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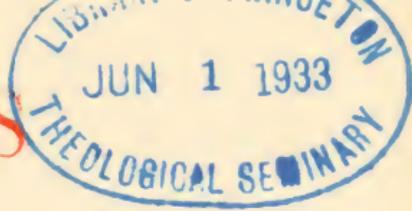
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Lays
of the
Pious **M**instrels



LONDON:
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L A Y S



OF THE

PIOUS MINSTRELS

A

COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SACRED POETRY

INCLUDING A FEW

TRANSLATIONS FROM FOREIGN WRITERS

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

HENRY WRIGHT

"Sing unto the Lord and praise His Name; be telling of His
Salvation from day to day."—PSALM xcvi. 2.

ELEVENTH THOUSAND

LONDON

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW

MDCCCLXVI.

(150 22 1933)

TO

ALL WHO ARE ADMIRERS OF

RELIGIOUS POETRY

OF A

BEAUTIFUL AND PATHETIC CHARACTER,

AND WHO RECOGNIZE ITS POWER TO

SOOTHE, TO ELEVATE, TO STRENGTHEN,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E.

It has been aptly remarked by a well-known Hymn writer, that "it would be almost impossible to overrate the value of really good Hymns for private as well as public use. Next to the Bible itself, Hymns have done more to influence our views, and mould our theology, than any other instrumentality whatever. Easily learned in the days of childhood and youth; often repeated; seldom if ever forgotten, they abide with us as a most precious heritage amid all the changes of our earthly life. They form a fitting and most welcome expression for every kind of deep religious feeling; and they are with us to speak of Faith and Hope in our hours of trial and of sorrow."

In these feelings and sentiments I very cordially concur; and if this little volume be instrumental, even in a limited degree, in fostering a taste for

Sacred Poetry, I shall feel myself amply rewarded for any labour or trouble I may have had in its selection.

Some of the former editions of this Work contained several Hymns which, though intrinsically good, were either more suitable for public worship, or were well known and familiar to the general reader. In the present edition these have been omitted, and their places supplied by a number of Poems, the composition of English or Foreign writers of deservedly high reputation and celebrity.

With many sincere thanks I have to acknowledge the kind courtesy of the following authors, editors, and publishers, who have permitted me to insert various pieces, the copyright of which is their property. Among the authors or editors are the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" the gifted author of "Morning Thoughts;" the Rev. R. H. Baynes, Editor of "English Lyrics" and the "Lyra Anglicana;" the Rev. Orby Shipley, Editor of the "Lyra Messianica," "Lyra Eucharistica," and "Lyra Mystica;" the Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, the

Rev. Dr. Monsell, the Rev. F. W. Kittermester, Charles Lawrence Ford, Esq., Miss Ada Cambridge, Miss C. Sellon, &c., &c. Among the publishers are Messrs. Longman and Co., of London ; Messrs. J. H. and J. Parker, of Oxford ; Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, and Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, of Edinburgh, &c., &c.

The attention of my readers is specially directed to the pieces "Let me go," "Servant of God," and "We shall see Him as He is," the composition of Miss Mary Pyper (a resident in one of the "*Closes*" or Alleys in the old town of Edinburgh), who is in extreme old age, quite alone in the world, totally blind, and in deep poverty. Since the notice of Miss Pyper appeared in the last edition of this Work, many benevolent persons have sent me donations for her in postage stamps and otherwise. I shall still be glad to be the medium of alleviating in any degree the very painful circumstances in which she is placed.

I feel considerable gratification in being able to state, that in less than twelve months several thousand copies of this Volume have been disposed of, and a new edition is called for. Among

the large number of friendly criticisms which appeared of the last edition, the only regret expressed was that the names of the Authors were omitted. At that time, from various causes needless to mention here, it was impossible to have given the authors' names; but in the present Edition it will be found that, except in a very few instances, the Author's name is not only appended to the Poem, but appears also in the list of Contents.

Many Poems which have been added to this Collection appear in print for the first time, and every care has been taken, by careful revision, to render the present Edition of my "LAYS OF THE PIOUS MINSTRELS" still more worthy of the acceptance of all lovers of Sacred Poetry.

H. W.

LONDON, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW,
March, 1866.

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LAYS
OF THE
PIOUS MINSTRELS.

BEFORE THE THRONE.



LITTLE child,
A little meek-faced quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve
A low sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody—no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they
breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
“Praise God! Praise God!”

A Seraph by the Throne
In the Full Glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the Golden Harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. Then, with a great voice,
He sang the “Holy, Holy, Evermore,
Lord God Almighty!” and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned

With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic Anthem, without pause ;
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength ; and still the infinite Heavens
Rang with the "Holy, Holy, Evermore !"
Till, trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred Spirit sank before the Throne,
With a mute Hallelujah. But, even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upwards from some World afar—
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet !
That blended with the Seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God ! Praise God !"

And when the Seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the Golden Lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the Eternal Courts
Rang but with echoes of his chant sublime,
Still, through the abysmal space, that wandering
voice
Came floating upward from its World afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God ! Praise God !"

THE LAW OF MERCY.

TIS written with the pen of Heavenly
Love
On every heart which skill Divine
has moulded,

A transcript from the Statute-book above,
Where Angels read their Sovereign's will unfolded.

It bids us seek the holes where famine lurks,
Clutching the hoarded crust with trembling
fingers ;

Where toil in damp unwholesome caverns works,
Or with strained eyeballs o'er the needle lingers.

It bids us stand beside the dying bed
Of those about to quit the world for ever ;
Smooth the tossed pillow, prop the sinking head,
Cheer the heart-broken, whom Death hastes to
sever.

It bids us tell the tempted that the joy
Of guilt indulged will change ere long to sorrow ;
The draught of sickly sweetness soon will cloy,
And pall upon the sated taste to-morrow.

And those who copy thus Christ's life on earth,
Feeding the poor, and comforting the weeper,
Will all receive a meed of priceless worth,
When ripely gathered by the Heavenly Reaper.

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE TO GOD.

“HUS shalt thou love the Almighty
 Lord—
 With all thy heart, and soul, and
 mind.”

So speaks to man that Sacred Word
 For counsel and reproof designed.

“With all thy HEART”—no idol thing,
 Though close around the heart it twine,
 Its interposing shade must fling,
 To darken that pure love of thine.

“With all thy MIND”—each varied power,
 Creative fancy, musings high,
 And thoughts that glance behind, before,
 These must Religion sanctify.

“With SOUL and STRENGTH”—thy days of ease,
 While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
 And hope and joy, and health and peace,
 All must be freely brought to Him.

Thou Power Supreme, in whom we move,
 Vouchsafe Thy servants, in their day,
 The mind to adore, the heart to love,
 And strength to serve Thee while they may.

EMILY TAYLOR.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.



BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from Heaven,
For Heaven-born natures meet !

Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled,
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's Heart,
A Fountain purely flowing,
A Fount of Love Thou art !
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage ;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this Feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful Word believing,
We take, and doubt no more !
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the Veil removing,
Thy glorious Face to see.

S. THOMAS AQUINAS.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

PEAK it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,
A Bond existing through long distant
years,

When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity.

Speak it not lightly!—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy Promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have
birth;

But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine;—there will come
Dark hours for all. Oh, will ye, when the Night
Of Sorrow gathers thickly round your home,

Love, as ye did in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,

And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low;
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should Fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark on life's dark
Sea,

Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread
When Hope her siren strain sang joyously,
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say, TOGETHER we will bide the blast ?

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from which each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak ;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And, smiling, bid Love triumph over Time ?

Speak it not lightly !—oh, beware ! beware !
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word ;
Lo ! men and angels list the Faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard ;—
Oh, then kneel humbly at His Altar now,
And pray for strength to keep the Marriage Vow.

AMERICAN.



BEAR THY BROTHER'S BURDEN.

IS thy Cruse of Comfort wasting ?
 Rise and share it with another,
 And through all the years of famine
 It shall serve thee and thy brother :

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy handful still renew ;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ;
 All its wealth is living grain ;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy Burden hard and heavy ?
 Do thy steps drag wearily ?
 Help to bear thy brother's Burden ;
 God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in Life's Battle ?

Many wounded round thee moan ;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty ?

None but God its void can fill ;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power ?

Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving Love will grow.

“The Three Wakings.”



THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers !

And let your lights appear ;

The evening is advancing,

The darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising ;

And soon will He draw nigh :

Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle,

At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,

Replenish them with oil ;

Look now for your Salvation,

The end of sin and toil.

The watchers on the mountain

Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;

Go, meet Him as He cometh,

With Hallelujahs clear.

Oh ! wise and holy virgins,

Now raise your voices higher,

Till, in your jubilations,

Ye meet the angel-choir.

The Marriage Feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand ;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our hope and expectation,
O Jesu, now appear ;
Arise, Thou Sun so looked for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The Day of our Redemption,
And ever be with Thee !

LAURENTI.



JERUSALEM ON HIGH.

SWEET place, sweet place, alone
 The court of God Most High,
 The Heaven of Heaven's Throne
 Of spotless Majesty.

O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

Jerusalem on high
 My song and city is ;
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face ?

No tears from any eyes,
 Drop in that Holy Choir ;
 But Death itself there dies,
 And sighs themselves expire.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

There should temptation cease,
My frailties there should end ;
There should I rest in peace,
In the Arms of my best Friend.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to Him sing,
And lovely homage give.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night ;
Oh, no ! these needless are—
The Lamb's the City's Light.

O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold ;
The Harpers I might hear,
Harping on Harps of Gold.
O happy place !
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face ?

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.



“ COME UNTO ME, AND REST.”



HEARD the Voice of Jesus say,
“ Come unto Me, and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast.”

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The Living Water, thirsty one ;
Stoop down and drink, and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that Life-giving Stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world’s Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that Light of Life I’ll walk
Till travelling days are done.

ALL WORK IS HOLY.

WORK while life is given ;
 Faint not, although 'tis hard ;
 Work is the will of Heaven,
 And Peace is the reward !
 All Work is Holy.

What though thy lot be hidden,
 And proud ones pass thee by ?
 Feel duty as God-bidden,
 Act as beneath His Eye !
 For Work is Holy.

Cleave to thy humble place,
 Ennoble it with thy zeal ;
 Work with a manful grace,
 Make fruitless cumberers feel
 That Work is Holy.

Scorn nought as plain or mean ;
 All with thy worth impress !
 That all where thou hast been
 May day by day confess
 That Work is Holy.

Work while life is given,
Nor shrink though hardship scars ;
True suffering fits for Heaven,
There SIN alone debars !
For Work is Holy.

Angels' ears now listen
Thy earth-spurned plaintive tale ;
Angels' eyes shall glisten,
While they thy scars unveil !
For Work is Holy.

They'll know these are the proof
That thou hast striven well ;
Nor idly stood aloof,
While other brave ones fell ;
For Work is Holy.

Work while life is given ;
Pine not although 'tis hard ;
Work is the will of Heaven,
And Peace is the reward !
All Work is Holy.

“ Rhymed Convictions.”



RESURGAM.

WHEN autumn's deepening shadows fall
 On mountain and on lea,
 And Nature's fading tints recall
 The thought, "How frail are we!"—
 When sinks the soul 'mid doubts and fears,
 And terrors of the tomb,
 And pensive Memory sheds her tears
 O'er forms laid in its gloom ;—

When all things round us of decay
 And desolation tell,
 And the soul shrinks in haste away
 From scenes we loved too well,—
 O how consoling then to know,
 Whatever griefs prevail,
 There is a God who brightens woe,
 And soothes the mourner's wail !—

A God who once Man's image bore,
 And bowed to Man's estate,
 Man's faded glory to restore,
 His Bliss to renovate ;—

A Saviour who, 'mid change and chance,
Is changeless and the same,
Regards each trembling suppliant's glance,
And calls him by his name.

Then let the clouds and tempests lower,
The wild winds fiercely rave ;
Let Death put forth his vaunted power,
And lay us in the grave :
Nor Cloud nor Tempest, Death nor Hell,
Need Faith triumphant dread ;
Immanuel shall her fears dispel,
And raise her from the dead.

J. A. WALKER.



SPRING.

HOW pleasant is the opening year !
 The clouds of Winter melt away,
 The flowers in beauty reappear,
 The songster carols from the spray.
 Lengthens the more refulgent day,
 And bluer grows the arching sky ;
 All things around us seem to say,
 " Christian, direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the weary length
 Of Winter, slept both bud and bloom ;
 But Nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts renewed as from the tomb.
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man !—a Star hath shone to save,
 And morning yet shall re-illumine
 The midnight darkness of the Grave.

Yet ponder well how then shall break
 The dawn of Second Life on thee ;—
 Shalt thou to Hope, to Bliss awake,
 Or vainly strive God's Wrath to flee !
 Then shall pass forth the dread Decree,
 That makes or weal or woe thine own.
 Up and to Work ! Eternity
 Must reap the Harvest Time hath sown.

*THE DAWN UPON THE MOUNTAIN
BROW.*



THE dawn upon the mountain brow
Lighteth the path of One, who brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
How beautiful His Feet! they seem
Laved in the Fount, whose Waters flow
Forth from the Throne in living stream,
While at each step the morning dew
Cleanseth those lovely Feet anew!

'Tis noon upon the mountain brow,
And stains on those fair Feet betray
How morning dews have passed away.
Whereat, in agony of fears,
The pilgrim pausing bendeth low,
And weepeth till the Fount of tears
Hath washed his feet, from each sad stain
Thus rendered beautiful again.

'Tis evening on the mountain brow:
Wounded and bruised, pierced, torn
By jagged rock, by rankling thorn,
He heeds it not—that Crimson Flood

Sheds o'er his feet a brighter glow ;
 While bathed as in a fount of blood,
The gushings of the crimson rill
Have washed those fair feet fairer still.

'Tis night upon the mountain brow ;
 But radiant with the setting sun,
 The pilgrim's feet their course have run.
 Bathed in the Fount of liquid light,
Where Angels lave their wings of snow,
 How beautiful upon the height
Of Sion's hill, those glorious Feet
Tread the Eternal City's golden street !

“ *Morning Thoughts.* ”



LET ME GO.



LET me go!—The Day is breaking,
Morning bursts upon mine eye,
Death this mortal frame is shaking—
But the soul can never die!

Let me go!—The Day-Star, beaming,
Gilds the radiant realms above;
Its full Glory on me streaming,
Lights me to that Land of Love!

Let me go!—My Warfare's ended;
Night's dark shades have passed away;
All in view is Glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal Day!

Let me go!—My Master's Chariot
Waits in state to bear me Home—
Purchase of His Grace and Merit,—
Alleluia! Lord, I come!

