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*POEMS AND HYMNS*

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*GEORGE, T. COSTER.*



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POEMS AND HYMNS

BY  
GEORGE T COSTER



London  
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ENWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON:

TO  
MY WIFE  
These



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## *HAROLD YONDER.*

WHEN cuckoo's note announced the Spring,  
his eighth,

Clouds loosened in light o'er his imperilled head.

Hope, like a strong brook, in our bosom flowed.

He ran abroad—to live was luxury.

The golden fields enriched him. Twittering birds

Gladdened him from his sleep. In the sweet air

His heart was daffodil and cheek the rose,

And not a lissom lamb more gay of foot.

The common daisy was a joy to him ;

The chatter of the sparrows in the hedge ;

The wrangle of the rooks ; the elaborate

And mutual salutations of the dogs ;

And, round their mother winking in the sun,

The kittens giddy in their merriment.

With perilous eagerness of brain he went  
Among his joys, and all was joy to him.  
Rejoiced, but could not rest ; and dreamy sleep  
Was burthened with the iterated day.  
At last the mind was wanderer ; now and then  
At home in lucid eye and word that flashed  
Rich news of recognition to the loved.

Yet Hope was loud of voice—he still would  
live !  
Through the lone night Hope sang—he still would  
live !  
But as the last star faded into day  
The dear voice wandered into silence. Passed  
Upon our beautiful the sudden change,  
And we—we knew him gone to other worlds.

## II.

Oh death-sealed eyes, no more, no more to  
flash  
Fountains of summer in the darkest day !  
O busy feet and hands in endless rest !  
O listening silence in the house that waits  
Expectant of the voice that never comes !

O toys, he will not need you any more.  
Books, he has got beyond you. Garments dear,  
Because of him,—fold, fold them all away.

O heart, and heart of thee, my other self,  
All's done—we can do nothing for the child !

He has outgrown us on a sudden. Needs  
No more our guidance, care ; and yet we keep,  
Though he has past, possession in him still.  
He cannot be as though he ne'er had been :  
Our child he was, and is, and e'er shall be.  
But never temporal hour shall see him back  
Beside us. Springs return and summers rich,  
Rose-crowned ; but he—not he !

I know it true

That not a human home but trouble-gloomed,  
And death the inevitable end of all.

I can but say, when vexing Wisdom asks,  
Can it an evil be that comes to all ?

Sorrow has rights. That He who made the heart  
Will never kill it ; bids it love, love on,  
And speak in tears (He gives that language), tears  
Of love triumphant in the face of Death.

Oh, it is something to have loved the child ;  
Had his society these sunny years ;  
Stored Memory's treasure-house from out his life,  
And now to see his beauty in his loss.  
He was too beautiful to cease to be !

The robe is not the king ; the dust not man.  
'Tis in the soul eternity is writ.  
Thought, Hope, and Love expect eternity,  
And only in the limitless can rest.

The child—how far before us he has passed !  
Shall we ne'er reach him? That were heaven unlike  
The Father's house of which The Blessèd spoke.  
Does Knowledge infinite refuse to love  
The creature He has made? Omnipotence  
Disdain our helplessness? and Purity,  
The fountain in which angels keep them clean,  
Forbid the approach of any foulest soul  
That longs for cleansing? Father is His name ;  
And with Him name and nature are at one.  
No sparrow builds its nest but in His smile ;  
No blind earth-worm but ploughs beneath His care :  
And in His hand is all of human breath.  
Too great is He to scorn a human soul.

And, coming to himself, the wanderer far  
Knows Him as Father, and to Him returns.  
With Him is housed our vanished-darling life,  
Liker to Him than any on this earth.  
A character is better than a word.  
And though we see not as the Eternal Light  
(For clouds of time are still upon the eyes)  
The heart can rest in the Eternal Love.  
*It* sweetly assures of all we long to know ;  
Strongly assures of all, and more than all.

But oh, to know if he remembers us !  
Has heaven no past, earth's side its golden door ?  
Each flower that cheered the childhood of the  
Christ,  
Each bird that sang Him from His sleep, still buds  
And sings in garden of His memory.  
Not unforgotten on His throne the thorns  
That pierced His weary feet and brow and soul ;  
And blossoms in His heart, immortal rose,  
Remembered love of him who on His breast  
Leaned, and her gratitude who fondly wept  
The fretting dust from His neglected feet.  
No Lethe then is heavenly Paradise  
To him who with, is like the eternal Lord.

A child we knew him : is he still a child ?  
Slow is the growth of all things that endure :  
And every soul demands eternity.  
It never comes to pause with, ' Knowledge now  
And character have touched perfection.' ' There  
Is ever a beyond !  
The child is child within yon golden day.  
But not to us a child, who seem to him  
As children groping downward through the dark.  
Yet loves he with a heavenlier love, and love  
Holds larger knowledge from indifference.  
We are not to him as we ne'er had been,  
Or as we were before we wept his loss,  
Or as we are to our self-pitying eyes,  
But as we shall be when we reach his side,  
And hear his greeting to the better home.  
Love sees the future in the present hour.  
He loves us in the light of the to-be.

He now is clear of earthly clay—in him  
So beautiful ere fell the mortal touch  
That darkens beauty back into the dust.  
Yet 'twas the darling spirit beautiful  
That made the body lovely to our love :  
*He* is, though *it* a little while is dust.

And what he is can well be left with Him  
Who made him all the sweetness that we knew,  
And sweeter, brighter, nobler makes him where  
Glory of glories is the eternal light.  
Can Love ne'er speak its fulness? Nor can Faith!

His life on earth had glad variety ;  
And the resplendent city of the skies  
Has no monotony of happiness.  
There interchange of service, that is rest,  
With rest that still is service ! Hidden things  
For ever brightening into knowledge. There  
(Sweet discipline in wisdom, purity,  
Assured us in the eternal Fatherhood  
Of Him who is the everlasting King)  
A rainbowed fairer than a cloudless sky,  
And if a cloud ever a rainbowed cloud ;  
Gladness and awe unutterable blent,  
Like elements that mix alone in light.

To live in others, that is heaven above,  
Below. At one with Christ the child has found  
The one enduring home. And there, where'er  
It be, I seek him, and in death shall find.

*EARLY DAYS.*

It was a school-book—nothing more ; my own.  
 I turned its pages ; the far past returned—  
 The early days when I began to be.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

O meadow-world, grass-sloping to the town,  
 Red-roofed, that wanders with the winding shore !  
 How oft I rested on thy velvet vast,  
 Pausing to watch the scarlet regiments schooled,  
 To hear the music blown to peaceful air,  
 And marvel, 'mid the boisterous notes, to catch  
 The tiny tinklings of triangle steel !  
 O brambly hills, rewarding, where was bribed  
 Hunger to friendship ; while from heavenly blue  
 Blithe lark discoursed to us, and heart declared  
 That Italy had not a fairer scene.  
 Rare was the flavour of thence-gathered fruit

When brought to table, civilized by fire !  
 O days of musing twilight in the woods,  
 When, book in hand, the mind to other realms  
 Rejoicing wandered—realms for ever green !  
 Those early books ! The heart, enamoured, lived  
 Athro' the perils and beatitudes  
 Of the bold Pilgrim, till, the river passed,  
 He, to the unwilling eye, was lost in light  
 Of the bright city built beyond the clouds.  
 With what adventurous joy to sail the sea  
 With Crusoe, tread the island solitude  
 Shipwrecked, and round the patient-hollowed home  
 Rear the blind wall, and with him start at print  
 Of human foot on the imagined shore.

Dawn back to view from the dusk-folded past  
 The far-off Teachers : one whom all revered,  
 Who was his Sunday sermon all the week.  
 With broad-brimmed hat in hand (that seemed to  
     invite  
 A contribution), lo, anew he steps  
 With deprecatory stoop on modest feet  
 Up to his seat athro' the ranged lads ;  
 The loud bell-echoes fainting on the air,  
 And the doors closed with monitorial clang.

His hair concise was vagrant-streaked with age ;  
His eyes grey, kindly-interrogative ;  
His laugh shrill with hysteric silver ; talk  
Discursive-golden—far off, yet so near !  
His rod was firmness ; conscience was his king ;  
He honoured in each boy the coming man ;  
And wrought his work as in the eye of God !

So he—erect as palm tree, and as light  
Of foot as bird from easy bough to bough—  
Who taught our foolish pencils how to trace  
The curve of beauty and the line of strength.  
What patience, courtesy ! Eyes quick to see  
The promise in the failure ; glad to smile  
The hidden bud into the opening flower.  
Though trouble-stormed the outworks of his soul,  
*It* was impregnable, all calm and bright,  
And beautiful with a beauty never old.

Again there bows across the buried years  
The elegant Monsieur. Those spotless hands  
Devoted to each other, often rubbed  
Together as from mutual esteem !  
That glaring eye upon the heedlessness  
That wronged to ridicule the dainty speech

Of France the beautiful, the heaven of earth !  
The wintry compliments ! the freezing scorn !  
While in rare confidential moment he  
Talked down from the Olympus of his lore :  
His eyes sublime, each word an oracle.

O, vanished voices of that early world !  
The drowsy watchman droning out the hour,  
Skilful to 'scape the damage-dealing brawl.  
The picket, stealing on the startled dark,  
The curse of drunken captive in their grip.  
The sonorous crier with his mighty bell  
Drawing the congregation of the street.  
His cry, with twin-pails foaming from the kine ;  
Theirs, shrill of garden fruit or fish of sea ;  
And throng of voices vending the crossed bun,  
Telling the year's best Friday had returned !

Days, too, when thunder-throated cannon told  
Labour to rest from reverence to the Crown ;  
Days when reviewed the regiments proud, precise,  
That at a word stepped, stopped, wheeled, formed  
    in square,  
Sprung the hid mine, assailed the fort, and flashed  
Against the friendly foe the harmless flame ;

Days when the monster war-ship, cradled long,  
Fluttering with flags, 'mid thousand-shouted glee,  
Glided, to make its history, on the deep :  
The riotous day that round the hustings roared,  
When candidates, 'mid anxious-rapturous friends,  
Went gasping through their interrupted creed.  
O waving banners, patriotic strains,  
The brave rosettes, the large committee men  
Fresh from the candidates ! the mutual boast  
Of coming triumph ; the decisive day ;  
The poll proclaimed ; and the proud member  
    chaired !

Far sights—so near ; hushed voices—vocal  
    still !

The bugle shrill, as punctual as the dawn :  
Drum drowning shrieks of men beneath the scourge  
Nine-tailed and terrible, that scarred the man  
Out of the man, and broke him down to brute :  
Conscious deserters handcuffed through the town ;  
Dead warriors honoured to the grave, and left  
Beneath the volley of farewell at rest—  
All warfare ended.

Sunday voices hushed ;  
The quaint Precentor's, who from sliding tube

Solicited the oft-reluctant note  
Prelusive : and the Preacher's, cheerful-grave,  
Whose wholesome words still live in bettered lives.

O voices silent and far-vanished scenes,  
Some fairer, dearer, sweeter than for song—  
More, more than memories, golden-singing hopes  
Of the fair future of immortal youth.

*THE VILLAGE.*

GRAY hall ; quaint farm ; swart smithy ; cottages ;  
 White vicarage ; red manse, on public path  
 Insistant ; lazy hostelry, that missed  
 The exultant coach-horn : various-crowded store ;  
 Church like a saint in stone upon the hill,  
 Hands raised to heaven in everlasting prayer ;  
 Green fields that listened day and night to song  
 Of modest stream : such was the quiet realm  
 Unchronicled, unsung, of those I sing.

Dear was the pastor to the cottage home.  
 Dearer than to the mansions of the fields  
 Where money grew, but often not the mind.  
 Soft flattery had no dwelling on his tongue :  
 And—social sin—he sparely ate where deemed  
 A mighty appetite a sign of grace.  
 Poor, yet not poor in courage and in love,

To all things lovely ! Oft rich ignorance  
Quailed at his quiet eye ; and at his word,  
An arrow from the quiver of the skies,  
Felt the stern poverty of only gold !

‘ The poorest man alive is brother mine,’  
He said : ‘ has he not hands as well as I ?  
Feet, eyes, and ears as open to a tone  
Of love, and heart to throb reply ? sad tears  
His heritage ? a mother’s cradling arm  
At life’s beginning, at its end a grave ?  
The smock upon the back, the slouching gait,  
The phrases rude do not unhumanize.  
He’s one of God’s own men. A fallen man,  
But therein like his masters ; in his sins  
Only a bungling copyist of theirs.  
He has not many friends, but Christ is one,  
Who, rich in highest glory, ne’er forgets  
That far-off Syrian poverty, and life  
Vacant of the felicities of home.  
Though poor, he’s rich enough to win a wife,  
The heavenly dowry of whose cheerful lot  
Is that which lacking, Wealth is Lazarus-poor—  
The tenderness and constancy of love !  
Hard life is theirs when boisterous children climb

The knee with ready mouths and many wants—  
An ugly puzzle how they keep alive !  
Not wonderful that some, the sturdiest, 'scape  
To realms beyond the seas, where honest Toil  
Can soon become possessor of the earth.  
They go to beck'ning lands of freedom ; go  
To taste the happiness denied them here,  
Yet mournful their departure and its cause.  
For who are these ? 'The pick of English fields,  
The sturdy backbone of our villages,  
The agricultural life-blood of this land.  
Let the black wealth from out our heart of earth  
Fail, and the miner carry lily hands,  
That were calamity indeed, but worse  
If courage, independence, industry,  
Pass from our rural cottages, and leave  
Bœotian shadows creeping round our farms,  
Rude shadows of the men that win the world  
From wilderness to fields beyond the foam.  
It need not be : unlock the English soil :  
Let plough reclaim the waste, and soon would come  
Into the rural struggle of hand-to-mouth  
Comfort with golden smile, and pallid Want,  
Willing to die, would 'neath the sheaves expire.  
God is the Landlord, and our toil the rent

We pay to Him : our title to the land  
Its culture: failing this, then that is lost.

‘ Think of the orient Galilee of old,  
Divided ’mong the Hebrew multitude  
By its divine Proprietor ! The fields  
Had many owners—here they have but few,  
And if they lapsed the trump of Jubilee  
Called back the former owner to his own.  
Though small the freehold, golden its reply  
To the plough’s earnest questions. Patience sang  
Amid the furrows. Patriotism struck  
Deep root (the land its own) to nadir fires.  
O would you make our peasants into men  
That, not from ignorance and dread of change,  
But, patriotic, to the landscape cling,  
Then let them see upon its bosom bright  
A field that they have won, tamed from the wild,  
And so their own. Then barrenness would break  
Into a thousand sheaves : the rural drudge  
Be quickened to a life ne’er reached by beer,  
The skittle-alley, and the roaring song.  
I’m sent to preach : to poor men only heaven ?  
To rich men heaven and earth ? Both are for both,  
In both there’s room for each to have a share !’

