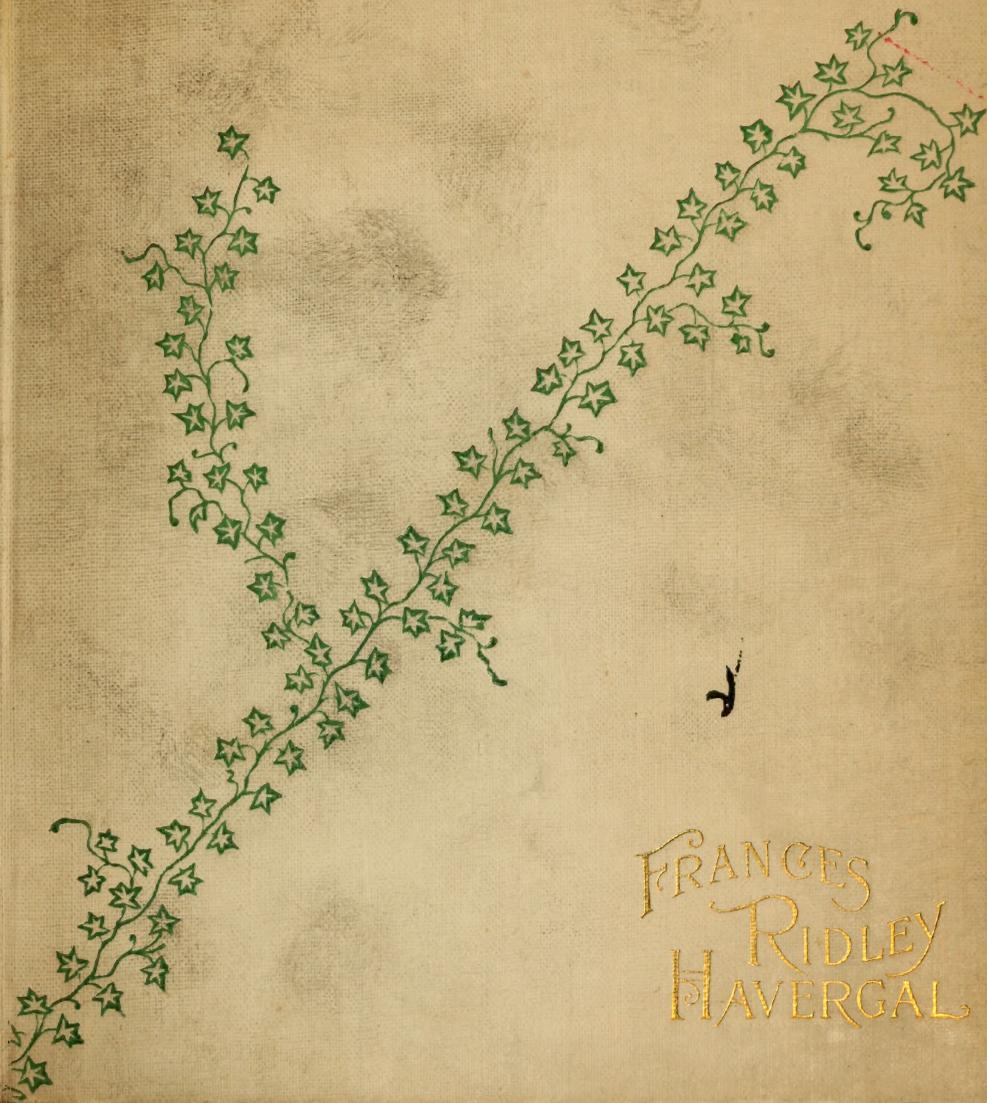


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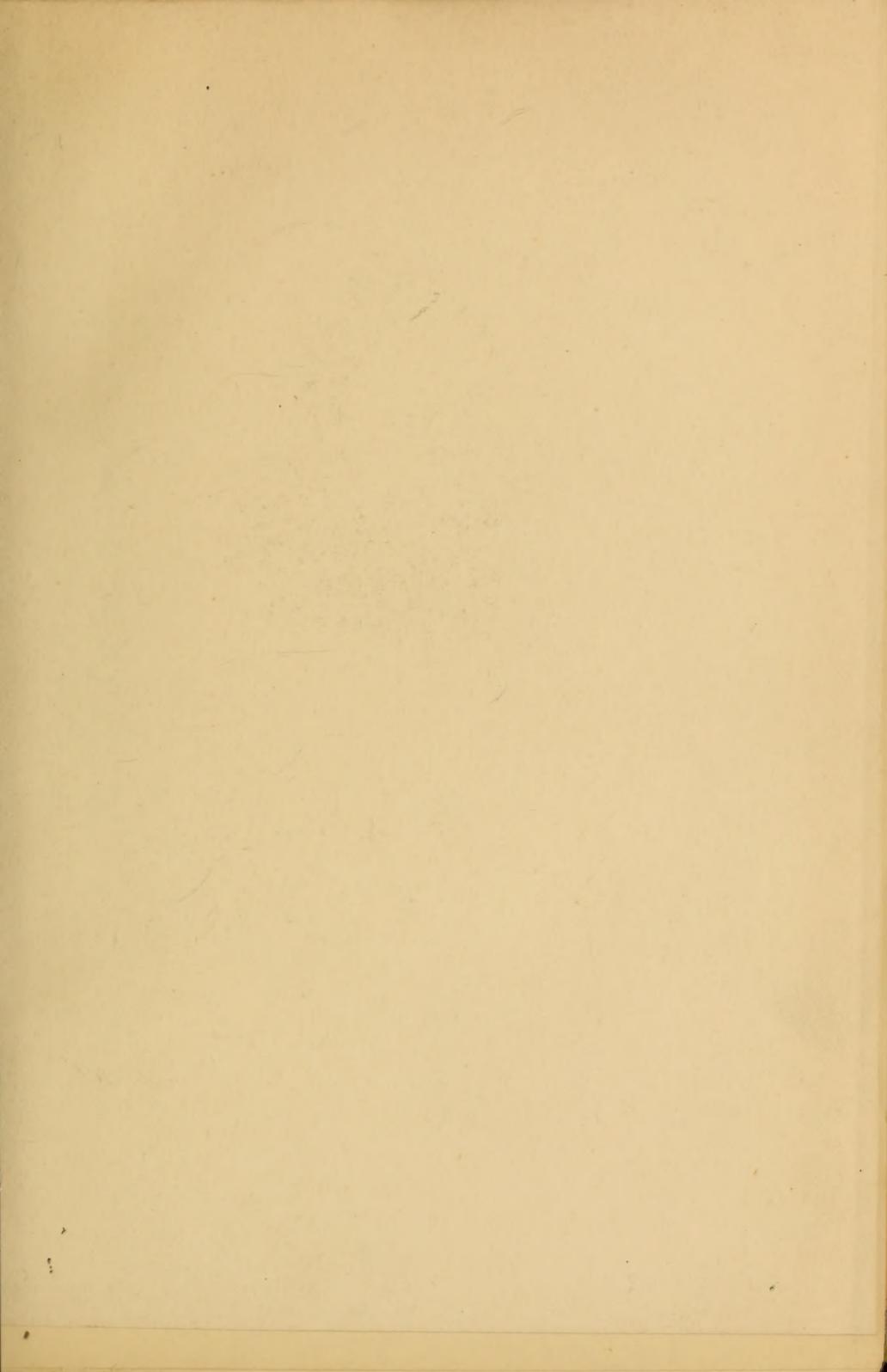






THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL







When thy days on earth are past,  
Christ will call thee home at last,  
His redeeming love to praise,  
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

---

Frances E. Avergal

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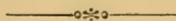


THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

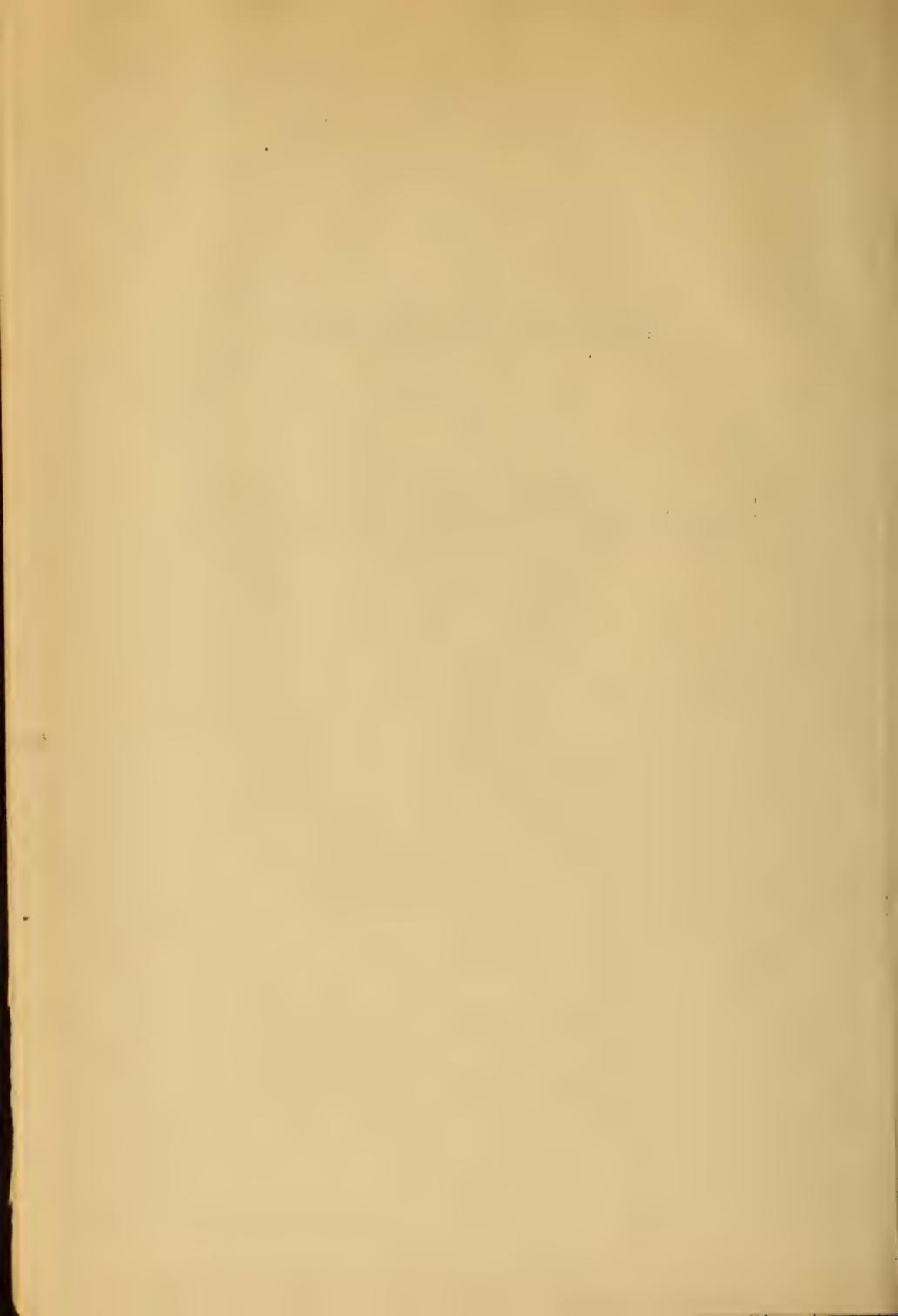


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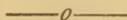
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## PREFATORY NOTE.



It is in answer to many requests that the various poems, hymns, and songs of Frances Ridley Havergal are comprised in this library edition. It will be obvious, there was some difficulty in selecting the order of their sequence. We doubt not that the dear author's own arrangement in 'Ministry of Song,' 'Under the Surface,' and 'Loyal Responses,' will be generally preferred, and consequently they remain intact. To group successfully poetic aspirations of such varied circumstances and ideas, ranging from the sweet simplicities of her songs for the little ones, to those higher soarings which seem to culminate in 'The Thoughts of God,' was indeed a problem. And it is due to my dear sister's memory to state distinctly that *she* never contemplated the publication of many impromptu verses, written to gratify young friends, or in the utterance of rapid imaginings. When F. R. H. was arranging a selection for the first illustrated volume, 'Life Mosaic,' she submitted her poems to her poet friend, the Rev. R. Wilton, earnestly soliciting him to prune away with unsparing keenness 'any of my weaker poems.' And we are aware that other poet critics would prefer only the finer chords to be lasting echoes of F. R. H.

But there are many, oh, so many, who lovingly treasure

even the spray of her pen, as well as the nobler waves of thought, and so we open and unseal all the manuscripts in her study drawers. For some of her simpler utterances seem to go at once to the heart of those in humbler life, and their intellect can better grasp such thoughts than the loftier flights of her imagination. By them it is not as a feast of intellect, but as heart cheer for home sorrows, that F. R. H.'s lowliest lays are prized.

The arrangement is subjective, not chronological. But in the Index will be found the dates and places of her poems; we are aware this is unusual, but it would seem as if her sunny presence and springing footsteps may thus still linger in our midst. It is with pleasure that I entrust to my dear niece, Frances Anna Shaw, the entire arrangement and revision of this complete and final edition. It was no slight labour to prepare the various dates and subdivide the numerous subjects into their present order. In shattered health, I thankfully accept my niece's skilful labour. And we would bring these pages with loyal loving hand to the very feet of F. R. H.'s Master and King, re-echoing words, which seem to float down from the golden heights where now my sister stands amid the upper choir, joining the service of high praise in the 'Eternal Land:'

'I have no words to bring  
Worthy of Thee, my King,  
And yet one anthem in Thy praise  
I long, I long to raise.'

