamoring host, that small, white  
thing,  
Like coriander seed,  
Found, though they never saw it fall,  
When the dew left the land,  
Are precious types to us, to all,  
Of God's sustaining hand ;—  
Are types of faith in Christ above  
That day by day returns,  
Hangs on the fulness of His love,  
Receives, but ever yearns,—  
Of grace that feeds our inward part,  
Renewed, but still the same,—  
The small thing leavening all the heart,  
We saw not whence it came.  
They sought each morn their measure  
sweet,  
The food their Lord had given ;—  
Come we each day to Jesus' feet,  
And find the Bread of Heaven.

## GIVING.

To Give is better than to Know or See :  
And both are means, and neither is the  
end :  
Knowing and Seeing, if none call thee  
friend,  
Beauty and knowledge have done nought  
for thee.

For who gives, giving, doth win back his gift :  
And knowledge by division grows to  
more :  
Who hides the Master's talent shall die  
poor,  
And starve at last of his own thankless  
thrift.

I did this for another ; and, behold !  
My work hath blood in it ; but thine  
hath none :  
Done for thyself, it dies in being done :  
To what thou buyest thou thyself art sold.

Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.  
Choose someone, something : not thy-  
self, thine own :

Thou canst not perish ; but, thrice  
greater grown—  
Thy gain the greater where thy loss was  
most—

Thou in another shalt thyself new-find :  
The single globule, lost in the wide sea,  
Becomes an ocean. Each identity  
Is greatest in the greatness of its kind.

Who serves for gain—a slave—by thank-  
less self  
Is paid : who gives himself is priceless,  
free.

I gave myself, a man, to God : lo ! He  
Renders me back, a saint, unto myself.

#### THE CELESTIAL SURGEON.

IF I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness ;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning-face ;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain,  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain ;

Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,  
 And stab my spirit broad awake !  
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
 Choose Thou, before that spirit die,  
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
 And to my dead heart run them in !

### SENSITIVENESS.

TIME was, I shrank from what was right  
 From fear of what was wrong ;  
 I would not brave the sacred fight  
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense  
 And sorer shame aside ;  
 Such dread of sin was indolence,  
 Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise  
 And calmly do my best ;  
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes  
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led,—  
 Men count my haltings o'er,—  
 I know them, yet, though self I dread,  
 I love His precept more.

## A GRATEFUL HEART.

LAST night I stole away alone, to find  
A mellow crescent setting o'er the sea,  
And lingered in its light while over me  
Blew fitfully the grieving autumn wind.

And somewhat sadly to myself I said :  
"Summer is gone!" and watched how  
bright and fast  
Through the moon's track the little  
waves sped past,—  
"Summer is gone! her golden days are  
dead."

Regretfully I thought : "Since I have trod  
Earth's ways with willing or reluctant  
feet,  
Never did season bring me days more  
sweet,  
Crowned with rare joys and precious gifts  
from God.

"And they are gone : they will return no  
more."  
The slender moon went down, all red  
and still ;

The stars shone clear, the silent dews  
fell chill ;  
The waves with ceaseless murmur washed  
the shore.

A low voice spake : " And wherefore art  
thou sad ?

Here in thy heart all summer folded lies,  
And smiles in sunshine though the  
sweet time dies :

'T is thine to keep forever fresh and glad ! "

Yea, gentle voice, though the fair days  
depart,

And skies grow cold above the restless  
sea,

God's gifts are measureless, and there  
shall be

Eternal summer in the grateful heart.

#### WAIT.

Joy, what art thou ? tell me,  
Though I know thee well.

" Wait awhile," said Sorrow,  
" Wait, and *I* will tell."



Life, what art thou? tell me,  
Though I draw thy breath.  
“Wait, and *I* will answer,  
Wait awhile,” said Death.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A soundless, shoreless sea!  
Wherein our souls at last must fall,  
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes;  
The other leads us safe and slow,  
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,  
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toilworn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone Thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win ;  
We know Thee by a dearer name,  
O Love of God within !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to Thee !

#### WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt  
The blessed fields of heaven where once  
my faith  
Possessed itself serenely safe from death ;  
If I deny the things past finding out ;  
Or if I orphan my own soul of One  
That seemed a Father, and make void the  
place  
Within me where He dwelt in power and  
grace,  
What do I gain by that I have undone ?

## MY FIELD.

I WILL not wrong thee, O To-day,  
With idle longing for To-morrow,  
But patient plough my field, and sow  
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the rosy light  
That melts the cloud's repellent edges,  
The still unfolding, bud by bud,  
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.

I breathe His breath ; my life is His ;  
The hand He nerves knows no defraud-  
ing ;  
The Lord will make this joyless waste  
Wave with the wheat of His rewarding.

Of His rewarding ! Yes ; and yet  
Not mine a single blade nor kernel ;  
The seed is His, the quickening His,  
The care unchanging and eternal.

His, too, the harvest-song shall be,  
When He who blest the barren furrow  
Shall thrust His shining sickle in,  
And reap my little field To-morrow.

## TO ALL WHO CLIMB.

Not only those above us on the height  
With love and reverence I greet ;  
Not only those who walk in paths of light  
With glad, untiring feet ;  
These, too, I reverence, toiling up the  
slope,  
And resting not upon their rugged way,  
Who plant their feet on faith and cling to  
hope,  
And climb as best they may.

And even these I praise—who, being weak,  
Were led by folly into deep disgrace—  
Now striving on a pathway rough and bleak  
To gain a higher place :  
For wisely have they done and passing well  
To choose what seemed a dim and dreary  
way,  
And upward from the choking depths of hell  
To climb as best they may.

O struggling souls ! be brave and full of  
cheer,  
Nor let your holy purpose swerve or  
break ;

The way grows smoother and the light  
more clear

With every step you take.

Lo ! in the upward path God's boundless  
love

Supports you evermore upon your way ;  
You cannot fail to reach the heights above,  
Who climb as best you may !

“NOT AS I WILL.”

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand  
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,—  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil—

“Not as I will.”

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;

Too heavy burdens in the load,  
And too few helpers on the road ;  
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long—so long !  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,—  
That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still,  
“ Not as I will.”

“ Not as I will : ” the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat.  
“ Not as I will : ” the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought  
steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.

“ Not as I will,” because the One  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all His love fulfil—  
“ Not as we will.”

SELF-EXAMINATION.

By all means use sometimes to be alone :  
Salute thyself ; see what thy soul doth  
wear.

Dare to look into thy chest, for 't is thine  
own,  
And tumble up and down what thou find'st  
there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
He breaks up house, turns out of doors  
his mind.

A SONG BY THE WAY.

BE the sky blue or be the sky gray,  
The evil is always enough for the day ;

And, be it unthought-of or understood,  
As is the evil, so is the good.

Be the heart heavy or be the heart light,  
It is better to walk by faith than sight.

Be the path easy, or never so hard,  
Infinite Love is the guide and guard :

And be the path sunny, or dark and dim,  
Sweet is the way if it lead to Him.

The pilgrims, be we or high or low,  
Never again on this path we go :

And wear we garments or rich or poor,  
At last we enter the same low door.

Swift be the journey, or long and slow,  
Endeth it there or ere we know :

And be the Afterward dark or bright,  
We pass forever from mortal sight.

Draughts by the way, be they bitter or  
sweet,  
Little it matters, for both are fleet :

But blessed is he, when that door is past,  
Who findeth the best wine kept for last.

#### SNOW-BLOOM.

WHERE does the snow go,  
So white on the ground?  
Under May's azure  
No flake can be found.



Look into the lily  
Some sweet summer hour ;  
There blooms the snow  
In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go,  
Frozen to grief ?  
Along the heart's fibres  
Its cold thrill is brief.  
The snow-fall of sorrow  
Turns not to dry dust ;  
It lives in white blossoms  
Of patience and trust.

#### CONSIDER THE RAVENS.

LORD, according to Thy words,  
I have considered Thy birds ;  
And I find their life good,  
And better the better understood :

Sowing neither corn nor wheat,  
They have all that they can eat ;  
Reaping no more than they sow,  
They have all that they can stow ;  
Having neither barn nor store,  
Hungry again, they eat no more.

Considering, I see, too, that they  
Have a busy life, and plenty of play ;  
In the earth they dig their bills deep,  
And work well though they do not heap ;  
Then, to play in the air they are not loath,  
And their nests between are better than  
both.

But this is when there blow no storms,  
When berries are plenty in winter, and  
worms ;  
When their feathers are thick, and oil is  
enough  
To keep the cold out and the rain off :  
If there should come a hard frost,  
Then it looks as Thy birds were lost.

But I consider further, and I find  
A hungry bird has a free mind ;  
He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow ;  
Steals no comfort, no grief doth borrow ;  
This moment is his, Thy will hath said it,  
The next is nothing till Thou hast made  
it.

The bird has pain, but has no fear,  
Which is the worst of any gear ;



“It cometh therefore to this, Lord,  
I have considered Thy word,  
And henceforth will be Thy bird.”—Page 105.

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When cold and hunger and harm betide him,  
He gathers them not to stuff inside him ;  
Content with the day's ill he has got,  
He waits just, nor haggles with his lot ;  
Neither jumbles God's will  
With driblets from his own still.

But next I see, in my endeavor,  
Thy birds here do not live forever ;  
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,  
Finishes their earthly stage ;  
The rook drops without a stroke,  
And never gives another croak ;  
Birds lie here and birds lie there,  
With little feathers all astare ;  
And in Thy own sermon, Thou  
That the sparrow falls dost allow.

It shall not cause me any alarm,  
For neither so comes the bird to harm,  
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,  
Is by the sparrow's dying bed ;  
Therefore it is a blessed place,  
And the sparrow in high grace.

It cometh therefore to this, Lord,  
I have considered Thy word,  
And henceforth will be Thy bird.

## A PRAYER.

I ASK not that for me the plan  
Of good or ill be set aside,  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

And that, though it be mine to know  
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,  
Good angels still may come and go  
About the places of my dreams.

## AWEARY.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite  
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity,—  
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,  
Weary of me !

And hate against myself I often bear,  
And enter with myself in fierce debate :  
Take Thou my part against myself, nor  
share  
In that just hate !

Best friends might loathe us, if what  
things perverse

We know of our own selves they also  
knew :

Lord, Holy One, if Thou who knowest  
worse

Shouldst loathe us too !

### TWO WAYFARERS.

ONE with a sudden cry

Crieth : " O Lord ! and whence is this to  
me,

That in my daily pathway I should see

Even Thee, my Lord, coming nigh

With Thy still face and fair,

And the divine deep sorrow in Thine eyes,

And Thy eternal arms stretched loving-  
wise,

As on the Cross they were ?

" If I had only known

How I should meet Thee this day face to  
face,

I had made all my life a praying-place

For this hour's sake alone :

Now am I poor indeed :  
 I who have gathered all things most for-  
   lorn,—  
 Pale earthly loves, and roses wan with  
   thorn,—  
 See how my weak hands bleed !”

ONE bendeth low, and saith :  
 “ Lo, My hands bleed likewise, and I am  
   God :  
 Come, heart of Mine ! wilt tread the path  
   I trod,  
 The desert way of death ?  
 Come, bleeding hands, and take  
 My thorns that bring new toil and weariness,  
 Days of gray pain and nights of sore distress,  
 Come, for My great love’s sake !