Now I am Thine, and Thine for ever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more shall sever
Thy blest Presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendour
Of the glorious Hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God Whose name is Love!

MARY PYPER.

“*BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS.*”



HE “sentinel stars,” from the watch-
tower of night,
Kept their vigil in silence on Jordan’s
dark wave,

When a Herald came down from the region of Light
To proclaim the Destroyer of Hell and the Grave.

Oh, sweet were his accents—the eyelids of Morn
Seemed to ope in the East at the soul-cheering
sound ;

At his words was the music of Paradise borne
On the air, and its courts with the echo resound.

“To children of Adam glad tidings I bring,
Of joy to the guilty, the lost, the forlorn ;
In the city of David a Saviour, a King,
The Messiah—the Hope of the Nations is born.

“From the Heaven of Heavens He comes in His Love,
Where the armies of God strike their harps to
His praise ;

That the chiefest of sinners may join them above,
Their Captain appears as an Infant of Days.

“He comes, like the Sun from the gates of the East,
To pour upon Man Immortality’s day;
He comes, that the wanderers from Eden may rest,
And rejoice when life’s flowers are fading away.

“He comes, the commands of the Law to obey,
And die by its sentence, that thus He may ope
To His brethren (long prisoners of death and dismay)
The Temple of life and the Stronghold of Hope.”

Hail Thou whom the Isles and the Gentiles shall
trust!

Believing the record, the works of my pride
I renounce—I am silent, and humbled in dust—
In Thy finished Salvation alone I confide.

My destinies all I confide to Thy Hand;
My hopes on Thy Righteousness only I place
On this pedestal, Lord, I for ever would stand,
A pillar inscribed to the praise of Thy Grace.

J. B. WALKER.



THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

JESU! behold, the Wise from far,
 Led to Thy Cradle by a Star,
 Bring gifts to Thee, their God and
 King.

O guide us by Thy Light, that we
 The way may find, and still to Thee,
 Our hearts, our all, for tribute bring.

Jesu! the pure, the spotless Lamb,
 Who to the Temple humbly came,
 Duteous the legal rites to pay,—
 O make our proud, our stubborn will,
 All Thy wise, gracious Laws fulfil,
 Whate'er rebellious nature say.

Jesu! who on the fatal Wood
 Pour'dst out Thy Life's last drop of Blood,
 Nailed to the accursèd, shameful Cross,—
 O may we bless Thy Love, and be
 Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee,
 All shame, all grief, all pain and loss.

Jesu! who by Thine own Love slain—
By Thine own power took'st life again,
And Conqueror from the Grave didst rise,—
O may Thy Death our souls revive,
And e'en on earth a new Life give—
A glorious Life, that never dies.

Jesu! who to Thy Heaven again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign,
Of men and Angels Sovereign King,—
O may our parting souls take flight,
Up to that Land of joy and light,
And there for ever grateful sing.

All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All honour, power, and love, and praise!
Still may Thy blessed Name shine bright,
In beams of uncreated Light,
Crowned with its own eternal rays!

JOHN AUSTIN.



HEAVENLY SERVICE.

ASK not, Lord, for crown or victor's
palm ;

Enough for me,

After life's storms, the sunshine and the
calm

Of rest with Thee.

Nor yet such rest I ask, as idlesse sweet

Of passive joy :

But I will crave, ambitious, at Thy Feet,

Some high employ—

Some part to fill, some sphere or place to lit

In Thy great Rule,—

To learn or teach, to order or submit,

As in Thy school :

Whether, with powers all new, and senses strange,

Fresh truths I scan ;

Or, with the old, refined, in higher range,

Soar, where I ran.

When Thou didst visit us, Thou didst not choose
Life's easier lot ;
How should I, then, that portion, Lord, refuse,
Thou, here, didst not ?

Thy House is large ; not for Thy guests one room
Dost Thou reserve :
Nor is the Banquet all—that light were gloom,
Might we not serve.

So many worlds I view, such realms and spaces,
There needs must be
Some room and use for all our powers and graces,
In just degree.

This life is much too short, for Thy great Love
Amends to make ;
Late we begin, and still ourselves reprove
For some mistake.

Our earth hangs heavy about us, clogs and clings,
Whate'er we try ;
Some hot desire or passion melts our wings,
If once we fly.

So that our time is all contained with tears
For fault and loss ;
Repentance and amendment, all our years,
Leave work but dross.

But when we leave behind us all this clay,
 These mists and fears,
And soar into the unobstructed Day,
 Beyond the Spheres ;

That will be work indeed if Thou assign
 To each his station,
Unerring and unending as the line
 Of Thy Creation.

C. L. FORD.



EDEN'S ECHIOS.



HERE in the silence stand,
Where the curling breakers bow,
Weaving a fringe on the golden sand
With delicate fingers now.

Stand by the wild sea-shore,
In the evening light, alone ;
Hark to that deep, mysterious roar,
And tenderer whispered tone :

With rugged cliff behind,
Where the curlew's white wing dips,
The soft, light kiss of the western wind
Breathed on your parted lips :

Shingles beneath your feet,
Seaweed and shells among ;
Thrilling around you that music sweet—
That strangely eloquent song ;—

Stand for one short half-hour,
Far from the haunts of men,
And say what mighty, unearthly power,
Holds you in thralldom then !

Looking at that pure sky,
That glittering, restless sea,
Where no white sails in the sunbeams lie—
Where all is so wild and free,—

Why comes that strange, deep hush,
Over the turbulent heart ?
Why do the yearnings, all else can crush,
From the inmost spirit start ?

Why does the vexing strife
Seem charmed to peace at last ;
And the weary, tempted, and troubled life
In sweet oblivion cast ?

Why seems it all God there ?—
There, in that sky and sea,
Stainlessly lovely, and pure and fair,
As Heaven itself might be !

Ah ! in the soft sea-moan,
Does not the Spirit speak ?
Does not the breeze bear His awful tone,
Fanning your burning cheek ?

The wave's voice is the same
As when the world began,
And God gave water and land its name—
Making a home for Man.

Hush ! for it breathes to you
 Something of that first breath
Which sinless Adam in Eden drew,
 Ere he had tasted death.

Your holier instinct breaks—
 Breaks through its sin-drugged sleep,
When that soft echo of Eden wakes,
 In tones of the restless deep.

Ah ! the old longings rise—
 Longings the world can chill !
For the fire God lit in Paradise
 Smoulders within us still !

Stand on the wild sea-shore,
 Humbly—and all alone ;
Echoes the music of nevermore
 In every whispered tone.

And then go back, go home,
 To the lowly life again ;
Those eloquent echoes, where'er you roam,
 Will in your heart remain,—

Sweeping the broken strings
 With reverent touch, and fond ;
Blending its holy imaginings
 With thoughts of the World beyond.

A SPRING CONCERT.

HERE is a concert in the trees,
 There is a concert on the hill,
 There's melody in every breeze,
 And music in the murmuring rill.
 The shower is past, the winds are still,
 The fields are green, the flowerets spring,
 The birds, and bees, and beetles fill
 The air with harmony, and fling
 The rosied moisture of the leaves
 In frolic flight from wing to wing,
 Fretting the spider as he weaves
 His airy web from bough to bough.
 In vain the little artist grieves
 Their joy in his destruction now.

Alas! that in a scene so fair
 The meanest being e'er should feel
 The gloomy shadow of despair,
 Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal;
 But in a world where woe is real,
 Each rank in life and every day
 Must pain and suffering reveal,

And wretched mourners in decay,
When Nations smile o'er battles won,
When banners wave and streamers play,
The lonely mother mourns her son,
Left lifeless on the bloody clay,
And the poor widow, all undone,
Sees the wild revel with dismay.
The joyous Spring and Summer gay
With perfumed gifts together meet,
And from the rosy lips of May
Breathe music soft and odours sweet ;
And still my eyes delay my feet
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,
And hear the happy birds repeat
Their anthems to the coming even.
Yet is my pleasure incomplete ;
I grieve to think how few are given
To feel the pleasures I possess ;
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,
Must pine in utter loneliness,
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh ! could we find some happy land,
Some Eden of the deep blue sea,
By gentle breezes only fanned,
Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,
Grew only pure felicity !

Who would not brave the stormiest main
Within that blissful Isle to be,
Exempt from sight or sense of pain ?

There is a land we cannot see,
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray,
And yet so narrow is the road,
From it our spirits ever stray.
Shed light upon that path, O God,
And lead us in the appointed way.
There only joy shall be complete,
More high than mortal thoughts can reach,
For there the just and good shall meet,
Pure in affection, thought, and speech ;
No jealousy shall make a breach,
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy ;
There sunny Streams of gladness stretch,
And there the very air is joy ;
There shall the faithful, who relied
On faithless love till life would cloy,
And those who sorrowed till they died
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,
See pleasure like a whelming tide
From an unbounded ocean flow.

JOHN BETHUNE.



THE LOVE OF JESUS.



JESU, my soul's belovèd Lord,
Worthy alone to be
By every living thing adored,
Now and eternally !

How can we coldly turn away
From that Blest Heart,—so good,
So sweet,—That loveth us always,
In our ingratitude !

O that we knew its priceless worth !
O that we loved Thee more !
That all, forsaking dreams of earth,
Thy Beauty might adore !

Thou, Lord, art Love : and Thou wilt give,
To all Thy lovers true,
In Thee, with Thee, for aye to live
In Pleasures ever new.

But not for pleasure of her own
The faithful soul would love ;

Thy Glory and Thy Bliss alone
Her yearning heartstrings move.

Thee, Thee alone, in all she seeks,
All other love forgot :
By night her tears are on her cheeks,
Because men love Thee not.

For Thou didst leave Thy Father's Bliss,
The love and joy of Heaven,
To save us from our wretchedness :
Low now, with sorrows riven,

Thou liest, for us, in Anguish keen,
Upon Thy Bed of Woe ;
All rent and marred Thy Glorious Mien,
With Grief which none may know.

Oh ! by that Love, which yearneth still
Over Thy wandering Sheep,
Seek out and find, forgive, and thrill
With love for Love so deep !

Lover of souls, arise ! and claim
The Empire Thou hast won.
Thine is the Kingdom ; Thy sweet Name
Let all adore and own.

Oh ! what shall separate us from Thee !
Shall peril, pain, or woe ?
Shall Life ? or Death's sharp agony ?
Or aught of joys below ?

Jesu ! whom my soul loveth well,
Shut up my heart in Thine :
So shall no arts of malice fell
Wean from that Love Divine.

Chiefest among Ten Thousand ! Thou
Didst die for love of me :
Oh ! let me love Thee deeply now,
And in Eternity !

C. SELLOX.



INVOCATION.



Y daughter, go and pray ! See, Night is
come :

One golden Planet pierces through the
gloom ;

The misty outline trembles on the hill.

Listen ! the distant wheels in darkness glide—

All else is hushed ; the tree by the roadside

Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day bears its evil, weariness, and pain.

Let us to prayer ! calm Night is come again :

The wind among the ruined towers so bare

Sighs mournfully : the herds, the flocks, the streams,

All suffer, all complain ; worn Nature seems

Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

This is the hour when babes with Angels speak.

While we are rushing to our pleasures weak

And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,

Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,

Say at the self-same hour the self-same Prayer

On our behalf, to Him Who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh, peaceful cradle-sleep !

Oh, childhood's hallowed Prayer ! Religion deep

Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed !

So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of Praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this Earth of Graves ;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves ;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse ;
For those who, labouring, suffer still ;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their Heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of Prayer begins
His dance and banquet light ;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their Prayers at twilight dim ;
And who, those Vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not,
God also heareth him.

Child ! pray for all the poor beside ;
The prisoner in his cell,

And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell ;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams ;
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's Holy Law.
Pray thou—for Prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy Prayer forgiveness draw.

Translated from the French.



THE GLORY YET TO BE REVEALED.

INCE o'er Thy Footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy Throne !

So brilliant here those drops of Light,
Where the full Ocean rolls, how bright !

If Night's blue curtain of the sky,

With thousand stars enwrought,

Hung like a royal canopy,

With glittering diamonds fraught,

Be, Lord, thy Temple's outer Veil,

What splendour at the Shrine must dwell !

The dazzling Sun at noontide hour,

Forth from his golden vase

Flinging o'er earth the golden Shower,

Till vale and mountain blaze,

But shows, O Lord, one Beam of Thine ;

What then the Day where Thou dost Shine !

Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure

That Noon of Living Rays,

Or how my spirit, so impure,

Upon Thy Glory gaze ?

Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,

And robe me for that World of Light.

W. A. MUHLENBERGH.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

NOT long, not long! The spirit-wasting
fever

Of this strange life shall quit each
throbbing vein ;

And this wild pulse flow placidly for ever ;

And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream ; its destiny

Is but decay and death. Its fairest form

Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day

A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not ;

A Rest with God, a Life that cannot die ;

A better Portion, and a brighter Lot ;

A Home with Christ, an Heritage on High.

The tempest makes returning calm more dear ;

The darkest midnight makes the brightest star ;

Even so to us, when all is ended here,

Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

Then welcome change and death ! since these alone

Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell ;

Welcome all present change, which speeds us on

So swift to that which is Unchangeable.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

BRIGHTER HOURS.



THOUGH dark the present hour may seem,
With sorrow, care, and strife ;
Though Gladness may not shed her beam
Upon the sky of life ;

Yet fear not, for amidst the gloom
One hope is ever ours—
That joy may yet our lot illumine,
And bring us Brighter Hours !

Droop not, but nobly struggle still,
For others look to thee ;
And they would cease to strive with ill,
If thou shouldst conquered be.
In darkest nights some star appears,—
In Winter's hand, some flowers ;
So shines for us, in adverse years,
The hope of Brighter Hours !

With fearless spirit still press on,—
Act thine allotted part !
Life's high rewards were never won
By faint and coward heart !
Keep on thy course, and falter not,
Though the dread Tempest lours ;
But still, however sad thy lot,
Hope on for Brighter Hours !

Cares may be round thee ; doubts and fears
Thy trembling soul oppress,—
Mourner ! look upward through thy tears,
Thy God is near to bless !
E'en if Hope's earthly ray grows dim,
A better Light is ours,
Which leads us on to trust in Him
Who gives us Brighter Hours !

GEORGIANA BENNETT.



LIFE IS ONWARD.



LIFE is onward—use it
With a forward aim ;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.

Look' not to another
To perform your will ;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past ;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please ;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it,
Ere the day is lost ;
It hath virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them !

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress ;
Your own art can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it
In sunshine and in storm ;
Oh ! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

AMERICAN.



SHADOWS.



DARK shadows on the good man's day
Rest, to my thinking, evermore,
Or pass a little while away,
To gather darker than before.

Afflictions of the Christian's life
The pulses are ; they pause from pain,
But only for the weary strife
To gather strength to throb again.