Contentment was the gospel that was preached  
By Vicar bland, but, sturdy for his church.  
His easy lot had fallen 'mid quiet gold.  
His life was placid innocence ; and yet,  
To the amazement of the suppliant poor,  
Who deemed such innocence could be deceived,  
Oft questioning shrewdness that detected them.  
Experience had instructed him. He told  
How once from vicarage window eye was caught  
By vagrant pair, a mother and a son.  
They cast a keenly-searching glance around,  
Then lay the lad down on the dusty path :  
On which the mother ran in violent haste,  
And clamoured at the vicarage door with tale  
Of her poor child (she feared) in clutch of death.  
The ready vicar hastened to the lad  
Rigid upon the ground : stooped o'er him : felt  
The pulse : smoothed back wild hair from rolling  
eyes,  
And busy were his words of sympathy :

'Poor child ! poor child ! a serious business  
this,

He must let blood : keep by him ; I will run  
And bring a lancet that will ease and save !'

He sped for instrument that—he had not !  
 And coming from his door again, behold,  
 Lad, woman, partners in imposture, fled !  
 He chuckled then, and oft in memory,  
 At the medicinal quality in words,—  
 Disease and patient vanished at a breath :  
 And he so skilful though so ignorant !

No children e'er had clustered at his hearth,  
 Yet in his heart dwelt an immortal child,  
 Fair babe his first and last !

Peace to his dust,—

He was a man of peace ! Flowers brightly bloom  
 Upon his grave as once beneath his hand :  
 And birds be musical above his sleep,  
 For, like St. Francis, all of them he loved—  
 The little wingèd brothers of the air,  
 The little wingèd sisters of the nest !

Cheerful the wholesome-natured Yeoman old :  
 He knew the days when England's cheek was  
 blanchèd  
 As 'neath the revolutionary axe  
 Fell the grey head of the discrownèd Queen,  
 And France, the land of strong experiments,

With futile vote abolished kings and God ;—  
Far days ere the bold Corsican had fought  
His way into the throne, and showed how poor  
A school for empire was the battle-field !  
Well known to him the anxious chronicle  
Of England through those military years  
That drained the nation of its gold and men.

Pleasant the fond grip of his greeting hand ;  
Pleasant the smile of his autumnal face ;  
Pleasant the truth of his few-worded speech !  
The people called him Father. In his ear  
All loved to tell their narrow narratives,  
And rural reverence waited on his voice.  
Men prized his gentleness—he could be stern ;  
They loved the father—for he could be judge :  
'Tis blended opposites that make a soul  
Potential. Death had stormed into his life  
But heart through all was garrisoned in peace.

All things sat easy on the Saddler. Soft  
Of voice, commands were gentle as requests.  
He hummed and whistled gladness through the  
house.  
He ne'er was angry and so gathered girth.

Each morning saw him with the morning's news :  
His own land, other lands, the ends of earth  
Spoke freely to him at his early meal.  
Imagination glanced around the world,  
And Sympathy was quick to every woe  
That wept in type. He to his labours went—  
Its yoke was easy to him—and 'mid whips,  
New bridles, saddles, and all equine gear,  
Was brother to all men. The birds that sang  
Among his trees he knew, and answered them  
Sweet note for note, his voice twin-toned with theirs.  
When day was done it was his joy to stand  
Beside the well-touched instrument, and wed  
His voice to chosen voices as they sang.  
To him all beauty blended in a song.

This is his brooding parlour, cozy-quaint,  
With window diamond-paned—so little changed !  
The tall clock still stands sentry : one of God's  
Angels though clad in wood, and with a voice  
To the bright faithful witness in the heaven  
Faithful. Around the walls, glass-sheltered, birds  
That sightless stare, with throats no more to sing,  
Woodcock, and fieldfare hushed its golden note,  
And parroquet in rainbow-feathered pomp,

With squirrel, nut fixed in its idle teeth,  
Erect in pert vivacity of life  
As when it sprang from living bough to bough.  
Beneath, time-dark bureau with volumes topped,  
Some new when the last century was old,  
Some old when the last century was young.

By yonder gate, that opens on the lines  
That link the parted towns and keep from men  
The rust of isolation, was the home  
Of one, its keeper—often issuing forth  
With waving flag to warn the heedless back  
From passage, and to speed the passing train.  
The snows of many years were in his hair,  
Sun-tanned his cheek in many climes, yet bright  
The rose of English health upon it still.  
His memory was a chronicle of wars  
In the loud days of Wellington the great.  
O well-told tales that he could tell, that told  
Again and yet again were ever new !  
But he, clear, prompt, exact to time and task,  
With nobler hopes than memories, long has reached  
The fields where Peace is the eternal flower.

The pallid Seamstress toils with resolute will  
To end the ever new-beginning task.

Welcome at week's end the one day of rest !  
Noted was Fashion's newest flower, and charmed  
Her ear with recent flounces to the pew  
Rustling their celebration of her skill !

It is not good for man to be alone.  
And is it good then for the feebler man ?  
Does *he* a helpmeet need ! Then she much more !  
Can Paradise be Paradise without  
Companion ? Who is made for solitude ?  
E'en Simeon of the Pillar craved a crowd  
To wonder at him ! Well if she who lacks  
The coronet serene of household love  
Is mother of the poor, the sick, the sad,  
And orphan children learn to bless her name !

See that so anxious mother, prudent wife,  
Who seldom ever settled to a chair,  
Whose tone judicial veiled strong mother-love :  
While he, the husband, watched her with a smile,  
As one who knew her nobler than she seemed :  
His speech, time-lichened proverbs, apothegms,  
And quarried facts out of a rural life.  
He talked like elder brother to his sons,  
And the one girl pearl of his heart and home :

And found, with little care for other song,  
The world his poem and his poet Christ.

O those dilated and black-rolling eyes !  
That tawny face telling of vagrant tribe  
Pilfering its way from the mysterious East.  
Won from that life, the tribal bond was slipped,  
Her rovings settled in a cottage home.  
Without the linking solace of a child,  
Wife, child in one she'd be to him who loved.  
As drew he to the anticipating door,  
Ready the meal for ready appetite :  
And silent she till the kind table killed  
The passionate hunger, then wise-slowly rose  
To question or to news, and pleasantly  
The long clay tube was handed to his mouth,  
That he might sit, a sage, amid the smoke  
In convolutions withering to the roof !

'The roughest man that ever furrow drew  
Softened to some fair face and sung his song,  
Had his thin joke and dreamt his dream of love.  
The humblest father is a father still.  
What joy that Labourer's in the evening hour,  
His foot his children's chariot, and their Mount

Delectable his shoulder. What to him  
The news of courts, the chronicles of war,  
Catastrophes of nations, all the stir  
Of the loud pride that calls itself the world ?  
His children were his news. Romances beamed  
From their bright eyes into his rugged life.  
The perils they had 'scaped (and angels' hands  
Are quick to children), all their quaintnesses,  
Made up each eve the chapter of the day.  
They grew ; outgrew the village ; at the last,  
Youth-eager, seeking fortune, sailed to lands  
That sang of gold across the willing seas.  
Ne'er opened letter from their distant hands,  
Ne'er spok'n their name but instant-rising tears  
Shone, silent intercessions in his eyes,  
Tears from the unfathomed wells of fatherhood.

I see him trampling through the mighty snows  
Of far-off winters. White the rural world,  
Fields, fallows, hills, the cottage and the farm,  
Covered with universal sanctity,  
And the sun wondering at the spotless earth !  
O winter's heavenly purity, the hush,  
And the long-glorious treasures of the snow !  
Frost-jewels, exquisite, symmetrical,

Beyond the lapidary's hope or dream !  
O frozen fretwork of the woods ! O mist  
Crystalline in the hedge ! O fairy ferns  
That greet the peasant's eye upon the pane  
Vitreous, through which he sees the lingering stars,  
And rises, ere the day, to go afield.

Listen—the village bells ! No curfew chime,  
As eve by eve proclaims the hour : no clash  
Of Sabbath music : no exultant song  
Telling of two lives wedded into one.  
It is the knell full of mortality  
And a closed life. For each that knell to knoll !

How fleet of pinion are the silent years !  
And ever flying swifter as they fly.  
Wise he who seeks a world beyond this world.  
O fleet-winged Time ! that wisdom ours to use  
Thee so that, fled, in purer lives shall live  
The rich memorial of thy vanished flight !

*AMONG THE FRIENDS.*

THE snow was melting at the touch of Spring,  
When, on the day of peace, I turned aside  
And sat where Quakers silently adored.  
Immaculate the benches, walls, and roof,  
The cocoa-matted aisles, the naked floor,  
The many hassocks ready for the feet.  
By different doors the Eves and Adams passed  
In to their quiet paradise of thought,  
And prayer which never soared to vocal praise,  
And, sex from sex divided, sat apart.  
Plain-garbed were all; no rainbow-gleaming book  
Of fashion in bright variegated wear ;  
Men in their sober black, and women clad  
In modest hues that scarcely took the eye.  
Upon the daïs ranged the ministers,  
The authenticated voices, valid oft  
With heavenly message in that patient land.  
One, rose of middle age upon his cheek,

Veiling his face with hand of reverence ;  
The next, with folded arms and heavenward eyes  
Rapt as by solemn vision ; him beside,  
Like soldier stern and resolute, erect,  
Prompt to obey and ready to command,  
One, white years on him, from beyond the seas ;  
And then the Simeon of that ministry,  
Head bowed upon his bosom as to hear  
The music of the beating of his heart,  
And the head bolstered by the failing hand.

No sound: each statue-still, with droopèd head,  
With sphynx-like eyes that stared and nothing saw,  
Or, for the placid vision of the soul  
Needless the visual sense, the soul was all.  
The silence deepened : soon a voice would wake !  
Expectant grew each ear, and lo, appeared  
The curious and anticipative mind  
In furtive peepings of the pious eyes !  
At length arose the minister who'd been  
Rapt as by solemn vision—calmly rose,  
And spoke as if to angels in the air :  
'The Spirit searcheth all things ; yea, the deep,  
Deep things of God. To this, as Friends, we've  
borne

Our faithful testimony. O those depths  
Of power without a limit, love divine,  
And glory which no mortal eye hath seen !  
The Spirit knows them, and to us reveals  
As ready we for His inspoken word.  
O blessed silence wherein He can speak !  
They wait and not in vain who wait for Him.  
His words are revelations. Be not drunk  
With wine, but be ye with the Spirit filled.  
A drunken man is governed by the wine,  
Is not himself, turned to another man,  
And baser, falling down among the brutes.  
If with the Spirit filled *He* governs us,  
Our wills are His, and all our steps of life.  
We are His Temple. Judah's Temple rose,  
Reared not by David—blood was on his hand  
From many battles—but by him, his son,  
The Peaceable : yet warrior David made  
Great preparation for it. Christ is both  
Our David and our Solomon ; for us  
Victorious over every evil thing,  
And into us He breathes His Spirit pure,  
And so these bodies into Temples makes.  
His glory filled the Jewish House. Then be  
Ye, nobler Temple, with the Spirit filled.

He searcheth all things—this among them, what  
Of grace and truth are in the Christ—for He  
Is the one only Gospel. Hear His voice,  
And live obedient to the inspoken word.'

He ceased, and sudden silence fell on all,  
Deep—you could count the throbbing of your  
heart !

At length the minister from o'er the sea  
Rose, on his head the silver crown of age,  
With stedfast eyes that looked into the eyes,  
And spake in accents of authority :  
' From the beginning Christ has brought mankind  
Into communion with His Spirit. He  
By that great Spirit moved on the abyss  
Ere man ; and on the deep He moves to-day.  
Take wings of morning, reach the utmost sea,  
He is before you, in those parts remote,  
The wide world's life and light. Each feeblest  
plant  
And mightiest creature of the flood is His,  
A speaking presence of the Spirit pure  
Who gave to Adam law before he fell.  
Nor know we right or wrong apart from Him.  
Eternal right is He, and all is wrong

That's contrary to Him. When from the mount  
Clouded of Sinai God to Israel spoke  
Reasoning was stopped: from that day forward  
each

True Israelite was settled in his thought.  
The word from Heaven is rock ; on it is rest.  
The problem of religious obligation  
If you have solved then you must live the life  
Of Faith. If Abram had remained in Ur  
The Chaldees had approved him as a good  
Patriarch, but his soul had him condemned.  
A higher life demanded him : the King's  
Highway of holiness, of purer air  
Than down amid the smoke and fog of earth.  
His life was hid in Christ—in that far day  
A Christian ; confident the woman's seed  
Would bruise the serpent's head—nor feared to  
show

That confidence. Between man's heart and  
heaven

The Spirit is the Messenger. He bade,  
Voice in the viewless ear of soul alone,  
Abram forth from his city and his land,  
Southward. At length fair Canaan's goodly fields  
He saw, but might not them inherit. Stars

Suggested to him in their multitude  
 Numberless his posterity unborn.  
 He never here had rest. In tent he dwelt—  
 His only city one within the sky.  
 To it he was a pilgrim till he passed  
 At good old age. *Your* city is not here !  
 Friends, what is business, home, and friendship  
     sweet,  
 But comely tent soon to be folded up ?  
 Our Canaan is beyond the clouds, and there  
 The eternal city. To a life of faith  
 We're called to-day like the first Hebrew ; then  
 To live it daily, confident in Him  
 Whose Spirit speaks in us.'

He ended—long

The silence—then was heard a novice voice :  
 ' Friends, we have had some loving messages  
 From far. Let them not be as idle tales ;  
 But may we in the future richlier bear  
 Fruit of the Spirit. Much am I impressed  
 With the old query, " Is there any growth  
 Of truth in you ? " There will be, if we live  
 A life of faith, a life of work, for such  
 Will be a life of beauty in His fear.'

Arose a holy woman, after pause,  
And as she knelt all to their feet arose.  
That prayer! few words but full in which she  
poured  
Her supplications to the Eternal ear!

Soon after, minister to minister  
Turning, grasped hands of cordial brotherhood—  
To all a silent signal all was o'er.  
In quietude the congregation moved  
Into the outer air, while many paused  
To greet each other in the peaceful porch :  
And I, a lonely stranger, went my way.

## Great Men.

### *DAVID LIVINGSTONE.*

IN England's temple of the mighty dead  
 Grey with millennial memories, 'mid hushed throng  
 Mournful, I stood beside the grave that took  
 From tawny Africa the noble dust  
 Of him, its friend ; the clarion of its wrongs,  
 Who won its love and on its bosom died.

O man, in whom the missionary shamed  
 To reverence ribaldry ; hero who passed  
 The trackless Kalahari ; and where wise  
 Europe had written desert, found a land  
 Of swarthy nations 'mid their fertile fields !  
 Realm of the floating palm and baöbab vast,  
 Strong-boughed ; of fairy antelope, gazelle,  
 And varied life that shuns a human eye.

Through pauseless perils toiled he without pause :  
Serpent and couchant lion, ravaging fly,  
Tall hostile grasses, fever-breathing pools,  
Inevitable-fixed the will to read  
The riddle of the Nile, and through the dark  
Continent make a pathway for the sun.

Zambesi's Falls are vocal with his name,  
And clear it fluctuates in Nyassa's waves !  
Beyond Chambezi, Bangweoli told  
To Kamolondo of his mirrored face,  
And Tanganyika smiled his proud smile back—  
Lacustrine seas rejoicing to be found !

O heart, victorious over failing feet,  
Till, at Ilala, in his midnight hut,  
He struggled to his knees and vanquished Death,  
And o'er it rose into the light of God.