'One anthem'? Have they not been countless? has not her silver refrain echoed and re-echoed till many an isolated and trembling one has taken up in a gathering and rejoicing chorus, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us

---

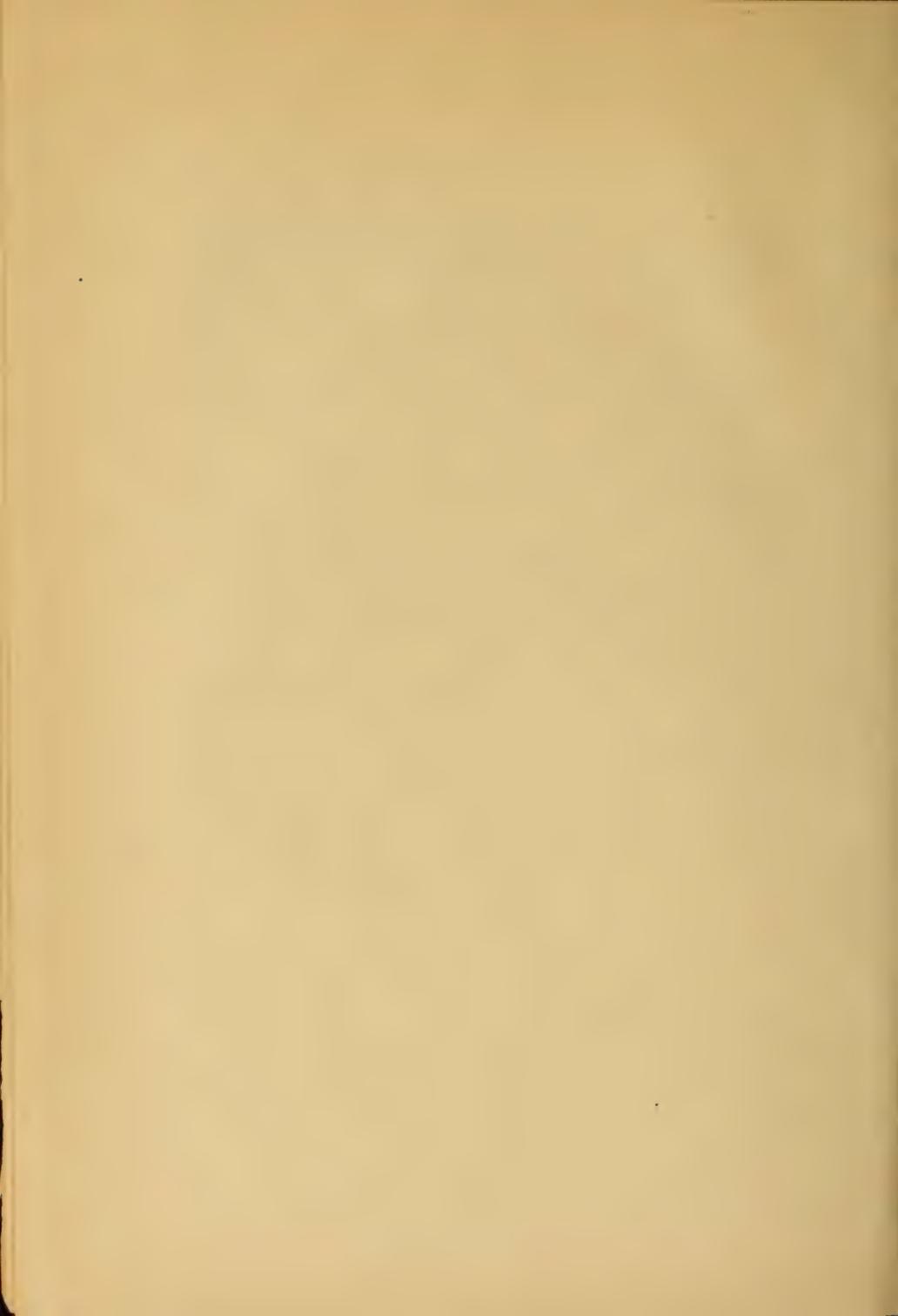
from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father ; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'

And does not F. R. H.'s earliest prelude become a fitting closing chord to her life and poems,—

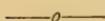
' Amid the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,  
Oh be my verse an answering gleam from higher radiance caught ;  
That when through dark o'erarching boughs of sorrow, doubt, and  
sin,

The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,  
Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision turn  
To that enkindling Light, for which all earthly shadows yearn.  
Oh be my verse a hidden stream, which silently may flow  
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys grow ;  
And often by its shady course to pilgrim hearts be brought  
The quiet and refreshment of an upward-pointing thought ;  
Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified endeavour,  
God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.'

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL



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„ 3. Table.	„ 14. Pole.
„ 4. Trunk.	„ 15. Ice.
„ 5. Sere, Seir, seer, sear(ed).	„ 16. Gas.
„ 6. Malice.	„ 17. Shadow.
„ 7. Scrape, crape, ape.	„ 18. Arch.
„ 8. Bacon.	„ 19. Melodies.
„ 9. Lava.	„ 20. A Riddle.
„ 10. Ball.	„ 21. Wheels.
„ 11. Box.	

## ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

No. 1. Cutlass.	No. 3. Carpet.
„ 2. Orion.	„ 4. Ivanhoe.

No. 5. Iceland.	No. 12. Sunday.
„ 6. Hemlock.	„ 13. Nightingale.
„ 7. Wordsworth.	„ 14. Bargain.
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*THE MINISTRY OF SONG.*

To my Father's Memory.

THE  
MINISTRY OF SONG.

---

Prelude.

AMID the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,  
Oh be my verse an answering gleam from higher radiance  
caught ;  
That where through dark o'erarching boughs' of sorrow,  
doubt, and sin,  
The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,  
Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision  
turn  
To that enkindling Light, for which all earthly shadows  
yearn.  
Oh be my verse a hidden stream, which silently may  
flow  
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys  
grow ;  
And often by its shady course to pilgrim hearts be  
brought  
The quiet and refreshment of an upward-pointing  
thought ;  
Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified  
endeavour,  
God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.

### The Ministry of Song.

IN God's great field of labour  
All work is not the same ;  
He hath a service for each one  
Who loves His holy name.  
And you, to whom the secrets  
Of all sweet sounds are known,  
Rise up ! for He hath called you  
To a mission of your own.  
And, rightly to fulfil it,  
His grace can make you strong,  
Who to your charge hath given  
The Ministry of Song.

Sing to the little children,  
And they will listen well ;  
Sing grand and holy music,  
For they can feel its spell.  
Tell them the tale of Jephthah ;  
Then sing them what he said,—  
'Deeper and deeper still,' and watch  
How the little cheek grows red,  
And the little breath comes quicker :  
They will ne'er forget the tale,  
Which the song has fastened surely,  
As with a golden nail.

I remember, late one evening,  
How the music stopped, for, hark !  
Charlie's nursery door was open,  
He was calling in the dark,—

' Oh no ! I am not frightened,  
And I do not want a light ;  
But I cannot sleep for thinking  
Of the song you sang last night.  
Something about a " valley,"  
And " make rough places plain,"  
And " Comfort ye ;" so beautiful !  
Oh, sing it me again !'

Sing at the cottage bedside ;  
They have no music there,  
And the voice of praise is silent  
After the voice of prayer.  
Sing of the gentle Saviour  
In the simplest hymns you know,  
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten  
As the soothing verses flow.  
Better than loudest plaudits  
The murmured thanks of such,  
For the King will stoop to crown them  
With His gracious ' Inasmuch.'

Sing, where the full-toned organ  
Resounds through aisle and nave,  
And the choral praise ascendeth  
In concord sweet and grave.  
Sing, where the village voices  
Fall harshly on your ear ;  
And, while more earnestly you join,  
Less discord you will hear.  
The noblest and the humblest  
Alike are ' common praise,'

And not for human ear alone  
The psalm and hymn we raise.

Sing in the deepening twilight,  
When the shadow of eve is nigh,  
And her purple and golden pinions  
Fold o'er the western sky.  
Sing in the silver silence,  
While the first moonbeams fall;  
So shall your power be greater  
Over the hearts of all.  
Sing till you bear them with you  
Into a holy calm,  
And the sacred tones have scattered  
Manna, and myrrh, and balm.

Sing! that your song may gladden ;  
Sing like the happy rills,  
Leaping in sparkling blessing  
Fresh from the breezy hills.  
Sing! that your song may silence  
The folly and the jest,  
And the 'idle word' be banished  
As an unwelcome guest.  
Sing! that your song may echo  
After the strain is past,  
A link of the love-wrought cable  
That holds some vessel fast.

Sing to the tired and anxious  
It is yours to fling a ray,

Passing indeed, but cheering,  
    Across the rugged way.  
Sing to God's holy servants,  
    Weary with loving toil,  
Spent with their faithful labour  
    On oft ungrateful soil.  
The chalice of your music  
    All reverently bear,  
For with the blessed angels  
    Such ministry you share.

When you long to bear the Message  
    Home to some troubled breast,  
Then sing with loving fervour,  
    'Come unto Him, and rest.'  
Or would you whisper comfort,  
    Where words bring no relief,  
Sing how 'He was despised,  
    Acquainted with our grief.'  
And, aided by His blessing,  
    The song may win its way  
Where speech had no admittance,  
    And change the night to day.

Sing, when His mighty mercies  
    And marvellous love you feel,  
And the deep joy of gratitude  
    Springs freshly as you kneel ;  
When words, like morning starlight,  
    Melt powerless,—rise and sing !  
And bring your sweetest music  
    To Him, your gracious King.

Pour out your song before Him  
 To whom our best is due ;  
 Remember, He who hears your prayer  
 Will hear your praises too.

Sing on in grateful gladness !  
 Rejoice in this good thing  
 Which the Lord thy God hath given thee,  
 The happy power to sing.  
 But yield to Him, the Sovereign,  
 To whom all gifts belong,  
 In fullest consecration,  
 Your Ministry of Song,  
 Until His mercy grant you  
 That resurrection voice,  
 Whose only ministry shall be,  
 To praise Him and rejoice.

### Our Hidden Leaves.

ON the hidden leaves of Life !  
 Closely folded in the heart ;  
 Leaves where Memory's golden finger,  
 Slowly pointing, loves to linger ;  
 Leaves that bid the old tears start.

Leaves where Hope would read the future,  
 Sibylline, and charged with fate :  
 Leaves which calm Submission closeth,  
 While her tearless eye reposeth  
 On the legend, 'Trust, and wait !'

---

Leaves which grave Experience ponders,  
Soundings for her pilot-charts ;  
Leaves which God Himself is storing,  
Records which we read, adoring  
Him who writes on human hearts.

All our own, our treasured secrets,  
Indestructible archives !  
None can copy, none can steal them,  
Death itself shall not reveal them,  
Sacred manuscripts of lives.

Some are filled with fairy pictures,  
Half imagined and half seen ;  
Radiant faces, fretted towers,  
Sunset colours, starry flowers,  
Wondrous arabesques between.

Some are traced with liquid sunbeams,  
Some with fire, and some with tears ;  
Some with crimson dyes are glowing,  
From a smitten life-rock flowing  
Through the wilderness of years.

Some are crossed with later writing,  
Palimpsests of earliest days ;  
Old remembrance faintly gleaming  
Through the thinking and the dreaming  
Outlines dim in noontide haze.

One lies open, all unwritten,  
To the glance of careless sight ;

Yet it bears a shining story,  
Traced in phosphorescent glory,  
Only legible by night.

One is dark with hieroglyphics  
Of some dynasty of grief :  
Only God, and just one other,  
Dearest friend, or truest brother,  
Ever read that hidden leaf.

Many a leaf is undeciphered,  
Writ in languages unknown ;  
O'er the strange inscription bending,  
(Every clue in darkness ending,)  
Finding no 'Rosetta Stone,'

Still we study, always failing !  
God can read it, we must wait ;  
Wait, until He teach the mystery,  
Then the wisdom-woven history  
Faith shall read, and Love translate

Leaflets now unpagged and scattered  
Time's great library receives ;  
When eternity shall bind them,  
Golden volumes we shall find them,  
God's light falling on the leaves.

## Threefold Praise.

HAYDN—MENDELSSOHN—HANDEL.

'We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.'

### PART I.

'We bless Thee for our creation.'

*Haydn's 'Creation.'*

WHAT is the first and simplest praise,  
 The universal debt,  
 Which yet the thoughtless heart of man  
 So quickly may forget ?  
 'We bless Thee for creation !'  
 So taught the noble band  
 Who left a sound and holy form,  
 For ages yet to stand,  
 Rich legacy of praise and prayer,  
 Laid up through ages past,  
 Strong witness for the truth of God :  
 Oh, may we hold it fast !

'We bless Thee for creation !'  
 So are we blithely taught  
 By Haydn's joyous spirit ;  
 Such was the praise he brought.  
 A praise all morning sunshine,  
 And sparklets of the spring,  
 O'er which the long life-shadows  
 No chastening softness fling.

A praise of early freshness,  
Of carol and of trill,  
Re-echoing all the music  
Of valley and of rill.

A praise that we are sharing  
With every singing breeze,  
With nightingales and linnets,  
With waterfalls and trees ;  
With anthems of the flowers  
Too delicate and sweet  
For all their fairy minstrelsy  
Our mortal ears to greet.

A mighty song of blessing  
Archangels too uplift,  
For their own bright existence,  
A grand and glorious gift.  
But such their full life-chalice,  
So sparkling and so pure,  
And such their vivid sense of joy  
Sweet, solid, and secure,  
We cannot write the harmonies  
To such a song of bliss,  
We only catch the melody,  
And sing, content with this.

