

LIFE

ECHOES

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

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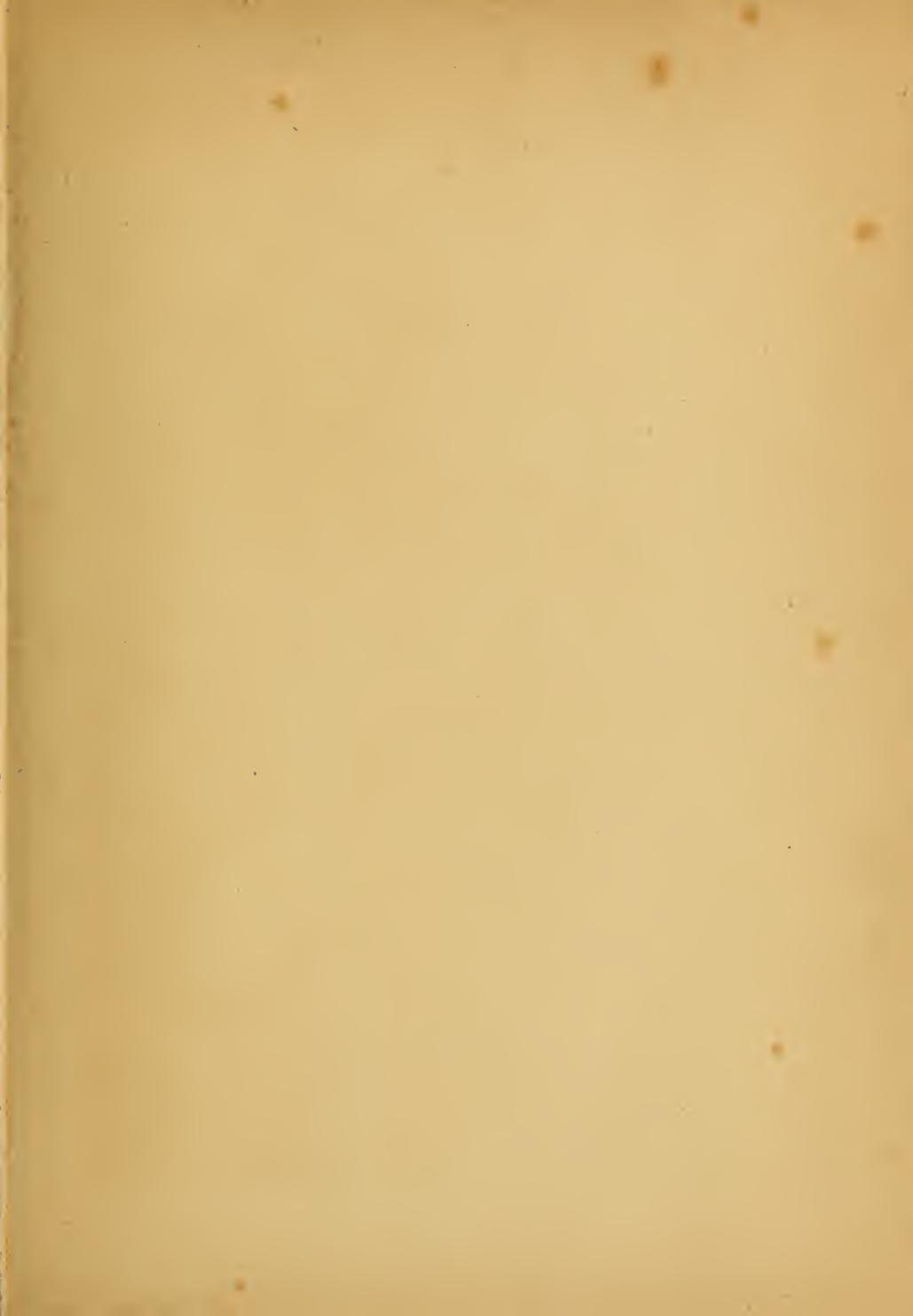
10 Dec. 1883

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ECHOES







1841

ASTLEY CHURCH & RECTORY, 1841

WARRICK, CHURCH, 1871



LIFE ECHOES.

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL;

WITH A FEW SELECTED PIECES BY

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, M.A.

*'A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
Of glory and music not far away.'*

With Twelve Illustrations by

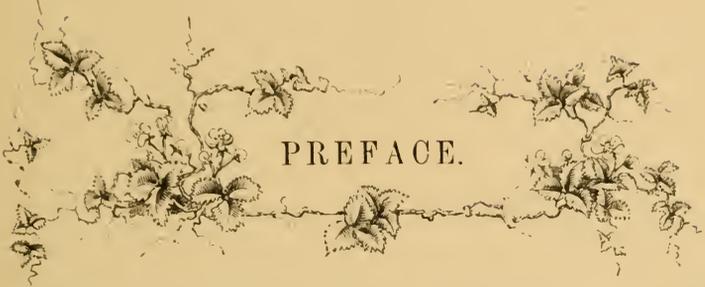
THE BARONESS HELGA VON CRAMM.

LONDON:

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1883.

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PREFACE.

THE echoes from some Alpine horn floating far upward on mountain heights can never be forgotten by the passing traveller; and all who will may pause on their journey, and be refreshed by the melody.

And thus also echoes from the pen of F. R. H. reach us still,—some from the glimmering distance of childhood, some from the far-away youthful mists of the valley, and some from the nearer ‘pastures,’ leading upwards to the golden heights.

All the known dates of the poems in this volume are given, as it may interest some readers to contrast the verses of her childhood with such lines as ‘The Thoughts of God,’ which ‘rise even to Miltonic grandeur.’

The early dates of all her songs and secular poems conclusively show that she turned away from the opening path of earthly fame, and hereafter consecrated her talents wholly to Him who gave them. Truly did she look up to her King for every word she wrote, and literally were they messages from Him.

Many of her tiny but melodious echoes on Birthdays, Christmas, New Year, and other seasons, were originally

written for, and published by, Messrs. Caswell and Marcus Ward, with floral entwinings, or Alpine illustrations by the Baroness von Cramm, and some of the mottoes on Scripture will be found in 'Red Letter Days' (M. Ward & Co.). As the floral cards are evanescent, they are now by permission collectively given.

For the illustrations in this volume of Life Echoes, the pencil of F. R. H.'s friend has traced scenes from nature, where my dear sister's footstep often lightly trod. New decorative designs have also been prepared for this, the *concluding* volume of F. R. H.'s poems.

It will be observed that a few of the poems are by F. R. H.'s father, the Rev. W. H. Havergal. His lines will always be distinguished by his initials, W. H. H.

This is only carrying out F. R. H.'s own happy thought, expressed in the preface to 'Red Letter Days':—'It is a pleasure to offer my readers the more valuable addition of verses by my sainted father.' And thus the echoes of their lives and songs are blended still below, while—

'From the great anthems of the crystal sea,
Through the far vistas of eternity,
Grand *echoes* of the word peal on for thee,
Sweetest and fullest,
Most blessed for ever.'—F. R. H.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

September, 1883.





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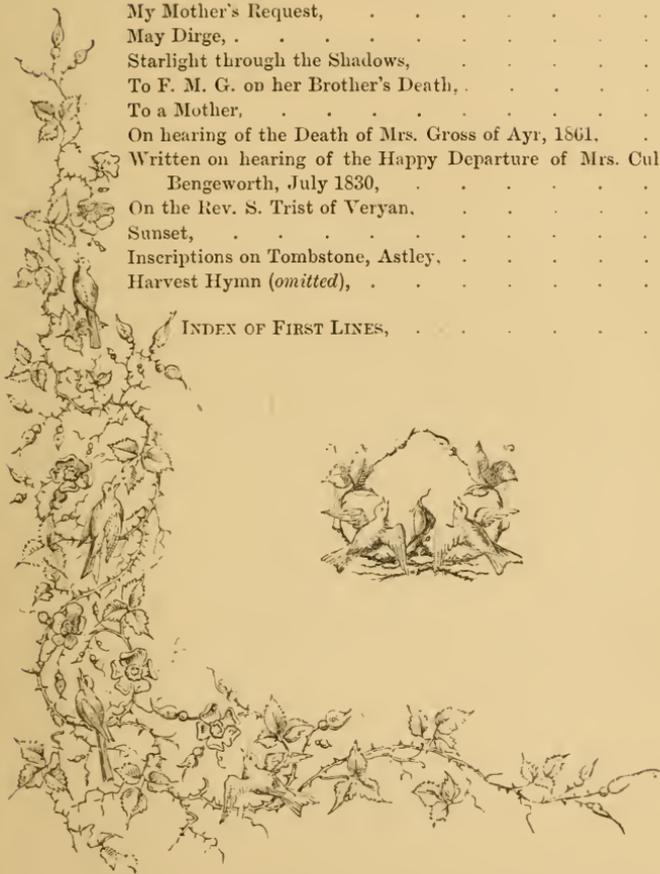


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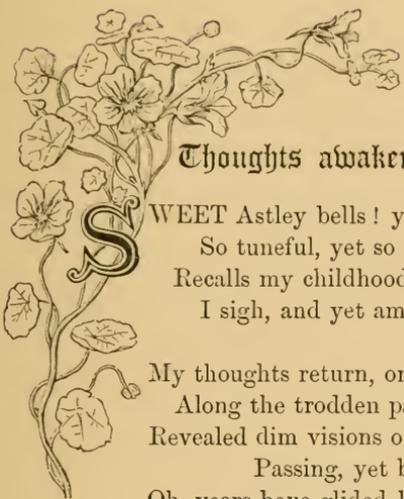




BIRTHDAY ECHOES







Thoughts awakened by Astley Bells.

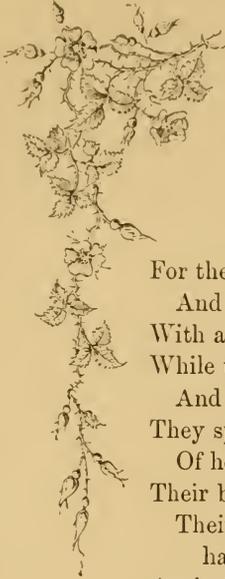
SWEET Astley bells ! your distant chime,
So tuneful, yet so sad,
Recalls my childhood's earliest time :
I sigh, and yet am glad.

My thoughts return, on swift unsteady wings,
Along the trodden path whose misty light
Revealed dim visions of unspoken things,
Passing, yet bright.

Oh, years have glided by so fast,
That twenty-one have almost past,
And now those softened bells,
With wondrous spells,
Have called the solemn train of bygone times
Back from Eternity's mysterious chimes.

They come, a fearful crowd,
And gaze with spectral eyes,
Before this witness cloud
My spirit silent lies ;
No sound is there, yet strange wild echoes thrill
The inmost caverns of my soul, where all seemed
waste and still.





Scenes arise before me
 Fairer than the light,
 Visions hover o'er me
 Darker than the night ;
 While my spirit haileth
 Those with fond delight,
 Yet at these it quailleth,
 Shrouded in affright.

For the past years press me closer round,
 And I cannot bear their gaze ;
 With a brazen fetter I am bound,
 While their deep reproachful voices sound
 And their piercing eyebeams blaze.
 They speak of thoughtless words and wasted hours,
 Of hopes forgotten, resolutions broken ;
 Their breath recalls once bright, now faded flowers,
 Their tones bring back the words which sainted lips
 have spoken.

Again is heard that spirit-wakening bell ;
 Each stroke is branding deep my heavy heart,
 Like some inevitable knell,
 Saying, 'Thou too must soon depart.'
 And 'tis a knell ! My youth is past,
 That very chime hath told me so !
 This year hath been the last, the last ;
 My spring is gone, I know !

The sound hath melted o'er the hill,
 And all is still !
 Again the peal is ringing,
 Like angel voices singing,
 'May there not be
 A summer yet for thee ?
 Without the chilling frosts of spring,
 Without the piercing wind,

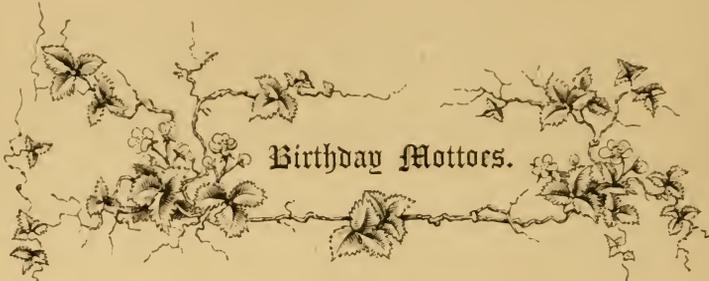


Without the yet unclothèd spray,
These thou hast left behind !
What though the rainbow fade away ?
The light which gave it birth
Is still the same ; and e'en the cloud
May bless the thirsty earth.
What though the blossom fall and die ?
The flower is not the root ;
A summer's sun may ripen yet
The Master's pleasant fruit.
What though by many a sinful fall
Thy garments be defiled ?
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;
Fear not, thou art His child !
Arise ! to follow in His track,
His lowly ones to cheer,
And on an upward path look back
With every brightening year.
Arise ! and on thy future way
His blessing with thee be,
His presence be thy staff and stay
Till thou His glory see.
What though thy heart distrust thy strength ?
The way may not be long ;
And He will bring thee home at length
To learn His own new song.'

Sweet Astley bells ! your distant chime,
So tuneful, though so sad,
Speaks of a holier, happier time :
I sigh, and yet am glad.

Nov. 8, 1857.





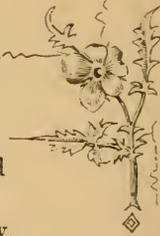
MAY the tale the years are telling,
 Always be
 Like an angel-anthem swelling
 Through thy spirit's quiet dwelling,
 Till the glory all-excelling
 Dawn for thee.



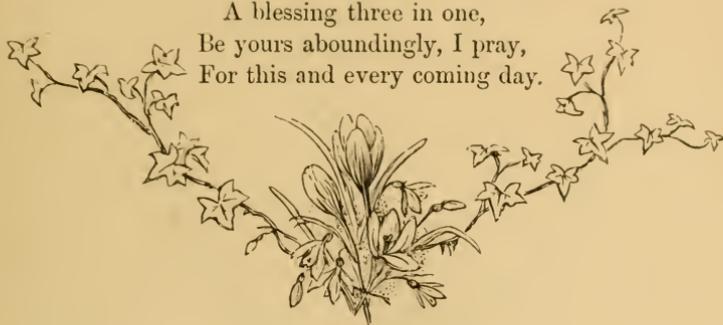
MANY a happy year be thine,
 If our Father will !
 He has traced the fair design,
 He will fill it, line by line,
 Working patiently, until
 Thy completed life shall shine,
 Glorious in the life divine.



MANY and happy thy birthdays be !
 In the light of heaven arrayed ;
 With the rainbow arching every cloud
 When the pathway lies in shade ;
 And full and far may the blessing flow,
 That thy future life is made.



THE Love of God the Father,
The Grace of God the Son,
The Joy of God the Holy Ghost,—
A blessing three in one,
Be yours abundantly, I pray,
For this and every coming day.



LEANING, resting, trusting, loving,
Enter thy new year!
For the Lord who lives to love thee
Shall be ever near!



‘From this day will I bless you.’—HAG. ii. 19.

‘FROM this day’
He shall bless thee;
What shall then distress thee?
‘From this day’
He will never leave thee.
What shall grieve thee?
Christ, thy mighty friend,
Loveth to the end,
‘From this day.’

'I will sing of mercy and judgment.'—Ps. ci. 1.

ONE year less
Of wisely-ordered loss,
Of sorrow and of weariness,
Conflict and cross.

One year more
Of mercies ever new,
Of love in never-failing store,
Faithful and true.



'He it is that doth go before thee, He
will be with thee : He will not fail
thee.'—DEUT. xxxi. 6.

THE Lord thy God !
He it is that goes before thee,
His the banner waving o'er thee,
Bright and broad !
When the fiercest foes assail thee,
He it is that will not fail thee,
The Lord thy God !

LOVE would strew upon thy way
 Fairest, freshest flowers to-day ;
Love would daily, hourly shed
 Brightest sunbeams on thy head.
So she prays : that heavenly grace
 Be thy flower-awakening dew,
And the brightness of His face
 Gild thy life with sunshine true.



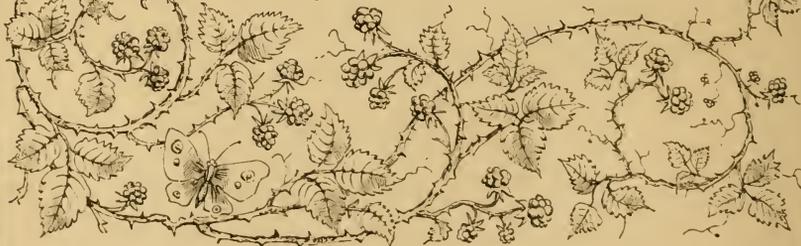
' Wherefore we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power.'—2 THESS. i. 11.

EACH Amen becomes an Anthem,
 For we know He will fulfil
All the purpose of His goodness,
 All the splendour of His will.
Only trust the living Saviour,
 Only trust Him all the way,
And your spring-tide path shall brighten
 To the perfect summer day.

'UPWARD, still upward' thy pathway be,
 Into the sunshine grand and free ;
 Leaving the mists and clouds below,
 Gaining the pure and stainless snow.
 Upward, still upward! Thy faithful Guide
 Always close at His pilgrim's side,
 Leading thee on from height to height,
 Nearer and nearer the stars of light.



BIRTHDAY blessings, fullest, sweetest,
 Fall on thee to-day !
 Earthly pleasure, fairest, fleetest,
 Will not, cannot stay.
 But the true and heavenly treasure
 Cannot pass away :
 May its richest, grandest measure
 Gild thy natal day.



HE who hath led, will lead ;
He who hath blessed, will bless ;
He who hath fed, will feed :
Can He do less ?
He fainteth not, He faileth never,
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !



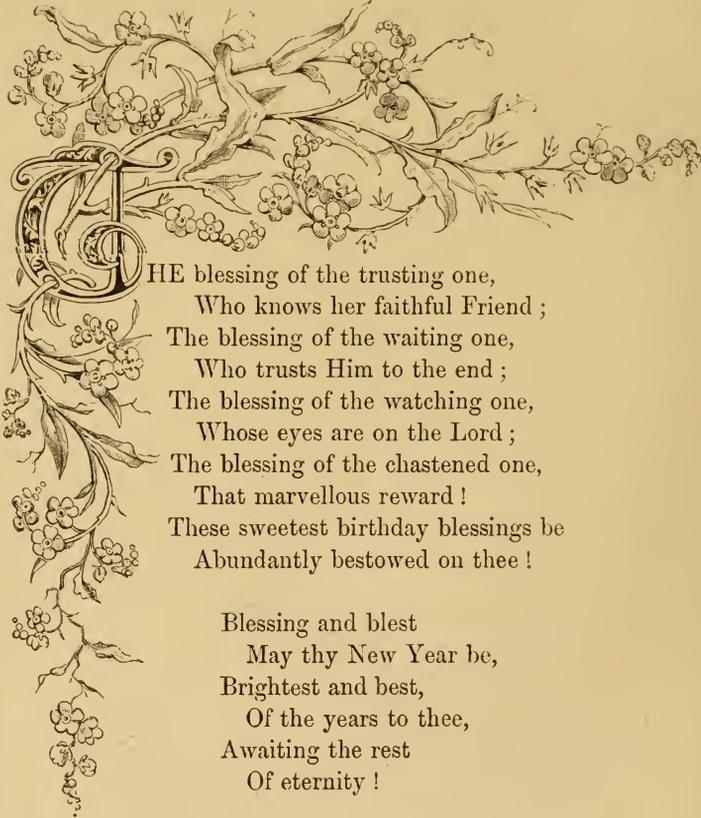
HAVE no birthday gifts to bring,
But I will crave a Royal dower,
The sevenfold largesse of the King.

His Peace be thine, His Love unknown ;
His own deep Joy, His Strength and power,
His Grace abounding be thine own !

His Rest be thine, sweet rest to-day,
Rest while the swift years pass away,
And then His Glory thine for aye !

To M. V. G. W.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.



THE blessing of the trusting one,
 Who knows her faithful Friend ;
 The blessing of the waiting one,
 Who trusts Him to the end ;
 The blessing of the watching one,
 Whose eyes are on the Lord ;
 The blessing of the chastened one,
 That marvellous reward !
 These sweetest birthday blessings be
 Abundantly bestowed on thee !

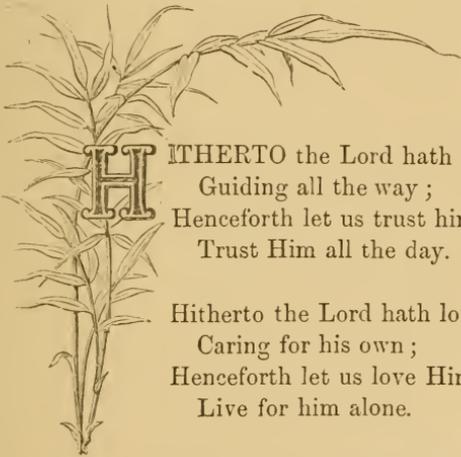
Blessing and blest
 May thy New Year be,
 Brightest and best,
 Of the years to thee,
 Awaiting the rest
 Of eternity !



On my Father's Birthday.

'Tis fully known to One, by us yet dimly seen,
The blessing thou *hast been* ;
Yet speaks the silent love of many a mourning heart
The blessing that thou *art* ;
While traced on coming years, in faith and hope we see,
A blessing thou *shalt be* ;
Then here in holy labour, there in holier rest,
Blessing, *thou shalt be blessed*.

January 18, 1859.



HITHERTO the Lord hath helped us,
Guiding all the way ;
Henceforth let us trust him fully,
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for his own ;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days ;
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.



Now Thy loving Spirit
 On our lives outpour ;
 Make us know Thee better,
 Make us love Thee more.
 Take us now, we pray Thee,
 Make us all Thine own ;
 Keep us Thine for ever,
 Keep us Thine alone !



'All my springs are in Thee.'—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

SPRINGS of life in desert places
 Shall thy God unseal for thee,
 Quickening and reviving graces,
 Dew-like, healing, sweet, and free ;
 Springs of comfort, strangely springing
 { Through the bitter wells of woe ;
 Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
 Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.





SCRIPTURE ECHOES







Herses on Texts.

'Be quiet; fear not.'—ISA. vii. 4.

THOU layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart,
And sayest, 'Be still!'
The silence and shadow are only a part
Of Thy sweet will.
Thy Presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill.



'The LORD shall open unto thee His good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thine hand.'—DEUT. xxviii. 12.

His love is the key and His glory the measure
Of grace all-abounding and knowledge and light:
To thee shall be opened this infinite treasure,
To thee, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

'With him is an arm of flesh ; but with us is the LORD our God to help us, and to fight our battles. And the people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah king of Judah.'
—2 CHRON. xxxii. 8.

UPON Thy word I rest,
So strong, so sure ;
So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure.

The word that changeth not, that faileth never !
My King ! I rest upon Thy word for ever.



'Rest in the Lord ("Be silent to the Lord," margin), and wait patiently for Him.'—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

REST, and be silent ! For, faithfully listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.
Rest, and be silent ! for Jesus is here,
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.



'Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring ; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse.'—ESTHER viii. 8.

FOR He hath given us a changeless writing,
Royal decrees that light and gladness bring ;
Signed with His name in glorious inditing,
Sealed on our hearts with His own signet ring.

'Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'—2 COR. x. 5.

LET every thought
Be captive brought,
Lord Jesus Christ, to Thine own sweet obedience !
That I may know,
In ebbless flow,
The perfect peace of full and pure allegiance.



'Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'—MATT. xi. 26.

AND if it seemeth good to Thee, my Father,
Shall it seem aught but good to me ?
Thy will be done ! Thou knowest I would rather
Leave all with Thee.

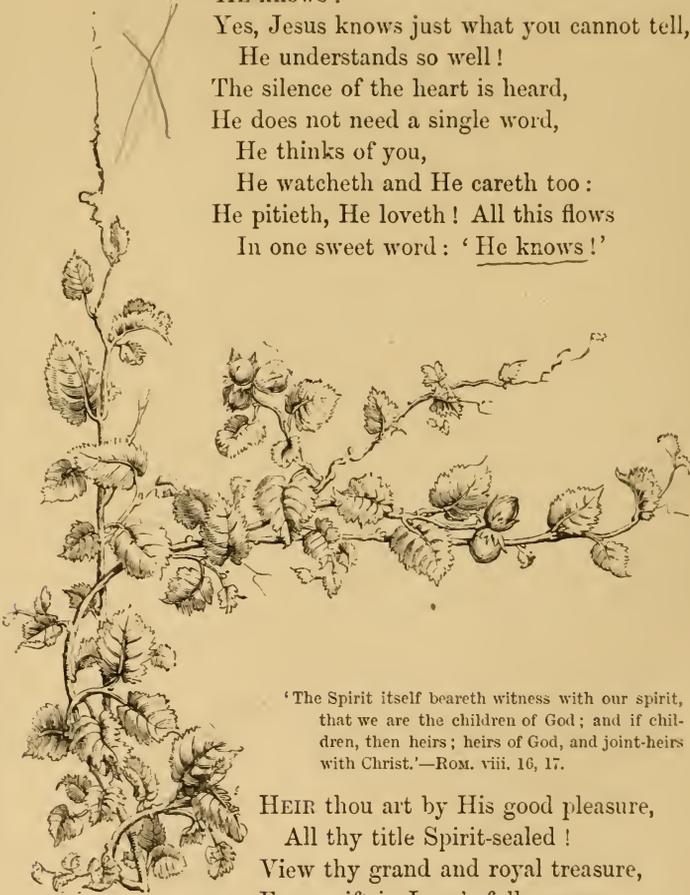


'Moreover also I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the LORD that sanctify them.'—EZEK. xx. 12.

THE token of His truth and care, the gift that He hath blessed,
The pledge of our inheritance, the earnest of His rest ;
The diamond hours of holy light, the God-entrusted leisure :
O for a heart to prize aright this rich and heavenly treasure !

'I know their sorrows.'—Ex. iii. 7.

HE knows !
 Yes, Jesus knows just what you cannot tell,
 He understands so well !
 The silence of the heart is heard,
 He does not need a single word,
 He thinks of you,
 He watcheth and He careth too :
 He pitieth, He loveth ! All this flows
 In one sweet word : 'He knows !'

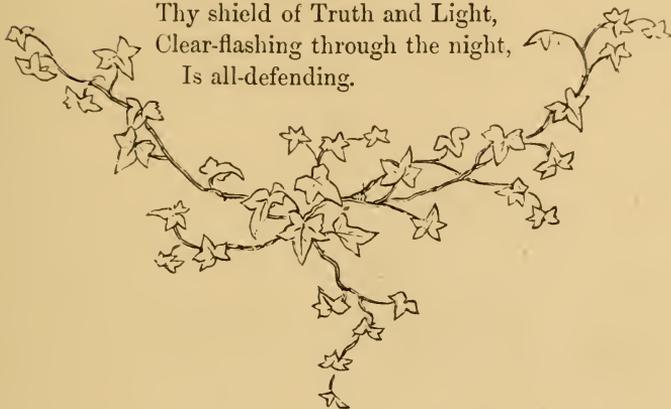


'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God ; and if children, then heirs ; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.'—Rom. viii. 16, 17.

HEIR thou art by His good pleasure,
 All thy title Spirit-sealed !
 View thy grand and royal treasure,
 Every gift in Love's full measure,
 Riches of His grace, so great,
 Glory's far exceeding weight ;
 All in Christ for ever thine,
 Light and Life and Love divine !

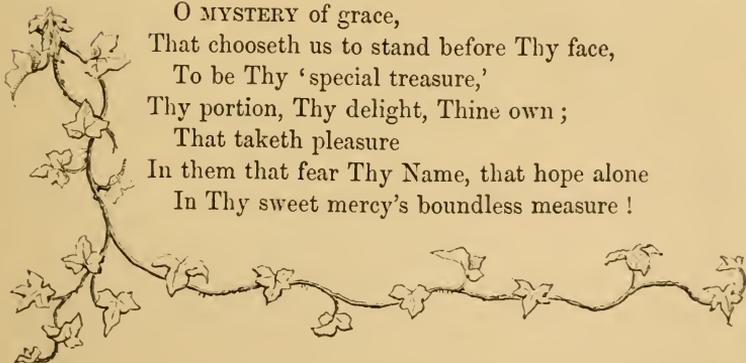
'O send out Thy light and Thy truth : let them lead me ; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.'—
Ps. xliii. 3.

THY light and truth forth-sending
From Thy own radiant side,
Be Thou our Guard and Guide !
On Thee alone depending,
No darkness can affright ;
Thy shield of Truth and Light,
Clear-flashing through the night,
Is all-defending.



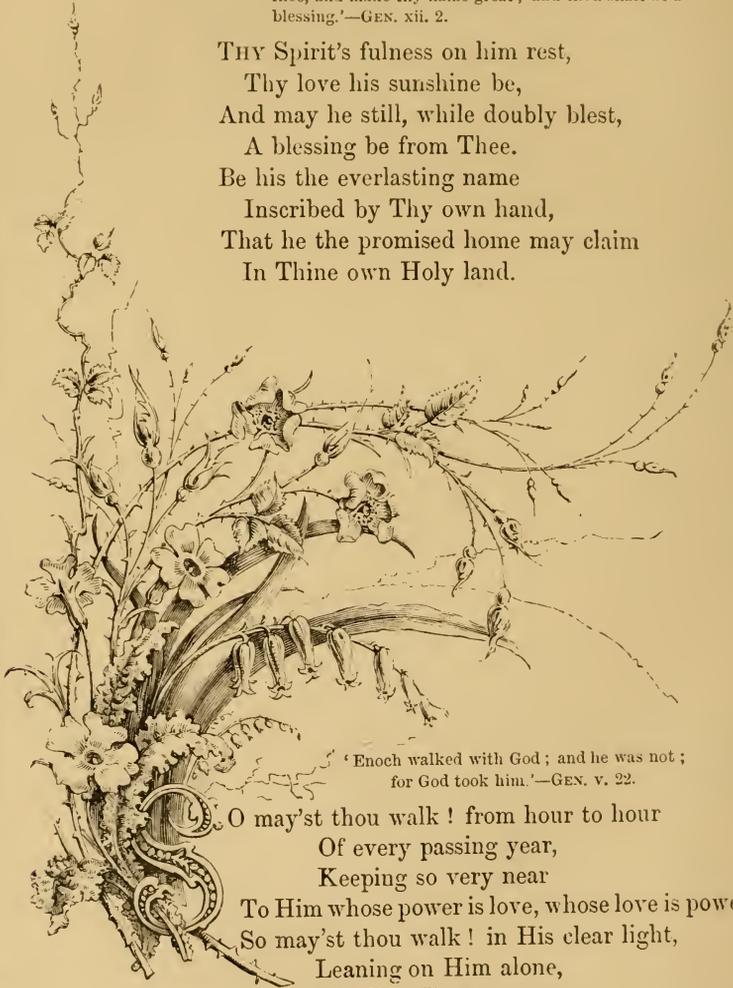
'The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.'—Ps. cxlvii. 11.

O MYSTERY of grace,
That chooseth us to stand before Thy face,
To be Thy 'special treasure,'
Thy portion, Thy delight, Thine own ;
That taketh pleasure
In them that fear Thy Name, that hope alone
In Thy sweet mercy's boundless measure !



'And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.'—GEN. xii. 2.

THY Spirit's fulness on him rest,
 Thy love his sunshine be,
 And may he still, while doubly blest,
 A blessing be from Thee.
 Be his the everlasting name
 Inscribed by Thy own hand,
 That he the promised home may claim
 In Thine own Holy land.



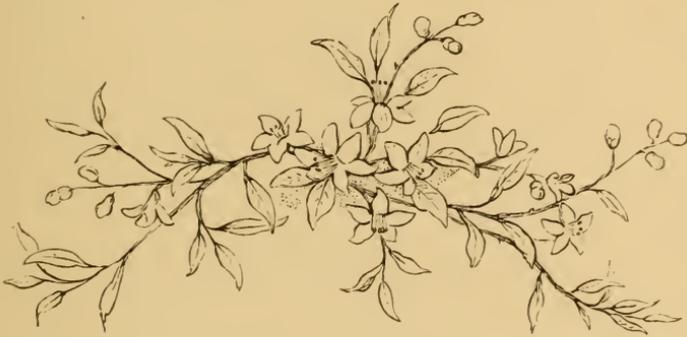
'Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.'—GEN. v. 22.

O may'st thou walk! from hour to hour
 Of every passing year,
 Keeping so very near
 To Him whose power is love, whose love is power.
 So may'st thou walk! in His clear light,
 Leaning on Him alone,
 Thy life His very own,
 Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in
 white.

'Therefore, O thou son of man, speak unto the house of Israel ;
Thus ye speak, saying, If our transgressions and our sins be
upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then
live ?'—EZEK. xxxiii. 10.

'All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one
to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity
of us all.'—ISA. liii. 6.

ON Thee the Lord
My mighty sins hath laid ;
And against Thee Jehovah's sword
Flashed forth its fiery blade.
The stroke of justice fell on Thee,
That it might never fall on me.



'And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday ; thou shalt
shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.'—JOB xi. 17.

FEAR not the westering shadows,
O children of the day !
For brighter still and brighter
Shall be your homeward way.
Resplendent as the morning,
With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noonday,
Shall be your sunset hour.

'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto me ; for I have redeemed thee.

'Sing. O ye heavens ; for the Lord hath done it, shout, ye lower parts of the earth : break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein : for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel.'—Isa. xlv. 22, 23.

O MOUNTAIN heights, break forth and sing
 In colour-music fair and sweet !
 O forest depths, awake and bring
 Your delicate odours to His feet.
 Sing, for the Lord hath done it !
 Proclaim Redemption, for He won it !
 Let Easter hallelujahs rise from every living thing !

April 1877.



'Look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy Name.'—Ps. cxix. 132.

'And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might.'
 —JUDG. vi. 14.

I SHOULD not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
 Looking on me in love. Look on me still,
 Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
 To work for Thee with single heart and eye.



'The desire of our soul is to Thy Name.'—ISA. xxvi. 8.

'Let them also that love Thy Name be joyful in Thee.'—PS. v. 11.

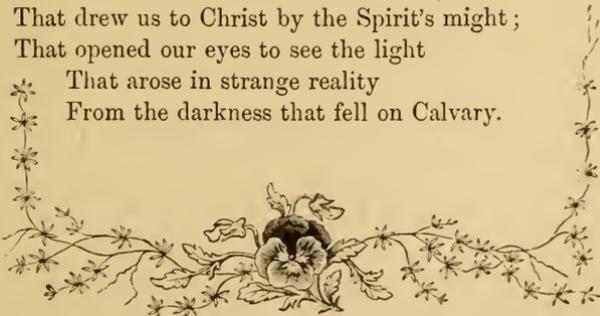
Now I know Thy Name,
Its mighty music is the only key
To which my soul vibrates in full accord ;
Blending with other notes but as they blend
With this.



'Thou shalt be called, Sought out.'—ISA. lxii. 12.

'Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.'—EPH. ii. 13.

FATHER, we bless Thee with heart and voice
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign choice,
That patiently, gently, sought us out
In the far-off land of death and doubt ;
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might ;
That opened our eyes to see the light
That arose in strange reality
From the darkness that fell on Calvary.



'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of
God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways
past finding out!'—Rom. xi. 33.

THE very faith that brings us near,
Reveals new distances, new depths of light
Unfathomed,—seas of suns that never eye
Created hath beheld or can behold.



'Lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.'—
1 TIM. vi. 12.

A LIFE is before thee which cannot decay,
A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
Of glory and music not far away.
Take the bliss that is offered thee,
And thou shalt be
Safe and blest for aye.



'That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of
gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be
found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of
Jesus Christ.'—1 PET. i. 7.

PRECIOUS more than gold that passeth, is the trial of your faith ;
Fires of anguish or temptation shall not dim it, shall not scathe.
Your Refiner sitteth watching till His image shineth clear,
For His glory, praise, and honour when the Saviour shall appear.

'Thou understandest my thought afar off.'—Ps. cxxxix. 2.

FOR words are cold, dead things,
 And little they tell of the heart,
 Or the burning glow of the fount below
 Whence the glance and the cheek-flush start.
 Whose hidden depths within
 Are ever 'a fountain sealed ;'
 What the spirit itself has hardly seen,
 Is only to God revealed.



'The Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.'—Ex. xv. 25.

THE cure He hath devised, the blessed Tree,
 The Lord hath shown us, that, cast in, can heal
 The fountain whence our bitter waters flow ;
 Divinest remedy,
 Whose power we feel,
 Whose grace we comprehend not, but we *know*.



'Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.'
 —C L. iii. 2.

To see, and know, and love, and praise for ever
 The Son of God who died that we might live,
 Where sorrow, sin, and death can enter never,
 And ever find new cause new songs of praise to give,—
 O glorious prospect ! How, how can we cling
 To dim earth-dreamings, when such hopes are given ?
 Oh, may we from this day, on faith-plumed wing,
 No longer cling to earth, but soar in heart to heaven !

Man of Rest.

'Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest.'

—1 CHRON. xxii. 9.

HAIL, Christmas morn !
 For unto us the Son is born,
 The Man of Rest !
 The weary quest
 Is over now, for He who cometh, calleth,
 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !'
 The still voice falleth
 On hearts that, listening, are blessed.
 And daily shall the blessing flow,
 And daily shall the gladness grow,
 For we which have believed do enter into rest.

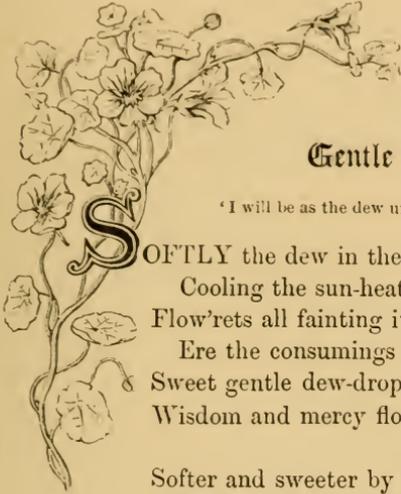
November 25, 1877.



A Covenant.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee ;
 I would be wholly Thine,
 As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
 And Thou art wholly mine.
 Oh take me,—seal me as Thine own,
 Thine altogether—Thine ALONE !

July 1876.



Gentle Dew.

'I will be as the dew unto Israel.'—Hos. xiv. 5.

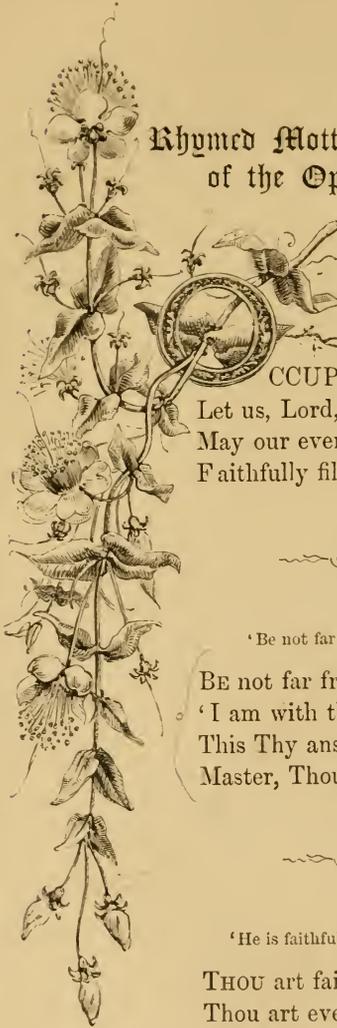
SOFTLY the dew in the evening descends,
Cooling the sun-heated ground and the gale,
Flow'rets all fainting it soothingly tends,
Ere the consumings of mid-day prevail.
Sweet gentle dew-drops, how mystic your fall!
Wisdom and mercy float down in you all.