“ Yet if thou fearest to come,  
 Speak ! I can give thee fairest earthly  
   things—  
 Love, and sweet peace in shelter of love’s  
   wings,  
 By pleasant paths of home,—  
 And thou wilt still be Mine.  
 Choose thou thy path ! My way is dark, I  
   know,



Yet through the moaning wind, and rain  
and snow,  
My feet should go with thine."

One groweth wan and gray ;  
Dieth a space the trembling heart in him ;  
Then he doth lift his weary eyes and dim,  
With ashen lips doth say :  
" With Thee the desert sands !  
How could I turn from Thee, Thou Flower  
of Pain !  
Or trouble Thee with weepings loud and  
vain,  
And wringing of the hands ?

" If the rose were my share,  
And Thine the thorn, how could I lift  
mine eyes  
One day in gold-green fields of Paradise,  
To Thine eyes dreamy fair  
That muse on Calvary ?  
Under the sad straight brows Thy gaze  
would say :  
" Now, heart ! in what dark hour of night  
or day  
Hast thou kept watch with Me ? "

## THY LIGHT.

LORD, send Thy light  
Not only in the darkest night,  
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,  
Wherein my strained and aching sight  
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—  
Then send Thy light !

Teach me to pray  
Not only in the morning gray,  
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray  
Falls on me—but at high noonday,  
When pleasure beckons me away,  
Teach me to pray !

## THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BELIEVE not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of Hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas !  
Makes him to see times while they pass  
As in a dim or tinted glass :

But if in earnest care you would  
Metre out to each its power of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent  
That leave your spirit bound and bent  
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more,—though, free from seeming  
harm,  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, nor to be linked again  
By all mere Memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise :  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices man's just destinies :

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,  
A self-renewing thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed  
 May hold within itself the seed  
 Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ  
 Is to develop, not destroy,  
 Far better than a barren Joy.

#### KINDLINESS.

BE useful where thou livest, that they may  
 Both want and wish thy pleasing pres-  
 ence still :

Kindness, good parts, great places, are the  
 way

To compass this : Find out men's wants  
 and will,

And meet them there. All wordly joys go  
 less

To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

#### HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O 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 that does not shine. . . .

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. . . .

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.

'T is not enough to weep my sins ;  
 'T is 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 !

#### ITS COST.

O DEAR Lord ! we know what death is  
worth :  
Thou diedst in woe and pain upon the  
Cross ;  
Out of Thy death man's freedom had its  
birth,  
And for his gain Thou gavest all Thy  
loss.

#### MY GOODS.

My all I carry with me everywhere :  
The presence of the Lord on land and  
sea,  
The love of dear ones close enfolding  
me,—

My patrimony, these : and, blest, I bear  
For pictures, eyes to which the world is  
    fair ;  
For book, the nearest thing, whate'er  
    it be ;  
For gold, the mind that scorns its sov-  
    ereignty ;  
For bed of ease, a soul God-freed from  
    care.  
For work, I have the task that near me  
    lies ;  
For tools, I have my hands, my tongue,  
    my brain ;  
For comrades in my toil, the trees, the  
    skies ;  
And wide Eternity is my domain !  
I 'll not exchange the very least of these  
For all the wealth in all the lands and seas.

## OPEN THY HEART.

ADMIT into thy silent breast  
The notes of but one bird,  
And instantly thy soul will join  
In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flower  
 Inhale like breath of God,  
 And in the garden of thy heart  
 A thousand buds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse  
 Direct thy spirit's flight,  
 And thou wilt have in the wide world,  
 My child, enough delight.

#### FATE ?—GOD.

INAUDIBLE voices call us, and we go ;  
 Invisible hands restrain us, and we stay ;  
 Forces unfelt by our dull senses sway  
 Our wavering wills, and hedge us in the  
 way

We call our own, because we do not know.

We creep reluctant through Pain's dark-  
 ened room  
 To greet Life's dearest joy the other  
 side ;  
 We linger, laughing, where the ways di-  
 vide,  
 Saying, " So choose I," while we front,  
 blind-eyed,



Danger's red signal, yea, black, imminent  
doom !

We knock impatient on To-morrow's  
door,

Behind which Sorrow sits, nor evermore  
Shall anything be as it was before,

Nor sweet To-day's unheeded rose re-  
bloom.

Are we, then, slaves of ignorant circum-  
stance ?

Nay, God forbid ! We have the heav-  
enly Guide,

The Lamp of Life, the Way both sure  
and tried ;

If we but walk therein, nor stray out-  
side,

God holds the world, not blind, unreason-  
ing Chance.

LONGING.

I LONG for joy, O Lord ; I long for Thee ;

I long for all Thou profferest to me ;

I long for the unimagined manifold

Abundance laid up in Thy treasury.

I long for pearls, but not from mundane  
    sea ;  
I long for palms, but not from earthly  
    mould :—  
    Yet in all else I long for, long for Thee,  
Thyself to hear and worship and be-  
    hold,—  
For Thee, beyond the splendor of that  
    day  
    Where all is day and is not any night,—  
    For Thee, beyond refreshment of that  
    rest  
    To which tired saints press on for its  
    delight :  
Or if not thus for Thee, yet Thee I pray  
    To make me long so till Thou make  
    me blest.

#### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes ;  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.



"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes."—*Page 118.*



There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There 's rest in his still countenance,  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ills and woes he cannot cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm,  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear,  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day !—  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, " Be resigned ;  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !"

#### A THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought  
Not into evil wrought ;  
Lord, for the wicked will,  
Betrayed and baffled still ;

## In Green Pastures

For the heart from itself kept,  
Our thanksgiving accept !

For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer ;  
For pain, death, sorrow sent  
Unto our chastisement,—  
For all loss of seeming good,  
Quicken our gratitude !

## GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single  
bound :

We build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by  
round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our  
feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and  
gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion  
slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly  
meet.

“MANY MEMBERS.”

SELFISH good may not befall  
Any man, or great or small :  
Best for one is best for all.

THE WAKING HEART.

I AM weary with toil and with ache,  
And I sleep, for the night-time is long,  
And the great sea of darkness doth break  
On the world with a low slumber-song ;  
But my heart yieldeth not to the spell :—  
As its life-tide upheaveth my breast,  
So its love-tide unebbing doth swell  
With a longing that knoweth not rest.

I sleep, but my heart is awake :  
Through the shimmering veil of my  
dreams  
Come the murmur of rushes and brake,  
The sighing of wandering streams,  
The whisper of leaves that are stirred  
By the touch of the breeze's soft wing,  
The note of a brown, brooding bird—  
But where is the voice of my King !

I sleep, but my heart is awake  
To catch the first sound of His tread,  
Ere the night's folded shadows shall break  
Into dawn-roses golden and red ;  
To rise ere He comes to the door,  
And wide open ere He can call,  
And kneel in awed rapture before  
My Saviour, my King, and my All.

I sleep, but my heart is awake :  
O dreams, be ye sombre or bright,  
What soul at your terrors would quake,  
Or yet in your brightness delight—  
So quickly your mists will give place,  
So silently break and retreat,  
At the sight of His glorious face,  
At the sound of His beauteous feet !



I sleep, but my heart is awake :  
 Come quickly, O Saviour and King !  
 Thy coming my morning will make,  
 Thy smile is the day's shining spring.  
 At morning, at evening, at noon,  
 Thee, sleeping or waking, I wait ;  
 Thou can'st not come ever too soon,  
 Thou wilt not come ever too late.

YOU THREE.

I TALKED with you to-day, all three  
 (Two of you lurked unseen)—  
 Yourself, the boy you used to be,  
 And the man you might have been.

You said that hope to dead leaves turned,  
 That love was but a gleam,  
 Ambition soon to ashes burned,  
 Joy was a fleeting dream.

You never knew that silently  
 They smiled at you unseen,—  
 The ardent boy you used to be,  
 And the man you might have been.

## YOUR FAULT.

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,  
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent,  
So guilt not traverses His tender will.

## THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

THERE are days of silent sorrow  
In the seasons of our life ;  
There are wild, despairing moments,  
There are hours of mental strife ;  
There are times of mental anguish,  
When the tears refuse to fall,  
But the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,  
Though the sudden, crushing blow,  
Beating back our gathered forces,  
For a moment lay us low ;  
We may rise again beneath it,  
None the weaker for the fall ;  
But the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit  
As the salt waves wear the stone,  
And the garb of hope grows threadbare  
Till the brightest tints are flown ;  
Then, amid youth's radiant tresses,  
Silent snows begin to fall ;  
Oh ! the waiting time, my brothers,  
Is the hardest time of all.

But at last we learn the lesson  
That God knoweth what is best ;  
And with wisdom cometh patience,  
And with patience cometh rest.  
Yea, a golden thread is shining  
Through the tangled web of fate ;  
And our hearts shall thank Him meekly  
That He taught us how to wait.

### THE HUMAN CRY.

WE feel we are nothing—for all is Thou  
and in Thee ;  
We feel we are something—that also has  
come from Thee :  
We know we are nothing—but thou wilt  
help us to be :  
Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah !

## NOVEMBER AND APRIL.

THE dead leaves their mosaics  
Of olive and gold and brown  
Had laid on the rain-wet pavement,  
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the autumn tem-  
pest ;  
They were trod by hurrying feet ;  
And the maids came out with their be-  
soms  
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever,  
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire,  
lost,—  
The summer's precious darlings,  
Nourished at such a cost.

O words that have fallen from me !  
O golden thoughts and true !  
Must I see in the leaves a symbol  
Of the fate that awaiteth you ?

---

Again has come the spring-time,  
With the crocus's golden bloom,

And the smell of the fresh-turned mould,  
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener, tell the secret  
Of these hues and odors sweet!—  
“I have only brought to my garden  
The black mire from the street.”

## COMMONPLACE.

“A COMMONPLACE life,” we say, and we  
sigh ;  
But why should we sigh as we say ?  
The commonplace sun in the common-  
place sky  
Makes up the commonplace day.  
The moon and the stars are commonplace  
things,  
And the flower that blooms, and the bird  
that sings.  
But dark were the world and sad were our  
lot  
If the flowers had failed and the sun shone  
not ;  
And God, who studies each separate soul,  
Out of commonplace things makes His  
beautiful whole.

ART VOGLER.

*[After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.]*

WELL, it is gone at last, the palace of music  
I reared ;

Gone ! and the good tears start, the  
praises that come too slow ;

For one is assured at first—one scarce can  
say that he feared,

That he even gave it a thought—the  
gone thing was to go.

Never to be again !—“ But many more of  
the kind

As good, nay better, perchance,”—is  
this your comfort to me ?

To me, who must be saved because I cling  
with my mind

To the same, same self, same love, same  
God : ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the  
ineffable Name ?

Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not  
made with hands !

What, have fear of change from Thee who  
art ever the same ?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart  
that Thy power expands ?