We are but little children,  
And earth a broken toy ;  
We do not know the treasures  
In our Father's house of joy  
Thanksgivings for creation  
We ignorantly raise ;

---

We know not yet the thousandth part  
Of that for which we praise.

Yet, praise Him for creation !  
Nor cease the happy song,  
But this our Hallelujah  
Through all our life prolong ;  
'T will mingle with the chorus  
Before the heavenly throne,  
Where what it truly is TO BE  
Shall first be fully known.

## PART II.

' . . . preservation, and all the blessings of this life.'

*Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.'*

O FELIX ! happy in thy varied store  
Of harmonies undreamt before,  
How different was the gift  
Of praise 't was thine to pour,  
Whether in stately calm, or tempest strong and swift !

Mark the day,  
In mourning robe of grey,  
Of shrouded mountain and of storm-swept vale,  
And purple pall spread o'er the distance pale,  
While thunderous masses wildly drift  
In lurid gloom and grandeur : then a swift  
And dazzling ray bursts through a sudden rift ;  
The dark waves glitter as the storms subside,  
And all is light and glory at the eventide.

O sunlight of thanksgiving ! Who that knows  
 Its bright forth-breaking after dreariest days,  
     Would change the after-thought of woes  
     For memory's loveliest light that glows,  
 If so he must forego one note of that sweet praise ?

For not the song  
 Which knows no minor cadence, sad and long ;  
     And not the tide  
 Whose emerald and silver pride  
 Was never dashed in wild and writhing fray,  
 Where grim and giant rocks hurl back the spray ;  
     And not the crystal atmosphere,  
 That carves each outline sharp and clear  
 Upon a sapphire sky : not these, not these,  
 Nor aught existing but to charm and please,  
 Without acknowledging life's mystery,  
     And all the mighty reign  
     Of yearning and of pain  
 That fills its half-read history,  
     Fit music can supply  
     To lift the wandering heart on high  
 To that Preserving Love, which rules all change,  
 And gives ' all blessings of this life,' so dream-like and so  
     strange.

And his was praise  
 Deeper and truer, such as those may raise  
 Who know both shade and sunlight, and whose life  
     Hath learnt victorious strife  
     Of courage and of trust and hope still dear,  
 With passion and with grief, with danger and with fear.

---

Upriseth now a cry,  
Plaintive and piercing, to the brazen sky :  
    Help, Lord ! the harvest days are gone ;  
    Help, Lord ! for other help is none ;  
The infant children cry for bread,  
And no man breaketh it. The suckling's tongue for thirst  
    Now cleaveth to his mouth. Our land is cursed ;  
Our wasted Zion mourns, in vain her hands are spread.

    A mother's tale of grief,  
    Of sudden blight upon the chief,  
The *only* flower of love that cheered her widowed need :  
    O loneliest ! O desolate indeed !  
Were it not mockery to whisper here  
    A word of hope and cheer ?

    A mountain brow, an awe-struck crowd,  
    The prayer-sent flame, the prayer-sent cloud,  
A mighty faith, a more than kingly power,  
    Changed for depression's darkest hour,  
For one lone shadow in the desert sought,  
    A fainting frame, a spirit overwrought,  
A sense of labour vain, and strength all spent for nought.

    Death hovering near,  
    With visible terror-spear  
Of famine, or a murder-stained sword,  
A stricken land forsaken of her Lord ;  
    While bowed with doubled fear,  
    The faithful few appear ;  
O sorrows manifold outpoured !

Is blessing built upon such dark foundation ;  
 And can a temple rising from such woe,  
 Rising upon such mournful crypts below,  
 Be filled with light and joy and sounding adoration ?

O strange mosaic ! wondrously inlaid  
 Are all its depths of shade,  
 With beauteous stones of promise, marbles fair  
 Of trust and calm, and flashing brightly, there  
 The precious gems of praise are set, and shine  
 Resplendent with a light that almost seems Divine.

Thanks be to God !  
 The thirsty land He laveth,  
 The perishing He saveth ;  
 The floods lift up their voices,  
 The answering earth rejoices.  
 Thanks be to Him, and never-ending laud,  
 For this new token of His bounteous love,  
 Who reigns in might the waterfloods above :  
 The gathering waters rush along ;  
 And leaps the exultant shout, one cataract of song,  
 Thanks be to God !

Thus joyously we sing ;  
 Nor is this all the praise we bring.  
 We need not wait for earthquake, storm, and fire  
 To lift our praises higher ;  
 Nor wait for heaven-dawn ere we join the hymn  
 Of throne-surrounding cherubim ;  
 For even on earth their anthem hath begun,  
 To Him, the Mighty and the Holy One.

We know the still small Voice in many a word  
 Of guidance, and command, and promise heard ;  
 And, knowing it, we bow before His feet,  
 With love and awe the seraph-strain repeat,  
     Holy, Holy, Holy ! God the Lord !  
 His glory fills the earth, His name be all-adored.

O Lord, our Lord ! how excellent Thy name  
 Throughout this universal frame !  
     Therefore Thy children rest  
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,  
     A shelter safe and blest ;  
 And tune their often tremulous strings  
 Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,  
 The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally The Same.

## PART III.

' . . . but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of  
 the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Handel's 'Messiah.'*

HUSH ! for a master harp is tuned again,  
 In truest unison with choirs above,  
 For prelude to a loftier, sweeter strain,  
 The praise of God's inestimable love ;  
 Who sent redemption to a world of woe,  
 That all a Father's heart His banished ones might know.

Hush ! while on silvery wing of holiest song  
 Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace,  
 His coming, the Desire of Ages long,  
 To wear our chains, and win our glad release.

Our wondering joy, to hear such tidings blest,  
Is crowned with 'Come to Him, and He will give you  
rest.'

Rest, by His sorrow ! · Bruisèd for our sin,  
Behold the Lamb of God ! His death our life.  
Now lift your heads, ye gates ! He entereth in,  
Christ risen indeed, and Conqueror in the strife.  
Thanks, thanks to Him who won, and Him who gave  
Such victory of love, such triumph o'er the grave.

Hark ! 'Hallelujah !' O sublimest strain !  
Is it prophetic echo of the day  
When He, our Saviour and our King, shall reign,  
And all the earth shall own His righteous sway ?  
Lift heart and voice, and swell the mighty chords,  
While hallelujahs peal, to Him, the Lord of lords !

'Worthy of all adoration,  
Is the Lamb that once was slain,'  
Cry, in raptured exultation,  
His redeemed from every nation ;  
Angel myriads join the strain,  
Sounding from their sinless strings  
Glory to the King of kings :  
Harping, with their harps of gold,  
Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling  
Rise around His throne of might,  
All our highest laud excelling,  
Holy and immortal, dwelling  
In the unapproachèd light,

He is worthy to receive  
 All that heaven and earth can give ;  
 Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
 All are His by glorious right.

As the sound of many waters  
 Let the full Amen arise !  
 HALLELUJAH ! Ceasing never,  
 Sounding through the great FOR EVER,  
 Linking all its harmonies ;  
 Through eternities of bliss,  
 Lord, our rapture shall be this ;  
 And our endless life shall be  
 One AMEN of praise to Thee.

### Not Yet.

JOHN xiii. 7.

NOT yet thou knowest what I do,  
 O feeble child of earth,  
 Whose life is but to angel view  
 The morning of thy birth !  
 The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,  
 The wild bee's honey-cell,  
 Have lessons of My love and power  
 Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold  
 The little thou dost scan ;  
 And how much less canst thou unfold  
 My universal plan,

Where all thy mind can grasp of space  
Is but a grain of sand ;—  
The time thy boldest thought can trace,  
One ripple on the strand !

Not yet thou knowest what I do,  
In this wild, warring world,  
Whose prince doth still triumphant view  
Confusion's flag unfurled ;  
Nor how each proud and daring thought  
Is subject to My will,  
Each strong and secret purpose brought  
My counsel to fulfil.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid  
Each passing hour entwine  
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,  
In one great love-design ;  
Nor how I lead thee through the night,  
By many a various way,  
Still upward to unclouded light,  
And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do  
Within thine own weak breast,  
To mould thee to My image true,  
And fit thee for My rest.  
But yield thee to My loving skill ;  
The veiled work of grace,  
From day to day progressing still,  
It is not thine to trace.

---

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,  
Fast clinging to My hand ;  
Content to feel My love and might,  
Not yet to understand.  
A little while thy course pursue,  
Till grace to glory grow ;  
Then what I am, and what I do,  
Hereafter thou shalt know.

### Thanksgiving.

THANKS be to God ! to whom earth owes  
Sunshine and breeze,  
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,  
Streamlet and seas,  
The snowdrop and the summer rose,  
The many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals  
Night's starry dower ;  
And for the sable cloud that heals  
Each fevered flower ;  
And for the rushing storm that peals  
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might  
In music's tone ;  
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light  
Is all Thine own ;  
For thoughts that at the Infinite  
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow  
    In dewlike store ;  
Thanks for the mysteries that show  
    How small our lore ;  
Thanks that we here so little know,  
    And trust Thee all the more !

Thanks for the gladness that entwines  
    Our path below ;  
Each sunrise that incarnadines  
    The cold, still snow ;  
Thanks for the light of love which shines  
    With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief  
    Which none may flee ;  
For loved ones standing now around  
    The crystal sea ;  
And for the weariness of heart  
    Which only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessèd Word,  
    And Sabbath rest ;  
Thanks for the hope of glory stored  
    In mansions blest ;  
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured  
    Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,  
    Who died to win  
Our life, and every trophy rend  
    From Death and Sin ;

Till, when the thanks of Earth shall end,  
The thanks of Heaven begin.

NOTE.—It may be well to say, that these verses were in print before the writer either saw or heard of the beautiful little poem by Adelaide Proctor on the same theme.

### Life=Crystals.

THE world is full of crystals. Swift, or slow,  
Or dark, or bright their varying formation ;  
From pure calm heights of fair untrodden snow  
To fire-wrought depths of earliest creation.  
And life is full of crystals ; forming still  
In myriad-shaped results from good and seeming ill.

Yes ! forming everywhere ; in busiest street,  
In noisiest throng. Oh how it would astound us,  
The strange soul-chemistry of some we meet  
In slight and passing talk ! For all around us,  
Deep inner silence broods o'er gems to be.  
Now, in three visioned hearts trace out the work with me !

A heart that wonderingly received the flow  
Of marvels and of mysteries of being,  
Of sympathies and tensions, joy and woe ;  
Each earnestly from baser substance freeing :  
A great life-mixture, full, and deep, and strong :  
A sudden touch, and lo ! it crystallized in song.

Then forth it flashed among the souls of men  
Its own prismatic radiance, brightly sealing

A several rainbow for each several ken ;  
The secrets of the distant stars revealing ;  
Reflecting many a heart's clear rays unknown,  
And, freely shedding light, it analyzed their own.

A heart from which all joy had ebbed away,  
And grief poured in a flood of burning anguish,  
Then sealed the molten glow ; till, day by day,  
The fires without, within, begin to languish :  
Then ' afterward ' came coolness ; all was well,  
And from the broken crust a shining crystal fell.

A mourner found, and fastened on her breast  
The soft-hued gem, the prized by mourners only ;  
With sense of treasure gained she sought her rest,  
No longer wandering in the twilight lonely ;  
The sorrow-crystal glittering in the dark,  
While faith and hope shone out to greet its starry spark.

A heart where emptiness seemed emptier made  
By colourless remains of tasteless pleasure ;  
ONE came, and pitying the hollow shade,  
Poured in His own strong love in fullest measure ;  
Then shadowed it with silent falling night,  
And stilled it with the solemn Presence of His might.

A little while, then found the Master there  
Love-crystals, sparkling in the joyous morning ;  
He stooped to gaze, and smiled to own them fair,  
A treasured choice for His own rich adorning ;  
Then set them in His diadem above,  
To mingle evermore with His own light and love.

**Not your own.**

'Not your own!' but His ye are,  
Who hath paid a price untold  
For your life, exceeding far  
All earth's store of gems and gold.  
With the precious blood of Christ,  
Ransom treasure all unpriced,  
Full redemption is procured,  
Full salvation is assured.

'Not your own!' but His by right,  
His peculiar treasure now,  
Fair and precious in His sight,  
Purchased jewels for His brow.  
He will keep what thus He sought,  
Safely guard the dearly bought,  
Cherish that which He did choose,  
Always love and never lose.

'Not your own!' but His, the King,  
His, the Lord of earth and sky,  
His, to whom archangels bring  
Homage deep and praises high.  
What can royal birth bestow?  
Or the proudest titles show?  
Can such dignity be known  
As the glorious name, 'His own!'

'Not your own!' To Him ye owe  
All your life and all your love;

Live, that ye His praise may show,  
 Who is yet all praise above.  
 Every day and every hour,  
 Every gift and every power,  
 Consecrate to Him alone,  
 Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give  
 All we have and are to Thee ;  
 Grant us, Saviour, while we live,  
 Wholly, only, Thine to be.  
 Henceforth be our calling high  
 Thee to serve and glorify ;  
 Ours no longer, but Thine own,  
 Thine for ever, Thine alone !

### Wounded.

ONLY a look and a motion that nobody saw or heard,  
 Past in a moment and over, with never the sound of a  
 word ;  
 Streams of converse around me smoothly and cheerily  
 flow,  
 But a terrible stab has been given, a silent and staggering  
 blow.

Guesses the hand that gave it hardly a tittle of the smart,  
 Nothing at all of the anguish that fiercely leapt up in my  
 heart,

---

Scorching and scathing its peace, while a tremulous nerve  
to the brain

Flashed up a telegram sudden, a message of quivering  
pain.

They must be merry without me, for how can I sing to-  
night?