Softer and sweeter by far is that Dew
Which from the Fountain of comfort distils,
When the worn heart is created anew,
And hallowed pleasure its emptiness fills.
Lord, let Thy Spirit bedew my dry fleece!
Faith then shall triumph, and trouble shall cease.

W. H. H.



Rhymed Mottos for the Members
of the Open Air Mission.



'Occupy till I come.'—LUKE XIX. 13.

OCcupy till I return :'
Let us, Lord, this lesson learn ;
May our every moment be
Faithfully filled up for Thee.

'Be not far from me.'—PS. XXII. 11.

BE not far from me, we pray :
'I am with thee all the day ;'
This Thy answer, strong and clear !
Master, Thou art *always* near.

'He is faithful that promised.'—HEB. X. 23.

THOU art faithful ; praise Thy name,
Thou art evermore the same ;
Thou hast promised ; oh, how blest
On Thy royal word to rest !

'He that winneth souls is wise'—Prov. xi. 30.

'HE that winneth souls is wise'
In the Master's gracious eyes ;
Well may we contented be
To be counted fools for Thee.



'Redeeming the time.'—COL. iv. 5.

So may we redeem the time,
That with every evening chime
Our rejoicing hearts may see
Blood-bought souls brought back to Thee.



'Lay up His words in thine heart.'—JOB xxii. 22.

LET us, by Thy Spirit stirred,
In our hearts lay up Thy word.
Daily, Lord, increase our store,
Fill our treasures more and more.

Advent Thoughts.

'Behold the Bridegroom cometh!'—*MATT. xxv. 6.*

O HERALD whisper falling
 Upon the passing night,
 Mysteriously calling
 The Children of the Light!

He cometh; oh, He cometh!
 Our own belovèd Lord!
 This blessed hope up-summeth
 Our undeserved reward.

He cometh! Though the hour,
 Nor earth nor heaven may know,
 Sure is the word of power,
 'He cometh!' Even so!



'Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.'—*LUKE. xxi. 28.*

ADVENT shadows gather deep,
 Wars and desolations,
 Troubled wakings, troubled sleep,
 Rushing of the nations.
 Advent glory, grand and clear,
 Herald flashes flingeth;
 And the Judge who draweth near,
 Full salvation bringeth.

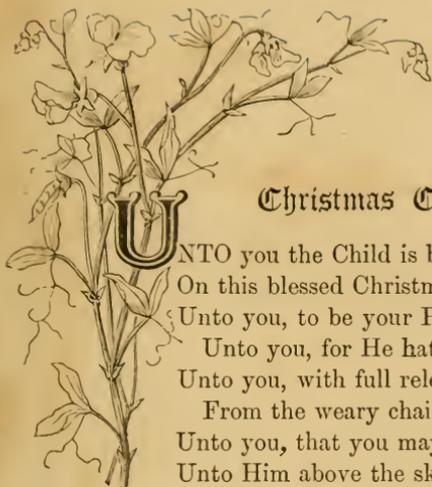


CHRISTMAS ECHOES



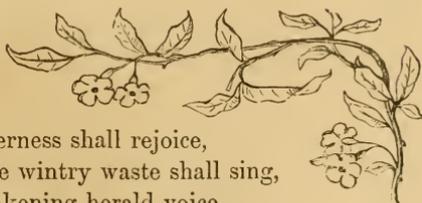






Christmas Cards.

UNTO you the Child is born,
On this blessed Christmas morn.
Unto you, to be your Peace ;
Unto you, for He hath found you ;
Unto you, with full release
From the weary chains that bound you :
Unto you, that you may rise
Unto Him above the skies.



THE wilderness shall rejoice,
And the wintry waste shall sing,
At the wakening herald voice
Of the coming of the King.
So the sparkling Christmas snow
Is dearer than summer light ;
For He whom we love came down below
In the hush of a Christmas night.
May thy Christmas morning break
Holy and bright and calm ;
And may all thy life for His dear sake
Be a joyful Christmas psalm.

Is it a wintry night ?
 Watch ! for the heavenly light
 Shineth, O mourner, around and above !
 Tidings of joy to thee
 Float on the minstrelsy !
 Rise up and welcome the Son of His love !



'Behold thy King cometh unto thee.'—ZECH. ix. 9.

COMETH in lowliness,
 Cometh in righteousness,
 Cometh in mercy all royal and free !
 Cometh with grace and might,
 Cometh with love and light ;
 Cometh, belovèd ! He cometh to thee !



BRIGHT be thy Christmas tide !
 Carol it far and wide,
 Jesus, the King and the Saviour, is come !
 Jesus thy guest will be ;
 O let Him dwell with thee !
 Open thy heart for His palace and home.



WHAT do the angels sing !
What is the word they bring ?
What is the music of Christmas again ?
Glad tidings still to thee,
Peace and good-will to thee,
Glory to God in the highest ! Amen.



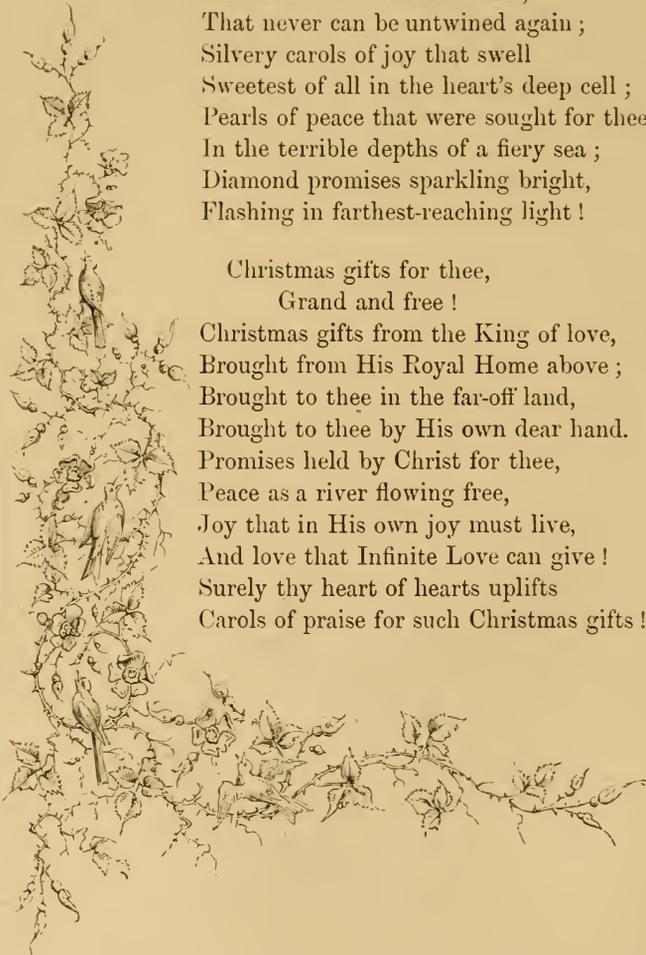
O CHRISTMAS blessings cannot cease,
Christmas joy is deep and strong,
For Christ is come to be our Peace,
Our Salvation and our Song.

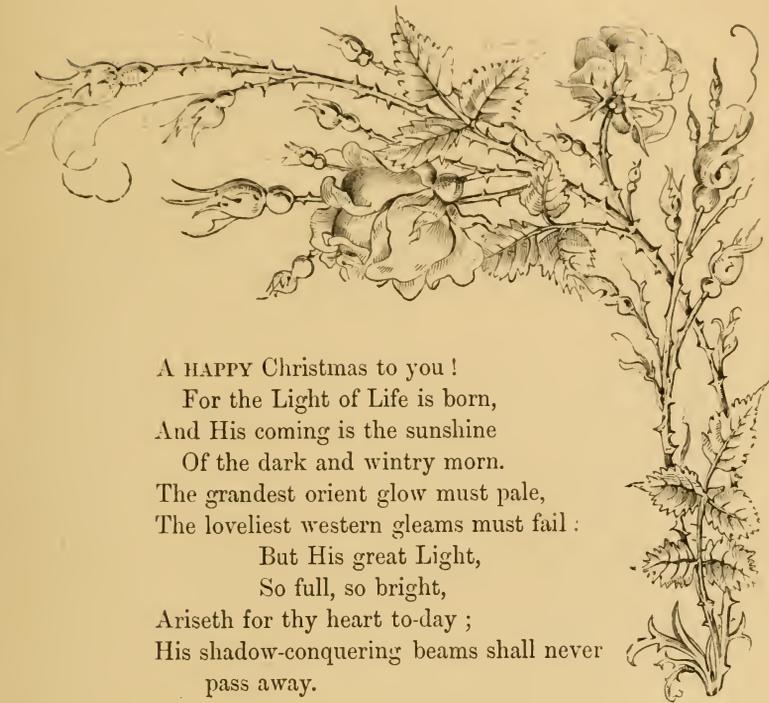
April 3, 1877.



CHRISTMAS gifts for thee,
Fair and free !
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more ;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again ;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's deep cell ;
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea ;
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest-reaching light !

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free !
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His Royal Home above ;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give !
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts !





A HAPPY Christmas to you !
For the Light of Life is born,
And His coming is the sunshine
Of the dark and wintry morn.
The grandest orient glow must pale,
The loveliest western gleams must fail :
But His great Light,
So full, so bright,
Ariseth for thy heart to-day ;
His shadow-conquering beams shall never
pass away.

A happy Christmas to you !
For the Prince of Peace is come,
And His reign is full of blessings,
Their very crown and sum.
No earthly calm can ever last,
'Tis but the lull before the blast :
But His great peace
Shall still increase
In mighty, all-rejoicing sway ;
His kingdom in thy heart shall never pass
away.



OUR Saviour Christ was born
 That we might have the rose without the thorn,
 All through His desert life
 He felt the thorns of human sin and strife.
 His blessed feet were bare
 To every hurting brier ; He did not spare
 One bleeding footstep on the way
 He came to trace for us, until the day
 The cruel crown was pressed upon the Brow,
 That smiles upon us from His glory now.

And so He won for us
 Sweet, thornless, everlasting flowers thus !
 He bids our desert way
 Rejoice and blossom as the rose to-day.
 There is no hidden thorn
 In His good gifts of grace, He would adorn
 The lives that now are His alone,
 With brightness and with beauty all His own.
 Then praise the Lord who came on Christmas Day
 To give the rose and take the thorns away.



THE wondrous love and light,
The fulness and the glory,
The meaning and the might
Of all the Christmas story,
May Christ Himself unfold to you to-day,
And bid you go rejoicing on your way.



A HAPPY, happy Christmas
Be yours to-day !
Oh, not the failing measure
Of fleeting earthly pleasure,
But Christmas joy abiding,
While years are swiftly gliding,
Be yours, I pray,
Through Him who gave us Christmas Day !



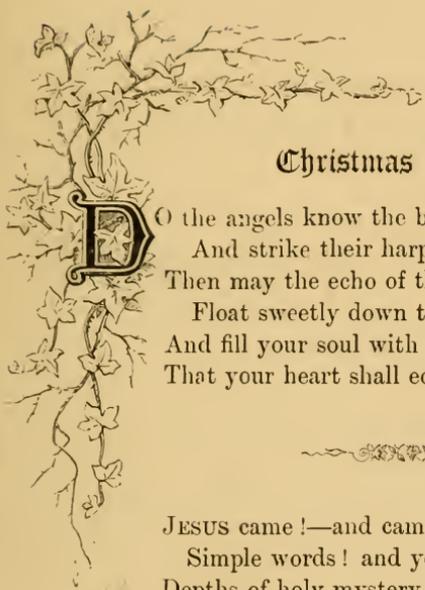
A BRIGHT and blessed Christmas Day,
With echoes of the angels' song,
And peace that cannot pass away,
And holy gladness, calm and strong,
And sweet heart carols, flowing free !
This is my Christmas wish to thee !



DOWN the ages hoary
Peals the song of glory,
Peace, and God's good-will !
Other echoes die away,
But the song of Christmas Day
Echoes from the Judean hill,
Ever clearer, louder still.
Oh, may its holy, heavenly chime
Make all thy life a Christmas time !

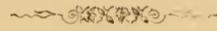
Christmas Day, 1877.



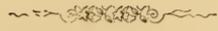


Christmas Mottos.

DO the angels know the blessed day,
And strike their harps anew?
Then may the echo of their lay
Float sweetly down to you,
And fill your soul with Christmas song
That your heart shall echo your whole life long.



JESUS came!—and came for me!
Simple words! and yet expressing
Depths of holy mystery,
Depths of wondrous love and blessing.
Holy Spirit, make me see
All His coming means for me;
Take the things of Christ, I pray,
Show them to my heart to-day.



OH, let thy heart make melody,
And thankful songs uplift,
For Christ Himself is come to be
Thy glorious Christmas gift.

X

A HAPPY, happy Christmas,
 And a happy, happy year !
 Oh, we have not deserved it.
 And yet we need not fear.
 For Jesus has deserved it,
 And so, for Jesus' sake,
 This cup of joy and blessing
 With grateful hand we take.



THERE is silence high in the midnight sky,
 And only the sufferers watch the night ;
 But long ago there was song and glow,
 And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,
 And the Christmas song of the messenger-throng
 The echoes of life shall for ever prolong.



GREAT is the mystery
 Of wondrous grace,
 God manifest we see
 In Jesu's face.
 O deepest mystery
 Of Love Divine,
 God manifest for me,
 And Jesus mine !



WHAT was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard?—
'Fear not!' Beloved, it comes to you
As a Christmas message most sweet and true,
As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem ;
And as sweet to-day as it was that night,
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.



CHRIST is come to be my Friend,
Leading, loving to the end ;
Christ is come to be my King,
Ordering, ruling everything.
Christ is come ! Enough for me,
Lonely though the pathway be.



GIVE me a song, O Lord,
That I may sing to Thee,
In true and sweet accord
With angel minstrelsy.
Oh, tune my heart that it may bring
A Christmas anthem to my King.



SWELL the notes of the Christmas Song!
 Sound it forth through the earth abroad!
 Glory to God!
 Blessing and honour, thanks and laud!
 Take the joy of the Christmas Song!
 Are not the tidings good and true?
 Peace to you,
 And God's good-will that is ever new!



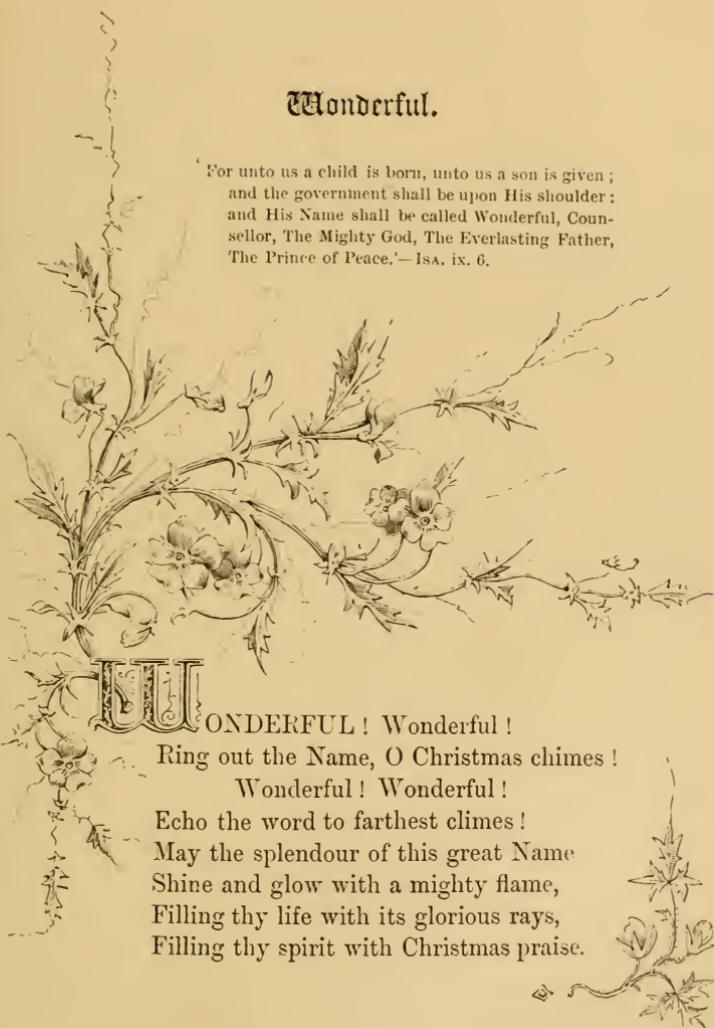
H, Christmas blessings cannot cease,
 Christmas joy is deep and strong!
 For Christ is come to be our Peace,
 Our Salvation and our Song.



CHRIST is come to be thy Light,
 Shining through the darkest night;
 He will make thy pilgrim way
 Shine unto the perfect day.
 Take the message! let it be
 Full of Christmas joy to thee!

Wonderful.

'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ;
and the government shall be upon His shoulder ;
and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Coun-
sellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father,
The Prince of Peace.'—ISA. ix. 6.



WONDERFUL ! Wonderful !

Ring out the Name, O Christmas chimes !

Wonderful ! Wonderful !

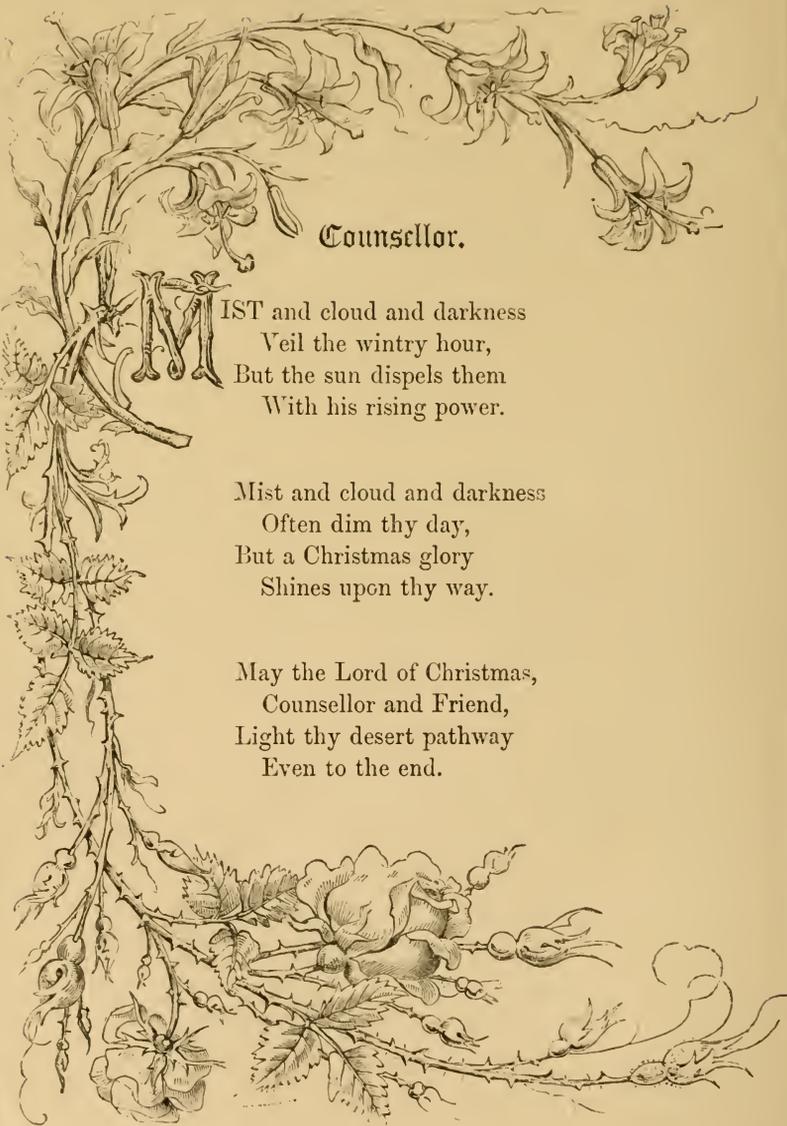
Echo the word to farthest climes !

May the splendour of this great Name

Shine and glow with a mighty flame,

Filling thy life with its glorious rays,

Filling thy spirit with Christmas praise.

A decorative floral border surrounds the text. It features lilies at the top, a large rose in the center, and various leaves and smaller flowers at the bottom. The border is drawn in a fine-line, etched style.

Counsellor.

MIST and cloud and darkness
Veil the wintry hour,
But the sun dispels them
With his rising power.

Mist and cloud and darkness
Often dim thy day,
But a Christmas glory
Shines upon thy way.

May the Lord of Christmas,
Counsellor and Friend,
Light thy desert pathway
Even to the end.

The Everlasting Father.

O NAME of gentlest grace,
O Name of strength and might,
Meeting the heart-need of our orphaned race
With tenderest delight !
Our Everlasting Father ! This is He
Who came in deep humility
A little child to be !



The Mighty God.

THE Christmas bells proclaim
His glorious Name,
'The Mighty God !'
God manifest indeed,

And yet the Woman's Seed,
To whom we sing
All glory, praise, and laud !
Divinest Lord and King.

The Prince of Peace.

O NAME of beauty and of calm !
O Name of rest and balm,
Of exquisite delight,
And yet of sovereignty and might !
Let it make music in thy heart to-day,
And bid thee go rejoicing on thy way ;
For Jesus is thy Peace, thy Prince of Peace,
Whose reign within thy heart shall evermore increase.



Carol.



ALM the scene—the winds scarce breathing,
Shepherds watch their flocks by night ;
Angels glad their heaven at leaving,
Burst on earth in floods of light.
Bethlehem's plains now bright with glory,
See ! the angel folds his wing ;
Soon he tells the wond'rous story,
Christ is born, a Saviour—King !

Loudly sweet they hymn their chorus,
' Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will towards us '—
See ! they soar beyond the sky.
Did these angels praise the Saviour,
Who a Saviour do not need ?
Let us not be silent ever ;
He for us was born indeed !

God Incarnate ! Mighty Jesus !
Lord of all above—below !
Thee we bless, who cam'st to free us
From the chains of sin and woe.
Once a babe,—now King of Glory !
Thee no seraph's thought can scan ;
But, dear Saviour, we adore Thee,
Son of God, and Son of Man.



Let Thy wond'rous Incarnation
 Soon throughout the world be sung ;
 Let the praise of Thy salvation
 Dwell on every heathen tongue.
 Oh ! remember Abraham's offspring,
 Joyless scattered o'er the earth !
 Saviour—God, we know rejoicing
They shall celebrate Thy birth !

W. H. H.



The Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale.

So happy all the day
 Had I been without play,
 And such good thoughts had come o'er my mind,
 That I wondered what it meant,
 Or for why it was sent,
 As I ne'er had felt aught of the kind.

And the birds all day long
 Had kept trilling their song ;
 And the sun had gone down, oh, so red !
 We had folded the sheep,
 And were talking of sleep,
 But, somehow, we cared not for bed.

The stars were all drest
In their brightest and best,
And the moon showed a streak of her gold :
'Twas a glorious night ;
And we thought of the sight
Of which David our father has told.

A sound struck our ear,
Sweet, joyous, and clear,
It seemed like a musical breeze :
But, ere we could gaze,
We were all in a blaze,
And found ourselves down on our knees.

A bright one then said,
('Twas like life from the dead,)
' Good tidings, good tidings I bring !
Messiah's come down ;
In your own little town,
You will find Him a Babe and a King !'

And then the whole choir,
Rising higher and higher,
Sang of ' glory, sweet peace and good-will ;'
The sheep seemed to dance,
And the mountains to prance,
And the stars could no longer stand still.

Then onward we sped,
To find out the bed
Where the Saviour in lowliness lay :
Near Bethlehem's inn,
(Oh, shame on their sin !)
We found Him 'midst cattle and hay.



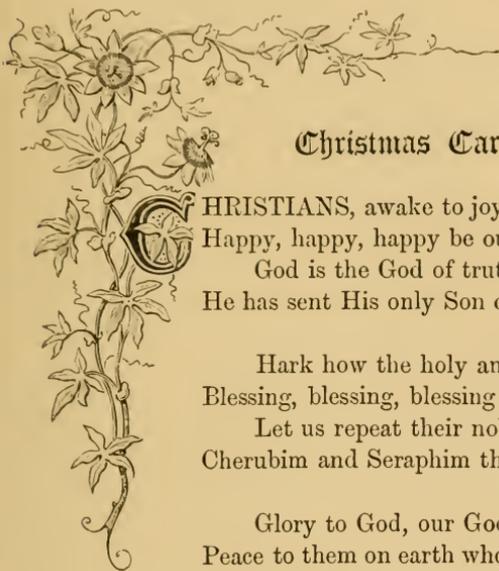
But we saw the blest sight ;
'Twas our Judah's delight ;
And Mary and Joseph were there :
And soon we made known
To all in the town,
What we heard the good angel declare.

And now, every day,
I sing and I pray
To the Babe, who is Saviour and all :
May His wonderful birth
Be known through the earth,
And cheer both the great and the small !

W. H. H.

1334.





Christmas Carols.

CHRISTIANS, awake to joy and praise !
Happy, happy, happy be our Christmas days.
God is the God of truth and love,
He has sent His only Son down from above.

Hark how the holy angels sing !
Blessing, blessing, blessing on the Infant King !
Let us repeat their noble song,
Cherubim and Seraphim the strain prolong.

Glory to God, our God on high !
Peace to them on earth who are condemned to die ;
Good-will to all the tribes of men ;
Glory, glory, glory, sing all Heaven ! Amen.

W. H. H.





Carol.

O FOR that vision ! so fair yet so fearful,
 O for that chorus ! so sweet and so loud ;
 Shepherds, rejoice ! no longer be tearful,
 Sing like the angels in yonder bright cloud.
 O for that sight ! so startling, so cheerful,
 O for the sound of that glorious crowd !

Then when we went as the angel had told us,
 Lo ! we beheld the Babe of the skies,
 Shepherd of shepherds, He comes now to fold us,
 Lord of all souls, Delight of all eyes.
 All that He is can never be told us,
 Wonderful, Counsellor, God only wise.

Blessing and honour and high adoration
 Be to the Babe of pure virginal birth ;
 He is our hope and our only salvation,
 Henceforth the theme and the crown of our mirth.
 Joy to all people, each tongue and each nation,
 Glory in heaven, and good-will on earth !

W. H. H.



The Worcestershire Christmas Carol.

'The glory of the Lord shone round about them.'

—LUKE ii. 9.

How grand and how bright,
That wonderful night,
When angels to Bethlehem came !
They burst forth like fires,
They struck their gold lyres,
And mingled their sound with the flame.

The shepherds were 'mazed,
The pretty lambs gazed
At darkness thus turned into light ;
No voice was there heard
From man, beast, or bird,
So sudden and solemn the sight.

And then, when the sound
Re-echoed around,
The hills and the dales all awoke ;
The moon and the stars
Stopped their fiery cars,
And listened while Gabriel spoke :

‘I bring you,’ (said he,)
 ‘From the Glorious Three,
 Good tidings to gladden mankind ;
 The Saviour is born,
 But He lies all forlorn
 In a manger, as soon you will find.’

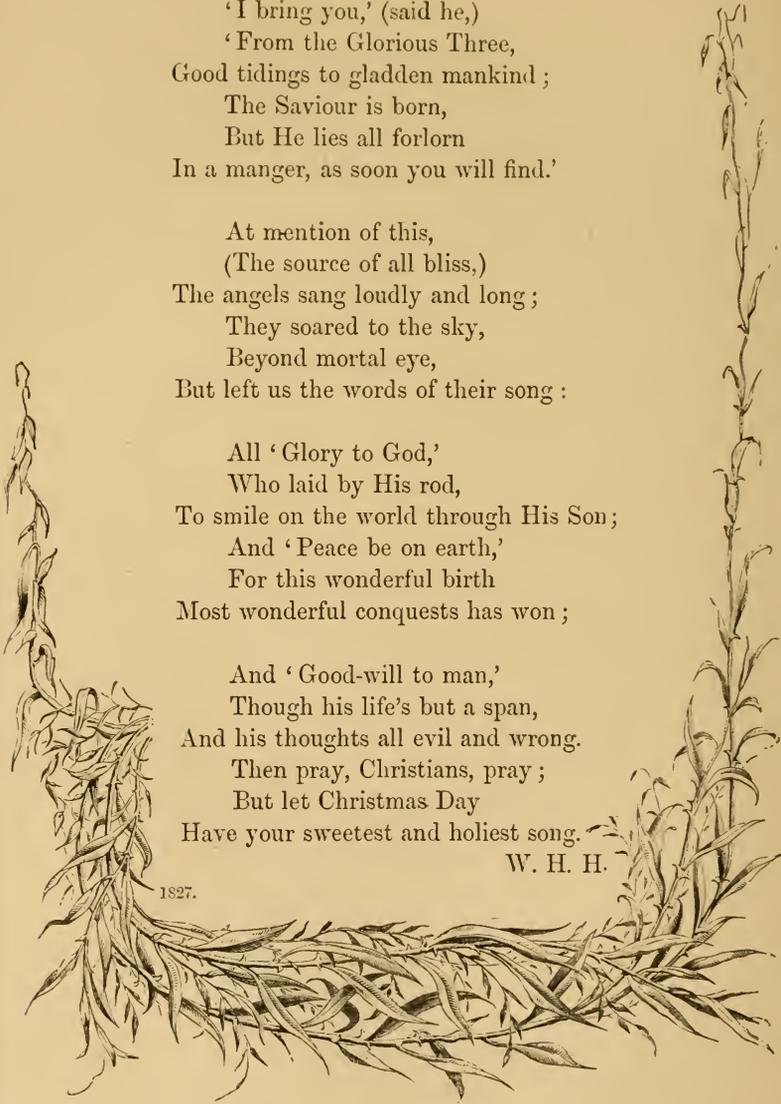
At mention of this,
 (The source of all bliss,)
 The angels sang loudly and long ;
 They soared to the sky,
 Beyond mortal eye,
 But left us the words of their song :

All ‘Glory to God,’
 Who laid by His rod,
 To smile on the world through His Son ;
 And ‘Peace be on earth,’
 For this wonderful birth
 Most wonderful conquests has won ;

And ‘Good-will to man,’
 Though his life’s but a span,
 And his thoughts all evil and wrong.
 Then pray, Christians, pray ;
 But let Christmas Day
 Have your sweetest and holiest song.

W. H. H.

1827.





The First Anniversary of Christmas.

'Talk ye of all His wondrous works.'—Ps. cv. 2.

COME, shepherds, come, 'tis just a year
Since sweetest music woke our ear,
And angels blessed our sight.
Come, lift your heart and tune your voice,
And bid the hills and vales rejoice,
As on that glorious night !

'Tis just a year ago, we say,
When night shone out as clear as day,
And heaven came down to earth.
How did we fear, how did we gaze,
Surrounded by the sudden blaze,
And thrilled with sounds of mirth !

Ah ! see you not that angel choir ?
And hear you not that mighty lyre
Which hushed our bleating sheep ?
And oh, that voice of sweetest awe,
Which told us all we after saw !
Who now would silence keep ?

Come, shepherds, come, with prayer and song,
This night, to be remembered long,
Rejoice to celebrate.
With reedy pipe, chant forth who can
To God all glory, love to man,
And peace in every gate !



'Tis just a year ago to-night,
From heaven came down the Prince of Light,
Our guilty world to bless :
Let Gentiles now with Israel sing
Our Saviour, Brother, Friend, and King,
Our promised Righteousness !

W. H. H.

1860.









A Happy New Year.



HAPPY New Year! Oh, such may it be!
Joyously, surely, and fully for thee!
Fear not and faint not, but be of good cheer,
And trustfully enter thy Happy New Year!



Happy, so happy! Thy Father shall guide,
Protect thee, preserve thee, and always provide!
Onward and upward along the right way
Lovingly leading thee day by day.

Happy, so happy! Thy Saviour shall be
Ever more precious and present with thee!
Happy, so happy! His Spirit thy Guest,
Filling with glory the place of His rest.

Happy, so happy! Though shadows around
May gather and darken, they flee at the sound
Of the glorious Voice, that saith, 'Be of good cheer!'
Then joyously enter thy Happy New Year!



New Year Mottos.

'From this day will I bless you.'—HAG. ii. 19.

'FROM this day'
He shall bless thee!
What shall then distress thee?

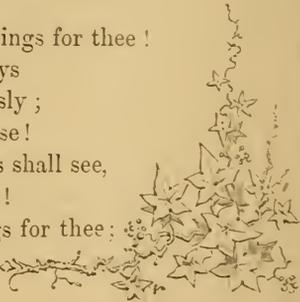
'From this day'
He will never leave thee;
What shall grieve thee?
Christ, thy mighty friend,
Loveth to the end

'From this day!'



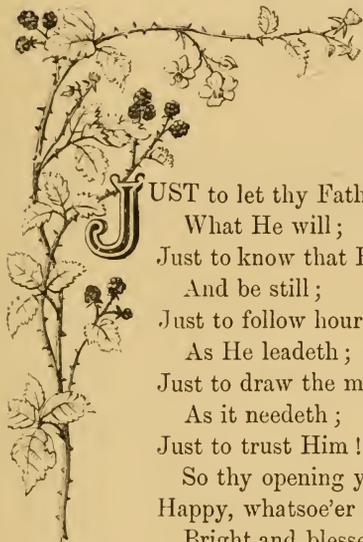
'Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things.'
—JOEL ii. 21.

THE Lord *hath* done great things for thee!
All through the fleded days
Jehovah hath dealt wondrously;
Lift up thy heart and praise!
For greater things thine eyes shall see,
Child of His loving choice!
The Lord *will* do great things for thee:
Fear not, be glad, rejoice!



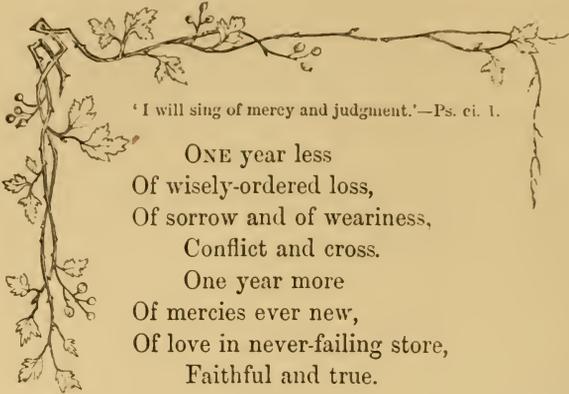
'He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee,
He will not fail thee.'—DEUT. xxxi. 6.

THE Lord thy God!
He it is that goes before thee,
His the banner waving o'er thee,
Bright and broad.
When the fiercest foes assail thee,
He it is that will not fail thee,
He, the Lord thy God.



JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour,
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power,
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him! this is all!
So thy opening year shall be
Happy, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free!





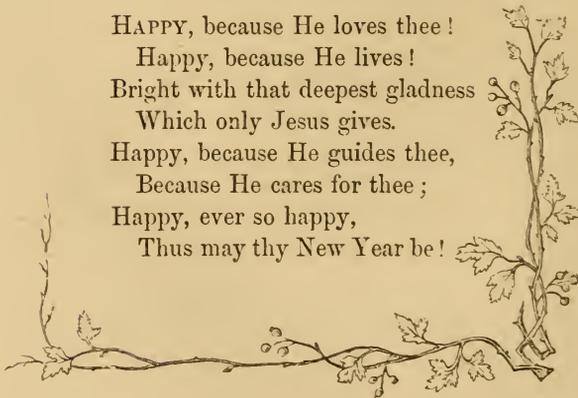
'I will sing of mercy and judgment.'—Ps. ci. 1.

ONE year less
 Of wisely-ordered loss,
 Of sorrow and of weariness,
 Conflict and cross.
 One year more
 Of mercies ever new,
 Of love in never-failing store,
 Faithful and true.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU.

HAPPY, because He loves thee!
 Happy, because He lives!
 Bright with that deepest gladness
 Which only Jesus gives.
 Happy, because He guides thee,
 Because He cares for thee;
 Happy, ever so happy,
 Thus may thy New Year be!



WONDROUSLY

The Lord *hath* dealt with thee !
Wondrous mercy all the way,
Wondrous patience every day,
Wondrous pardon, wondrous feeling,
Wondrous help and wondrous leading
Through the bygone year.

Wondrously

The Lord *shall* deal with thee !
Wondrous tenderness and grace,
Wondrous shining of His face,
Wondrous faithfulness and power,
Wondrous love, shall twine each bower
Through the coming year !



CROWN the year with Thy goodness, Lord !
And make every hour a gem
In the living diadem,
That sparkles to Thy praise.

Crown the year with Thy grace, O Lord !
Be Thy fresh anointings shed
On Thy waiting servant's head,
Who treads Thy royal ways.

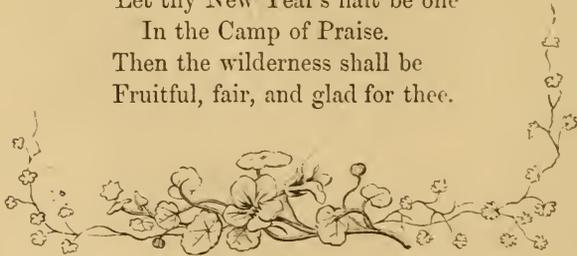
Crown the year with Thy glory, Lord !
Let the brightness and the glow
Of its heavenly overflow
Crown Thy beloved's days !

STRONG and loving is thy Friend !
 Trust Him for the untried year !
 He shall lead thee to the end,
 Ever gracious, ever near.
 As the everlasting hills
 Thou shalt find His faithfulness ;
 As the crystal mountain-rills.



'And on the east side toward the rising of the sun shall they of the standard of the camp of Judah pitch, throughout their armies : and Nahshon the son of Amminadab shall be captain of the children of Judah.'—NUMB. ii. 3.

TOWARD the rising of the sun
 Now thy standard raise !
 Let thy New Year's halt be one
 In the Camp of Praise.
 Then the wilderness shall be
 Fruitful, fair, and glad for thee.



ANOTHER year of patient toil,
A few sheaves won from rocky soil,
May seem not much to thee ;
But all thy work is with the Lord,
And thine exceeding great reward
Thy God Himself shall be.

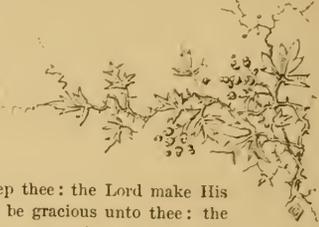


RAISING together for all the way,
Now let us welcome our New Year's Day,
Rejoicing together in faith and love,
Hoping together for rest above.



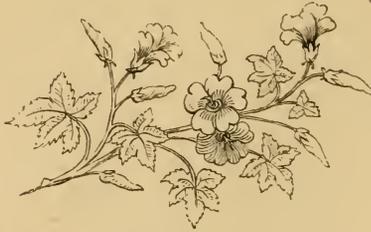
ETERNITY with Jesus
Is long enough for rest ;
Thank God that we are spared to work
For Him whom we love best !





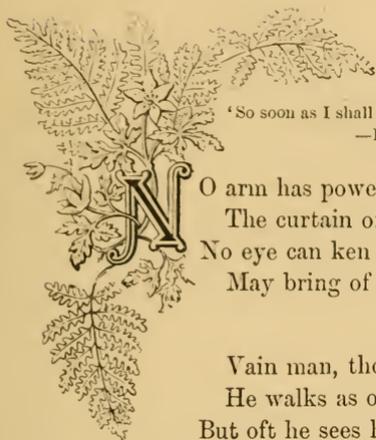
'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee : the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'—NUMB. vi. 24-26.