There shall never be one lost good : What  
was shall live as before ;

'The evil is null, is naught, is silence im-  
plying sound ;

What was good shall be good, with for  
evil so much good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the  
heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed  
of good shall exist,—

Not its semblance, but itself ;—no  
beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-  
vives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of  
an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic  
for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose  
itself in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover  
and the bard :

Enough that He heard it once : we shall  
hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a tri-  
umph's evidence

For the fulness of the days? Have we  
withered or agonized?—

Why else was the pause prolonged but that  
singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that  
harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow  
to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme  
of the weal and woe ;

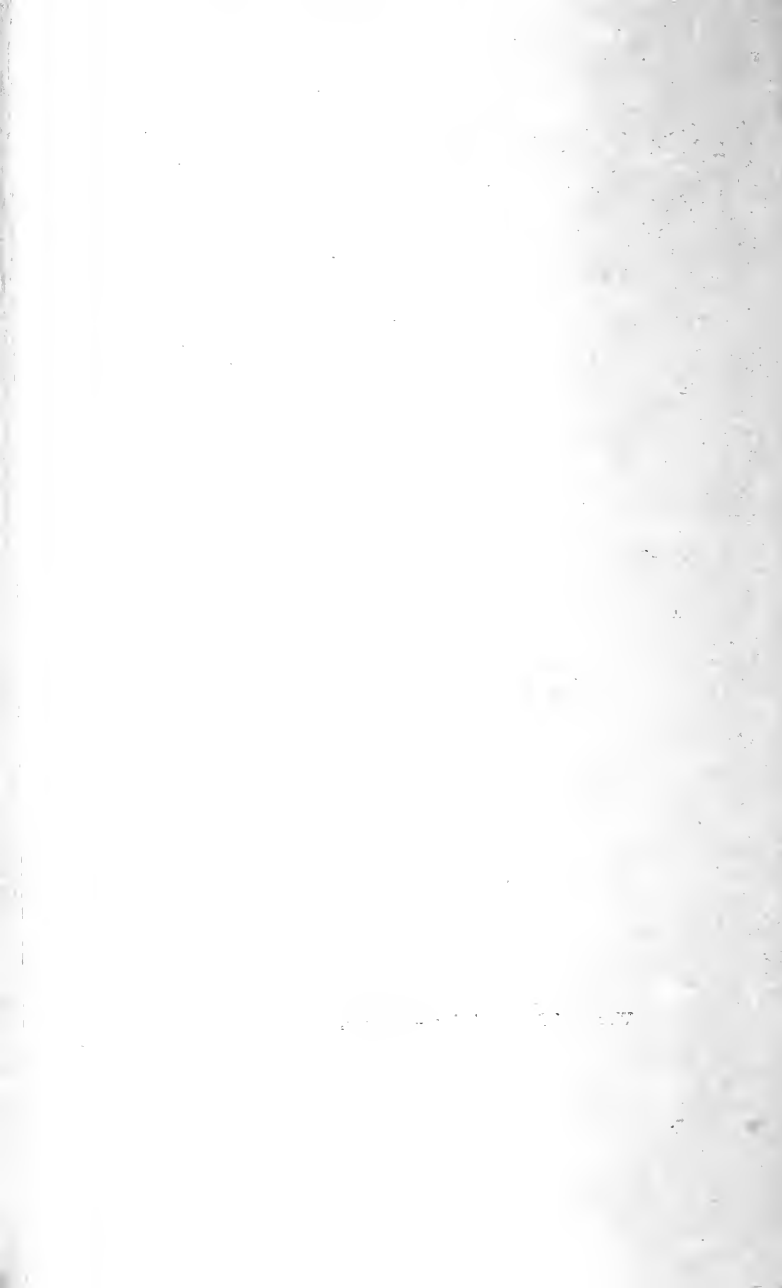
But God has a few of us whom He whis-  
pers in the ear ;

The rest may reason and welcome : 't is  
we musicians know.





Work and Contemplation.—Page 131.



## WORLDLY PLACE.

*Even in a palace life may be led well !*

. . . . .  
*Even in a palace !* On his truth sincere,  
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever  
came ;  
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame  
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,  
I'll stop, and say : " There were no succor  
here !  
The aids to noble life are all within."

## WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel  
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarole ;  
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,  
More than of her flax ; and yet the reel  
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel  
With quick adjustment, provident control,  
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,  
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal  
To the dear Christian Church—that we  
may do

Our Father's business in these temples  
 mirk,  
 Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and  
 strong ;  
 While thus, apart from toil, our souls pur-  
 sue  
 Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove  
 our work  
 The better for the sweetness of our song.

## SONGS OF PRAISE.

IN a dry old mow that was once, alas !  
 A living glory of waving grass,  
 A cricket made merry one winter's day,  
 And answered me this in a wondrous way  
 When I cried half-sharply : " Thou poor  
 old thing !  
 How canst thou sit in the dark and sing  
 When for all thy pleasure of youth thou  
 starvest ? "—  
 " I 'm the voice of praise that came in  
 with the harvest."

I went away in the silent wood,  
 And down in a deep, brown solitude,

Where nothing blossomed and nothing  
stirred,

Uprose the note of a little bird.

“Why carollest thou in the death of the  
year,

Where nobody travelleth by to hear?”—

“I sing to God, though there be no comer,  
Praise for the past and the promise of  
summer.”

I stopped by a brook that, overglased  
With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast ;  
Yet there whispered in a continual song  
From the life underneath that urged along :  
“O blind little brook, what canst thou  
know

Whither thou runnest ? why chantest so ?”

“I don't know what I may find or be,  
But I'm praising for this—I am going to  
see !”

### NOT CONCLUSION.

THIS world is not conclusion ;  
A sequel stands beyond,  
Invisible as music,  
But positive as sound.

It beckons and it baffles ;  
Philosophers don't know ;  
And through a riddle at the last  
Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars :  
To gain it, men have worn  
Contempt of generations,  
And crucifixion borne.

#### GOD KNOWS.

WHO knows ? God knows ; and what He  
knows  
Is well and best.  
The darkness hideth not from Him, but  
glows  
Clear as the morning or the evening rose  
Of east or west.

Wherefore man's strength is to sit still :  
Not wasting care  
To antedate to-morrow's good or ill ;  
Yet watching meekly, watching with good  
will,  
Watching to prayer.

Some rising or some setting ray  
From east or west,  
If not to-day, why, then another day,  
Will light each dove upon the homeward  
way  
Safe to her nest.

## MATTHEW, VII., 9.

THE homely words, how often read !  
How seldom fully known !  
Which father of you, asked for bread,  
Would give his child a stone ?

How oft hath bitter tears been shed,  
And heaved how many a groan,  
Because Thou wouldst not give for bread  
The thing that was a stone !

How oft the child Thou wouldst have fed  
Thy gift away has thrown !  
He prayed : Thou heardst and gav'st the  
bread ;  
He cried : It is a stone !

Lord, if I ask in doubt and dread  
Lest I be left to moan,  
I am the man who, asked for bread,  
Would give his son a stone.

## MY ENEMY.

I HAVE an enemy. And shall he be  
 A useless thorn to vex and weary me ?  
 A dominant discord in life's perfect strain,  
 Marring my dreams, turning my joy to  
     pain,  
 Molding my life to his malicious whim ?  
 Shall he be lord of me, or I of him ?

A bitter stream may turn the mill-wheel  
     round ;  
 A thorny tree may burn to heat and  
     light ;  
 And out of shameful wrong may spring the  
     flower  
 Of perfect right.

. . . . .

Because my enemy hath eyes that watch  
     With sleepless malice while I come and  
     go,  
 My days shall own no act I would not  
     wish  
 The world to know.

Because my enemy doth hourly wield  
     Some subtle snare to trip me every day,



My feet shall never for one moment leave  
The straight and narrow way.

Because my enemy doth hate me sore,  
I fix my gaze beyond him and above,  
And lift as shield to all his fiery darts  
A heart of love.

And of my enemy I thus shall make  
A beacon-light to light me to my goal,  
A faithful guardian of my house of life,  
A spur and whip to urge my laggard soul ;  
And though our strife may never have an  
end,  
I yet might call this enemy my friend.

### LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

#### GETHSEMANE

Denied our Lord all human sympathy ;  
And deepest grief  
Is that we bear alone for others' sake,  
Smiling the while lest loving hearts should  
break  
For our relief.

O Hearts that faint  
 Beneath your burden great, but make no  
 plaint,  
     Lift up your eyes !  
 Somewhere beyond, the life you give is  
 found ;  
 Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand  
 is crowned  
     Love's sacrifice.

#### IN QUIET WAYS.

GOD scatters love on every side  
     Freely among His children all,  
 And always hearts are lying open wide,  
     Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds  
     Of a more true and open life,  
 Which burst unlooked-for into high-souled  
     deeds,  
     With wayside beauty rife. .

Within the hearts of all men lie  
     These promises of wider bliss,  
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,  
     In sunny hours like this. . . .

Nor is he far astray, who deems  
That every hope, which rises and grows  
broad  
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse  
streams  
From the great heart of God.

## NONE OTHER.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,  
None other Hope in heaven or earth or  
sea,  
None other Hiding-place from guilt and  
shame,  
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,  
Only my heart's desire cries out in me ;  
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,  
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead ;  
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be ;  
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my  
head,  
Nor home, but Thee.

## THE SONG OF THE WATCHERS.

*Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice . . .  
together shall they sing.—Isa. lii., 8.*

THE watch is long, the watch is late,  
But yet it is not lonely,  
For we who for His coming wait  
Think of His brightness only.  
We feel a gladness through the gloom,  
A silvern peace upspringing ;  
We watch as by an empty tomb,  
And stay our souls with singing.

We sing sweet songs of hope and cheer  
That voice the faith of ages,  
The songs of souls that knew not fear,  
Of martyrs, prophets, sages :—  
We talk of all His wondrous love,  
We tell His wondrous story—  
The wonder-works and words that prove  
Him Lord of Life and glory.

From time to time His loving voice  
Calls out our best and dearest ;  
We weep, and yet would fain rejoice,  
Knowing He then comes nearest.

They pass into the silent glooms,  
We see no more their faces ;  
Full soon His gentle peace illumines  
And fills the vacant places.

The watch is long, the watch is late,  
But hope grows strong and stronger,—  
A little longer yet to wait—  
Only a little longer—  
And all this night shall turn to day,  
And all this dark to splendor,  
And joy, grown richer by delay,  
Make full and fair surrender.

The hills around Jerusalem  
Stand dusky, lonely, pining,—  
We think how beautiful on them  
His feet will soon be shining !  
The Sun of Righteousness will rise  
With wings of balmy healing,  
With cheer for hearts and light for eyes  
That wait for His revealing.

For He !—but here the song grows faint,  
To sweeter silence fleeing ;  
What mortal strain hath power to paint  
The beauty of His being ?

And if our hearts so melt and thrill  
With raptures of prevision,  
What unimagined sweets shall fill  
The cup of full fruition !

The watch is long, the watch is late,  
Yet night is ever growing  
Into the morn irradiate  
With light of His rich sowing ;  
And happy they who first behold  
Upon the mountains hoary  
The lifting of His banner's gold,  
The breaking of His glory.

