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THE

.. LIFE OF ..

CHRIST.



THE  
LIFE OF CHRIST.

—  
A POEM.  
—

BY HANNAH SMITH.

*new ed.*

JUL 4 1896

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1895.

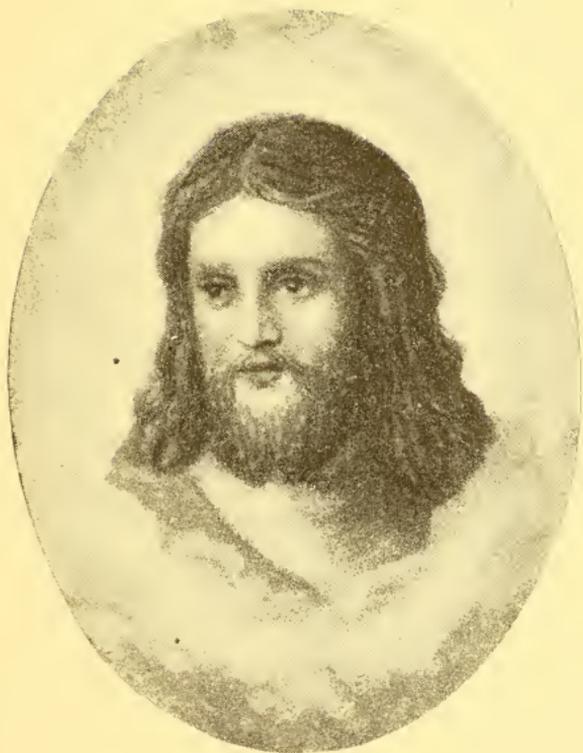
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## THE GIFT OF GOD.

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The angels hushed their golden harps  
While God contrived the plan,  
To send His well-beloved Son  
To die for sinful man.

Near nineteen hundred years ago  
The God-man did appear ;  
No regal crown upon His brow  
Did mark His presence here.

He laid aside His royal robe,  
And took the Narrow-way ;  
Although He owned the universe,  
And could have made display.

He was so poor He had not where  
To lay His weary head ;  
The foxes had their resting place,  
The birds their nests, He said.

The manger where the cattle fed,  
The infant child was laid;  
'Twas there the wise men from the East  
With gifts their homage paid.

His parents took this child Divine  
And to the temple went,  
The law of Moses to fulfill,  
And to the Lord present.

While there, they met a saint of God,  
Who had the Spirit's seal;  
The Holy Ghost to Simeon  
His Saviour did reveal.

This prophet took Him in his arms,  
Blessed God, and begged to die;  
They marvel'd at the words he spoke,  
As he did prophesy.

One Anna, too, a prophetess,  
That moment did come in;  
And spake of Him to all who look'd  
To be redeemed from sin.

When He had grown to be a boy  
About twelve years of age,  
Among the Doctors He was found  
Propounding questions sage.

At thirty years we see Him come  
Upon the stage of life;  
Three years of public work to do,  
'Mid turmoil, scorn and strife.

One day as He was walking out,  
He met His cousin John;  
Who turn'd, and told his followers  
The Lamb to look upon.

For well he knew that He alone  
Could take their sins away;  
And doubtless told them that He was  
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

Although not worthy to untie  
The latchet of His shoes,  
When He came forth to be baptized,  
He could not Him refuse.

The Holy Spirit like a dove  
Upon His head did rest ;  
As there, before a waiting crowd,  
He was made manifest.

Soon after this, the Spirit led  
The Son of God to go  
Into Judea's wilderness  
To battle with His foe.

He fasted forty days and nights,  
For conflict to prepare ;  
And when the tempter came to Him,  
The Spirit's sword laid bare.

This mighty weapon did prevail—  
For us the victory won ;  
All glory to high heaven's King !  
The sacred Three in One.

When Satan fled, the angels came,  
And worship'd at His feet ;  
They brought Him from the glory-land,  
Ambrosial food to eat.

From town to town the Saviour went  
His gospel to declare ;  
His twelve apostles, women, too,  
The lamp of Life did bear.

He preach'd of Heaven, the saints' abode,  
Likewise a burning Hell ;  
And bade His hearers all beware  
Lest they in torment dwell.

He wept o'er sinners, doom'd to die,  
Through Eve's and Adam's fall ;  
But promis'd life He would restore,  
If they would on Him call.

He threw His arms around the young,  
His hands placed on their head ;  
"Let little children come to Me,"  
Were the sweet words He said.