THE threefold blessing Israel heard
 Three thousand years ago,
 God grant it may on thee to-day
 In power and fulness flow ;
 That Light and Peace in grand increase
 All through the year may glow.



Lord JESUS, keep our dear one
 All through the year ;
 By day and night Thy Presence bright
 Be ever near ;
 And Thy sweet Word be always heard
 To guide and cheer.





'So soon as I shall see how it will go with me.'

—PHIL. ii. 23.

No arm has power to raise
The curtain of to-morrow ;
No eye can ken what future days
May bring of joy or sorrow.

Vain man, though wise, is veiled,
He walks as one benighted ;
But oft he sees how hopes have failed,
And all his flowerets blighted.

Then what is man ? a worm,
But does his God forget him ?
Oh no ! throughout his longest term
His God has often met him.

That worm, O Lord, am I,
Thick darkness is my vision ;
But in the sunshine of Thine eye
I walk with all precision.

Though sightless as to what
To-morrow's dawn may call me,
I will rejoice in any lot
Which may from Thee befall me.



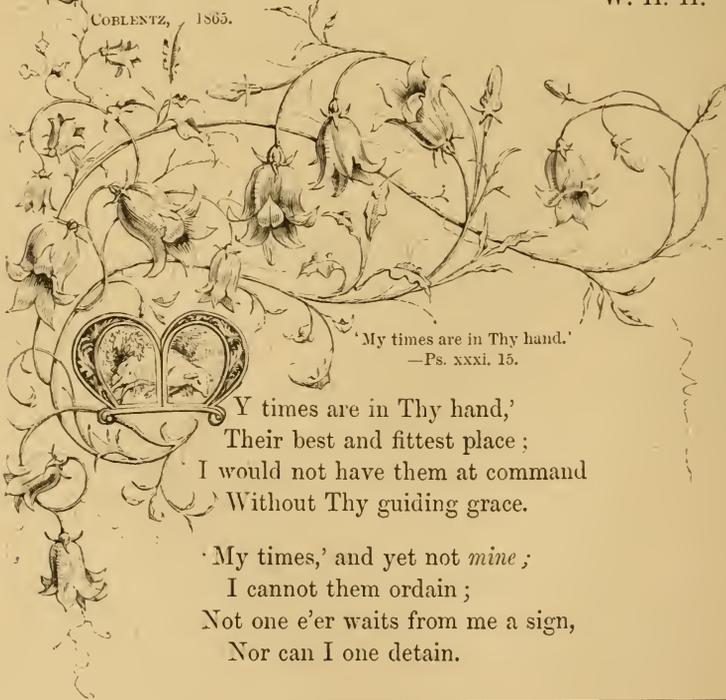
How it will go with me,
 Shall form no anxious musing ;
 Full rather will I follow Thee,
 In ways of Thine own choosing.

If Thou shouldst choose me pain,
 Or silence or decaying,
 Thou wilt my faith and love sustain
 In holy praise and praying.

And when at last I see
 How all has been Thy favour,
 It will indeed go well with me,
 Before Thy throne, my Saviour.

W. H. H.

COBLENZ, 1865.



'My times are in Thy hand.'

—Ps. xxxi. 15.

'My times are in Thy hand,'
 Their best and fittest place ;
 I would not have them at command
 Without Thy guiding grace.

'My times,' and yet not *mine* ;
 I cannot them ordain ;
 Not one e'er waits from me a sign,
 Nor can I one detain.

'My times,' O Lord, are Thine,
And Thine their oversight ;
Thy wisdom, love, and power combine
To make them dark or bright.

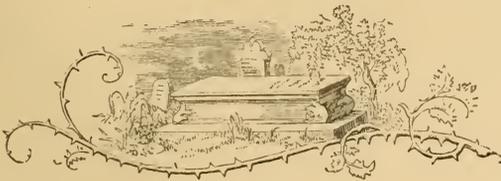
I know not what shall be,
When passing times are fled ;
But all events I leave with Thee,
And calmly bow my head.

Hence, Lord, in Thee I rest,
And wait Thy holy will ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast,
Or gladly go on still.

And when my 'times' shall cease,
And life shall fade away,
Then bid me, Lord, depart in peace,
To realms of endless day !

W. H. H.

1860.







EASTER ECHOES

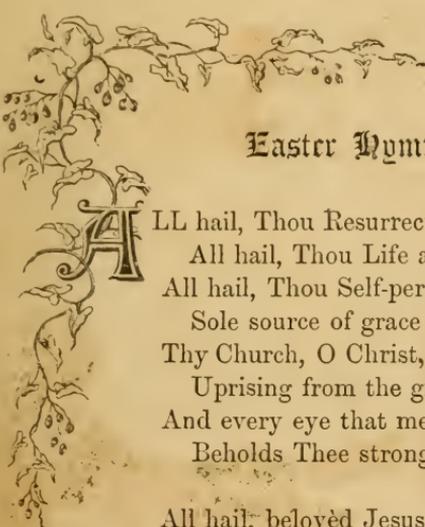






W. B. H. & C. S. MO. 1888

TACSONIA MANICATA,
PASSIFLORA



Easter Hymn.

ALL hail, Thou Resurrection !
All hail, Thou Life and Light !
All hail, Thou Self-perfection,
Sole source of grace and might !
Thy Church, O Christ, now greets Thee,
Uprising from the grave ;
And every eye that meets Thee,
Beholds Thee strong to save.

All hail, beloved Jesus !
For Thou indeed art He
Whose death from sin can free us,
Whose life brings liberty.
Hence, let our faith embrace Thee
With warmest hand and eye,
And then delight to trace Thee
Ascending up on high.

O Saviour, come in glory,
To raise Thy holy dead,
And end redemption's story
With crown upon Thy head.



Then robed in white before Thee,
 Without one stain or tear,
 Shall all Thy saints adore Thee,
 'Midst wonder, love, and fear.

W. H. H.

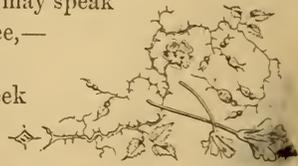


Easter Echoes.



RISE, for He is risen to-day,
 And shine, for He is glorified ;
 Put on thy beautiful array,
 And keep perpetual Easter-tide.

THE white flowers, freed
 From snowy sepulchres, may speak
 In angel-tone to thee, —
 'Oh, fear not ye !
 The Saviour whom ye seek
 Is risen indeed !'

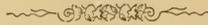


IN the likeness of His death
We were planted,
Therefore, by His Spirit's breath
Resurrection-life is granted ;—
Resurrection beauty glowing,
Resurrection power outflowing,
Resurrection gladness cheering,
Resurrection glory nearing.



‘SHALL rise again !’
His word shall be
Enough for thee,
O mourning heart, so full of pain !
Yet see
The promise sealed
By loveliest miracles. Each wakening flower
Of fell or field,
Is fair new proof of resurrection power.

FAR on the mountain height
 They grew ;
 Each vivid tint
 A new
 And fair imprint
 Of the once piercèd Feet,
 A token sweet
 (Sent very tenderly),
 That Jesus lives and loves and cares for me.



OH, let me know
 The power of Thy resurrection !
 Oh, let me show
 Thy risen life in clear reflection !
 Oh, let me soar
 Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone
 before !
 In mind and heart
 Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.



Only for Jesus.

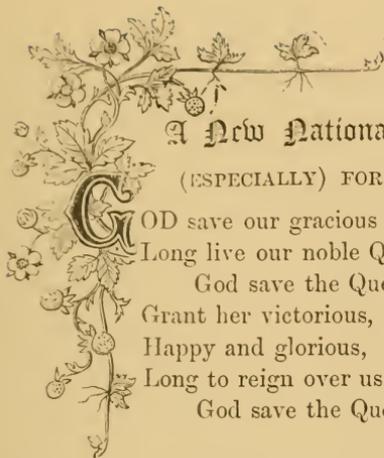
ONLY for Jesus ! Lord, keep it for ever
 Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life !
 Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavour,
 Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.



BRIDAL ECHOES







A New National Bridal Hymn.

(ESPECIALLY) FOR MARCH 10, 1863.

GOD save our gracious Queen ;
Long live our noble Queen ;
God save the Queen !
Grant her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the Queen !

God save the Prince of Wales ;
Bless Thou the bride he hails ;
Make them Thy care !
Where England's name prevails,
Where sweet homes scent her gales,
Where ocean bears her sails,
There be this prayer.

God of the bridal band,
Fast be each heart and hand
Bound in Thine own !
Cheer them in sorrow's hour,
Spare them if troubles lower,
Gird them with truth and power
Sent from Thy throne.



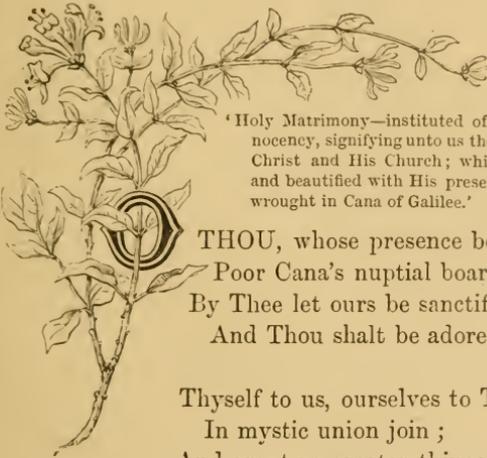
Then, when long years have fled,
Still be Thy favours shed
On them and theirs !
Where dwells not sin nor sigh,
Where weeps not widow's eye,
There with our Christ on high
Be they 'joint heirs.'

W. H. H.



Nuptial Grace.

FOR G. S. AND E. P. H.



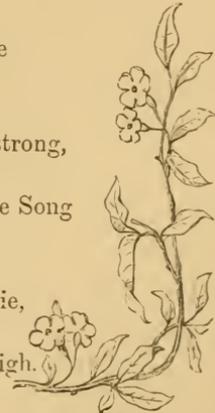
'Holy Matrimony—instituted of God, in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His Church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with His presence, and first miracle that He wrought in Cana of Galilee.'

THOU, whose presence beautified
Poor Cana's nuptial board,
By Thee let ours be sanctified,
And Thou shalt be adored.

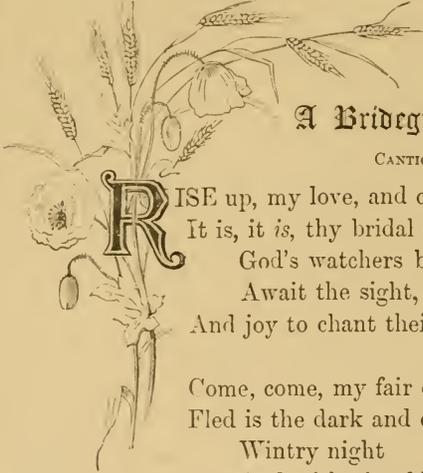
Thyself to us, ourselves to Thee,
In mystic union join ;
And grant us greater things to see
Than water turned to wine.

Thy glory show, our faith make strong,
Like rivers be our peace ;
And seat us where THY Marriage Song
Shall never, *never* cease !

To Him who wove the marriage tie,
When man was innocent,
To God, our Triune God, Most High.
Be all our praises sent !



W. H. H.



A Bridegroom's Song.

CANTICLES ii. 10.

RISE up, my love, and come away !
 It is, it is, thy bridal day :
 God's watchers bright
 Await the sight,
 And joy to chant their sweetest lay.

Come, come, my fair one, come away !
 Fled is the dark and cloudy day :
 Wintry night
 And withering blight
 Too long have held thee 'neath their sway.

Rise up, my love, from thy loneliness !
 Thy harass and thy deep distress :
 Sorrow and care
 No more shall scare
 Thy spirit's native loveliness.

'Tis God who hath prepared thy way
 To reach this blest and blessing day ;
 'Twas He who trained
 When most He pained,
 For He meant to chase thy tears away !



Then rise, my fair one, come away
To a home of love, by night and day ;
 Peace and prayer
 Await thee there,
And praise shall tune her song alway !

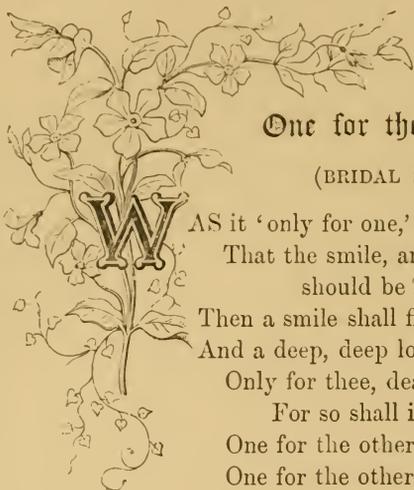
A home ! yes, in it welcome stands
To bless thy feet, and kiss thy hands ;
 And children's love
 Shall greet their dove,
And listen to her soft commands.

Yes, my own love, my home is thine,
In it shall all thy virtues shine ;
 But, O be wise,
 Turn to the skies,
And let our nuptials be a heavenly sign !

A sign of that transcendent day
When thou shalt hear *The* Bridegroom say,—
 And I the while
 Stand by and smile,—
'Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away !'

W. H. H.





One for the Other.

(BRIDAL SONG.)

AS it 'only for one,' dear, 'only for one,'
 That the smile, and the song, and the love
 should be ?
 Then a smile shall flash, and a song shall flow,
 And a deep, deep love shall thrill and glow,
 Only for thee, dear, only for thee !
 For so shall it be,
 One for the other—nevermore lonely,
 One for the other—ever and only.

The blossoms that now at my feet you lay,
 Shall be golden fruit for you and me
 When spring and summer have passed away,
 And softly falls the autumn day,
 Like the close of a holy melody.
 For so shall it be,
 One for the other—nevermore lonely,
 One for the other—ever and only.

Yes ! one for the other, blessing and blessed,
 In the strength of His gladness, calm and bright,
 But with more of blessing and love for all,
 The smile shall beam, and the song shall fall,
 Touching the shadows around with light,—
 Because it shall be
 One for the other—nevermore lonely,
 One for the other—ever and only !



(SONG.)

I HAVE waited for thy coming, love,
As the song-bird waits for spring,
Ere the echo of his merry lay
Makes the forest arches ring.
But when the spring is gone, love,
And summer's glory fills,
How musical the hush, love,
Between the shadowy hills.

I have waited for thy coming, love,
Yet bring to greet thee near,
Nor laugh, nor words, nor carol gay,
But stillness and a tear.
But if I know thy heart, love,
And if thou readest mine,
This welcome is the best, love,
The truest, fondest sign.

1505.



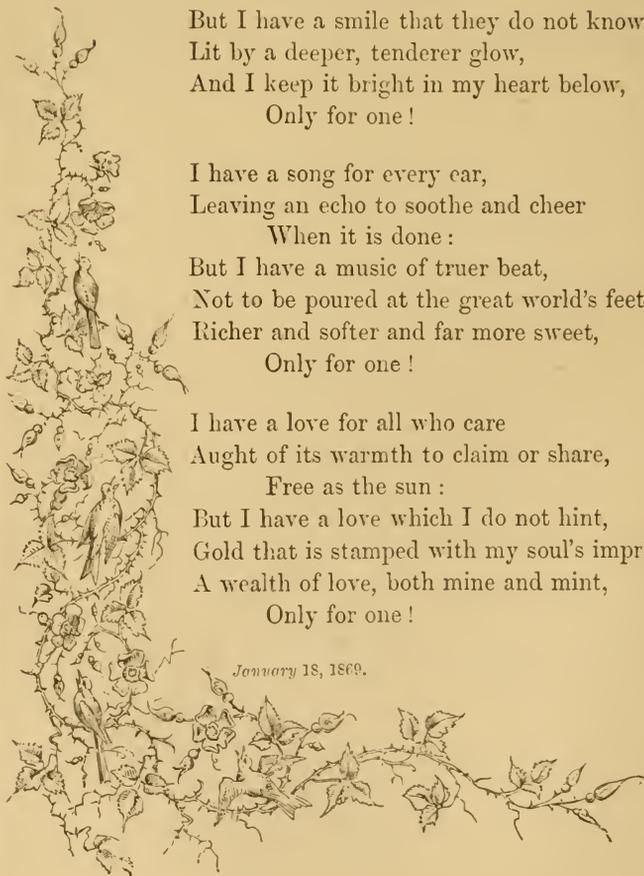
Only for One.

I HAVE a smile my friends to greet,
Hearty and pleasant for all I meet,
Hidden from none :
But I have a smile that they do not know,
Lit by a deeper, tenderer glow,
And I keep it bright in my heart below,
Only for one !

I have a song for every ear,
Leaving an echo to soothe and cheer
When it is done :
But I have a music of truer beat,
Not to be poured at the great world's feet,
Richer and softer and far more sweet,
Only for one !

I have a love for all who care
Aught of its warmth to claim or share,
Free as the sun :
But I have a love which I do not hint,
Gold that is stamped with my soul's imprint,
A wealth of love, both mine and mint,
Only for one !

January 18, 1869.



Thinking together, or Gravitation.

I.

Of what are you thinking now, dear,
Now that good-night is said,
Now that the children's eyes are shut,
And the stars shine out instead ;
Now that the far church-clock sounds near,
For the world is all so still,
And the cottage twinkle has long gone out
On the slope of the fir-crowned hill ?

II.

Of what are you thinking now, dear ?
Could a thought-flash reach me here,
The message would not surprise me,
But only strengthen and cheer.
For love has told it already,
That seer so bold and true !
I know you are thinking of me, dear,
For I am thinking of you.

III.

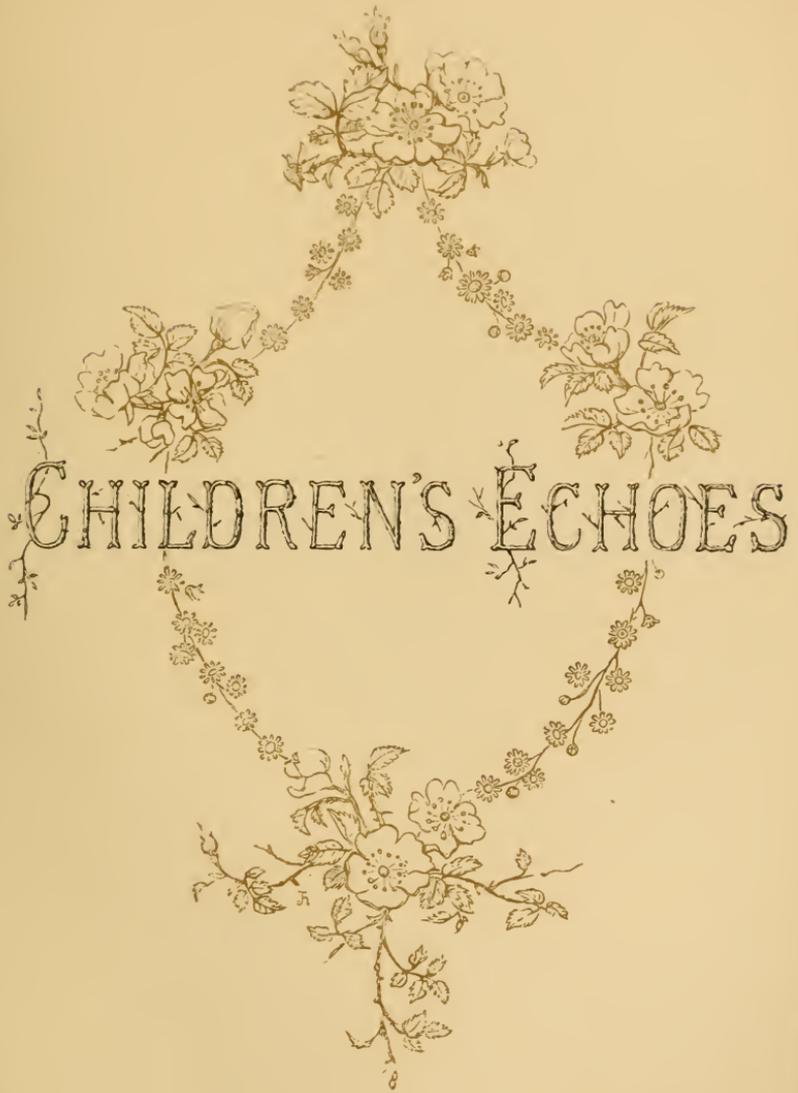
I know you are thinking of me, dear,
For the whirl of the day hath ceased,
The circling force is spent at last,
And our spirits are released ;
And heart to heart hath swiftly turned
After the lonely strife,
For each is the centre of each, dear,
By the law of our truest life.



IV.

We have but one other thought, dear,
In these quiet, restful hours,
And that is of Him whose love is twined
In a threefold cord with ours.
So you are thinking of me, dear,
And I am thinking of you,
And He is thinking of us both :
Is it not sweet and true ?









MAY 1871

PAGE 95

IN THE WINTERDYNE WALKS



Welcome to Winterdyne.

FRANCIE and Willie, welcome to you!
Alfred and Alice, welcome too!
To an English home and English love
Welcome, each little Irish dove!
Never again we hope to be
Kept apart by an angry sea.
A thousand welcomes, O darlings mine,
When we see you at Winterdyne!

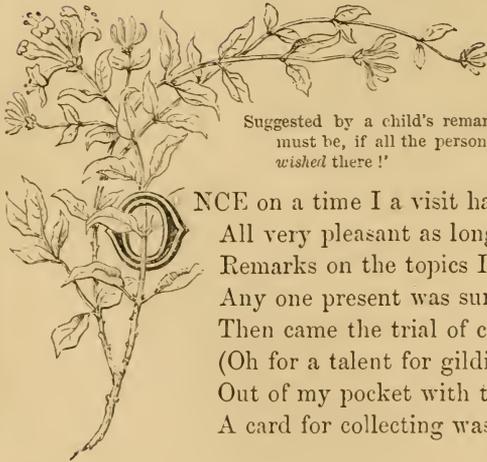
Welcome all to a warm new nest,
Just the place for our doves to rest,
Through the oaks and beeches looking down
On the winding valley and quaint old town,
Where ivy green on the red rock grows,
And silvery Severn swiftly flows,
With an extra sparkle and glitter and shine
Under the woods of Winterdyne.

On a quiet evening in lovely spring,
In the tall old elms the nightingales sing:
Under the forest in twilight grey,
I have heard them more than a mile away,
Sweeter and louder and far more clear
Than any thrush you ever did hear;
Perhaps, when the evenings grow long and fine,
They will sing to you in Winterdyne.

Little to sadden, and nothing to fear ;
 Priest and Fenian never come here ;
 Only the sound of the Protestant bells
 Up from the valley pleasantly swells,
 And a beautiful arch, to church, is made
 Under the sycamore avenue's shade ;
 You pass where its arching boughs entwine,
 Out of the gates of Winterdyne.

Welcome to merry old England ! And yet
 We know that old Ireland you will not forget ;
 Many a thought and prayer will fly
 Over the mountains of Wales so high,
 Over the forest and over the sea,
 To the home which no longer yours must be.
 But farewells are over, O darlings mine,
 Now it is Welcome to Winterdyne !

To Jericho and Back.



Suggested by a child's remark, 'What a queer place Jericho must be, if all the persons and things get there that are wished there !'

ONCE on a time I a visit had paid,
 All very pleasant as long as I made
 Remarks on the topics I fancied or guessed
 Any one present was sure to like best.
 Then came the trial of courage and skill ;—
 (Oh for a talent for gilding the pill !)
 Out of my pocket with tremulous thought
 A card for collecting was cautiously brought.

What the result, there is no need to tell ;
Collectors are often received very well,
Sometimes, alas ! it is quite the reverse,
So you take up the work for better, for worse ;
Still, I was conscious 'twas better to go
After revealing my errand, and so
Forth in the mist of the evening I wandered,
And on changes of tone and of countenance pondered !

Weary the feet, and closing the day ;
Is there not danger of losing the way ?
Strange are the hills and the forests around ;
Where shall a home-leading pathway be found ?
I cannot turn back, and I cannot advance ;—
Is it a nightmare, or is it a trance ?
Shadowy figures are faintly seen,
Spectral and silent, dimly serene ;
Persons and things in range on range,
All familiar, yet all so strange ;
Shades of all things that ever annoyed,
All that ever one wished to avoid.

Strange though it be, I need not fear ;
'Tis a wonderful region, and how I came here
I cannot explain, but as it is so,
Let me investigate whether or no,
And enumerate some of the objects I find ;
No names shall be mentioned, so no one will mind.

Determining thus, I quickly began
Everything round me more closely to scan,
Hoping to make a report of the case
To friends who had never discovered the place ;
Having set out on this singular track,
Not in a hurry was I to get back.





Aid unexpected was close to my side,
 Soon I perceived an invisible guide,
 Only a voice, clear, quiet, and low,
 Telling me all that I wanted to know.

People of every age and class
 Under review appeared to pass ;
 Some I recognised perfectly well,
 (More of these than I choose to tell !)
 Of others I learnt the name and degree
 From the bodiless guide who followed me.

There were several sharp little girls
 Who had made remarks on chignons and curls,
 And dozens and dozens of dreadful boys
 With special talents for mischief and noise ;
 Specimens, too, in greatest variety,
 Of every sort of bores of society,—
 Boorish bores, and bores polite,
 People who stay too late at night,
 People who make long morning calls,
 People who think of nothing but balls,
 People who never a move will make,
 People who never a hint can take ;
 Strong-minded bores, and weak-minded too,
 Masculine, feminine, not a few ;
 People who borrow books to lose,
 People who will not wipe their shoes,
 People who keep your mind on the rack
 Lest some pussy escape from the sack ;
 Over stupid, and over clever ;
 People who seem to talk for ever ;
 People who mutter, and people who drawl,
 People who will not talk at all.

There were ledgers and day-books in piles on piles,
 And letters and papers in files on files ;
 Foolscap and parchment, deeds and wills ;
 And oh, such a mass of unpaid bills !

There was a wonderful heap of slates,
 Scribbled all over with sums and dates,
 With names of counties and names of towns,
 With Latin verbs and German nouns,
 Vulgar fractions and multiplication,
 And plenty more of the like vexation.

And *finished* was seldom seen,
 Many a half-worked cushion and screen,
 Many a drawing just half done,
 Plenty of things in haste begun ;
 Soon might Patience and Perseverance
 Among this collection effect a clearance.

Now and then throughout my stay
 Things arrived in a wholesale way ;
 Sometimes a house came gliding down,
 Sometimes a village or even a town ;
 Sometimes a borough my eyes would meet,
 With candidates, voters, and votes complete ;
 'But,' whispered my guide, 'the person who sent it
 Was never the man who could represent it.'

'The person who sent it ! that's not at all clear :
 Who has the power to send things here ?
 What is the power, and how does one use it ?
 Can any one have it if only they choose it ?'
 'Every one has it,' responded my guide ;
 'Oft by yourself has the power been tried,





On yourself too, or you would not be here,
 In this region of shadows so dismal and drear.
 Only a wish is the power that brings
 Hither this medley of persons and things ;
 Only a wish of the opposite kind
 Loosens the spell, as you'll presently find.
 Some one has wished you farther away,
 That is the reason you came here to-day ;
 Some one may wish you were speedily near,
 Then you no longer may stay with us here.
 Watch your companions, you'll see at a glance
 A few are awake, but most in a trance.
 Thousands are sent who never knew it,
 Editors sending many a poet,
 Children sending half their teachers,
 Listeners sending half their preachers.
 There are some who send their dearest friends
 If they happen to cross their private ends,
 Or give advice which is good and true,
 If it's not the thing that they *wish* to do ;
 Or to be a little too quick of sight.'
 (If they never came back it would serve them right !)

Plenty of music went on meanwhile,
 Not in the Handel Festival style !
 For hither most people agree to despatch
 New violins, with players to match,
 Old pianos that rattle and jingle,
 Or Broadwood grands that make your ears tingle
 With polkas and waltzes four hours a day ;
 All barrel organs, whatever they play ;
 All German bands that won't play in tune ;
 People who practise too late or too soon ;
 Contraltos that groan, and sopranos that squall,
 Basses that bellow, and tenors that bawl.

Suddenly, while these melodious strains
Filled up the measure of puzzles and pains,
Everything faded away from my gaze,
Into the deepening darkness and haze ;
All the unbearable chaos of sound
Melted away into silence profound.
How I came back, to this day I don't know,
Only I found myself all in a glow,
Hastening into the parlour to see
If I had kept them all waiting for tea.
Welcoming voices said,—‘ We were afraid
You with some neighbour the evening had staid ;
Your presence is wanted to brighten and cheer ;
Where have you been ? we were wishing you here !’
‘ Thanks,’ cried I ; ‘ you have called me away
From a limbo of dreary shades to-day.
May you never the pathway know
Leading away to JERICHO !
Or if you are sent on that dismal track,
May loving wishes soon summon you back !’

December 1868.





+

Ethelbert's 'Coming Home in the Dark.'

DID I tell you how we went to tea,
 All by ourselves, with kind Mrs. B.?
 And how we came home in the dark so late,
 I think it was nearly half-past eight!
 We liked the tea, and all the rest,
 But coming home in the dark was best,—
 Best of all! oh, it *was* such fun,
 The nicest thing we have ever done.
 Nurse took Willie, and Bertha took me,—
 Bertha is such a great girl, you see;
 She sometimes says to us, 'Now, little boys,
 Don't you make such a dreadful noise,
 You will wake little Sybil with all your riot!'
 And then we have to be—oh, so quiet!
 She is nearly eight, and ever so tall;
 But Willie and I are not very small;
 We are six years old, and our birthdays came
 Both on one day, the very same.
 So people say we are little twins,
 And as much alike as two little pins.
 And Papa likes having a pair of boys,
Although we make such a dreadful noise;
 'Much more amusing,' we heard him say,
 'Than a couple of odd ones any day!'

It was only so very dark down below
 Along the lane where the blackberries grow,
 For the little stars were out in the sky,
 And we laughed to see them, Willie and I,
 For they twinkled away, so quick and bright,
 I think they were laughing at us that night.

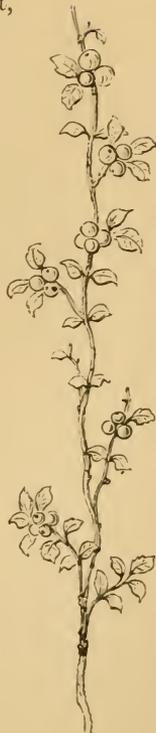
A bright one got up from behind a tree,
And peeped at Bertha and Willie and me ;
And round the corner we saw another
Playing at hide-and-seek with his brother,
Popping out from a cloud, and then
Running behind it to hide again.

And then the kind little Moon came out
To take care of the Stars as they played about ;
She looked so quiet and good, we thought
That perhaps they went to her school to be taught,
And to learn from her how to shine so bright ;
But Grandmamma told us we did not guess right,
For the Moon goes to school herself to the Sun :
Do you think she meant it only in fun ?

Then all of a sudden the Wind ran by,
And flew up to kiss the Stars in the sky ;
He tucked them up, and said good-night,
And drew the curtain round them tight.
That was a great dark cloud, you see,
That hid the Stars from Willie and me.
I think they were sorry to go to bed,
For they did not look tired at all, we said ;
And one or two of them tried to peep ;
But very soon they were all asleep,
For the Wind kept singing their lullaby,
And we felt quite vexed with him, Willie and I.

I think the Moon asked if she might not stay
To light us a little bit more of the way,
But he whistled quite loud, and we thought he
said,

‘No, no, no ! you must go to bed !’
The good little Moon did what she was bid,
And under the curtains her pretty face hid ;
And then it got darker and darker still ;
Nurse said she was setting behind the hill.

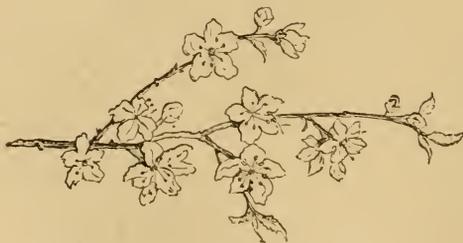


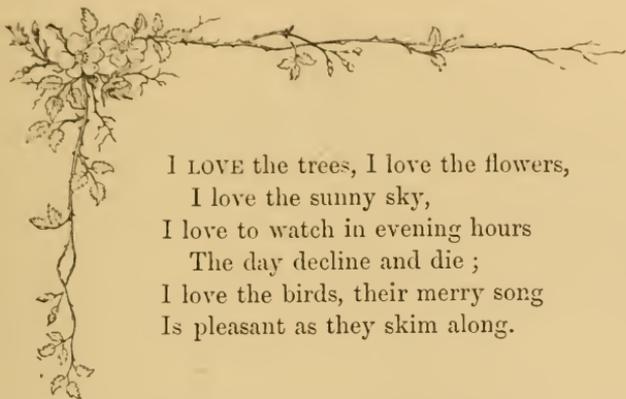
So perhaps she was tired, and glad to go ;
It's a long way across the sky, you know.

We were not afraid, but we did not talk
As we came along the avenue walk ;
And we did not *quite* like looking back,
For the pretty green trees were all quite black.
But I whispered to Willie that God was there,
And we need not be frightened, for He would
take care.

And then all at once we saw the light
In the dining-room window, ever so bright ;
And up we came through the little gate,—
Oh, it *was* so nice to come home so late !
And then we gave a famous shout,
For dear Mamma herself came out
To meet us, just as we got to the door ;
But she had not expected us home before.
And then we took it by turns to talk,
And tell them about the tea and the walk ;
And Papa *did* laugh so,—we wondered why !
At what we told him, Willie and I.

Towyn, July 27, 1874.



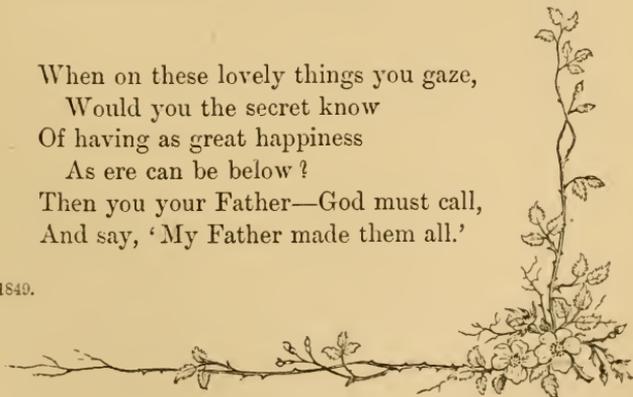


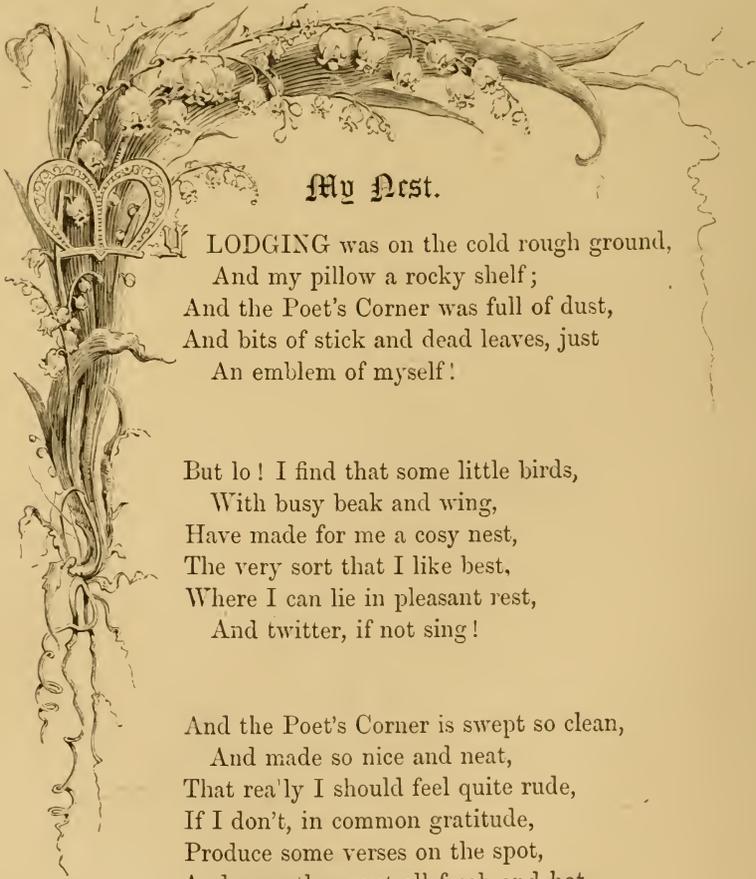
I LOVE the trees, I love the flowers,
I love the sunny sky,
I love to watch in evening hours
The day decline and die ;
I love the birds, their merry song
Is pleasant as they skim along.

I love to see the gentle moon,
So lovely and so pale,
I love to see the distant stars,—
How marvellous their tale !
I love the soft dim light they throw
Upon this world of ours below.

When on these lovely things you gaze,
Would you the secret know
Of having as great happiness
As ere can be below ?
Then you your Father—God must call,
And say, ' My Father made them all.'

1849.





My Nest.

P LODGING was on the cold rough ground,
 And my pillow a rocky shelf ;
 And the Poet's Corner was full of dust,
 And bits of stick and dead leaves, just
 An emblem of myself !

But lo ! I find that some little birds,
 With busy beak and wing,
 Have made for me a cosy nest,
 The very sort that I like best,
 Where I can lie in pleasant rest,
 And twitter, if not sing !

And the Poet's Corner is swept so clean,
 And made so nice and neat,
 That rea'ly I should feel quite rude,
 If I don't, in common gratitude,
 Produce some verses on the spot,
 And pour them out all fresh and hot,
 For my little birds so sweet.

F. R. H.'s Thanks

FOR A PENCIL-CASE FROM HER BIBLE-CLASS.

O THOU who gatherest with loving arm
 The tender lambs, who in each dark alarm
 Wilt fold them safely,—listen to my prayer
 Borne upwards on the silent morning air!
 O Saviour, e'en to these extend Thy love,
 And let them know its sweetness,—from above
 Pour down on them Thy Spirit's quickening showers,
 That they may flourish as sweet heaven-born flowers!
 O let Thy smile beam on them, let them be
 For ever gladdened with its radiancy!
 May they reflect Thine image pure and bright
 As burnished silver, spotless in Thy sight;
 Cleansed by Thy blood from every sinful stain,
 Let not its free stream pour for them in vain.
 When Thou in glory at the last Great Day
 Shalt come, when earth and heaven shall flee away,
 When, waking at th' archangel's clarion sound,
 The sleeping ones arise, and gather round
 The great tribunal, then let each one here
 At Thy right hand redeemed and saved appear,
 And in the Book of Life let each one be
Inscribed as in eternal lines by Thee!
 O Saviour, let *each* name be *written* there,
 Not one be wanting in those pages gleaming!
 Hear, Shepherd of the lambs, this fervent prayer,
 For ever be Thy blessings o'er them streaming!



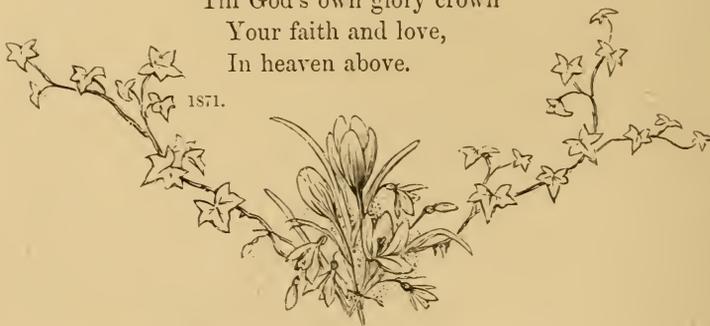
March 28, 1855.