O dear to Africa ! He wrote its wrongs  
Into the knowledge of the world. What hate  
Fired his calm words against the bandits base,  
Hunters of men, with panic in their van,  
And ruin, famine, silence in their track,—  
The slaver's crop of men and infamy !  
Those hunted nations worn with war and flight,

Craving for one to give them rest and sleep,  
In this man, modest-speaking, spelt a Friend,  
And read the gospel in his daily life.  
He trusted them, and so they trusted him,  
Till, never failing them, love answered love ;  
His character e'en greater than his deeds,  
And he grown something only less than God.

So when he passed, oh faithful arms that bore  
The precious burthen through the weary months,  
Till the large water to the bearers gleamed !  
And, as sweet voices sang the blessèd dead,  
In the grey Abbey, 'mong the honoured hands  
That held the pall, was one who o'er the sea  
The guardian of the treasured dust had come ;  
At sight of that dusk face all felt 'twas well—  
It answered for a continent of friends.  
And thus entombed amid the deathless dead  
Was Livingstone.

O Africa ! his name,  
Thy morning star, is prophet of the dawn  
When thy one music multitudinous  
Shall break on shores where angels sing, and they  
Shall in thy joy rejoice that night has fled,  
And Christ the day is thine eternal light.

*LINCOLN.*

PLAIN Lincoln, homespun patriot, gravely gay  
With anecdotal humour, honour white,  
Thine, honest ruler, stern as death to keep  
Thy country's unity, and, quick with hope,  
To cleanse its boasted freedom into truth.  
O valiant pen that wrote dusk millions free !  
O millioned chattels rising into men !  
Thy grand simplicity, heart-nobleness,  
Most luminous grew as neared the sudden doom—  
The shot that martyred thee to endless fame !

*ROBERT PEEL.*

A MAN of prudence, constancy, and zeal—  
Oh, dear to England is the name of Peel !  
He honestly each power possessed improved,  
And, self-collected, all his hearers moved ;  
Knew how with sage dexterity to touch  
All moods : nor marred his wisdom by too much.  
No rhetorician scheming for applause,  
He fashioned for his people kinder laws :  
Intent to do the thing, not so to do  
As evermore to keep himself in view.  
His speech was plain, but like a sober coin  
Of gold, to which no ornament you join.  
Though one foul daggers of invective hurled  
Against his fame—that pattern to the world—  
In him true Patriot trod the Partizan  
Beneath his feet, and triumphed into man.

*W. E. GLADSTONE.*

WHERE Mersey wins to her triumphant breast  
The homely treasures of the willing West,  
His life began, in sight of crowding masts,  
And ships familiar with a thousand blasts.  
Oh, what a merchant he had made ! but he  
Had larger labours and a nobler sea.

His youth declared him : Fame before him ran  
And cleared a pathway for the coming man.  
Etona praised him without hint of blame,  
And classic Oxford proudly named his name.  
In widening light of honour early stood  
He 'mid the senatorial brotherhood,  
Till, towards St. Stephen's, England leant to hear  
His Budget speech, the marvel of the year.  
He rose, amid the intent and curious throng,  
Into finance as singer into song ;

His guiding notes arranged upon his hat,  
Addressing this side, then addressing that ;  
Calm, easy, with his radiant-earnest face,  
The sovereign eye, the attitude of grace,  
The voice melodious, strength in every tone,  
The hour, the world's attention, all his own !

Oh, poor the taunt that he has left behind  
The narrow channels of his youthful mind !  
A taunt ? a glory ! Shall the creeping rill  
Through tedious miles with parsimonious skill,  
Not grow with tribute waters on its way  
To river vast, broad-bosomed to the day,  
Enriched, enriching many a grateful shire ?  
And man as he began shall he expire ?  
The rill must ever into river roll  
Where there's a receptivity of soul ?

To enlarge the bounds of Freedom and Content  
He, genius-gifted, all his prowess bent ;  
Befriended Ireland with commanding skill,  
Unchecked from justice by loud threats of ill ;  
Reformed the Army ; let no longer rule  
O'er grey experience golden sot and fool ;  
Cast wide the doors of office—not to birth

Or wealth, but to the youth of fullest worth ;  
Sheltered intelligence from cruel power  
In the elect'ral and oft-dreaded hour ;  
Arrested bribes that coaxed the purse or throat  
As if the Reason had no right to vote ;  
The Universities from barrier freed  
Of an Erastian and deterrent creed ;  
Made them the nation's as they were at first ;  
Pitied the children by their parents cursed  
To ignorance, and bade the school take in  
Whose only learning had been how to sin  
A foe to none, except, with voice and pen,  
The foe of ' wicked, crooked little men.'

The Friend of Freedom ! Holiday no rest  
He found where Tyranny the land oppressed.  
At Naples see him ! echoes not his tread  
Athro' the silent City of the Dead ;  
He toils not to its grassy crest to admire  
The slumb'ring terrors of the Mount of Fire ;  
No classic arch that glimmers through the wave  
Can lure him from his task, lost man to save !  
He enters prisons, into dungeons dives  
Where patriots perish in a tyrant's gyves ;  
Defies the horrors with heroic breath

That rankle in those Palaces of Death ;  
Then gives the awful record to the day,  
And helps to shame the iniquity away,  
To hasten the grand hour when bondage fled,  
And Italy was sovereign from the dead !  
The advocate of all beneath the ban,  
The friend of Settembrini and of man !

A man with conscience never out of date  
Is he : such men are pillars of the State.  
In wondrous amplitude he pours the stream  
Of speech. His aim? 'Tis justice to his theme  
No poor man's quest was e'er by him denied :  
To what epistle has he not replied ?  
His ready pen—a readier never ran—  
Must e'en do justice to the humblest man.

How versatile ! Where'er you rest or roam,  
In Science, Art, or Learning, he's at home.  
Can turn to Homer as men turn to play,  
And through old Ilium while an hour away ;  
Can china value with a Wedgwood eye,  
And wield an axe till vanquished woodmen sigh  
Can talk to schoolboys, scholars, paupers, peers  
With equal ease, nor miss their loudest cheers.

Behold his eager face ! there all may see  
An irresistible sincerity ;  
A passion for high work, and to be through it,  
And so to do that none shall e'er undo it.  
For him how easy 'tis the hate to win  
Of men who reckon earnestness a sin !  
Pure in unselfishness, a patriot wise,  
He shines the noblest to the nearest eyes ;  
The sovereign purpose of his life to give  
Its deeds to God, and that his land may live—  
Strong because pure.  
Such hands as his alone amid the great  
Tempest can guide the vessel of the State  
O'er troubled deeps, and to the golden isles  
Where Peace is crowned and Heaven approving  
smiles.

*Nov 1879.*

## Miscellaneous Poems.

### *CHILDREN.*

BLESSINGS upon the men—they are not few—  
 Who, quick with sympathy and wise to plan,  
 Have reared the refuge for the outcast child,  
 And orphanage for those who only know  
 A father by his loss ! O fair the fame  
 Of Reed, father of many charities !  
 And strong his faith, whose houses in the west—  
 Huge barracks of benevolence—receive  
 And rear their thousands for the fight of life.  
 'Tis well, yet not divine : the solitary  
 God sets in families. He writes the home  
 Child's place, and needed most by the forlorn.  
 Give bread and book ; but the neglected heart

Pines for a heart on which to spend itself.  
The individuality that makes  
Home various-beautiful is lost in crowds,  
The characters one-patterned as the coats.  
There missed the bond of family that binds  
The child to child ; the common memories missed  
That link together after-parted lives.  
O well when Charity is wise, and works  
Harmonious with the laws that Heaven has writ  
In the child-nature and the heart of man !

Birds love the sun, its earliest beam and last,  
And what of warmth dreams from the wintry orb,  
Shunning the shade, to feel. The plover, see,  
Golden, as evening clothes the lower heights  
Following the light up to the shining ridge  
Latest,—there catching from its couch of waves  
Day's dying smile. Joy-bringer is the light  
To child as well as bird. What bliss to roam  
The fields of summer ; wreath the daisy chain ;  
Scatter the easy hay ; the poppy cull—  
A useless brilliance 'mid the useful gold  
Of harvest ; lie and watch the gliding clouds ;  
Hear the heaven-soaring lark—a speck of song ;  
The insect chirp ; the bee from flower to flower.

*It* hums in many a moral, many a song.  
Anacreon sang it. But till Sprengel's eye  
Questioned, who guessed the wonder of its work?  
Apostle of rich colour, odour rare,  
Unconscious tidings from the silent flower  
Bearing to blooming neighbour, scattering one  
Into another and enriching all!  
How near us are the wonders of a God!  
The humblest flower-bell chimes the marvellous;  
The tiniest insect is a citizen  
Of a God-founded city, ruled by laws  
Divine, and living out a guided life.

O rosy-healthful is the country child,  
Free of the fields! His daily-noted map  
The lichened rocks, the forest, and the stream  
In which he loves to wade, on which to float  
The knife-shaped coracle that quickly finds  
Its harbour in the shallows! Much is missed  
By child that knows not of the country's green  
Beauty, blue summers, winters splendid-white,  
The variegated labour crowned with sheaves,  
The folded creatures looking up to man  
With trustfulness, and Silence charmed to song  
By tuneful voices singing day awake,

Vocal till dusk ; then, nested in content,  
Chirping their satisfaction to the stars.

Children are quick to nature : quick to hear  
The happy language of the stars, the flowers,  
The waters. When far wandering in the woods  
Their hearts are hushed at whispers from the trees,  
A sudden silence falls upon their glee  
Loud-echoing through the living corridors ;  
Scattered, they draw together eagerly,  
And into courage talk the heart again  
That felt the creeping of disdainèd fear.  
Then soul is conscious of itself—the child  
Awakens to its immortality.  
The searching loneliness ; the impulses,  
Hopes, joys, fears, wonder ! treasure-hours wherein  
Belief in immortality finds firm  
Assurance ere down-breaks tempestuous life  
On placid childhood. Science, deaf to aught  
Save its own wisdom, hears no voice divine  
Amid the hush of twilight-glooming trees,  
In the sea-roaring, and from all the stars.  
For it Imagination is denied  
Its proper function, inner eye to see  
And ear to hear the ever-active God,

Whose life is all the movement, loveliness,  
The mystery and glory of the world.

Unlearnt by him the alphabet of life  
Who has no sympathy with childhood's glee.  
Man's best estate is only life at play.  
In Eden our beginners knew no stress  
Of toil, no pain, no future-darkening cloud ;  
The rounding days were holy merriment,  
A reverential gladness, play sublime,  
Harmonious with the spheral melodies.  
And man that sinks into the little child,  
The child at home with the great Father, finds  
His nobler, only happy manhood there :  
A man with men, because with God a child.

*THE HELMSMAN.*

TERROR stormed from sky and sea :  
Nothing could the bark o'erwhelm ;  
Brave, I said, the man must be,  
Wise and brave that holds the helm.

Climbed I to the deck : sea, sky,  
Mingled in blind-wrecking realm ;  
But, as roared the peril by,  
'Twas an angel at the helm !

*BY THE SEA.*

How much of England's history sails the sea !  
From the bold days when showed the kingly Queen  
That one great soul can make all others great,  
From Frobisher to Franklin, battling cold  
And death in the white north. O floating fame  
Upon all waters and beneath each star !  
The sea is in our ballads and our songs,  
And in the heart of every Englishman.  
And in my heart the ocean that was loved  
(Its waves eternal on that lonely shore)  
By him who is not, and by those who are—  
The child, the children—evermore my own.

A shore is Nature's playground for the child,  
Prepared of old, as novel as the day,  
And never-wearying with its choice of charms.  
O pleasure for the eye in far-off ships

Along the line where mingle sea and sky,  
Moving with all their mystery of name,  
Nation, crew, freight, and haven : in the pulse  
Of ocean mathematic ; in the glow  
Of the o'er-arching heaven ; and in the hues  
Of happy splendour on the rocks that take  
The sun and wear its beauty like a robe !  
O busy were the hands to cull the stones  
Of brightest vein, and shells of loveliest whorl,  
And busy rosy feet that plashed the pools  
Translucent. Keen the joy to dare the wave,  
And fly before its scattered kisses cold !  
O eager industry, the mimic fort  
To build, and mark the stealthy-coming foe  
That gathered courage strengthening as it came,  
Till quaked and melted sand into the sand,  
And the long labour out of sight was lost  
In billowy moment. Glad the eye to watch  
The wary shrimper driving, like a plough,  
His net through ocean-marge, intent to take  
The flirting fish diminutive, desired,  
A savoury relish for man's lighter meal.  
Joyful the meeting on the windy heights ;  
The groups of friendship ranged upon the grass ;  
Suggestion sweet of that far upland green

Where the strong hands of Christ keen hunger  
tamed

To satisfaction!—bright the after sport,  
Till in the fields of twilight bloomed the stars,  
And toiled the happy little pilgrims home.  
O days of rest and sportive industry,  
With fairy tales of Danish Andersen,  
And children's songs that oped and shut the day,  
And common supplication for the men  
That worked a-field, and the imperilled sons  
Of England, labouring on the infinite sea!

*TO A PASSING SHIP.*

WHITE-SAILED ship upon the sea,  
Benedictions take from me !  
Safe be master, mates, and men,  
Till you reach the port again.

Love is with you, white-sailed ship !  
Loving heart and longing lip ;  
Hearts of mothers, children, wives,  
Lives that mingle with your lives.

May the Angel of the Deep  
Ever guard around you keep,  
On the billow, in the bay,  
Through the night and through the day.

Is there sorrow 'neath your sails,  
Eye that weeps, and heart that fails ?  
Consolation now be near,  
Strengthening heart and drying tear.

As you round the headland dip  
Into darkness, white-sailed ship,  
May my Benedicite  
Breathe you blessing o'er the sea !

Lost—my heart pursues you still ;  
Sheltered may you be from ill ;  
Sheltered all aboard till each  
Joy's eternal harbour reach !

*ENGLAND.*

My country ! fickle as the uncertain sea  
 In which thou'rt set thy climate. But thou'st reared  
 A hardy race : a mother-land art thou,  
 Thy children, with thy language on their lips,  
 Upbuilding other Britains round the world.  
 And in this spot of earth, this storm-blown isle,  
 How large the bead-roll of illustrious sons  
 Who've writ and sung thy language into fame !  
 Here Genius varied as thy varied clime.  
 Thy spring went into Chaucer's soul, and he  
 Sings still his vital, ever-vernal strain,  
 The daisy on his breast, and in his eyes  
 Unconscious dawnlight. Peerless Shakespeare drew  
 The freshness of thy rain-baptizèd year  
 Into his affluent universal page :  
 And he of Rydal, singing sage, is voice  
 Of thy stern mountains and romantic meres.

Through Cowper's verse there glows the sinuous  
Ouse ;  
And Bunyan's landscapes are in Bedfordshire.  
My land, thy very fickleness appears  
In the variety of character  
Within thy many shires. Dear land of hills  
And smiling valleys, of granitic peaks  
And meadows green, white cliffs and anthracite  
Hard-hewn from the black under-world, stern  
heaths  
And pleasant woodlands, and, encircling all,  
The never-changing, ever-changing sea.