Yea, happy whom the Lord of Light  
Doth find awake and singing,—  
Afar to pilgrims of the night  
Their cheering voices flinging !  
For them His morning grows apace  
To day that endeth never ;  
His feast is spread, His love is shed,  
For ever and for ever.

## COMPENSATION.

THE graves grow thicker, and life's ways  
more bare,

As years on years go by ;—

Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy  
care,

And more stars in thy sky.

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to  
memories,

Are fading out of sight ;—

Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams  
to certainties

Are glowing in God's light.

Hither come backslidings, defeats, dis-  
tresses,

Vexing this mortal strife ;—

Thither go progress, victories, successes,

Crowning immortal life !

## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O WONDROUS-FAIR Jerusalem,

Shall I thy gates pass through ?

Thy jubinations surely join,

Thy lordly splendors view ?

O Crucified, O Glorified,  
Shall I Thy face behold,  
And join the ransomed as they sing  
Along the streets of gold ?

. . . . .  
A dream ! The City of the Christ  
And that of Love are one ;  
For each the fairest is and best  
The sons of God have known ;  
They are the one broad sovereignty,  
They have the one high throne,  
And Christ ne'er is where Love rules not,  
From furthest zone to zone.

Love is a city, walled and towered,  
With bulwarks builded high,  
On every foe they rise to frown,  
And foolish passer-by ;  
Full pearly-gated, too, is she,—  
Three gates on every side,  
Which for the worn and weary hearts  
Stand ever open wide.

Her streets are of pure gold, as though  
Transparent glass one sees ;



Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace :  
And in Love's city is no curse,  
No shadows darken there,  
The Lamb, the light thereof, doth make  
All lustrous everywhere.

The clear Life-River through her midst  
In grateful fulness flows,  
Upon whose banks the Tree of Life  
With healing leafage grows ;  
Nor hunger there, nor pain of thirst,  
Love casteth out all fears,  
And God most gently wipes away  
The traces of our tears.

O Wondrous New Jerusalem,  
From heaven thou art come down !  
On earth thy firm foundations are,  
Here weareth Christ His crown :  
Here for the symbols of His reign  
We rightful search begin ;  
O loveliest Christ, O Christliest Love,  
Thy kingdom is within !

## UNDYING LIGHT.

O THOU the Lord and Maker of life and  
light !

Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh  
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight  
gray

We journey to the end and rest of night ;  
Though well we know to the deep inward  
sight

Darkness is but Thy shadow, and the day  
Where Thou art never dies, but sends  
its ray

Through the wide universe with restless  
might.

O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in  
Thee !

That, when the daylight trembles into  
shade,

And falls into the silence of mortality,  
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,

But pass from light to light, from earth's  
dull gleam

Into the very heart and heaven of our  
dream.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

THE 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 fleets of snowy clouds  
Sail o'er the silent sky.

'T is like that soft invading light  
Which all in 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,  
And 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 souls 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 mossy ground  
Scarce bends its pliant form,  
When overhead the autumnal wood  
Is thundering in a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls  
Down in the thought of God,—  
Scarce conscious in their sober peace  
Of the wild storm 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 undersong,—  
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 actual 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.

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

#### MY PLEA.

O LORD, I cannot plead my love of Thee !  
 I plead Thy love of me :  
 The shallow conduit hails the unfathomed  
 sea.

#### TRUST.

FATHER of Spirits ! Thine all secrets be ;  
 I bless Thee for the light Thou hast  
 revealed,  
 And that Thou hidest. Part of me I see,  
 And part of me Thy wisdom hath  
 concealed

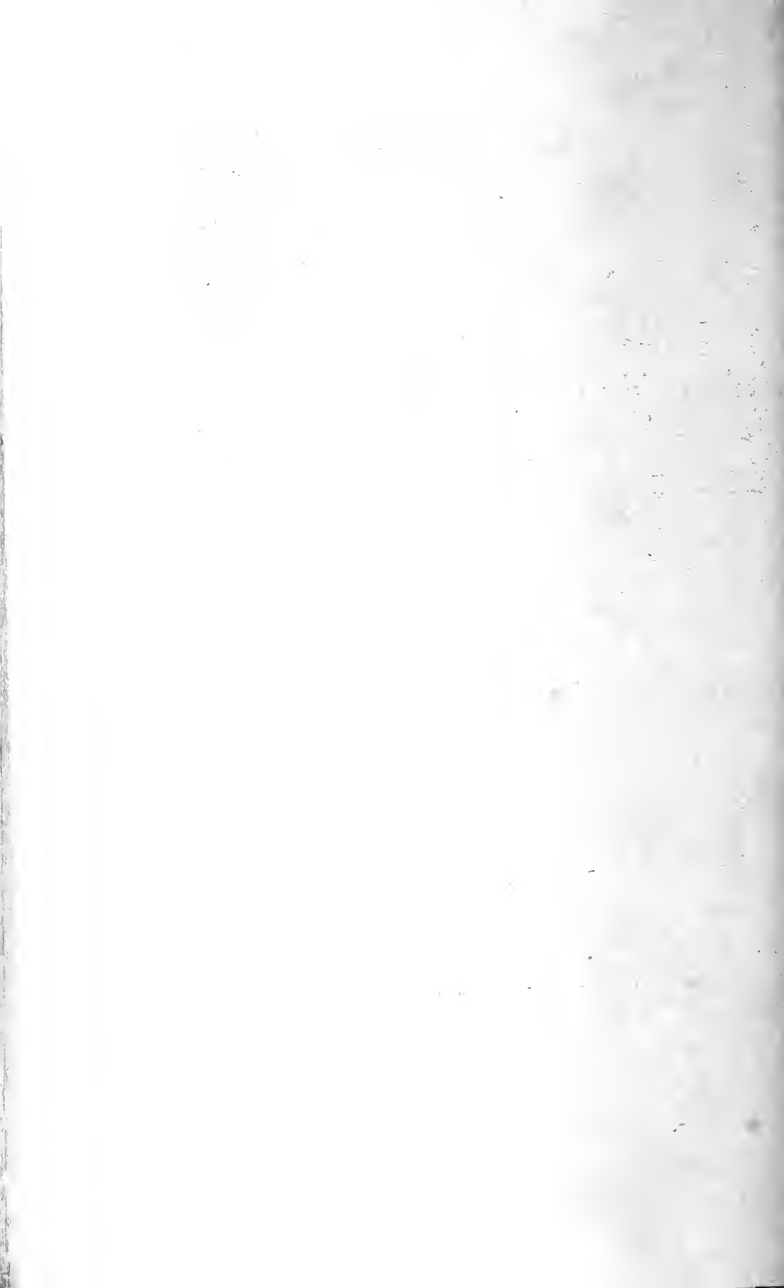
Till the new life divulge it. Lord, imbue  
me  
With will to work in this diurnal sphere,  
Knowing myself my life's day laborer  
here,  
Where evening brings the day's work's  
wages to me.  
I work my work : All its results are Thine.  
I know the loyal deed becomes a fact  
Which Thou wilt deal with ; nor will I  
repine  
Although I miss the value of the act.  
Thou carest for Thy creatures ; and the end  
Thou seest. The world unto Thy hands  
I leave ;  
And to Thy hands my life. I will not  
grieve  
Because I know not all Thou dost intend.

THE FATHER'S HYMN FOR THE  
MOTHER TO SING.

My child is lying on my knees ;  
The signs of heaven she reads ;  
My face is all the heaven she sees,  
Is all the heaven she needs.



"My child is lying on my knees."—Page 130.





And she is well—yea, bathed in bliss—  
If heaven is in my face ;  
Behind it is all tenderness  
And truthfulness and grace.

I mean her well so earnestly,  
Unchanged in changing mood ;  
My life would go without a sigh  
To bring her something good.

I also am a child ; and I  
Am ignorant and weak ;  
I gaze upon the starry sky,  
And then I must not speak ;

For all behind the starry sky,  
Behind the world so broad,  
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie  
The Infinite of God.

If true to her, though troubled sore,  
I cannot choose but be,  
Thou, who art peace for evermore,  
Art very true to me.

If I am low and sinful, bring  
More love where need is rife ;  
Thou knowest what an awful thing  
It is to be a life.

Hast thou not wisdom to enwrap  
My waywardness about  
In doubting safety on the lap  
Of Love that knows no doubt ?

Lo, Lord ! I sit in Thy wide space,  
My child upon my knee ;  
She looketh up into my face,  
And I look up to Thee !

#### LIGHT AND SHADE.

THOU hast done well to kneel and say :  
“ Since He who gave can take away,  
And bid me suffer, I obey.”

And also well to tell thy heart  
That good lies in the bitterest part,  
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all,  
When even truths like these will pall,  
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see  
That good and evil come to thee  
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,  
That even the loneliest one must stand  
Dependent on his brother's hand,—

So links more subtle and more fine  
Bind every other soul to thine  
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vexed ;  
Though incomplete, and e'en perplexed,  
It fits exactly to the next. . . .

Fail—yet rejoice ; because no less  
The failure that makes thy distress  
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need  
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed  
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content,  
Thus knowing that it was but meant  
As chord in one great instrument ;

That even the discord in thy soul  
May make completer music roll  
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be that, when all is light,  
 Deep set within that deep delight  
 Will be to know *why* all was right,—

To hear life's perfect music rise,  
 And, while it floods the happy skies,  
 Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil  
 Thy little part. This darkness still  
 Is light to every loving will.

#### WHEN TO PRAY.

AH, when the infinite burden of life de-  
 scendeth upon us,  
 Crushes to earth our hope, and under the  
 earth in the graveyard,—  
 Then it is good to pray unto God, for His  
 sorrowing children  
 Turns He ne'er from His door, but He  
 heals and helps and consoles them.  
 Yet is it better to pray when all things are  
 prosperous with us,  
 Pray in fortunate days, for life's most  
 beautiful Fortune

Kneels down before the Eternal's throne,  
and with hands interfolded.  
Praises, thankful and moved, the only  
Giver of blessings.

### THE SPIRIT'S GROWTH.

DUST as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music ; there is a dark  
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
Discordant elements, makes them cling  
together

In one society. How strange that all  
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a  
part,

And that a needful part, in making up  
The calm existence that is mine when I  
Am worthy of myself. Praise to the end !  
Thanks to the means !

### BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.

" WOULD a man 'scape the rod ?"  
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,  
" See that he turn to God  
The day before his death."

“Ay, could a man inquire  
 When it shall come, I say.”  
 The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—  
 “Then let him turn to-day.”

## IF.

It may seem a noble thing  
 That you have to do,—  
 To strengthen the hands of a king,  
 The fire to pass through ;—  
 But if done with a courage blind,  
 And a selfish motive—mind,  
 It is not noble *in you*.

It may seem a little thing  
 That you have to do—  
 A cup of water to bring,  
 Or loosen a shoe,—  
 But if done with a ready will  
 And a kindly spirit—still,  
 It is not little *in you*.

It may seem an easy thing  
 That you seek to do—  
 To bind up a broken wing—

A song to renew,—  
But with aspect stern and cold,  
And a grasp of iron hold,  
It will not be easy *for you*.

It may seem a hard, hard thing  
That you wish to do—  
To bring back the wandering,  
A life to renew,—  
But, with loving heart and face,  
And a prayer for God's sweet grace,  
It shall not be hard *for you*.