F. R. W.'s Thanks,

WITH A COPY OF 'SONGS OF GRACE AND GLORY,' TO CLARA O.,
FOR THIRTY BUNCHES OF ASTLEY VIOLETS.

SWEET flowers of Spring,
All fresh and fair to see,
You sent to me.
Sweet holy 'Songs of Grace
And Glory' too
I send to you.

Grace all-sufficient may
You find, and know
On earth below,
Till God's own glory crown
Your faith and love,
In heaven above.



Inscription in a Copy of 'Life's Morning.'

By Him 'Life's *Morning*' lovelit be,
Who loved and lived and died for thee :
So shall thy *Noontide* never know
Earth's burning thirst or withering glow ;
And thou shalt fear no gathering night ;
At *Eventide* it shall be light.

May Day, 1851.

O HASTE, O haste to the fields away !
 For dawneth now the month of May ;
 O leave the city's crowded street,
 And haste ye now sweet May to greet.

For May is come on fairy wing,
 And thousand beauties with her brings ;
 This fairest month of all the year,
 Oh, well can she the sad heart cheer.

Nature her jewelry displays,
 Unfolds her gems to meet our gaze :
 Bright leaves and buds of *emerald* hue,
 Forget-me-nots of *sapphire* blue.

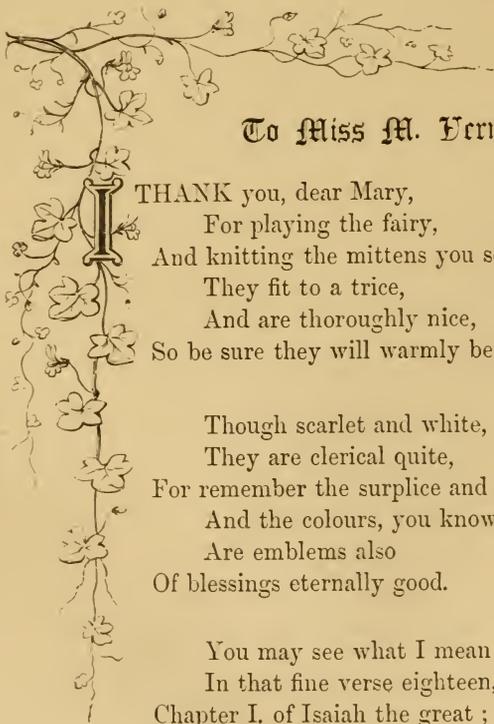
The *pearly* lily's drooping bells,
 Listen ! a tale it sweetly tells,
 ' If God so clothe the lilies fair,
 Much more may ye trust in His care.'

The *turquoise* gentianella bright,
 The shining king-cup's golden light,
 Carnation's *ruby* hues behold,
 And silvery daisy set with gold.

Of these we'll twine a garland gay,
 Meet for the brow of beauteous May ;
 And see, they gain a brighter hue
 By glittering drops of diamond dew.



Now hark ! what sound so sweetly floats
 Upon the breeze ? The cuckoo's notes,
 How far they come to welcome May,
 And pour for us the simple lay.



To Miss M. Vernon,

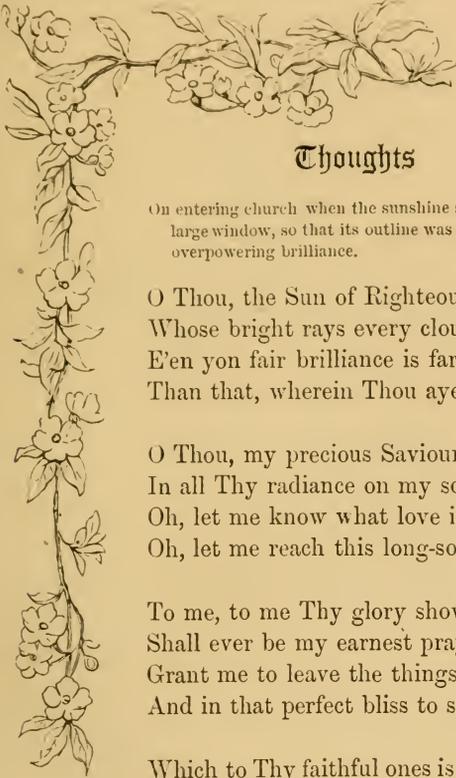
THANK you, dear Mary,
 For playing the fairy,
 And knitting the mittens you send me ;
 They fit to a trice,
 And are thoroughly nice,
 So be sure they will warmly befriend me.

Though scarlet and white,
 They are clerical quite,
 For remember the surplice and hood ;
 And the colours, you know,
 Are emblems also
 Of blessings eternally good.

You may see what I mean
 In that fine verse eighteen,
 Chapter I. of Isaiah the great ;
 May what you there read
 Be *your* blessing indeed,
 During life, whether early or late!



W. H. H.



Thoughts

On entering church when the sunshine streamed through the large window, so that its outline was completely lost in the overpowering brilliance.

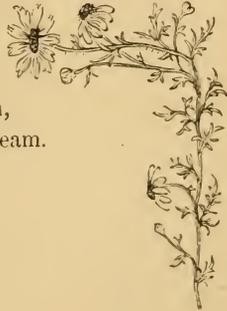
O Thou, the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose bright rays every cloud dispel,
E'en yon fair brilliance is far less
Than that, wherein Thou aye dost dwell.

O Thou, my precious Saviour, shine
In all Thy radiance on my soul ;
Oh, let me know what love is Thine,
Oh, let me reach this long-sought goal.

To me, to me Thy glory show,
Shall ever be my earnest prayer ;
Grant me to leave the things below,
And in that perfect bliss to share,

Which to Thy faithful ones is given.
Oh, let Thy glory on me beam,
And let me taste the joys of heaven,
Before the close of life's strange dream.

Soon, Lord, reveal Thyself to me ;
How long must I thus sadly wait ?
My spirit yearns Thyself to see,
Oh, hear me in Thy mercy great !





Prayer before Church.

LORD, I am in Thy house of prayer,
Oh, teach me rightly how to pray ;
Incline to me Thy gracious ear,
And listen, Lord, to what I say.

Give me, O Lord, a praying heart,
And also an attentive ear ;
Help me to choose the better part,
And teach me Thee to love and fear.

1848.



A Prayer.

LORD, in mercy pardon me
All that I this day have done :
Sins of every kind 'gainst Thee,
O forgive them through Thy Son.

Make me, Jesus, like to Thee,
Gentle, holy, meek, and mild ;
My transgressions pardon me,
O forgive a sinful child.

Gracious Spirit, listen Thou,
Enter in my willing heart,
Enter and possess it now,
Never, Lord, from me depart.

O eternal Three in One,
Condescend to bend Thine ear ;
Help me still towards heaven to run,
Answer now my humble prayer.

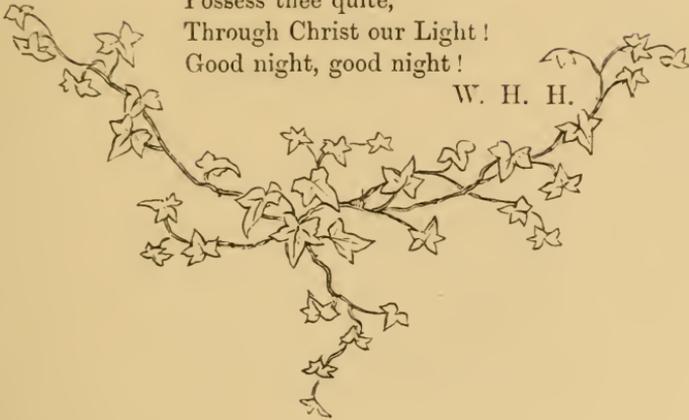
1849.



Good Night.

GOOD night, good night !
Care take his flight,
And Peace, all bright,
Possess thee quite,
Through Christ our Light !
Good night, good night !

W. H. H.

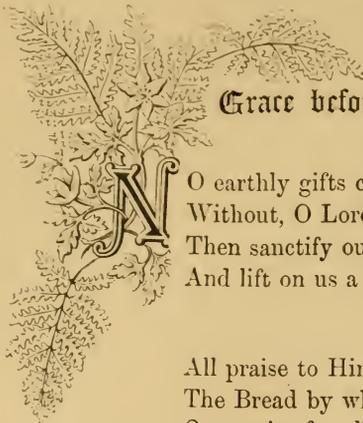


Good Morning.

GOOD morn, good morn, good morning !
Be many a smile to-day !
May we, the truth adorning,
Pass safely on our way.
When sin's fell thorn made us forlorn,
Christ came one morn, and joy was born.
Blest morn, blest morn, blest morning !
Good morn, good morn, good morning !

W. H. H.





Grace before and after Meat.

I.

O earthly gifts can yield us good,
Without, O Lord, Thy heavenly grace ;
Then sanctify our present food,
And lift on us a Father's face.

II.

All praise to Him who died to give
The Bread by which the dying live ;
Our praise for all things pure shall be,
When face to face Himself we see.

I.



Jesus, Lord of earth and sky,
What Thou givest sanctify ;
Always let our souls be fed
With Thyself, the living Bread.

II.

Jesus, seated on Thy throne,
Thee we bless and Thee alone ;
Thee we bless for food and friends,
Every gift Thy mercy sends.

W. H. H.





Grace before Meat.

THOU, gracious Father, dost provide
All blessings in the Crucified ;
What now Thou givest, sanctify,
And make us meet to feast on high.



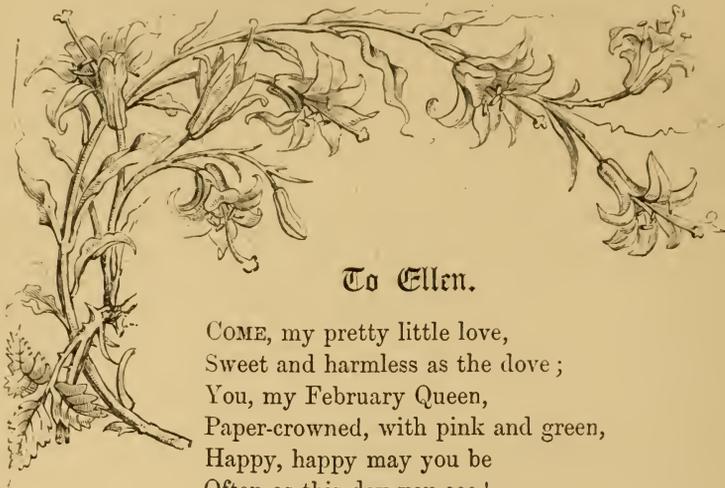
Grace after Meat.

ALL praise to Him who food supplies,
Through Christ's atoning sacrifice !
For gifts received our hymn we raise,
And hope to join in endless praise.

W. H. H.

PENZANCE, *October 1863.*





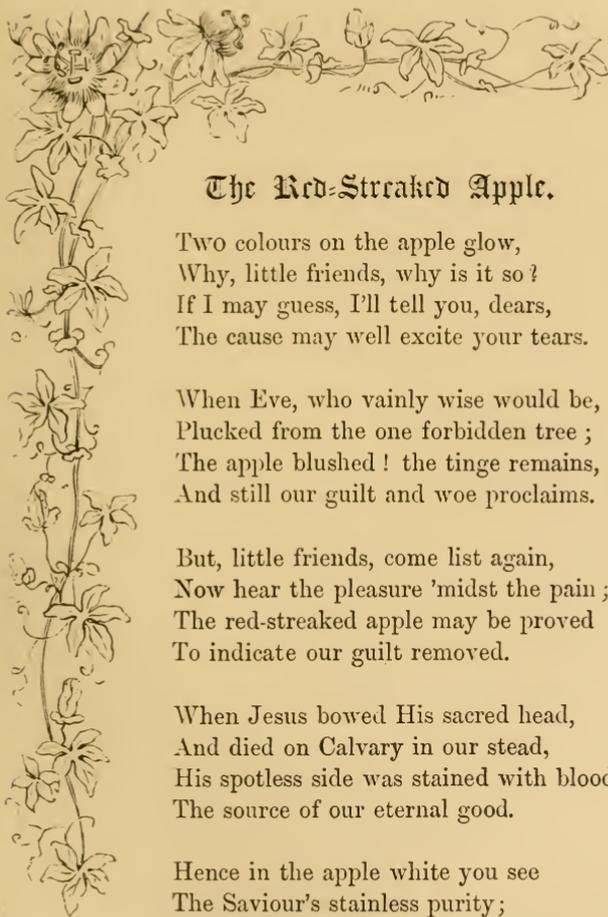
To Ellen.

COME, my pretty little love,
Sweet and harmless as the dove ;
You, my February Queen,
Paper-crowned, with pink and green,
Happy, happy may you be
Often as this day you see !
Onward as through life you go,
May the Bible you well know !
And when days and years are fled,
And you sleep among the dead,
May your spirit happy be
With the Great and Holy Three,
Clad in robes of holiness,
Crowned with everlasting bliss !

W. H. H.

February 19.





The Red-Streaked Apple.

Two colours on the apple glow,
Why, little friends, why is it so?
If I may guess, I'll tell you, dears,
The cause may well excite your tears.

When Eve, who vainly wise would be,
Plucked from the one forbidden tree;
The apple blushed! the tinge remains,
And still our guilt and woe proclaims.

But, little friends, come list again,
Now hear the pleasure 'midst the pain;
The red-streaked apple may be proved
To indicate our guilt removed.

When Jesus bowed His sacred head,
And died on Calvary in our stead,
His spotless side was stained with blood,
The source of our eternal good.

Hence in the apple white you see
The Saviour's stainless purity;
The reddened streak describes His blood,
Through which we're justified by God.

W. H. H.

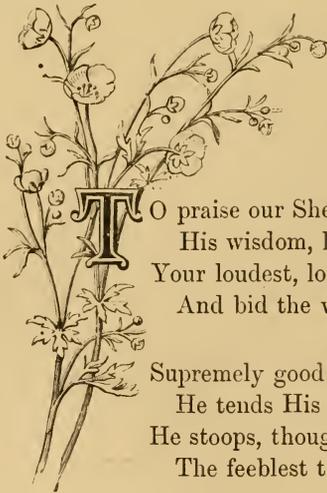
For Evelyn, Constance, and John Crane.

CHILDREN, while you gather flowers,
Think how fleeting are your hours ;
Think again in heavenly bowers,
You may cull unfading flowers.

Jesus is the sweetest flower :
Give to Him each passing hour,
He will then in Eden's bower
Make you each a fadeless flower.

W. H. H.

June 1858.



TO praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite !

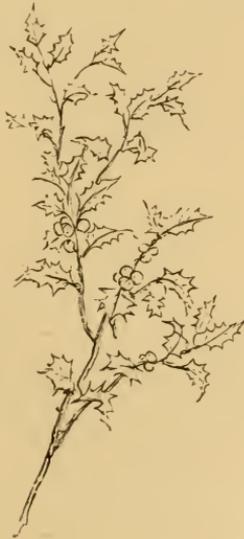
Supremely good and great,
He tends His blood-bought fold ;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

He hears their softest plaint,
He sees them when they roam ;
And if His meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

Kind Shepherd of the sheep !
A weakly flock are we ;
And snares and foes are nigh ; but keep
The lambs who look to Thee.

And if through death's dark vale
Our feet should early tread,
Oh, may we reach Thy fold, and hail
The love which safely led !

W. H. H.











W. S. MARY, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

PAGE 125

THE SEVERN,
FROM THE WINTERDYNE FORT.



Severn Song.

THE Severn flow is soft and fair, as slowly
The light grows dim ;
The sunset glow is soft and full, and holy
As evening hymn.

We float along beneath the forest darkling,
Blending with song the silence of the hour ;
We swiftly glide where rapids bright and sparkling
Bear us beside the ruddy rock and tower.

O softly, softly row in measured time,
While nearer, nearer swells the curfew chime.
Now, now again adown the current shooting,
New joy we hail ;
While through the forest thrills the fairy fluting
Of nightingale.

O sweet and sweeter that hidden lay,
That in the twilight dies away.
Then merrily onward, O merrily row !
And smoothly swift, O Severn, flow !

The Severn flow is swift and strong, as neareth
The home we love ;
The sunset glow has paled and passed, and cleareth
The heaven above.

The children's eyes will soon be gently closing,
Calm stars arise and shine on earth instead ;
And through the night, all peacefully reposing,
Angels of light shall guard each tiny bed.

O swiftly, swiftly row o'er darkening stream,
While nearer, nearer shines the home lamp's gleam.
Now, now awake the song of purest thrilling,
Of home and love ;
And call the echoes forth, with music filling
The rocks above.

Our song is sweetest as falls the day,
For we are on our homeward way.
Then merrily onward, O merrily row !
And smoothly swift, O Severn, flow !





W. G. B. & C. 1882. 10/6

MADE IN U.S.A.

GIRL AT MENTONE CARRYING WATER

For Charity.



THE sun is burning, O little maiden ;
 Thou hast sweet water, is it for me ?
 I am so thirsty, so heavy-laden,
 Give me cool water, for charity !
 Sparkling and gleaming,
 The crystal streaming
 Seems but awaiting my only plea,—
 I am so thirsty, so heavy-laden,
 Give me cool water, for charity !

O gentle maiden, I thirst no longer,
 But sweeter waters thou hast for me.
 Then pour them freely, from fountain stronger,
 Sweet thoughts of kindness, for charity.
 The world is only
 A pathway lonely,
 And hearts are waiting for sympathy,
 Then pour them freely from fountain stronger,
 Sweet thoughts of kindness, for charity !

O little maiden, 'tis thine to brighten,
 Like sparkling waters, life's lonely lea ;
 All grief to soften, all joy to heighten,
 With love and gladness, for charity !

 Thus onward flowing,
 All good bestowing,
 A stream of blessing thy life shall be,
 All grief to brighten, all joy to heighten,
 With love and gladness, for charity !





The Devonshire Yeoman's Home.¹

TEN years ago to-day our wedding bells were rung,
 When all along the winding lane wild roses hung;
 And now the roses cluster on our own white walls,
 And down the lane resound our merry children's calls.
 There's sunshine on the moor and on the glittering sea,
 And sunshine in our hearts as fresh and fair and free;

We would not change our lot for London gold,
 For home, our own sweet home, is sweeter now tenfold.

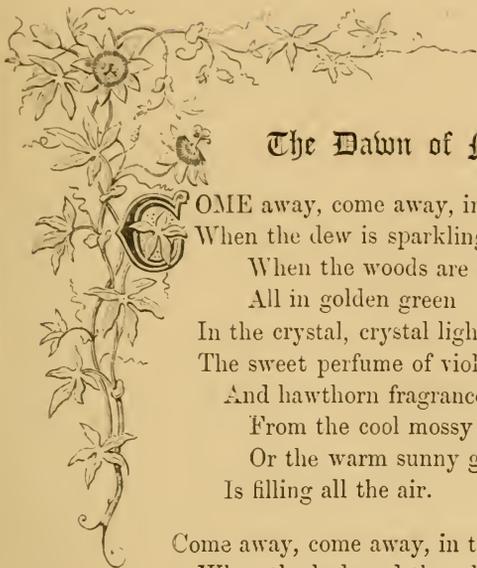
No city seasons come our pleasant year to mar;
 The hay—the fruit—the harvest-time are merrier far:
 For pictures and for music rare we need but look
 Around our home, and listen to the grand old Book.
 The hours flow on from morning prayer to evening praise,
 With trust that lightens, love that brightens darkest days;

For though ten years have passed, love grows not old,
 And home, our own dear home, is dearer now tenfold.

1872.

¹ For music by Prince Poniatowski, Hutchings and Romer.





The Dawn of May.

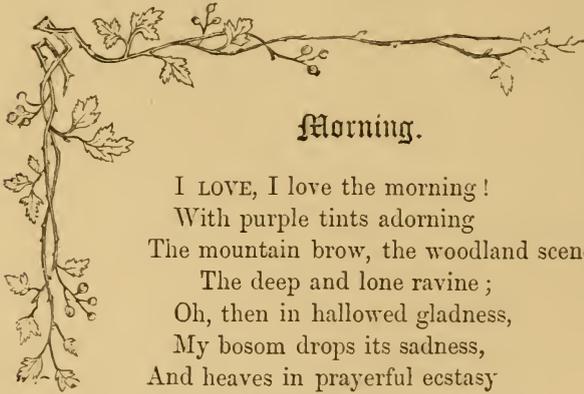
COME away, come away, in the dawn of May,
 When the dew is sparkling bright ;
 When the woods are seen
 All in golden green
 In the crystal, crystal light.
 The sweet perfume of violet bloom,
 And hawthorn fragrance rare,
 From the cool mossy shade,
 Or the warm sunny glade,
 Is filling all the air.

Come away, come away, in the dawn of May,
 When the lark and the white cloud meet ;
 When the tuneful breeze
 In the old oak trees
 Is harping, harping sweet.
 With joyous thrill and merry trill
 The thrush and blackbird vie,
 As they chant loving lays,
 And a full song of praise,
 To the Lord of earth and sky.

Come away, come away, in the dawn of May,
 In the pearly morning-time,
 When the cowslips spring,
 And the blue-bells ring
 Their fairy, fairy chime.



With happy song we march along,
 And carol on our way,
 One in heart, one in voice,
 Let us all now rejoice
 In the sunny dawn of May.



Morning.

I LOVE, I love the morning!
 With purple tints adorning
 The mountain brow, the woodland scene,
 The deep and lone ravine;
 Oh, then in hallowed gladness,
 My bosom drops its sadness,
 And heaves in prayerful ecstasy
 To the Triune Deity.

The thoughts may be grave, but the heart cannot grieve,
 When day brings to nature a joyous reprieve.

The lingering mist of whiteness,
 The orient streaks of brightness.
 The fleecy cloud, the sparkling dew,
 And boughs of every hue;
 The torrent loudly rushing,
 The fountain gently gushing,
 The dulcet hum of early bee,
 The lark's pure minstrelsy,
 Are charms which the morn brings the eye and the ear,
 While faith thrills the heart with the thought, 'God is here!'

W. H. H.

The Spirit's Longings.

WHEN the loveliest flowers are waking,
Whispering thoughts of silent joy,
And the lark, his nest forsaking,
Carols in the beaming sky ;
When her mantle Beauty flings
Over Nature's gladsome things :
Yet the soul it doth not fill,
Something seeks it fairer still.

When the crystal streams are glancing
From the Fount of Poesie,
Mingling with the all-entrancing
Sweetness of calm melody :
When the spirit, thirsting long,
Feels the wondrous power of song,
Yet it yearns for something more,
Something which may be in store.

When the heart is warmly glowing
Toward the dearest ones around,
And, with joyous love o'erflowing,
Fancies happiness is found,
Softly hushing noisy mirth,
Finds the purest joy of earth ;
Even then it must aspire,
Ever seeking something higher.

When the weary spirit turneth
From the dark low earth away,
And with contrite sorrow mourneth
Till the shadows flee away ;



When the soul on Jesus' breast
Sinks in lowly peaceful rest,
Then its yearnings all are stilled,
And with perfect bliss 'tis filled.

May 13, 1855.

Summer-tide.

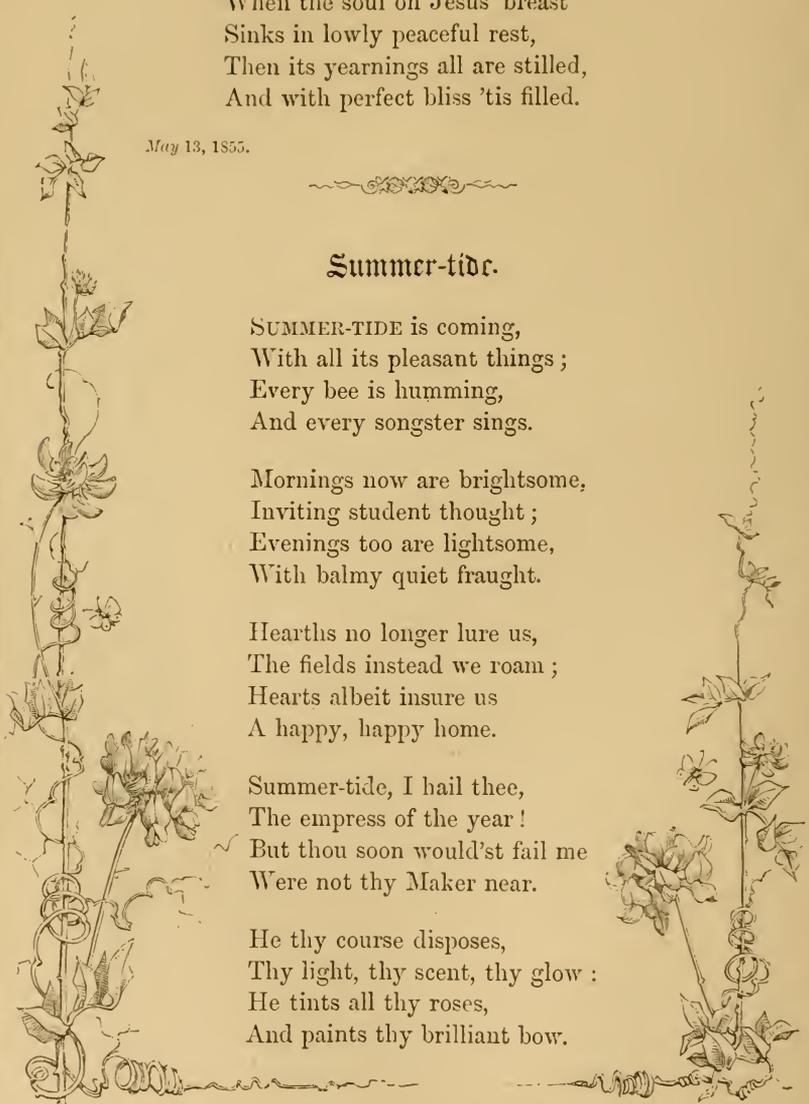
SUMMER-TIDE is coming,
With all its pleasant things ;
Every bee is humming,
And every songster sings.

Mornings now are brightsome,
Inviting student thought ;
Evenings too are lightsome,
With balmy quiet fraught.

Hearths no longer lure us,
The fields instead we roam ;
Hearts albeit insure us
A happy, happy home.

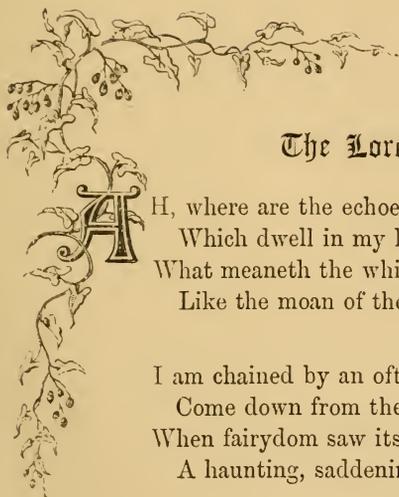
Summer-tide, I hail thee,
The empress of the year !
But thou soon would'st fail me
Were not thy Maker near.

He thy course disposes,
Thy light, thy scent, thy glow :
He tints all thy roses,
And paints thy brilliant bow.



Laud Him, all creation,
The sinner's mighty Friend ;
Near Him be our station,
Where summer ne'er shall end.

W. H. H.



The Lorchy.

AH, where are the echoes of gladness
Which dwell in my listening mind ?
What meaneth the whisper of sadness,
Like the moan of the autumn wind ?

I am chained by an often-told story,
Come down from the olden time,
When fairydom saw its glory,—
A haunting, saddening chime.

The air is still and darkling,
And silently flows the Rhine ;
The mountain peaks are sparkling,
Where sunset rays yet shine.

A strangely beauteous maiden
Sits high on the grim rock there ;
Her arms are with rich gems laden,
She combeth her golden hair.



With a golden comb she is combing,
And sings an enchanted song ;
And wondrously through the gloaming
That melody floats along.

Then a wild weird sorrow amazeth
The boatman in gliding skiff :
While upward alone he gazeth,
He sees not the fatal cliff.

The wave-bells a knell are ringing,
For the Rhine his prey hath won,
And that with her syren-singing
Hath the Sprite of the Lorely done.

1859.





ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHY

ACHENSEE IN THE BAVARIAN TYROL.

1875



The Tyrolese Spring Song.

THE meadows rejoice in their verdure so bright,
And glisten with pearl-drops of dew,
The glaciers are gleaming in radiant light,
The breezes are fitful and few.
From heaven coming down, like a golden-haired child,
Fair Spring o'er the earth has sparkingly smiled,
With flower-twined staff he goes forth o'er the wild.

The song of the birds and the herdsman's glad lay
Are heard in the morning so bright ;
They sing when the bells at the closing of day
Awaken the stars of the night.
The swell of the joyous and heart-stirring song
Through mountain and valley is pealing along,
In a tide of rejoicing, all glorious and strong.

Then a fount of emotion awakes in the heart,
And the spirit is mightily stirred ;
The Tyrolese longs from his roof to depart,
To wander and roam as he will.
When the meadows rejoice in their emerald glow,
The sons of the mountain forth joyously go,
The world in its beauty and gladness to know.



My Messengers.

I SAID to the merry birds of the woods,
 'Carry a song to the Fair One !'
 They twittered and trilled, for they quite understood,
 And flew away blithely to bear one.
 Then listen, if, tapping thy window sill,
 They come with their chirping and singing,
 O listen ! for over forest and hill
 My message of love they are bringing.

I said to the lilies, 'Carry for me,
 Carry a smile to the Sweetest !'
 They nodded and said, 'Our sister is she,
 That loveliest lily thou greetest.
 O gather and send us,' they whispered to me,
 'And bid us bloom fragrantly near her,
 To waken her smile, rejoicing to be
 Thy message of comfort to cheer her.'

I said to the golden stars of night,
 'O carry my love to the Dearest !
 In darkness surrounding with silver light
 The Brightest, the ever Nearest !'
 And watchest thou now, my own, my love,
 In weary and lonely sadness ?
 Look up to the stars in the heaven above,
 They bear thee my message of gladness.

God keep Thee.



OH, dark was the day when I left her alone,
 My darling, so gentle, so dear !
 Oh sad, yet oh sweet was her silvery tone,
 As she said, with a glistening tear,—
 ‘Oh, must thou go forth in the cold world to-day,
 And leave me, to wander so far, far away ?
 Oh, think of the moments of joy that are flown,
 And remember the love that is ever thine own !
 O Father, I pray, protect him alway,
 Protect by night and by day !’
 I left thee, indeed, in the cold world to roam,
 Yet, darling, my heart stayed behind !
 In dreams I come back to the dear little home,
 And unaltered is all that I find.
 And then, as I listen, I hear a soft tone
 Float up from thy lips to the emerald throne,
 ‘Oh, keep him, and bless him, by night and by day,
 And guard him for me while so far, far away.
 O Father, I pray, protect him alway,
 Protect by night and by day !’

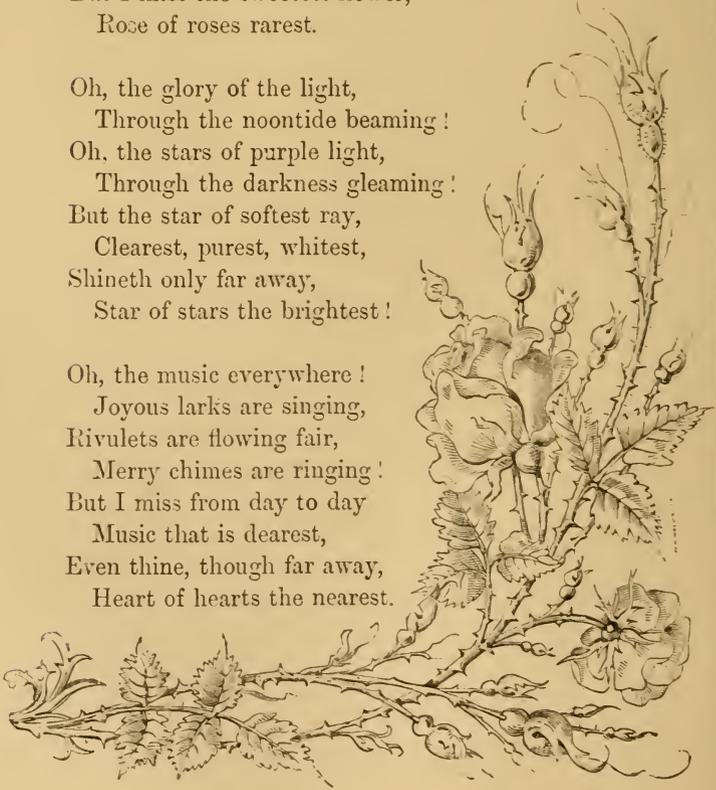
The ocean of life with its hurrying swell
 Has drifted me far on its tide,
 But only and ever my true heart shall dwell
 In quiet and love at thy side.
 And when all the wandering and drifting are o’er,
 My rest and my haven, my golden-bright shore,
 My joy, and my home, and my heart too, shall be,
 For ever, beloved, for ever with thee !
 O Father, I pray, protect her alway,
 Protect by night and by day !

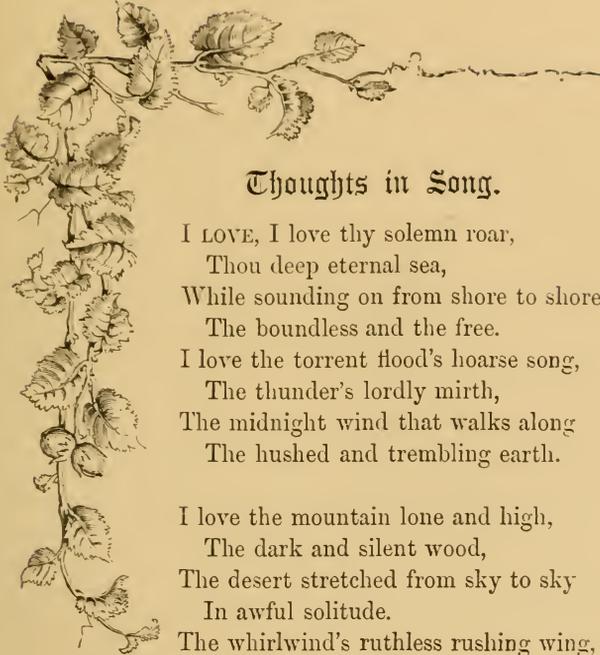
Rose of Roses.

Oh, the treasures of the Spring,
 Crimson, blue, and golden !
 Scattered from her radiant wing,
 Nothing is withholden.
 Myriad blossoms ope each hour,
 Who shall tell the fairest ?
 But I miss the sweetest flower,
 Rose of roses rarest.

Oh, the glory of the light,
 Through the noontide beaming !
 Oh, the stars of purple light,
 Through the darkness gleaming !
 But the star of softest ray,
 Clearest, purest, whitest,
 Shineth only far away,
 Star of stars the brightest !

Oh, the music everywhere !
 Joyous larks are singing,
 Rivulets are flowing fair,
 Merry chimes are ringing !
 But I miss from day to day
 Music that is dearest,
 Even thine, though far away,
 Heart of hearts the nearest.





Thoughts in Song.

I LOVE, I love thy solemn roar,
 Thou deep eternal sea,
 While sounding on from shore to shore,
 The boundless and the free.
 I love the torrent flood's hoarse song,
 The thunder's lordly mirth,
 The midnight wind that walks along
 The hushed and trembling earth.

I love the mountain lone and high,
 The dark and silent wood,
 The desert stretched from sky to sky
 In awful solitude.
 The whirlwind's ruthless rushing wing,
 The stern volcano's voice,
 To me an awful rapture bring :
 I tremble and rejoice.

A mystic presence and a power
 In scenes like these I see ;
 The stillness of the midnight hour
 Has eloquence for me :
 For, bursting then from earth's control,
 My thoughts are all at flood ;
 I feel the stirring in my soul
 Of high, immortal mood !

W. H. H.

The Disappointed Carol Singers.

OH, must we not sing our Christmas hymn,
And will you not hear our song?
With joyous voice, but with weary limb,
We have roamed the whole day long!

We have thought of the merry Christmas time
For many a week before,
And have gleefully learnt our Christmas rhyme
To carol at your door

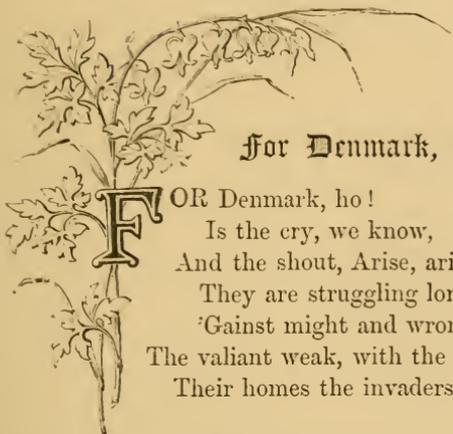
There are no merry larks to wake you now,
No blackbirds in woody dell;
The nightingale loves not the leafless bough,
The humming bee sleeps in his cell.

Oh, winter is gloomy and dark enough,
And must it be silent too?
Are the chorus of winds and the storm-song rough
The only sweet music for you?

But we are the birds of the winter day,
When all else is dark and still;
Then, lady, send us not all away,
And with sorrow our eager hearts fill.

Oh, do not thus wave your beautiful hand,
And bid us unheard to go;
For the carolling time of our little band
Comes but once a year, you know.





For Denmark, ho!

FOR Denmark, ho!
 Is the cry, we know,
 And the shout, Arise, arise!
 They are struggling long
 'Gainst might and wrong,
 The valiant weak, with the craven strong,
 Their homes the invaders prize.

A fair fresh Rose
 From her northern snows
 Is worn on England's heart;
 And shall England see
 Her parent tree
 Crushed by malice? It shall not be:
 Ours be the helper's part.

Let a voice of might,
 For the just and right,
 Resound o'er sea and land;
 Let the olive fade,
 Ere we fail in aid,
 And the far-seen gleams of a half-drawn blade
 Flash from our ready hand.





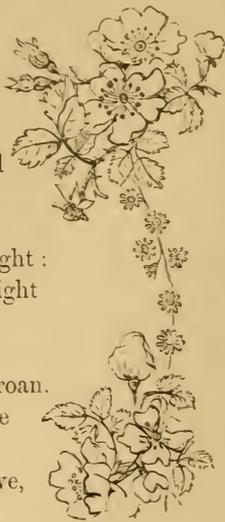
The National Anthem.

(NEW VERSION.)

GOD save our noble Queen ;
 Long live Old England's Queen ;
 God save the Queen !
 Great and victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 May she reign over us :
 God save the Queen !

On her anointed head
 All choicest blessings shed
 Forth from Thy hand :
 Let her be Thy delight ;
 Make her path always bright :
 And in Thy Word and might
 Firm be her stand !

While nations rage and groan.
 'Stablish her sacred throne
 In sure repose.
 Where'er our banners wave,
 O'er land or ocean-cave,
 There all our warriors save :
 Forgive our foes !



Send peace in this our time ;
Spare us from strife and crime ;
Strengthen each band !
Nursed by our gracious Queen,
May our Church e'er be seen,
Planted, like evergreen,
Throughout the land.

Sovereign of earth and sky,
Hear Thou our Nation's cry :
Bless, bless our Queen !
Grant us, through her, to be
In Thee and all for Thee,
'Great, glorious, and free :'
God save the Queen !