*THE IRON HORSE.*

STRONG is the Iron Horse—so strong  
That carriages twenty it drags along :  
Is the weather fine or the weather rough ?  
What matters ? it's off with a puff, puff, puff !

Along the iron road it goes,  
When the sky is dark and the tempest blows ;  
Oh its heart is made of right good stuff ;—  
It laughs to the storm with a puff, puff, puff !

It goes to the north and it goes to the south,  
And water's the drink of its thirsty mouth ;  
And it always stops when it's had enough,  
And is off again with a puff, puff, puff !

It goes to the east and it goes to the west,  
And carries fire in its loving breast,  
And glad are its words though its voice is gruff,  
And it shouts its joy with a puff, puff, puff !

It carries the timid, it carries the bold,  
It carries the young man, it carries the old,  
The tender child and the sailor tough  
It welcomes them all with a puff, puff, puff!

Three cheers for the Horse so swift and true!  
Three cheers for the men that drive it too!  
May no danger touch it so blithe and bluff,  
As it goes and comes with a puff, puff, puff!

*LONDON.*

WELCOME the city with its swarming life !  
 A land of hamlets ne'er had made the name  
 Of England mighty round the world. O chief  
 Of cities—capital of virtue, vice !  
 Great world of which the wonder ever grows !

There Toil is passionate for wealth : scant room  
 For Conscience—fortune good however won.  
 E'en Justice softens at a golden wrong :  
 The robber of a thousand trustful homes  
 Escaping oft through meshes of the law,  
 While the small thief is preached into the gaol.

City of Pleasure ! Life a summer dream :  
 Man only senses ; heroes glimmering ghosts  
 Within the fading realm of far Romance ;  
 Duty shrunk down to ceremonious call,  
 The maddest novel, and the broadest play !  
 As stream from hill to vale, so Fashion rolls,

Till in its widening current all are caught.  
Pursuit is easy when the rich pursue.  
But ne'er in violent joys is found the bliss  
That sings in memory like a voice of heaven.  
The promises of vice are never kept :  
Morning condemns the night ; and to escape  
The recognition of their folly, fools  
Drivel and madden in a new debauch.

Behind the mansion covers the hovel. There,  
Squalid and thirsty, crowds the human herd,  
Where only, 'mid the wretchedness they make,  
Gay-guilty taverns flaunt in licensed light.

O countless homes of mercy ! Strong disease  
And stronger vice have ready refuges.  
Wise hands, brave hearts innumerable that toil  
Beneficent ! His blessing on them all,  
Syrian physician, Godhead in the Man !  
Divine philanthropist ! O hands of Christ  
That scattered healing ; deeds to be the seeds  
Of thousand thousand homes of charity,  
And myriad myriad lives of tenderness  
That live in others, heedless of themselves.

Was the fair city of the violet crown  
The eye of Greece? This is of all the earth.  
Hence arts and science glance to every clime.  
Words foolish, wise, from the ne'er-silent Press  
Speak hence into the universal ear.  
And to the imperial voice that hence commands  
Black pines Canadian loyalty attend,  
And hoary Himalaya wakes to hear,  
Then slumbers back into her ancient dream.

Day done, the wearied citizen escapes  
Into the city's mighty belt of green,  
To breathe the rural-lingering air and rest.  
O longing ears! O welcome-shining eyes!  
O lips expectant of the evening kiss!  
The man renews his youth in home's young smile,  
'Mid the green fields where God the daisy builds,  
Within the walls where climbs the plant, wherein  
He culls the wealth leguminous, the fruit,  
The richer for his appetizing toil.

Calm world suburban, every morning drained  
Into the city, through the silent day  
That only flutters feminine with life,  
Save for grey veterans whose toil is o'er:—

Men not too old to cultivate a rose,  
To criticise the conduct of the world,  
To set its sovereigns and its statesmen right  
In hot peremptory comment, morn by morn,  
To wrangle for the gospel like a Jew  
Over his gems against detracting voice,  
Nor hesitant against the worsening world  
The awful "Mene Tekel" to pronounce.

*MISS MARTIN'S FAN.*

O LISTEN all ye ladies young,  
 O listen ladies old  
 (If such there be), while I a tale  
 Of courtesy unfold.

Fierce-branding was the summer heat ;  
 'Twas quiet Sunday, too ;  
 And summer Sundays *can* be hot  
 Within a crowded pew.

The church was full of worshippers :  
 In gown and snowy bands  
 The preacher rose, and raised in prayer  
 His reverential hands.

He spoke : 'twas easier far to speak  
 Than hear in such a heat ;  
 And some there were, like Eutyclus,  
 Who napped—yet kept their seat.

O buzz of unsabbatic flies !  
O boom of wandered bee !  
But, calm as sculpture, in her pew  
Miss Mary Martin see.

Her age you ask ? I beg you here  
Be ignorance allowed,—  
For after thirty woman's age  
Is always in a cloud.

Beside her, bolt upright, there sat  
Good, easy Mr. Sharp,  
Who loved a sermon quite as much  
As harper loves a harp.

But now 'twas all in vain—o'ercome  
By sudden flush of heat  
The world swooned off, and left him there  
Like corpse upon his seat.

Miss Martin saw the change : at once  
The courage in her rose,—  
How often 'tis an accident  
The character that shows !

She loosed the cloth about his neck,  
Then eagerly began  
To use upon his silent face  
Her wonder-working fan.

One thought was in her stedfast eye,  
And in her busy hand,  
And to her joy she slowly back  
To life her neighbour fanned.

She little knew that Farmer Ford  
(He sat some pews behind)  
Had watched her with attentive eye  
And all-admiring mind.

O desolation in his heart !  
At home a vacant chair !  
And, by his side, a vacant seat  
Within the house of prayer.

The grass was green upon the grave  
That held his half of life,  
And daily more and more was missed  
The angel—once his wife.

Now, seeing woman's kindness  
Win man from fainting back,  
He keenlier felt his loneliness,  
And matrimonial lack.

'I come and go,—who cares for me?'  
He mused, 'forlorn my life:  
O would that I were Mr. Sharp,  
With that devoted wife!'

The sermon spoken to the ear  
Went little heeded by,  
But deep into his bosom sunk  
That sermon to the eye.

And *was* that Mrs. Sharp? If not!  
The thought was like a dart  
That pierced with sudden ecstasy  
The farmer's eager heart.

Oh if that gracious heroine  
*Is* Mrs. Sharp! But no,—  
The farmer, angry at the thought,  
Bids it, instanter, go.

How very slow the sermon ! how  
Oppressive was the heat !  
To have about one's face *her* fan  
Were very, very sweet.

At last the sermon ended ; streamed  
The people from the church ;  
And anxious Farmer Ford addressed  
A friend within the porch :

' Poor Mr. Sharp ! kind Mrs. Sharp !'  
' No, no !' his friend broke in,  
Before the hesitating man  
His speech could scarce begin.

Oh glad of heart was Farmer Ford  
Arrested thus to be :  
He learned the news he longed to know,  
And joyful man was he.

Enough, enough ! Ere Monday noon  
He'd found Miss Martin out.  
How strangely matrimonial life  
Is often brought about !

He told his tale—the old, old tale,  
The earnest-hearted man :  
And in the sudden heat she used  
Upon herself the fan !

Not many moons had rolled, when he,  
As happy as a king,  
Led her into the Paradise,  
Within the wedding ring.

O long, long live good Farmer Ford,  
The happy-hearted man !  
And long his valiant spouse who won  
A husband by a fan !

*THE CUCKOO.*

OH ! listen to the cuckoo's note  
From yonder wood that tells  
Sweet Spring is back again, with all  
Her dewy buds and bells.

When April pours the greening shower,  
And shines with boundless beam,  
We hear the dream-like voice, and know  
That Spring is not a dream.

In May he sings a steady song :  
Then shortened is his tune,  
For joy amid the roses sweet  
And bountiful of June !

And when the green wheat laughs to gold,  
Soft sounds his parting lay,  
And he to other realms with Spring  
Contented steals away.

O welcome bird of wandering voice,  
Thyself but seldom seen,  
Thou livest in a lovely world  
Of everlasting green !

And must thou leave at length ? depart !  
In far-off regions sing,  
For well we know thou'lt come again,  
And bring us back the Spring !

*FLOWERS.*

ROSES and lilies flourished in the song  
 Of Solomon, and when his greater Son,  
 The burthen of the world upon His heart,  
 Dwelt among men, He of the lilies said  
 'Consider them !' Impoverished would be earth  
 Lacking their cheap yet heavenly loveliness.  
 Flowers crown the marriage board and strew the  
     bier,  
 And, never-fading, from the harp-string bloom.  
 What would a poet be without his flower?  
 While one of many luxuries to feast  
 A sated eye 'tis to the man that toils—  
 The starry jessamine around his door,  
 The mignonette upon his window-sill,  
 The cherished rose-bush in his garden plot—  
 Like a choice friend whose silence speaks for God  
 (No flower's an atheist ; they are Christians all),

And pure and lovely touch to tenderness  
And trust the anxious labour-hardened mind.  
They bind the vagrant soul to life's far dawn ;  
Cheer the poor seamstress, as her needle flies,  
With fragrance of the fields where she began ;  
And lo ! the death-devoted patient's eye  
Pauses upon the green leaf soothed ; he sleeps  
To dream of gardens of the angels, fair  
Beyond all beauty human eye hath seen,  
And wakes to feel them nearer for his dream

*THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.*

IN her rosy beauty,  
    In her silent pride,  
Proud of sailor lover  
    Walked she him beside,  
Happy village maiden,  
    Soon to be his bride.

Capped in weeds of widow,  
    In the setting sun,  
Sat a white-haired woman,  
    Looking out for one  
Whose last voyage was over,  
    Whose last day was done.

'Twas the rosy maiden  
    (All the roses fled),  
Who by sailor lover  
    Had been won and wed,  
In whose heart love's roses  
    Never should be dead!

*THE SINGER.*

It was a mighty song he sung :  
The ages caught it from his tongue ;  
    And sung it glad and free,  
    From sea to sea.

But the great singer inly sighed,—  
‘I had a thought, alas it died !  
    Words are the shroud of things,  
    *They* are the kings.’

But yet he sang: ‘My heart would break  
Did not my voice at times awake.  
    But oh the songs unsung  
    That find no tongue!’

*ELSTOW.*

WHEN walked I out to Elstow calm and bright  
The heavenly morning of the day of rest.  
And I,—I somehow felt like Bunyan's guest.  
Nearing the village, with melodious might  
The church bells woke and told their loud delight,  
Sounding methought his name, from out whose  
breast  
Their cheerful chimes ne'er wholly took their flight  
Till lost in nobler music of the blest !  
Upon the green where once he played there seemed  
The imprint of his foot. The very air  
That round me in the golden morning dreamed  
Did of the Dreamer whispers softly bear :  
And had he to my side from heaven's door beamed,  
I had not been surprised to see him there !

*CHISLEHURST.*

DEAD !

The loud knells for the exile toll :  
 The crown for ever fallen from the head,  
     And passed the soul !

Calm !

Life's April gloom and glory o'er :  
 Done with the fight for fame, the imperial palm,  
     For evermore !

All !

All glories of the world descend  
 Into the narrow darkness, 'neath the pall,  
     And there must end.

Dead !

What palace for him but the grave ?  
 Into the common dust must melt the head  
     Of king and slave !

Heart !

Heart ! throbbed thy last ambitious plan  
To silence ! what Napoleon where thou art  
The pomp of man ?

*Jan., 1873.*

*THE MARKET.*

THE country fills the town. The market brims  
 With business through its length. The farmer opes  
 The tiny bag and shows the varied corn,  
 Sample of garnered fields, and clouds his joy  
 In commonplaces at a happy sale.

The farmer's wife sits 'mid her rural wealth,—  
 Cheese, cream, the bird that never more shall  
 sound

Its clarion to the daybreak, ruddy fruit,  
 The shining cherry, sanguine currant-globes,  
 Plum purple-blushing, apple native here,  
 The wholesome roots that make the day's great  
 meal

Delectable, among them not the least  
 Brave Raleigh's gift to England. Rural needs  
 Arc met in tools to rift and cleanse and reap ;  
 In wicker ware, in equine furniture ;

And (for the farm is something more than field  
And stable) stores of china, well displayed,  
Vocal of quiet fireside, and the hour  
When Labour, seated, smiles within its glow,  
And drinks the cup that never wronged a man.

*LITTLE SAILS.*

LITTLE ship with little sail  
Runs before the rising gale,  
Hurries o'er the hurrying waves,  
All the ocean's danger braves,  
And its crew and cargo saves.

Little ship on rolling sea,  
Prosperous may thy voyage be,  
Till thy crew the harbour hails !  
But thou'rt safe amid the gales,  
Only safe with little sails !

*F. S. T.*

BOLD were his deeds, he never thought them bold,  
 Not even in the light of wondering eyes ;  
 He was surprised that he should e'er surprise.  
 E'en when his words were iron, heart was gold.  
 And if they pierced, inopportunately cold  
 And keen, he sought with instantaneous care  
 To extract the arrow and the wound repair.  
 His head was grey—his heart was never old.  
 He knew to startle foe into a friend  
 By help in need. He never wore a mask :—  
 What though the face of Truth might some offend ?  
 He could refuse ; but ne'er did sorrow ask  
 Aid at his hand in vain. When came the end  
 He met death bravely standing to his task.

*F. L.*

THOUGH bowed with age bright youth was in his eye;  
Crisp words emphatic on his ready lip,  
He spake like man accustomed to command,  
To rule by yielding, rigid in a will  
That won its way by patience. Toil outlived,  
He smiled upon a world that smiled on him.  
What need of conflict when the fight is won?  
With cheerful courtesy he was the host,  
And shrank not idly into senile chair.  
Never too old for hospitality,  
Never too old to smile upon a child,  
Never too old for gratitude. He kept  
Silence, but knew to flash into a phrase—  
Flame of a soul that was a hidden fire.  
His speech was clean of murmuring—all was well  
And constant Providence was more than kind.  
So, cheerful as a child that hastens home,  
He went the lighted pathway into heaven.

*AN EPITAPH.*

Now what to him whose dust is here  
Loud Folly's brutal bray,  
Proud Wisdom's all-contemptuous sneer,  
And Wit's envenomed lay?  
Beyond the golden gates of Morn  
He wears the crown of Day!

## The New Crusade.

*TO JOHN B. GOUGH.*

THY night-black hair has grown to grey,  
But still thy heart is young  
And valiant as of old ; decay  
Is not upon thy tongue.

In years that seem beyond the Flood  
How many felt thy spell !  
Resolved to clear their skirts of blood,  
And 'scape one path to hell.

Again wise laughter, holy tears,  
Responsive to thy voice ;  
'Tis the old charmer at our ears  
To bind us to our choice.

In thee mimetic marvels meet,—  
The muse of mask and sword,—  
Yet, eloquence from head to feet,  
Thou'rt prophet of the Lord.

His message speak ! And when thou'rt missed  
From earth shall myriads say,  
' He's lost in light ! Evangelist  
To me of heavenly day.'

Yea, ere thy voice in death is dumb,  
May all be sober, pure,  
And in each heart that kingdom come  
That ever shall endure !