## OMNIPRESENCE.

FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love  
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,  
Whilst Thou—too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds, invisible—  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may  
 be ;

But this we know—that where Thou art,  
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with  
 Thee.

And through the various maze of time,  
 And through th' infinity of space,  
 We follow Thy career sublime,  
 And all Thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
 Sustained by this delightful thought,—  
 Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,  
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

#### THOU KNOWEST.

LORD, with what body do they come,  
 Who in corruption here are sown,  
 When, with humiliation done,  
 They wear the likeness of Thine own ?

Lord, of what manner didst Thou make  
 The fruits upon life's healing tree ?  
 Where flows that water we may take,  
 And thirst not through eternity ?



Where lie the beds of lilies prest  
By virgins whiter than their snow ?  
What can we liken to the rest  
Thy well-belovèd yet shall know ?

And where no moon shall shine by night,  
No sun shall rise and take his place,  
How shall we look upon the light,  
O Lamb of God, that lights Thy face ?

How shall we speak our joy that day  
We stand upon the blissful shore,  
Where blest inhabitants shall say :  
Lo ! we are sick and sad no more ?

What anthems shall we raise to Thee,  
The host upon the other side ?  
What will our depths of rapture be  
When heart and soul are " satisfied " ?

How will life seem when fear, nor dread,  
Nor mortal weakness chains our  
powers,—  
When sin is crushed and death is dead,  
And all eternity is ours ?

When, with our Lover and our Spouse,  
We shall as angels be above,  
And plight no troths and breathe no vows,  
How shall we tell and prove our love?

How can we take in faith Thy hand,  
And walk the way that we must tread?  
How can we trust and understand  
That Christ will raise us from the  
dead?

We cannot see nor know to-day,  
For He hath made us of the dust ;  
We can but wait His time, and say :  
Even though He slay me, I will trust !

Swift to the dead we hasten now,  
And know not even the way we go ;  
Yet quick and dead are Thine, and Thou—  
Thou knowest all we do not know !

#### A TIRED HEART.

DEAR LORD ! if one should some day  
come to Thee,  
Weary exceedingly, and poor and worn,  
With bleeding feet sore-pierced of  
many a thorn,

And lips athirst, and eyes too tired to see,  
And, falling down before Thy face,  
should say :

“ Lord, my day counts but as an idle  
day,  
My hands have gathered fruit of no fair  
tree,  
Empty am I of stores of oil and corn,  
Broken am I and utterly forlorn,  
Yet in Thy vineyard hast Thou room for  
me ? ”

Wouldst turn Thy face away ?  
Nay, Thou wouldst lift Thy lost sheep  
tenderly.

#### EVERY-DAY DUTY.

“ My way to Christ, ” said Cleon, “ lies  
Through deep and fine philosophies.”

“ As shaven monk or anchorite,  
I'll seek His face, ” said Theodite.

“ Narrow and straight before mine eyes, ”  
Said John, “ my path of duty lies ;

“ And if I fail to find Him there,  
I shall not find Him anywhere.”

## THE DESIRE TO DEPART.

*Hadad said unto Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to mine own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing: howbeit let me go in any wise.—I KINGS. xi, 21, 22.*

AND thus our hearts appeal to them,  
 When we behold our dearest rise  
 And look towards Jerusalem  
 With strangely kindling eyes. . . .

“What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,”  
 We murmur heavily and low,  
 “That ye should rise with kindling eyes,  
 And be so fain to go?”

And tenderly the answer falls  
 From lips that wear the smile of  
 heaven:  
 “Dear ones,” they say, “we pass this day  
 To Him by whom your love was  
 given;

And in His presence clear and true,  
 We answer you with hearts that glow;

No good thing have we lacked with you—  
Howbeit let us go !”

And, even as they speak, their thoughts  
Are wandering upward to the Throne :  
Ah, God ! we see, at length, how free  
All earthly ties must leave Thine own.

Yet, kneeling low in darkened homes,  
And weeping for the treasure spent,  
We bless Thee, Lord, for that sweet word  
Our dear ones murmured as they went.

It was not that our love was cold,  
That earthly lights were burning dim,  
But that the Shepherd from his fold  
Had smiled, and drawn them unto Him.

Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet !  
Praise God the country is so fair !  
We could not hold them from His feet ;  
We can but haste to meet them there.

#### THE FULNESS OF TIME.

WHEN the seeds were ready, one by one,  
Through the earth they broke ;  
When the bud was ready, lo ! the sun  
Touched it, and it woke.

When the heart was ready, half a breath  
Rent the veil it wore ;  
When the soul was ready, loving Death  
Oped a wider door.

## TINY TOKENS

THE memory of a kindly word  
For long-gone-by,  
The fragrance of a fading flower  
Sent lovingly,  
The gleaming of a sudden smile  
Or sudden tear,  
The warmer pressure of the hand,  
The word of cheer,  
The hush that means " I cannot speak,  
But I have heard !"  
The note that only bears a verse  
From God's own Word :—  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
As ministry,—  
The givers deeming they have shown  
Scant sympathy ;—  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
Oh, who can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
To make it well !

IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY  
COMMANDMENTS.

Love, to be love, must walk Thy way  
And work Thy Will ;  
Or if Thou say, " Lie still,"  
Lie still, and pray.

Love, Thine own Bride, with all her might  
Will follow Thee,  
And till the shadows flee  
Keep Thee in sight.

Love will not mar her peaceful face  
With cares undue,  
Faithless and hopeless, too,  
And out of place.

Love, knowing Thou much more art Love,  
Will sun her grief,  
And pluck her myrtle leaf,  
And be Thy dove.

Love here hath vast beatitude :  
What shall be hers  
Where there is no more curse,  
But all is good ?

## NO UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief :  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,  
And waits to see it push away the clod—  
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the  
sky :  
“ Be patient, Heart ; light breaketh by-  
and-by,”  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of  
snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense in slumber  
deep,  
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says : “ To-morrow—The Un-  
known—  
The future,” trusts that Power alone  
He dares disown.



The heart that looks on when the eyelids  
    close,  
And dares to live though life has only  
    woes,  
    God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief ;  
But day by day and night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny—  
    God knoweth why !

## FERN-SONG.

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,  
And spread out thy palms again,  
    And say, "Though the sun  
    Hath my vesture spun,  
He had labored, alas ! in vain,  
    But for the shade  
    That the cloud hath made,  
And the gift of the dew and the rain."  
    Then laugh and upturn  
    All thy fronds, little Fern,  
And rejoice in the beat of the rain !

## THE LOWLY LIFE.

A LITTLE flower so lowly grew,  
 So lonely was it left,  
 That heaven looked like an eye of blue  
 Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little flower do  
 In such a darksome place,  
 But try to reach that eye of blue  
 And climb to kiss heaven's face?

And there's no life so lone and low  
 But strength may still be given  
 From narrowest lot on earth to grow  
 The straighter up to heaven.

## RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me !  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was  
 made :

Our times are in His hand  
 Who saith : " A whole I planned ;  
 Youth shows but half ; trust God ; see all,  
 nor be afraid ! "

. . . . .

Youth ended, I shall try  
 My gain or loss thereby ;  
 Leave the fire-ashes, what survives is  
     gold :  
 And I shall weigh the same,  
 Give life its praise or blame :  
 Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know,  
     being old.

For note, when evening shuts,  
 A certain moment cuts  
 The deed off, calls the glory from the  
     gray :  
 A whisper from the west  
 Shoots : " Add this to the rest,  
 Take it and try its worth : here dies  
     another day."

. . . . .

Not on the vulgar mass  
 Called " work " must sentence pass,—  
 Things done, that took the eye and had  
     the price,—  
 O'er which, from level stand,  
 The low world laid its hand,  
 Found straightway to its mind, could value  
     in a trice ;

But all the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main ac-  
count,—  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled  
the man's amount,—

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and  
escaped ;—  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me,—  
*This* I was worth to God, whose wheel the  
pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor, and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our  
clay,—  
Thou to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
"Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past  
gone, seize To-day !"

Fool ! all that is at all  
Lasts ever, past recall ;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand  
sure :

What entered into thee—  
*That* was, is, and shall be :  
Time's wheel runs back or stops ; Potter  
and clay endure.

Look not thou down, but up  
To uses of a cup,—  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trum-  
pet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow !  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what  
need'st thou with earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who moulded men ;  
And since, not even when the whirl was  
worst,  
Did I (to the wheel of life,  
With shapes and colors rife,  
Bound dizzily) mistake my end—to slake  
Thy thirst,—

So take and use Thy work ;  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings  
    past Thy aim !  
My times be in Thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as planned !  
Let age approve of youth, and death com-  
    plete the same !

## REFRESHMENT.

LORD, what a change within us one short  
    hour  
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a  
    shower !  
We kneel, and all around us seems to  
    lower ;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and  
    clear ;  
We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of  
    power !  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves  
    this wrong,



“ Our Shepherd knows the way, . . .  
And where He leads we cannot go astray.”—*Page 173.*





Or others, that we are not always strong ;  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is  
    prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with  
    Thee ?

## OUR SHEPHERD.

WHAT though the way be uphill, bare, and  
    lone,

    Drear to the sight and rough to weary  
    feet ?

What though it lead through depths, o'er  
    heights unknown,

    Where night-mists gather and where  
    storm-winds beat ?

    Our Shepherd knows the way  
    As well by night as day,

And where He leads we cannot go astray.

What though the pleasant starting-point be  
    hid

    In dimmest distance stretching out be-  
    hind,

While far and farther on the goal seems  
slid

Beyond the straining sight that longs to  
find ?

Our Shepherd telleth o'er  
The steps behind, before,  
And safely guides us to the fair fold's door.

What though few flowers beside the way  
spring up,

And song-birds fly on unreturning wings ?  
What though on bitter herbage oft we sup,  
And drink our tears for lack of fresher  
springs ?

Our Shepherd knoweth well  
That more of strength doth dwell  
In wholesome bitter than in caromel.

The long, dim way but makes the goal  
more bright ;

Clear-shining after rain is doubly blest ;  
Peace smileth best on those who win the  
fight,

And after labor passing sweet is rest.  
The perils of the way,  
The hardships and delay  
Will cast no shadows on unending Day.

## INSIGHT.

I NEVER saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea ;  
Yet know I how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in heaven ;  
Yet certain am I of the spot,  
As if the chart were given.

## CHRIST'S INVITATION.

HEAVEN'S King  
Doth bid thee to a marriage feast each  
day :  
His banquet is full dressed :  
He asks thee for His guest ;  
Nor count it a light thing  
If thou refuse or if thou dost obey.  
If thou shouldst go thy way,  
And for earth's farm and merchandise,  
His great command despise,  
Beware lest in His royal wrath He swear  
That thou shalt ne'er partake its sacred  
fare,

And that He seeks for guests who will not  
 say Him "Nay."  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice  
 Stays not to count its price.  
 Christ did not of His mere abundance  
 cast  
 Into the empty treasury of man's store.  
 The First and Last  
 Gave until even He could give no more ;—  
 His very living,  
 Such was Christ's giving.