They will only think I am tired, and thoughtfully shade  
the light;

Finger and voice would fail while the wound is open and  
sore;

Bleeding away the strength I had gathered for days before.

Only a look and a motion! Yes, but we little know  
How from each dwarf-like 'only' a giant of power may  
grow;

The thundering avalanche crushes, loosened by only a  
breath,

And only a colourless drop may be laden with sudden  
death.

Only a word of command, but it loses or wins the field;  
Only a stroke of the pen, but a heart is broken or healed;  
Only a step may sever, pole-wide, future and past;  
Only a touch may rivet links which for life shall last.

Only a look and a motion! Why was the wound so deep?  
Were it no echo of sorrow, hushed for a while to sleep,  
Were it no shadow of fear, far o'er the future thrown,  
Slight were the suffering now, if it bore on the present  
alone.

Ah ! I would smile it away, but 'tis all too fresh and too  
 keen ;  
 Perhaps I may some day recall it as if it had never  
 been ;  
 Now I can only be still, and endure where I cannot  
 cope,  
 Praying for meekness and patience, praying for faith and  
 hope.

Is it an answer already that words to my mind are brought,  
 Floating like shining lilies on waters of gloomiest thought ?  
 Simple and short is the sentence, but oh ! what it compre-  
 hends !

*' Those with which I was wounded, in the house of My  
 friends.'*

Floating still on my heart, while I listen again and  
 again,  
 Stilling the anxious throbbing, soothing the icy pain,  
 Proving its sacred mission healing and balm to bring.  
 'Coming?' Yes, if you want me ! Yes, I am ready to  
 sing.

### Whose I am.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,  
 Purchased Thine alone to be,  
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
 Shed so willingly for me ;  
 Let my heart be all Thine own,  
 Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway ;  
 Now, Thy name alone to bear,  
 Thy dear voice alone obey,  
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
 Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master ! I am Thine ;  
 Keep me faithful, keep me near ;  
 Let Thy presence in me shine  
 All my homeward way to cheer.  
 Jesus ! at Thy feet I fall,  
 Oh, be Thou my All-in-all.

### Whom I serve.

JESUS, Master, whom I serve,  
 Though so feebly and so ill,  
 Strengthen hand and heart and nerve  
 All Thy bidding to fulfil ;  
 Open Thou mine eyes to see  
 All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord, Thou needest not, I know,  
 Service such as I can bring ;  
 Yet I long to prove and show  
 Full allegiance to my King.  
 Thou an honour<sup>1</sup> art to me,  
 Let me be a praise to Thee.

<sup>1</sup> See marginal reading of 1 Pet. ii. 7.

Jesus, Master ! wilt Thou use  
 One who owes Thee more than all ?  
 As Thou wilt ! I would not choose,  
 Only let me hear Thy call.  
 Jesus ! let me always be  
 In Thy service glad and free.

### Peace.

Is this the Peace of God, this strange, sweet calm ?  
 The weary day is at its zenith still,  
 Yet 't is as if beside some cool, clear rill,  
 Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,  
 And all the noise of life were hushed away,  
 And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside  
 With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed ;  
 Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,  
 While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,  
 Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,  
 And fear, and gloom, and doubt, in mighty flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no strength to meet,  
 Nor power to flee : my present, future, past,  
 My self, my sorrow, and my sin I cast  
 In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet ;  
 Then bent me to the storm, if such His will.  
 He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, ' Peace, be  
 still ! '

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved  
 That Thou to help and save art *really* near :  
 How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,  
 And all distress? The cross is not removed,  
 I must go forth to bear it as before,  
 But, leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed Thy Peace? I have not tried  
 To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,  
 Or measure if belief be full and just,  
 And therefore claim Thy Peace. But Thou hast died.  
 I know that this is true, and true for me,  
 And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on Thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou  
 Wilt be my strength ; it is not that I see  
 Less sin, but more of pardoning love with Thee,  
 And all-sufficient grace. Enough ! And now  
 All fluttering thought is stilled, I only rest,  
 And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am blest.

### God's Message.

TO HIM THAT IS FAR OFF.

PEACE, peace !  
 To him that is far away.  
 Turn, O wanderer ! why wilt thou die,  
 When the peace is made that shall bring thee nigh ?  
 Listen, O rebel ! the heralds proclaim  
 The King's own peace through a Saviour's name ;  
 Then yield thee to-day.

Peace, peace !

The word of the Lord to thee.  
 Peace, for thy passion and restless pride,  
 For thy endless cravings all unsupplied,  
 Peace for thy weary and sin-worn breast ;  
 He knows the need who has promised rest,  
 And the gift is free.

Peace, peace !

Through Him who for all hath died !  
 Wider the terms than thy deepest guilt,  
 Or in vain were the blood of our Surety spilt :  
 Even *because* thou art far away  
 To thee is the message of peace to-day,  
 Peace through the Crucified.

AND TO HIM THAT IS NEAR,

PEACE, peace !

Yea, peace to him that is near.  
 The crown is set on the Victor's brow,  
 For thy warfare is accomplished now ;  
 And for thee eternal peace is made  
 By the Lord on whom thy sins were laid :  
 Then why shouldst thou fear ?

Peace, peace !

Wrought by the Spirit of Might.  
 In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,  
 In the changes and chances of mortal life,  
 It is thine, beloved ! Christ's own bequest,  
 Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest ;  
 It is now thy right.

Peace, peace !  
Look for its bright increase ;  
Deepening, widening, year by year,  
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear ;  
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,  
For His word and His work shall never fail,  
And ' He is our Peace.'

'A great Mystery.'

THERE is a hush in earth and sky,  
The ear is free to list aright  
In darkness, veiling from the eye  
The many-coloured spells of light.

Not heralded by fire and storm,  
In shadowy outline dimly seen,  
Comes through the gloom a glorious Form,  
The once despisèd Nazarene.

Through waiting silence, voiceless shade,  
A still, small Voice so clearly floats,  
A listening lifetime were o'erpaid  
By one sweet echo of such notes.

'Fear not, belovèd ! thou art Mine,  
For I have given My life for thee ;  
By name I call thee, rise and shine,  
Be praise and glory unto Me.

'In Me all spotless and complete,  
And in My comeliness most fair

Art thou ; to Me thy voice is sweet,  
Prevailing in thy feeblest prayer.

‘Thy life is hid in God with Me,  
I stoop to dwell within thy breast ;  
My joy for ever thou shalt be,  
And in My love for thee I rest.

‘O Prince’s daughter, whom I see  
In bridal garments, pure as light,  
Betrothed for ever unto Me,  
On thee My own new name I write.

Lo ! ’neath the stars’ uncertain ray  
In flowing mantle glistening fair,  
One, lowly bending, turns away  
From that sweet voice in cold despair.

Is it Humility, who sees  
Herself unworthy of such grace,  
Who dares not hope her Lord to please,  
Who dares not look upon His face ?

Nay, where that mantle fleeting gleams  
’Tis Unbelief who turns aside,  
Who rather rests in self-spun dreams,  
Than trust the love of Him who died.

Faith casts away the fair disguise,  
She will not doubt her Master’s voice,  
And droop when He hath bid her rise,  
Or mourn when He hath said, ‘ Rejoice ! ’

Her stained and soiled robes she leaves,  
And Christ's own shining raiment takes ;  
What His love gives, her love receives,  
And meek and trustful answer makes :

' Behold the handmaid of the Lord !  
Thou callest, and I come to Thee :  
According to Thy faithful word,  
O Master, be it unto me !

' Thy love I cannot comprehend,  
I only know Thy word is true,  
And that Thou lovest to the end  
Each whom to Thee the Father drew.

' Oh ! take the heart I could not give  
Without Thy strength-bestowing call ;  
In Thee, and for Thee, let me live,  
For I am nothing, Thou art all.'

### **Be not Weary.**

YES ! He knows the way is dreary,  
Knows the weakness of our frame,  
Knows that hand and heart are weary ;  
He, ' in all points,' felt the same.  
He is near to help and bless ;  
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing  
All His glory to resign,

That, for thee the law fulfilling,  
All His merit might be thine.  
Strive to follow day by day  
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of Glory,  
Tasting death to win thy life ;  
Gazing on ' that wondrous story,'  
Canst thou falter in the strife ?  
Is it not new life to know  
That the Lord hath loved thee so ?

Look to Him who ever liveth,  
Interceding for His own :  
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth  
Freely from His priestly throne.  
Will He not thy strength renew  
With His Spirit's quickening dew ?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,  
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn ;  
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten  
Rise ! He calleth thee, return !  
Be not weary on thy way,  
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

### The Great Teacher.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught,  
And, as a little child,  
To note the lessons I have learnt  
In passing through the wild.

---

For I am sure God teaches me,  
And His own gracious hand  
Each varying page before me spreads,  
By love and wisdom planned.

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

Or sometimes strangely I forget,  
And, learning o'er and o'er,  
A lesson all with tear-drops wet,  
Which I had learnt before.  
He chides me not, but waits awhile,  
Then wipes my heavy eyes :  
Oh what a Teacher is our God,  
So patient and so wise !

Dark silent hours of study fall,  
And I can scarcely see ;  
Then one beside me whispers low  
What is so hard to me.  
'T is easier then ! I am so glad  
I am not taught alone ;  
It is such help to overhear  
A lesson like my own.

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

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

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

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

By every lesson He shall mark  
With daily ripening age.

And then, to 'know as we are known'  
Shall be our glorious prize,  
To see the Teacher who hath been  
So patient and so wise.  
O joy untold ! Yet not alone  
Shall ours the gladness be ;  
The travail of His soul in us  
Our Saviour-God shall see.

### Auntie's Lessons.

THEY said their texts, and their hymns they sang,  
On that sunny Sabbath-day ;  
And yet there was time ere the church-bell rang,  
So I bid them trot away.  
And leave me to rest and read alone,  
Where the ash-tree's shade o'er the lawn was thrown.

But oh ! 't was a cry and a pleading sore,  
'O Auntie ! we will not tease,  
But tell us one Sunday story more ;  
We will sit so still on the grassy floor ;  
Tell us the one you told before  
Of little black Mumu, please,  
Whom, deaf and dumb, and sick and lone,  
The good ship brought to Sierra Leone.'

Willie begged loud, and Francie low,  
And Alice, who could resist her ?  
Certainly not myself, and so  
The story was just beginning, when lo !  
To the rescue came my sister.  
'I will tell you a story to-day ;  
Aunt Fanny has all her own lessons to say !'

Wonderful notion, and not at all clear !  
Alfred looked quite astounded.  
Who in the world *my* lessons could hear ?  
They guessed at every one far and near,  
'Twas a mystery unbounded.  
They settled at last that it must be  
Grandpapa Havergal over the sea.

Then merry eyes grew grave and wise,  
On tiptoe Alice trod ;  
She had a better thought than they,  
And whispered low, ' Does Auntie say  
Her lessons all to God ?'  
How little the import deep she knew  
Of those baby-words, so sweet and true !

Little she knew what they enfold !—  
A treasure of happy thought ;  
A tiny casket of virgin gold,  
With jewels of comfort fraught.  
Great men's wisdom may pass away,  
Dear Alice's words in my heart will stay.

## Rest.

'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.'—*St. Augustine.*

MADE for Thyself, O God !

Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight ;  
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;  
 Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud ;  
 Oh strange and glorious thought, that we may be  
 A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away

From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems  
 'T was made for its poor self, for passing dreams,  
 Chasing illusions melting day by day ;  
 Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,  
 'This is not rest !'

Nor can the vain toil cease,

Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet  
 One who can guide our aching, wayward feet  
 To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.  
 In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled ;  
 Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !

(Would it were shared by all the weary world !)  
 'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,  
 We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet ;  
 Then lean our love upon His loving breast,  
 And know God's rest.

## One Question, Many Answers.

‘WHAT wouldst thou be?’

The question hath wakened wild thoughts in me,  
And a thousand responses, like ghosts from their  
graves,

Arise from my soul’s unexplored deep caves,  
The echoes of every varying mood  
Of a wayward spirit all unsubdued ;  
The voices which thrill through my inmost breast  
May tell me of gladness, but not of rest.

What wouldst thou be?

’T is well that the answer is not for me.

‘What wouldst thou be?’

An eagle soaring rejoicingly.  
One who may rise on the lightning’s wing,  
Till our wide, wide world seem a tiny thing ;  
Who may stand on the confines of boundless space,  
And the giant form of the universe trace,  
While its full grand harmonies swell around,  
And grasp it all with mind profound.

Such would I be,

Only stayed by infinity.

‘What wouldst thou be?’

A bright incarnation of melody.  
One whose soul is a fairy lute,  
Waking such tones as bid all be mute,  
Breathing such notes as may silence woe,  
Pouring such strains as make joy o’erflow,

Speaking in music the heart's deep emotion,  
Soothing and sweet as the shell of the ocean.

Such would I be,  
Like a fountain of music, all pure and free.

'What wouldst thou be?'

A living blossom of poesy.  
A soul of mingled power and light,  
Evoking images rare and bright,  
Fair and pure as an angel's dream ;  
Touching all with a heavenly gleam ;  
And royally claiming from poet-throne  
Earth's treasure of beauty as all mine own.

Such would I be—  
My childhood's dream in reality !

'What wouldst thou be?'

A wondrous magnet to all I see.  
A spirit whose power may touch and bind  
With unconscious influence every mind ;  
Whose presence brings, like some fabled wand,  
The love which a monarch may not command.  
As the spring awakens from cold repose  
The bloomless brier, the sweet wild rose.

Such would I be,  
With the love of all to encircle me

'What wouldst thou be?'