W. H. H.



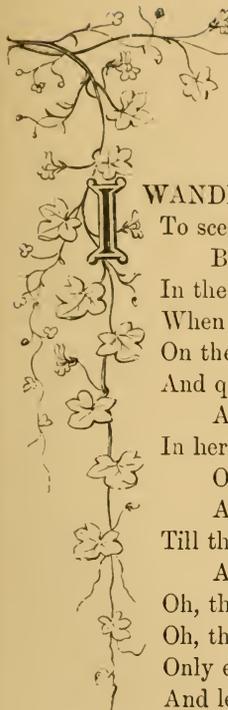




MISCELLANEOUS







Fragments.

WANDER in fancy far away
To scenes of many a summer day,
Beautiful even now
In the pale and wan November ray,
When Nature lays her cooling hand
On the hot and aching brow,
And quiets the throbbing heart with a touch,
And whispers much
In her own dear musical tone
Of rest and calm,
And peace and balm,
Till the heart is tuned to her own sweet psalm,
And feels no more alone.
Oh, the healing she has brought !
Oh, the cures that she has wrought !
Only engage her as nurse and physician,
And let her fulfil her miraculous mission,
And you will find
That she leaves behind
All the wonders of homœopathy.
Oh ! I could tell,
For I know so well,
How the unstrung nerves are tuned again,
And the load rolls off from the tired brain,
And strength comes back to the languid frame.
And existence hardly seems the same.
Her process is surer far and shorter,



When out of reach of bricks and mortar !
 When all her gentle remedies
 Are brought to bear, till the work is done.

Oh ! give to me
 A pierless and paradeless sea,
 With a shore as God made it, grand and free,
 And not a mere triumph of masonry ;
 Where the thundering shocks,
 And the Titan play
 Of the wild white spray,
 Which dies on the shingly beach,
 With a golden reach
 Of fair smooth sand,
 Laid by the hand
 Of the lulling tide,
 Inviting many a stroll or ride.
 Oh, for the pure and lovely shell !
 Oh, for the crimson frond !
 Witness of all fair forms that dwell
 In the marvellous deep below and beyond,
 Where living flowers
 From mermaids' bowers,
 Many a living star,
 Many a crystal, many a spar,
 Where Nature distributes all her treasures,
 And all her special seaside pleasures.

Oh ! give me the rocks of Ilfracombe,
 With their witchery of gleam and gloom,
 With the crystal pools in the tide-swept cave,
 Where myriad fairy forests wave,
 And the delicate fringes of crimson and green,
 Purple and amber, ruby and rose,



MANHATTAN THROUGH THE

1887

WHERE THE MERRY LYN LEAPS DOWN

With snowy gleaming shells between,
 And marvellous forms of life are seen,
 While the musical tide still ebbs and flows ;
 Where not a step but brings to view
 Something exquisite, something rare,
 Something marvellously fair,
 Always beautiful, always new.

* * * * *

My heart is wandering still
 At its strange and wayward will.
 Oh, for the Glen of the Waters' Meet,
 Where the merry Lyn leaps down
 To that loveliest vale below,
 And hastens to join the Channel flow ;
 Where the Lynton cliffs, without a frown,
 Majestically crown
 This mingling of sublime and sweet.
 And oh, for the mighty roar
 At the foot of Penmaenmawr !
 Or an autumn storm
 On the Greater Orme,
 Where the giant breakers hurl their spray
 At the mountain's mighty breast,
 And the wild wind, mingling in the fray,
 Seizes and whirls it high and away
 Over the proud rock's crest ;
 While the maddened waves
 Rush into the caves
 With thunder and growl, and rush back again,
 As if the assault had been all in vain,
 But only to gather in awful might
 For a tenfold struggle of fiercer fight.
 Who would have time for a thought of care,
 Or a fit of the blues, if standing there !



Away! away! to the bracing North,
To the grand old seas
Of the Hebrides,
To the sunny Clyde, or the silver Forth,
Purple heather above, and shadowy loch below,
Golden glory of furze, and a far-off wealth of snow,
Violet peaks afar, and dark green pines anear,
And long bright evenings so soft and clear,
And concert halls of birdies sweet
Trill and carol so blithely meet ;—
Treasures untold, their myriad gleam
Is far beyond a poet's dream.





The Poet's Zenith.

NIGHT is heavy on the valley where the river mist is chill,
 Heavy, where the cloud pavilion closes round the silent hill ;
 Every tiny light that glimmered from the windows near and far,
 One by one in sudden darkness has vanished like a lonely star.
 All but *one*, and that is shining where the midnight air creeps in,
 Cooling with its clammy touch a burning brow and fingers thin ;
 Brow inscribed by graving tool of thought in life's deep colours
 dipped,

Fingers that are resting proudly on unfinished manuscript.
 'Finished ! 'Tis my best, I take it,—best that bears my name as
 yet ;

I am weary, but 'tis worth it, now my signature is set.
 How the closing verses thrilled me ! seemed that they were
 hardly mine,

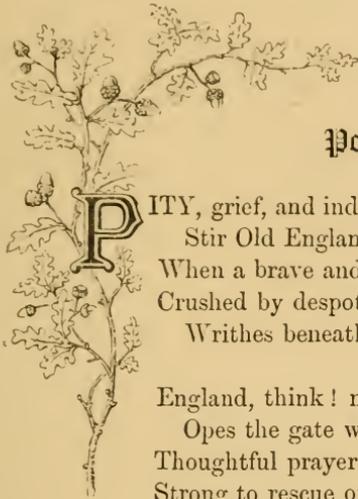
Flashing up in bright succession at my summons line by line.
 It has been as though my spirit leapt beyond herself, and left
 Half her being yet entangled in a sombre earthly web,
 While her essence soared unfeared upward to the Infinite,
 With a new and sudden power, with a new and sudden light.

Year by year have many listened to the truths I sought to teach,
 But the work this night sees ended, many more shall surely reach.
 It is farther, farther reaching, fond ideals nearing more
 Than the last, yet that was stronger than the one that came before.
 Finished! but I know my power, know that I have more to say,
 Know that better work and deeper shall be done another day.'

Was it so? The hair grew greyer, but the eye retained its light;
 Year by year his shining fire-notes fell into the human night,
 And his audience grew larger, more and more the souls he stirred,
 Till the Poet's name had risen to become a household word.
 Yet a whisper rose and mingled with the shoutings of his fame,
 'This or that is splendid, adding lustre to a lustrous name,
 Some for tenderness and sweetness, some for favour and for force;
 All his later works are fine, and so we read them—oh, of course!
 But the focus of his power, in the poem we love best,
 Stands alone for depth and beauty, far outweighing all the rest.
 There's a vividness, a glory, something felt though not defined,
 Making one forget the poet in that light and truth combined.
 Not an old man, and experience adding treasure for his mint!
 Yet his golden coin seems bearing less imperial imprint.
 It is heresy, we know it, for his verse is all so good,
 But why *does* he never write as once he did and surely could?'

Well, the fatal whisper reached him, floated like a seed of grief,
 Thistle-down, that soon upspringing, wounded him with thorny
 leaf;
 Slowly, surely, came the knowledge that the springtide of his power
 All unknown had reached its *zenith* in the rapture of an hour;
 That the ebbing and the flowing never reached the shining mark
 Where the wave of life rose highest in that midnight still and dark.





Poland.

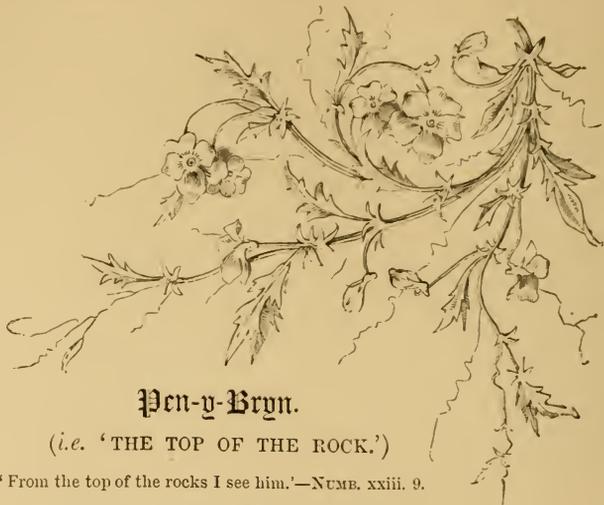
PITY, grief, and indignation
Stir Old England's manly heart,
When a brave and free-born nation,
Crushed by despot domination,
Writhes beneath the cruel smart.

England, think ! no fitful passion
Opes the gate whence mercy flows ;
Thoughtful prayer brings down compassion,
Strong to rescue or re-fashion,
Righting wrongs and healing woes.

Poland, rise from superstition !
Who shall then thy peace destroy ?
Give to God thy true submission,
He will give thee bright employ ;
Lofty be thy future mission,
Loud and long thy peals of joy !

W. H. H.





Pen-y-Bryn.

(i.e. 'THE TOP OF THE ROCK.')

'From the top of the rocks I see him.'—NUMB. xxiii. 9.

WHEN Israel lay in Moab's plain,
Outstretched in quiet splendour,
The eastern prophet saw with pain
That God was his Defender.

From lofty rocks (some Pen-y-bryn)
He saw the nation's glory,
And vainly strove, through love of sin,
To blot the nation's story.

Small love had he for Israel's cause,
And none for Israel's Keeper,
He trampled on His gracious laws,
And sank in crime the deeper.



To me, good Lord, Thy Spirit give,
The Spirit of my Saviour,
That with Thy people I may live,
Encompassed with Thy favour.

May all who visit Pen-y-bryn
Behold Thy saving vision,
Rejoice Thine Israel's lot to win,
And face the world's derision.

May they and I at length attain
The Pen-y-bryn of glory,
And chant in everlasting strain
Redemption's wondrous story !

W. H. H.

PEN-Y-BRYN, near COLWYN, 1858.





‘For nine-and-twenty years the rainbow-pinioned Spring
 Hath kissed the young lips of her smiling flowers ;
 For nine-and-twenty years hath Autumn’s golden ring
 Encircled the fair fruit in all her bowers.

‘Yes, nine-and-twenty years have darkly, sadly passed
 Since last the light of heaven ’twas mine to see ;
 All aid has failed ! Thy skill my only hope, my last !
 Good Hofrath, can there yet be hope for me ?’

Say, hath a passing angel left in that kind face
 The mirrored image of his own sweet smile,
 To the great good man’s reverend beauty adding grace ?
 It may be so ! listen ! he speaks awhile.

‘There is yet hope for thee ! If God vouchsafe to bless,
 Thou yet again may see the blessed summer light !
 Though there’s a thorny hedge of pain, yet may access
 Be gained thee to thy Eden of glad sight !’

The time is come, the operation o’er ; yet he must wait
 One moment longer, with unopened eye—
 The Hofrath writes (oh, what will be his fate ?),
 Now, blind one, read !—‘Thank God !’ his joyous cry.

What words may tell the unknown joy of that glad heart !
Words cannot paint a bliss so deeply felt,
Like flakes of spring-snow, like the lightning's passing dart,
Half-formed in glowing happiness they melt.

'Thank God!' Yes, after nine-and-twenty years of night,
At length awakes for him the radiant day,
And the first word which he doth read with glad new sight
Is 'Thank God!' Thanks, praise to Him alway !

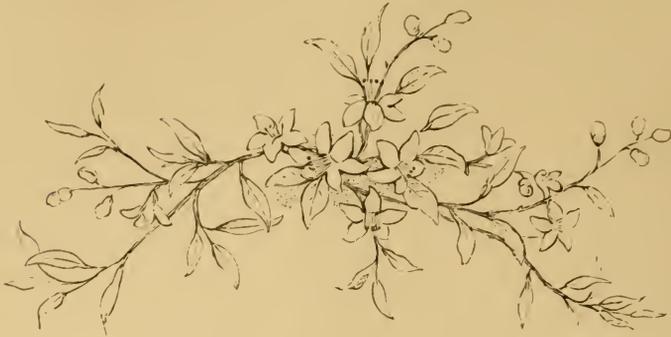
E'en had the first-seen sunbeam not upborne his mind
In praise to Him who said, 'Let there be light,'¹
The Hofrath's beautiful device must surely find
A deep response, and heavenward turn his sight.

It was a lovely thought, to place the sweet-toned lyre
At once within the joy-unnervéd hand ;
May blessings rest on him, and may the angel choir
Around him breathe the songs of their bright Fatherland.

April 26, 1853.

¹ An incident at Grafrath, related by a patient of the skilful oculist, Dr. de Leuve.





A Sonnet.

THEN Time will seem as but a pebble cast
Into the ocean of Eternity,
Breaking for one short moment that pure light
Which dwells upon its calm expanse of joy,
As into shiv'ring radiance and shade-like circles,
Soon melting back into primeval brightness
(Like that which was when all created essence
Took but the forms of blended light and music,
In glory of an infinite variety).
Through the translucent crystal of that sea
It swiftly sinks to rest, within the depths
Of that great heart, like an aye-glistening
And treasured memory of things gone by,
Bearing, deep graven on its pale, clear front,
One word—REDEMPTION!





The Wandering Sunbeam.



IT wandered far, that Sunbeam bright,
 To mortal eyes of purest light,
 And gladdening all o'er whom it beamed,
 A seraph's smile of joy it seemed.
 But farther yet it longed to soar,
 Where earthly darkness dims no more,
 To visit that abode of light,
 Too dazzling far for human sight.
 On glowing wing through space it flew,
 Till heaven's own glory was in view,
 And through the pearly gates it passed,
 Which only light, not shadow cast.
 Then burst upon the wondering Ray
 The radiance fair of perfect Day.
 A beauteous seraph passed along,
 The Sunbeam heard the thrilling song;
 But quickly ceased the gladsome lay,
 The swift-winged seraph fled away!
 What might that haste, that strange fear mean?
 What dreaded spectre had he seen?
 'An earth-born cloud of darksome Night
 Hath dared to scale the walls of light;
 O'er yon fair hill a shade is thrown,
 Which only in those worlds is known
 Which far from heaven's pure boundaries lie,
 To Chaos' gloomy realm more nigh.'



Thus spake he to a marvelling throng,
But gazed not on the Sunbeam long :
An angel's eye was far too pure
E'en that fair Sunray to endure.
Nor long remained it there to tell
In what strange darkness Earth must dwell,
Too gross with beams of heavenly birth
To mix, yet to return to Earth
Too glorious, since its joyful gaze
Had met those all-effulgent rays.
Half way to Earth it flew, and there,
While yet its wing heaven's radiance bare,
It rested, and became a star,
To tell Earth's children from afar,
How infinitely pure and bright
Is heaven's eternal, shadeless light.

1855.





My Singing Lesson.

ABSTRACT.

HERE beginneth—chapter the first of a series,
To be followed by manifold notes and queries;
So novel the queries, so trying the notes,
I think I must have the queerest of throats,
And most notable dulness, or else long ago
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow.
I wonder if ever before he has taught
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought !

The voice has machinery—(now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.
A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass ;
Below an Æolian harp is provided,
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided.

Above is an orifice, larger or small
As the singer desires to rise or to fall ;
Expand and depress it to deepen your roar,
But raise and contract it when high you would soar.
Alas for the player, the pipes, and the keys,
If the bellows give out an inadequate breeze !
So this is the method of getting up steam,
The one motive power for song or for scream :
Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply ;
Through the mouth only, and not through the nose,
And the lungs must condense it ere farther it goes
(*How* to condense it, I really don't know,
And very much hope the next lesson will show).
Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it
comes,
And reaches the region of molars and gums,
And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
If by any impediment here it is crossed.
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
The effect would be such as your ear would not like.
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
Will straightway be driven back into the throat.
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it :
Once hear the report and you've done with your bullet.
In the feminine voice there are registers three,
Which upper, and middle, and lower must be ;
And each has a sounding-board all of its own,
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone.
But in cavities nasal it never must ring,
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.
The lips, by the by, will have plenty to do
In forming the vowels Italian and true ;

Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,
With an *O* and a *U* that are simply amphibious.
In flexible freedom let both work together,
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.





'No, not a Star.'

(ANSWER TO A REMARK.)

No, not a *star*! that is a name too beautiful and bright
For any earthly lay to wear, in this our lingering night;
But 'mid the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,
My verse should be an answering gleam from higher radiance
caught;

That when through dark o'erarching boughs of sorrow, doubt,
and sin,

The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,
Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision turn
To that enkindling Light, for which all earthly shadows yearn.

No, not a *rainbow*! though upon the tearful cloud it trace
Sweet messages of sparing love, of changeless truth and grace.
The daughter of its meekest hue I would my verse might prove,
The leaf-veiled violet that wins so many a childish love;
For little hearts no wounding thorn or poison-cup to bear,
But pleasant fragrance and delight to greet them everywhere.
I grieve not though each blossom fall with swiftly ripening spring,
If o'er one eager face a smile of gladness it may fling.

No, not a *fountain!* though it seem to spread white angel-wings,
And soar aloft in spirit guise, no gentle help it brings ;
It lives for its own loveliness alone, then seeks once more
The chilly bosom of the rock it slumbered in before.
Oh, be my verse a hidden stream which silently may flow
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys grow ;
Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified
endeavour,
God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.

1859.





The Old and the New Earth.

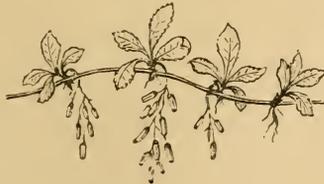
WHEN the first bright dawn of a Sabbath day
 O'er the purple hills of the far east gleamed ;
 When in pristine loveliness Eden lay,
 And the fairest spot of the fair earth seemed ;
 When the first sweet lay of the nightingale
 Rang in liquid music o'er every hill,
 And the verdant waste of the new-formed vale
 Heard the first wild song of the sparkling rill ;
 When in first fresh beauty the young flowers stood,
 And their leafy banners the trees unfurled ;
 When the Maker of all called it ' very good ;'—
 I would I had seen our beautiful world.

When the dwelling bright of the Shining Ones,
 The abode of Him who is Love and Light,
 Heard the joyous song of God's holy sons,
 As the new-born world met their ravished sight ;
 When the Morning Stars caught the cadence sweet,
 And took up the strain of the heavenly song,
 And each bright one joined from his glorious seat
 In the chorus swelling so loud and long,
 Praising Him who made by His mighty Word
 The new earth in beauty and purity ;—
 I would that the echo I might have heard
 Of their thrilling celestial melody.

When in Eden's lovely and thornless bowers,
All unstained by sin, our first parents dwelt ;
When on wings of joy flew their sunny hours,
And the touch of sorrow they had not felt ;
When their sole companions were seraphs bright,
And their sweetest music the angels' lays ;
When a gleam of heaven's own glorious light
Might often meet their enraptured gaze ;
When while dwelling here Love was still their guide,
And the dreaded angel Death did not wait
To unlock for them heaven's portals wide ;—
I would I had shared in their blissful state.

But the time will come, when, all purified
From its ev'ry spot by a fiery flood,
Our earth shall hear, as recedes the tide,
Once again the words, 'It is *very good* ;'
When the song of the stars shall be heard again
O'er their sister joying, the holy earth ;
When the purest love shall for ever reign,
And immortal joys have their blissful birth ;—
There shall be no sorrow and no more sin,
Pain shall pass away, Death himself shall die,
To that fairer Eden may we go in,
And entering, dwell there eternally.

January 6, 1854.



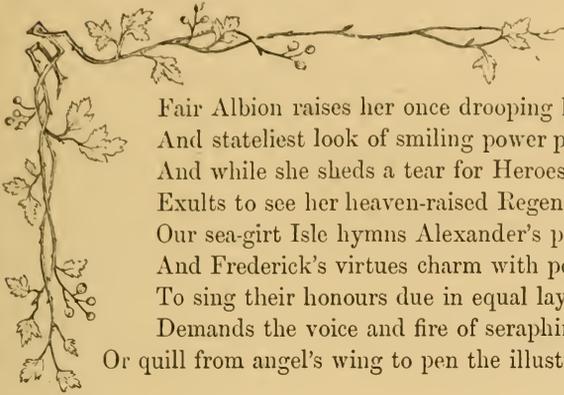


Ode

On the arrival of H R.H. the Prince Regent, with the Allied Sovereigns the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, at Oxford, June 14, 1814.

THEY come ! they come ! the illustrious Sovereigns come !
 Loud let the song of triumph roll around ;
 Let grand and rapturous notes shake every dome,
 And the wide world the sacred song resound.
 They live ! they come ! with Peace and Victory crowned !
 Tell it, Oxonia, even to worlds afar ;
 Blood-royal Chiefs now tread thy hallowed ground,
 And with the well-earned laurels of the war
 Thy classic honours claim, to deck the imperial car !

Begin, ye bards ! the harmonious rites begin !
 To loftiest song the swelling soul high raise ;
 Tune all your powers, exulting strike each string,
 With earth and heaven sing Liberty ! Peace ! Praise !
 Chant Victory's glorious song, from far arouse
 The sluggish nations by the arch-tramp of Fame,
 To view the meed of triumph crown the brows
 Of Sovereigns peerless in their deeds, who claim
 More than this nether world can give, or think, or name !



Fair Albion raises her once drooping head,
And stateliest look of smiling power puts on ;
And while she sheds a tear for Heroes dead,
Exults to see her heaven-raised Regent-son.
Our sea-girt Isle hymns Alexander's praise,
And Frederick's virtues charm with power supreme ;
To sing their honours due in equal lays
Demands the voice and fire of seraphim,
Or quill from angel's wing to pen the illustrious theme.

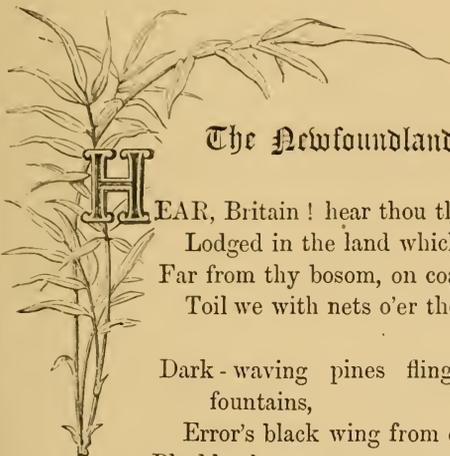
Far fiercer, far, than all the powers of song,
The birds of war, on iron wings, amain,
Bore the big-battling thunder wide along,
Through carnaged Europe, and o'er hills of slain.
But they who braved the war, unchained a world,
Closed tyranny on Elba's atom-isle,
Shall hear in deathless odes their praises told,
While wondering nations on their virtues smile,
And Victory and Peace crown all their princely toil.

Yes ! heaven-born Peace resumes her halcyon sway,
And downward hastes with blessings from the skies,
Opes on the earth the dawn of blissful day,
And cheers with prospects bright our war-sick eyes.
Here may she dwell, and unmolested reign,
Bid jarring kingdoms to her sceptre bend ;
Ne'er may she wing her way to heaven again,
But o'er our globe her healing wings extend,
And make it her abode through ages without end !

But know, the King of kings our praise demands,
His arm outstretched fought with our bannered hosts ;
He calmed the rage of war, at His commands
Victorious Peace encircled Europe's coasts !
'These are His glorious works,' not ours alone ;
His be the greatness, His the majesty !
Let kings and subjects bow before His throne,
And willing, worship Heaven's dread sovereignty,
Which gave us good-willed Peace and lasting Liberty !

W. H. H.





The Newfoundlander's Petition.

HEAR, Britain ! hear thou the plaint of thy children,
Lodged in the land which thy mariners found ;
Far from thy bosom, on coasts all bewildering,
Toil we with nets o'er the bank or the sound.

Dark-waving pines fling their shade o'er our
fountains,
Error's black wing from our souls hides the light ;
Bleakly the snow-storm envelopes our mountains ;
Oh ! be our sunbeam all kindly and bright !

Kind hast thou been ! for maternal affection
Oft for our solace her warm breast has riven,
But freely give us, of gifts the perfection,
Knowledge to teach us the pathway to heaven.

Send us the fragments that fall from the table
Round which thy home-born are bounteously fed ;
Send us the manna of Him who is able
To nourish and save us 'as life from the dead !'

Speak but the word ! and a throng will be zealous
Quickly to launch on the wreck-covered deep ;
Heralds of mercy ! 'come over' and tell us
Tidings of joy, in the land where we weep.

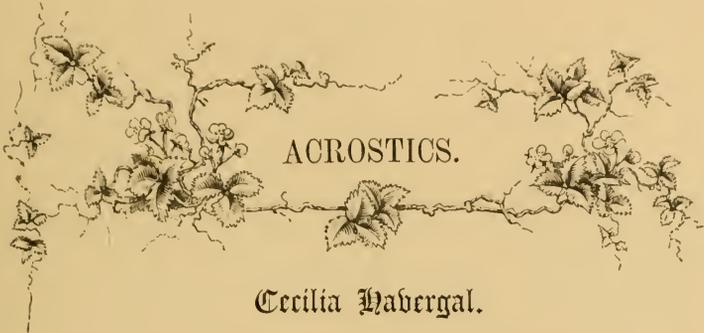
Thus, though the pine-tree fringe darkly our fountains,
Light, saving light, shall e'er beam from above ;
Coldly the snow-storm may shroud all our mountains,
Warm shall our hearts be with heavenly love.

Then, Britain, hear thou the cry of thy children,
Lodged in the land which thy mariners found ;
Gladdened by thee shall our coasts, though bewildering,
Loudly with songs to the Saviour resound !

W. H. H.

1827.





ACROSTICS.

Cecilia Habergal.

C HRIST hath called thee, Christ hath blest,
E verlasting life is thine ;
C losely cleaving, thou shalt rest
I n His glorious love divine.
L et Him teach thee what He will,
I n thee day by day fulfil
A ll His sweet and blessed will.

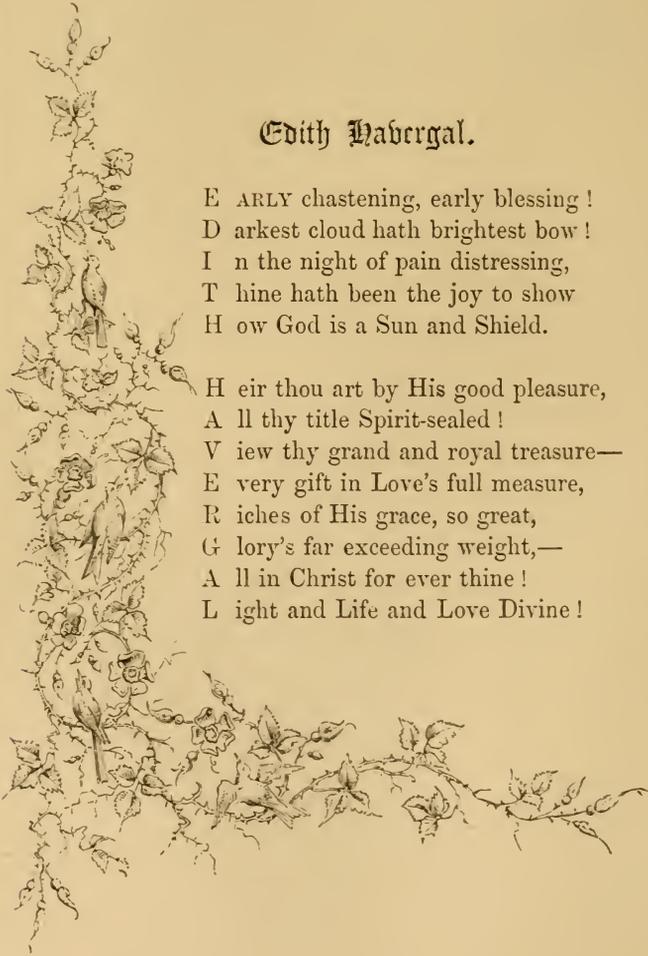
H e is come to claim His throne,
A nd thy life is all His own ;
V oices of this passing earth,
E choes of its praise or mirth,
R each not, when the heart hath heard
G olden music of His word.
'A ll for Jesus' henceforth be !
L ive for Him who died for thee.

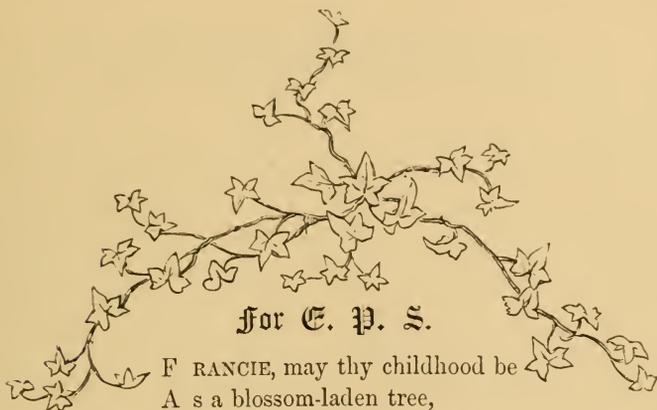


Edith Habergal.

E ARLY chastening, early blessing !
D arkest cloud hath brightest bow !
I n the night of pain distressing,
T hine hath been the joy to show
H ow God is a Sun and Shield.

H eir thou art by His good pleasure,
A ll thy title Spirit-sealed !
V iew thy grand and royal treasure—
E very gift in Love's full measure,
R iches of His grace, so great,
G lory's far exceeding weight,—
A ll in Christ for ever thine !
L ight and Life and Love Divine !





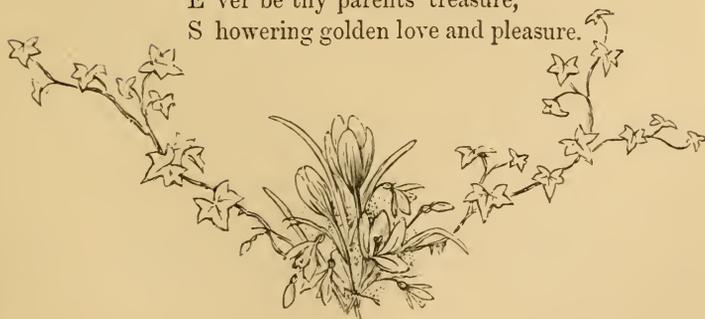
For E. P. S.

F RANCIE, may thy childhood be
A s a blossom-laden tree,
S howing promise full and free.

W illie, be thy life a song,
H oly, happy, sweet, and long,
S welling through a world of wrong.

A lfred, be a fragrant flower,
H ailing either sun or shower,
S weetest in its fading hour.

A lice, in thy baby measure,
E ver be thy parents' treasure,
S howering golden love and pleasure.





For Miss Sarah Stenning.

I.

s the blithe and busy bee
 oves to sip the honied flower,
 e each pen as choice as she,
 nlocking with simplicity
 any a fair and balmy flower.

ark, then, friends, sweet Sharon's rose,
 ndecaying as it grows;
 e your flowers of poesy,
 ke its stainless purity,
 nd its heavenly fragrantcy!

II

W. H. H.

1830.



To John Hall Shaw.

I.

SONS who fathers gladden,
 onours shall receive;
 V A ll who mothers sadden,
 ill be sure to grieve.

W isdom loves to favour
 ll who favour her;
 H e who is the Saviour
 hall grace for grace confer.

II

W. H. H.

LANGEN SCHWALLBACH, 1865.



To Miss Caroline Kingscote.

I.

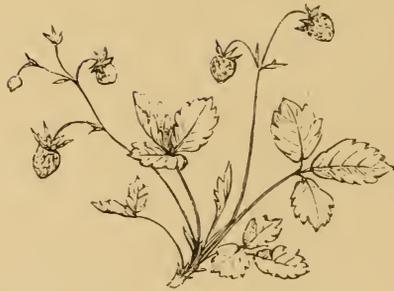
meek.			
apt for the childlike and	K	IND	are thy gifts ! and welcome as showers
of Christ's merit,			
ehovah's best gift, the robe	I	}	opening spring to the delicate flowers,
lowly inherit	N		
of the lofty in heart, but the			
curb thy vain spirit ;			
o, go, worthless world ! and	C	rowing	most sweet by thy home's lovely bowers ;
its proud cheek.			
urely shame would soon tinge	S	o	think my darlings and I.
own empty measure,			
ould but the world see its	C	ould	you but see their hearts in their faces,
miserly treasure ;			
wisdom more dear than	O	r	witness their glee and their artless grimaces,
	T	would	gladden thy spirit when it retraces
city's pleasure,			
ver, then, be thy lot simpli-	E	ven	days that smiled once and went by.

II.

W. H. H.

1828







ENIGMAS & CHARADES



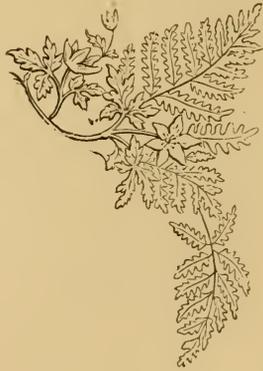
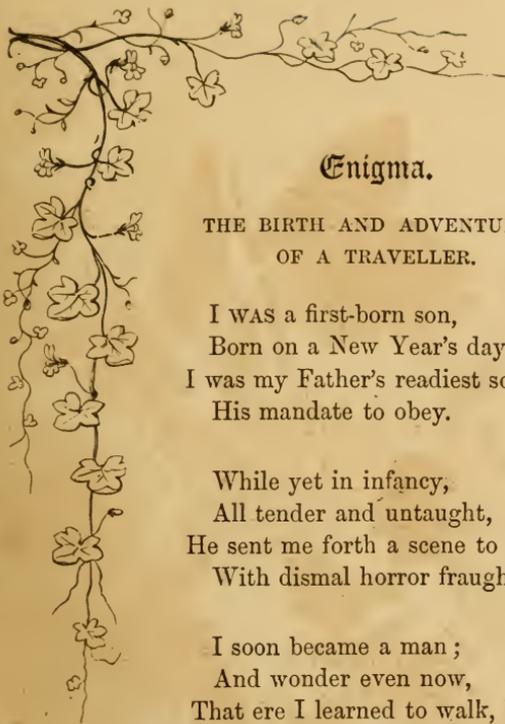




Illustration of a flowering plant, likely a lily, with red flowers and green foliage.

FLOWERS

PLATE 10



Enigma.

THE BIRTH AND ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELLER.

I WAS a first-born son,
Born on a New Year's day,
I was my Father's readiest son
His mandate to obey.

While yet in infancy,
All tender and untaught,
He sent me forth a scene to see
With dismal horror fraught.

I soon became a man ;
And wonder even now,
That ere I learned to walk, I ran,
Though no one showed me how.

My Father destined me
To be a traveller,
But I became immediately
A great philosopher.

He gave, forsooth, another son
My name and quality,
And other offspring one by one
Were soon called after me.



Still at each earliest morn
 I sped me on my way,
 Wherever sinful man was born,
 Wherever there was day.

I travelled fast and far,
 Without impediment ;
 I went up to the morning star,
 And ranged the firmament.

But though a traveller bright,
 More than most travellers are,
 I seemed to some a marvel quite
 Surpassing them by far.

No ear e'er heard me speak,
 No eye saw me by night,
 Yet I puzzled men by many a freak,
 As though I were a sprite.

I skated on the moon,
 I danced upon the sun,
 I strode the rainbow for a boon
 To get the work well done.

Some called me strange and cold,
 Some called me warm and weak,
 While some declare I'm made of gold,
 Or still of silver speak.

But be I what I may,
 The good and wise love me,
 And tens of thousands every day
 Long much my face to see.



All sinners bear me hate,
They take me for their foe ;
Though Lucifer was once my mate,
He dreads me now, I trow.

Who then am I ? come say !
I love each godly friend,
And hope with you to spend a day
Which is to know no end !

W. H. H.



Enigma No. 1.

AN army of Cyclops, fair reader, are we,
 Yet your servants especially ought we to be ;
 The outposts of England, 'mid ocean's roar,
 We have stood since the deluge, and perhaps
 before.

From Parry, and Cook, and Columbus too,
 A vote of thanks to ourselves is due ;
 But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
 Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

To Matilda of Flanders' assistance we came,
 When she toiled to emblazon the Conqueror's
 fame ;
 And the lasting memorials we are seen,
 In a summer clime, of a swarthier queen.

The records of ancient days we bear,
 And Time to erase us doth not dare,
 Yet the poorest girl in our native land
 Hath held us fast in her weary hand.

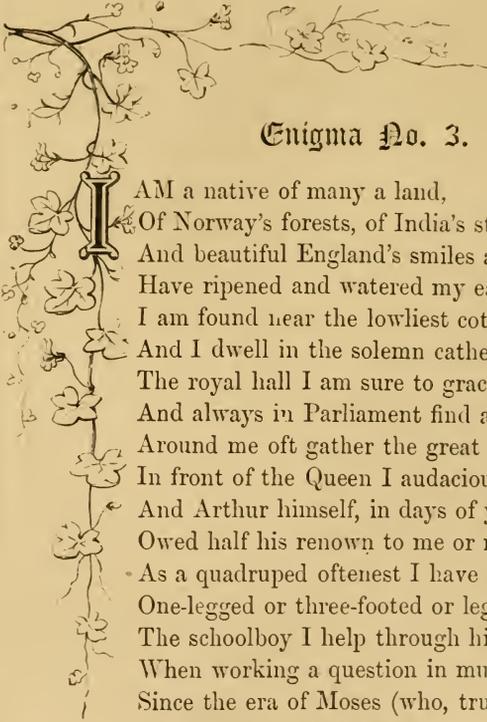
We steadily turn from the tropical glow
 To the dreary regions of ice and snow,
 For we're firmly bound with a magic spell,
 Which none may loose, or its meaning tell.

Woe to the man who hath dared to wed
 A woman who us and our woe hath fled !
 If you find us out, you may claim to be
 As bright and as sharp as ever are we !

Enigma No. 2.

A WHIMSICAL set we must often seem,
Of crochets as full as an organist's dream ;
If we were abolished, there'd straightway be
A piscatorian jubilee.
We are frequently clothed in as snowy array
As a maiden fair on her bridal day ;
Yet we're often black as the blackest night,
E'en when we're lauding the soft moonlight.
The depths of the ocean we faithfully show,
On us hundreds of miles you may swiftly go ;
We measure the distance from place to place,
And encircle the globe in our wide embrace.
Woe, woe to the soldier who dares to fly
From us when the hour of battle is nigh !
Yet the gardener himself, in his peaceful trade,
For planting his cabbages needs our aid.
If a lady endeavours her age to hide,
We ruthlessly publish it far and wide
Wherever she ventures to show her head ;
Yet in us her destiny oft is read.
In the heart of a friend, long, long forsaken
A few of ourselves may deep gladness awaken,
Yet ours is a many-stringed, changeful lyre,
For dismay and despair we may often inspire.
We're essential to poets, to artists, musicians,
To all washerwomen and mathematicians ;
It required a Euclid to tell what we be,
Yet us at this moment, fair reader, you see.



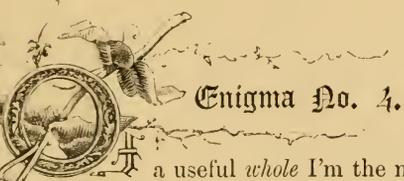


Enigma No. 3.

I AM a native of many a land,
 Of Norway's forests, of India's strand ;
 And beautiful England's smiles and tears
 Have ripened and watered my early years.
 I am found near the lowliest cottage fire,
 And I dwell in the solemn cathedral choir ;
 The royal hall I am sure to grace,
 And always in Parliament find a place ;
 Around me oft gather the great of the land,
 In front of the Queen I audaciously stand ;
 And Arthur himself, in days of yore,
 Owed half his renown to me or more.
 As a quadruped oftenest I have been,
 One-legged or three-footed or legless I'm seen.
 The schoolboy I help through his hard calculation,
 When working a question in multiplication.
 Since the era of Moses (who, truth to speak,
 In a manner unfitting his character meek,
 Most shamefully used me), till quite of late,
 I've always been sober, and still, and sedate ;
 But now I am playing such wondrous vagaries,
 That whether Beelzebub, witches, or fairies,
 Electric attraction, or galvanic power,
 Have thus turned my head, up to this present hour,
 The wisest and cleverest brains of the day,
 Quite out of their depth, are unable to say.