The old, as well as young, alike  
Were objects of His care ;  
He sympathized with the bereaved,  
And did their burdens bear.

He raised the dead, the lepers cleans'd,  
The blind were made to see ;  
A simple touch or word from Him,  
Diseases all would flee.

Some called Him an imposter then,  
Perhaps religious tramp ;  
As now-a-days they stigmatize  
Those of a kindred stamp.

Once he was weary, at mid-day,  
And on a well did rest ;  
When a poor woman came to draw,  
And there her sin confessed.

He read her, and can read us, too,  
As we would read a book ;  
His eyes of flame can search us through ;  
Our sins we'll have to brook.

But then, unlike the sons of men,  
He did her sins forgive ;  
And she became a preacher, too,  
And useful here did live.

He always took the sisters' part,  
 And never frown'd them down ;  
 As some divines of later days  
 Have done, those of renown.

Behold Him, as the Pharisees  
 Drag forth one to condemn !  
 He just said, "Go and sin no more,"  
 While He convicted them.

And so with Mary Magdalene,  
 When some did her assault ;  
 He told them a memorial  
 Was hers for ointment brought.

Although He was so pure and good,  
 They hung Him on a tree ;  
 And now no place is half so sweet  
 As sad Mount Calvary.

While thus suspended in the air,  
 Amid the roughs of town,  
 He will'd to John His mother dear,  
 Who was with grief bow'd down.

For six long hours He bled and groan'd,  
At last His heart did break ;  
At such a sight the earth convuls'd,  
And sleeping saints did wake.

Good Joseph took His body down ;  
Embalmed with spices rare ;  
Then laid it in his own new tomb,  
Amid the rabble there.

The Marys did not Him forsake,  
They watch'd Him to the last ;  
Prepar'd their spices, ointments, too,  
For use when Sabbath pass'd.

They hasten'd to the sepulchre  
Right early first-day morn ;  
When lo ! the stone was rolled away,  
And Jesus hence was borne.

But while they linger'd, mourn'd and wept,  
Two angels did appear,  
In shining garments, long and white,  
Who bade them not to fear.

They told them that their risen Lord  
Had gone to Galilee;  
To go and tell their brethren dear,  
His face they there should see.

With fear and joy they left the tomb,  
And ran to take them word;  
When they were met with an "All hail"—  
'Twas Jesus' voice they heard.

He re-commissioned them to go  
And His disciples tell;  
Yet, clung awhile around His feet,  
And worship'd with love's spell.

Two walk'd that day to Emmaus,  
A little country ville;  
When lo! a stranger did appear,  
And join'd with right good will.

He questioned them to draw them out,  
The scriptures to impress;  
For He'd no motive in the world  
But just dear souls to bless.

“Did not our hearts within us burn,”  
They afterward did say,  
As He the scriptures opened up,  
While talking by the way?

When they drew nigh their country home,  
No doubt He'd farther gone,  
Had they not pressed Him to go in,  
With hearts toward Him drawn.

In breaking bread He was made known,  
Then vanished out of sight;  
Back to Jerusalem they went,  
That very hour of night.

They told the saints who'd gathered there  
What they had seen and heard;  
But unbelief so barred their hearts,  
They'd not believe a word.

While they were speaking, Jesus came,  
And showed His hands and feet;  
As some still doubted, then He asked  
“If they had any meat.”

They gave Him fish and honey-comb ;  
He ate before their eyes ;  
And then were the disciples glad  
With joy and sweet surprise.

Poor Thomas! he lost much that night,  
By being absentee ;  
So eight days after Christ appeared,  
That he might witness be.

He bade them at Jerusalem wait  
Until endued with power ;  
And said they witnesses should be  
From that eventful hour.

“Then go to all the world,” He said,  
“To every creature preach ;”  
“He that believes and is baptized,  
Eternal life shall reach.”

He gave them power to heal the sick,  
And devils to cast out ;  
And greater works said they should do  
If Him they would not doubt.

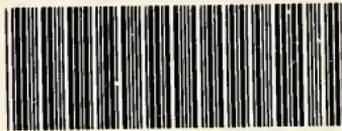
He lingered here for forty days,  
And often did appear ;  
Five hundred saw him at one time,  
And knew their Saviour dear.

One day He led to Olivet  
His much-loved pilgrim band ;  
And in the act of blessing them,  
Arose to God's right hand.





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