*CHRISTMAS DAY.*

SHE had one child, a wandered son,  
The crippled widow old ;  
And he was dearer to her heart  
Than worlds on worlds of gold !  
And now was he on homeward way  
Like sheep back to the fold.

An altered man, he'd bravely broke  
The chain of habit vile ;  
Had added sober month to month  
Like pilgrim mile to mile ;  
His life grew bright, his mother's life  
Again had learnt to smile.

He came on happy Christmas Eve ;  
And as the house he passed—  
That evil house—its spell (so known  
Of old) was on him cast ;  
Laughed to one glass—his life was caught  
Like ship in sudden blast.

That night the expectant mother lay  
    In slumber light and sweet,  
And went from golden dream to dream,  
    As from bright street to street  
In the great City beautiful,  
    Where men with angels meet.

But in the early morn was brought  
    A burthen to her door—  
A young man dead upon a plank !  
    Oh, heavy load they bore !  
The tavern-keeper helped to lay  
    That load upon the floor.

The mother's heart was desperate fire :  
    Her face was hate. She knew  
That man with drink had slain her son ;  
    She cursed the man that slew ;  
With lightning from her clouded soul  
    She cursed him through and through.

He quailed before her—cheek like chalk ;  
    He went his licensed way ;  
And left the tearless mother there,  
    Beside the silent clay,  
Who, wondering whether God was dead,  
    Spent thus her Christmas Day !

*THE VILLAGE TAILOR.*

THE village tailor now is old,  
He walks on feeble feet,  
Yet often you may see him pass  
Adown the village street.  
But when he nears the creaking sign  
He steps across the road,  
As if a cruel ghost within  
'The Saracen' abode.

For twenty years his ready song  
Within that tavern rung,  
And loud the unsteady chorus rose  
To many a song he sung.  
And at his merry quips and jokes  
The butcher smote his thighs,  
And e'en the stately landlord laughed  
Till tears were in his eyes.

Sad years at home—dependent mouths  
Were famished oft for bread,  
And little children paled to hear  
His deprecated tread :  
Years when his shirt had nothing left  
But collar at the neck,  
And he had shrunken from a man  
Into a reeling wreck.

Dark years : then to himself he came,  
A sober life began :  
And village wonder gathered round  
The strangely-altered man,  
And many a rural prophet shook  
His head, and said, ' I think  
Before another moon you'll see  
James ready for the drink !'

No, never ready ! Months crept on  
And lost themselves in years,  
And vanquished was the appetite  
By countless prayers and tears.  
And from the wall looked down the vow  
Enclosed in simple frame :  
How often read ! and angels saw  
On it heroic name.

'Mid comfort moves his lowly life,  
He sings a sober song ;  
But oh ! the selfish-ruined years  
Wherein he wrought such wrong !  
So when he hears the creaking sign  
He steps across the street,  
As dreading bitter enemy  
From out that house to meet.

'Tis not enough,' he says, 'to pray,  
Except you watch as well ;  
And I—I fear the fire that burnt  
Me like the fire of hell !'  
Thus watchful walks the tailor old,  
With Wisdom for his guide,  
And, all unseen by men, with strong,  
Pure angels at his side !

*THE VOW.*

ACROSS white hills of winter as we went,  
 The keen stars watching us, the horses slow,  
 My one companion spoke from out his life  
 The story of his ne'er-forgotten vow.

‘ Almighty Father !’ so I made my vow,  
 ‘ Almighty Father, I will part with all  
 The gold I’ve made in these ten golden years,  
 And sink among the poorest—bear a bag  
 Of coal upon my back from door to door,  
 And past the door above which shines my name,  
 If only Thou wilt save from out the hell  
 Of drink in which his soul is being lost  
 My father !’

That my vow : ’twas heard in heaven.  
 Saved was my father—saved ; my joy no tongue

Could tell : in peace, clear from his curse, his face  
Set towards the better home, two years he lived,  
And then, clasped in my arms, in peace he died  
And as we bore the body to the grave  
One word alone was ringing in my soul,  
As if an angel sang it from the skies,  
As if *he* sang it from the blessed gate,  
' Saved ! ' and with that my heart was comforted

But God required that I should keep my vow.  
All things went wrong with me. Cloud after cloud  
Settled upon my business, loss on loss.  
When I bought largely markets quickly fell,  
When I bought cautiously they quickly rose ;  
My servants robbed me—one beyond the rest  
Of half a thousand pounds, and then he fled,  
And I at last was broken. Dark the days,  
But calm through all my spirit ; calm and glad  
To keep the solemn vow that I had made.  
God bound me to my vow, though not indeed  
To its sad uttermost : but all was well.  
Friends rallied to me in the depth of need,  
And after struggle long and sharp, returned  
Prosperity, and brighter than before

But in the darkness there had shone a light,  
And gladdened was my sorrow with a song,  
As if an angel sang it from the skies,  
As if *he* sang it from the blessèd gate—  
'Saved!' and my heart was more than comforted.

*THE TOUCH OF RESCUE.*

THE Fire was Master ! How the flame  
 From every window broke,  
 Like flashing sword, with deadly aim,  
 From out its sheath of smoke !  
 And, in the vast one-hearted crowd,  
 A speechless horror spoke !

To topmost window-sill a man  
 Clung—hands like hooks of steel !  
 Oh, who can tell his thoughts ? who can  
 His heart's strong prayer reveal ?  
*Himself* a prayer, as hanging there  
 Where mortal cannot kneel !

The ladder reared, a rescuer brave  
 Up through the smoky gloom

Climbed, the imperilled man to save  
From edge of fiery tomb,  
To save an all-imperilled man  
For whom the world had room !

The fireman cried in accents clear  
And loud. No answer came.  
And must that man, deliverance near,  
Be eaten of the flame ?  
' Fall, fall,' the cry : but no reply  
Of blessing or of blame.

The ladder could not reach him. Failed  
His ear to catch the cry,  
No heart below but inly quailed ;  
And wet was many an eye ;  
Alas, alas, with rescue near  
That he the death should die !

' Deaf mute is he !' said one. The word  
Caught up, from hundreds broke.  
' Deaf mute, deaf mute !' the fireman heard  
It high amid the smoke.  
Now what to do ? His *hand* must speak  
As ne'er before it spoke.

A tip-toe can he reach the man?  
He stood at straining height.  
The helpless dangling foot he can  
Just *touch* with fingers light.  
Enough! The lorn man knew he need  
Not perish in the night!

Enough! His hands unloose their hold.  
Saved! How he cannot tell!  
Oh many many hearts that rolled  
The news that all was well!  
Like ocean's glee, that human sea  
Of gladness in its swell!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not words the wretched need  
Round whom destruction rolls!  
It is the touch of loving deed!  
And this, between the poles,  
Where words are air, can from despair  
To joy save human souls!

## The Children's Garden.

### *THE ROSE.*

WHAT a teacher is the rose !  
Silently it buds and blows ;  
Not a word to beg an eye  
To behold it, passing by.

In the sunshine it is glad,  
Never in the darkness sad ;  
Patient waits for morning light,  
Breathing sweetness through the night.

Happy those who like it bloom,  
Silent, sweet, in sun and gloom,  
And when night around them flows—  
What a teacher is the rose !

*EACH ONE SING!*

WHEN in woodlands blooms the Spring  
O the voices sweet that sing !  
Not the birds of famous note  
Only, but each humble throat  
    Pours its song  
    To its King !

Sparrow does not say, 'I dare  
Not to chirp my music where  
Blackbird's nobler voice is heard,  
I am but a lowly bird,  
    It were wrong  
    Here to sing !'

Blackbird does not sadly say,  
'I must silent be to-day,

For the splendid nightingale  
Sends his music through the vale,  
Noblest bird  
Of the Spring!'

Each bird sings ! Oh well if we  
Learn from tenants of the tree !  
While exults the choral throng  
Humblest raise your humble song !  
Each be heard !  
Each one sing !

*THE WOUNDED BIRD.*

FROM its nest the bird arose  
    On ambitious wing,  
Sought from heavenly blue its song  
    To the earth to sing,  
But with arrow in its breast  
Sank it wounded to its nest.

Mother drew the arrow out,  
    Eased the bitter smart,  
'Child,' she said, 'the heavens are reached  
    By the brave of heart :  
Arrows shall not always wrong :  
    Earth shall listen to thy song !

*THE DAISIES' SONG.*

ROOTED in the green we view  
Evermore the sunny blue ;  
Green around and blue above :  
Beautiful are both with love.

What have we to do at night  
But to sleep and wait for light ?  
What when day's again begun  
But to love anew the sun ?

Rain may come—it cannot harm :  
Storms may break—they don't alarm :  
Friendly both, though sometimes rough—  
Do us good, and that's enough !

Crowned in gold, in silver clad,  
It were wrong not to be glad ;  
Wrong to doubt the faithful Friend  
Who will clothe us to the end.

In the birds' song we rejoice :  
But a child's song is our choice  
And we love to hear it say—  
' Daisy, come with me to-day.'

Beautiful the child below :  
Beautiful his love to know :  
Beautiful the blue above :  
Beautiful is God with love !

*THE RAIN ON THE PANE.*

Oh, how the rain  
Beats on the pane !  
Oh, how it patters !  
Oh, how it clatters !  
What can the rain  
Want with the pane ?

Hark ! through the pane  
Whispers the rain :  
' Down from the cloudland,  
Down to this loud land,  
Business and mirth,  
Bring me to earth !

' Glad I'm to shower  
Life in the flower,

Green in the woodland,  
Make it a good land,  
    And to renew  
    Meadows for you !'

    So as the rain  
    Beats on the pane,  
So as it patters,  
So as it clatters,  
    That's what the rain  
    Says through the pane.

*EYES TELL TALES.*

YES, many a tale ! The angry soul  
     Fierce flashes from the eye  
 As when the lightnings flame across  
     A wild and cloudy sky :  
 The heart of courage shines in glance  
     That ne'er at danger quails,  
 And men in admiration cry,  
         ' Eyes tell tales ! '

Ay, many a tale ! Oh, evil eye  
     Of cruelty and spite !  
 The eye of Cain when raised the hand  
     His brother fond to smite !  
 The eye of Judas when with kiss  
     The gracious Lord he hails  
 And gives to death ! 'Tis true indeed  
         ' Eyes tell tales ! '

Oh tales beyond our count ! Within  
    The merry-gleaming eye  
What dance of sunshine beautiful,  
    As from a happy sky !  
And heart that loves cannot be hid,  
    It in the face prevails  
With silent speech of love divine ;—  
    ‘ Eyes tell tales.’

They are the window of the soul  
    Through which it looks and gives  
News of the world invisible  
    That in the bosom lives.  
Then have a soul of joy and truth,  
    Of love that never fails,  
That all of you may gladly say,  
    ‘ Eyes tell tales !’

*THE RILL AND CHILD.*

LITTLE Rill, where are you going?

Going to the sea,

Where the many, many waters

Always long to be,

And amid the mighty billows

There is room for me !

Little child, where are you going?

Far across the sea,

To the bright and wondrous country

Of Eternity,

And amid its happy people

There is room for me !

*THE ARROW.*

SEE the arrow flying fast !  
    Will it come back ? Never !  
Never to the archer's hand,  
    Never to the quiver.

Arrow-like is every day :  
    Use thy best endeavour,  
It will never come again,  
    It is gone for ever !

Wisely use it as it flies,  
    Then though coming never,  
Thou shalt find it in the skies,  
    Crowned with flowers for ever !

*A CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT.*

BEAUTIFUL birds, in your mossy nest,  
Hidden in hedge and in tree from sight,  
God keep you safe in your gentle rest !  
I too must sleep now. Good-night ! Good-  
night !

Beautiful flowers in the garden and mead,  
That love to look up to the skies of light,  
I am sure you must all be weary indeed,  
Your eyes are all closing. Good-night ! Good-  
night !

Beautiful world, with your waters fair,  
Your trees of green, and your clouds of white,  
Your golden sunshine and balmy air,  
Good-bye for awhile. Good-night ! Good-  
night !

Father and mother and sisters fond,  
    And brothers dear, may your dreams be  
        bright,  
And friends in this land and the seas beyond,  
    May God bless you all ! Good-night ! Good-  
        night !

Sailors and fishermen out on the sea,  
    Widows and orphans in sad, sad plight,  
To each may Jesus a Comforter be—  
    A Comforter now ! Good-night ! Good-night !

## Scripture Scenes and Characters.

### *FUGITIVE LOT.*

No single horned or fleecy life  
 Lot saved from fold or stall :  
 He 'scaped alone with daughters, wife,  
 Who dearer were than all.

But, ere the flight was o'er, his wife  
 Had perished in the way ;—  
 His daughters lived—'twas for a life  
 That shamed the eyes of day.

O bankrupt fugitive ! Unwise  
 Had been his earthly choice—  
 Ruled rather by his faithless eyes  
 Than by the heavenly voice.

*NAPHTALI.*

As weary Jacob waited,  
Expectant of his sons  
From Egypt with the needed corn,  
Behold—how golden was the morn!  
A man that fleetly runs.

'Twas Naphtali that hastened,  
And, ere the rest arrived,  
Told into Jacob's wond'ring ears  
Sweet news that wrestled with his fears,  
How Joseph still survived.

When Jacob lay a-dying  
At sight of Naphtali,  
Mem'ry's transcendant hour returned,  
The runner was again discerned  
As in years long gone by.

Then thus the father blest him,  
    'Like hind in mountain herds  
Out-stripping all thou art my son,  
Thou didst thy brothers all outrun,  
    Thou givest goodly words!'

'Tis told in Jewish Targums :  
    Oh, happy they at sight  
Of whom in dying hearts are stirred  
The memory of some goodly word  
    That made life's darkness light.

*THE HEALING OF PHARAOH'S  
DAUGHTER.*

THERE is a story in the Midrash written,  
A Hebrew legend hoar,  
Of one, with leprosy's corruption smitten,  
By the Nile's rustling shore.

It was Thermuthis : proud and royal maiden,  
But gentle in her pride ;  
E'en like the poorest with her sorrow laden,  
And dark death at her side.

A Princess, but—a leper ! Gems of glory  
Could not lost health restore ;  
There came physicians, skilled in wisdom hoary,  
But, baffled, left the door.

O stately palace ! robes of costly splendour  
To charm a royal eye !  
Servants whose hearts, as well as hands, attend her !  
And must Thermuthis die ?

Warm baths she might not use. 'Bathe in the  
river!'

A wise man said—'The Nile,—  
It is a god, perchance it may deliver.'  
She smiled at Hope's sweet smile.

Day after day she bathed, but grew no better,  
Her sorrow daily grew ;  
The future tight'ning round her like a fetter,  
Her sky no spot of blue.

One morn, with sad, slow steps, and eyes down-  
gazing,  
She walked the riverside,  
When suddenly she paused, her eyes upraising,  
For something she had spied.

It was a tiny coffer on the water,  
Half hidden 'mong the reeds ;  
'Bring, bring it me!' spake out King Pharaoh's  
daughter :  
Each maiden quickly speeds.

The Princess, eager-hearted, eager-handed,  
The closed lid opened wide ;  
Within—a beauteous babe thus strangely landed,  
And bitterly it cried.