Of every woe, the seeming end
Precursor is of larger woes :
For him, ere long, the warmest friend
Converted to the chief of foes.

Yes ! and were this the whole of all
The earthly race who ever ran,
Beyond dispute thou mightest call
Such Christian the most hapless man.

But if so be the meaner part
Is all thy carnal eyes have seen,—
If, amid outward gloom, the heart
In brighter sunshine basks serene ;—

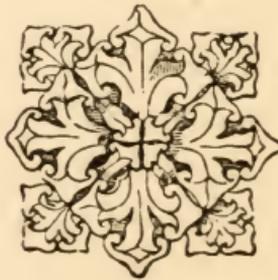
If from that throbbing pulse, of pain
Or grief, with each recurring blow

A nobler life through every vein
Begins in fuller tide to flow ;—

If onward as the billows sweep
They bear him to the Haven nigh ;—
If, losing earthly friends, he keep
A closer Friend with God Most High,—

Be mine the path of worldly gloom,
In such requitals more than blest ;
But spare me, Lord, that fearful doom,
Internal strife with outward rest.

“Morning Thoughts.”



“ I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.”



HE heavenly WORD proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the FATHER'S side,
Accomplishing His Work on earth,
Had reached at length life's eventide.

By false disciple to be given
To foemen for His Life athirst,
Himself the very Bread of Heaven
He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,
His Precious Flesh, His precious Blood,
In Love's own fulness thus designed
Of the whole Man to be the Food.
By birth their fellow-Man was He ;
Their Meat, when sitting at the Board ;
He died their Ransomer to be ;
He ever Reigns, their great Reward.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to Man below ;
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine Aid supply, Thy Strength bestow.
Blest THREE in ONE, to Thee ascend
All thanks and praise for evermore ;
O grant us Life that shall not end,
Upon the Heavenly Country's shore.

NIGHT SPREADS HER SABLE VEIL.

NIGHT spreads her sable veil
 Across the stainless sky,
 And one by one each twinkling star
 Peeps from its silent home afar,
 Tempting the wandering eye
 To rest—while thought in vision soars,
 And, lost in wonderment, adores.

But lo! the vaulted dome
 Is filled with Light Divine ;
 God's Angel comes to Earth to-day
 With gracious News ; about his way
 Celestial glories shine :
 He comes to tell to fallen Earth
 The long-expected Saviour's Birth.

The shepherds see the light,
 And they are sore afraid ;
 They hear his Voice,—“ Let terror cease ;
 To you is born the Prince of Peace,
 And in a manger laid :
 Go ! seek the Saviour, Christ the Lord,
 The Ever-Blessèd, All-Adored.”

Then wakes a mighty Song
 From Angel Hosts above ;

And multitudes unite to sing
The Praise of their Eternal King,
And His Redeeming Love :
Divine and full, that wondrous Sound
Goes echoing on the world around.

“Glory to God on High,
And on the Earth be Peace ;
Good will to Men,”—so swells the strain :
Hope visits this lost world again—
Hope that will never cease
While Jesu’s Grace and Jesu’s Love
Call fallen Man to Rest above.

REV. F. W. KITTERMESTER.



“*LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE MIGHTY
GATES!*”



RIGHT Portals of the sky,
 Embossed with sparkling stars,—
 Doors of Eternity,
 With Adamantine Bars,—
 Your arras rich uphold,
 Loose all your Bolts and Springs,
 Ope wide your Leaves of Gold,
 That in your Roofs may come the King of Kings.

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
 He doth ascend the Air ;
 Straight doth the moon Him shroud
 With her resplendent hair ;
 The next encrystalled light
 Submits to Him its beams,
 And He doth trace the height
 Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
 He did to sun bequeath :
 The higher wandering rounds
 Are found His Feet beneath.
 The milky way comes near ;
 Heaven's axle seems to bend

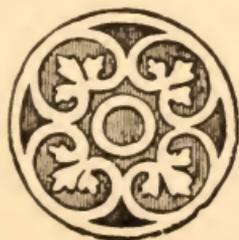
“Lift up your Heads, ye Mighty Gates!” 67

Above each turning sphere,
That, robed in Glory, Heaven’s King may ascend.

Now each ethereal Gate
To Him hath opened been,
And Glory’s King in state
His Palace enters in.
Now come is this High Priest,
In the Most Holy Place,
Not without Blood addressed ;
With Glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with Grace.

O Glory of the Heaven,
O sole delight of Earth,
To Thee all Power be given,
God’s uncreated Birth.
Of mankind Lover true,
Endurer of his Wrong,
Who does the world renew,
Still be Thou our Salvation and our Song.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



THE WRECK.

STOOD upon the beach at even—

Darker the clouds above me grew,

Till sable was the vault of heaven,

And lightnings o'er the waters flew.

On shore the forest trees were bending ;

Upon the sea, the billow's crest,

With fierce tempestuous wrath extending,

Covered with foam its heaving breast.

I saw a bark by wild waves shattered,

Its cordage flying with the gale ;

Its broken masts in fragments scattered,

And rudely rent each quivering sail.

Hope came,—for fast the shore 'twas gaining ;

Hope fled,—for rocks appeared between.

It struck ! a stranded wreck remaining

Alone declared what once had been.

And what is Life ? A stormy Ocean ;

Man the frail Bark, and Heaven the Shore,

Which, after many a fierce commotion,

That bark may reach to leave no more.

But if, by guilt and error driven,

On sin's dark rocks it strikes at last,

A fearful wreck, in sight of Heaven

It sinks ! and Hope is ever past.

“THOU NEVER KNEWEST ME.”



THE earthly spirit, stained with crimes,
By Sin and Shame alternate riven,
Will soar above the world sometimes,
With an imploring look to Heaven.
Thus when I turned my sorrowing eye,
Redeemer of the World, to Thee,
My murmuring conscience made reply,
“Thou never Knewest Me.”

There is an hour when all rejoice,
An hour when even sorrow smiles ;
An hour when pleasure's sprightly voice
The listening mourner's care beguiles.
Yet not to me time's ceaseless wing
Could bring that hour from sadness free ;
Each as it passed would darkly sing,
“Thou never Knewest Me.”

Ah ! when that moment comes at last ;
When every earthly hope goes by ;
When all the works of Life are past ;
When all is finished, but to die ;
When, quivering on the brink of Fate,
The trembling spirit turns to Thee,

Will those all-gracious Lips repeat,
“Thou never Knewest Me”?

O no! though long estranged from Thee,
Though long detained by Satan’s power,
Thy Arms were open still to me,
Who came at the eleventh hour.
For me Thy gracious Lips prepare,
Before assembled worlds to tell,
“Behold a Sheep for whom I care,—
My Child,—I Know him well.”

R. L.



SONG OF FAITH.



HE liliated fields behold ;
What king in his array
Of purple pall and cloth of gold
Shines gorgeously as they ?

Their pomp, however gay,
Is brief, alas ! as bright ;
It lives but for a summer's day,
And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil,
And glorify the dust,
Why should the slave of daily toil
His Providence distrust ?

Will He whose Love has nursed
The sparrow's brood, do less
For those who seek His Kingdom first,
And with it Righteousness ?

The birds fly forth at will,—
They neither plough nor sow ;
Yet there's the sheaves that crown the hill,
Or glad the vale below.

While through the realms of air
He guides their trackless way,
Will Man in faithlessness despair ?
Is he worth less than they ?

“*SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS
ABOVE.*”



VAIN and poor are earthly pleasures,
Mixed with dross the purest gold ;
Seek we then for Heavenly Treasures,—
Treasures never waxing old.

Let our best affections centre
On the Things around the Throne,
There no thief can ever enter,
Moth and Rust are there unknown.

Earthly joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all ;
Seek our only Rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above ;
Bids us look for His appearing,
Bids us triumph in His Love.

May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round ;
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

C. L. FORD.

*“I WILL COMMUNE WITH THEE FROM
ABOVE THE MERCY-SEAT.”*



ORD, when before Thy Throne we meet,
Thy Goodness to adore,
From Heaven, the Eternal Mercy-Seat,
On us Thy Blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A Habitation fit for Thee.

The Body for our Ransom given,
The Blood in Mercy shed,
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed ;
And as we round Thy Table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening Grace to feel.

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite Soul's repentant sigh,
The Sinner's heartfelt tear,
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.



LIGHT, LIFE, AND LOVE.

“He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.”—

S. JOHN vi. 47.



FATHER of mercies! from Thy Blissful
Height
Of Love and Joy and Glory, bend
Thine Eye

In gracious Pity on our woeful plight,
And send Thy Help and Bounty from on High.

O for His sake, Who Died that we might live,
Who Lives that we henceforth might die no
more ;

Shed down that Light which Thou alone canst give,
That darkling souls may Jesu's Love adore.

O all-embracing Spirit, from yon Seat
Of Love proceeding ever, lend Thine Aid :
Kindle our breasts with Thine undying Heat ;
Waken to Life the souls Thou hast remade.

Melt with Thy Love all-quickening : with Thy Fear
Pierce Thou our veins and hearts : and lead us
still

Amid Thy showered Graces, up the drear
And narrow Way, unto Thy Holy Hill.

Jesu ! true Life of every living soul !

True Love of lovers true, receive our prayer :

Beneath the Banner of Thy Love enrol

All hearts : that all Thy Life Eterne may share.

So to Thy Glory, ever-Gracious Trine,

Father, who drawest ; Son, who ownest all ;

Spirit, who bindest fast in Bonds Divine,—

Let that blest Love Thy wanderers recall.

C. SELTON.



PARADISE.

REGION of Life and Light,
 Land of the Good whose earthly toils
 are o'er ;
 Nor frost nor heat may blight
 Thy vernal beauty ; fertile Shore,
 Yielding thy blessed Fruit for evermore.

There, without crook or sling,
 Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms white and
 red
 Round His meek Temples cling ;
 And, to sweet Pastures led,
 His peaceful Flock beneath His Eye are fed.

He guides, and near Him they
 Follow delighted ; for He makes them go
 Where dwells eternal May,
 And Heavenly Roses blow,
 Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
 Named of the Infinite and long-sought Good,
 And Fountains of Delight,
 And where His Feet have stood
 Springs up along the way their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all His Flock around,
He witches the still air with modulated sound.

From His sweet Lute flow forth
Immortal Harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of Goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering Breath of that high Melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee.

Ah ! then my Soul should know,
Beloved, where Thou liest at noon of day ;
And from this place of Woe,
Released, should take its way,
To mingle with Thy Flock and never stray.

Translated from the Spanish.

ON THE PICTURE OF A SAINT.

H! fair and pure, we do not know
 The history of thy crownèd strife,
 We have no ancient books to show
 The story of thy Life.

We know not where thy days were spent,
 We know not when thy Life was given ;
 To whom thy bright example lent
 To point them on to Heaven.

We only guess thee from thy face,
 So beautiful and undismayed,
 The daughter of a noble race—
 A high-born Roman maid.

And yet we know thee—better far
 Than many friends of latter days :
 We know thee as one knows a star,
 And loves its pure soft rays.

We know thee by thy pictured grace,
 And by thy holy martyr name,
 The rapt devotion of thy face,
 And legendary fame.

And, though we do not read thy tale
 Of cruel suffering, shame, and death,—
 At thought of which brave men might quail,
 And speak with bated breath ;—

Yet do we know that thou didst die
For love of Him who bore the Cross,
Didst put the Gain of this world by,
And count it all but Loss :

We know thee of that glorious Band,
The foremost in the Christian Fight,
Who long have won that Better Land,
And long been clothed in Light.

Of those who, by the Cross and Stake
The noble name of Martyr gained ;
Who gave their lives for Jesu's sake,
When nought but life remained.

And now, in Holy Church's Sky,
Like quiet stars they brightly shine,
And in their shining magnify
The Majesty Divine.

Like summer stars that seem to swim
All night in dewy sunset glow,
Until their paling glories dim
The rising Day-Star show.

Like winter stars that burn above
The frozen earth with gleam intense,
And gaze with eyes of ardent love
On Man's inheritance;

So from the Church's Sky they glow,
Set in a soft and golden haze,
And watch our hurrying to and fro,
And all our weary ways.

They shine like thousand points of fire,
And beautify the Church's Night,
But fill our hearts with deep desire,
For Jesu's perfect Light.

O Light, O Peace, when wilt thou rise
Upon the gloom of this world's dark,
And flush with joy the stormy skies
Above Thy Church's Ark?

We wait—and bless Thy Name for those
Departed in Thy Faith and Fear,
Who lived like us in toils and woes—
We hold their memory dear,

As pledges of Thy boundless Grace,
Our certain Victory at last,
When we have finished all our race,
And all our strife is past.

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.



RIGHT gleamed the sun, as from his
orient bed

He rose in strength, his giant course to
tread.

His flashing beams first flung their living glow
O'er fairest plains, where Jordan's waters flow ;
Then fell in beauty on the sacred height
Of Sion's Hill, which, ere the waning light,
By Israel's gathered children will be trod,
And hallowed as the dwelling-place of God.

In swelling tides they come, with eager haste,
Through valleys green and o'er the desert waste ;
From Carmel's base to fertile lands which lie
Purple and hazy in the eastern sky ;
From Hebron's vale, where sparkling waters leap,
To Accho's turrets, frowning o'er the deep,
Their footsteps wend, till straining eyes behold
Their new-born Temple bathed in ruddiest gold ;
Then forms unnumbered 'neath its shadow stand,
And tread the courts upraised by noiseless Hand.

Hark ! in the distance Alleluias rise
Like angel music wafted from the skies.
What mean these myriads gathered here to-day ?
And what this priestly throng in rich array ?

Ask of the aged sire, and he will tell
Why crowd the tribes of favoured Israel.
There were no courts for great Jehovah meet,
While He vouchsafed to guide the wanderers' feet ;
An humble tent arose where'er they trod,
And curtains veiled the holy Ark of God :
Nor honoured more, for many a chequered day
In Shiloh's vale the sacred emblem lay ;
But now on Zion's height, beloved of yore,
Whence Salem's King the welcome offering bore,
Great David's son hath reared a nobler Home,
A pillared temple and a cedared dome.

List ! notes melodious rise, glad sounds are borne
From quivering timbrel and from solemn horn ;
The censer's fragrant clouds sweet odours fling,
The courts of God with hymns of triumph ring,
As slowly winds the vast and joyful throng,
With plaintive psalm and loud responsive song.
Their King renowned his loyal tribes behold,
In purple robe and coronet of gold ;
His princes follow ; hoary priests are there,
While Levi's sons the Ark of Mercy bear.
With reverent hearts, before God's awful shrine
Low bend the tribes of lordly Palestine ;
Then, as the last sweet chord goes up and dies,
Priests at the Altar bind the Sacrifice.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

“And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon.”—*Exodus* xii. 29.