A wavelet just rising from life's wide sea.  
I would I were once again a child,  
Like a laughing floweret on mountains wild ;  
In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,  
The golden moments for sunbeams selling ;

Ever counting on bright to-morrows,  
 And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows.  
     Such would I be,  
 A sparkling cascade of untiring glee.

‘What wouldst thou be?’

A blessing to each one surrounding me ;  
 A chalice of dew to the weary heart,  
 A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,  
 To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,  
 A nightingale song in the darkest night,  
 A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,  
 An angel of love to each friendless soul :  
     Such would I be.  
 Oh that *such* happiness were for me !

‘What wouldst thou be?’

With these alone were no rest for me.  
 I would be my Saviour’s loving child,  
 With a heart set free from its passions wild,  
 Rejoicing in Him and His own sweet ways ;  
 An echo of heaven’s unceasing praise,  
 A mirror here of His light and love,  
 And a polished gem in His crown above.  
     Such would I be,  
 Thine, O Saviour, and one with Thee !

## Content.

“WHAT wouldst thou be?”

A wavelet just rising from life’s wide sea.

I would I were once again a child,  
 Like a laughing floweret on mountains wild ;  
 In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,  
 The golden moments for sunbeams selling ;  
 Ever counting on bright to-morrows,  
 And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows.

Such would I be,  
 A sparkling cascade of untiring glee.'

1860

• • • • •  
 Not so, not so !  
 For longings change as the full years flow,  
 When I had but taken a step or two  
 From the fairy regions still in view ;  
 While their playful breezes fanned me still  
 At every pause on the steeper hill,  
 And the blossoms showered from every shoot,  
 Showered and fell, and yet no fruit,—

It was grief and pain  
 That I never could be a child again.

Not so, not so !  
 Back to my life-dawn I would not go.  
 A little is lost, but more is won,  
 As the sterner work of the day is done.  
 We forget that the troubles of childish days  
 Were once gigantic in morning haze.  
 There is less of fancy, but more of truth,  
 For we lose the mists with the dew of youth ;  
 And a rose is born  
 On many a spray which seemed only thorn.

Not so, not so !

While the years of childhood glided slow,  
 There was all to receive and nothing to give :  
 Is it not better for others to live ?  
 And happier far than merriest games  
 Is the joy of our new and nobler aims :  
*Then* fair fresh flowers, *now* lasting gems ;  
*Then* wreaths for a day, but *now* diadems,  
     For ever to shine,  
 Bright in the radiance of Love Divine.

Not so, not so !

I would not again be a child, I know !  
 But were it not pleasant again to stand  
 On the border-line of that fairy land,—  
 Feeling so buoyant and blithe and strong,  
 Fearing no slip as we bound along,  
 Halting at will in the sunshine to bask,  
 Deeming the journey an easy task,  
     While Courage and Hope  
 Smooth with 'Come, see, and conquer' each emerald  
     slope ?

Not so, not so !

Less leaping flame, but a deeper glow !  
 There is more of sorrow, but more of joy,  
 Less glittering ore, but less alloy ;  
 There is more of pain, but more of balm,  
 And less of pleasure, but more of calm ;  
 Many a hope all spent and dead,  
 But higher and brighter hopes instead ;  
     Less risked, more won ;  
 Less planned and dreamed, but perhaps more done.

Not so, not so !

Not in stature and learning alone we grow.  
Though we no more look from year to year  
For power of mind more strong and clear,  
Though the table-land of life we tread,  
No widening view before we spread,  
No sunlit summits to lure ambition,  
But only the path of a daily mission,  
    We would not turn  
Where the will-o'-the-wisps of our young dreams burn.

Then be it so !

For in better things we yet may grow.  
Onward and upward still our way,  
With the joy of progress from day to day ;  
Nearer and nearer every year  
To the visions and hopes most true and dear ;  
Children still of a Father's love,  
Children still of a home above !  
    Thus we look back,  
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.

### Misunderstood.

'PEOPLE do not understand me,  
    Their ideas are not like mine ;  
All advances seem to land me  
    Still outside their guarded shrine

So you turn from simple joyance,  
    Losing many a mutual good,

Weary with the chill annoyance  
So to be misunderstood.

Let me try to lift the curtain  
Hiding other hearts from view ;  
You complain, but are you certain  
That the fault is not with you ?

In the sunny summer hours,  
Sitting in your quiet room,  
Can you wonder if the flowers  
Breathe for you no sweet perfume ?

True, you see them bright and pearly  
With the jewelry of morn ;  
But their fragrance, fresh and early,  
Is not through your window borne.

You must go to them, and stooping,  
Cull the blossoms where they live ;  
On your bosom gently drooping,  
All their treasure they will give.

Who would guess what fragrance lingers  
In verbenas' pale green show !  
Press the leaflet in your fingers,  
All its sweetness you will know.

Few the harps Æolian, sending  
Unsought music on the wind :  
Else must love and skill be blending  
Music's full response to find.

'But my key-note,' are you thinking,  
'Will not modulate to theirs?'  
Seek! and subtle chords enlinking,  
Soon shall blend the differing airs.

Fairly sought, some point of contact  
There must be with every mind;  
And, perchance, the closest compact  
Where we least expect we find.

Perhaps the heart you meet so coldly  
Burns with deepest lava-glow;  
Wisely pierce the crust, and boldly,  
And a fervid stream shall flow.

Dialects of love are many,  
Though the language be but one;  
Study all you can, or any,  
While life's precious school-hours run.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,  
All its treasure long concealed?  
One key fails, then try another,  
Soon the rusty lock shall yield.

Few have not some hidden trial,  
And could sympathize with thine;  
Do not take it as denial  
That you see no outward sign.

Silence is no certain token  
That no secret grief is there;

Sorrow which is never spoken  
Is the heaviest load to bear.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,  
If it seek a lonelier still,  
Self-forgetting, seeking only  
Emptier cups of love to fill.

'T will not be a fruitless labour,  
Overcome this ill with good ;  
*Try to understand your neighbour,*  
*And you will be understood.*

### Sunbeams in the Wood.

MARK ye not the sunbeams glancing  
Through the cool green shade,  
On the waving fern-leaves dancing,  
In the quiet glade ?

See you how they change and quiver  
Where the broad oaks rise,  
Rippling like a golden river  
From their fountain skies ?

On the grey old timber resting  
Like a sleeping dove,  
Like a fairy grandchild nesting  
In an old man's love.

On the dusty pathway tracing  
Arabesques with golden style ;

Light and shadow interlacing,  
Like a tearful smile.

Many a hidden leaf revealing,  
Many an unseen flower ;  
Like a maiden lightly stealing  
Past each secret bower.

Oh ! how beautiful they make it  
Everywhere they fall ;  
Sunbeams ! why will ye forsake it  
At pale Evening's call ?

In the arching thickets linger,  
In the woodland aisle,  
Gilding them with trembling finger,  
Yet a little while.

Then, your last calm radiance pouring,  
Bid the earth good-night ;  
Like a sainted spirit soaring  
To a home of light.

### The Star Shower.

NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

OH ! to raise a mighty shout,  
And bid the sleepers all come out !  
No dreamer's fancy, fair and high,  
Could image forth a grander sky.  
And oh for eyes of swifter power  
To follow fast the starry shower !

---

Oh for a sweep of vision clear  
To grasp at once a hemisphere !

The solemn old chorale of Night,  
With fullest chords of awful might,  
Re-echoes still in stately march  
Throughout the glowing heavenly arch :  
But harmonies all new and rare  
Are intermingling everywhere,  
Fantastic, fitful, fresh, and free ;  
A sparkling wealth of melody,  
A carol of sublimest glee,  
Is bursting from the starry chorus,  
In dazzling exultation o'er us.  
O wondrous sight ! so swift, so bright,  
Like sudden thrills of strange delight ;  
As if the stars were all at play,  
And kept ecstatic holiday ;  
As if it were a jubilee  
Of glad millenniums fully told,  
Or universal sympathy  
With some new-dawning age of gold.

Flashing from the lordly Lion,  
Flaming under bright Procyon,  
From the farthest east up-ranging,  
Past the blessed orb<sup>1</sup> unchanging ;  
Ursa's brilliance far out-gleaming,  
From the very zenith streaming ;

<sup>1</sup> 'That admirable Polar Star, which is a *blessing* to astronomers.'—  
*Professor Airy's Popular Lectures on Astronomy.*

Rushing, as in joy delirious,  
To the pure white ray of Sirius ;  
Past Orion's belted splendour,  
Past Capella, clear and tender ;  
Lightening dusky Polar regions,  
Brightening pale encircling legions ;  
Lines of fiery glitter tracing,  
Parting, meeting, interlacing ;  
Paling every constellation  
With their radiant revelation !  
All we heard of meteor glory  
Is a true and sober story ;  
Who will not for life remember  
This night grandeur of November ?

---

'T is over now, the once-seen, dream-like sight !  
With gradual hand the clear and breezy dawn  
Hath o'er the marvels of the meteor night  
A veil of light impenetrable drawn.  
And earth is sweeping on through starless space,  
Nor may we once look back, the shining field to trace.

Ere next the glittering stranger-throng we meet,  
How many a star of life will seek the west !  
Our century's dying pulse will faintly beat ;  
The toilers of to-day will be at rest ;  
And little ones, who now but laugh and play,  
Will weary in the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, is there nothing beautiful and glad  
But bears a message of decay and change ?

So be it! Though we call it stern and sad,  
 Viewed by the torch of Love, it is not strange.  
 'T is mercy that in Nature's *every* strain  
 Deep warning tones peal out, in solemn sweet refrain.

And have not all created things a voice  
 For those who listen farther,—whispers low  
 To bid the children of the light rejoice  
 In burning hopes they yet but dimly know?  
 What will it be, all earthly darkness o'er,  
 To shine as stars of God for ever—evermore!

### Treasure Trove.

I PLAYED with the whispering rushes,  
 By a river of reverie,  
 Flowing so quietly onward  
 Into an unknown sea.

And I watched the dreamy current,  
 Till to my feet it brought,  
 Glistening among the pebbles,  
 The pearl of a fair new thought.

New! yet many another,  
 Leaning over the stream,  
 May have welcomed its sudden shining,  
 And gazed on its gentle gleam.

Long it must have been lying,  
 Yet it is new to me.  
 Oh the treasures around us,  
 If we could only see!

---

I have broken the smooth dark water  
Into ripples and circles bright,  
Lifting my pearl from the pebbles,  
Bearing away its light.

I am so glad to have found it !  
I shall treasure it safely a while,  
It will brighten the niche that is darkest  
In my spirit's loneliest aisle.

And then, it may be, a dear one  
Will wear it, a long, long time,  
Fastened firm on her bosom,  
In a setting of silver rhyme.

### Coming Summer.

WHAT will the summer bring?  
Sunshine and flowers,  
Brightness and melody,  
Golden-voiced hours ;  
Rose-gleaming mornings  
Vocal with praise ;  
Crimson-flushed evenings,  
Nightingale lays.

What may the summer bring?  
Gladness and mirth,  
Laughter and song,  
For the children of earth ;  
Smiles for the old man,  
Joy for the strong,

Glee for the little ones  
All the day long.

What will the summer bring?  
Coolness and shade,  
Eloquent stillness  
In thicket and glade ;  
Whispering breezes,  
Fragrance oppressed ;  
Lingering twilight  
Soothing to rest.

What may the summer bring?  
Freshness and calm  
To the care-worn and troubled,  
Beauty and balm.  
O toil-weary spirit,  
Rest thee anew,  
For the heat of the world-race  
Summer hath dew !

What will the summer bring ?  
Sultry noon hours,  
Lurid horizons,  
Frowning cloud-towers !  
Loud-crashing thunders,  
Tempest and hail,  
Death-bearing lightnings,  
It brings without fail.

What may the summer bring ?  
Dimness and woe,

Blackness of sorrow  
Its bright days may know ;  
Flowers may be wormwood,  
Verdure a pall,  
The shadow of death  
On the fairest may fall.

Is it not ever so ?  
Where shall we find  
Light that may cast  
No shadow behind ?  
Calm that no tempest  
May darkly await ?  
Joy that no sorrow  
May swiftly abate ?

Will the story of summer  
Be written in light,  
Or traced in the darkness  
Of storm-cloud and night ?  
We know not—we *would* not know  
Why should we quail ?  
Summer, we welcome thee!  
Summer, all hail !

### September 1868.

AN April burst of beauty,  
And a May like the Mays of old,  
And a glow of summer gladness  
While June her long days told ;  
And a hush of golden silence  
All through the bright July,

Without one peal of thunder,  
Or a storm-wreath in the sky ;  
And a fiery reign of August,  
Till the moon was on the wane ;  
And then short clouded evenings,  
And a long and chilling rain.  
I thought the summer was over,  
And the whole year's glory spent,  
And that nothing but fog and drizzle  
Could be for Autumn meant ;—  
Nothing but dead leaves, falling  
Wet on the dark, damp mould,  
Less and less of the sunshine,  
More and more of the cold.

But oh ! the golden day-time ;  
And oh ! the silver nights ;  
And the scarlet touch on the fir trunks  
Of the calm, grand sunset lights ;  
And the morning's bright revealings,  
Lifting the pearly mist,  
Like a bridal veil, from the valley  
That the sun hath claimed and kissed ;  
And oh ! the noontide shadows  
Longer and longer now,  
On the river margin resting,  
Like the tress on a thoughtful brow.  
Rich fruitage bends the branches  
With amber, and rose, and gold,  
O'er the purple and crimson asters,  
And geraniums gay and bold.

The day is warm and glowing,  
But the night is cool and sweet,  
And we fear no smiting arrows  
Of fierce and fatal heat.  
The leaves are only dropping,  
Like flakes of a sunset cloud,  
And the robin's song is clearer  
Than Spring's own minstrel-crowd.  
A soft new robe of greenness  
Decks every sunny mead,  
And we own that bright September  
Is beautiful indeed.