In olden days, to my care were confided
 The laws by which monarchs and subjects were
 guided ;
 The records of feats of chivalry,
 Or of deeds of blood, were preserved by me ;
 But now, having leaves, though, alas ! no flower,
 I bear what must pass in a single hour.

1858.



Enigma No. 4.

I a useful *whole* I'm the most useful part ;
 I've a good circulation, for I've a heart ;
 I have two or three garments or outer clothes ;
 I am closely allied to a lip and nose ;
 Rags and parchments and jewels rare,
 Rubbish and treasures, within me I bear ;
 The tiniest leaf I produce I can nip
 With a dexterous finger and thumb at my tip ;
 Though I'm often as tall as a spire to view,
 If you travel far I accompany you ;
 I am the Indian's light canoe ;
 To puzzle you more, I'm an aqueduct too ;
 I'm part of a garment of olden time,
 And part of a beast of a southern clime ;
 And finally, now, to crown the whole,
 I am your body, but not your soul !

1858.



Enigma No. 5.

A TERM for autumn leaves, when all their lovely tints are fled ;
 A mountain in Arabia, lifting high its rocky head ;
 What witches and astrologers pretend they truly are ;
 A state from which I greatly hope your conscience still is far :
 Those four are all alike, you'll see, in mere pronunciation,
 But diverse in orthography and in signification.
 Transpose the second, you will gain the title of a king,
 And what you would be sure to do if he should enter in ;
 Transpose the fourth, you'll see at once how ancient warriors
 treated
 The cities of the enemy, with passion overheated ;
 Transpose the third, and lo ! the first will straightway be
 revealed :
 Now, reader, I shall like to see this mystery unsealed.

1858.



Enigma No. 6.

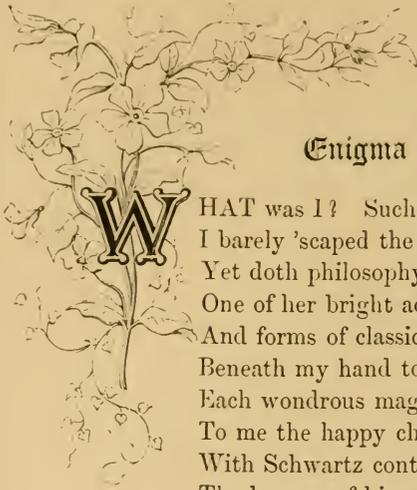
SEVENTEEN hundred and sixty yards,
A maiden's name and a term at cards,
A halting leg, something stronger than beer,
A river to many a student dear,
A fragrant tree, and a foreign fruit,
A government coach on a postal route,
Honiton, Brussels, or Valenciennes,
A spice preceding bishops and deans,
A sin of the tongue, and the stronger sex,
The state of the sea when no tempests vex,
What you look for three or four times a day,
What the Prince of Wales to the crown will lay,
Three Scriptures names, and a region wide,
What an archer takes his shaft to guide :
With six little letters all these are framed ;
When each you have duly and rightly named,
They form what I hope you will never dare
Against friend or foe in your heart to bear.

1858.

**Enigma No. 7.**

If you get into me, I have no sort of doubt
But that you will endeavour forthwith to get out ;
Behead me, and then I'm the lone widow's weeds ;
Behead me again, and I'm tiny round seeds ;
Repeat yet again the above operation,
And I am renowned for my quick imitation,
My mischievous habits, and horrid grimaces,
You're myself, if you practise unnatural graces.

1858.

Enigma No. 8.

WHAT was I? Such a clever friar,
 I barely 'scaped the witches' pyre ;
 Yet doth philosophy in me
 One of her bright admirers see ;
 And forms of classic beauty grew,
 Beneath my hand to nature true ;
 Each wondrous magic lantern show
 To me the happy children owe ;
 With Schwartz contesting, I should mention
 The honour of his great invention.
 What am I? What you may despise,
 For I am little more than grease,
 And yet I am an annual prize
 For matrimonial love and peace.
 In every scrape or awkward plight
 I hope to save me you'll be able.
 I am the ploughboy's great delight,
 And often grace his Sunday table.
 From dreams of mire and sweet repose
 To streaky excellence I rose ;
 And, following still the chimney sweep,
 I learned to smoke instead of sleep.

1858.





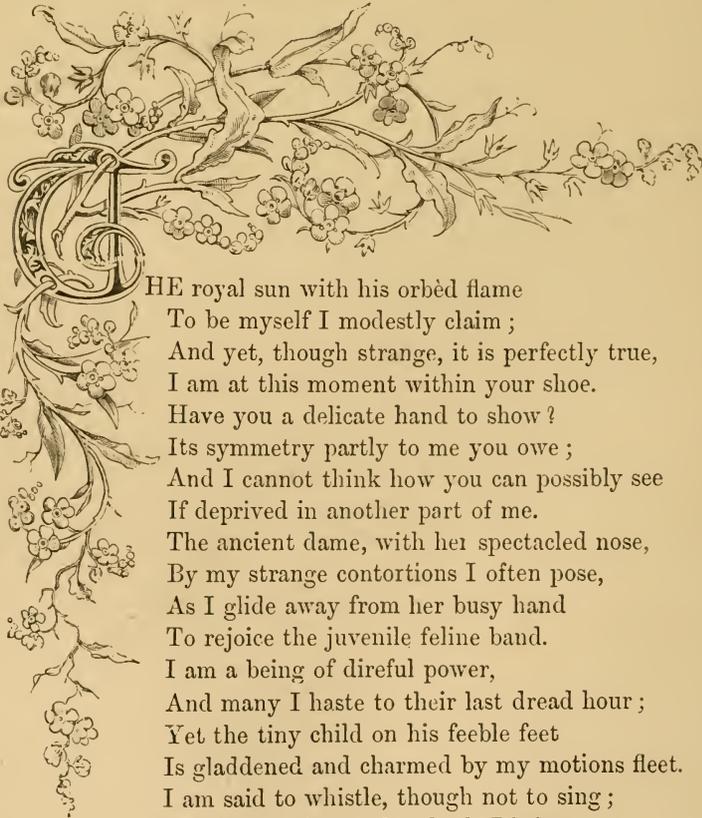
Enigma No. 9.

IN fiery caverns was my glowing birth,
The great laboratories of the earth ;
Thence issuing, with devastating power,
Entombing cities in a single hour ;
The vineyards of bright Sicily have been
Of my o'erwhelming might too oft the dreary scene.

Yet I encircle many a fair white arm,
Or holding ink and pens give no alarm ;
Though none may stay my incandescent course
Till Neptune doth oppose his briny force.
Mysterious child of subterranean fires,
Strange relics I preserve of fair Italia's sires.

1859.



Enigma No. 10.

GHE royal sun with his orbèd flame
 To be myself I modestly claim ;
 And yet, though strange, it is perfectly true,
 I am at this moment within your shoe.
 Have you a delicate hand to show ?
 Its symmetry partly to me you owe ;
 And I cannot think how you can possibly see
 If deprived in another part of me.
 The ancient dame, with her spectacled nose,
 By my strange contortions I often pose,
 As I glide away from her busy hand
 To rejoice the juvenile feline band.
 I am a being of direful power,
 And many I haste to their last dread hour ;
 Yet the tiny child on his feeble feet
 Is gladdened and charmed by my motions fleet.
 I am said to whistle, though not to sing ;
 Merriment often to hundreds I bring.

On due inquiry, I think you will find
That twenty people in me have dined ;
Yet when at dinner you take your seat,
I'm sometimes the very first thing you eat.
Who patronize me ?—The college youth,
Loving me better than books, in truth ;
The friends of science, the friends of strife,
The duellist seeking his fellow's life,
Of sharpers and blacklegs not a few,
Equine doctors frequently too,
The conjuror showing his skilful tricks,
In the list the graceful and fair we mix ;
And last, not least, our gracious Queen
My patroness certainly ever hath been.

1361.

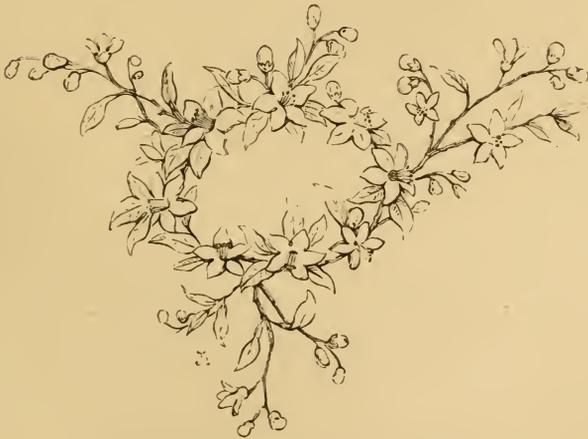


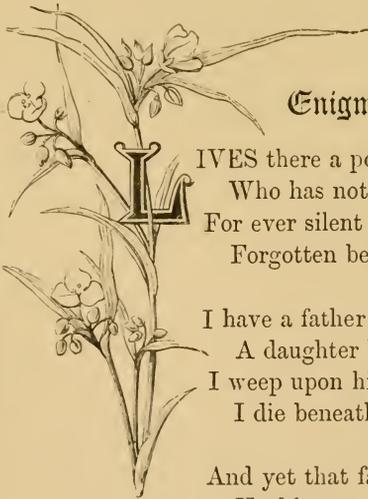


Enigma No. 11.

I AM a reward, and a punishment too,
 What you may give, and what you may do ;
 Animal, mineral, both I may be,
 Vegetable oftenest perhaps of the three.
 Once, I know, as the story goes,
 I was the cause of a bridegroom's woes ;
 But often since I have dimmed the life
 Of a wearily-sighing neglected wife.
 Never a court without me was seen,
 Never a vestry either, I ween,
 Never a coach, and never a train,
 Tho' sometimes a hindrance the latter to gain.
 Famous I am for a long dark way,
 Dismal as night in the brightest day.
 From the depths of my bosom may rise and float
 Many a soft and melodious note.
 Why should ye marvel ? The rich and fair
 The gay and gorgeous are often there.
 Wherever the sweetest of sounds goes forth
 Through the radiant south or the dreary north,
 A tale of me will be surely told,
 Or false were the words of a prophecy old.

A little one longs to begin to do good,
I sometimes help it, and always could ;
Yet the hardened man and the cruel boy
May find in me a savage joy.
Give me, and oh, what a monster you'll be !
Refuse me, ' Was e'er such a niggard as he ! '
Hire me, then you are rich, I conclude ;
Mount me, and then you may view and be viewed :
Open me, perhaps you are even a thief.
Perhaps 'twas by way of consoling your grief ;
Plant me, I see you are neat in your taste ;
Enter me,—nervousness, flurry, and haste
Won't at all suit, so I pray you take heed,
Or counsel will into me put you indeed.





Enigma No. 12.

LIVES there a poet, old or young,
 Who has not sung my praise?
 For ever silent be his tongue,
 Forgotten be his lays!

I have a father dark and stern,
 A daughter bright and gay;
 I weep upon his funeral urn,
 I die beneath her sway.

And yet that father binds me fast,
 Hushing my low sweet voice;
 That daughter sets me free at last,
 And bids me still rejoice.

Deceitful I am said to be,
 A thing of treacherous smiles,
 And many meet their end in me,
 Wreck'd by my sunny wiles.

Yet health and cure 'tis mine to give
 To many a sickly frame;
 An antelope of Africa
 Usurps my well-known name.



I'm born beneath the cold hard ground,
Yet life and joy I bring,
With song and mirth to all around,
Upon my emerald wing.

I help to measure Time's swift flight,
Tide has to do with me ;
In guns and traps behold my might ;
O say, what can I be ?

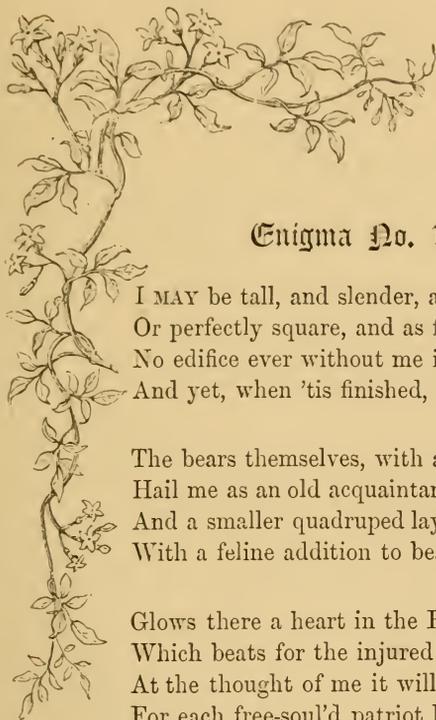




Enigma No. 13.

THAT I'm very well known to all metaphysicians 'tis true,
 Whose brains I attempted to clear, being one of the crew ;
 A secret of wonderful power in me was concealed,
 Which firstly by love, but by treachery next was revealed ;
 I never am mentioned as living, though oft in the city,
 When said to be dead, much impatience I rouse, but no pity ;
 To some navigation I lend indispensable hand,
 Yet I'm not of the slightest utility saving inland.
 I frequently act as a guardian, though I must own
 My wards to attain their majority never were known ;
 The brow of the maiden to me owes the half of its charms,
 And yet, strange to say, I'm a part of death-dealing firearms.
 I've a slim coadjutor, who with me my secret possesses,
 My master he is, for he knows all my inmost recesses ;
 My safety and faithfulness vanish if once one can gain him,
 Yet I'm perfectly useless without him, so prithee retain him.
 The apple Eve gathered was never supposed to be me,
 And yet if you pick me, beware of the powers that be.
 By a figure of speech I'm said to be silver or golden,
 Though to metals far baser I really am much more beholden.
 Of loved ones far distant I'm often the fondly kept token,
 Memorial and echo of harpstrings which death had long broken.



**Enigma No. 14.**

I MAY be tall, and slender, and round,
Or perfectly square, and as flat as the ground ;
No edifice ever without me is raised,
And yet, when 'tis finished, I never am praised.

The bears themselves, with a grim delight,
Hail me as an old acquaintance quite ;
And a smaller quadruped lays its claim
With a feline addition to bear my name.

Glow there a heart in the English breast
Which beats for the injured and long oppress'd ?
At the thought of me it will rise and swell,
For each free-soul'd patriot knows me well.

Where may you find me ?—In sunny Kent,
Where the hop-pickers sing, while on labour intent ;
Or in realms of ice and eternal snow,
'Neath the gorgeous aurora's crimson glow.

In celestial regions I'm certainly found,
And wherever on earth there's an acre of ground ;
Where his lordship's chariot proudly speeds,
I ever am close to the high-bred steeds.

I have stood very near to the triple crown,
Yet I'm seen in the back streets of every town ;
On the festal day of a short-lived queen
The chief attraction I've ever been.

Attraction, said I? You little know
How much to my power of attraction you owe!—
All the gold, and the pearls, the silk, sugar, and tea,
That are borne to your homes o'er the pathless sea.

I may quietly stand by your drawing-room fire,
Bearing a comfort you often desire ;
Or stretch my bold arm o'er the surging wave,
Some wretch from its billowy depths to save.

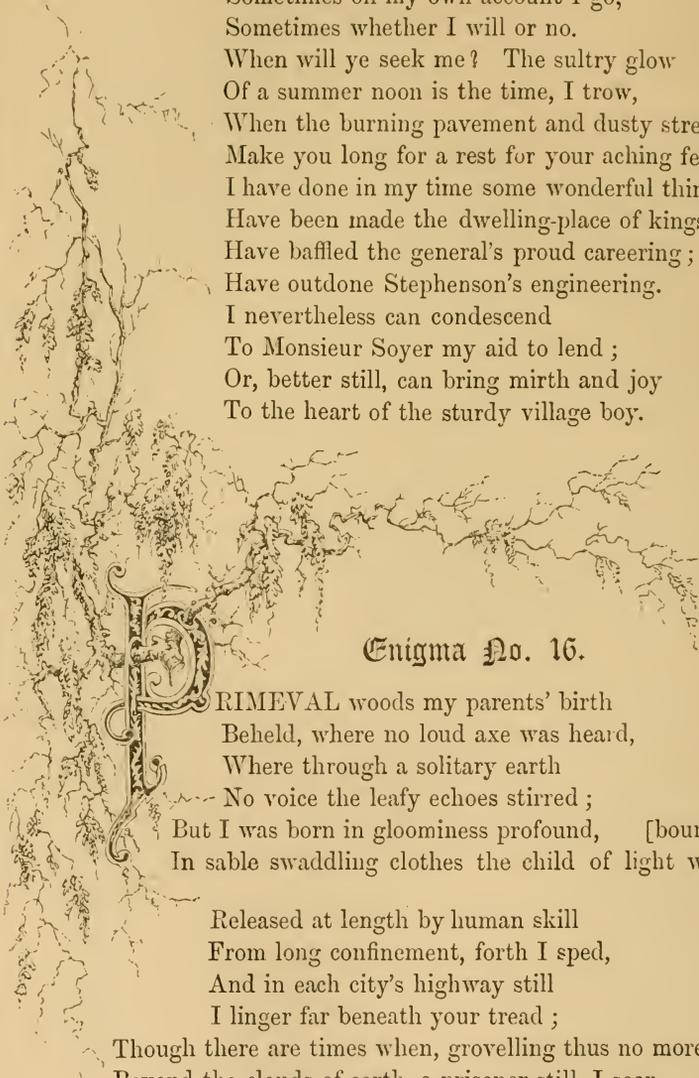


Enigma No. 15.

WHERE will ye seek me? The Andes river,
 Silently grand beneath tropical skies ;
 And far Himalaya's crowns of snow
 Gleam o'er the burning plains below :
 I dwell with each, for the mountain air
 Certainly suits me everywhere.
 Know ye the silent and death-like realm,
 Where winter hath donn'd his glassy helm,
 And conquering rules o'er land and sea ?
 Beneath his throne is the home for me.
 Ye may seek in the gay and brilliant throng,
 Where the hours fleet by in dance and song ;
 There, martyr-like, I'm sure to be,
 Though to venture there may be death to me.
 Yet I'm never afraid of catching cold
 (Like some young ladies), however bold.
 'Tis a wonder my mother should let me go,
 But she is remarkably yielding, I know ;
 And many who tried us both can say,
She yields directly when I give way.
 My character's quite the more solid, I state,
 But she is a person of greater weight.
 Though never convicted of any crime,
 'Tis perfectly true that, for months at a time,
 I am starved in a dungeon all damp and bare,
 With hardly the half of a prisoner's fare.
 I'm rather a traveller, I may tell,
 And know the Atlantic routes quite well ;



Sometimes on my own account I go,
 Sometimes whether I will or no.
 When will ye seek me? The sultry glow
 Of a summer noon is the time, I trow,
 When the burning pavement and dusty street
 Make you long for a rest for your aching feet.
 I have done in my time some wonderful things;
 Have been made the dwelling-place of kings;
 Have baffled the general's proud careering;
 Have outdone Stephenson's engineering.
 I nevertheless can condescend
 To Monsieur Soyer my aid to lend;
 Or, better still, can bring mirth and joy
 To the heart of the sturdy village boy.



Enigma No. 16.

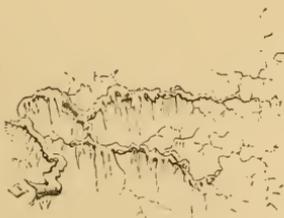
PRIMEVAL woods my parents' birth
 Beheld, where no loud axe was heard,
 Where through a solitary earth
 No voice the leafy echoes stirred;
 But I was born in gloominess profound, [bound-
 In sable swaddling clothes the child of light was

Released at length by human skill
 From long confinement, forth I sped,
 And in each city's highway still
 I linger far beneath your tread;
 Though there are times when, grovelling thus no more,
 Beyond the clouds of earth, a prisoner still, I soar.

No eye my subtle form may see,
Till, coming forth to light,
A slow consumption wasteth me
In man's unpitying sight.
Yet when from durance vile I swift escape,
All feel my baleful presence, though none see my shape.

I smile upon the giddy scene
Of mirth and revelry and song,
Yet in the sacred courts have been
Devotion's handmaid long ;
With darkness waging constant strife and sure,
I ever shun the day-beams, though so bright and pure.

Though none have ever heard my voice,
Yet words of gladness traced in me
Have bid full many a heart rejoice,
When England's flag waved high and free.
And with the song of victory sweetly blended
The full deep hymn of praise that war's dark storm was ended.



Enigma No. 17.

I AM the child of the brightest thing
 Which may gladden mortal eyes,
 Yet the silent sweep of my dusky wing
 Over my mother may dimness fling,
 And smiling she faints and dies.

I move, I dance, I fall, I fly,
 Yet anon I may calmly sleep ;
 I mark the bright-winged hours flit by,
 Your ingenuity perhaps I try ;
 I am long, or short, or deep.

I have been hailed as a boon untold,
 Or dreaded and shunned ere now ;
 The earth in my wide embrace I fold,
 The mountain regions are my stronghold,
 Yet I steadily follow the plough.

I may rest awhile in the minster pile,
 Or beneath the old oak tree ;
 Often with trackless step I pass
 O'er the whispering corn and the waving grass,
 Or tread the changeful sea.

All the day through I follow you,
 Yet beware how you follow me ;
 For each child of man I may oft beguile,
 And cloud the light of his sunniest smile,
 Till for ever away I flee.



Enigma No. 18.

YE have seen me in the skies,
Yet beneath the ground I rise ;
Sometimes far above your head,
Sometimes deep below your tread.

Where the forest boughs entwine,
Baffling still the gay sunshine,
Gaze aloft, and you will see
In myself their tracery.

Laughing eye and dimpling smile
May be even me awhile ;
Playful words, like javelins thrown,
As myself you often own.

Many a sunny stream ye trace,
Rippling in my calm embrace ;
Still I watch the secret shrine
Of the rich and ruddy wine.

Nave, and choir, and aisle, I trow.
All to me their glories owe ;
Even a seraph form by me,
Greater, fairer yet may be.

Many a loved one may be laid
In my sadly solemn shade ;
On your brow I now may dwell,
While your lips my name will tell.



Enigma No. 19.

SAY, know ye not the pilgrim band,
Who wander far and wide,
And greeting find in every land,
Wherever they abide ?

They meet full many a friend, I wot,
Who fain would have them stay ;
To such they cling, and leave them not,
Yet still go on their way.

Each bears a staff, and often twain,
And need they many a rest ;
The oldest oft seems young again,
And perhaps we love them best.

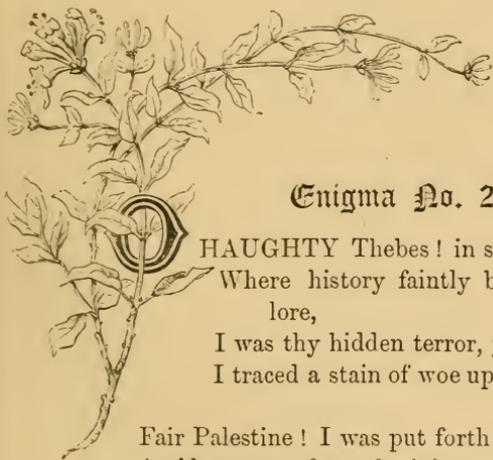
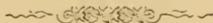
They speak a language passing sweet,
With heart-lore richly fraught ;
But oh ! to some they daily meet
Their eloquence is nought.

Yet strange the laws their speech obeys,—
Who drink its mystic tone,
May find within each simplest phrase
A meaning all their own.



Some deem they tell of long past years,
When they were girls and boys ;
Some only hear of bygone tears,
And some of present joys.

Some hear them speak of One who sent
That welcome pilgrim band,
And bless the love that freely lent
Such boon to every land.

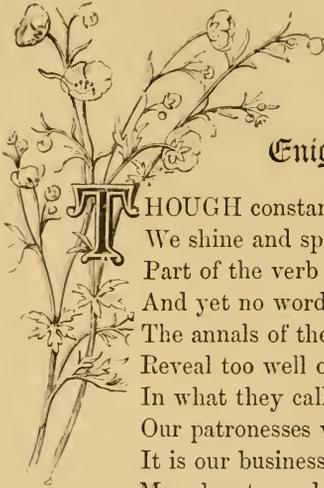


Enigma No. 20.

QHAUGHTY Thebes ! in shadowy days of yore,
Where history faintly blends with mythologic
lore,
I was thy hidden terror, yet revealed,
I traced a stain of woe upon thy glittering shield.

Fair Palestine ! I was put forth in thee
Amid a scene of gay festivity ;
Yet brought by me, a sullen frown, I ween,
Was on the brow of my originator seen.

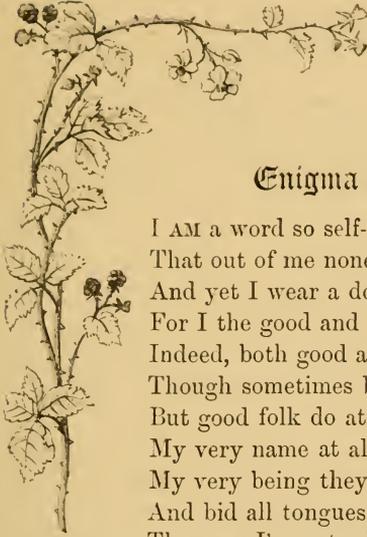
'Tis mine to give thee strange and needless toil,
For Gordian knots I weave in many a tangled coil ;
I shun publicity, for I declare
That if you speak my name, I vanish into air.



Enigma No. 21.

THOUGH constantly we're in the mire,
 We shine and sparkle with our fire ;
 Part of the verb 'to speak' we need,
 And yet no words from us proceed.
 The annals of the Inquisition
 Reveal too well our awful mission ;
 In what they call the 'good old days,'
 Our patronesses won high praise.
 It is our business to convey
 Men, beasts, and chattels day by day :
 You often bear us near your heart,
 And would be loth from us to part.
 Though never weary with our speed,
 Full often we are tired indeed ;
 A tribe of insects, most minute,
 Receive from us a name to suit.
 Long since we used to condescend
 Our aid in cookery to lend.
 We guide the vessel in its course,
 And multiply your puny force.

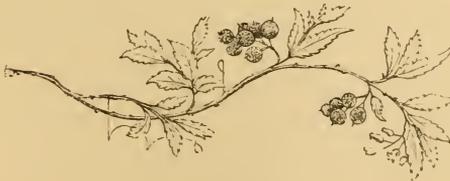




Enigma No. 22.

I AM a word so self-contained,
That out of me none else is framed ;
And yet I wear a double face,
For I the good and bad embrace ;
Indeed, both good and bad I'm called,
Though sometimes breathed and sometimes howled ;
But good folk do at times refuse
My very name at all to use ;
My very being they dispute,
And bid all tongues for me be mute ;
They say I'm not a Bible word,
Though oft at church I'm seen and heard.
So, if the pious me refuse,
The parsons can't themselves excuse ;
I wish, then, you may prove my power,
In my best phase some happy hour.

W. H. H.





Enigma No. 23.

A MUSICAL 'MULTUM EX PARVO,' OR GAMBOLS¹ WITH
THE GAMUT.

I. A LIST² OF OLD SONGS.

1. *Canons for Young Ladies.*

'Blooming Virgins'  *Athalia.*

'Wise men flattering'  *Judas Maccabeus.*

2. *The Schoolmaster's* alias *the Music Master's Lament.*³

But oh, what art can teach  ?—*Dryden's Ode.*

3. *Cotton's*⁴ *subject,*⁵ and *Father Matthew's answer.*⁶

What's sweeter than the  *Joseph.*

Water parted⁷ from the  *Dr. Arne.*

II. A GROUND⁸ FOR GRATITUDE IN RHYME.

You may be or

Or very in

You may be or

With aching or

Still you are

Nor with the

In earth's deep ¹⁰ yet

W. H. H.

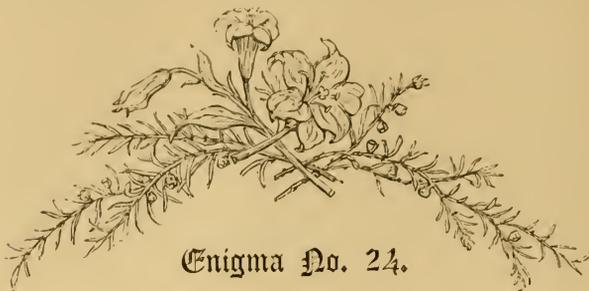
EDITOR'S SCHOLIA.

- ¹ The Viol di Gamba was formerly much used in the chapels of German princes.
- ² 'List! alias Listen,' verb. A List subst., that which is listened to, Etymol. Nov.
- ³ A plaintive ditty.
- ⁴ A celebrated bee-fancier of Ch. Ch. Oxon.
- ⁵ The theme or text of any movement.
- ⁶ The subordinate or corresponding phrase which follows.
- ⁷ Specimen of 'the wisdom of the ancients' of the eighteenth century. Spring water, alias rivers, flow from the sea!
- ⁸ A composition of bass notes repeated to a continually varying melody.
- ⁹ The Germans call *B^h*. Hence the celebrated Bach wrote a learned fugue on the

letters of his name

¹⁰ Whether the Author intends this for the Jewish measure of three pints, and thence a grave in which we are measured, or the modern vehicle in which we take a nap while cabbed to our destination, perhaps the next century will be able to define.



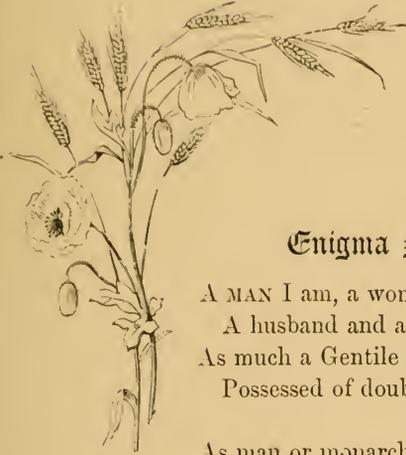
**Enigma No. 24.**

I AM in the Bible, but not in old Johnson,
You may know not my father, you knew not his son.
I am a true Christian, though I never was christened,
But I heard a high story, which for long I had listened.
I am not unacquainted with wedlock's high station,
And once I was used for divine revelation.
My name is most simple but strange, you will find,
Whether spelled from the front or spelled from behind,
It is of two syllables, with only two letters,
But sounds better by far than some of my betters.
I give you two articles, yet am but one,
And I sound you three names, all meaning but one.
Yea, twist me and turn me all ways as you please,
I'll come back to myself with positive ease.

If you like, call me saint,
For it will not be quaint,
But quick tell my name,
To save your own fame.

W. H. H.





Enigma No. 25.

A MAN I am, a woman too,
A husband and a wife ;
As much a Gentile as a Jew,
Possessed of double life.

As man or monarch, wife or queen,
None can with me compare ;
I lord it over all that's seen,
In sea, in earth, and air.

And yet I died for love of wife,
Although she died before me,
But strange to say I gave her life,
While down to death she bore me.

But stranger still, though dead and gone,
I yet on earth am living ;
I pass my night without a dawn,
While bitterest trouble giving.

Though old, I goodness never learn,
But love whate'er is evil ;
To Christ and His with hate I burn,
And always aid the devil.

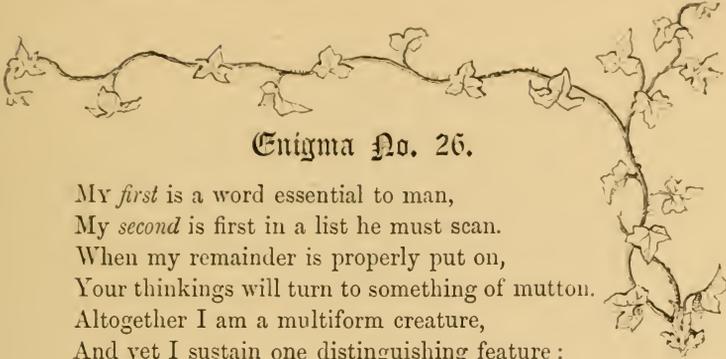


In all good folk a foe I lie,
Though some count me a fiction ;
Still well I know I'm doomed to die,
And that by crucifixion.

I need not more now signify :
My name awaits your diction.

W. H. H.





Enigma No. 26.

My *first* is a word essential to man,
 My *second* is first in a list he must scan.
 When my remainder is properly put on,
 Your thinkings will turn to something of mutton.
 Altogether I am a multiform creature,
 And yet I sustain one distinguishing feature :
 Sometimes I'm — — —
 A check upon evil, a hindrance of good.
 I'm at home in the prison, the castle, the tavern,
 The convent, the grave, the dungeon and cavern,
 And yet I am honoured in Westminster Hall,
 And hundreds are waiting to welcome my call.
 The musician observes me, and bows to my sway,
 And cannot without me well sing or well play ;
 I fasten your shutters, and break them to shivers,
 I block up your highways, your harbours, your rivers.
 I have my relations, a pretty large clan,
 Not at all are they bounded by woman or man,
 For I've wedded a bird, a maiden, and seaport,
 And persons and places do constantly *me court* ;
 They always, to honour me, place me before them,
 And I in return do never ignore them.
 In Scripture, apostles present you my name,
 A very old man and some others the same ;
 Yea, even to Jesus I'm nearly related,
 'Tis solemn to say it, but so it is stated ;
 Here then I cease, without further barring,
 So tell out the riddle without *further sparring*.

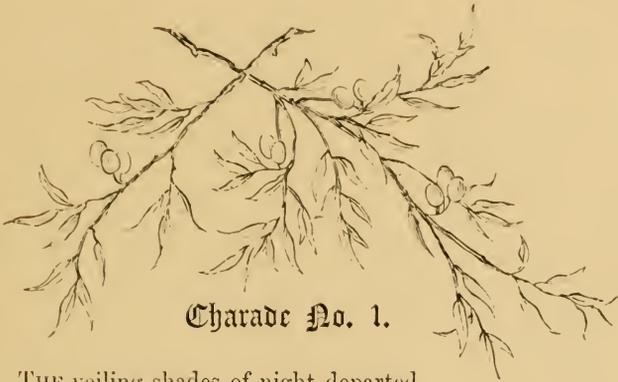
W. H. H.

**Enigma No. 27.**

I GO with ships at sea, I haunt the forest glade,
 The squatter dwells with me, Jove me a king once made.
 Cut off my first, another king you'll make ;
 Cut off my last, and lo, your ear will shake.
 If then you turn this king right round, I trow
 That when you turn away I also go.
 Next lop my first and last, yet leave my middle :
 Oh, spare poor little Nil, but solve this riddle !

W. H. H.

WINTERDYNE, *March 20, 1867.*

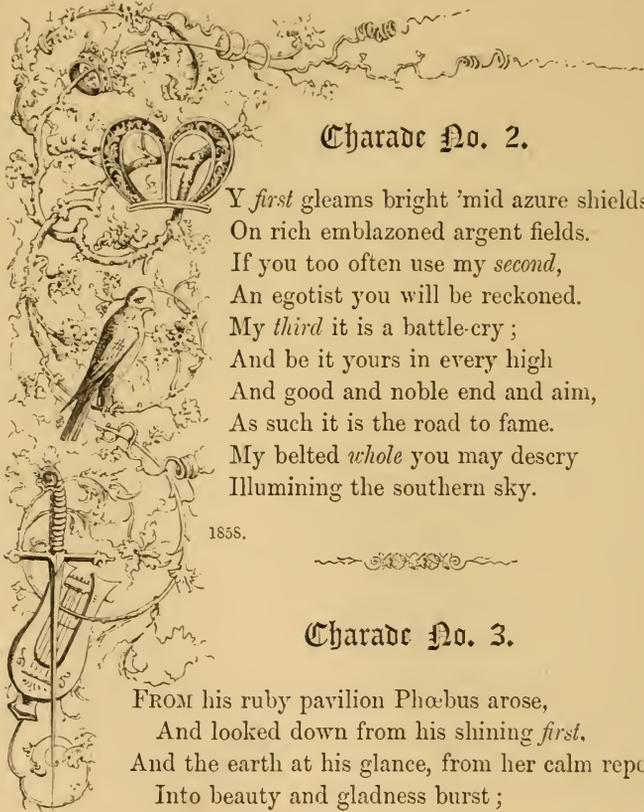


Charade No. 1.

THE veiling shades of night departed,
 On Lebanon's heights was a rosy glow,
 When the serried ranks of the Lion-hearted
 Prepared for my *first* at the Moslem foe.
 A voice was heard, like a clarion proud,
 Forth, forth to battle, to glory go!
 To my lovely *second* I solemnly vowed
 To crush the insolent Moslem foe
 And forth they went, but the voice was stilled,
 A stroke of my *whole* had laid him low;
 By other hands was the vow fulfilled,
 For they tamed the pride of the Moslem foe.

1853.





Charade No. 2.

Y *first* gleams bright 'mid azure shields,
 On rich emblazoned argent fields.
 If you too often use my *second*,
 An egotist you will be reckoned.
 My *third* it is a battle-cry ;
 And be it yours in every high
 And good and noble end and aim,
 As such it is the road to fame.
 My belted *whole* you may descry
 Illumining the southern sky.

1855.

Charade No. 3.

FROM his ruby pavilion Phœbus arose,
 And looked down from his shining *first*,
 And the earth at his glance, from her calm repose
 Into beauty and gladness burst ;
 But the clouds of sorrow he could not chase,
 Nor the gleaming tears upon Katie's face.

On a merry ride to the busy town
 In my *first* she too surely had reckoned,
 Disappointed and angry she flung herself down
 On my *whole*, but, alas ! in my *second* ;
 So I told her, my *second* you never can be
 While such haughty tempers so often I see.

1858.



Charade No. 4.

HURRAH for merry England !
 For good Saint George, hurrah !
 For Richard of the Lion Heart,
 The noble and the gay,
 Returns from long captivity,
 And 'tis a festal day.

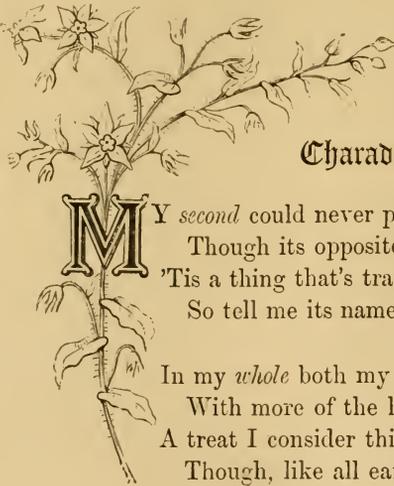
With chivalry and minstrelsy
 The hours shall speed along,
 Where meet the beauteous and the brave,
 The gentle and the strong.
 (I would my *first* had gazed upon
 The gladly loyal throng.)

The warriors of Palestine,
 Who led my *second* well,
 When on the ranks of Saladin
 Like avalanche they fell,
 Now in the tournament alone
 A fancied foe repel.

The Saxon serf may lay aside
 His clumsy *third*, I trow,
 And leave it in the silent field,
 With cool and sweatless brow ;
 For what has he to do to-day
 With weary spade and plough ?



But who is he, the Saxon youth,
 With royal Saxon bride,
 Who Saracen and Templar hath
 Successfully defied ?
 He is my famous *whole*, I ween,
 The valiant and the tried.



Charade No. 5.