WAS night, and Memphis shone with
festival :

A glare, as from unnumbered torches,
hung

Over the splendid city. Darkness fled,
Affrighted, from his ebon throne, and veiled
His face from light, and all the queenly stars
Grew dim and pale upon Night's fevered brow.

There were rich sounds of music floating by
On every wandering wind—at times the low
And reedy murmur of the Egyptian flute,
And then the viol's breathings, and the harp's
Wild spirit-tones, while ever and anon,
Above them all, arose the cymbal's clang,
And the far-echoing trumpet's stirring peal.

There is rejoicing in thy Palaces,
Proud City of the Nile!—The mighty one,
Terrible Isis, at whose awful frown
The trembling world grows pale, hath deigned to
raise
The mystic veil, and, by her priestess' lips,

Promise deliverance to her slaves, from all
The woes denounced by Israel's prophet-chief.

There is rejoicing in thy marble halls,
Thou City of the Pharaohs.—Countless lamps
Shed their soft light o'er the voluptuous scene,
Where many a stately form and jewelled brow
Flashed back a brighter lustre. On a throne,
Rich with the wealth of many an orient land,
Sat Egypt's kingly ruler: triumphs glowed
Upon his dusky features, and his eye
Shot forth its wonted glance of haughty pride ;
But o'er his loud and riotous mirth at times
A change would pass, as if of sudden fear—
A quick convulsive thrill, that seemed to throw
O'er his dark cheek an ashy hue, which told
A spirit not his own held mastery there.

Midnight came,
And dreamless slumber o'er the land held sway :
No human sound disturbed the solemn calm,
But ever and anon was heard a low
And ominous rustling, as of spirit-wings
That hovered o'er the city. They who watched
That night, caught glimpses of an Awful Form,
With strange, unearthly aspect, that looked down
As if in wrath on the rebellious land.

Hark ! was not that a wail that seemed to come
From yon proud mansion by the murmuring Nile ?
Again, again 'tis heard, more loud and shrill,
While all around a thousand echoes rise,—

A thousand shrieks of terror and dismay.
And there are sounds of tumult: through the streets
Rush, with wingèd feet, a fear-struck multitude,
And torches flame again, and throw their light
On pale and ghastly faces, and a cry,
A wild, fierce cry, bursts from each quivering lip
To Isis the Omnipotent, to save
From the avenging Wrath of Israel's God.

There's lamentation in thy marble halls,
Great City of the Nile!—thy hope is flown.
Prostrate upon the earth, beside the couch
Of him who was his pride, lay Egypt's King.
They gathered round him there, and strove to stem,
With ready words, the current of his grief;
But he would know no comfort, and he turned
And gazed upon his blighted flower—and wept!
There was no triumph now, no haughty scorn,
No firm reliance on his country's gods;—
Beside him lay his Dead, and he could hear
His people's groans,—he could not choose but weep,
For well he knew he was their Murderer!

There's lamentation in thy darkened homes,
Sad Region of the Nile!—The strong, the brave,
The young, the gentle, and the beautiful,
Youth's golden promise, manhood's ripened fruit,
Are withered by the icy touch of Death!
A pall is on the land!—its light is quenched,—
The Nation's strength is bowed—its spirit crushed:
Egypt is Desolate!

T. WESTWOOD.

DOUBT NOT, FEAR NOT.

ONWARD, onward, doubt not, fear not,
 Nerve with faith thy fainting soul ;
 Though as yet the end appear not,
 Thou shalt surely reach the Goal :

Though, as on thy sleepless pillow
 Memory scans the fearful past,
 Round thee breaks the yawning billow,
 Howls above the whirlwind's blast.

Though thou knowest that to-morrow
 Is with sorer trial fraught,
 Pregnant with severer sorrow
 Than the sorrowing past has brought :
 Though the storm, in bursting o'er thee,
 Spread destruction's bolts around,
 Some most dear struck down before thee,
 Dearer friends shall yet be found.

He whose Angel stood beside thee,
 He whom darkness cannot shroud,
 He who sware to keep and guide thee
 When the tempest raged aloud ;—
 Height nor depth His Love can sever,
 Heaven nor Hell His Covenant Vow ;

Hath thy Saviour failed thee ever ?

Will He, can He, fail thee now ?

Nay, for to the Eternal City

As thou drawest daily nigh,

Greater Love, and Grace, and Pity

Issue forth from God Most High.

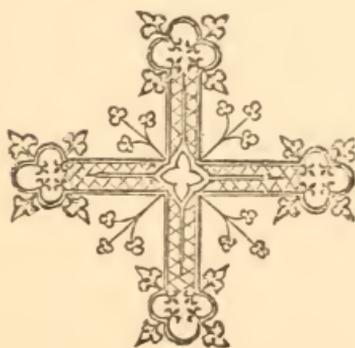
Messages of Peace shall greet thee,

Angels' feet thy path attend ;

Yea, Himself shall come to meet thee,

And conduct thee to the End.

“Morning Thoughts.”



ECHOES OF THE CATHEDRAL.

IN the grey and shadowy morning,
 Ere the starlight fades away,
 Ere the gloom of the night has vanished
 In many a golden ray ;
 As alone in the dreamy stillness,
 Alone and awake, we lie,
 The Echoes seem floating around us,
 And whispering prayerfully.

When we walk in the busy sunshine,
 The hurrying crowds among,
 Resuming our daily labour,
 As the notes of some well-known song,
 With that loud-thrilling music mingling,
 The other seems always nigh,
 And we fancy the Angels' pinions
 We hear as they're passing by.

In the glorious hour of sunset,
 When the bright day's almost done ;
 In the hush of a solemn twilight,
 When we sit and think alone :
 And at midnight, when dreams fantastic
 Are gliding through all our sleep,

As the light on the slumbering city
Is mingling with shadows deep,

We can hear the Cathedral Echoes
In Heavenly notes entwine,
Like the colours that on its pavement
From beautiful windows shine ;—
The echoes of prayer penitential,
The sorrowful, heart-wrung sigh ;
Of eager and sweet supplication,
That never-neglected cry ;

Of those notes of deep adoration,
From the long-past ages caught ;
Of glorious anthems, thrilling
Through infinite realms of thought ;
Of the sweet organ-music, drifting
Afar down the nave to die ;
Of the eloquent boyish voices,
All blending in harmony ;

Of the longed-for, low Benediction
That falls on the drooping head,
When the soul, in its weakness clinging
To the Saviour's Cross, is fed ;
Of the Words—more precious than jewels—
That daily we love to hear,
That tell how He always is waiting
To smile on His Children there.

We hear, and the soft accents mingle
With every sound of life,

To sweeten and temper its gladness,
 To comfort in hours of strife ;
O'er days of some sad tribulation
 A shadowless light to fling ;
To memory's sorrowful footfall
 An Echo of hope to bring.

Oh, long may the Melody olden,
 That in the great Church we hear,
And the thought of the Precepts Golden
 The lips of Christ's Bride doth bear,
Intermingle with daily duties,
 And soften the daily strife,
And guide our hearts, for the Master's sake,
 Each step of our daily life :

In the morning and noon of gladness
 To tell of the Joy in store,
Of the brighter and better Existence
 Which changeth not evermore ;
O'er the twilight of grief and sadness
 To breathe with an Angel's breath,
And with Echoes of Heaven, brighten
 The terrible Night of Death.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Pæd., Lib. III., of Clement of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient Hymn of the Primitive Church. Even then (only one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles) it is asserted to be of much earlier origin.



HEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in Love and Truth,
Through devious ways ;
Christ, our Triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy Praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord !
The all-subduing Word !
Healer of strife !
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from Sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our Race,
And give us Life.

Thou art Wisdom's High Priest !
Thou hast prepared the Feast
Of Holy Love ;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain ;
Help Thou dost not disdain—
Help from Above.

Ever be thus our Guide !
Our Shepherd and our Pride,—
 Our Staff and Song !
Jesus ! Thou Christ of God !
By Thy perennial Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our Faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy Praises high,
 And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad Throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the Song
 To Christ our King.

UNKNOWN.



I LEAVE THEE NOT.



LEAVE Thee not, O Love, of Love the
highest,
Though doubt display
Its battle day ;

I own the Power which Thou, my Lord, appliest.
Thou didst bear Guilt and Woe ;
Shall I to torment go
When into judgment brought ?
O Love, of Love the highest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not !

I leave Thee not, O Thou who sweetly cheerest,
Whose fresh supplies
Cause strength to rise,
Just in the hour when Faith's decay is nearest.
If sickness chill the soul,
And nights of languor roll,
My heart one Hope hath caught ;
O Thou who sweetly cheerest,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not !

I leave Thee not ; Thy Word my way shall brighten ;
With Thee I go,
Through weal and woe ;
Thy Precepts wise shall every burden lighten.

My Lord, on Thee I hang,
Nor heed the journey's pang,
Though thorny be my lot,
Let but Thy Word enlighten :
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not !

I leave Thee not, my God, my Lord, my Heaven ;
Nor death shall rend
From Thee, my Friend,
Who for my soul Thyself to Death hast given :
For Thou didst Die for me,
And Love goes back to Thee :
My God, my Life, my Heaven,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not !

Translated from the German.



*LET ME BE REMEMBERED BY WHAT
I HAVE DONE.*



Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the
sun—

So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only Remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief Race of Time well and patiently run ;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only Remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the Crown that for me has been won ;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only Remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odours at sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on ;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but Remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up
and gone ;

So would I be to this World's weary dwellers,
Only Remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but Remembered by what we have
done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The Bloom, and the Fruit, and the Seed of its season ;
I shall still be Remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring I have
sown ;
He who Ploughed and who Sowed is not missed by
the Reaper,
He is only Remembered by what he has done.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.



THE ALMIGHTY.



THOU Eternal One ! whose Presence
bright
All space doth occupy — all motion
guide ;

Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God ! There is no God beside !

Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone ;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more !

Thy chains the measured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee ; by Thee inspired with breath !

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death !

As sparks mount upward with the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;

They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these are as the moon to night.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me, Thou Source of Life and Good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy Light, Thy Love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of Death, and bade it wear
The garments of Eternal Day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its Source, to Thee, its Author, Thee!

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed Image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to the Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude!

Translated from the Russian.

REVELATION.

“*Sacra Scriptura loquitur nobis tanquam balbutiendo, sicut mater balbutiens cum filio suo parvulo, qui aliter non potest intelligere verba ejus.*”

“The loving and earnest seeker will ever be making new discoveries in these spiritual heavens; ever to him will what seemed at first but a light, vaporous cloud, upon closer gaze, to his armèd eye, resolve itself into a world of stars.”—HULSEAN LECTURES, 1845, VI.



OD speaketh once, yea twice, things
marvellous,
Forth told in wondrous ways;
The echoes of His Words roll down to us
From the old days.

Now, with His Voice He Thunders from the hills,
Sitting in State aloft;
Now, like the dropping dew, His Speech distils,
Gentle and soft.

Now, with profoundest thought, in higher teaching,
His subtle Sense He girds;
Now, like a mother to her infant reaching,
With childish words,

He to our weakness stoops, and shades the lustre
Of His too perfect Light;

Now shrinks our dazzled eye from a star-cluster
Of truths most bright.

By Urim and by Seer, by dream and vision,
He Spake in times gone by ;
Last, by His Son, who stept with Sealed Commission
Down from the Sky.

The World's sweet infant years, forgotten wholly,
He makes us partly know ;
The World to come, His Harvest ripening slowly,
He doth foreshow.

From treasured Rolls and Archives of the Nations
He brings forth One to light,
That all may learn His Wisdom, Power, and
Patience,
Reading aright

Not of the stars and planets in their courses,
Not of the trees and flowers,
Not of the laws of Nature's hidden forces,
Man's servant powers ;

But of the soul's deep need, the finite's yearning
After an Infinite Heart,
He holds Discourse with us, His scholars, learning
Part after part.

We con and spell, as blind men with their fingers,
The lines His Hand hath graved,
Knowing in part, till, with celestial singers,
On floor light-paved,

We stand with eyes unsealed, and all the mystery
Falls off, in perfect ken,
From the great world and little, from the history
Of Man—and Men.

But, as the larger lens doth still dissever
Fresh points in farthest blue,
So on our stronger Sight shall flash for ever
Some Truth more new.

C. L. FORD.



AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.



T E journey through a Vale of Tears,
 By many a cloud o'ercast ;
 And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
 Go with us to the last.

Not to the last ! Thy Word hath said,
 Could we but read aright,
 Poor pilgrim, lift in Hope thy head,
 At Eve it shall be Light.

Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
 Thy stormy path awhile,
 God's blessèd Word can part each cloud,
 And bid the Sunshine smile.

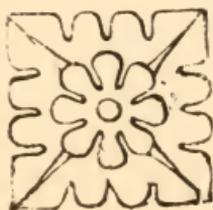
Only believe, in living Faith,
 His Love and Power Divine ;
 And ere thy Sun shall set in death,
 His Light shall round thee shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
 His Bow of Love and Peace

Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By Faith, and not by Sight ;
And thou shalt own His Word fulfilled,
At Eve it shall be Light.

BERNARD BARTON.



THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

“Come, see a Man, which told me all things that ever I did :
is not this the Christ ?”—JOHN iv. 29.



HE left her pitcher at the well, and to
her home returned,
The welcome Words of Life to bear, that
in her full heart burned :

Her kindred, and the stranger's ear, alike the News
receive,
Of Water from a hidden Spring, the Saviour waits
to give.

With joyful haste and zealous love, she turns to seek
her home,

The ceaseless burden of her theme, “Behold ! the
Christ is come !”

He waits—Messiah waits to Bless, as none e'er
Blessed before,

Come, Drink ye of the Living Stream ; believe, and
thirst no more.

She left her pitcher at the well, her thoughts still
backward bent ;

Tears, marked by Jesu's Eye alone, fell softly as she
went :

“He told me all that e’er I did,” the contrite sinner
cried,

“Nor to my wounded heart’s relief the healing Balm
denied.

“Yea, line by line, my Life’s dark page He gently
read me o’er ;

He spake in Wisdom and in Love, as man ne’er
spake before ;

Against my soul, so stained with sin, no curse of
wrath was hurled,—

Then knew I it was Christ the Lord, the Saviour of
the World.

“Come ! and behold Messiah’s Face, of whom the
people tell ;

O come and hear His holy Voice ! He waiteth by
the well ;

O come to Christ !” Samaria’s hills echo His Name
aloud,

And tidings of Messiah fly amid the wondering
crowd.