Is thy life-summer passing?  
Think not thy joys are o'er!  
Thou hast not seen what Autumn  
For thee may have in store.  
Calmer than breezy April,  
Cooler than August blaze,  
The fairest time of all may be  
September's golden days.  
Press on, though summer waneth,  
And falter not, nor fear,  
For God can make the Autumn  
The glory of the year.

### Early Faith.

WHOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving Faith can  
bring,  
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph  
wing?

Is it not oftenest they who long have wrestled with temptation,  
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation?

Perhaps, in life's great tapestry, the darkest scenes are where  
The golden threads of Faith glance forth most radiant and fair;  
And gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs may bring,  
We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lustre fling.

Thank God! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,  
A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,  
An ivy-wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,  
A staff for weary, trembling ones, when youth and health are past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusky mine,  
When 'mid the sunny sands of *youth* they wait to flash and shine?  
Neglect the fountain of Christ's joy till woe-streams darkly flow,  
Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold frown we know?

Nay! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled brow,  
The sparkling dewdrop on the grass, the blossom on the bough;

The gleam of pearly light within the snowy-bosomed shell ;  
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh, let it be the sunlight of the pleasant summer hours,  
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant  
flowers ;  
That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-murmuring  
tree,  
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-crested sea.

Oh, let it be the key-note of the symphony of gladness,  
Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem of sadness :  
For they who melodies of heaven in hours of brightness  
know,  
Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's discordant woe.

### Our Father.

'OH that I loved the Father  
With depth of conscious love,  
As stedfast, bright, and burning,  
As seraphim above !  
But how can I be deeming  
Myself a loving child,  
When here, and there, and everywhere,  
My thoughts are wandering wild ?

'It is my chief desire  
To know Him more and more,  
To follow Him more fully  
Than I have done before :

My eyes are dim with longing  
To see the Lord above ;  
But oh ! I fear from year to year,  
I do not truly love.

‘ For when I try to follow  
The mazes of my soul,  
I find no settled fire of love  
Illumining the whole ;  
’Tis all uncertain twilight,  
No clear and vivid glow :  
Would I could bring to God my King  
The perfect love I owe !’

The gift is great and holy,  
’Twill not be sought in vain ;  
But look up for a moment  
From present doubt and pain,  
And calmly tell me *how* you love  
The dearest ones below ?  
‘ This love,’ say you, ‘ is deep and true !’  
But tell me how you know ?

How do you love your father ?  
‘ Oh, in a thousand ways !  
I think there’s no one like him,  
So worthy of my praise.  
I tell him all my troubles,  
And ask him what to do ;  
I know that he will give to me  
His counsel kind and true.

' Then every little service  
Of hand, or pen, or voice,  
Becomes, if he has asked it,  
The service of my choice.  
And from my own desires  
'T is not so hard to part,  
If once I know I follow so  
His wiser will and heart.

' I know the flush of pleasure  
That o'er my spirit came,  
When far from home with strangers,  
They caught my father's name ;  
And for his sake the greeting  
Was mutual and sweet,  
For if they knew my father too,  
How glad we were to meet !

' And when I heard them praising  
His music and his skill,  
His words of holy teaching,  
Life-preaching, holier still,  
How eagerly I listened  
To every word that fell !  
'T was joy to hear that name so dear  
Both known and loved so well.

' Once I was ill and suffering  
Upon a foreign shore,  
And longed to see my father,  
As I never longed before.

He came : his arm around me ;  
 I leant upon his breast ;  
 I did not long to feel more strong,  
 So sweet that childlike rest.

'The thought of home is pleasant,  
 Yet I should hardly care  
 To leave my present fair abode,  
 Unless I knew him there.  
 All other love and pleasure  
 Can never crown the place,  
 A home to me it cannot be  
 Without my father's face.'

This is no fancy drawing,  
 But every line is true,  
 And you have traced as strong a love  
 As ever daughter knew.  
 But though its fond expression  
 Is rather lived than told,  
 You do not say from day to day,  
 'I fear my love is cold !'

You do not think about it ;  
 'Tis never in your thought—  
 'I wonder if I love him  
 As deeply as I ought ?  
 I know his approbation  
 Outweighs all other meed,  
 That his employ is always joy,  
 But do I love indeed ?'

Now let your own words teach you  
The higher, holier claim  
Of Him, who condescends to bear  
A Father's gracious name.  
No mystic inspiration,  
No throbbings forced and wild  
He asks, but just the loving trust  
Of a glad and grateful child.

The rare and precious moments  
Of realizing thrill  
Are but love's blissful blossom,  
To brighten, not to fill  
The storehouse and the garner  
With ripe and pleasant fruit ;  
And not alone by these is shown  
The true and holy root.

What if your own dear father  
Were summoned to his rest !  
One lives, by whom that bitterest grief  
Could well be soothed and blessed.  
Like balm upon your sharpest woe  
His still small voice would fall ;  
His touch would heal, you could not feel  
That you had lost your all.

But what if He, the Lord of life,  
Could ever pass away !  
What if *His* name were blotted out  
And you could know to-day

There was *no* heavenly Father,  
No Saviour dear and true,  
No throne of grace, no resting-place,  
No living God for you !

We need not dwell in horror  
On what can never be,  
Such endless desolation,  
Such undreamt misery.  
Our reason could not bear it,  
And all the love of earth,  
In fullest bliss, compared with this,  
Were nothing, *nothing* worth.

Then bring your poor affection,  
And try it by this test ;  
The hidden depth is fathomed,  
You see you love Him *best* !  
'Tis but a feeble echo  
Of His great love to you,  
Yet in His ear each note is dear,  
Its harmony is true.

It is an uncut jewel,  
All earth-encrusted now,  
But He will make it glorious,  
And set it on His brow :  
'Tis but a tiny glimmer,  
Lit from the light above,  
But it shall blaze through endless days,  
A star of perfect love.

**Disappointment.**

OUR yet unfinished story  
Is tending all to this :  
To God the greatest glory,  
To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together  
For ends so grand and blest,  
What need to wonder whether  
Each in itself is best !

If some things were omitted  
Or altered as we would,  
The whole might be unfitted  
To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed,  
But we may calmly rest ;  
What God has once appointed  
Is better than our best.

We cannot see before us,  
But our all-seeing Friend  
Is always watching o'er us,  
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble ?  
He will not let us fall ;  
And learning to be humble  
Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned  
A smoother way to go  
Than where His hand has beckoned ?  
It will be better so.

What only seemed a barrier  
A stepping-stone shall be ;  
Our God is no long tarrier,  
A present help is He.

And when amid our blindness  
His disappointments fall,  
We trust His loving-kindness  
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes  
That hide His glorious feet ;  
They are the fire-wrought hinges  
Where truth and mercy meet ;

By them the golden portal  
Of Providence shall ope,  
And lift to praise immortal  
The songs of faith and hope.

From broken alabaster  
Was deathless fragrance shed,  
The spikenard flowed the faster  
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment  
We ever need regret,

For out of disappointment  
Flow sweetest odours yet.

The discord that involveth  
Some startling change of key,  
The Master's hand resolveth  
In richest harmony.

We hush our children's laughter,  
When sunset hues grow pale ;  
Then, in the silence after,  
They hear the nightingale.

We mourned the lamp declining,  
That glimmered at our side ;—  
The glorious starlight shining  
Has proved a surer guide.

Then tremble not and shrink not  
When Disappointment nears ;  
Be trustful still, and think not  
To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling,  
We shall behold her rise,  
Our Father's love revealing,  
An angel in disguise.

### The Song Chalice.

'You bear the chalice.' Is it so, my friend?  
Have I indeed a chalice of sweet song,  
With underflow of harmony made strong  
New calm of strength through throbbing veins to send?

I did not form or fill,—I do but spend  
 That which the Master poured into my soul,  
 His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,  
 That service so with praise might meekly blend.  
 May He who taught the morning stars to sing,  
 Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,  
 And grant me so with loving hand to bring  
 Refreshment to His weary ones,—to meet  
 Their thirst with water from God's music-spring ;  
 And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.

### Silent in Love.

'HE WILL REST<sup>1</sup> IN HIS LOVE.'

LOVE culminates in bliss when it doth reach  
 A white, unflickering, fear-consuming glow ;  
 And, knowing it is known as it doth know,  
 Needs no assuring word or soothing speech.  
 It craves but silent nearness, so to rest,  
 No sound, no movement, love not heard but felt,  
 Longer and longer still, till time should melt,  
 A snow-flake on the eternal ocean's breast.  
 Have moments of this silence starred thy past,  
 Made memory a glory-haunted place,  
 Taught all the joy that mortal ken can trace ?  
 By greater light 't is but a shadow cast ;—  
 So shall the Lord thy God rejoice o'er thee,  
 And in His love will rest, and silent be.

<sup>1</sup> Marginal reading—' *be silent.*'

**Light and Shade.**

LIGHT ! emblem of all good and joy !

Shade ! emblem of all ill !

And yet in this strange mingled life,

We need the shadow still.

A lamp with softly shaded light,

To soothe and spare the tender sight,

Will only throw

A brighter glow

Upon our books and work below.

We could not bear unchanging day,

However fair its light ;

Ere long the wearied eye would hail,

As boon untold, the evening pale,

The solace of the night.

And who would prize our summer glow

If winter gloom we did not know ?

Or rightly praise

The glad spring rays

Who never saw our rainy days ?

How grateful in Arabian plain

Of white and sparkling sand,

The shadow of a mighty rock

Across the weary land !

And where the tropic glories rise,

Responsive to the fiery skies,

We could not dare

To meet the glare,

Or blindness were our bitter share.

Where is the soul so meek and pure,  
Who through his earthly days  
Life's fullest sunshine could endure,  
In clear and cloudless blaze !  
The sympathetic eye would dim,  
And others pine unmarked by him,  
Were no chill shade  
Around him laid,  
And light of joy could never fade.

He, who the light-commanding word  
Erst spake, and formed the eye,  
Knows what that wondrous eye can bear,  
And tempers with providing care,  
By cloud and night, all hurtful glare,  
By shadows ever nigh.  
So in all wise and loving ways  
He blends the shadows of our days,  
To win our sight  
From scenes of night,  
To seek the 'True and Only Light.'

We need some shadow o'er our bliss,  
Lest we forget the Giver :  
So, often in our deepest joy  
There comes a solemn quiver ;  
We could not tell from whence it came,  
The subtle cause we cannot name ;  
Its twilight fall  
May well recall  
Calm thought of Him who gave us all.

There are who all undazzled tread  
 Awhile the sunniest plain ;  
 But they have sought the blessèd shade  
 By one great Rock of Ages made,  
 A sure, safe rest to gain.  
 Unshaded light of earth soon blinds  
 To light of heaven sincerest minds :  
     O envy not  
     A cloudless lot !  
 We ask indeed we know not what.

So is it here, so is it now !  
 Not always will it be !  
 There is a land that needs no shade,  
 A morn will rise which cannot fade,  
 And we, like flame-robed angels made,  
 That glory soon may see.  
 No cloud upon its radiant joy,  
 No shadow o'er its bright employ,  
     No sleep, no night,  
     But perfect sight,  
 The Lord our Everlasting Light.

### **No Thorn without a Rose.**

'THERE is no rose without a thorn !'  
 Who has not found this true,  
 And known that griefs of gladness born  
 Our footsteps still pursue ?

That in the grandest harmony  
 The strangest discords rise ;

The brightest bow we only trace  
Upon the darkest skies !

No thornless rose ! So, more and more,  
Our pleasant hopes are laid  
Where waves this sable legend o'er  
A still sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love, with angel-might,  
Break up life's dismal tomb,  
Transmuting into golden light  
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,  
White raiment they disclose ;  
Their happy song floats full and long,  
' No thorn without a rose !

' No shadow, but its sister light  
Not far away must burn !  
No weary night, but morning bright  
Shall follow in its turn.

' No chilly snow, but safe below  
A million buds are sleeping ;  
No wintry days, but fair spring rays  
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

' With fiercest glare of summer air  
Comes fullest leafy shade ;  
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,  
Because the blossoms fade.

'No note of sorrow but shall melt  
In sweetest chord unguessed ;  
No labour all too pressing felt,  
But ends in quiet rest.

'No sigh but from the harps above  
Soft echoing tones shall win ;  
No heart-wound but the Lord of Love  
Shall pour His comfort in.

'No withered hope, while loving best  
Thy Father's chosen way ;  
No anxious care, for He will bear  
Thy burdens every day.

'Thy claim to rest on Jesu's breast  
All weariness shall be,  
And pain thy portal to His heart  
Of boundless sympathy.

'No conflict, but the King's own hand  
Shall end the glorious strife ;  
No death, but leads thee to the land  
Of everlasting life.'

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love !  
Sing on within our hearts  
This strain of music from above,  
Till we have learnt our parts :

Until we see your alchemy  
On all that years disclose,  
And, taught by you, still find it true,  
'No thorn without a rose !'

## Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever.

A GREEK ACROSTIC, THRICE TRIPLED.

Ass.<sup>1</sup>

A H! the weary cares and fears,  
E arnest yearnings through the years!  
I s it not a vale of tears?

A h! the love we gladly greet  
E ver now is incomplete;  
I f the melody be sweet,

A nd the harmony be true,  
E arlier loss is more in view,  
I ll forebodings shadow through.

A fter wintry frost and rime,  
E ven now, the heavenly chime  
I s a pledge of summer time.

A nchorage within the veil,  
E ver steadfast, cannot fail,  
I f the wildest storms assail.