#### THE BLESSED TASK.

I SAID : Sweet Master, hear me pray ;  
 For love of Thee the boon I ask ;  
 Give me to do for Thee each day  
 Some simple, lowly, blessèd task.  
 And listening long, with hope elate,  
 I only heard Him answer : Wait.

The days went by, and nothing brought  
 Beyond the wonted round of care,  
 And I was vexed with anxious thought,  
 And found the waiting hard to bear ;  
 But when I sighed : In vain I pray ;  
 I heard Him gently answer : Nay !

So praying still, and waiting on,  
And pondering what the waiting meant,  
This knowledge sweet at last I won—  
And oh ! the depth of my content,—  
My blessèd task for every day  
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail  
To bring my task to Him complete,  
And must with constant tears bewail  
My failures at my Master's feet,  
No other service would I ask  
Than this my blessèd, blessèd task.

### THE QUEST.

*“ Whither shall I go from Thy spirit ? or whither  
shall I flee from Thy presence ? ”*

I CANNOT find Thee ! Still on restless  
pinion  
My spirit beats the void where Thou  
dost dwell ;  
I wander lost through all Thy vast do-  
minion,  
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee ! E'en when most  
adoring  
Before Thy throne I bend in lowliest  
prayer,  
Beyond these bounds of thought my  
thought upsoaring  
From farthest quest comes back ; Thou  
art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,  
And folded far within the inmost heart,  
And deep below the deeps of conscious  
being,  
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God,  
Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abid-  
ing  
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I  
roam ;  
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps  
is guiding,  
And I must rest at last in Thee, my  
Home.

## WIEGENLIED.

BE still and sleep, my soul !  
Now gentle-footed Night,  
In softly shadowed stole,  
Holds all the day from sight.

Why shouldst thou lie and stare  
Against the dark, and toss,  
And live again thy care,  
Thine agony and loss ?

'Twas given thee to live,  
And thou hast lived it all ;  
Let that suffice, nor give  
One thought what may befall.

Thou hast no need to wake,  
Thou art no sentinel ;  
Love all the care will take,  
And Wisdom watcheth well.

Weep not, think not, but rest !  
The stars in silence roll ;  
On the world's mother-breast,  
Be still and sleep, my soul !

## THE DAY OF THE LORD.

It was not a day of feasting,  
Nor a day of the brimming cup ;  
There were bitter drops in the fountain  
Of life as it bubbled up ;  
And over the toilsome hours  
Were weakness and sorrow poured,  
Yet I said " Amen ! " when the night came,  
It had been a day of the Lord.

A day of His sweetest whispers  
In the hush of the tempest's whirl ;  
A day when the Master's blessing  
Was pure in my hand as a pearl ;  
A day when, under orders,  
I was fettered, yet was free ;  
A day of strife and triumph,  
A day of the Lord to me !

And my head, as it touched the pillow,  
When the darkness gathered deep,  
Was soothed at the thought of taking  
The gift of childlike sleep ;  
For what were the burdens carried,  
And what was the foeman's sword,  
To one who had fought and triumphed  
In a blessed day of the Lord ?



## MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides ;  
The Spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides :  
But tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and reap, lay stone on stone ;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 't were done.  
Not till the hours of light return,  
All we have built do we discern.

## PRAYER.

WE doubt the word that tells us : " Ask,  
And ye shall have your prayer ; "  
We turn our thoughts as to a task,  
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have ! These scanty prayers  
Yield gold without alloy :  
O God ! but he that trusts and dares  
Must have a boundless joy.

## THE GREAT TEACHER.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught,  
And, as a little child,  
To note the lessons I have learnt  
In passing through the wild.  
For I am sure God teaches me,  
And His own gracious Hand  
Each varying page before me spreads,  
By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell  
The lesson I must learn,  
And then, in weariness and doubt,  
I pray the page may turn ;  
But time goes on, and soon I find  
I was learning all the while ;  
And words which seemed most dimly  
traced  
Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,  
And learning o'er and o'er,  
A lesson all with teardrops wet,  
Which I had learned before,  
He chides me not, but waits awhile,  
Then wipes my heavy eyes ;

Oh, what a Teacher is our God,  
So patient and so wise !

Sometimes the Master gives to me  
A strange, new alphabet ;  
I wonder what its use will be,  
Or why it need be set.  
And then I find this tongue alone  
Some stranger ear can reach,  
One whom He has commissioned me  
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me  
A lesson hard or new,  
I often find that helping them  
Has made me learn it too.  
Or, had I learnt it long before,  
My toil is overpaid  
If so one tearful eye may see  
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Teacher's face,  
We do not hear His voice,  
And yet we know that He is near,  
We feel it and rejoice.  
There is a music round our hearts,  
Set in no mortal key ;

There is a Presence in our souls—  
 We know that it is He.

His loving teaching cannot fail,  
 And we shall know at last  
 Each task that seemed so hard and  
 strange,  
 When learning time is past.  
 Oh ! may we learn to love Him more  
 By every opening page,  
 By every lesson He shall mark  
 With daily ripening age.

#### WISH AND ACTION.

NOT Fortune's slave is man : our state  
 Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
 On wishes just and wise,  
 That strenuous action follow both,  
 And life be one perpetual growth  
 Of heavenward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
 All accidents of time and place,  
 Whatever props may fail ;  
 Trust in that Sovereign Law can spread  
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
 Fresh beauty through the vale.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

“GIVE us our daily bread,” we pray,  
And know not half of what we say.

The bread on which our bodies feed  
Is but the moiety of our need.

The soul, the heart, must nourished be,  
And share the daily urgency.

And though it may be bitter bread  
On which these nobler parts are fed,

No less we crave the daily dole,  
O Lord, of body and of soul!

Sweet loaves, the wine-must all afoam,  
The manna and the honey-comb,—

All these are good, but better still  
The food which checks and moulds the will.

The sting for pride, the smart for sin,  
The purging draught for self within,

The sorrows which we shuddering meet,  
Not knowing their after-taste of sweet,—

All these we ask for when we pray,  
 "Give us our daily bread this day."

Lord, leave us not athirst, unfed ;  
 Give us this best and hardest bread,

Until, these mortal needs all past,  
 We sit at Thy full feast at last,—

The bread of angels broken by Thee,  
 The wine of joy poured constantly.

#### NIL NISI BONUM.

HATH thy heart sunshine? shed it wide ;  
 The weary world hath need of thee.  
 Doth bitterness within abide?  
 Shut fast thy door, and hold the key.

#### THE SOUL'S PARTING.

SHE sat within Life's Banquet Hall at noon,  
 When word was brought unto her secretly :  
 "The Master cometh onwards quickly ;  
 soon  
 Across the threshold He will call for thee."  
 Then she rose up to meet Him at the Door,  
 But turning, courteous, said a farewell brief

To those that sat around. From Care and  
Grief

She parted first : " Companions sworn and  
true

Have ye been ever to me, but for Friends  
I knew ye not till later, and did miss  
Much solace through that error ; let this  
kiss,

Late known and prized, be taken for  
amends ;—

Thou, too, kind, constant Patience, with  
thy slow,

Sweet counsels aiding me ; I did not know  
That ye were Angels, until ye displayed  
Your wings for flight : Now bless me ! "

But they said,  
" We blessed thee long ago. "

Then turning unto twain  
That stood together, tenderly and oft  
She kissed them on their foreheads,  
whispering soft :

" Now must we part ; yet leave me not  
before

Ye see me enter safe within the Door !  
Kind bosom-comforters, that by my side

The darkest hour found ever closest bide,  
A dark hour waits me ere for evermore  
Night with its heaviness be overpast ;  
Stay with me till I cross the threshold  
o'er ! ”

So Faith and Hope stayed by her till the  
last.

But giving both her hands  
To one that stood the nearest :—“ Thou  
and I

May pass together ; for the holy bands  
God knits on earth are never loosed on  
high.

Long have I walked with thee ; thy name  
arose

E'en in my sleep, and sweeter than the  
close

Of music was thy voice ; for thou wert sent  
To lead me homewards from my banish-  
ment

By devious ways ; and never hath my heart  
Swerved from thee, though our hands were  
wrung apart

By spirits sworn to sever us : above  
Soon shall I look upon thee as thou art.”  
So she crossed o'er with LOVE.



## INSOMNIA.

How heavily the evening lies  
On aching limbs and sleepless eyes !  
And as the day gives place to night  
The spirit seems to lose its light.

Conscience and Fancy,—thoughts of all  
That most can harass and appall,—  
A strange, tumultuous vigil keep ;  
And only Hope and Reason sleep.

O troubled heart ! O fevered head !  
There watches One beside thy bed,  
Calmer than moonlight on a flower,  
Stronger than Satan's wildest power.

He knows the night who made it pass  
At first, like breath from gleaming glass,  
When at His word, " Let there be light,"  
The day-spring flashed, and all was bright.

He knows it who on mountains bare  
Passed its long hours in lonely care,  
Kneeling beneath the Syrian sky,  
Pleading till dawn with the Most High.

He searched the darkness through and  
through ;  
Its gloom, for Him, has nothing new,  
As night by night He turns us round  
Into the shadowy outer bound.

There, when afflicted and alone,  
Oh, call upon that Mighty One !  
And hold Him fast, and make Him stay  
And bless you till the dawn of day.

Remember, Night has mercies too ;  
Its pains are only for the few ;  
Think upon all the peace it brings,  
Folding soft creatures in its wings.

As wearily you toss and sigh,  
Thousands of infants sleeping lie ;  
And man, and beast, and bird, and flower,  
Grow stronger for the midnight hour.

And if the darkness had not been,  
We never should the stars have seen,  
Nor guessed that the clear azure sky  
Veiled myriad worlds that rolled on high.

Then spend no more dark hours alone,  
But call upon the Mighty One,  
And hold Him fast, and He will stay  
Until the shadows flee away.

## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not  
The weak device of man. . . .

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,—  
I know that God is good! . . .

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

. . . . .  
And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee !

## DISCONTENT.

THERE is no day so dark  
But through the murk some ray of hope  
    may steal,  
Some blessèd touch from Heaven that we  
    might feel,  
If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,  
And turn the key and let no sunshine in ;  
Yet to the worst despair that comes through  
    sin  
God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy,  
Make much of our vexations, thickly set  
Our path with thorns of discontent, and  
    fret  
At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous Heaven might frown  
At such ingratitude and, turning, lay  
On our impatience burdens that would  
    weigh  
Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,  
And sigh too sore, and yield us up to woe,  
As if God had not planned the way we go,  
And counted out our tears.

Can we not be content,  
And lift our foreheads from the ignoble  
dust  
Of these complaining lives, and wait with  
trust,  
Fulfilling Heaven's intent ?

Must we have wealth and power—  
Fame, beauty—all things ordered to our  
mind ?  
Nay, all these things leave happiness be-  
hind !  
Accept the sun and shower,

The humble joys that bless,  
Appealing to indifferent hearts and cold  
With delicate touch, striving to reach and  
hold  
Our hidden consciousness.

And see how everywhere  
Love comforts, strengthens, helps, and  
saves us all ;  
What opportunities of good befall  
To make life sweet and fair !