Compassion filled her. With fond words and  
speeches

She sought its tears to stay ;  
And then her hand—sad, leprous hand!—out-  
reaches,

Its tears to wipe away.

She touched the babe, and—instantaneous wonder!  
Her leprosy had fled !

The present from the past was put asunder,  
And her great grief was dead.

She touched—was healed! O dear that little  
stranger !

She henceforth called him son ;  
Herself and him she'd thus from deadly danger  
By deed of kindness won.

Such is the story in the Midrash, written  
From age to age anew :

In thine own life, O thou with sorrow smitten,  
Prove this old legend true !

Forget thyself; console the sadness near thee—  
Thine own shall then depart,

And songs of joy, like heavenly birds, shall cheer  
thee,

And dwell within thy heart !

*MIRIAM.*

O THE memories that rise  
To the dying Miriam's eyes !

Memories of the glorious hour  
When was broken Egypt's power,  
When on the victorious shore  
Lay the warriors, conflict o'er,  
Terrible in death, no more :  
When the song to God arose,  
Moses', Miriam's o'er the foes,  
Music ne'er to have a close !

O the memories that rise  
To the dying Miriam's eyes !

Memories loathsome with disgrace,  
Leprosy upon her face,

When before her God she quailed,  
When her brother's prayer prevailed,  
Moses whom her tongue assailed,  
When, though leper healed, she went  
To the leper's banishment—  
Awful week in silence spent.

O the memories that rise  
To the dying Miriam's eyes!

Memories of the lady grand  
Pointing with her jewelled hand  
To the little floating chest,  
Wherein was the baby blest  
Whom while fondly she caressed  
Homeward Miriam ran—'to thee  
Mother joy! God's finger see,  
You are baby's nurse to be!'

O the memories that rise  
To the dying Miriam's eyes!

By the silent prophetess  
Moses bent for last caress.  
'I am Moses, sister mine,  
Said he—looked for parting sign.

‘ Moses ! ’ cried she—‘ O the joy !  
Princess wept to see him weep :  
Mother we shall darling keep :  
I will help to nurse the boy ! ’

Miriam in her gladness clapped  
Hands as if a timbrel—wept  
Happy tears—all silence kept  
Till death’s peace was round her wrapt.

Thus at Kadesh Miriam died,  
Moses weeping at her side !

*CALEB'S EPITAPH.*

HERO of faith amid a faithless race :  
 With zeal instinctive, instant to obey  
 God's voice, and e'en when years had worn to gray :  
 Whose cheerfulness serene no chance could chase :  
 Who in old age, young to his latest day,  
 Planned, plunged in fight as boyhood into play,  
 While died the foe before him in dismay :  
 And then in Canaan for bright hoar-haired space  
 Who rested in his promised, vanquished place,  
 Till, earth death-dimmed, he saw the Unveiled  
     Face,  
 Passed to the Canaan ne'er to pass away !

*JABEZ.*

(1 CHRON. iv. 9, 10.)

LONG-silent Jabez, speak to us !

Thy tale of life unfold !

When didst thou live ? Did Joshua's eyes

Thy battle-strokes behold ?

Was it in Israel's Iron Age

Thou liv'dst thy life of gold ?

Did never father ope his arms

To fold thee to his breast ?

Did mother break in widow-tears

When first she thee caressed ?

And fatherless, didst thou the more

In the great Father rest ?

Speak to us—be thou more than name,

Tell all thou hast to tell,

What sorrows thou didst overcome,  
What enemies didst quell,  
And how heaven quenched within thy heart  
The kindling sparks of hell.

No answer comes. His history  
Is still in cloud concealed :  
We see it not in happy home,  
Or on the battle-field,  
But through the cloud a character  
Far-shining is revealed.

'Tis in his soul he lives to us,  
'Tis in his mighty prayer,  
And, as we hear its cry, behold  
The saint, the hero there,  
Who saw in sin his only grief,  
And cast on God his care !

We know no more : it is enough  
If this we truly know :  
O be it ours like him to find  
In sin our only woe :  
And passing leave like his a name  
To speak for God below !

*GIDEON'S FLEECE*

WHAT knows the farmer from the farm  
Of spear and sword and bow?  
All unaccustomed is his arm  
To strike the battle-blow.

He craved an unambiguous sign  
That what he did was right ;  
One hand alone, the Hand Divine,  
Can gird him for the fight.

A sign was given : white fleece of wool  
Out in the night he laid :  
At morn (all dry around) 'twas full  
Of water, as he'd prayed.

But that was not enough : again  
Was heard his testing cry :—  
All round the dew lay thick as rain,  
The fleece alone was dry.

God condescended thus to show  
His child that He was near ;  
He had an Eye for Gideon's woe,  
And for his cry an Ear.

No prayer is wrong if heart be right,  
The heart itself a prayer ;  
The word may stray, 'tis into light,  
And victory waits it there.

Wherever God commands He goes,  
With Him from trouble cease,  
And if to thee no sign He shows,  
Remember Gideon's fleece !

*THE HIDDEN PROPHET'S DREAM.*

(1 KINGS xviii. 4.)

'O HEAR my dream,' a prophet said ;  
A cavern's roof was o'er his head,  
Which, though 'twas noon, calm twilight shed  
    On half a hundred men.

Each voice was stilled, each eye was turned  
Towards the dreamer dim-discerned,  
For something may from dreams be learned  
    Though dreamt within a den.

The prophet said, 'A school I saw  
Where scholars learnt the holy law,  
And sang, in songs with joyful awe,  
    The glory of the Lord.

' Then forth they went to teach—a crowd !  
When, lo ! the heavens became a cloud,  
And broke from out the gloom a proud  
Form, grasping cruel sword.

' It had a woman's face ; no fear  
Could ever in such eyes appear,—  
Eyes never softened by a tear,  
Lips resolute with hate.

' It strode across the world, one sweep  
Of that stern sword in bloody heap  
The scholars laid, like cattle cheap  
Butchered for feast of state.

' It vanished saying, " All are dead."  
Then, through the broken cloud, was shed  
A ray down which with crownless head  
Beamed angel calm and bright.

' Bread in one shining hand he bore,  
And in the other, running o'er  
With water from no human shore  
Or fount, a cup of light.

‘ He whispered to the pilèd dead ;  
Some of the many raised their head,  
And soon, all ling’ring horror fled,  
    They stood on tottering feet.

‘ He took them on his mighty wings,  
A hundred men like one, and brings  
Them to a woodland realm that rings  
    With echoing voices sweet.

‘ Deep in its bosky depth he stayed,  
Through intertwining branches made  
A path, and lo ! a sheltered shade  
    In grotto calm and cool.

‘ Then said, “ For wider work prepare  
Ye children of the Eternal Care,  
And here in holy thought and prayer  
    Be scholars still at school.”

‘ That was the dream. O father, tell  
Was not that fierce form Jezebel,  
With eyes as pitiless as hell  
    With horror-crimsoned sword ?

‘And is it only fancy vain  
That should be banished from the brain,  
To see in Ahab’s chamberlain  
That angel of the Lord?’

‘My son,’ the prophet old returned,  
‘You have Jehovah’s truth discerned ;  
It was a dream from Him ; be learned  
By us its lesson well.

‘This lesson you may clearly read—  
That men may angels be indeed,  
To succour in their sorest need  
Jehovah’s Israël.’

*KING ELIJAH.*

KING Ahab is detected ! quails  
Before the unquailing eyes ;  
What the convicted monarch ails ?  
Blood on each vine-leaf lies !

Like an incarnate conscience there  
The sudden prophet ! Boom  
The appalling verdicts that declare  
Inevitable doom.

Who there is king ? What need to say  
All hearts one answer bring ;  
Elijah's was the crown that day,  
The king was not the king !

*THE HEBREW MAID.*

‘HARK ! hark ! his chariot !’ All the house  
Was crowding to the door.  
How comes the husband—master—back,  
The anxious journey o’er ?  
Is he for all his toil and hope  
A leper as before ?

The horses tossed their happy heads,  
The news the soldiers smiled,  
The captain from the chariot leaped  
No more a man defiled,  
His flesh as new and healthy-clear  
As that of little child.

O great the woman’s joy who long  
For this sweet end had prayed,

Each eager servant gathered round  
In gladness was arrayed,  
But gladdest of them all, I ween,  
The little Hebrew maid !

*THE SONS OF RECHAB.*

(JER. xxxv.)

‘AWAY from the corrupting towns,  
 My children, ye must dwell :  
 Your only house the tent, your drink  
 Pure water from the well.  
 Ye bear the name of Rechab—pass  
 The name unsullied down—  
 A pilgrim heart your heritage,  
 And purity your crown.’

They promise made, and it was kept  
 By all the Kenite clan,  
 Year after year among them ne’er  
 Was known a drunken man ;  
 And when the years in centuries  
 Away had slowly crept,  
 By every one in every tent  
 The promise had been kept.

Three centuries rolled ; then came a day  
Their souls to sharply try :  
'Drink of the wine !' the prophet said ;  
Firm 'No !' was their reply.  
They from the Temple cloisters went—  
All honour with them go !  
Brave men who, to the inviting cup,  
Knew how to answer 'No !'

With commendation, soon again  
The prophet to them came,  
Their filial faithfulness had put  
The faithless Jews to shame ;  
And Jonadab, good Rechab's son,  
Should never lack a man  
From earthly service of the Lord  
While temporal ages ran.

Still, far amid Arabian sands  
The sons of Rechab roam,  
With water as their sinless drink,  
The tent their only home,  
And as they tell the tale of him  
With whom their fame began,  
They know their father's race shall ne'er  
Cease from the race of man.

*EBED MELECH.*

‘ No prophet ! Traitor ! let him die ! ’

Like voice of cruel blast

Against the faithful Jeremy

The princes raised insistent cry :

He in the pit was cast.

‘ No need of prophets ! let him die ! ’

The unprincely princes said.

They loved to hear the flatterer’s lie,

They hated faithful Jeremy,

They longed to know him dead.

A voice—deliverance in its tone—

Cried down into the gloom ;

The prophet knew his need was known,

O rescuing hands that sought his own

And saved him from the tomb !

And who that saved him? Not a man  
Of all the chosen tribes,  
But one of race 'neath ancient ban,  
'Twas swarthy, friendly African  
Shamed Levites, priests, and scribes.

O Ebed Melech ! go thy way  
Until thy sheltered end ;  
Thy pious name shall ne'er decay,  
Remembered to Time's latest day  
As the sad prophet's friend.

*GASHMU.*

(NEH. vi. 6.)

ARAB Gashmu with his wise,  
Keen, inevitable eyes,  
Viewed the wall—with him to view it  
Was the same as seeing through it!

Arab Gashmu walked as one  
Who was up before the sun,  
And would still be duty breasting  
When the sun had long been resting.

Arab Gashmu none could nay  
Say to him when said his say,  
'Twas of such conclusive stuff;  
'Gashmu says it' was enough.

'Gashmu says it!' sped the news  
From the Arabs to the Jews,  
And through all its journey's length  
'Gashmu says it' was its strength.

But one day (the wisest slip)  
Gashmu lent a slander lip,  
Wished to see his lie come true  
To the damage of the Jew.

Gashmu's wisdom all is dead,  
Not the folly that he said,  
All his true words fled away,  
His one lie's alive to-day :

Written in a solemn nook  
Of God's universal book.  
English Gashmu, timely wise,  
Read it with repentant eyes !

*THE NEIGHBOUR.*

ROBBED, naked, wounded, shall I let him lie ?  
There goes a Levite who has passed him by :  
But shall I, dare I, leave him here to die ?

He is God's creature though with Jewish face !  
One blood is current in the human race :  
And shall I pass him by in silence base ?

His wounds to cleanse, I have a skin of wine ;  
A cruse of oil to ease their smart is mine ;  
And shall I leave him here in pain to pine ?

But faints the light ; my business bids me speed ;  
If linger I, where bleeds he I may bleed ;  
A Jew ! and shall I now con o'er my creed ?

Were I as he, how should I like to lie  
And know each near become averted eye?  
He is a *man*! I cannot pass him by—  
Not I—not I!

*THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.*

“Two went to pray? or rather say,  
One went to brag, the other to pray.”

*Crashaw.*

Two men went through the Temple gate  
Upon God's day :  
One went to praise—to praise himself,  
And one to pray.

One proudly told to God his pride,  
His deeds of good :  
One, as a sinner, mercy begged,  
And far off stood.

One had a haughty heart that spoke  
In boastful note :  
And one, as if at seat of sin,  
His bosom smote !

One to the Temple only came,  
    One came to God :  
One heart went empty home, and one  
    As God's abode !

*MARTHA AND MARY.*

Busy Martha made her moan,  
'I am left to serve alone.'  
Stuck she to it like a text,  
With her sister Mary vexed.

Mary sat at Jesus' feet,  
Drinking in His sayings sweet,  
Hearing, hearing not, the moan,  
'I am left to serve alone.'

Mary served the Lord as well,  
Hearing what He had to tell ;  
Servants both of Jesus they,  
Servants in a different way.

May we too His servants be !  
Gladly in us may He see  
Choosers of the better part,  
Martha's hands with Mary's heart.

*THE LAD WITH THE FIVE LOAVES.*

O WONDERS, wonders, that to-day I've seen !  
What money I have got ! my basket see  
Is emptied : mother, guess with whom I've been !  
Another day like this can never be !

I'll tell you all about it. When I went  
I had my basket full, you know, of bread  
And fish. What crowds were to the city bent !  
Never were more, some white-haired people said.

I pressed among them, crying ' Who will buy  
Bread, bread and fish ? ' and many bought until  
I saw another crowd against the sky,  
And heard a prophet preaching from the hill.

All eyes were on Him ! Such a face He had  
(I climbed up near Him), and such loving eyes,  
And yet I sometimes thought He looked so sad,  
And some wise men around said, ' Wise—how wise ! '

It was delightful on the grassy hill—  
 O mother, how I wished that you were there,—  
 The gentle breeze, the people all so still,  
 And the great Prophet's voice upon the air.

He seemed to look at me at every word ;  
 His voice was very clear and strong and sweet ;  
 Above His head there sung a happy bird ;  
 And happy people (crowds !) were round His feet.

All that He said I could not understand :  
 He said, ' I'll give you rest ! ' I felt He could ;  
 I wish that He would take me by the hand,  
 And then I know I should be always good.

How long He spoke, and yet how short it seemed !  
 I looked, it was the tenth hour by the sun :  
 How strange it was ! I almost thought I dreamed :  
 How sweet it was ! I wished it never done.

Nor was it done. For—well I watched Him—  
 when

He rested, to some friends around He spoke ;  
 Sometime they were a-talking with Him, then  
 He cried aloud to all the wondering folk

‘Stay—stay—be seated ; you shall all be fed !’  
 And at that very moment came a man  
 To me, and said, ‘We want your fish and bread !’  
 I with him went, my heart within me ran.

He kindly kept his hand upon my arm  
 To help me through the crowd. And what a look  
 That prophet gave me ! I had no alarm :  
 He seemed all love. His friend my basket took.

His gentle hand He placed upon my head,  
 And when He’d blessed me, took the loaves and  
 fish,

Then to a stern man standing near Him said,  
 ‘Give him a shekel !’ It was not my wish.