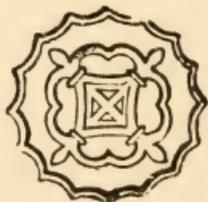
Come thou where streams of Love abound, and near
the Fount remain ;

For he who Drinks when Jesus draws shall never
Thirst again :

Linger no more by Meribah, of bitter memories rife,
Drink of the Spring that welleteth up to everlasting
Life.

Like her of Sychar, hast thou drunk of that blest
 Fount? Then go,
Let others learn the priceless Gifts that from the
 Waters flow ;
Go forth ! and in thy Saviour's strength, thy voice
 shall yet be heard,
And wandering hearts shall turn and bless a feeble
 woman's word.

ANNA SHIPTON.



RABBONI!

66 **R**ABBONI! Master, Lord Divine,
So sadly lost, so strangely found!
Once more I touch, once more I twine
My arms those sacred Feet around.
Hold Thee I must; for much I fear me,
That but for this enforced delay,
Elijah-like, Thy God will bear Thee
I know not whither, far away.”

“ Mary! I come not from above,
As those white-robèd Angels come,
To do some deed of Wrath or Love,
Then spread their wings in haste for Home.
Not yet unto My Throne ascended,—
Unloose thy grasp; such fears are vain:
Depart, and ere My Work is ended,
Thou shalt behold My Face again.

“ Detain Me not. The loving touch
But wastes the hour of loving deeds;
And all thou valuest so much,
While yet we linger, useless speeds.
Go, bid My brethren haste before Me,
Hence to their native Galilee;

There shall thy Lord ascend in Glory,
And they My Heavenward Flight shall see.

“ And thou—let not thy courage shrink ;
Absent, I shall be with thee still ;
My Flesh to Eat, My Blood to Drink,
My Spirit in thy heart to dwell.
I go unto our common Father ;
Yet in My Name, in mutual prayer,
Wherever two or three shall gather,
There shall they Meet and Touch Me there.”

“ *Morning Thoughts.*”



FORGET ME NOT.

MEET flower of unpretending hue,
Of starry eye and pallid blue,
That springs up in the woodland way,
Or purest 'mid the hedgerows gay,
Through tufted grass—'neath hawthorn shade ;
Sweet tenant of the gladsome glade,
The sunny bank, the twilight dell,
Who shall thy modest merits tell ?—
Who sing thy praise in simple lay,
Fair daughter of the lovely May ?

The stranger, as he pensive roves,
When spring-tide blossoms scent the groves,
Perchance may view, with heedless eye,
Full many a flower of brighter dye,
And e'en regardless pass the bed
Where secret violets perfume shed ;
Then, sighing, pause while thoughts of home
Fast crowding o'er the spirit come ;
And half forget his lonely lot,
Where gleams thy smile—" Forget me Not."

And when we stray those paths along,
Made vocal by the woodland song ;
Or o'er the verdant meadows roam,
Where wild bees love to seek their home ;

Or in the sylvan glade repose,
 While foliaged ramparts round us close,—
 Let each low plant—each floweret spread
 Upon the turf their footsteps tread,
 A preacher in such tranquil spot,
 Exclaim—“O Man, Forget me Not!”

Forget not thou the wondrous Skill
 That formed me at thy Maker's Will!
 Forget not that the fearful Power
 Which Earth sustains, decks too the flower!
 Though suns, though planets own His Might,
 Which called them from the Womb of Night,
 Not less His Wisdom meets thy view,
 Where the green herb drinks in the dew,
 And insect bowers their tenants shield,
 —Those fitting Pilgrims of the field!

Yes, O my God! Thy Voice I hear
 In all the seasons of the year;
 In every scene of night or day,
 Thy Wisdom hails me on my way.
 All, all, both high and low, proclaim
 The Glory of Thy Awful Name!
 And though a frail and fleeting thing,
 Fain would I of that Glory sing,
 And pray, unworthy though I be,
 That Thou wouldst e'en Forget not me.

J. A. WALKER.

BENEATH THE CROSS.



BENEATH Thy Cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy Bloody Crown :
Love drops in Blood from every vein ;
Love is the spring of all His Pain.

Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away ;
Think on Thy Bleeding Wounds and Pain,
And contemplate Thy Woes again.

The rage of Satan and of Sin,
Of foes without, and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from Thy Cross, or from Thy Love.

Secure from harm beneath Thy shade,
Here Death and Hell shall ne'er invade,
Nor Sinai, with its thunder's roar,
Disturb my peace for evermore.

O unmolested, happy Rest,
Where inward fears are all suppressed ;
Here shall I love and live secure,
And patiently my Cross endure.

W. WILLIAMS.

THY DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

HARK! hark! a cry is gone abroad from
 every peopled plain,
 It sweeps along the sounding Shore, it
 murmurs from the Main ;
 From every varied spot of earth, where human
 creatures be,
 It loudly echoes through the land, and spreads from
 sea to sea ;
 From palace wall and humble cot, from town and
 village lone ;
 From every newly-opened grave, and every church-
 yard stone ;
 In every language under Heaven, a voice repeats
 the Cry,—
 „ Thy days are numbered, mortal Man, and thou
 art born to Die.”

Whate'er thy state may be, whate'er the paths
 thy feet have trod,
 Forsake thy sins and lowly kneel, and seek the Lord
 thy God ;
 Prepare thee for thy bed of death, though now
 thy bosom burn,
 For Dust thou art, and suddenly to Dust shalt
 thou return.

What though ten thousand flattering tongues
conspire to praise thee now,
Though glittering stars adorn thy breast, and
diadems thy brow ;
'Mid all thy dreams of earthly bliss thou soon shalt
hear the Cry,
“Thy days are numbered, mortal Man, and thou
art doomed to Die.”

GEORGE MOGRIDGE
(*Old Humphrey*).



“ *WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.*”



NOT as He was, a houseless Stranger,
 With no home to shield His Head,—
 Not as seen in Bethlehem's manger,
 Where the hornèd oxen fed,—

Not as in the Garden groaning,
 Plunged in deep Mysterious Woe,
 All the Guilt of Man bemoaning,
 While the precious Blood-Sweats flow,—

Not as seen on Calvary's mountain,
 Where He offered up His Soul,
 Opening wide that sacred Fountain
 Which alone can make us whole,—

Not as He was, a pale and breathless
 Captive in the Shades beneath,—
 But as He is, Immortal, Deathless,
 Conqueror o'er the powers of Death !

Yes ! we shall see Him in our nature,
 Seated on His lofty Throne—
 Loved, adored by every creature,
 Owned as God, and God alone !

There countless hosts of shining spirits
 Strike their harps, and loudly sing

To the praise of Jesu's Merits,
To the Glory of their King!

When we pass o'er Death's dark river,
We shall see Him as He is—
Resting in His Love and Favour,
Owning all the Glory His :

There to cast our Crowns before Him—
Oh, what bliss the thought affords!—
There for ever to adore Him—
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!

MARY PYPER.



“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

UN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near :
 O may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
 And all the flowers of life unfold,
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's Breast !

If some poor wandering Child of Thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the Voice Divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With Blessings from Thy boundless Store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the Ocean of Thy Love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.



THE TOMBS OF THE BISHOPS.

IN the dim Cathedral chancel, where the
 organ-notes are pealing,
 And the strangely solemn echoes
 through the marble arches pour ;
 Where the light of Peace and Blessing, like the
 golden sunlight, stealing
 Through the fair old jewelled windows, seems to
 hover evermore !

Where the choristers come softly, with their quiet
 reverent faces,
 To stand there, so near the Altar, in Christ's
 Presence, day by day ;
 And, in holy awe and rapture, kneeling humbly in
 their places,
 Priests and people, young and aged, rich and
 lowly, come to pray.

With those hands so meekly folded—pleading ever-
 more !—reclining ;
 And the canopy all carven and emblazoned over-
 head ;—
 Where the early, gentle, stainless light of morning
 time is shining—
 Type of "Glory Everlasting," that will dawn upon
 the Dead.

Resting calmly, sweetly sleeping, in those aisles so
fair and stately,
Which their feet, in earnest service and com-
munion, once trod :
In that sweet and quiet shadow, which in life they
loved so greatly,
When they stood beside the Altar as the Minis-
ters of God.

O ye waiting ones! where we kneel ye have often
knelt as gladly,
When the gift of Benediction has been poured
upon the Bride :
And ye too have often wept within the Sanctuary
sadly,
When strange, wild storms have burst upon the
Church ye had to guide.

Past and gone is all the labour, and the mingled
joy and sorrow,
All the struggles that, for sake of Christ, so
patiently ye bore !
It is only Rest and Peace, until the glorious To-
morrow—
Till the saintly life be perfected in Him for
evermore !

O ye spirits of the righteous ! in the calm, pure air
around us,
It would seem that ye are lingering in this mighty
Temple now !

That the solemn choral music, whose exulting notes
surround us,
Breathes a Message of your gladness to the weary
hearts below ;

Bidding us to work in patience, and the Cross to
carry humbly,
At the Altar never ceasing for the Grace of God
to plead ;

(E'en those hands of stone are praying, and the cold
lips asking dumbly
That the Father will have Mercy on the souls
that Jesus freed !)

Telling, in those hallowed echoes, what a marvellous
awaking

Will the last sweet Easter Morning to the Faith-
ful-hearted be !

With what untold joy and rapture they will hail the
Glory breaking,

And before the Unveiled Presence, in its Glory,
stand with Thee !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



“*I WILL LOVE HIM, AND WILL
MANIFEST MYSELF UNTO HIM.*”



WHAT happiness can equal mine ?

I've found the Object of my love ;

My Saviour and my Lord Divine

Is come to me from Heaven above !

He makes my heart His own Abode,

His Flesh becomes my daily bread ;

He pours on me His Healing Blood,

And with His Life my soul is fed.

My Love is mine, and I am His,

In me He dwells, in Him I live ;

Where could I taste a purer Bliss ?

What greater boon could Jesus give ?

O Royal Banquet, Heavenly Feast,

O flowing Fount of Life and Grace,

Where God the Giver, Man the Guest,

Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine,

Oh may it never from Thee fly ;

My God, be Thou for ever mine,

And I Thine own eternally.

No more, O Satan, thee I fear ;

O World, thy charms I now despise,

For Christ Himself is with me here,

My Joy, my Life, my Paradise.

“*HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH
HIS ARM.*”

Isaiah xl. 11.



THOU gentle soul, kneeling in meek
devotion,
Cherish the rising ardour of thy
breast ;

He who implanted that Divine emotion
Calls thee to follow Him, and be at rest.

In desert Pastures, lonely and unheeded,
Weeping and lost, poor wanderer, thou didst stray ;
Thy Shepherd heard thy cries, and straight pro-
ceeded
To bear thee in His tender Arms away.

Peace, foolish lamb! thou need'st no longer tremble,
Thy gentle Guardian's Love is known of old ;
Others may lie, and flatter, and dissemble,
But He will bring thee safely to the Fold.

Envy and wrath, and every thought unholy,
Be now for ever banished from thy breast ;
Thou must aspire to be both meek and lowly,
So shalt thou sweetly pass unto thy Rest.

And what though grief and sighs and bitter weeping
Sully the freshness of thy morning prime?
Wait thou with patience for the joyful Reaping,
Sweet and eternal is the Harvest-Time.

What though the tribes of earth in scornful pity
Brand thee, as Christ of old, with “fool” and
“mad”?
Thou shalt rejoice within the Heavenly City,
When they are desolate, forlorn, and sad.

Translated from the Italian.



HUMILITY.

THE lowly spirit God hath consecrated
 As His abiding rest ;
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have
 waited,
 When kings had no such guest.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,
 A sweet, unconscious grace,
 Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers
 The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, Contentment is and Honour,—
 Such guerdon Meekness knows ;
 His Peace within her, and His Smile upon her,
 Her saintly way she goes.

The Angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
 And guard her from annoy ;
 Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflowings
 Of calm celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the Vesture
 With which He walked on earth ;
 And through her childlike glance, and step, and
 gesture,
 He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this Seal of Glory graven
On all whom He redeems,
And in His own bright City, crystal paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The White-robed saints the Throne-steps singing
under,
Their state all meekly wear ;
Their pauseless Praise wells up from hearts which
wonder
That ever they came there.

S. D. S.



MIRACLES.

HERE are the mighty deeds they wrought,
 The prophets grand of olden time,
 When Nature's laws, as things of nought,
 Surrendered to a Faith sublime?

Why is the Grace no longer given?

Why falls not now the Fire from Heaven?

Tread we the selfsame earth they trod,

Who spake, and sun and moon stood still;

Turned floods into dry land; whose rod

Struck from the rock the living rill;

Darkened with thunder-clouds the sky

By prayer, or drained earth's fountains dry?

Lo! yon fair Land of sunniest skies,

Where newer Life invades the old,

Till the long sleep that sealed her eyes

Is startled, and her sons behold,

Through desert sands, and flags, and reeds,

The highway for the wingèd steeds!

Is this indeed where Amram's son

Smote fear into the hearts of kings?

Yon Hamlet where a Holier One
Arose with Healing in His Wings?
Yon Mound beneath the Moslem sky
Where He was lifted up to Die?

The holy places bear no sign
And breathe no sound of marvels past;
No plainer impress of Divine,
No heavenly halo round them cast:
Theirs are the common light and air,
All sights, all sounds, as elsewhere.

But the same Spirit breathes o'er all,
And greater Works are wrought than these
Each hour, in every zone, till fall
Hell's towers, and He who holds the Keys
O'erturn the laws of Death and Hell,
And Reign, restoring all things well.

C. L. FORD.



THE VOICE OF PSALMS.

T was a household Hymn which broke
 Upon the silent air, and woke
 The woodland echoes near, which gave
 The music back in many a wave
 Of undulating sound. It seemed,
 At least so listening fancy deemed,
 As if kind Nature would prolong
 The melody of such a song,
 And lend at once her thousand chords
 To glorify the Lord of Lords.

Mingled in that sweet strain there was
 A father's deep, sonorous bass,
 A mother's mellow tones, and soft
 The voice of childhood rose aloft
 In one united peal of Praise
 To Him whose Love prolonged their days ;
 To whom they gave their souls to keep
 Through the unconscious hours of sleep.

Could those who taste eternal Bliss
 Find aught in such a world as this,
 'Mid mortal care, resembling even
 The least beatitude of Heaven ?
 Could spirits pure, beneath the skies,
 Forget the Songs of Paradise ?

Angels, upon their errands dear,
Had paused to sing and listen here.

And did they not? Oh, who can tell
How sweetly Seraph voices swell,
Although unheard by mortal ears,
Charming the Blest of other Spheres?
'Tis said that there is joy in Heaven
O'er one repentant soul forgiven;
And may not, then, the Song of Love,
Repeated oft, arise above,
And ring around the Throne Supreme
Of Him whose Glory is the Theme?