## ACCEPTABLE SERVICE.

THREE things Theodosius purposed, as he  
rose,  
Should be accomplished ere the evening's  
close :  
His missal-copy, finely writ, and splendid  
In crimson, gold, and azure, should be  
ended ;  
And written, too, the song of sacred praise  
For choristers to sing on holy days ;  
Then, as an added, but not alien, grace—  
As ocean's glass interprets heaven's  
face—  
With every note aright, a music-scroll  
Should give the body of his song its soul.  
That morning from a neighboring convent  
came  
A novice, knowing of Theodosius' fame,

And craved instruction in the painter's  
art :

Hour after hour, Theodosius saw depart  
The precious morning light, yet patiently  
Tutored the novice. Once again set free,  
A woman eagerly besought his aid  
For her sick child ; and long Theodo-  
sius stayed

Tending his patient, till with tearful joy  
The mother gently kissed her rescued boy.  
Vespers were sung ; a brother sore dis-  
tressed

Poured out his griefs on Theodosius'  
breast

And, comforted, departed. Compline said,  
Theodosius turned in weariness to bed,  
Praying : " O God ! to glorify Thy name  
Three things I purposed ; now with  
heartfelt shame

I see the day is ended, and not one  
Of all those things my feeble skill hath  
done.

Yet, since my life is Thine, be Thine to  
say

Where shall be found the duties of the  
day ;



And in Thy work my work perfected be,  
Or given o'er in sacrifice to Thee."

Then suddenly upon his inward ear  
There fell the answer, gentle, calm, and  
clear :

"Thrice hath My name to-day been glori-  
fied

In loving service — teacher, friend, and  
guide.

Such work with God for man, if gladly  
done,

Is heaven's ministry on earth begun.

To work the works I purpose is to be

At one with saints, with angels, and with  
Me."

#### A WORKING HYMN.

SON of the Carpenter, receive

This humble work of mine ;

Worth to my meanest labor give

By joining it with Thine.

Servant of all ! to toil for man

Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse ;

Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employed for us.

Thy bright example I pursue,  
To Thee in all things rise,  
And all I think, or speak, or do,  
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free ;  
My hands are but engaged below,  
My heart is still with Thee.

Oh, when wilt Thou, my life, appear ?  
Then will I gladly cry :  
“ 'T is done, the work Thou gav'st me here,  
'T is finished, Lord ”—and die !

#### HOW TO LIVE.

HE liveth long who liveth well ;  
All other life is short and vain ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well ;  
All else is being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him  
Who freely gave it, freely give ;  
Else is that being but a dream,—  
'T is but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made ;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

#### LOSS AND GAIN.

MYRIAD roses, unregretted, perish in their  
vernal bloom,  
That the essence of their sweetness *once*  
your beauty may perfume.

Myriad veins of richest life-blood empty  
forth their priceless worth,  
To exalt *one* will imperial over spacious  
realms of earth.

Myriad hearts are pained and broken that  
    *one* Poet may be taught  
To discern the shapes and passions, and  
    describe them as he ought.

Myriad minds of heavenly temper pass as  
    passes moon and star,  
That *one* philosophic spirit may ascend the  
    solar car.

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth  
    and fill the skies,  
And the meanest Life is sacred whence  
    the highest may arise.

### INJUNCTION.

WALK thy way greatly. So do thou en-  
    dure  
    Thy small, thy narrow, dwarfed and  
    cankered life  
That soothing patience shall be half the  
    cure  
    For ills that lesser souls keep sore with  
    strife.

Be thou thyself. So strongly, grandly  
bear  
Thee on what seems thy hard, mistaken  
road,  
That thou shalt breathe heaven's clearest  
upper air,  
And so forget thy feet that meet the  
clod.

Wilt see thyself to god-like stature grown ;  
Feed full thy soul on strong humility.  
Then shalt thou on thy sordid life look  
down ;  
Make thou thy life, not let thy life make  
thee.

## IN PATIENCE.

I WILL not faint, but trust in God  
Who this my lot hath given :  
He leads me by the thorny road  
Which is the road to heaven.  
Though sad my day that lasts so long,  
At evening I shall have a song :  
Though dim the day until the night,  
At evening-time there shall be light.

My life is but a working day  
Whose tasks are set aright ;  
A while to work, a while to pray,  
And then a quiet night.  
And then, please God, a quiet night  
Where Saints and Angels walk in white ;  
One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,  
But re-awakening on the morrow.

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### RECONCILED.

O YEARS, gone down into the past,  
What pleasant memories come to me  
Of your untroubled days of peace,  
And hours almost of ecstasy !

Yet would I have no moon stand still  
Where life's most pleasant valleys lie ;  
Nor wheel the planet of the day  
Back on his pathway through the sky.

For though when youthful pleasures died,  
My youth itself went with them, too,  
To-day—aye ! even this very hour—  
Is the best time I ever knew.

Not that my Father gives to me  
More blessings than in days gone by,—  
Dropping in my uplifted hands  
All things for which I blindly cry :

But that His plans and purposes  
Have grown to me less strange and dim ;  
And where I cannot understand  
I trust the issues unto Him.

And, spite of many broken dreams,  
This I have truly learned to say—  
The prayers I thought unanswered once  
Were answered in God's own best way.

. . . . .

And I have learned the weakest ones  
Are kept securest from life's harms,  
And that the tender lambs alone  
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms.

And, sitting by the wayside blind,  
He is the nearest to the light  
Who crieth out most earnestly :  
“ Lord, that I might receive my sight ! ”

O feet, grown weary as ye walk  
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,

What care I, when my soul can mount  
As the young eagle mounts the skies.

O eyes, with weeping faded out,  
What matters it how dim ye be?  
My inner vision sweeps, untired,  
The reaches of eternity!

O Death, most dreaded power of all!  
When the last moment comes, and thou  
Darkenest the windows of my soul,  
Through which I look on nature now,—

Yea, when mortality dissolves,  
Shall I not meet thine hour unawed?  
My house eternal in the heavens  
Is lighted by the smile of God.

#### THE NINTH PARADISE.

IN the nine heavens are eight Paradises;  
Where is the ninth one? In the human  
breast.

Only the blessèd dwell in the Paradises,  
But blessedness dwells in the human  
breast.



Created creatures are in the Paradises,  
The uncreated Maker is in the breast.  
Rather, O man, want those eight Paradises,  
Than be without the ninth one in thy  
breast.

Given to thee are those eight Paradises  
When thou hast the ninth one within thy  
breast.

## ALL'S WELL.

Ask and receive :—'t is sweetly said,  
Yet what to plead for I know not ;  
For Wish is worsted, Hope outsped,  
And aye to thanks returns my thought.  
If I would pray,  
I've nought to say  
But this, that God may be God still ;  
For Him, to live  
Is still to give,  
And sweeter than my wish His will.

O wealth of life beyond all bound !  
Eternity each moment given !  
What plummet may the Present sound ?  
Who promises a *future* heaven ?

Or glad, or grieved,  
Oppressed, relieved,  
In blackest night or brightest day,  
Still pours the flood  
Of golden good,  
And more than heart-full fills me aye.

I have a stake in every star,  
In every beam that fills the day ;  
All hearts of men my coffers are,  
My ores aërial tides convey ;  
The fields, the skies,  
And sweet replies  
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—  
The oaks, the brooks,  
And speaking looks  
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow  
For him who lives above all years,  
Who all-immortal makes the Now,  
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears.  
His life's a hymn  
The seraphim  
Might hark to hear or help to sing,  
And to his soul

The boundless whole  
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

“ All mine is thine,” the sky-soul saith ;  
“ The wealth I am, must thou become,—  
Richer and richer, breath by breath,  
Immortal gain, immortal room ! ”  
And since all his  
Mine also is,  
Life’s gift outruns my fancies far,  
And drowns the dream  
In larger stream,  
As morning drinks the morning star.

### MY FRIEND.

O FRIEND of souls ! how blest the time  
When in Thy love I rest,  
When from my weariness I climb  
E’en to Thy tender breast !  
The night of sorrow endeth there,  
Thy rays outshine the sun ;  
And in Thy pardon and Thy care  
The heaven of heavens is won.

The world may call itself my foe,  
Or flatter and allure :  
I care not for the world, I go  
To this tried Friend and sure.  
And when life's fiercest storms are sent  
Upon life's wildest sea,  
My little bark is confident  
Because it holdeth Thee.

I do not fear the wilderness  
Where Thou hast been before ;  
Nay, rather would I daily press  
After Thee more and more !  
Thou art my strength, on Thee I lean ;  
My heart thou makest sing ;  
And to Thy pastures green at length  
Thy chosen flock will bring.

#### FOREBODINGS.

I SAID : The desert is so wide !  
I said : The desert is so bare !  
What springs to quench my thirst are  
there ?  
Where shall I from the tempest hide ?

I said : The desert is so lone !  
 Nor gentle voice, nor loving face,  
 Will brighten any smallest space.—  
 I paused or ere my moan was done !

I heard the flow of hidden springs :  
 Before me palms rose green and fair ;  
 The birds were singing ; all the air  
 Did shine and stir with angel wings !

And One said mildly : “ Why, indeed,  
 Take over-anxious thought for what  
 The morrow bringeth ! See you not  
 The Father knoweth what you need ? ”

#### FORETASTE.

OH ! sure I am the draught is sweet,  
 Although my cup doth not run over ;  
 In each wee blossom at my feet  
 Perfection's whole I can discover.

. . . . .

There 's not a single happy hour—  
 An hour that 's ever worth the living—  
 But holds the truth within its power  
 That happiness is God's own giving ;

That He in whom all fulness dwells,  
 Who gives to each of His good pleasure,  
 Reserves a bliss that far excels  
 The compass of our finite measure.

My pleasant draught doth make me bold  
 To taste a drop of heaven's sweetness,  
 And find the tiniest flower doth hold  
 An atom of the Lord's completeness.

#### EYE HATH NOT SEEN.

"Eye hath not seen!" Yet man hath  
 known and weighed  
 A hundred thousand marvels that have  
 been :  
 What is it which (the Word of Truth hath  
 said)  
 Eye hath not seen ?

"Eye hath not heard!" Yet harpings of  
 delight,  
 Trumpets of triumph, song and spoken  
 word,—  
 Man knows them all : what lovelier, loftier  
 might  
 Hath ear not heard ?

“Nor heart conceive!” Yet hath man  
now desired  
Beyond all reach, beyond his hope be-  
lieved,  
Loved beyond death : What fire shall yet  
be fired,  
No heart conceived ?

“Deep calls to deep!” Man’s depth  
would be despair  
But for God’s deeper depth ; we sow to  
reap ;  
Have patience, wait, betake ourselves to  
prayer ;  
Deep answereth deep.

#### THE ANSWER.

“ALLAH, Allah!” cried the sick man, racked  
with pain the long night through :  
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till  
his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter ; said,  
“Call louder, child of Pain !  
See if Allah ever hears, or answers ‘Here  
am I,’ again.”

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his  
brain and pulses went ;  
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain  
a darkness, sent.