MY *second* could never produce my *first*,
 Though its opposite frequently may ;
 'Tis a thing that's trampled upon and cursed,
 So tell me its name, I pray.

In my *whole* both my *second* and *first* you would see,
 With more of the latter than pleasant ;
 A treat I consider this latter to be,
 Though, like all earthly good, evanescent.

Above my *second* 'tis commonly borne,
 Though carefully kept below it ;
 Full many a home it has caused to mourn,
 And the newspaper accidents show it.

When my *second* is looking its dullest and worst,
 And my *whole* must be dreary indeed,
 Like a hard-hearted tyrant comes forth my *first*,
 With whom it were vain to plead.



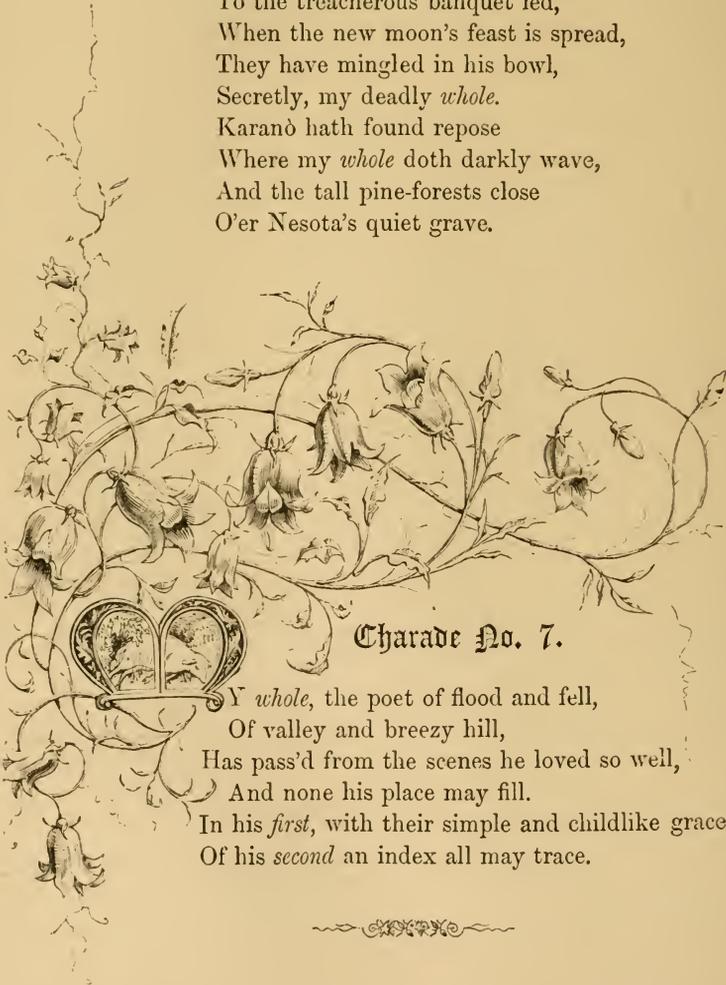
Charade No. 6.

WHERE the tall pine-forest made
 Deepest, darkest, holiest shade,
 Came Nesota, sorrow-laden,
 She, the lovely Indian maiden.
 Came, ere she had waited long,
 Karanò, the swift, the strong ;
 He, who bowed to nought beside,
 Bent to her in lowly pride ;
 Bent until his lofty brow,
 Loftiest of the tribes around,
 Touch'd the greensward, hallow'd now,
 Where her *first* had kissed the ground.

'Karanò ! arise and fly !
 Hands of power and wrath are nigh ;
 From thy side shall I be driven,
 Like a willow lightning-riven.
 Karanò, ere thou depart,
 Lay this *second* on thy heart,
 Token of Nesota's love,
 From thy own, thy stricken dove.'
 Trembling in his hand she laid
 My shining *second*, then farewell !
 She is gone, through bush and blade,
 Fleetly as a wild gazelle.

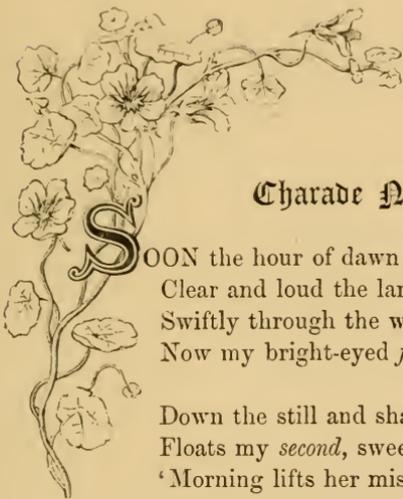


Karanò, the swift, the strong,
 Baffles all pursuers long,
 Till the moon is on the wane ;
 Then a red deer they have slain.
 To the treacherous banquet led,
 When the new moon's feast is spread,
 They have mingled in his bowl,
 Secretly, my deadly *whole*.
 Karanò hath found repose
 Where my *whole* doth darkly wave,
 And the tall pine-forests close
 O'er Nesota's quiet grave.



Charade No. 7.

My *whole*, the poet of flood and fell,
 Of valley and breezy hill,
 Has pass'd from the scenes he loved so well,
 And none his place may fill.
 In his *first*, with their simple and childlike grace,
 Of his *second* an index all may trace.



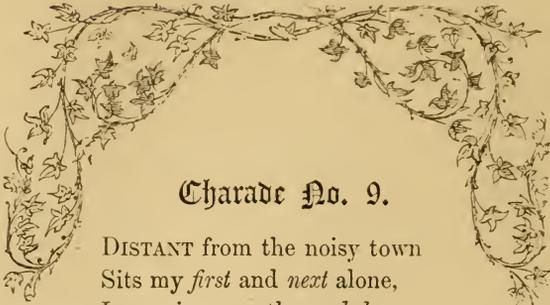
Charade No. 8.

SOON the hour of dawn shall pass,
Clear and loud the lark is singing ;
Swiftly through the waving grass
Now my bright-eyed *first* is springing.

Down the still and shadowy dale
Floats my *second*, sweetly telling,
'Morning lifts her misty veil,
Spectral darkness soon dispelling.'

Far remote from beaten way,
Now my dewy *whole* is bending ;
And where summer breezes play,
Sweetness to their breath is lending.





Charade No. 9.

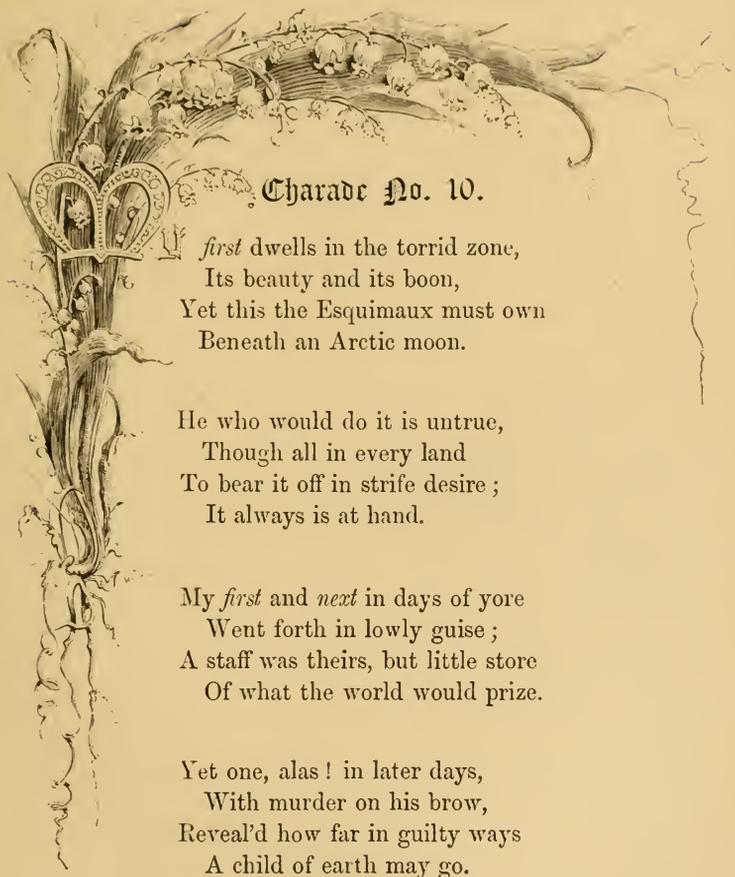
DISTANT from the noisy town
Sits my *first* and *next* alone,
In my ivy-wreathen *whole*,
Loved and bless'd by many a soul.

More than on my *first*, I ween,
With his brethren he hath been ;
But my *third* hath touch'd his brow,
And he waits in silence now ;

Hoping soon to see the day
When his *second*, far away,
May replace his trembling voice,
This shall make his *third* rejoice.

1853.





Charade No. 10.

first dwells in the torrid zone,
 Its beauty and its boon,
 Yet this the Esquimaux must own
 Beneath an Arctic moon.

He who would do it is untrue,
 Though all in every land
 To bear it off in strife desire ;
 It always is at hand.

My *first* and *next* in days of yore
 Went forth in lowly guise ;
 A staff was theirs, but little store
 Of what the world would prize.

Yet one, alas ! in later days,
 With murder on his brow,
 Reveald how far in guilty ways
 A child of earth may go.

My *last* I think you'll quickly name
 In half a minute more :
 Are twenty hundreds quite the same
 As just a hundred score ?

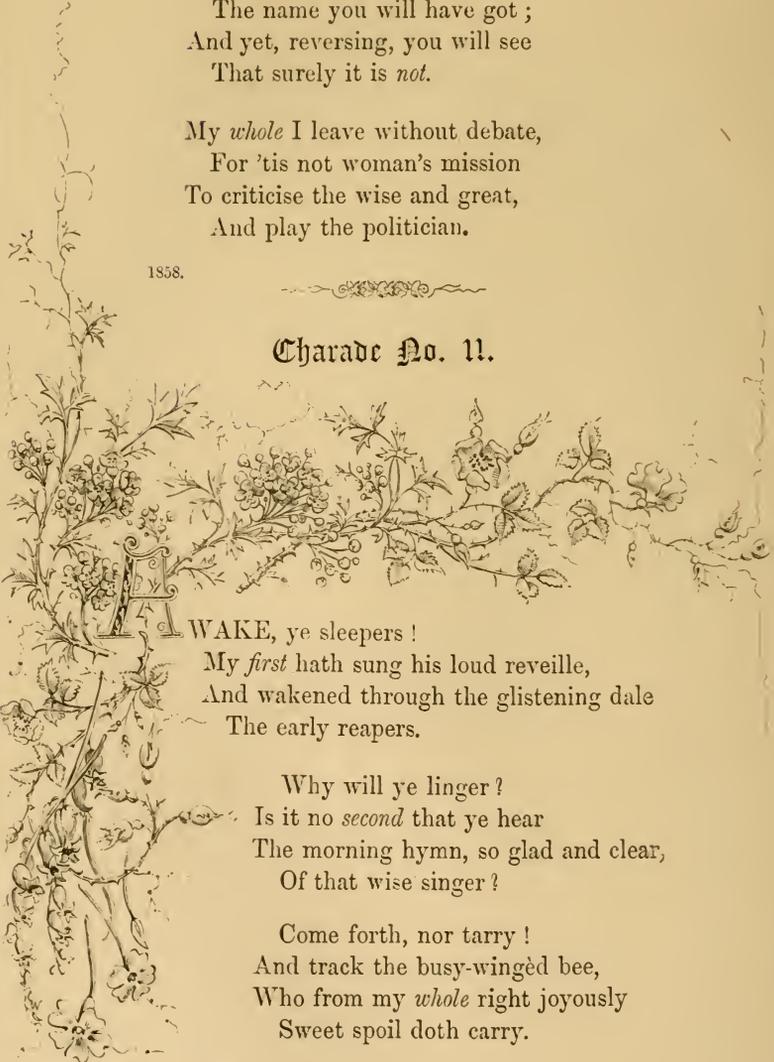
For if you say what each would be,
 The name you will have got ;
 And yet, reversing, you will see
 That surely it is *not*.

My *whole* I leave without debate,
 For 'tis not woman's mission
 To criticise the wise and great,
 And play the politician.

1858.



Charade No. 11.



AWAKE, ye sleepers !
 My *first* hath sung his loud reveille,
 And wakened through the glistening dale
 The early reapers.

Why will ye linger ?
 Is it no *second* that ye hear
 The morning hymn, so glad and clear,
 Of that wise singer ?

Come forth, nor tarry !
 And track the busy-wingèd bee,
 Who from my *whole* right joyously
 Sweet spoil doth carry.

1858.



Charade No. 12.

ARISE, my first ! In peerless radiance beaming,
 A veil of glory thou dost weave for earth :
 The ocean waves to welcome thee are gleaming,
 For thou alone to Beauty givest birth.

Shine forth, my *second* ! Freshly now is flowing
 The busy stream of life, and labour too ;
 Each heart with ardour base or noble glowing,
 Till thou shalt close, arresting all they do.

All hail, my *whole* ! Thou comest with rich pleasure,
 An angel from the land of pure delight,
 The great man's blessing, and the poor man's treasure,
 Our earnest of the day which knows no night.

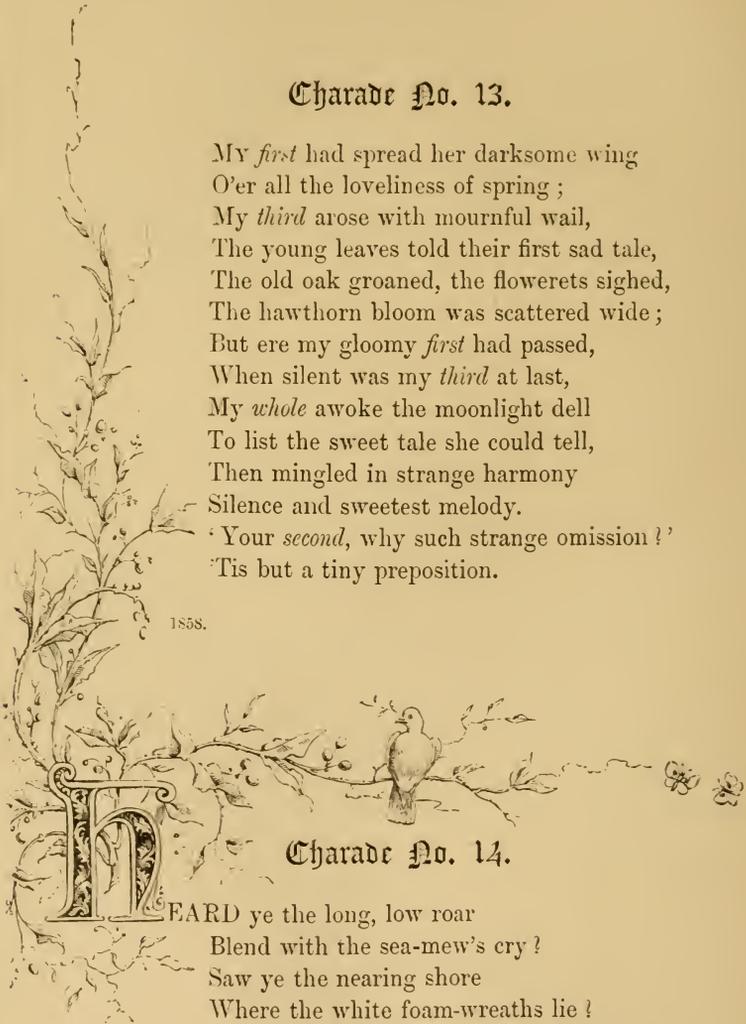
1358.



Charade No. 13.

My *first* had spread her darksome wing
 O'er all the loveliness of spring ;
 My *third* arose with mournful wail,
 The young leaves told their first sad tale,
 The old oak groaned, the flowerets sighed,
 The hawthorn bloom was scattered wide ;
 But ere my gloomy *first* had passed,
 When silent was my *third* at last,
 My *whole* awoke the moonlight dell
 To list the sweet tale she could tell,
 Then mingled in strange harmony
 Silence and sweetest melody.
 ' Your *second*, why such strange omission ?'
 'Tis but a tiny preposition.

1858.



Charade No. 14.

MEARD ye the long, low roar
 Blend with the sea-mew's cry ?
 Saw ye the nearing shore
 Where the white foam-wreaths lie ?
 O wait, seaman, wait while the tempest shall last,
 For my *first* is a danger thou hast not passed.

How shall the seaman wait ?
 There stands his white-walled home ;
 From its blithely opened gate
 Never more need he roam.
 My *second* he brings from a distant realm,
 And leaves he for ever the weary helm.

On! for the tide ebbs fast !
 On! for the night grows dark !
 But the cold wave-arms are cast
 Round the seaman's sinking bark.
 He makes my *whole* with the angry sea,—
 Thine be the gold, so my life go free !

1861.



Charade No. 15.

My *whole* is but a species of my *third*,
 Yet has my *third* no right to such a name,
 Unless my *first* and *second* form a word
 To which he lays an undisputed claim ;
 But if my *whole* renounce my *first* and *second*,
 My *first* indeed he may, but not my *whole* be reckoned.

1861.











1884-1885, 1886-1887

THE MUMBLES LIGHT HOUSE

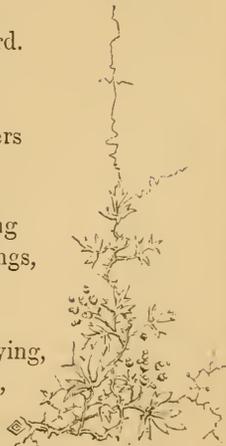


Revelation xxi.

JERUSALEM the Golden
The home of saints shall be ;
What eyes have not beholden,
They shall for ever see :
Those gem-built walls of wonder,
Those pearly gates of praise,
Those harps of sweetest thunder,
Those streets of sunless blaze.

By them shall Christ in glory
Be always seen and heard,
And His redemption-story
Shall be their household word.
Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Shall their companions be,
And loved ones shall be partners
Of their felicity.

Each golden street and dwelling
Shall teem with happy throngs,
In holiness excelling,
And chanting lofty songs ;
The Lamb ! the Lamb, once dying,
They worship on His throne,
And fall before Him crying,
Thou, Thou art Lord alone !



Great Bridegroom of the city,
 The Maker, Lord, and Light,
 Grant us, in tender pity,
 To walk with Thee in white !
 So while on earth we linger,
 All joyous in Thy love,
 Our hearts shall watch Thy finger
 To beckon us above.

W. H. H.



'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth
 for you.'—1 PET. v. 7.

CAST on Christ your mighty care,
 However great it be ;
 He knows it well, and can prepare
 Some sure relief for thee.

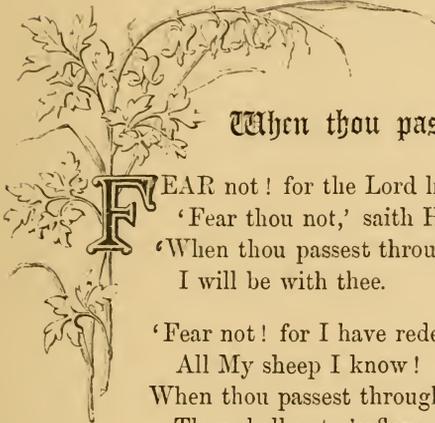
Thy surging thoughts and spectral fears,
 Thy boding dreams of ill,
 Thy sighings, and thy silent tears,
 Are all within His will.

Lay these upon His holy arm,
 For He can all sustain :
 He'll end thy cares, as with a charm,
 And lift thee up again.

Sustaining grace waits His command,
 And He awaits thy call ;
 Then pray, and down within thine hand
 Shall strength and comfort fall.

I, Lord, would cast on Thee my care,
 And nothing anxious be ;
 Content if thou, who hearest prayer,
 Wilt care, O Lord, for me.

W. H. H.



When thou passest.

FEAR not ! for the Lord hath spoken,
 ‘Fear thou not,’ saith He ;
 ‘When thou passest through the waters
 I will be with thee.

‘Fear not ! for I have redeemed thee ;
 All My sheep I know !
 When thou passest through the rivers
 They shall not o’erflow.

‘Fear not ! by thy name I called thee,
 Mine thy heart hath learned ;
 When thou walkest through the fire
 Thou shalt not be burned.

‘Thou art mine ! oh, therefore fear not !
 Mine for ever now !
 And the flame shall never kindle
 On thy sealèd brow.

Thou art precious, therefore fear not,
 Precious unto Me !
 I have made thee, for My glory
 I have lovèd thee.





'The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and of great mercy.'—Ps. cxlv. 8.

The Lord is gracious—full of grace
To those who seek through Christ His face ;
O come then, sinner, taste and see
The fulness of *His love* for thee.

Full of compassion is His heart,
Each weary sigh, each rankling smart
Is known to Him whom we adore,
The Saviour who our sorrows bore.

To anger slow! though every hour
Provoking His destroying power ;
How strange, such words of peace to give,
Through Him who died that we might live.

Great mercy! Yet another seal
To all His gracious words reveal ;
Great mercy for the greatly stained,
For those who mercy long disdained.

We little know God's thoughts to man,
They are too great for us to scan ;
Thou art too high and we too low,
The wonders of Thy love to know.



But crown Thy mercies, Lord, and send
Thy Spirit as our Teacher-Friend.
That we may see, and feel, and praise
The grace and love of all Thy ways !

1858



‘He was subject unto them.’—LUKE ii. 51.

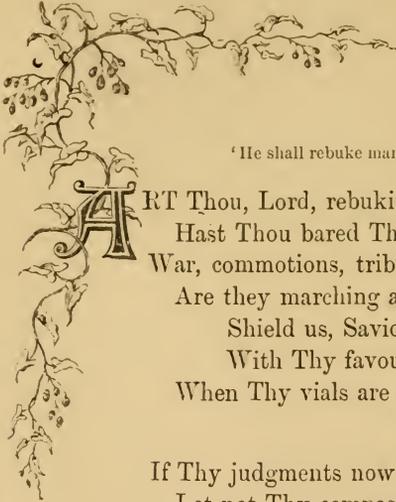
BLESSED Jesus, Lord and Brother !
Once Thou wast a lowly child,
Subject to Thy Virgin-mother,
‘Holy, harmless, undefiled ;’
Wisdom, favour, grace, and truth,
Graced, like morning stars, Thy youth.

Great Redeemer, Mediator !
Now Thou art enthroned in light ,
But Thou wearest still our nature,
And all heaven admires the sight.
Lord, to tender years impart
Mercy’s boon, the tender heart.

Jesu, by Thy childhood’s favour,
By Thy manhood’s agony,
Fill us with Thy Spirit’s savour,
Train us for eternity ;
With the glittering hosts above, ·
May we sing Thy boundless love !

W. H. H.

1833.



'He shall rebuke many people.'—Isa. ii. 4.

ART Thou, Lord, rebuking nations?
 Hast Thou bared Thy glittering sword?
 War, commotions, tribulations,
 Are they marching at Thy word?
 Shield us, Saviour,
 With Thy favour,
 When Thy vials are outpoured!

If Thy judgments now are waking,
 Let not Thy compassion sleep;
 But, while earthly powers are shaking,
 Firm and free Thy kingdom keep.
 Jesu, hear us,
 Be Thou near us,
 When the storm shall round us sweep!

Courage, saints, your fears assuaging,
 Chant a bold and blissful strain!
 Holy seers, of peace presaging,
 Bid us hail Messiah's reign.
 Strife, sedition,
 Superstition,
 Then no votaries shall gain.

Warrior hosts, no longer mustering,
 Cease the gleaming lance to wield:

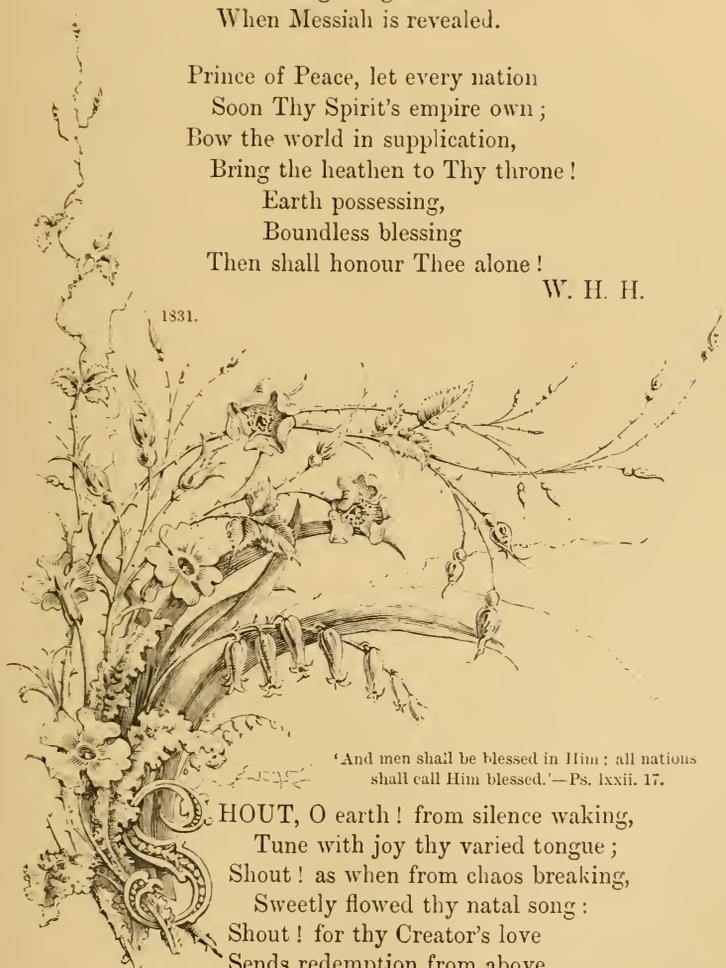


Now they watch the fruitage clustering,
 Now they crop the sunny field.
 Thus shall sadness
 Change to gladness
 When Messiah is revealed.

Prince of Peace, let every nation
 Soon Thy Spirit's empire own ;
 Bow the world in supplication,
 Bring the heathen to Thy throne !
 Earth possessing,
 Boundless blessing
 Then shall honour Thee alone !

W. H. H.

1831.



'And men shall be blessed in Him ; all nations
 shall call Him blessed.'—Ps. lxxii. 17.

SHOUT, O earth ! from silence waking,
 Tune with joy thy varied tongue ;
 Shout ! as when from chaos breaking,
 Sweetly flowed thy natal song :
 Shout ! for thy Creator's love
 Sends redemption from above.

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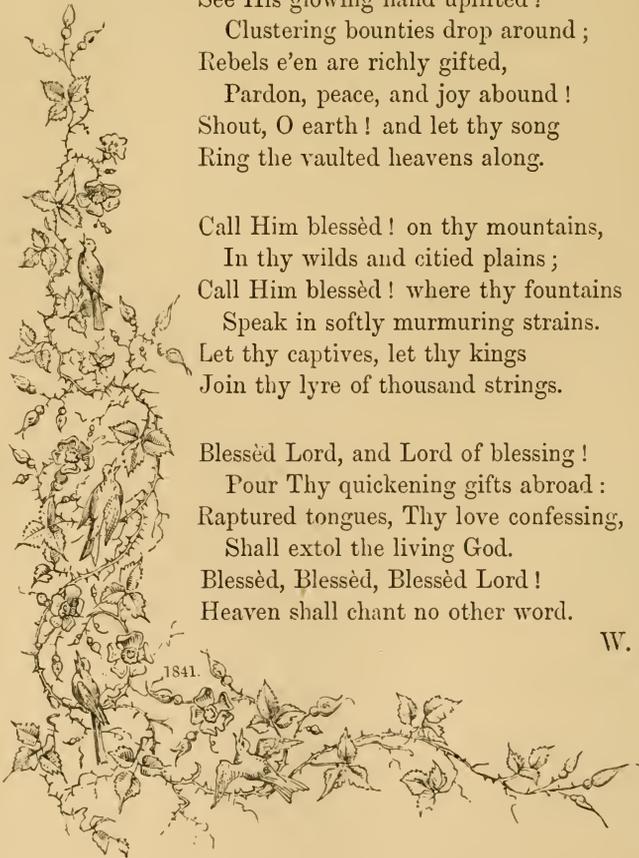
Downward from His star-paved dwelling
 Comes the incarnate Son of God ;
 Countless voices, thrilling, swelling,
 Tell the triumphs of His blood :
 Shout ! He comes thy tribes to bless
 With His spotless righteousness.

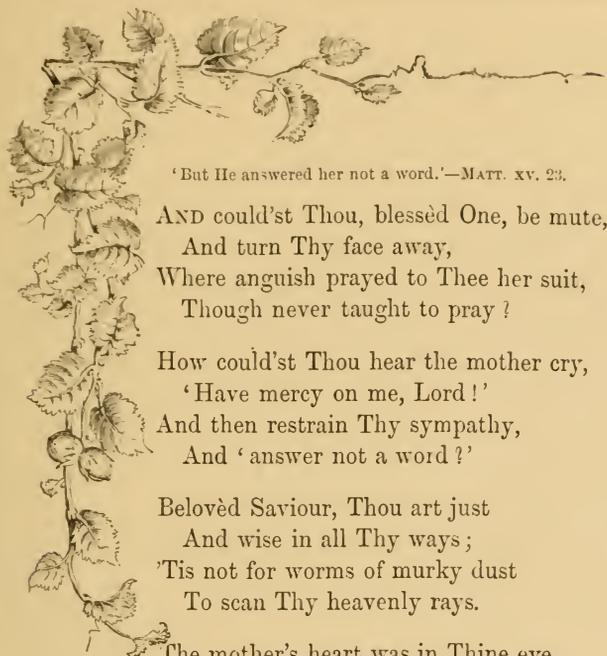
See His glowing hand uplifted !
 Clustering bounties drop around ;
 Rebels e'en are richly gifted,
 Pardon, peace, and joy abound !
 Shout, O earth ! and let thy song
 Ring the vaulted heavens along.

Call Him blessèd ! on thy mountains,
 In thy wilds and citted plains ;
 Call Him blessèd ! where thy fountains
 Speak in softly murmuring strains.
 Let thy captives, let thy kings
 Join thy lyre of thousand strings.

Blessèd Lord, and Lord of blessing !
 Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad :
 Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,
 Shall extol the living God.
 Blessèd, Blessèd, Blessèd Lord !
 Heaven shall chant no other word.

W. H. H.





'But He answered her not a word.'—MATT. xv. 23.

AND could'st Thou, blessèd One, be mute,
And turn Thy face away,
Where anguish prayed to Thee her suit,
Though never taught to pray ?

How could'st Thou hear the mother cry,
'Have mercy on me, Lord !'
And then restrain Thy sympathy,
And 'answer not a word ?'

Belovèd Saviour, Thou art just
And wise in all Thy ways ;
'Tis not for worms of murky dust
To scan Thy heavenly rays.

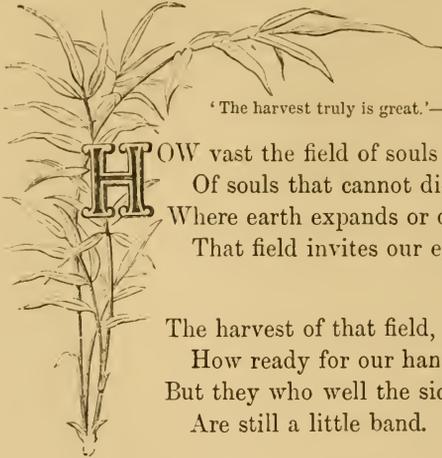
The mother's heart was in Thine eye,
Her faith was also there ;
It was Thy will its power to try,
And then to answer prayer.

For Thou didst bless the Canaanite,
Though cursèd was her race ;
Her vexèd daughter felt Thy might,
And both adored Thy grace.

Lord, let our faith be always strong,
Though prayer may seem unheard ;
Our sorrow then shall end in song,
And we will wait Thy word.

W. H. H





'The harvest truly is great.'—LUKE x. 2.

HOW vast the field of souls !
 Of souls that cannot die :
 Where earth expands or ocean rolls,
 That field invites our eye.

The harvest of that field,
 How ready for our hand !
 But they who well the sickle wield
 Are still a little band.

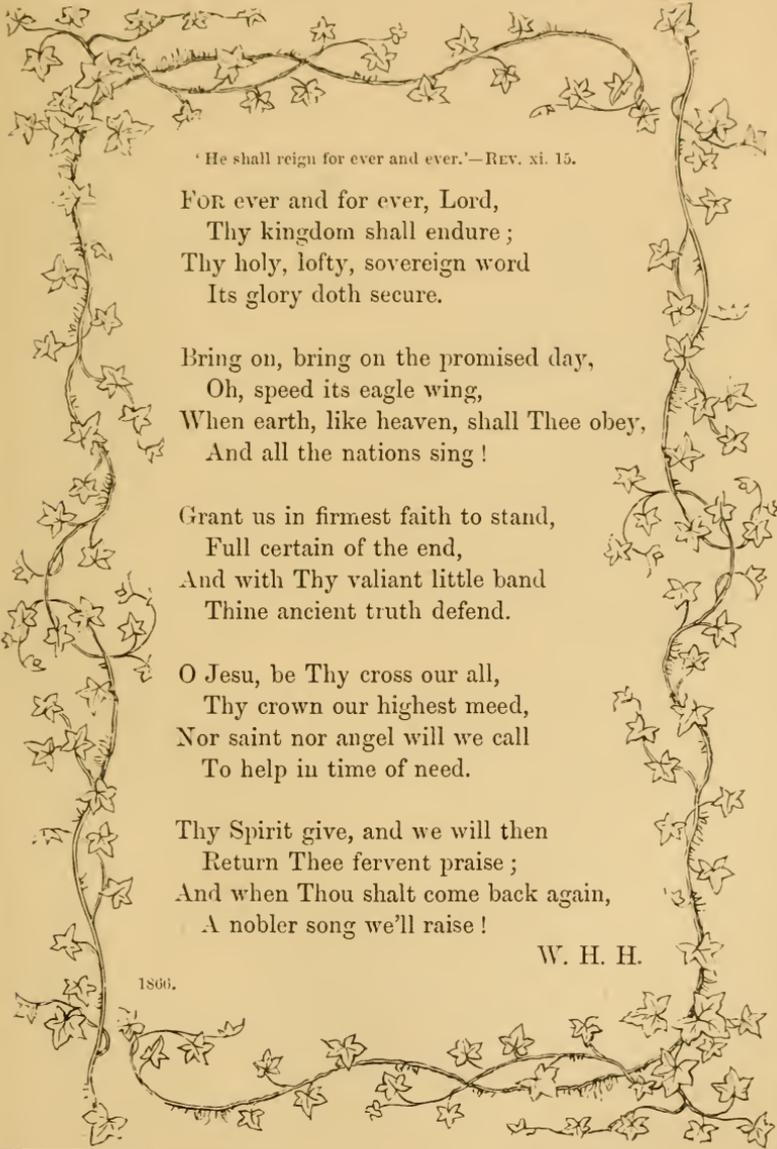
Then let us earnest be
 In faith for souls to care :
 The Master of the field is He
 Who bids us join in prayer.

Thy Spirit, Lord, forth send,
 More labourers to provide ;
 Throughout the field be Thou their Friend,
 Their Keeper and their Guide.

Then, when their toils are past,
 And all Thy garner stored,
 Be Thou the First, and Thou the Last,
 Unceasingly adored !



W. H. H.



'He shall reign for ever and ever.'—REV. xi. 15.

FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
Thy kingdom shall endure ;
Thy holy, lofty, sovereign word
Its glory doth secure.

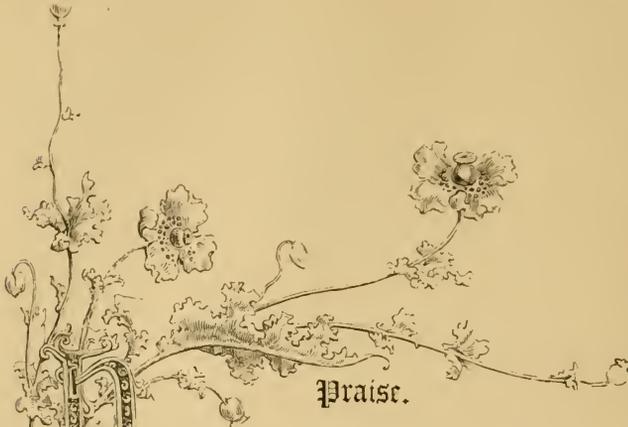
Bring on, bring on the promised day,
Oh, speed its eagle wing,
When earth, like heaven, shall Thee obey,
And all the nations sing !

Grant us in firmest faith to stand,
Full certain of the end,
And with Thy valiant little band
Thine ancient truth defend.

O Jesu, be Thy cross our all,
Thy crown our highest meed,
Nor saint nor angel will we call
To help in time of need.

Thy Spirit give, and we will then
Return Thee fervent praise ;
And when Thou shalt come back again,
A nobler song we'll raise !

W. H. H.



Praise.

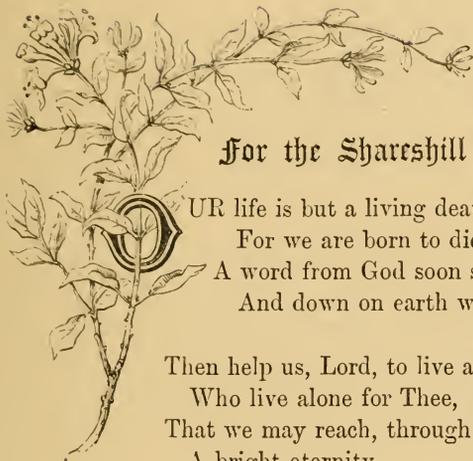
RAISE ye the Lord ! in Him rejoice,
 Pour forth praises like a flood :
 He in His love made us His choice,
 And redeemed us by His blood.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.

Praise ye the Lord ! whose Shepherd-hand
 Feeds and guards and guides His flock :
 By Him alone can we withstand
 Sorrow's storm or trouble's shock.
 Let all unite to praise His love,
 Men below and saints above.

Praise ye the Lord ! our Brother-Friend,
 Seated on His priestly throne,
 There interceding without end,
 He will contrite suppliants own.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.

W. H. H.





For the *Shareshill Almanac*, 1870.

OUR life is but a living death,
 For we are born to die ;
 A word from God soon stops our breath,
 And down on earth we lie.

Then help us, Lord, to live as they
 Who live alone for Thee,
 That we may reach, through Christ the Way,
 A bright eternity.

O let our pleasures, sins, nor gains
 Delude us with their dross ;
 Lest present sweets prove future pains,
 And our eternal loss.

Teach us to feel that worldly lives
 No happy deaths can bring,
 For sin at last the soul deprives
 Of Christ the living King.

Arouse, O God, each drowsy soul,
 And say with power, 'Awake !'
 When neighbours die, and church bells toll,
 May we the warning take.



Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart
 To cleanse and sanctify,
 That we, believing with the heart,
 May never dread to die.

W. H. H.



'Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would
 I fly away, and be at rest.'—Ps. lv. 6.