A ngel songs of love are clearer,  
E arth is brighter, death is dearer,  
I f the heavenly home be nearer.

A ll in perfect union brought,  
E very link which *God* has wrought  
I n the chains of loving thought:

<sup>1</sup> For ever.

A ll our dear ones, far asunder,  
E ach shall join the anthem-thunder  
I n our future joy and wonder.

A ll shall come where nought shall sever,  
E ndless meeting, parting never,  
I n God's house to dwell for ever.

### Christ's Recall.

RETURN !

O wanderer from My side !  
Soon droops each blossom of the darkening wild,  
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,  
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,  
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.  
Return ! ere gathering night shall shroud the way  
Thy footsteps yet may tread, in this accepted day.

Return !

O erring, yet beloved !  
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen  
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been ;  
I wait to give thee pardon, love, and rest ;  
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest ?  
Return ! I wait to hear once more thy voice,  
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return !

O fallen, yet not lost !  
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,  
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown ?

When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,  
 And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,  
 How did thy wakening heart within thee burn !  
 Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return ?

Return !

O chosen of My love !  
 Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view ;  
 Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew  
 That very treacherously thou wouldst deal ;  
 Now I have seen thy ways, yet I will heal.  
 Return ! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me ?  
 My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed thee.

### Faith's Question.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go  
 For life, and joy, and light ?  
 No help, no comfort from below,  
 No lasting gladness we may know,  
 No hope may bless our sight.  
 Our souls are weary and athirst,  
 But earth is iron-bound and cursed,  
 And nothing she may yield can stay  
 The restless yearnings day by day ;  
 Yet, without *Thee*, Redeemer blest,  
 We *would* not, if we *could*, find rest.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?  
 We gaze around in vain.  
 Though pleasure's fairy lute be strung,  
 And mirth's enchaining lay be sung,  
 We dare not trust the strain.

The touch of sorrow or of sin  
Hath saddened all, without, within ;  
What here we fondly love and prize,  
However beautiful be its guise,  
Has passed, is passing, or may pass,  
Like frost-fringe on the autumn grass.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?

Our spirits dimly wait  
In the dungeon of our mortal frame ;  
And only one of direful name

Can force its sin-barred gate.

Our loved ones can but greet us through  
The prison gate, from which we view  
All outward things. They enter not :  
Thou, Thou alone, canst cheer our lot.  
O Christ, we long for Thee to dwell  
Within our solitary cell !

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?

Unless Thy voice we hear,  
All tuneless falls the sweetest song,  
And lonely seems the busiest throng

Unless we feel Thee near.

We dare not think what earth would be,  
Thou Heaven-Creator, but for Thee ;  
A howling chaos, wild and dark—  
One flood of horror, while no ark,  
Upborne above the gloom-piled wave,  
From one great death-abyss might save.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?

The Tempter's power is great ;

E'en in our hearts is evil bound,  
 And, lurking stealthily around,  
     Still for our souls doth wait.  
 Thou tempted One, whose suffering heart  
 In all our sorrows bore a part,  
 Whose life-blood only could atone,  
 Too weak are we to stand alone ;  
 And nothing but Thy shield of light  
 Can guard us in the dreaded fight.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?  
     The night of death draws near ;  
 Its shadow must be passed alone,  
 No friend can with our souls go down  
     The untried way to cheer.  
 Thou hast the words of endless life ;  
 Thou givest victory in the strife ;  
 Thou only art the changeless Friend,  
 On whom for aye we may depend :  
 In life, in death, alike we flee,  
 O Saviour of the world, to THEE.

**' I did this for thee ! What hast thou  
 done for Me ? '**

(MOTTO PLACED UNDER A PICTURE OF OUR SAVIOUR IN THE  
 STUDY OF A GERMAN DIVINE.)

I GAVE My life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,

Gal. ii. 20.

1 Pet. i. 19.

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead.	Eph. i. 7. Eph. ii. 1.
I gave My life for thee ; What hast thou given for Me?	Tit. ii. 14. John xxi. 15-17.
I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe, That an eternity Of joy thou mightest know.	1 Tim. i. 15. Isa. liii. 3. John xvii. 24. John xvi. 22.
I spent long years for thee ; Hast thou spent <i>one</i> for Me?	John i. 10, 11. 1 Pet. iv. 2.
My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left, for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone.	John xvii. 5. Rev. iv. 3. Phil. ii. 7. Matt. vii. 20.
I left it all for thee ; Hast thou left aught for Me?	2 Cor. viii. 9. Luke x. 29.
I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue may tell, Of bitterest agony, To rescue thee from hell.	Isa. liii. 5. Matt. xxvi. 39. Luke xxii. 44. Rom. v. 9.
I suffered much for thee ; What canst thou bear for Me?	1 Pet. ii. 21-24. Rom. viii. 17, 18.
And I have brought to thee, Down from My home above, Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love.	John iv. 10, 14. John iii. 13. Rev. xxi. 6. Acts v. 31.
Great gifts I brought to thee ; What hast thou brought to Me?	Ps. lxxviii. 18. Rom. xii. 1.

Oh, let thy life be given,	Rom. vi. 13.
Thy years for Him be spent,	2 Cor. v. 15.
World-fetters all be riven,	Phil. iii. 8.
And joy with suffering blent ;	1 Pet. iv. 13-16.
I gave Myself for thee :	Eph. v. 2.
Give thou <i>thyself</i> to Me !	Prov. xxiii. 28.

### Isaiab xxxiii. 17.

*THINE* eyes shall see ! Yes, thine, who, blind erewhile,  
 Now trembling towards the new-found light dost flee,  
 Leave doubting, and look up with trustful smile—  
*Thine* eyes shall see !

Thine *eyes* shall see ! Not in some dream Elysian,  
 Not in thy fancy, glowing though it be,  
 Not e'en in faith, but in unveiled vision,  
 Thine *eyes* shall see !

Thine eyes *shall* see ! Not on thyself depend  
 God's promises, the faithful, firm, and free ;  
 Ere they shall fail, earth, heaven itself, must end :  
 Thine eyes *shall* see !

Thine eyes shall *see* ! Not in a swift glance cast,  
 Gleaning one ray to brighten memory,  
 But while a glad eternity shall last,  
 Thine eyes shall *see* !

Thine eyes shall see *the* King ! The very same  
 Whose love shone forth upon the curseful tree,  
 Who bore thy guilt, who calleth thee by name ;  
 Thine eyes shall see !

Thine eyes shall see the *King!* the mighty One,  
 The many-crowned, the Light-enrobed ; and He  
 Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won,  
 Thine eyes shall see !

And *in His beauty!* Stay thee, mortal song,  
 The 'altogether lovely' One must be  
 Unspeakable in glory,—yet ere long  
 Thine eyes shall see !

Yes ! though the land be 'very far' away,  
 A step, a moment, ends the toil for thee ;  
 Then, changing grief for gladness, night for day,  
 Thine eyes shall see !

### God the Provider.

'My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory  
 by Christ Jesus.'

Who shall tell our untold need,  
 Deeply felt, though scarcely known !  
 Who the hungering soul can feed,  
 Guard, and guide, but God alone ?  
 Blessèd promise ! while we see  
 Earthly friends must powerless be,  
 Earthly fountains quickly dry :  
 '*God*' shall all your need supply.

He hath said it ! so we know  
 Nothing less can we receive.  
 Oh that thankful love may glow  
 While we restfully believe,—

Ask not *how*, but trust Him still ;  
Ask not *when*, but wait His will :  
Simply on His word rely,  
God '*shall*' all your need supply.

Through the whole of life's long way,  
    Outward, inward need we trace ;  
Need arising day by day,  
    Patience, wisdom, strength, and grace.  
Needing Jesus most of all,  
Full of need, on Him we call ;  
Then how gracious His reply,  
God shall '*all*' your need supply !

Great our need, but greater far  
    Is our Father's loving power ;  
He upholds each mighty star,  
    He unfolds each tiny flower.  
He who numbers every hair,  
Earnest of His faithful care,  
Gave His Son for us to die ;  
God shall all '*your*' need supply.

Yet we often vainly plead  
    For a fancied good denied,  
What we deemed a pressing need  
    Still remaining unsupplied.  
Yet from dangers all concealed,  
Thus our wisest Friend doth shield ;  
No *good* thing will He deny,  
God shall all your '*need*' supply.

Can we count redemption's treasure,  
 Scan the glory of God's love?  
 Such shall be the boundless measure  
 Of His blessings from above.  
 All we ask or think, and more,  
 He will give in bounteous store,—  
 He can fill and satisfy!  
 God shall all your need '*supply.*'<sup>1</sup>

One the channel, deep and broad,  
 From the Fountain of the Throne,  
 Christ the Saviour, Son of God,  
 Blessings flow through Him alone.  
 He, the Faithful and the True,  
 Brings us mercies ever new:  
 Till we reach His home on high,  
 '*God shall all your need supply.*'

### Wait patiently for Him.

God doth not bid thee wait  
 To disappoint at last;  
 A golden promise, fair and great,  
 In precept-mould is cast.  
 Soon shall the morning gild  
 The dark horizon-rim,  
 Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,  
 '*Wait* patiently for Him.'

<sup>1</sup> The Greek word is much stronger than the English,—*πληρώσει*—'will supply to the full,' 'fill up,' 'satisfy.'

The weary waiting times  
 Are but the muffled peals  
 Low preluding celestial chimes,  
 That hail His chariot-wheels.  
 Trust Him to tune thy voice  
 To blend with seraphim ;  
 His ' Wait ' shall issue in ' Rejoice !'  
 ' Wait *patiently* for Him.'

He doth not bid thee wait,  
 Like drift-wood on the wave,  
 For fickle chance or fixèd fate  
 To ruin or to save.  
 Thine eyes shall surely see,  
 No distant hope or dim,  
 The Lord thy God arise for thee :  
 ' Wait *patiently for Him.*'

### This Same Jesus.

ACTS i. 11.

' THIS same Jesus !' Oh ! how sweetly  
 Fall those words upon the ear,  
 Like a swell of far off music,  
 In a nightwatch still and drear !

He who healed the hopeless leper,  
 He who dried the widow's tear ;  
 He who changed to health and gladness  
 Helpless suffering, trembling fear ;

He who wandered, poor and homeless,  
By the stormy Galilee ;  
He who on the night-robed mountain  
Bent in prayer the wearied knee ;

He who spake as none had spoken,  
Angel-wisdom far above,  
All-forgiving, ne'er upbraiding,  
Full of tenderness and love ;

He who gently called the weary,  
'Come and I will give you rest !'  
He who loved the little children,  
Took them in His arms and blest ;

He, the lonely Man of sorrows,  
'Neath our sin-curse bending low ;  
By His faithless friends forsaken  
In the darkest hours of woe ;—

'This *same* Jesus !' When the vision  
Of that last and awful day  
Bursts upon the prostrate spirit,  
Like a midnight lightning ray ;

When, else dimly apprehended,  
All its terrors seem revealed,  
Trumpet knell and fiery heavens,  
And the books of doom unsealed ;

*Then*, we lift our hearts adoring  
'This same Jesus,' loved and known.

Him, our own most gracious Saviour,  
Seated on the great white Throne ;

He Himself, and 'not another,'  
He for whom our heart-love yearned  
Through long years of twilight waiting,  
To His ransomed ones returned !

For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee,  
Bless our Master's changeless name ;  
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
Jesus Christ is still the Same.

### Mary's Birthday.

SHE is at rest,  
In God's own presence blest,  
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet ;  
Her birthdays o'er,  
She counts the years no more ;  
Time's footfall is not heard along the golden street.

When we would raise  
A hymn of birthday praise,  
The music of our hearts is faint and low ;  
Fear, doubt, and sin  
Make dissonance within ;  
And pure soul-melody no child of earth may know.

That strange 'new song,'  
Amid a white-robed throng,

Is gushing from her harp in living tone ;  
Her seraph voice,  
Tuned only to rejoice,  
Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne.<sup>1</sup>

No passing cloud  
Her loveliness may shroud,  
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;  
No line of care  
Her sealèd brow may wear,  
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No stain is there  
Upon the robes they wear,  
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;  
Like woven light,  
All beautiful and bright,  
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought  
May in that home be wrought,  
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;  
No tear, no sigh,  
No pain, no death, be nigh  
Where she hath entered in, no more to 'know in part.

Her faith is sight,  
Her hope is full delight,  
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain :  
Her untold bliss—  
What thought can follow this !  
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. iv. 3.

Her eyes have seen  
The King, no veil between,  
In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed :  
No earth-breathed haze  
Can dim that rapturous gaze ;  
She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

A little while,  
And they whose loving smile  
Had melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,  
Shall reach her home,  
Beyond the star-built dome ;  
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know.

### Daily Strength.

'As thy day thy strength shall be !'  
This should be enough for thee ;  
He who knows thy frame will spare  
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,  
Christ shall give thee heavenly light ;  
Seem they wearisome and long,  
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,  
Thine the sunshine of His love,  
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,  
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,  
Christ shall call thee home at last,  
His redeeming love to praise,  
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

### The Right Way.

LORD, is it still the right way, though I cannot see Thy  
face,  
Though I do not feel Thy presence and Thine all-sustain-  
ing grace?  
Can even this be leading through the bleak and sunless  
wild  
To the City of Thy holy rest, the mansions undefiled?

Lord, is it still the right way? A while ago I passed  
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than the last ;  
Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching sorrow  
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with every  
morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross I knew was laid on  
Thee ;  
So I could still press on, secure of Thy deep sympathy.  
Our upward path may well be steep, else how were patience  
tried?  
I knew it was the right way, for it led me to Thy side.