When the stern man had turned me round—away  
 From the good prophet Jesus—that’s His name,  
 ‘They are not worth a shekel,’ he did say,  
 ‘Here take a bekah<sup>1</sup>—that’s more than your claim.

Now quick go home : God bless you !’ But I  
 stayed.

The people sat upon the grass in ranks ;  
 I sat among them. Then the Prophet prayed,  
 And, breaking in His hands the loaves, gave thanks.

<sup>1</sup> Half a shekel.

And then His friends with fish and bread went  
round

And broke a piece of each to every one :  
Oh there were thousands seated on the ground !  
And by and by the miracle was done.

Oh, what a miracle ! for, mother, there  
Were thousands upon thousands to be fed :  
And all—men, women, children—had their share,  
A piece of fish and a large piece of bread.

O mother, I did wish that you were there !  
All were so happy, and I'm sure that I  
Felt like the little bird that, in the air,  
Was singing, singing up into the sky.

Now count the money, mother ! When I'm grown  
A man I too will His disciple be :  
But I'll not leave you, mother, here alone ;  
No, no ! you'll have to go along with me !

*MARY'S GIFT.*

It was her best, and yet how poor  
That cruse of spikenard sweet and rare !  
She entered festive Simon's door  
With trembling, though familiar there.

What could she give to Him whose call  
Had brought her brother back from death ?  
It was her best, but poor and small  
For Him, the Lord of pulse and breath !

He took the fragrant gift : a wreath  
Of praise He twined about her name.  
It lit for Him the cave of Death :  
'Against my burial she came !'

*THE LOST SAPPHIRE.*

HER name? Look at her heavenly eyes!

Her name shall 'Sapphire' be!

He held his babe on happy arm,

And crooned in peaceful glee

The name of Sapphire o'er and o'er,

Like haunting melody.

He lived to mourn his Sapphire lost:

Oh, the tempestuous day,

When swift from holy Peter's feet

They bore the dead away!

*Sapphira!* And in many hearts

Were thoughts no words could say!

HYMNS.



*ALL FULNESS IN CHRIST.*

Dost thou bow beneath the burthen  
Of a crushing care ?  
Bring it to the feet of Jesus—  
Lay it there.

What thy need ? He can supply it !  
Longing ? He can grant !  
In Him is exhaustless fulness  
For each want.

Was there ever one that sought Him  
Yet to be denied ?  
Hope has in His gracious presence  
Never died.

Who has ever found Him faithless?  
Who has found Him weak?  
Multitudes His mighty praises  
Joyful speak.

Aged men and blooming maidens,  
Young men, children sweet,  
Lay their crowns of adoration  
At His feet.

*PROVE ME NOW!*

PROVE Him ! An Almighty Saviour  
 Is the Saviour still ;  
 Prove that He can save you fully—  
 Can and will.

Prove Him ! He will be eternal  
 And unchanging Friend,  
 With a love that never knoweth  
 Bound or end.

Boundless is His love as ocean,  
 Wide as heaven's own roof,  
 Put the riches of His mercy  
 To the proof.

Prove Him now—for now you need Him ;  
 Life is poor indeed  
 Lacking His great love that filleth  
 All our need.

Prove Him—'tis the noon of mercy ;  
    'Tis the Saviour's day ;  
Make it yours, nor let it sadly  
    Die away.

Prove Him—with your sin and sorrow  
    Come : He longs to give  
All the bliss that in a human  
    Heart can live.

Heaven within you, heaven above you,  
    If you come are yours,—  
Peace and glorious life that ever-  
    More endures !

*THE CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL.*

THOU one Consoler ! only Thou  
Canst heal the inner smart :  
Divine art Thou, yet in Thy breast  
There beats a human heart.

Thy hands have toiled ; Thy feet have trod  
The paths we daily tread ;  
And Thy fond eyes kept company  
With those that mourned their dead.

Oppressed by thirst and weariness,  
Thou sat'st by Jacob's well ;  
And 'gainst Thee often roared the rage—  
The baffled rage of hell.

Forsaken and betrayed of man,  
Forsaken of Thy God,  
There never bowed another soul  
Beneath such awful rod.

Beyond whatever we can know  
Thy human heart has known ;  
And now, though on the throne of God  
Thou'rt Man upon the throne.

Thou one Consoler ! heal us all  
Whate'er the inner smart,  
And wake the harp of gratitude  
Within the mourner's heart.

*NOAH'S DOVE.*

ON shoreless waves the shielding Ark  
 Lilted a drownèd world above,  
 And, in its happy shelter dark,  
 Soft-cooed and slept the chosen dove.  
 In Thee, O Christ, I fold my wing,  
 And sing, or sleeping dream I sing.

Sent forth, she searched the heaving grave  
 In vain for leaf or spire of land,  
 And soon, heart full, wing-weary, gave  
 Herself into the Patriarch's hand.  
 The world's a homeless sea, and rest  
 Is found but Jesus in Thy breast.

The leaf pacific in her beak  
 Declared lost earth to man restored ;

Then loudest voice of praise was weak  
To tell man's gladness to the Lord !  
What bliss to find the lost ! and this,  
O Saviour, is Thy greatest bliss !

New earth and bright, and virgin day !  
The dove with happy pinion flew  
O'er the scant race that knelt to pray  
And praise, 'neath the Armenian blue.  
In the new earth that is to be,  
Lord, grant a nest and song to me !

*THE GOD OF TRUTH.*

O GOD of Truth ! to trust  
Thy mighty word, and find  
A refuge in Thy faithfulness  
From dark and troubled mind.

Upon Thy word the earth  
And all the spheres depend :  
Thy word is truth, and trusting it,  
We're safe unto the end.

The darkness and the light  
Are both alike to Thee :  
And Thou canst see the way we tread  
Although we cannot see.

Thou art the God of truth !  
Thou art the God of love !  
And, e'en by paths we wonder at,  
Art leading us above !

*THE YOUNG RULER.*

THE rich young ruler went of old  
    Away into the night,  
Like adamantine chains his gold  
    Enwound him in its might;  
He wept to leave, yet chose to lose  
    The everlasting light.

Lord, ope our eyes that we may see  
    All cherished idols vain !  
That, as we daily follow Thee,  
    Loss blossoms into gain !  
And that our happy souls at length  
    Shall share Thine endless reign !

*THE FATHER'S LOVE.*

WHAT can make a Father's  
Heart within him burn,  
What can make him merry,  
Like a child's return?

King ! Thou art our Father :  
For our love dost yearn ;  
We, Thy wandered children,  
Now to Thee return.

From our love, oh something  
Of Thy love to learn !  
In our drop, Thy ocean  
Help us to discern !

Father ! may we never  
Thy affection spurn ;  
But our lives in all things  
Love for love return.

*THE ONE SONG.*

THERE is one song alone to last  
 From cradle to the solemn bier,  
 That's solace in the loudest blast,  
 And sweetest when death's drawing near.

'TIS sung by childhood, and the lips  
 Of age, by peasants and by kings,  
 In cities, and on lonely ships,  
 And with it e'en the desert rings.

The song of how to save the lost  
 The Shepherd put His glory by.  
 To seek them—floods of sorrows crossed ;  
 To find them—even dared to die.

O love that never can be told !  
 Around the world the tidings tell,  
 Till, as one flock and in one fold,  
 All with the gracious Shepherd dwell !

*THE WINTRY BOSOM.*

HEART, O heart, why bowed in sadness,  
Covered with the winter snow ?  
Be a garden wherein blow  
Flowers, and sing the birds of gladness.

Summer should be bosom's weather.  
Jesus ! Thou art summer's King ;  
Come into my heart, and bring  
Songs, that we may sing together.

Come with many a holy blossom ;  
Come with many a heavenly strain ;  
'Then, through all life's year, shall reign  
Summer in this wintry bosom !

*CHRIST OUR CANAAN.*

LET us pass the border mountain !  
Why for ever here to roam ?  
Near the land of field and fountain,  
Near the never-entered home ?

Why be longer pilgrims dreary  
When sweet rest is near at hand ?  
Jesus calls to Him the weary ;  
Is not He the Promised Land ?

Jesus, Thou our Canaan glorious !  
Make us with Thy fulness blest :  
Over every foe victorious,  
And embosomed in Thy rest !

*JESUS—PEARL OF NAMES.*

SWEETER than the honey's home,  
Than the golden-dropping comb,  
Jesus, is Thy name to me—  
Sweetest of all names that be.

Fonder than the mated dove,  
Fonder than all human love ;  
Jesus, Thou to me art fond  
Every other friend beyond.

Dearer than the pearl of health,  
Dearer than home's living wealth,  
Than sweet freedom, richest pelf,  
Dearer than dear life itself.

Name of names—to sinners given,  
Like the open door of heaven,  
Showing to all souls that roam  
There is room for them at home.

Name which breaks the journey long  
With the meaning of its song ;  
Bliss without or end or bound,  
Hell o'ercome, salvation crowned !

*GRACE FOR GRACE.*

O THE grace that dwells in Thee,  
 Saviour, to abide in me !  
 Mine to thine an answer be !

Grace for grace.

Thou wouldst have Thy children show  
 Something of Thy life below,  
 So that all of Thee may know :

Grace for grace.

Saviour, lowly Thou and meek,  
 Teach me how with men to speak,  
 And prevail by love though weak :

Grace for grace.

O the peace that in Thy breast  
 Dwells as in its native nest,  
 With that peace may I be blest !

Grace for grace.

Let my spirit patient be,  
Firm, though friends and sunshine flee,  
And thus answer, Lord, to Thee,  
Grace for grace.

Let Thy holiness be mine !  
To Thy will my will incline ;  
May my thoughts be only Thine :  
Grace for grace.

Strength and gladness are Thine own ;  
Thou art Bridegroom on the Throne ;  
Make in me Thy gladness known :  
Grace for grace.

Grace for grace ! O thus to be,  
Ever liker, Lord, to Thee,  
So in me Thine eye may see  
Grace for grace !

*FAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.*

O SAVIOUR, at Thy mighty word  
The Jewish child awoke ;  
The rose bloomed back into her cheek,  
And sweet the voice that spoke.

To others dead, to Thee she slept,  
She heard Thy call, 'Arise !'  
And never was a dawn so fair,  
As from her opening eyes !

Lord, speak to every soul that lives,  
And yet is dead to Thee,  
That it may wake to rightcousness,  
And Thy salvation see.

*EASTER HYMN.*

THE garments of the grave are left  
 Within the grave to-day,  
 And Death is gloriously bereft  
 Of his imagined prey.

Christ is risen ;  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

O mortals, come and see the place  
 Where the great Victor lay,  
 Whence rose He, clad in shining grace,  
 Ere morning's earliest ray.

Christ is risen ;  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

The cerements of death behold,  
 Neat-folded where He lay ;

He paused the needless garb to fold,  
For He was clothed with day.

Christ is risen ;

Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

The soldiers watched around the grave,  
But what to Him were they ?

They fell, of panic fear the slave,  
As went He on His way.

Christ is risen ;

Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

He rose that we from sin might rise  
And His commands obey,

And reach through death the blessèd skies  
That He has oped to-day.

Christ is risen ;

Christ the Lord is risen to-day !

*NOT A THING INCREDIBLE.*

OH, when the flowers innumerable rise,  
 From out their wintry tomb,  
 And the wide dearth of Nature dies  
 In resurrection bloom,  
 This music out of bird and bell  
 Is on the silence shed—  
 ‘’Tis not a thing incredible  
 That God should raise the dead !’

The winter of the grave shall break,  
 The buried nations rise,  
 And, on the wings of song, forsake  
 Their silence for the skies ;  
 The Resurrection’s lagging hour  
 Shall touch at length the tomb,  
 And, like a sudden-springing flower,  
 Man from the dust shall bloom.

'Tis coming on, and as we wait  
Behold the Saviour stand,  
With key of Resurrection great  
And glorious in His hand !  
He charms the sorrow from the knell,  
He lifts the drooping head,  
With, ' Learn from me how credible  
That God should raise the dead !'

*EMMAUS.*

As walked the Saviour by the way,  
His words were sweet to hear ;  
He shed upon the Holy Book  
The light of morning clear ;  
And oft the friends their happy eyes  
Upon the Speaker turned,  
But knew Him not, although their hearts  
Within their bosom burned.

But when constrained by them He stayed  
That evening as their guest,  
And raised above the simple meal  
His piercèd hands and blest,  
Their eyes were opened, and they knew  
The Stranger at the board ;  
And as He straightway vanished thence,  
They cried, 'The Lord, the Lord !'

O Jesus, Master ! we this day  
Have listened to Thy Word,  
And yet how little have we deemed  
It was Thy voice we heard :  
Now break this bread, be now revealed,  
By Thee this wine be poured ;  
Nor vanish from us as our hearts  
Sing, ' 'Tis the Lord, the Lord !'

*THE ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER.*

HOLY Saviour, plead for me,  
 As I bend the lowly knee !  
 Advocate with God Thou art,  
 Take my prayer into Thy heart,  
                   Make it Thine,  
 Then acceptance shall be mine.

Plead Thy humble birth and years,  
 Hard with toil and wet with tears,  
 Patient, pure, without a flaw,  
 Holy as the Eternal Law,  
                   Jesus plead,  
 Then I shall be saved indeed.

Plead the appalling agony  
 Of the Garden and the Tree ;

Those unfathomed deeps of woe  
None but Thou might ever know !

Jesus pray  
By that prayer my sins away !

Risen Saviour ! I am bold :  
Ageless Thou, though Time is old :  
Mighty still though countless host  
Thou hast saved to heavenly coast :

Plead for me !  
Thou Thyself my only plea !

*THE SPIRIT'S STANDARD.*

STRONG Spirit help ! I cannot smite  
Into defeat the weakest foe  
Except Thou teach my hand to fight,  
And be my strength to strike the blow.

Without Thee none can victor be,  
My proudest power's a broken reed ;  
'Tis thou must win the fight in me,  
Then I shall victor be indeed.

O Spirit, come with succour swift !  
Like roaring flood the foes assail ;  
Thy standard now against them lift,  
And I shall over hell prevail.

*INVITATION TO FRAISE.*

YE who with my Lord agree,  
Come away and sing with me,  
Let us journey on together  
Through the bright and broken weather ;  
Song can cheer the night, and bring  
Heaven to earth awhile we sing.

At the Cross we learn to raise  
Voice and life in ceaseless praise ;  
Pilgrims to immortal song,  
Silence would the Saviour wrong :  
Praises with His grace agree,  
Come away and sing with me !

*THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

LET heart with heart, in sweet accord,  
Like harp with harp agree ;  
And grateful consecration, Lord,  
Unite us all to Thee.

One Saviour is our only plea ;  
And through these realms of night,  
Until in heaven His face we see  
His Spirit all our light.

All pilgrims in one path below  
To one fair home above,  
Be all our hearts, in joy and woe,  
Bound each to each in love.

O ere we cross the mortal stream,  
To be like saints beyond,  
Our hearts be one as one our theme,  
And Christ the living bond !

*THE LIVING TEMPLE.*

LORD, build in me Thy Temple fair  
Of purity!

And may its secret worship ne'er  
Be false to Thee!

For, Lord, the House which Thou alone canst  
build,

Should with the honesty of love be filled!