May it not mount from Choir to Choir,
Ascending higher still, and higher;
Losing each tuneless tone and jar,
As up it soars from star to star,
Until the cottage psalm at last,
From World to World by Seraphs passed,
Resounds in Harmony complete,
Where Heaven and Earth in chorus meet?

JOHN BETHUNE.

HEAVEN.

THAT pure Bliss unspeakable
Of souls called with God to dwell,
Faileth aught of earth to tell.

All pure joys we know, in One,
There shall show, as dewdrop lone
To the ocean's mighty zone.

All the treasures Holy Love
E'er hath gathered, there shall prove,
As to countless worlds above,

One small grain upon the shore :
Who may tell that precious Store ?
Who may count its Jewels o'er ?

Borne by Angel hands along,
Welcomed in by Angel throng,
With a thrilling burst of Song,

Through the lustrous Gates of Heaven,
(Image faint to us here given
In the glowing hues of even :)

Onward in the glorious Tide,
Floating through those regions wide,
Till she reach her Saviour's Side :

Who may paint that Blissful Smile
Which shall greet the Soul, erewhile
Sinking 'neath her earthly toil ?

Who conceive the endearing word
Of her loved and Loving Lord ?—
Sweetest Music ear e'er heard.

Who the Beauty of that Face,
Filled with Majesty and Grace,
May in faintest shadow trace ?—

Beaming with such dazzling Light,
Thrilling through those Mansions bright,
Where there shall be no more Night :

Pouring, in resistless flood,
Love—the City of our God
To make glad—'tis Angels' food.

On this Heavenly Nectar fed,
Tinged from Wounds that for us Bled,
None shall Thirst or Hunger dread.

Nought but joy from radiant Eye
There shall beam, where God will dry
Every tear,—still every sigh.

Death for ever past, and Woe ;
Sin, which blighted all below,
There forgotten, none shall know.

Every pain and trouble flown,
Grief no more shall make her moan,
None be sorrowful or lone.

Souls long parted there shall meet,
And in purest rapture greet ;
Then, close twined, in converse sweet,

Wandering through those endless Bowers,
'Mid the Amaranthine Flowers,
Heeding not the timeless hours,

Shall to one another tell
How their Lord, who Loved them well,
Brought them there, in Bliss to dwell.

How, 'mid storm and fiery blast
Borne by Him, through all they passed,
Won the Eternal Gates at last.

Glorying in the Morn's full beam,
Now, as they look back, 'twould seem
Earth were but a twilight dream.

Woes they once deemed clouds of night,
Now, as sparkling gems of Light,
Shall adorn their Circlets bright ;

Giving back the Rays of Love
From their Sun, round Whom they move,
Who those Crowns victorious wove.

Pride and envy banished far,
In that Glory each bright Star
Joys that others brighter are.

Those that nearest to the Throne
Sing and shine, in Love shall own
Every lesser, lower one.

One their Love and one their Light,
From that Fountain Infinite,
By Whom, in Whom, all unite.

Perfect Love all hearts shall thrill,
To the brim each chalice fill,
Still enlarging, satiate still.

As from Bliss to Bliss they rise,
Still upon their opened eyes
Glories ever new arise ;

While their highest, chiefest joy,
Lies in strains which never cloy,
Praising God without alloy.

Yea, the Heaven of Heavens shall ring,
While Seraphic harpers sing
All the Glories of their King.

He who once, of all things bared,
For our sakes Earth's Sufferings shared,
For us those blest Joys prepared :

Who the Five Dread Marks of Love,
Won below, now wears Above ;
These their deepest chord shall move.

Oh, to those Blest Wounds, Lord, raise
Longing eyes, in Faith to gaze,
Even now, through earth's dark haze.

Fill our hearts with Love so pure,
That it may to death endure,
And to every pang inure :

Wean from all of earth, that we,
Closely clinging, Lord, to Thee,
May at length Thy Beauty see.

Unto Him, the Joy of Heaven,
Who the chains of Woe hath riven,
Evermore be Glory given :

Three in One, and One in Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Loved and Praised eternally !

C. SELTON.

THE BATTLE PRAYER.



ATHER, on Thee I call—

The cannon booms, the smoke-wreath
curls around ;

Fiercely the death-shots plough the
ensanguined ground,

Lord of Sabaoth, in the mortal fight,
Guide Thou mine arm aright ;

Thou art the warrior's Shield,
The warrior's Trust,—whate'er be Thy Decree,
Triumph or death, I bow submissively ;

In the wild raging of this perilous hour
My spirit owns Thy Power.

Art Thou not present here ?

Yes ; in each varying scene, so wild and stern,
Thy Providence I trace, Thy Hand discern,
And in the peaceful vale, or battle sod,
I bless Thee, O my God !

All Power, all Might is Thine,
Omnipotent ! if so Thy Will ordain,
The boon Thou gavest Thou mayst recall again :
But still, in life or death, defeat or fame,
My voice shall praise Thy Name.

T. WESTWOOD.

BROTHER, WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

HERE the faded flower shall freshen,
 Freshen never more to fade ;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
 Brighten never more to shade ;
 Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;
 Where the star-beams cease to chill ;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong ;
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
 'Mid the burst of Holy Song :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,
 'Mid the Holy and the Blest !

 Where no shadow shall bewilder ;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er ;
 Where the sleep of Sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more :
 Where no bond is ever sundered ;
 Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide,—all are done :
 Where the child has found its mother ;
 Where the mother finds the child ;
 Where dear families are gathered
 That were scattered on the wild :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,
 'Mid the Holy and the Blest !

Where the hidden wound is healèd ;
Where the blighted life re-blooms ;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes :
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless Flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright Clime :
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore :
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the Holy and the Blest !

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer Sphere,
And a softer, gentler Sunshine
Shed its Healing splendour here :
Where Earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of Green ;
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been :
Where a King in Kingly Glory—
Such as earth hath never known—
Shall assume the Righteous Sceptre,
Claim and wear the Holy Crown :
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the Holy and the Blest !

*ENTHRONED UPON THE MOUNTAIN
HEIGHT.*



ENTHRONED upon the mountain height,
Harmonious Peace unbroken reigns ;
While Discord, like a stormy night,
In wild confusion wraps the plains.

When in Sinai's secret place,
God with His servant talked alone,
With Beams too bright for earth, His Face
From the dread Mount returning Shone :

While from the camp below, the din
Of hideous mirth to Heaven conveyed
Wild orgies of the monstrous sin,
The molten calf "which Aaron made."

The wind is hushed, the ground is still,
The burning flames no longer glow ;
On Horeb's top Jehovah's Will
Is heard in accents soft and low ;

While earth, of pity clean bereft,
God's latest servant thought to slay,—
I, even I, alone am left,
Whose life they seek to take away.

How white their glistening Robes appear !
How fair their heads, with Glory crowned !—

Sinai's Prophet, Horeb's Seer,
On Tabor's top with Jesu found.

But while with Christ in God their life
Is hidden on the mountain brow,
More fierce the feud, more loud the strife
Of Satan's sons must rage below.

Why? but that weary souls may yearn,
The narrow Path in patience trod,
Their homeward steps from earth to turn,
And rest on Sion's Hill with God.

“Morning Thoughts.”



SPIRIT WATCHINGS.

IN youth I died, in maiden bloom.
 With gentle hand Death touched my
 cheek,
 And with his touch there came to me
 A Spirit, calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay ;
 He was so kind I feared Him not :
 My friends beheld my slow decline,
 And mourned my joyless lot.

They saw but Sorrow—I descried
 The Bliss that never fades away ;
 They felt the Shadow of the Tomb—
 I marked the Heavenly Day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
 They kept their watch : then on my ear,
 Amid the sobbing, fell a Voice
 Their anguish could not hear.

“ Come ! and fear not ! ” it softly cried ;
 “ We wait to lead thee to thy Home ! ”

Then leaped my spirit to reply—

“ I come ! I long to come ! ”

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—

“ Another hour, and she must die ! ”

I was too weak to answer them

That Endless Life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears,

They mourned me as untimely dead,

And heard not how I sang a Song

Of Triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought

How narrow was my resting-place;—

My soul was roving high and wide

At will through Boundless Space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black ;

Through the sad aisle the Requiem rang :

Meanwhile the White-robed Choirs of Heaven

A Holy Pæan sang.

Oft from my Paradise I come

To visit those I love on Earth ;

I enter unperceived the door,—

They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me
As one that never can return :
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn !

But Time will ease their grief, and Death
Will purge the Darkness from their eyes ;
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn Mysteries.

ANONYMOUS.



“LET US NOT SLEEP AS DO OTHERS.”



SLEEP not, Soldier of the Cross !
Foes are lurking all around ;
Look not here to find repose :
This is but thy Battle-ground.

Up ! and take thy shield and sword ;
Up ! it is the call of Heaven :
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord ;
Nobly strive as He hath Striven.

Break through all the force of Ill ;
Tread the might of passion down,—
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the Conquering Saviour's Crown !

Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,—
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming Rest.

W. GASKELL.

DREAMLAND.

I.



ONCE I sat beside a river
 In a summer land ;
 Sat and watched the wavelets quiver
 In upon the sand ;
 Heard the ripple of the stream,
 As one hears it in a dream.

But my reverie was ended
 By the sound of oars ;
 Down the stream a boat descended
 From some unknown shores,
 And therein one gently rowing,
 Careless where his boat was going.

So he passed me, slowly drifting
 With the lapping tide,
 Dipping here an oar, and lifting
 Lilies o'er the side ;
 Pushing there against the bank,
 Where the flowering weeds grow rank.

Then he passed beyond my vision,
 And I lay reclined,

As in those famed fields Elysian,
 Filling all my mind
With the sense of perfect beauty,
Free from trouble, void of duty,—

Rested in that scene entrancing
 For a little space,
Watched the yellow sunlights glancing
 On the river's face,
Gazed until I heard once more,
Far above, the dipping oar.

Down she glided, softly, lightly,
 With no effort made ;
Round her shone the waters brightly,
 Where before was shade,
Such a golden gleam she cast
All about her as she passed.

As I gazed and marked her air
 Of supremest grace,
Half it seemed a maiden's fair,
 Half an Angel's face.
While I gazed she passed away,
Taking with her half the day.

Trees above her bending slowly,
 Whispering seemed to woo her ;
Wayside flowers, bowing lowly,
 Flung their perfume to her ;
And I, starting from my seat,
Followed on with wingèd feet.

Through the wood my quick way wending,
Came I to a place
Where the rapid stream, descending,
Paused a little space,
And its waters spread between
Flower-fringed islets green.

Standing here, I saw her boat
Dance into the lake ;
Saw the water-lilies float
Dancing in its wake ;
Saw her passing on where he
Idly rocked beneath a tree.

Sudden marvel ! dumb surprise !
Boundless admiration
Seemed within his startled eyes
Almost adoration.
All his soul went forth to meet
Her he had no power to greet.

So he gazed in loving wonder,
Finding still no speech,
While she glided slowly under
His o'erhanging beech :
When the vision bright had passed,
Sense and speech came back at last,

And he sent a bitter cry
All across the water,—
“ Leave me not, or I must die ! ”
Madly then besought her,

With a passion ever stronger,
She would stay a little longer.

All in vain ! entreaties wild
 Slackened nought her speed ;
Faintly to herself she smiled,—
 Paid no other heed,
Though he flung to her the flowers
Gathered all those idle hours.

II.

Carried by some unseen power,
 Stood I by the river,
Where the bitter, sleeted shower
 Made me start and shiver ;
But I knew that river came,
Though so altered, still the same.

Either side the channel lying,
 Stiff and black and bare,
Beds of ghostly rushes, dying
 In the winter air,
Sighed to every breeze that passed,
Shrieked to every louder blast.

All the twilight seemed bereft
 Of the sense of life ;
Life had vanished, and had left
 Death with death at strife :
Only from the farthest gloom
Echoed back the bittern's boom.

Pale and cold the moon, forth-breaking
 With a sudden gleam,

Sent a ray of silver shaking
Down the rain-plashed stream,
Glanced from off the feathered oars
I had watched from happier shores ;

Lighted up the pallid features
Of his face averted :—
He alone, of all God's creatures
In this land, deserted,
With unflagging labour sped
Onwards, where the river led.

Then again the clouds, down-sweeping,
Hid that sudden light,
And I turned me, sadly weeping,
Back into the night,
Seeing still before me plain
That fixed look of hopeless pain.

For I knew the silent sorrow,
Knew the helpless grief,—
Grief to which no earthly morrow
Ever brings relief ;
Read at once the condemnation
Of his utter desolation.

Then with hasty steps I hied me
From that hateful spot,
Till I heard a voice beside me
Saying, " Weep thou not ;
How canst thou thy tears defend, .
Who hast not waited for the end ?

“ Perhaps that vision brief was sent
 Unto him from Heaven ;
Perhaps that Angel face was lent
 For a while, not given,
Lest his soul should rest content
In its earthly element.

“ On the way where she has gone,
 Toward the narrow sea,
Onwards, where her light has shone,
 Sad, but strong and free,
Heart and soul and arm together,
He may brave the wind and weather.

“ What though all his soul be weary,
 All his heart be sick,
Toiling through the desert dreary,
 And the darkness thick ?
Pressing on with constant mind,
He shall leave all this behind.

“ And, beyond the narrow ocean,
 Past the breakers' roar,
Souls of pure and firm devotion
 Reach a better Shore :
Love, that overcometh here,
Findeth full fruition there.”

REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.

ALL FLESH IS GRASS.

RASS of the field ! the morning sun
 Shines on thy verdure fair ;
 But ere his daily course is run,
 He'll scorch thy golden hair.

In warning tone the Psalmist says,
 All living flesh is Grass ;
 But ah ! with ever heedless gaze,
 Mortals their Emblem pass.

Youth, thoughtless of impending doom,
 Rejoicing in the morn,
 Forgets that evening's hour of gloom
 Must see his beauty shorn.

And even when that hour is come,
 Man turns his thoughts away,
 And sinks into his last long Home,
 Forgetting he is clay.

But we will twine within our wreath
 These flowerets of the sod,
 To tell us still of Change and Death,
 The Message of our God.

“ Bouquet des Souvenirs.”

*AS THY DAY SO SHALL THY
STRENGTH BE.*

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree
That "as my Day, my Strength shall be."

When with sad footstep Memory roves
O'er smitten joys and buried loves ;
When, like a mourner, low I bend,
Without a comforter or friend ;
Then to Thy Promise, Lord, I flee,—
Still "as thy Day, thy Strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,—
One pang, the keenest and the last ;
And when, convulsed with mortal pain,
Struggling, I seek for ease in vain,
Then wilt Thou give my soul to see
That, "as her Day, her Strength shall be."