Then before him stands Elias ; says, " My  
child, why thus dismayed ?  
Dost repent thy former fervor ? Is thy  
soul of prayer afraid ? "

" Ah ! " he cried, " I 've called so often,  
never heard the ' Here am I ' ;  
And I thought, God will not pity, will not  
turn on me His eye. "

Then the grave Elias answered : " God  
said, ' Rise, Elias ; go  
Speak to him, the sorely tempted ; lift him  
from his gulf of woe.

" " Tell him that his very longing is itself  
an answering cry ;  
That his prayer, " Come, gracious Allah ! "   
is my answer, " Here am I. " " "

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel  
undefiled,  
And in every " O my Father, " slumbers  
deep a " Here, my child. "



HOPE! ACT!

STILL hope! Still act! Be sure that life,  
 The source and strength of every good,  
 Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,  
 And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil, in tasks however mean,  
 For all we know of right and true,—  
 In this alone our worth is seen ;  
 'T is this we are ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought  
 The peace that sorrow cannot give ;  
 Though grief's worst pangs to thee be  
 taught,  
 By thee let others nobler live.

Oh, wail not in the darksome forest,  
 Where thou must needs be left alone !  
 But e'en when memory is sorest,  
 Seek out a path, and journey on.

Thou wilt have angels near, above,  
 By whom invisible aid is given ;  
 They journey still on tasks of love,  
 And never rest, except in heaven.

## TO-MORROW.

WHAT is it Jesus saith unto the soul?—

“Take up the Cross, and come and follow Me.”

One word He saith to all men ; none may be

Without a Cross, yet hope to touch the goal.

Then heave it bravely up, and brace thy whole

Body to bear ; it will not weigh on thee  
Past strength ; or if it crush thee to thy  
knee

Take heart of grace, for grace shall be thy  
dole.

Give thanks to-day, and let to-morrow take  
Heed to itself ; to-day imports thee more.

To-morrow may not dawn like yesterday :

Until that unknown morrow go thy way,  
Suffer and work and strive for Jesus' sake :—

Who tells thee what to-morrow keeps in  
store ?

## I SAID.

WHEN apple blossoms in the spring  
Began their fragrant leaves to shed,  
And robins twittered on the wing,  
“’T is time to sow my seeds,” I said.

So patiently, with care and pains,  
My nurslings underground I spread :  
“The early and the latter rains  
Will reach them where they lie,” I said.

“The sun will nurse them, and the dew,  
The sweet winds woo them overhead ;  
No care of mine can coax them through  
This black, unsightly mould,” I said.

And so I left them. Day by day,  
To gentle household duties wed,  
I went in quiet on my way :  
“God will take care of them,” I said.

And now ’t is autumn : rich and bright  
My garden blooms,—blue, white, and  
red ;—  
A loyal show ! a regal sight !  
And all is even as I said.

My faithless heart ! the lesson heed ;  
No longer walk disquieted ;  
Where the Great Sower sows the seed,  
All shall be even as He said.

'T is spring-time yet ; behold ! the years  
Roll grandly in, God overhead,  
When Thou shalt say : "O, bootless fears !"  
Lo ! all is even as He said.

#### THE ANGEL REAPERS.

FAIR are the Angel Reapers,  
Still reaping where we sow,  
While o'er the varied fields of Life  
As laborers we go,  
Toiling with few or many  
Where'er our lot is cast :—  
The day of labor may be long,  
But the harvest comes at last.

Glad are the Angel Reapers—  
Still reaping where we sow  
The seeds of kindly thoughts and deeds,  
In human hearts to grow—  
If with a smile like sunshine  
Our love shall beam for all,

Or blessèd tears of sympathy  
Like evening dew shall fall.

Sad are the Angel Reapers,  
Still reaping where we sow  
The seeds of sin and wrong and strife,  
In human hearts to grow.  
The day is long and weary,  
Oh, should we not beware  
Lest o'er the field, unguardedly,  
We scatter many a tare !

Bright are the Angel Reapers,  
Still reaping where we sow  
Beside the crystal springs of song,  
Where healing waters flow,—  
Seed sown in might or weakness  
In Thought's broad harvest-field,  
For garners of Eternity  
A plenteous store to yield.

Bless we the Angel Reapers :  
When life's long day is past,  
What of our toil in sun and shade  
Shall they bring home at last ?

When Earth's broad fields of labor  
Our hands no more employ,  
Oh, may those Reapers gather in  
Our golden sheaves with joy !

## TOIL AND REST.

TOIL is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;  
Rest is sweet, for Thou didst rest ;  
Be our works from sin assoiled !  
Be our rest upon Thy breast !

Be our work for Thee our rest !  
Be our strife for Thee our peace,  
Till our sun sink in the west,  
And we taste Thy joy's increase !

## VIOLETS.

THEY neither toil nor spin ;  
And yet their robes have won  
A splendor never seen within  
The courts of Solomon.

Tints that the cloud-rifts hold,  
And rainbow-gossamer,

The violet's tender form enfold ;  
No queen is draped like her.

All heaven and earth and sea  
Have wrought with subtlest power  
That clothed in purple she might be—  
This little, fading flower.

We, who must toil and spin,  
What clothing must we wear ?  
The glorious raiment we shall win  
Life shapes us everywhere.

God's inner heaven hath sun  
And rain, and space of sky,  
Where-through for us His spindles run,  
His mighty shuttles fly.

His seamless vesture white  
He wraps our spirits in ;  
He weaves His finest webs of light  
For us, who toil and spin.

#### THE LAW OF LOVE.

Dig channels for the stream of Love,  
Where they may broadly run,  
And Love has overflowing streams  
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very springs of Love for thee  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep  
That good thing from above ;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—  
Such is the law of Love.

#### THE CRIMSON THRONE.

ONCE I sat on a crimson throne,  
And I held the world in fee ;  
Below me I heard my brothers moan,  
And I bent me down to see ;—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,  
But *I* had no inward pain ;  
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem  
Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished ; helpless I lie  
At the foot of its broken stair,  
And the sorrows of all humanity  
Though my heart make a thoroughfare.



SUBMISSION.

SINCE Thy hand presents this cup  
Can I fail to drink it up?

No! though bitter be the taste,  
Not a drop I dare to waste.

Lifting heart and bending knee,  
Lo, in faith I drink to Thee! . . .

Bitter is it? Yes and No.  
Just at first it seemeth so.

But the bitter is so fleet,  
And the after-taste so sweet,

And the strength it gives so rare,  
Sweeter cup I well can spare.

HIDDEN GROWTH.

DEAR, secret greenness! nursed below  
    Tempests and winds and winter nights!  
Vex not that but One sees thee grow;  
    That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience, calm and bright  
 Within itself, an outward test ?  
 Who breaks his glass to make more light  
 Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;  
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch  
 Till the white-wingèd reapers come.

#### OPTIMISM.

I FIND earth not gray, but rosy,  
 Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.  
 Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy :  
 Do I stand and stare ? All 's blue.

#### BIRTHDAY VERSES.

My sun has crossed the high meridian line,  
 Beyond the clouds that thither come  
 and go ;  
 While on the western slopes with day's de-  
 cline  
 The shadows deeper grow,

I face the opening portals of the west,  
 My eyes with radiant visions slowly fill,  
 While lie the clouds in level bars at rest,  
 And all the winds are still.

I turn not hence with longings for the  
 morn,  
 Nor grieve I for the passing of the  
 noon ;  
 Enough that every change to me hath  
 borne  
 God's blessing late or soon.

Nor pray I that the now descending sun  
 Hasten his going, that my day be o'er ;  
 I am content—content God's will be done,  
 Be my time less or more.

Nay, something deeper, better than con-  
 tent  
 Or dumb submission to the Will Di-  
 vine ;  
 Thanks rather for the life I here have  
 spent,  
 The hopes forever mine.

The endless gifts, the mercies manifold,  
 With all that has been and is still to be :  
 My God, my heart were passionless and  
 cold

Did I not bring to Thee

The measure of its depths and overflow,—  
 Did not a joyful song to Thee ascend  
 For all that I have known, am yet to know,  
 Until my life shall end,

Of that full love which all my way en-  
 folds,

Still keeps me close within its sovereign  
 care,

And grants whate'er I need, and yet with-  
 holds

That which I could not bear.

#### LIGHT.

BE not much troubled about many things ;  
 Fear often hath no whit of substance  
 in it,

And lives but just a minute ;

While from the very snow the wheat-blade  
 springs.

And light is like a flower  
That bursts in full leaf from the darkest  
hour ;  
And He who made the night  
Made too the flowery sweetness of the  
light :  
Be it thy task, through His good grace,  
to win it.

## TIRED.

I AM tired. Heart and feet  
Turn from busy mart and street ;  
I am tired—rest is sweet.

I am tired. Loss and gain—  
Golden sheaves and scattered grain !—  
Day has not been spent in vain.

I am tired. Eventide  
Bids me lay my cares aside,  
Bids me in my hopes abide.

I am tired. God is near ;  
Let me sleep without a fear ;  
Let me die without a tear.

## In Green Pastures

I am tired. I would rest  
 As the bird within the nest.  
 I am tired : Home is best.

## HOW LONG ?

My life is long.—Not so the Angels say  
 Who watch me waste it, trembling while  
     they weigh  
 Against eternity my lavished day.

My life is long.—Not so the Saints in  
     peace  
 Judge, filled with plenitude that cannot  
     cease :  
 Oh, life was short which brought such  
     large increase !

My life is long.—Christ's word is different :  
 The heat and burden of the day were spent  
 On Him ; to me refreshing times are sent.

Give me an Angel's heart, that day nor  
     night  
 Rests not from adoration its delight,  
 Still crying " Holy, Holy ! " in the height.

Give me the heart of Saints, who laid at  
rest

In better Paradise than Abraham's breast,  
In the everlasting Rock have made their  
nest.

Give me Thy heart, O Christ, who thirty-  
three

Slow years of sorrow countedst short for  
me,

That where Thou art, there Thy beloved  
might be.

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### FAITH.

FAIN would I hold my lamp of life aloft,  
Like yonder tower built high above the  
reef ;

Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds  
blow soft,

Clear, though the skies dissolve in tears  
of grief.

For darkness passes, storms shall not  
abide :

A little patience and the fog is past :

**In Green Pastures**

After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,  
 The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long, and pain weighs  
 heavily,  
 But God will hold His world above  
 despair :  
 Look to the East, where up the lucid sky  
 The morning climbs ! The day shall  
 yet be fair !

**HOME.**

MANY a wrong, and its curing song ;  
 Many a road, and many an inn ;  
 Room to roam, but only one Home  
 For all the world to win.

**TERMINUS.**

It is time to be old,  
 To take in sail :—  
 The god of bounds,  
 Who sets to seas a shore,  
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,  
 And said : “ No more !



No farther shoot  
Thy broad, ambitious branches, and thy  
root.

Fancy departs ; no more invent ;  
Contract thy firmament  
To compass of a tent.

There 's not enough for this and that,  
Make thy option which of two ;  
Economize the failing river,  
Not the less revere the Giver,  
Leave the many and hold the few.  
Soften the fall with wary foot ;

A little while  
Still plan and smile,  
And—fault of novel germs—  
Mature the unfallen fruit.”

. . . . .

As the bird trims her to the gale,  
I trim myself to the storm of time,  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey at eve the voice obeyed at prime :  
“ Lowly faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed ;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.”



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