Lord, keep the Temple pure! Thy spirit give  
Of holiness!

So all my brood of thoughts to Thee may live,  
And Thee may bless.

O be He ever mine, or love will pine,  
And round Thine altar fouling serpents twine.

A Temple to the Lord my heart would be  
In toil, in rest ;  
Life pure, and dedicated all to Thee,  
O Spirit Blest !  
Filled everywhere with reverence, and the joys  
Which are the offspring of the still small voice !

*MISSIONARY HYMN.*

FROM north and south and east and west,  
When shall the peoples, long unblest,  
Seek, find their everlasting rest,  
O Christ, in Thee?

When shall the climes of ageless snow  
Be with the gospel light aglow ;  
And all their meagre nations flow,  
O Christ, to Thee?

When on each southern balmy coast,  
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,  
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,  
O Christ, in Thee?

O when in all the orient lands,  
From cities white and flaming sands,  
Shall each lift dedicated hands,  
O Christ, to Thee?

When in fair isles that pearl the main  
Idolatry for aye be slain,  
And vanquished each red-handed Cain,  
O Christ, to Thee ?

Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,  
The ages' diadem and flower,  
When all shall find their refuge, bower,  
And Home in Thee !

*AT LAYING THE FOUNDATION  
STONE OF A CHURCH.*

LORD, 'tis Thy blessing maketh rich,  
 Thy blessing, Lord, alone.  
 O grant it in the temple which  
 We rear upon this stone.  
 Then it shall truly Bethel be  
 As long as e'er it stands,  
 Where men Thy grace shall taste and see—  
 Thy House though made with hands.

From corner to the topmost stone  
 The builders, Lord, protect ;  
 And shield from dangers known, unknown,  
 The building they erect ;—  
 That soon Thy people gathered here,  
 In eucharistic bands,  
 May dedicate the house we rear—  
 Thy House though made with hands.

But this and every house at last  
Dissolved away must flee ;  
O when is heard the Judgment Blast  
And vanished earth and sea,  
To each of us through Christ be given  
To join the glorious bands,  
Who ever worship Thee in heaven,  
The House not made with hands.

*AT LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE  
OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

LORD, 'tis in vain the house to build  
Which is by Thee unblest,  
Whose rising strength Thou dost not shield,  
Which, crowned, is not Thy rest ;—  
O bless this work, and of this house  
Be builder, host, and guest.

We rear this house for those to be  
The fathers of our land :  
O may the future see in them  
A wise and holy band.  
Turn, mighty Saviour, on our youth  
Thy gracious-guiding hand !

The years are going, builders pass,  
But not the work of faith :

All flesh is as the flower of grass,  
But not the word God saith :  
And in all holy work His word  
Speaks, nor is hushed by death.

Thy blessing shed as ages roll,  
On all who gather here.  
Illumine the mind, and from the soul  
The night of evil clear,  
That scholars, teachers, all at last  
In glory may appear.

Accept our work through Christ who died ;  
In Him we make our boast :  
Nor let our gifts be spoiled by pride,  
For small they are at most.  
All praise to Thee, great Father, Son  
Divine, and Holy Ghost.

*FOR A BAZAAR.*

SKILL and beauty from Thee live.  
 Saviour ! 'tis Thy gifts we give  
 Back to Thee in love to-day ;  
 Take them graciously we pray.

Liberality art Thou :  
 Here Thy Spirit, Lord, be now !  
 May no sin Thy service wrong ;  
 Crown our toil, we crave, with song !

Take our gifts and take *us*, Lord !  
 May our wills with Thine accord !  
 May Thy grace in ours be known !  
 Lord, we bring Thee of Thine own !

*ANNIVERSARY OF A PROTRACTED  
MINISTRY.*

THE angels round the burning throne,  
O Lord, obey Thy will ;  
The angels of the churches too  
On earth Thy word fulfil :  
For, as in days of olden, men  
To men are preachers still.

Not Gabriel with the pinions swift,  
Not Michael with the sword,  
Proclaim to us the happy news  
Of Paradise restored,  
Of pardoned sin, of heavenly peace,  
Through Jesus Christ the Lord.

Thy way, O God, is in the sea,  
But 'tis a sea of grace :

We gaze upon Thy Son Divine,  
He has a human face ;  
And, 'tis through men Thou seek'st to draw  
All men to Thine embrace.

For the Apostles' company,  
And for the martyr throng,  
So strong to play the man for Thee  
Amid death's terrors strong,  
For these, O Lord, to Thee we raise  
The eucharistic song :—

And for the many-languaged host,  
The tidings glad who preach,  
Who seek for Thee, with tears and prayers,  
The souls of men to reach,  
And love to tell the love divine  
That fain would ransom each.

Upon them let Thy blessing fall  
Like showers upon the earth,  
That soon the barren field may be  
No more a place of dearth,  
But pleasant with the flowers of heaven,  
And clad with harvest's mirth.

As rain upon the new-mown grass,  
So let Thy grace descend  
Upon Thy aged servant here ;  
His message still befriend ;  
Renew his youth, and bless him now,  
And bless him to the end.

'Tis Thou, O Lord, alone canst bless ;  
We look, we cry, to Thee.  
May all who worship in this house  
Thy ransomed children be :  
And when this world has fled away  
In heaven Thy glory see.

*FAREWELL TO A PASTOR.*

GREAT Master, many come and go  
At Thy behest above, below,  
Thy word the angels heed, and man  
Cannot as they Thy purpose scan,  
Enough for him to do as they,  
And when Thou callest straight obey.

Here at Thy call Thy servant came  
To preach salvation through Thy name,  
To warn, to watch for souls, to plead  
With sinners careless of their need.  
For all his faithful work we raise,  
O Saviour, now the voice of praise.

Be with him still, and be Thy word,  
Through him, with fond attention heard :

'Mid scenes of labour far and new,  
Thy glory may he still pursue ;  
And find, though all around is strange,  
That Thou canst never know a change.

O be he for Thy service clad  
With holy strength and courage glad !  
O be he in Thy service blest,  
And crowned at last with heavenly rest,  
Where they that sow and they that reap  
Together endless Sabbath keep !

*AT THE BURIAL OF A PASTOR.*

A HEAVENLY voice is silenced here !  
O Lord, we cannot stay the tear,  
Though now he breathes triumphant breath  
In happy realms untrod by death.

Thy faithful messenger was he ;  
O Lord, may we as faithful be !  
For souls of men he toiled and yearned,  
And many to thy service turned.

As brightness of the starry dome,  
His glory in the heavenly home ;  
And crowned with immortality,  
Where sin and sorrow cannot be.

We joy, dear Saviour, that he there  
Of Thy own glory has a share ;  
And yet we cannot stay the tear :  
A heavenly voice is silenced here !

*FOR A MARRIAGE FEAST.*

BRIDEGROOM of the Heavenly Bride,  
At this marriage board preside !  
As to Cana's feast, to this  
Come, and bring unmingled bliss.

Bless the bridegroom and the bride,  
Be their constant guardian, guide ;  
And upon their blended way  
Make each day a marriage day.

At their daily board preside ;  
In their knitted hearts abide ;  
Be their home Thy home, and there  
Let Thy shining ones repair.

Hourly all their joys refine ;  
Turn earth's water into wine ;  
Lead them by Thy hand of love  
Safe unto the feast above.

Bridegroom of the Heavenly Bride,  
At this marriage board preside ;  
And when earthly joys have ceased  
May we keep heaven's endless feast.

*ON ENTERING A NEW HOUSE.*

COME to this house as in the days  
Of old to Mary's, Thou  
Didst go, and turn our prayer to praise :  
Come to us, Saviour, now.

Abide with us ! Oh may we rest  
Within Thy friendship sweet ;  
If not like John upon Thy breast,  
Like Mary at Thy feet.

Thy grace upon us here confer ;  
As to her home come thus ;  
Speak to us as Thou spak'st to her,  
And as of her, of us !

*CRADLE HYMN.*

CALM and pleasant be thy sleep,  
Happy, holy, be thy dreams ;  
Loving angels round thee keep  
    Watch, till morning beams.

Sleep, my child, the night away !  
Sleep, and then with gladness rise  
From thy cot to greet the day—  
    Daylight in thine eyes.

He that keepeth Israel keep  
Thee, my darling, day and night,  
Through the darkened hours of sleep,  
    Through the hours of light.

Keep thee till the shadows flee,  
And the better morning break,  
Till thine eyes the Saviour see  
    Safe in heaven awake.

*ON SUMMER WATERS.*

COME Thou who on the ancient sea  
Didst often fondly look,  
And read the wide and watery lea,  
As 'twere an open book ;  
Lord, touch our eyes with light, we crave  
To read the meanings of the wave.

Come ! there is calm where'er Thou art,  
No evil can alarm ;  
Heaven's music dwells within the heart  
That rests upon Thine arm.  
Come, Saviour, in our boat we pray,  
And Peace shall sing us on our way.

Between the winding shores of flowers,  
Beneath the shining noon,

Athrough the sweet excursive hours  
Till shows the pearly moon,  
O Lord, be with us ; Joy shall then  
Go forth with us and home again.

Oh come with us upon our way,  
From perils all preserve,  
And through these hours of holiday  
May Thee our gladness serve.  
Lord, hear us ! Come with us along,  
And be the sweetness of our song.

Oh ne'er forsake us ! Be our strength  
To grasp the constant oar  
Of duty till we touch at length  
The ever-blooming shore :  
Leave Time behind, and on Thy breast  
Be havened in eternal rest.

*ON A STORMY NIGHT.*

THE sea is in Thine awful hand,  
Its storms, O God, Thou canst command ;  
Calm now their rage, control their might,  
And save the souls at sea to-night.

We hear the storm, but from our roof  
Thou keepest peril far aloof :  
At sea—what gloom, the slippery deck,  
The cataract waves, the rock, the wreck !

The stormy winds Thy word fulfil ;  
Oh bid the stormy winds be still !  
Attend our prayer, O God of might,  
And save the souls at sea to-night.

For Jesus' sake, who walked the wave,  
And Peter drew from stormy grave ;  
Reveal, O God, Thy gracious might,  
And save, save all at sea to-night !

*BY THE GRAVE.*

IF the tears of nature flow,  
'Tis for us and not for him,  
Who has left all tears below,  
Who has learnt to bow and glow  
'Mid the glorious cherubim.

Parted, we shall meet again ;  
Meet upon the blissful shore,  
Where unfelt the throb of pain ;  
Where we evermore shall reign,  
Crowned with joy for evermore.

Joy is his, then peace be ours !  
Peace through Him who for us died !  
Death shall lead us to the bowers  
Of the everlasting flowers,  
Place us by our brother's side.

*FISHERMEN'S PRAYER.*

ABOUT, O Lord, to sail the sea,  
 Come, come with us on board,  
 Not lonely ocean, wide and free,  
 With Thee the ocean's Lord.

Thou oft of old in Peter's smack  
 Didst sail, with foam wast wet,  
 Didst ride upon the billows' back,  
 And fill with fish his net.

Didst 'mid the tempest calmly sleep,  
 'Twas harmless, Lord, to Thee ;  
 Didst walk as solid rock the deep,  
 And hush the stormy sea.

Thou art to-day as strong as then :  
 O Saviour, with us go :  
 The Lord of ocean as of men,  
 Thou wilt not answer No !

Succeed our toil : from dangers keep :  
    Preserve our friends ashore ;  
And bring us safely from the deep  
    Back to our homes once more.

Oh come with us ! with us abide !  
    Sail, Lord, with us the sea :  
There is no danger by Thy side,  
    And death is heaven with Thee.

*SABBATH AT SEA.*

THOU ocean's Lord ! afar from land  
 We still within Thy presence stand :  
 Now grant us grace to worship Thee,  
 And keep our Sabbath on the sea.

No church-bell sounds upon the air :  
 We journey to no house of prayer—  
 Amid the congregation great  
 Around Thy mercy-seat to wait.

What matters it ? There is no spot  
 Where mighty Saviour Thou art not :  
 Here may we all then aided be  
 To keep our Sabbath on the sea.

Be banished care ! be vanquished fear !  
 Our hearts into glad waters steer ;  
 So may they rest although we roam,  
 And on the deep be still at home.

O bless us, gracious Lord, we crave ;  
Thou oft didst sail the Hebrew wave ;—  
Sail with us now that, joyful, we  
May keep the Sabbath on the sea.

Be calm without and calm within,  
And all our worship clear from sin ;  
And as of Thee Thy servants hear,  
O Lord, to feel that Thou art near !

The sea is Thine as well as land ;  
We all within Thy presence stand :  
In Thy glad Spirit's light may we  
Find Glory's gate upon the sea !

*FOR SPRINGTIME.*

CREATOR of the ends of earth,  
Of winter's gloom and summer's mirth,  
Now in the music of Thy voice  
Spring's buds awake and birds rejoice.

We bless Thee for the fragrant flowers  
That star the woods and wreath the bowers ;  
How fair are they these children sweet  
That throng the pathway of Thy feet !

In narrow nest, in boundless blue,  
The birds Thy constant praise pursue ;  
Within Thy care they build their nest,  
And in Thy providence are blest.

O God of beauty ! shed Thy powers  
Into these wintry hearts of ours,  
That every thought, word, work, may be  
Like pure and perfect flower from Thee.

Our prayer—for Jesus' sake attend !  
Be with us to life's journey's end ;  
And grant, when past the mortal gloom,  
In heaven's own summer we may bloom.

*PRAYER FOR PRISONERS.*

ALAS, O God, that chains should bind  
 A creature born to roam  
 The earth, and where he will to find  
 A home.

O touch each veteran criminal  
 To tears and pure resolve :  
 And from his foul transgressions all  
 Absolve.

The young, instructed but to stray,  
 In tender mercy teach  
 The path of peace, the heavenly way  
 To reach.

Hearts hardened in despair, afar  
 From Thee that downward grope,  
 Pity, and cheer with blessèd star  
 Of Hope.

Men doomed to death befriend.    The chief  
    Of sinners grant to live.  
O Saviour of the dying Thief,  
                    Forgive.

Forgive for Thy great mercy sake  
    All prisoners, Lord, to-day,  
And every chain of darkness break  
                    Away!

*DEATH IN THE PALACE.*

DEATH enters in at royal house  
As well as meanest hut of clay,  
Takes the rich circlet from the brows  
And hides the humbled pomp away.

Eternal is Thy throne, O King  
Of kings! Thy power we now adore.  
Thy growing kingdom, Lord, we sing,  
To grow when Time shall be no more.

In tender mercy, King of grace,  
Console the mourner, cheer the sad,  
And with the gladness of Thy face  
Make once again this country glad

*GOD OF NATIONS, GUIDE US!*

God of nations, guide us !  
Through whate'er betide us  
                    Ever be our guide !  
From our country's story  
With proud ages hoary,  
Cease the warrior's glory,  
                    And the reign of pride.

Oh, to follow ever  
Thee, with firm endeavour,  
                    In Thine army's van !  
Ruling—as a mother ;  
Leading—as a brother ;  
Seeing in each other  
                    All of good we can !

God of nations, hearken !  
May Thine anger darken  
                    Ne'er against our isle !  
Be each evil righted,  
Heart to heart united,  
And our future lighted  
                    With Thy ceaseless smile !

The End.