THE WELCOME HOME.

“I have sinned against Heaven, and in Thy sight.”
—S. LUKE XV.

66



WANDERING, anguished, stricken
soul,
No peace, no rest I find :
What may this deep remorse control,
This broken spirit bind ?
Where'er I turn, some haunting sight
Of guilty sorrow past
Rises, and drives the happy light
From eyes by shame o'ercast.
Shall they e'er smile again ? shall e'er
This aching heart be still ?
What spell may charm from Memory's lair
The spectral forms of ill ?
Shall burning, bitter tears avail,
Unceasing night and day ?
Shall deep-drawn sigh, or sorrowing wail,
E'er drive remorse away ?
Alas ! too far I've wandered long,
My Father kind, from Thee !
Knowing the right, and choosing wrong ;—
There is no Peace for me."

“Nay, mourn not thus in hopeless woe,”

Some Angel whispers nigh :

“Arise, and to thy Father go,

He yearns to still that cry.

O doubt Him not ! He loves thee now :

It is His Love alone

That bids thy soul in anguish bow,

Since thou from Him art gone ;—

That Love still pleads with thee apart,

Amid the desert drear

Of thy despairing, wayward heart ;

O turn to Him, and hear !

Turn, for there yet is time ; arise,

And claim that Love once more :

He will not even thee despise,

A suppliant at His door.

For now He grieves till thou return

To seek His pardon free ;

Abject and fallen, thou yet shalt learn

That there is Peace for thee !”

“I will arise, and trembling fall

Before Him, and confess

My grievous wanderings, each and all,

My guilt and wretchedness.

Still from the bitter task I shrink :

What if He should not deign

To hear ? Alas ! my spirits sink ;

It may be all in vain.

For none, as I, have fallen : yea, I

Of sinners am the chief ;

For I have sinned so wilfully,
And pierced His Heart with grief.
Yet once from those Blest Lips I heard
What I may never doubt :
For 'him that cometh,' was His word,
'In no wise I cast out.'
Yea, I will go, and cast me down
At His loved Feet, and see
If one so vile He yet will own,
If there is Peace for me !”

“A fallen, miserable child,
Father, I come to Thee !
For I have sinned against Thy mild
And patient clemency :
Against Thine oft-repeated call,
Against Thy warning Love ;
Unblushing, in the sight of all
The Heavenly Court above.
No more may I deserve the name
Thou gavest once to me ;
Such title dear I dare not claim,—
Let me Thy servant be ;
The lowest, humblest place I crave,
Within Thy mansions blest ;—
Thou, who art never slow to save,
O hear, and give me rest !
Wilfully, deeply have I erred,
But I return to Thee :
O Father, let Thy gracious word
Yet speak of Peace to me !

“ O can it be, that Thou shouldst haste
 To raise Thy ingrate one !
Lo, in those loving arms embraced
 Thou callest him Thy Son !
Thy long-lost child Thou ownest yet,
 Defaced with guilty stain :
All wanderings past Thou dost forget,
 And girdest with Love’s chain.
Such bliss the trembling soul o’erpowers ;
 O rather let me lie
And bathe Thy Feet in mingled showers
 Of grief and ecstasy !
No more I fear to tell Thee all,
 No more despair shall wring
This heart repentant, freed from thrall,
 Yet humbly sorrowing.
Clothed in the robe of penitence,
 Absolved and cleansed by Thee,
Feasted at Thine Own Board, from hence
 O there is Peace for me ! ”

C. SELLON.



THE DYING SOLDIER'S LITANY.

FROM the gloomy battle-field,
 Hear, O Lord, my earnest cry ;
 Up to Thee my soul I yield,—
 Soon this mortal frame must die :
 “Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

Far from home and friendships dear,
 On a strange and distant shore,
 Only Thou canst reach me here,—
 Friends shall hear my voice no more :
 “Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

Let Thy sheltering wings be spread
 Over my departing soul ;
 Shield my unprotected head,
 Make my contrite spirit whole :
 “Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

Let Thy Spirit whisper “Peace,”
 Through the Lamb for sinners slain ;

Bid my guilty terrors cease,
Wash away my every stain :
“ Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

Let my sins be all forgiven,
For my Lord, my Saviour's sake ;
Bring my ransomed soul to Heaven,
To Thyself my spirit take :
“ Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

Life is ebbing fast away,—
O my Saviour, be Thou nigh ;
Now, oh ! now, be Thou my stay,—
Jesus, hear my dying cry :
“ Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.”

ROBERT NEWSTEAD.



THE REQUIEM.



HARK ! how that eloquent note
 Throbs on the soft, sweet air,
 Solemn and stern and low,
 Breathing of mortal woe !
 Its lingering echoes in our wild hearts float,
 Hushing them suddenly with the hush of prayer.

Stand 'neath the old grey tower,
 Mellowed in crimson light ;
 Look at the blue hills now,
 Blushing from base to brow
 With the glad beauty of the sunset hour :
 Can there be mourning in a world so bright ?

Hark ! how the old Church bell
 Answers, in accent clear,—
 “ Sorrow and pain and care
 Lieth in plenty there.
 Bowers of Eden, where the sinless dwell—
 The sinless and sorrowless—they are not here.

“ There is a delicate face,
 Silent and pale and cold ;

Light of the sunset lies
Softly on sleeping eyes,—
Eyes that no more, with tender, girlish grace,
Shall speak the language that they spoke of old.

“ And small hands clasped in prayer,
Waxen, and white as snow,
Clasped on a pulseless breast,
Folded in perfect rest ;
And sealèd lips—such tremulous lips they were,
Breathing of Love in tones most soft and low.

“ There is a lonely room,
Over whose silent floor
One step shall never go
Noiselessly to and fro ;
That sunny chamber will be wrapt in gloom,
For she, its mistress, must dwell there no more.

“ There is a faithful heart,
Broken with pain and grief ;—
One which has loved her well,
Far more than words can tell :
Whose joys and sorrows she has borne in part
For one short year—so beautiful ! so brief !

“ There is a little life,
Feeble and weak and new,
Left in this weary land,
With no fond mother's hand
To guide and shelter in the time of strife,
And no sweet mother's love, tender and true.

“ Think of that morning,—how
 You heard the marriage bells
 Ring o’er the bride’s fair head!—
 Now she lies cold and dead,
 The first unanswered kiss upon her brow,
 And my sad requiem from the Church tower swells,

“ Breathing of Cross and Crown,
 Breathing of Death and Life,
 Breathing of Joy and Woe,
 With solemn tone and slow ;
 Of earthly troubles that are all laid down,
 Of that deep peace which shall succeed the strife.

“ O earth ! O earth ! thy breath
 Is often very sweet ;
 Thy hills and valleys bear
 Colours so rich and fair :
 But all thy beauty is the prey of Death,—
 He treads it ruthlessly beneath his feet.

“ Sweetly thy flowers blow,—
 Flowers of Hope and Love ;
 Bitter the fruit they bring
 After the blossoming.
 Sinful and sorrowful is the world below ;
 Perfect and beautiful is the world above !

“ O Land of Love and Light !
 O blessed, blessed Land !

Thine are the stainless Bowers,
Thine the Perennial Flowers ;
Thine is the Gladness ever full and bright ;
Shadows may fall not on thy Golden Strand.

“ In thee no hearts may mourn,
Nor eloquent tears o'erflow ;
Thine is the perfect Peace,
Thine is the sweet Release
From every sorrow that the soul has borne
Through this strange life of trial here below.

“ Ah ! there will dear ones meet,
Parting no more for aye ;
There will the old Love shine,
Perfected, pure, Divine ;
There shall they rest in Rapture calm and sweet,
Those who are severed in this world to-day.”

ADA CAMBRIDGE.



“*HEAR MY PRAYER, O GOD.*”



REAT God, hear Thou my prayer !

Thy righteous Wrath forbear,

My pride is bowed beneath Thy chastening Rod ;

Behold, with pitying Eye,

My ceaseless agony—

Though great my sin, forsake me not, O God.

O let Thy Grace impart

Strength to a contrite heart ;

Bleeding and faint, it sinks beneath its load :

Trembling, and sore dismayed,

I call on Thee for aid—

Incline Thine Ear unto my prayer, O God.

Let not Thine Anger burn

Till dust to dust return ;

Look down in Mercy from Thy Dread Abode ;

Dispel the clouds that roll

Like billows o'er my soul,

Scatter the Darkness with Thy Light, O God.

Teach me no more to stray

From Thine appointed Way ;

Fain would I journey in the narrow Road ;

But snares beset me round,

And deadly fears abound,—

Then Hear me, Aid me, Strengthen me, O God.

T. WESTWOOD.

“SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!”



THOU, too, art gone to Rest,
Where all the pious Dead
In peace and patience wait the Call
Of their exalted Head.

Thy battle Scenes are o'er,
Thy Palm of Victory won ;
And, hark ! a Voice from Heaven proclaims—
“ Servant of God, well done ! ”

Thy life was long and bright,
And crowned with deeds of love—
I will not blaze them to the world,
For they are writ above.

The evening of thy Day
Shed forth a golden beam ;
'Twas full of faith, and hope, and love,
And Jesus was the Theme.

On His all-powerful Arm
Thy parting spirit stayed,
Who has the Keys of Death and Hell,
And will recall the Dead.

There, there, in endless Bliss,
To spend eternal years—

Released in full from this vain world
Of sins, and doubts, and fears.

For thou hast borne the Heat
And Burden of the Day,
And the Chief Shepherd leads thee now
To Streams that ne'er decay.

There Flowers immortal bloom,
To charm the ravished sight ;
And Palms and Harps await for those
Who walk with Him in White.

For they shall sing the Song
Of Moses, long foretold,
When they have passed those pearly Gates,
And Streets of burnished gold.

The Glories of the Lamb,
Their rapturous strains shall raise—
Eternal ages shall record
His Love, His Power, His Praise.

MARY PYPER.

“SURELY I COME QUICKLY.”



'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day ;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray,—
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning Way.

O Thou long expected, weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee ;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy Light I do not see :
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me ?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine ;
When, oh, when shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine ?
O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine ?

Nearer is my soul's salvation ;
Spent the night, the day at hand ;

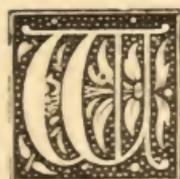
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised Land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my Home :
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come !

REV. DR. MONSELL.



*“LORD, ARE THERE FEW THAT BE
SAVED?”*



WHETHER there many be, or few,
Elect the Heavenly Goal to win,
Truly I know not—this I know,
That none who march with footsteps slow,
That none who fight with hearts untrue,
That none who serve with service cold,
The Eternal City can behold,
Or enter in.

Whether there many be who thrive
In their vast suit for that Vast Love,
Truly I know not—this I know,
That love lives not in outward show ;
That but to seek is not to strive ;
That thankless praises, empty prayers,
Can claim no bond, for suit of theirs,
His Court to move.

How long the Door, unfastened now,
Shall open by His Grace remain,
Truly I know not—this I know,
If once that Grace aside He throw,
No tear, no sigh, no anguished vow,
Gnashing of teeth, wringing of hands,

Shall draw the Bolts and loose the Bands
Ever again.

How long His Wrath may yet forbear,
And sheathe His Sword, and hide His Rod,
Truly I know not—this I know,
He points the arrows of His Bow,
While speeds apace that Night of fear,
Of debt unpaid, of work undone,
When Mercy, Pardon, Hope is none,
Laid up with God.

“Morning Thoughts.”



NINEVEH.

I.



RIGHT shone the sun upon the land of
Shinar—

Euphrates' waters rolled in gladdening
glee,

And Tigris rushed, as once through bowers diviner,
Down to the pearly sea.

And Ninus' towers in that broad light were flinging
Their mighty shadows o'er her long, wide street,
Where, 'mid the roll of cars and anvils ringing,
And ceaseless tramp of feet,

Rose up to Heaven, in grand confusion blended,
The voice of tongues, the many-mingled cries ;
Laughter and song, with music's strains ascended,
And pageants tired the eyes.

But who is he, all travel-soiled and weary,
That threads his way these joyous numbers thro',
Like some black cloud that rises cold and dreary
O'er a bright Heaven of blue ?

Stern was his brow, his aspect strange and solemn,
In haste he trod—with staff and girded vest—
Save when by some tall arch or temple-column,
Short space he paused to rest.

The people came in motley crowds surrounding,
 His stranger garb provoked their taunting glee—
 He heard them not, for in his ears were sounding
 The waters of the sea.

And evermore, as on his path he wended
 Through those broad ways, amid those chariot-
 throngs,
 The foot-tramps ceased, the rush of wheels was ended,
 The noise of mirth and songs :

For loud above that din of voices swelling,
 Like a great bell, arose one piercing cry,—
 “Yet forty days, and Ashur’s lordly dwelling
 Low in the dust shall lie !”

And on he passed—Destruction’s stern apostle—
 Where Nimrod’s palace-walls sublimely rose,
 Through broad-leaved gates, where wingèd forms
 colossal
 Stared out in calm repose.

He saw them not—he only saw the surging
 Of the white breakers on the lonely Deep,
 And sails in shreds, and pallid shipmen urging
 The guilty one from sleep.

And still he called, in solemn tones sonorous,
 To all that gazed, to all that passed him by,
 While through the city rang, in one great chorus,
 The selfsame fearful cry :

Like the great cry that rose from Egypt's houses,
On that sad night of universal dread ;
And lo ! that midnight voice the monarch rouses,
Like Pharaoh, from his bed.

For sleep is none, or only scares the dreamer
With war-clang, crash of towers, and rush of
rivers ;
Knees smite, and loins are pained—with one great
tremor
The lair of lions quivers.

II.

The months rolled on, but still the stately city,
No stone disturbed, in ancient grandeur stood ;
Sackcloth and tears awoke Jehovah's pity,
And gave her respite good.

But stands she still ? go ask each desert village,
Each lonely mound, each heap of sunburnt clay ;
They tell of spoiler's hand, and fire, and pillage,
And glories passed away.

And now, amid those landscapes bare and fallow,
The Frank upturns the giant heads of old ;
While in mute awe the simple Sons of Allah
Stare at the opened mould ;

At strange weird shapes, and lion-guarded portals,
And panelled walls of chambers long and lone ;
Where the proud deeds of long-forgotten mortals
Lie chronicled in stone.

Captains and rulers—horsemen upon horses—
 Chaldæan men portrayed upon the wall—
 And kings in chariots, gloating o'er the corpses
 Of foes in ceaseless fall :

And fair young men, and princes richly girded,
 Tasselled and tired, with red vermilion dyed—
 As in some book of eld, all darkly worded,
 We read her tale of pride.