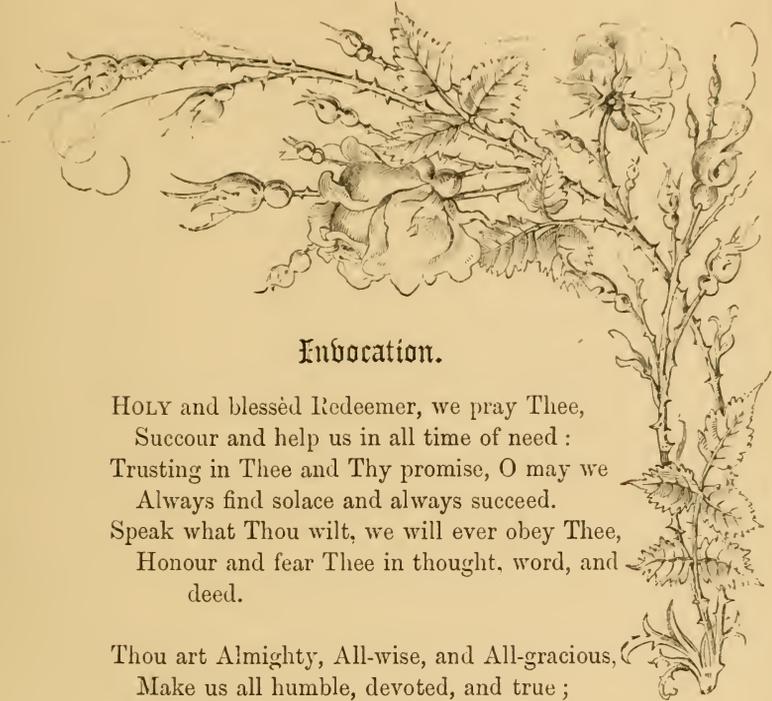
SAVIOUR, when with raptured eye
 Thy glories and Thy grace I view,
 My troubled spirit fain would fly,
 And far from hence her course pursue.

Here darkness reigns, here grief and woe,
 And foes within and fears without
 Now rack my breast, now round me throw
 The chains of fear, the toils of doubt.

But, Saviour, raise Thy mighty hand,
 And o'er me cast Thy favouring shield!
 O crush each foe! O burst each band!
 And, conquering, lead me from the field.

Then, Saviour, while on earth I stay,
 To suffer or to do Thy will,
 Each night, each morn, my grateful lay
 Shall echo to Thy holy hill.

W. H. H.



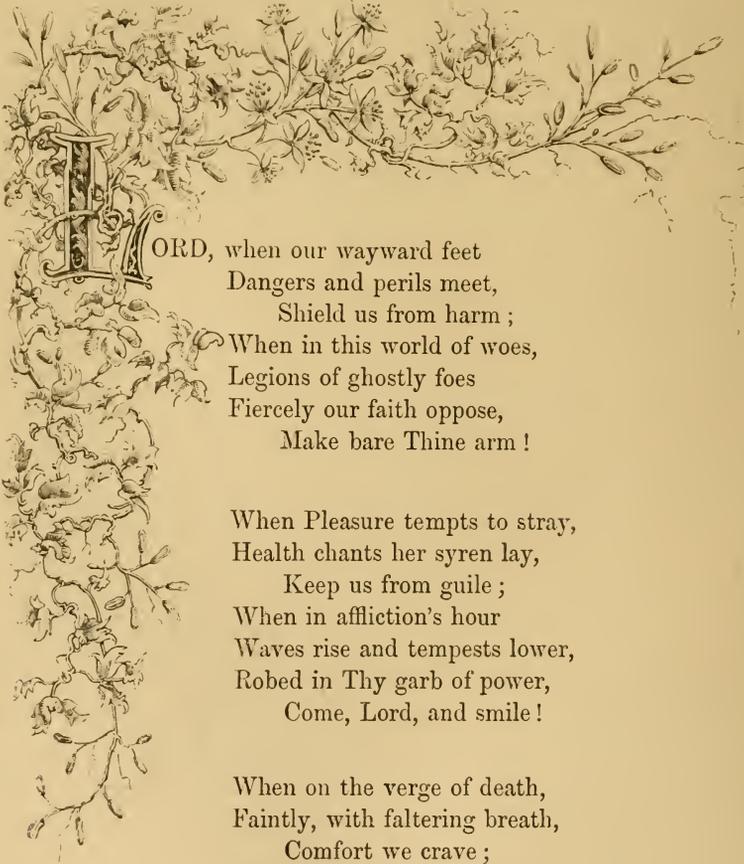
Invocation.

HOLY and blessed Redeemer, we pray Thee,
 Succour and help us in all time of need :
 Trusting in Thee and Thy promise, O may we
 Always find solace and always succeed.
 Speak what Thou wilt, we will ever obey Thee,
 Honour and fear Thee in thought, word, and
 deed.

Thou art Almighty, All-wise, and All-gracious,
 Make us all humble, devoted, and true ;
 Clad in Thine armour, no foe will dare face us,
 Danger and trouble will cease to pursue.
 Once let the soft arms of Mercy embrace us,
 Peace shall pervade us like sweet falling dew.

Blessèd and holy Redeemer, we laud Thee,
 Source of all succour, help, comfort, and joy,
 While in yon heaven bright angels applaud Thee,
 We with their echoes our tongues will employ.
 None of Thy glory shall ever defraud Thee,
 All, in its fulness, Thy saints shall enjoy.

W. H. H.



LORD, when our wayward feet
Dangers and perils meet,
Shield us from harm ;
When in this world of woes,
Legions of ghostly foes
Fiercely our faith oppose,
Make bare Thine arm !

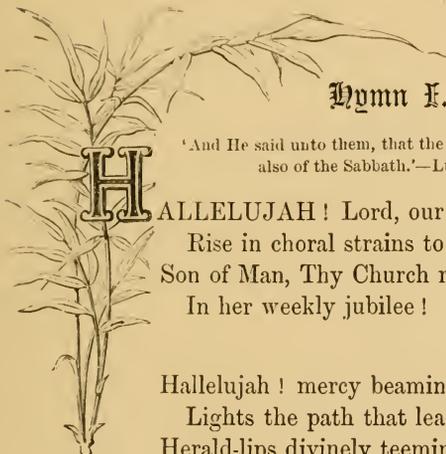
When Pleasure tempts to stray,
Health chants her syren lay,
Keep us from guile ;
When in affliction's hour
Waves rise and tempests lower,
Robed in Thy garb of power,
Come, Lord, and smile !

When on the verge of death,
Faintly, with faltering breath,
Comfort we crave ;
Then from the gloomy flood,
O Jesus, Lamb of God,
Through Thine atoning blood,
Rescue and save !

W. H. H.

Hymn I.

'And He said unto them, that the Son of Man is Lord
also of the Sabbath.'—LUKE vi. 5.



H

ALLELUJAH ! Lord, our voices
Rise in choral strains to Thee :
Son of Man, Thy Church rejoices
In her weekly jubilee !

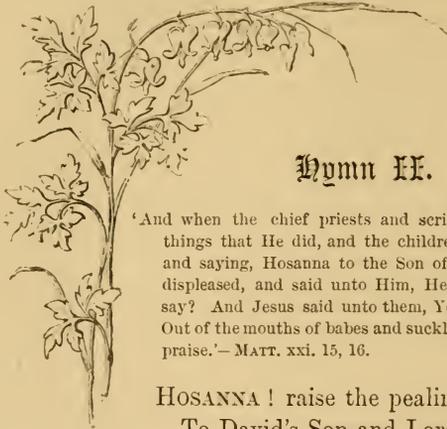
Hallelujah ! mercy beaming
Lights the path that leads to God :
Herald-lips divinely teeming
Publish blessings bought with blood.

Hallelujah ! praise ascending,
Shall our faith-winged breathings stay ?
Lord, before Thine altar bending,
Let the heathen hail Thy day !

Hallelujah ! Saviour, hear us !
Downward send Thy quickening Dove :
May His silver pinions bear us
To the realms of rest and love !

W. H. H.





Hymn II.

‘And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus said unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.’—MATT. xxi. 15, 16.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David’s Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim,
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest.
How vast Thy gifts,—how free!
Thy blood—our life, Thy word—our feast
Thy name our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.



Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng:
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
 Thy temple we behold;
 Hosannas, through eternity,
 We'll sing to harps of gold!

W. H. H.



'Is Anything too Hard for Him?'

'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'—GEN. xviii. 14.

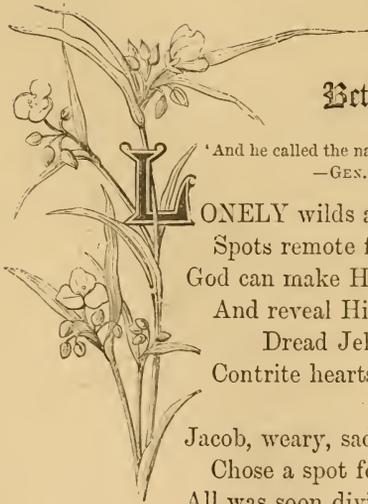
Is anything too hard for Him
 Whom Cherubim and Seraphim
 Incessantly adore?
 No! He, the everlasting Son,
 Made countless worlds their course to run,
 And reigneth evermore.

He stooped from highest heaven, and died,
 That every want might be supplied
 Of all who own His power.
 His gracious eye, His mighty hand,
 Are always waiting Faith's command,
 In trial's darkest hour.

He can the hardest heart subdue,
 The most corrupted soul renew,
 The driest bones make live ;
 He can the bruised reed bind up,
 The bitter take from every cup,
 And strength to weakness give.

Then blessed be Thy glorious might,
 Thou God-man ! Saviour ! Infinite !
 Whom Abram longed to see.
 When by Thy arm we rise from death,
 Our chant shall be, with ceaseless breath,
 Nought was too hard for Thee !

W. H. H.



Bethel.

'And he called the name of that place Bethel.'
 —GEN. xxviii. 19.

LONELY wilds and woodland mazes,
 Spots remote from human din,
 God can make His holy places,
 And reveal Himself therein :
 Dread Jehovah,
 Contrite hearts Thou dwellest in.

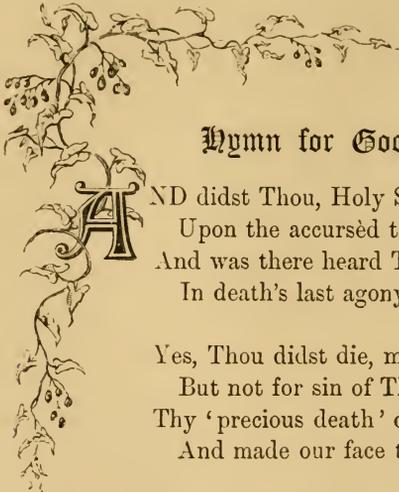
Jacob, weary, sad, and fearful,
 Chose a spot for sleep by night ;
 All was soon divinely cheerful,
 Heavenly visions blessed his sight :
 Henceforth Bethel
 Was his watchword and delight.

Everywhere, good Lord, be near us,
Let us many a Bethel see ;
By Thy one great vision cheer us,
Christ, the Ladder-Path to Thee,
Gate of heaven,
Now to all believers free.

God of Jacob, God of Jesus,
Standing at the ladder's height,
Soon from pilgrim toils release us,
Rest us in Thy home of light :
Blessèd Saviour,
Thine the glory, ours the sight !

W. H. H.





Hymn for Good Friday.

AND didst Thou, Holy Saviour, die
 Upon the accursèd tree?
 And was there heard Thy bitter cry
 In death's last agony?

Yes, Thou didst die, most Holy One,
 But not for sin of Thine;
 Thy 'precious death' our pardon won,
 And made our face to shine.

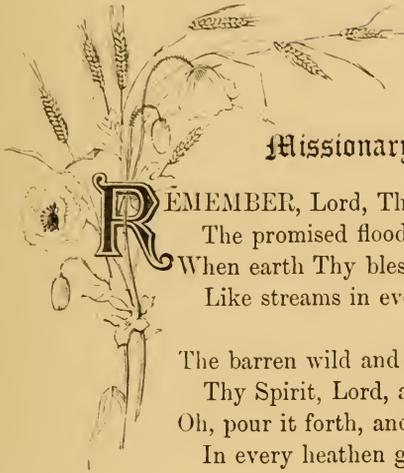
Yes, Thou didst die, sweet Lamb of God,
 To bear our sin away,
 And quench in blood that fiery rod,
 Which kept the heavenly way.

O Saviour, let us die with Thee,
 At any cost or pain;
 And through Thy glorious majesty
 Eternal life attain.

Then will we chant the Father's love
 And Holy Spirit's grace,
 And hail Thee Lord of all above,
 Sole Saviour of our race.

W. H. H.





Missionary Hymn.

REMEMBER, Lord, Thy word of old,
 The promised flood of grace,
 When earth Thy blessing shall behold
 Like streams in every place.

The barren wild and thirsty soil
 Thy Spirit, Lord, await ;
 Oh, pour it forth, and crown our toil
 In every heathen gate.

Where thorns and briars choke the ground,
 And withering idols reign,
 There let Thy Spirit's dew abound,
 And Eden bloom again.

O Holy Ghost ! in every heart,
 In every land descend ;
 Thy fertilizing gifts impart,
 And bring a glorious end.



Thee, with the Father and the Son,
 Thy sainted hosts shall praise ;
 Those hosts by Thee in Christ made one,
 For everlasting days.

W. H. H.



Redemption.

REDEMPTION! Oh, the thrilling word!
 It tells of joy in woe;
 Of more than prophets saw or heard,
 Of all that we can know.

Redemption! God's great charity
 To man imprisoned long;
 The world's reprieve, the sinner's plea,
 And heaven's eternal song.

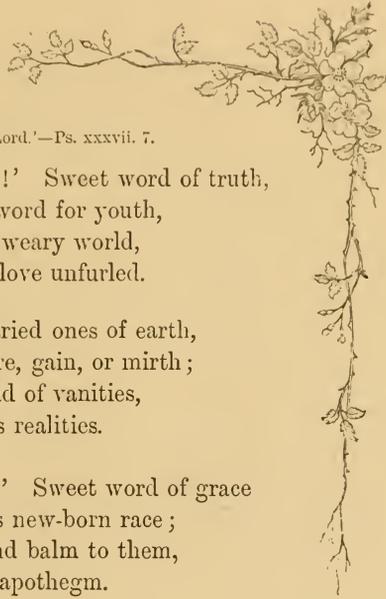
Redemption! but—its countless cost!
 It cost the blood of Him
 Who spread the heavens and rules the host
 Of flaming seraphim.

Redemption! be its joy proclaimed
 By men of every tongue,
 Where Christ has never yet been named,
 Where Satan's power is strong.

Redeemer! Thou who diedst for all,
 Let all Thy love adore;
 Let Jew and heathen join to call
 Thee Lord for evermore.

W. H. H.





'Rest in the Lord.'—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

'REST in the Lord!' Sweet word of truth,
A word for age, a word for youth,
A word for all the weary world,
A banner-word by love unfurled.

Then cease, ye wearied ones of earth,
To slave for pleasure, gain, or mirth;
Cast down your load of vanities,
And welcome God's realities.

'Rest in the Lord!' Sweet word of grace
To all the Saviour's new-born race;
'Tis music, light, and balm to them,
An hourly guiding apothegm.

Then, Lord of rest, we rest in Thee,
For all our daily destiny,
Our mighty guilt, our grief, our care,
We cast (strange act!) on Thee to bear.

For Thou, dear Lamb of God, wast slain,
To bear each load, and ease each pain;
And now Thy blood and righteousness
Are rocks of rest in all distress.

And when at last we fall on sleep,
Nor heart shall throb, nor eye shall weep;
Then, blessed Saviour, let it be
That Thou shalt write, 'They rest in Me!'

W. H. H.





‘He that overcometh.’—Rev. iii. 5.

‘HE that overcometh in the fight
Shall be clothed in raiment white and pure ;
In the ever-blessed book of life
Shall his name eternally endure.’

‘When my Father on His dazzling throne
Sits, with myriad angels all around,
I’ll confess His name, to men unknown,
Heaven and earth shall listen to the sound.’

Who, with such a glorious end in view,
Would not in the heavenly conflict join !
Strange that willing soldiers are so few,
Strange so many faint, who once were Thine.

Oh, it is a service blest indeed !
Though the strife be long, the end is sure ;
And our leader gives to all who need
Grace that they may to the end endure.

’Neath Thy standard be my place, O Lord :
Grant me strength and grace, that I ere long
May obtain that rich and full reward.
Then, as conquering I sheath my sword,
Thou, my Captain, shall be all my song.





IN MEMORIAM









HANHART, CHROMO-LITH.

PAGE 259.

JANE HAVERGAL,
F. R. H.'s MOTHER



My Mother's Request.

(SUNDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK.)

THE Sabbath morn dawns o'er the mountain brow,
And lights the earth with glory soft and mild :
Oh, think'st thou, dearest mother, even now
Of me, thy youngest and most wayward child.

For this, my mother, is the sacred hour
When thou didst bid me ever think of thee :
Oh, surely nothing earthly could have power
To break the spell which hallows it to me.

Thy loving look, thy feeble voice, I seem,
Though years have passed, to see and hear again ;
Not as the shadowy fancies of a dream,
But as distinct, as vivid now as then.

' When in my Saviour's glorious home I dwell,
Forget not this my last request to thee :
When soundeth forth the early Sabbath bell,
Where'er thou art, my Fanny, think of me !'

Oh, why was this thy dying wish—thy last ?
Thou would'st not think that I should e'er forget
My mother's love, that passing years might cast
A cloudy veil, where that bright star did set.



Thou could'st not wish to wake the grief anew
Which Time's dark poppies might have lulled awhile ;
'Twas not that tear-drops might again bedew
My cheek for aye, and chase again each smile.

Oh no ! were death an endless joyless sleep,
Thou hadst not bid me on thy memory dwell ;
This hour for thee thou hadst not bid me keep,
To grieve thy child, thou lovedst her too well.

But well thou knewst I could not think of thee
Without remembering Him, with whom thou art,
To whom thou oft didst pray so fervently
That I might give my wandering, wilful heart.

I must remember too the joyful faith,
Which filled thy soul e'en in thy dying hour,
And led thee calmly through the vale of death,
There I must ever see its wondrous power.

I could not but fulfil thy last desire,
The last sweet echo of thy loving voice,
Calling my mind each Sabbath morning higher,
Where thou in endless Sabbath dost rejoice.

So if my heart should tempt me to forget
To watch and pray, and Jesu's love to seek,
This quiet hour might break for me the net,
And free my feet afresh each opening week.

Oft when I wavered, slipped, and nearly fell,
Yet stunned and giddy heeded not my fate,
The fatal charm was broken by that bell,
Thy memory oped my eyes ere yet too late.



And oft when sad and hopeless seemed my way,
Its sweet sound told me of the victory
Which thy bright faith hath gained, and then a ray
Of hope hath whispered, 'Such may be for thee.'

Oh, 'twas a mother's love which did devise
This gentle way of helping her child's soul ;
Not on earth only, but from yon bright skies
To aid her steps towards the heavenly goal.

Oh, Thou who dwellest with Thy ransomed, where
The one long Sabbath ne'er may darkly close,
By Thy rich mercy grant this earliest prayer,
Which oft for me from her dear lips arose.

Bring me, oh, bring me to Thy house of light,
That there with my loved mother I may dwell,
And e'er rejoicing in Thy presence bright,
May praise Thy love, who doest all things well.

February 6, 1854.



But oh ! there is a treacherous smile,
Which Spring assumeth to beguile,
And many rue thy sunny wile,
False May.

A flush in her loved cheek arose,
More rich than ruby tint that glows
In western cloud when evenings close
In May.

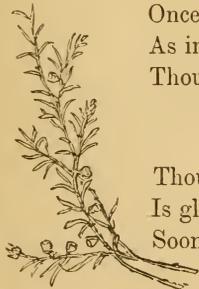
Her dark eye brightly, strangely gleamed,
More beautiful than e'er she seemed ;
Oh, who of evil nigh had dreamed
That May ?

But when the snowdrop came again,
I saw that tenderest care was vain ;
My Ella passed from all her pain
In May.

That precious life no skill could save ;
I laid her in a quiet grave,
Where now the snowy blossoms wave
Of May.

Once more they shed their sweet perfume,
As incense o'er my darling's tomb,
Though soon departs their fragile bloom
With May.

Thou hast my child ! Thy sparkling dew
Is glittering on her grave anew ;
Soon thou wilt deck her father's too,
O May !



I cannot live without her here,
For earth is desolate and drear,
E'en when thy morning shineth clear,
Blithe May.

To cheer me thou canst weave no spell,
Deep sadness in my heart doth dwell,
And I must bid my last farewell
To May.

Speed, speed thy slow return, for when
Once more thou comest, then, oh then,
I shall be with my child again,
Sweet May!

1854.





Starlight through the Shadows.

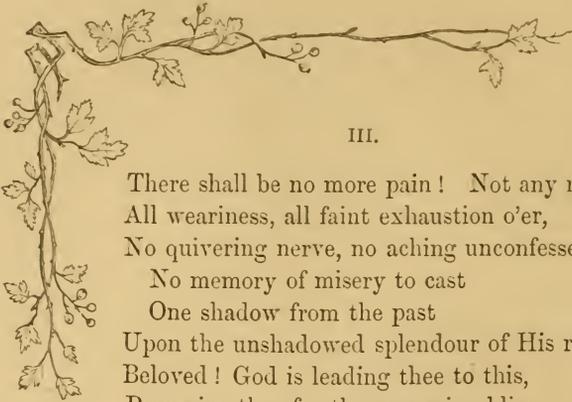
I.

THY dear one is with Jesus now !
Seeing Him face to face,
Gazing upon His own beloved brow,
Watching His smile of grace ;
Hearing the Master's voice in all its sweetness,
Knowing Him now in all His own completeness ;
With Jesus now, with Him for ever !
Never to leave Him—grieve Him never !
Could God Himself give more ? His will
Is best, though we are weeping still.



II.

He knows !
Yes, Jesus knows, just what you cannot tell
He understands so well !
The silence of the heart is heard,
He does not need a single word,
He thinks of you ;
He watcheth, and He careth too,
He pitieth, He loveth ! All this flows
In one sweet word : ' He knows ! '



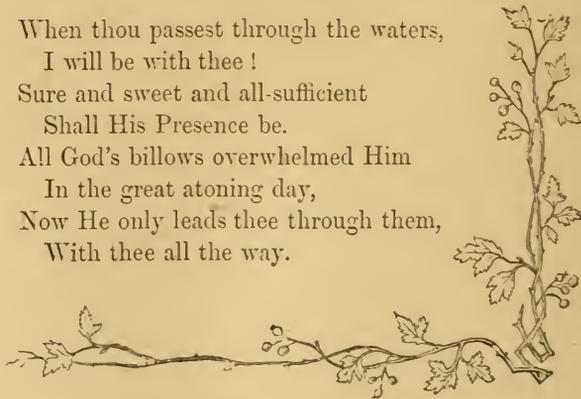
III.

There shall be no more pain! Not any more!
 All weariness, all faint exhaustion o'er,
 No quivering nerve, no aching unconfessed,
 No memory of misery to cast
 One shadow from the past
 Upon the unshadowed splendour of His rest!
 Beloved! God is leading thee to this,
 Preparing thee for thy preparing bliss.



IV.

When thou passest through the waters,
 I will be with thee!
 Sure and sweet and all-sufficient
 Shall His Presence be.
 All God's billows overwhelmed Him
 In the great atoning day,
 Now He only leads thee through them,
 With thee all the way.



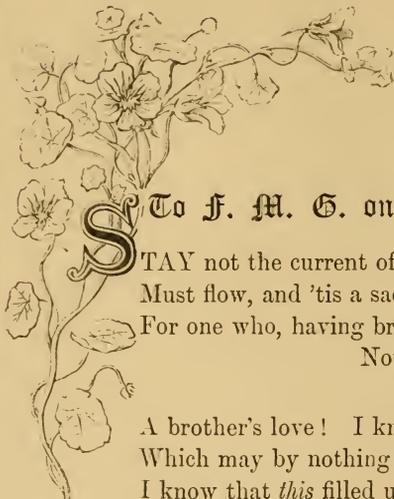
v.

‘ Nobody knows but Jesus !’
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know ?

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the deeper measure
Of His quick sympathy.

‘ Nobody knows but Jesus !’
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou !





To F. M. G. on her Brother's Death.

STAY not the current of thy tears, for they
Must flow, and 'tis a sad relief to weep
For one who, having brightened long the way,
Now lies in death's long sleep.

A brother's love! I know it is a treasure
Which may by nothing earthly be replaced;
I know that *this* filled up the bounteous measure
Of joy which thou didst taste.

I know that sadness fills thy youthful heart
E'en to o'erflowing; and it well may seem
That nought to thee remaineth but the smart,
Of happiness no gleam.

And Jesus knows it. Oh, He did not call
Thy brother from his loving sister's side
Without remembering *thee*, thy sorrows all;
He knows the heart He tried.

But He would have thee turn thy weeping eye
To gaze on Him, who suffered all for thee,
That the effulgence every tear may dry
Which beams from Calvary.



All earthly love is as a thread of gold,
Most fair, but what the touch of death may sever ;
But *His* a cable sure, of strength untold :
Oh ! His love lasteth ever.

And this sweet love He would on thee bestow,
The fulness of His grace to thee make known,
A glimpse of heaven grant thee here below,
And thou shouldst be His own.

Thou wilt not sigh, if this one Pearl thou gain,
O'er earthly treasures, costly though they be.
Short is the night of weeping and of pain,
Endless the joy for thee.

Thy brother striketh now his harp of gold,
And singeth joyously his first 'new song ;'
The echo of his melody hath rolled
The aisles of heaven along.

He weareth raiment white, which angel hands
From the full vestry of the Lamb have brought ;
With palm and crown, before His throne he stands
Who him by blood hath bought.

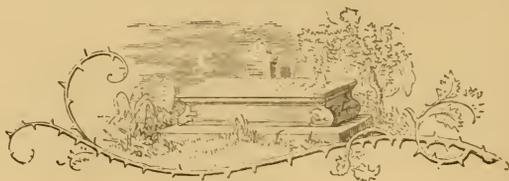
Gladness unspeakable his soul doth fill,
He hath forgotten pain, and grief, and sorrow ;
Eternal bliss hath dawned on him, he will
See no woe-bringing morrow.

He might have passed through many a weary year
Of sickness, trouble, or perplexity,
And as an autumn leaf, all brown and sere,
Been *shaken* from the tree ;



He might have forfeited the heavenly prize,
Had he lived longer on the Tempter's ground :
Then gaze no longer where his body lies
 Beneath the new formed mound.

Yes, look up from the scene of mourning, where
Nought but a dreary blank thine eyes can see :
Thou hast a brother now in heaven, and there
 He waits to welcome thee !

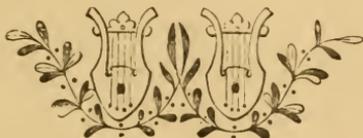




To a Mother.

THY lamb is safe ! Thy Shepherd's love
Now bids thee follow it above.

W. H. H.



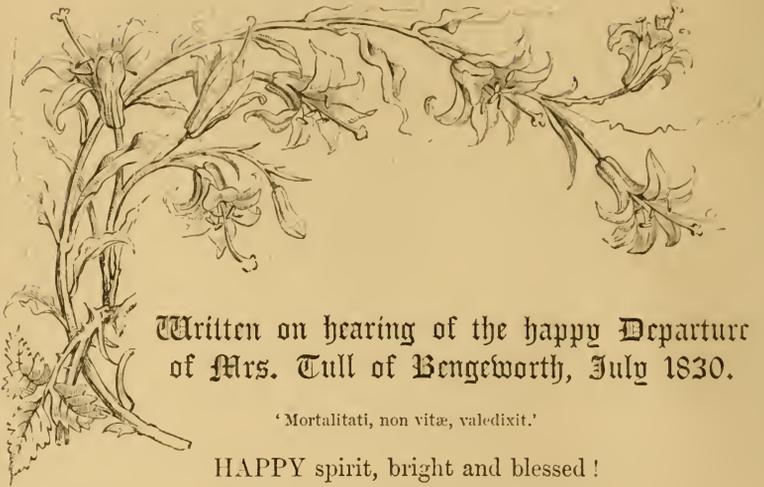
No sigh but from the harps above,
Soft echoing tones shall win ;
No heart-wound but the Lord of love
Shall pour His comfort in.
Thy claim to rest on Jesu's breast
All weariness shall be,
And pain thy portal to His heart
Of boundless sympathy.



On hearing of the Death of Mrs. Cross of Ayr, 1861.

REST, aged saint ! Thy pilgrim staff lay down,
Now take the palm-branch and the blood-bought crown.
Rest where thy loved ones rest, and join the throng
Of those who see the Lamb, and sing His endless song.

W. H. H.



Written on hearing of the happy Departure
of Mrs. Tull of Bengeworth, July 1830.

'Mortalitati, non vitæ, valedixit.'

HAPPY spirit, bright and blessed !
Thou the vale of death hast trod,
Now, with robes of light invested,
Thou behold'st the Lamb of God.

Now for ever hast thou bidden
To mortality farewell :
Perfect life, no longer hidden,
Wreathes the brow we loved so well.

Still amidst our ceaseless sorrow,
We rejoice to think of thee ;
Memory oft from thee shall borrow
Lessons of humility.

Happy spirit, ever blessed !
Round our path thy virtues shine,
And by Jesus' love refreshèd,
May it be as bright as thine !

W. H. H.

On the Rev. S. Trist of Verman.

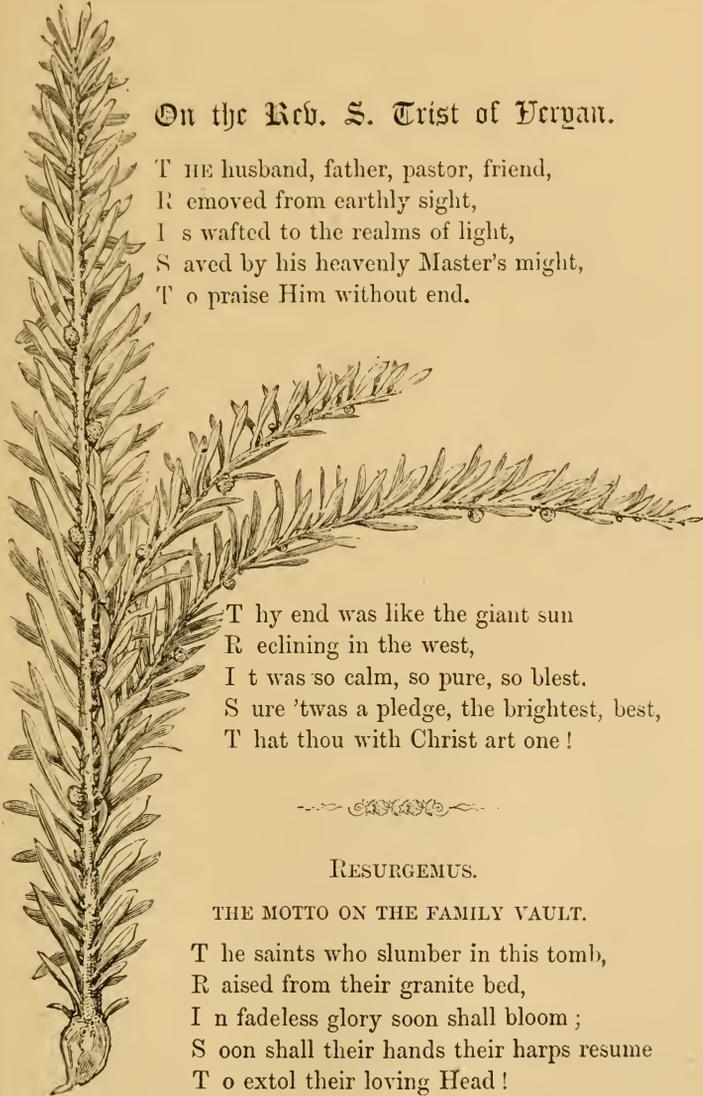
THE husband, father, pastor, friend,
REMOVED from earthly sight,
IS wafted to the realms of light,
SAVED by his heavenly Master's might,
TO praise Him without end.

THY end was like the giant sun
RECLINING in the west,
IT was so calm, so pure, so blest.
SURE 'twas a pledge, the brightest, best,
THAT thou with Christ art one!

RESURGEMUS.

THE MOTTO ON THE FAMILY VAULT.

THE saints who slumber in this tomb,
RAISED from their granite bed,
IN fadeless glory soon shall bloom ;
SOON shall their hands their harps resume
TO extol their loving Head !



NEC TRISTI NEC TREPIDE.

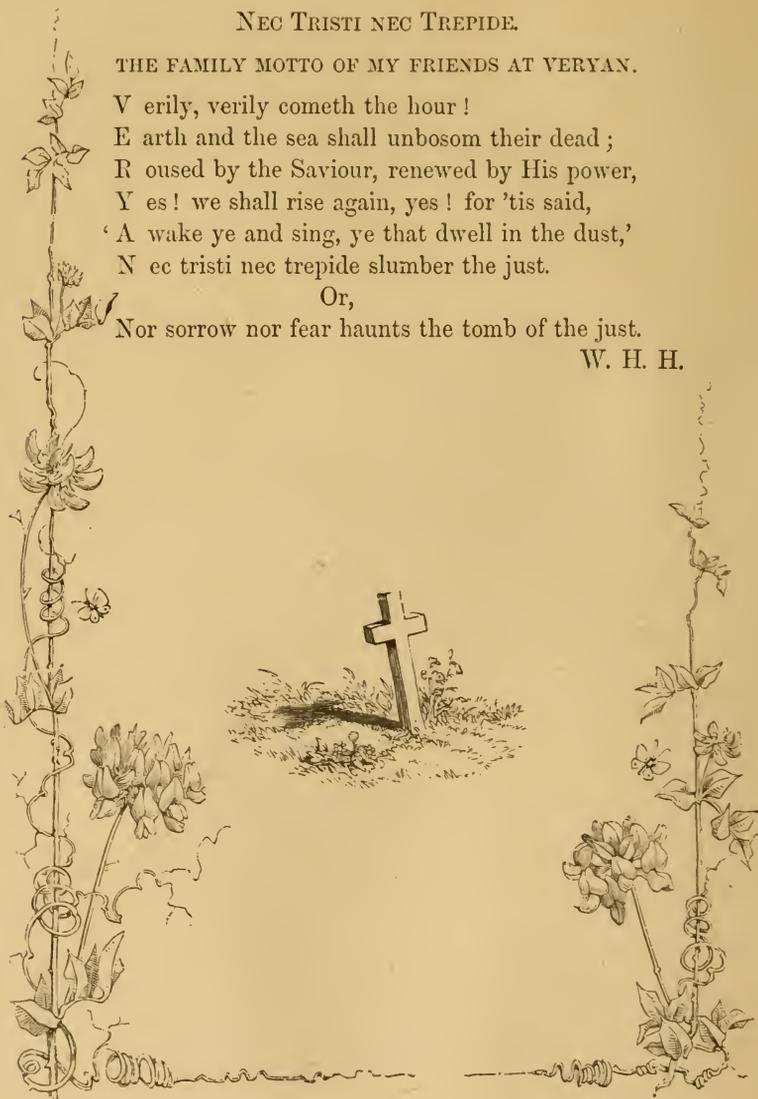
THE FAMILY MOTTO OF MY FRIENDS AT VERYAN.

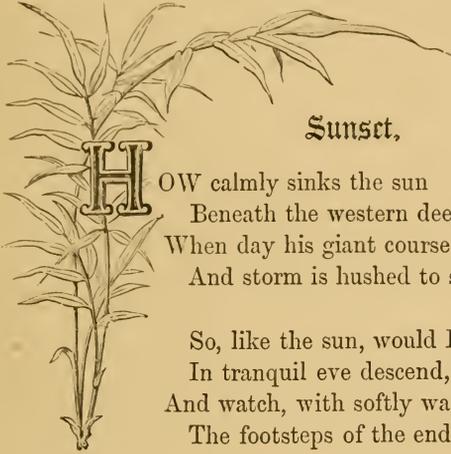
V erily, verily cometh the hour !
 E arth and the sea shall unbosom their dead ;
 R oused by the Saviour, renewed by His power,
 Y es ! we shall rise again, yes ! for 'tis said,
 ' A wake ye and sing, ye that dwell in the dust,'
 N ec tristi nec trepide slumber the just.

Or,

Nor sorrow nor fear haunts the tomb of the just.

W. H. H.





Sunset.

HOW calmly sinks the sun
Beneath the western deep,
When day his giant course has run,
And storm is hushed to sleep.

So, like the sun, would I
In tranquil eve descend,
And watch, with softly waning eye,
The footsteps of the end.

But though in darkness set,
The sun seems lost awhile,
He will his shroud shake off, and yet
Arise with joyous smile.

Thus, like the sun, may I
Descend to rise again,
And meet my Saviour in the sky,
With all His glorious train.

W. H. H.



Inscriptions on the Tombstone, in Astley
Churchyard.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
Youngest Daughter of the Revd. W. H. Havergal,
and Jane, his Wife,

Born at Astley Rectory, 14th December, 1836.

Died at Caswell Bay, Swansea, 3rd June, 1879. Aged 42.

By her writings in prose and verse, she,
'being dead, yet speaketh.'

'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'—1 JOHN i. 7.

THE REVD. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, M.A.,
Died at Leamington, 19th April 1870. Aged 77.
Curate and Rector of Astley, 1822 to 1842,
Hon. Canon and Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester,
and Vicar of Shareshill.

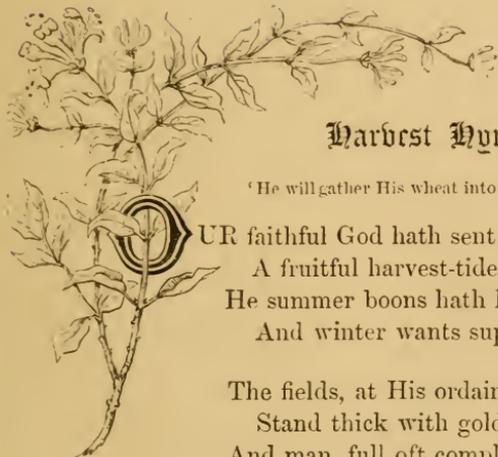
'A faithful minister in the Lord.'—EPH. vi. 21.



My dear one is with Jesus now
Seeing Him face to face,
Gazing upon His own beloved bride,
Watching His smile of grace,
Hearing the Master's voice in all its sweetness,
Knowing Him now in all His own completeness.

With Jesus now with Him forever!
Never to leave Him, grieve Him never!
Could GOD Himself give more? His will
is best, though we are weeping still.

[OMITTED.]



Harvest Hymn.

'He will gather His wheat into the garner.'—MATT. iii. 12.

GOUR faithful God hath sent us
A fruitful harvest-tide ;
He summer boons hath lent us,
And winter wants supplied.

The fields, at His ordaining,
Stand thick with golden sheaves ;
And man, full oft complaining,
New bounty now receives.

Though Mercy largely giveth,
Is Justice pacified ?
We live through Him who liveth,
The 'Corn of Wheat' that died.

Then full be our thanksgiving,
And clear each note of joy ;
While faith and holy living
Our earnest thoughts employ.

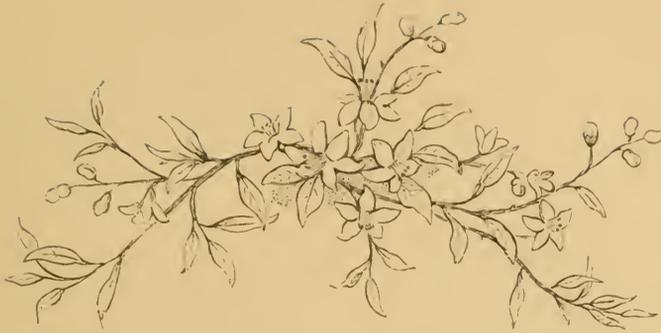
And at the last great reaping,
When Christ His sheaves will own,

May we, no longer weeping,
Be garnered near His throne.

Praise we the Godhead-Union.
The eternal Three in One :
With them may our communion
For ever be begun !

W. H. H.





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