Such was thy doom, O fairest-born of cities !
 That sat'st serene upon thine arrowy river,
 Singing in scorn, amidst thy mirthful ditties,
 “ I sit a Queen for ever !

“ I sit a queen ; and know no care nor sorrow,
 While Nisroch smiles, and fair Mylitta shields ;
 Bright dawns to-day, but many a brighter morrow
 The far horizon yields !”

Ah, vaunting vain ! and unsubstantial vision !
 Thy dream of glory vanished like a smile ;
 The Lord looked down, and made, in strange trans-
 ition,
 Thy Grave—for thou wert vile !

And hast thou not, like lips of olden Sages,
 Some lesson fair, some moral tale to tell,
 Some warning voice, by us in later Ages
 To be remembered well ?

Is there no town on some broad river lying,
Like thy tall towers, or populous No-Ammon,
Where Heaven is spurned, and careless crowds are
crying,
We have no God but Mammon ?

Is there no pride—no lofty seat of scorning,
No idol shrine our own fond heart within,
While conscience, prophet-like, with words of
warning,
Foretells the end of Sin ?

Heed we that Voice, nor turn again to folly,
Cry mightily to God for sins gone by ;
So fall we not, but stand secure and holy,
When worlds in ruin lie.

C. L. FORD.



GETHSEMANE.



IGHT cast unwonted gloom around ;
 His friends had given their grief to
 sleep ;
 He, prostrate on the chilling ground,
 His lonely Watch of Woe must keep.

The last, the farewell Paschal Feast,
 With those sad friends at evening ta'en,
 He waits the traitor's murderous haste,
 To prove Him now the Lamb so slain.

As thrice He kneels to groan His Woe,
 See Sweat like thick, large Blood-drops run :
 My Father, if this Cup might go,—
 And yet Thy Will, not Mine, be done.

Death hovering in his ghastliest form ;
 Forsaking friends, Hell's banded power ;
 His Father's Frown (soul-piercing storm),
 And Earth's whole Guilt, were in that hour.

Gethsemane, we hail thee well,
 Fair Eden's contrast sad yet dear ;

There Man a moment smiled, then fell :
Man groaned for Man, and triumphed here.

But oh, all holy Lamb of God,
Hast Thou thy Heaven resigned for me ?
For me the Abyss of Horrors trod ?
Where shall I find return for Thee ?

Oh ! Reign enthroned o'er all my heart,
The happy prisoner of Thy Love,
And fit me here to bear my part
In Thine unending Praise above.

T. GRINFIELD.



*THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD
PASSETH AWAY.*



IN careless childhood's sunny hours,
 When all we love is nigh,
 No thorn amid life's opening flowers,
 No cloud in all its sky ;
 We feel no ill, nor dream of care,
 But deem each following day
 Shall light us on to fairer scenes,
 And beam with brighter ray.

And childhood's vernal seasons past,
 And shunned youth's thousand snares ;
 When manhood's Autumn comes at last,
 With sorrows, fears, and cares,
 Still, Autumn like, its skies are bright,
 And still the world seems young ;
 And still we love its mellow light,
 Its boughs with fruitage hung.

But Autumn's golden skies must fade,
 And Autumn's fruits decay ;
 And soon, 'mid snows and storms, must come
 Old age's wintry day :

A wintry day at best, as short,
As gloomy, and as cold,
Till the worn body yields at last,
And life lets go its hold.

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief fashion past,
Are there no hopes that shall survive,
No pleasures that shall last ?
Yes, Christian, it is thine to know
Life's but a weary way ;
A short, though painful, Pilgrimage
To realms of endless Day ;

When Faith her Crown of Life shall wear,
And Hope be lost in Joy,
And meek-eyed Love be paid with Bliss
That Time can ne'er destroy :
For thither has the Lamb gone up
Who Suffered and was Slain,
That risen with Him His followers might
With Him for ever reign.

BISHOP DOANE.



LAZARUS.

HOW do the big drops, fast and thick,
 Of trouble's storm begin to fall !
 He whom the Lord doth Love is sick ;
 And losing him they lose their all—
 Those sisters twain—of earthly stay,
 And their best Friend is far away.

But will not He who always felt
 So much for them—their Master dear,—
 Will not His Loving Spirit melt
 When the sad tidings reach His Ear ?
 When was He ever wont to turn
 A deaf Ear unto those that mourn ?

Therefore, through many a weary hour
 They look for help, but look in vain ;
 The Lord, whose slightest Word hath Power
 To heal the sick, comes not again :
 He hears the news they send to tell,
 But in the same place bideth still.

And often thus, when trouble's night
 Gathers in clouds of blackness round,

The Lord of Love withholds His Light,—
Of those who seek Him long unfound ;
From the sad mourner, tempest tost,
Most hidden when expected most.

And it is well ! He only seems
To leave His Own in night to pine,
Of Power and Love that brighter beams
May with unequalled lustre shine,—
Those brightest Beams unfelt, unknown,
Till left to walk in night alone.

“ Morning Thoughts.”



*THE MAGDALENE'S CRY AT THE FOOT
OF THE CROSS.*

S. JOHN XX. and XXI.



MY own precious Lord! my God,
My Saviour, sweet and dear;
For me Thou pourest forth Thy Blood,
For me Thou hangest here.

I, I betrayed Thee by my sin;
I scourged and mocked Thee; I
Denied Thy Love, that mine would win,
And led Thee out to die.

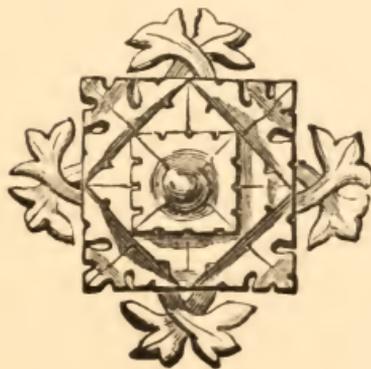
I stripped, I nailed Thee; O my King,
My Jesu, dost Thou yet
Suffer me by Thy Feet to cling?
And dost Thou all forget?

Those Hands, that I have pierced, dost Thou
Stretch forth in Love to me?
On me that Thorn-encircled Brow
Still bend, in Pity free?

I cannot look on Thee, nor dare
But weep, and clasp Thy Feet ;
Only this one heart-yearning prayer
I pray, Thy Mercy sweet.

Since I have made Thee, by my sin,
This bitter pain and loss,
My Jesu, let me die within
The Shadow of Thy Cross.

C. SELLOX.



“*LAST AT HIS CROSS, AND EARLIEST
AT HIS GRAVE.*”

9  IS past, that Night of deepest gloom ;
'Tis risen, the joyous Sun,
And sleepless to her Saviour's Tomb
Poor Magdalene has run :

She gazed within the darksome grot,
Where His dear Form was laid,
But while pale death absorbed her thought,
Bright Angels were displayed.

With looks of Love and words of Peace,
They soothed her aching breast,
When, lo ! to bid all sorrow cease,
Her Jesus stands confessed ;
And “ Mary ” from that well-known Voice,
Heaven's harmony its tone,
Can instant make the heart rejoice
Which late could only groan.

In that sepulchral Eden, lo !
The Tree of Life restored ;
Imparadised the scene of Woe,
By Angels and their Lord.
'Tis thus the Christian sees the Tomb,
Begirt with shining Bands,
And, while he eyes the place of Gloom,
Before him Jesus stands.

PASSOVER EVE.



HERE wilt Thou, Lord, that we prepare
The Feast of Love to eat with Thee—
Sweet bread with bitter herbs, or e'er
The slaughtered Paschal Lamb we see?

To-morrow must that Lamb be killed,
His Life-Blood on the earth be spilled.

The Table's spread : the Master takes
The Bread, and blessing it with Grace,
Each drooping heart in Love partakes ;
Each eye is fixed on that calm Face,
Whose tender, Love-enkindled Smile
They soon must lose " a little while."

And see ! the Cup is poured and blessed,
And all partake, save He, the Vine,
Whose rich Life-Blood must now be pressed,
That all may drink that mystic Wine
" Which cheers the heart of God and Man,"
Ordained to flow since time began.

Calmly He rises from His seat,
A girded Levite, see Him bend
And stoop to wash the pilgrim feet

Of those who on His steps attend ;
Then breathing out the Law anew,
“ THIS DO, AS I HAVE DONE TO YOU.”

“ I will not leave you comfortless,
I go but to prepare a Place
For all who now My Name confess,
And long to rest in My Embrace.
My Peace I leave ; My last Bequest,
In ME ye shall have perfect Rest.”

* * * * * *

Lo ! now the Garden scene is o'er,
The Agony, the Bloody Sweat ;
Nor seer may tell what Jesus bore,
Nor heart of Angel may forget
The bitter Cry, the prayer-worn Knee,
THAT night-watch in Gethsemane.

ANONYMOUS.



THE DYING WORDS OF JESUS.



BROTHER in Christ! thy heart prepare,
Gird up thy loins, and mount with me
In soul yon Blood-stained Heights, to
share

The sight which Angels, wondering, see :
Hear, on this spot of Holy ground,
Thy Saviour's dying Words resound,
And take to thee their Strength Divine ;
For they can richest solace lend
Through life—yea, and when life shall end,
Such only comfort shall be thine.

“ Father, forgive them.”

O loving Heart, O pitying Eyes,
Such look that on His murderers threw ;
Forgive !—amidst His pain He cries—
They know not, Father, what they do.
Lover of Men, Thy suppliant Prayer
Ascends for those who nail Thee there,
Who on Thy Grief with mockeries gaze ;
O man, by vengeful passions driven,
Behold Thy bright Example given,
And pray as thy Redeemer prays.

“Behold thy Mother.”

What pattern of affection large,
 When, rising thousand pangs above,
 He recommends the filial charge
 To the Disciple of His Love.
 Must I my own beloved ones see
 Weep round my dying bed for me?
 This word shall sweetest comfort bring;
 To Him whose latest Mandate kind
 Cared for the Friends He left behind,
 Shall those I leave for succour cling.

“To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

Ho! sin-sick souls, dispel your fears,
 Trust, and be saved; in Christ confide;
 Hear how the world's Redeemer cheers
 The contrite sinner by His Side.
 He saith consoling, Thou shalt be
 To-day in Paradise with Me.
 Such Light at Death's dark gate be mine,
 So may I hear Thy strengthening Voice,
 Such Watchword sweet my heart rejoice,
 When in the last dread Strife I join.

*“My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken
 me?”*

How sharp the sin-avenging Rod
 That urged Him, hanging on the Tree,
 Loudly to cry,—My God, my God,
 Wherefore hast Thou forsaken Me?

Yet thus in Nature's weakest hour,
When darkness o'er His soul hath power,
His heart's firm trust is unforgot :
I too, the Cup of grief shall drain ;
My sinking soul shall cry, through pain,
O God, my God, forsake me not.

" I thirst."

I thirst—He cries, in sore complaint,
With anguish parched, with pain subdued,
The God, who strengthens all the faint,
And filleth every mouth with food :
And still, from thousand poor around,
He calleth, in like piteous sound,
From hearts by want and hunger riven.
Thrice happy they, that call who heed :
Who helps the poor in hour of need,
Hath to his Lord Refreshment given.

" It is finished."

Now ends the heavy hour of sadness ;
'Tis Finished,—the Redeemer saith,
O Word of Victory, sound of Gladness,
Thou robbest all the sting from Death :
How blest ; by Jesus justified :
Who shall condemn, since Christ hath Died ?
Thou Diedst for us, and we are Thine :
Lord, when I reach my life's last day,
Be this my joy, in death to say,
'Tis Finished ; Christ and Heaven are mine.

“Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit.”

And when my eyes shall close, as Thine,
In dark and sorrowful eclipse,
In my last hour, such word be mine
As latest struggled from Thy Lips :
Hark how the solemn accents roll—
Father, into Thy Hands my soul
I yield—in mortal pangs he saith :
So in that hour may I commend
My soul to her Eternal Friend,
Then sudden change for Sight my Faith.

C. L. FORD.



*THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF
DEATH.*



H, cling not, Trembler, to life's fragile
bark :

It fills—it soon must sink :

Look not below, where all is chill and
dark ;

'Tis agony to think

Of that wild waste ; but look, oh ! look above,
And see the outstretched Arm of Love.

Cling not to this poor life : unlock thy clasp

Of fleeting, vapoury air ;

The world receding soon will mock thy grasp ;

But let the wings of prayer

Take the blest breeze of Heaven, and upward flee,
And Life from God shall enter thee.

Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave :

'Tis not a spectre, but the Lord.

Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,

Who holds in captive ward

The powers of Hell. Heed not the monster grim ;
Nor fear to go through Death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false Earth :
 Let hope not linger here.

Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
 Or the transition fear,
 That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
 Although it wakes and mounts alone?

But thou art not alone ; on either side
 The portal, friends stand guard :
 And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.

 Why, why should it be hard
 To trust our Maker with the soul He gave,
 Or Him who Died that soul to save?

Into His Hands commit thy trembling spirit,
 Who gave His life for thine :

Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His Merit ;
 To Him thy heart resign.

Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
 Into His Hands who is thy All.

CONDER.



“*IN CÆLO QUIES.*”



HEAR a voice at dawn of day,
And to my heart it seems to say,
When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray,
“There's rest in Heaven.”

E'en at noon's busy hour I hear
The same sweet words accost my ear,
With power to stay the rising tear :
“There's rest in Heaven.”

I hear it at the evening tide,
When fitful shadows round us glide,
Still whispering gently at my side,
“There's rest in Heaven.”

Blest words ! which tell of nought but joy,
Of endless rest without alloy,
Well may they oft our thoughts employ,—
“There's rest in Heaven.”

Spirit of Life and Love Divine,
Subdue my heart and make it thine,
That I may dwell upon as mine,
That “rest in Heaven.”

“*HE HATH ASCENDED ON HIGH.*”



HERE'S rapture in the Heavenly Height,
 And music 'mid the Worlds of Light ;
 For Glory's King ascends on high,
 Crowned with immortal victory.

He came to die, but lives again ;
 The tyrant Death himself is slain ;
 While e'en the spoils of conquered hell
 Shall the Redeemer's triumphs swell.

Risen, that He might others raise ;
 Sold, He the price of others pays ;
 The wandering sheep, that far had strayed,
 Has heard His voice, and prized His aid.

Jesus ! the Glory, the Delight
 Of Angels, clothed with heavenly might,
 Do thou our inmost souls inspire,
 To seek Thee still with warm desire.

Grant us in Thee alone to live ;
 Lead us ourselves to Thee to give ;
 And still Thy Love Divine impart,
 And warm and cheer Thy people's heart.

REV. HENRY TREND.