But now I wait alone amid dim shadows dank and chill ;  
All moves and changes round me, but I seem standing  
still ;

Or every feeble footstep I urge towards the light  
Seems but to lead me farther into the silent night.

I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord ! dost Thou still hear my  
cry ?

I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever nigh ;  
I know that Thou art faithful ; I trust, but cannot see  
That it is still the right way by which Thou leadest me.

I think I could go forward with brave and joyful heart,  
Though every step should pierce me with unknown fiery  
smart,

If only I might see Thee, if I might gaze above  
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of Thy love.

Is it really leading onwards ? When the shadows flee  
away,

Shall I find this path has brought me more near to perfect  
day ?

Or am I left to wander thus that I may stretch my hand  
To some still wearier traveller in this same shadow-land.

Is this Thy chosen training for some future task unknown ?

Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word alone ?

Whate'er it be, oh ! leave me not, fulfil Thou every hour  
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with  
power.

I lay my prayer before Thee, and, trusting in Thy word,  
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast  
heard.

To that blest City lead me, Lord (still choosing all my way),  
Where faith melts into vision as the starlight into day.

Thy Will be done.

‘Understanding *what* the will of the Lord is.’—EPH. v. 17.

WITH quivering heart and trembling will  
 The word hath passed thy lips,  
 Within the shadow, cold and still,  
 Of some fair joy’s eclipse.  
 ‘Thy will be done!’ Thy God hath heard,  
 And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled : but how ?  
 His thoughts are not as thine ;  
 While thou wouldst only weep and bow,  
 He saith, ‘ Arise and shine ! ’  
 Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,  
 But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above :  
 The glory of His name  
 Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,  
 His will must be the same.  
 And thou hast asked all joys in one,  
 In whispering forth, ‘ Thy will be done.’

His will—each soul to sanctify  
 Redeeming might hath won ;<sup>1</sup>  
 His will—that thou shouldst never die,  
 Believing on His Son ;<sup>2</sup>  
 His will—that thou, through earthly strife,  
 Shouldst rise to everlasting life.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thess. iv. 3.

<sup>2</sup> John vi. 40.

<sup>3</sup> John vi. 39.

That one unchanging song of praise  
 Should from our hearts arise ;<sup>1</sup>  
 That we should know His wondrous ways,  
 Though hidden from the wise ;<sup>2</sup>  
 That we, so sinful and so base,  
 Should know the glory of His grace.<sup>3</sup>

His will—to grant the yearning prayer  
 For dear ones far away,<sup>4</sup>  
 That they His grace and love may share,  
 And tread His pleasant way ;  
 That in the Father and the Son  
 All perfect we may be in one.<sup>5</sup>

His will—the little flock to bring  
 Into His royal fold,  
 To reign for ever with their King,<sup>6</sup>  
 His beauty to behold.<sup>7</sup>  
 Sin's fell dominion crushed for aye,  
 Sorrow and sighing fled away.

This thou hast asked ! And shall the prayer  
 Float upward on a sigh ?  
 No song were sweet enough to bear  
 Such glad desires on high !  
 But God thy Father shall fulfil,  
 In thee and for thee, all His will.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Thess. v. 18.<sup>2</sup> Matt. xi. 25, 26.<sup>3</sup> Eph. i. 5, 6, 11, 12.<sup>4</sup> 1 John v. 14-16.<sup>5</sup> John xvii. 23, 24.<sup>6</sup> Luke xii. 32.<sup>7</sup> Isa. xxxiii. 17.

'The Things which are Behind.'

LEAVE behind earth's empty pleasure,  
Fleeting hope and changeful love ;  
Leave its soon-corroding treasure :  
There are better things above.

Leave, oh, leave thy fond aspirings,  
Bid thy restless heart be still ;  
Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,  
Only seek thy Father's will.

Leave behind thy faithless sorrow,  
And thine every anxious care ;  
He who only knows the morrow  
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,  
And thy crushing load of sin ;  
By thy mighty Saviour's merit,  
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee,  
Leave the shadow-land behind ;  
Realms of glory lie before thee ;  
Enter in, and welcome find.

'Now I See.'

JOHN I. 25.

'Now I see !' But not the parting  
Of the melting earth and sky,

Not a vision dread and startling,  
 Forcing one despairing cry.  
 But I see the solemn saying,  
 All have sinned, and all must die ;  
 Holy precepts disobeying,  
 Guilty all the world must lie.  
 Bending, silenced, to the dust,  
 Now I see that God is just.

‘Now I see!’ But not the glory,  
 Not the face of Him I love,  
 Not the full and burning story  
 Of the mysteries above.  
 But I see what God hath spoken,  
 How His well-belovèd Son  
 Kept the laws which man hath broken,  
 Died for sins which man hath done ;  
 Dying, rising, throned above !  
 ‘Now I see’ that God is Love.

### Everlasting Love.

‘Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, *therefore* with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.’ ‘No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him.’

‘God’s everlasting love ! What wouldst thou more ?’  
 O true and tender friend, well hast thou spoken.  
 My heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,  
 And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token :  
 And, like a child that knows not why it cried,  
 ‘Mid God’s full promises it moaned, ‘Unsatisfied !’

Yet there it stands. O love surpassing thought,  
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious ;  
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,  
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious !  
And this great love for us in boundless store :  
God's everlasting love ! What would we more ?

Yes, one thing more ! To know it ours indeed,  
To add the conscious joy of full possession.  
O tender grace that stoops to every need !  
This everlasting love hath found expression  
In loving-kindness, which hath gently drawn  
The heart that else astray too willingly had gone.

From no less fountain such a stream could flow,  
No other root could yield so fair a flower :  
Had He not loved, He had not drawn us so ;  
Had He not drawn, we had nor will nor power  
To rise, to come ;—the Saviour had passed by  
Where we in blindness sat without one care or cry.

We thirst for *God*, our treasure *is* above ;  
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,  
And that desire is pledge of His own love.  
Sweet question ; with no answer ! oh *how* sweet !  
My heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er  
Sings on—' God's everlasting love ! What wouldst  
thou more ?'

‘Master, say on!’

MASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,  
 Waiting for Thy gracious word,  
 Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;  
 Master ! let it now be heard.  
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
 What hast Thou to say to me ?

Master, speak in love and power :  
 Crown the mercies of the day,  
 In this quiet evening hour  
 Of the moonrise o’er the bay,  
 With the music of Thy voice ;  
 Speak ! and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing  
 Many another voice than Thine,  
 Many an unwilling echo stealing  
 From the walls of this Thy shrine :  
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall ;  
 Master, speak ! and silence all.

Master, speak ! I do not doubt Thee,  
 Though so tearfully I plead ;  
 Saviour, Shepherd ! oh, without Thee  
 Life would be a blank indeed !  
 But I long for fuller light,  
 Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the 'faithful saying,'  
Trusting what Thy gospel saith,  
On Thy written promise staying  
All my hope in life and death,  
Yet I long for something more  
From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,  
Let me *know* it is to me ;  
Speak, that I may follow faster,  
With a step more firm and free,  
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,  
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak ! I kneel before Thee,  
Listening, longing, waiting still ;  
Oh, how long shall I implore Thee  
This petition to fulfil !  
Hast Thou not one word for me ?  
Must my prayer unanswered be ?

Master, speak ! Though least and lowest,  
Let me **not** unheard depart ;  
Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest  
All the yearning of my heart,  
Knowest all its truest need ;  
Speak ! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak ! and make me ready,  
When Thy voice is truly heard,  
With obedience glad and steady  
Still to follow every word.  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
Master, speak, oh, speak to me !

**Remote Results.**

WHERE are the countless crystals,  
So perfect and so bright,  
That robed in softest ermine  
The winter day and night?  
Not lost! for, life to many a root,  
They rise again in flower and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests,  
And giant ferns of old,  
That in primeval silence  
Strange leaf and frond unrolled?  
Not lost! for now they shine and blaze,  
The light and warmth of Christmas days.

Where are our early lessons,  
The teachings of our youth,  
The countless words forgotten  
Of knowledge and of truth?  
Not lost! for they are living still,  
As power to think, and do, and will.

Where is the seed we scatter,  
With weak and trembling hand,  
Beside the gloomy waters,  
Or on the arid land?  
Not lost! for after many days  
Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow,  
And lonely hours of pain,

When work is interrupted,  
 Or planned and willed in vain?  
 Not lost! it is the thorniest shoot  
 That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons,  
 His teachings dark or bright?  
 Not lost! but only hidden,  
 Till, in eternal light,  
 We see, while at His feet we fall,  
 The reasons and results of all.

### On the Last Leaf.<sup>1</sup>

FINISHED at last!

Yet for five years past  
 My book on the dusty shelf hath lain,  
 And I hardly thought that ever again  
 My thoughts would follow the pleasant chime  
 Of musical measure and ringing rhyme.

I remember well when I laid it by,  
 Closed with a sort of requiem sigh.  
 Spring in her beauty had swept along,  
 And left my spirit all full of song:  
 The wakening depths of my heart were stirred,  
 Voices within and without I heard,

Whispering me

That I might be

A messenger of peace and pleasure;  
 That in my careless minstrelsy  
 Lay something of poetic treasure,

<sup>1</sup> Written at the close of a manuscript volume.

Which, wrought with care, I yet some day  
At all my loved ones' feet might lay.  
Perhaps 't was a vain and foolish dream,  
A fancy-lit, illusive gleam !  
And yet I cannot quite believe  
That such bright impulse could deceive.  
I felt I had so much to say,  
Such pleasant thoughts from day to day,  
Sang, lark-like, with each morning ray,  
Or murmured low in twilight grey,  
    Like distant curfew pealing.  
And then, for each, fair Fancy brought  
A robe of language ready wrought,  
The smile of every wingèd thought  
    Half veiling, half revealing.  
And I only waited, with longing gaze,  
For the golden leisure of summer days,  
Which I thought to crown with happiest lays.

God thought not so ! Ah no, He knew  
There was other work for me to do,  
There were other lessons for me to learn :  
Another voice fell, low and stern,  
    Upon the too reluctant ear.  
Before the solemn voice of Pain  
My visions fled, nor came again,  
With all their glad and lovely train,  
    My summer-tide to cheer.

Well is it when, at high command  
Of wisest Love, she takes her stand  
    At the heart's busy portal,

And warns away each noisy guest  
Whose presence chases calm and rest,  
Our powers, the brightest and the best,  
Proclaiming weak and mortal.

That so the way may be more clear  
For Him, the Prince of Peace, to come,  
That which is left all void and drear  
To make His palace and His home.

And so the song of my heart was hushed,  
And the chiming thoughts were stilled :  
Summer flew by, but the hope was crushed,  
Swiftly onward my life-tide rushed,  
But my book remained unfilled.  
For an aching head and a weary frame,  
Poetry is but an empty name.  
Yet I am sure it was better so,  
I *trusted* then, and now I *know*.

For ever, I think, the gift is fled  
Which once I fancied mine :  
So be it ! A 'name' is not for me ;  
Loving and loved I would rather be,  
With power to cheer and sympathize,  
Bearing new light for tear-dimmed eyes ;  
But I do not care to shine.

So if aught I write may tend to this,  
My fairest hope of earthly bliss,  
Content with humblest rhyme I'll be ;  
And, striving less and trusting more,  
All simple, earnest thoughts outpour,  
Such as my God may give to me.

### How Should They Know Me?

THERE are those who deem they know me well,  
And smile as I tell them 'nay !'  
Who think they may clearly and carelessly tell  
Each living drop in my heart's deep well,  
And lightly enter its inmost cell ;  
But little (how little !) know they !

How should they know me? My soul is a maze  
Where I wander alone, alone ;  
Never a footfall there was heard,  
Never a mortal hand hath stirred  
The silence-curtain that hangs between  
Outer and inner, nor eye hath seen  
What is only and ever my own.

They have entered indeed the vestibule,  
For its gate is opened wide,  
High as the roof, and I welcome all  
Who will visit my warm reception-hall,  
And utter a long and loving call  
To some who are yet outside.

I would lead each guest to a place of rest ;  
All should be calm and bright ;  
Then a lulling flow of melody,  
And a crystal draught of sympathy,  
And odorous blossoms of kindly thought,  
With golden fruit of deed, be brought  
From the chambers out of sight.

Some I would take with a cordial hand,  
    And lead them round the walls ;  
Showing them many a storied screen,  
Many a portrait, many a scene,  
Deep-cut carving, and outlined scroll ;  
Passing quickly where shadows roll,  
    Slowly where sunshine falls.

They do not know and they cannot see  
    That strong-hinged, low-arched door,  
Though I am passing in and out,  
From gloom within to light without,  
Or from gloom without to light within ;  
None can ever an entrance win,  
    None ! for evermore.

It is a weird and wondrous realm,  
    Where I often hold my breath  
At the unseen things which there I see,  
At the mighty shapes which beckon to me,  
At the visions of woe and ecstasy,  
    At the greetings of life and death.

They rise, they pass, they melt away,  
    In an ever-changing train ;  
I cannot hold them or tell their stay,  
Or measure the time of their fleeting sway ;  
As grim as night, and as fair as day,  
    They vanish and come again.

I wander on through the strange domain,  
    Marvelling ever and aye ;

Marvelling how around my feet  
 All the opposites seem to meet,  
 The dark, the light, the chill, the glow,  
 The storm, the calm, the fire, the snow,—  
 How can it be? I do not know.

Then how, oh how, can they ?

What am I, and how? If reply there be,  
 In unsearchable chaos 'tis cast.  
 Though the soaring spirit of restless man  
 Might the boundary line of the universe scan,  
 And measure and map its measureless plan,  
 The gift of self-knowledge were last !

### Making Poetry.

LITTLE one, what are you doing,  
 Sitting on the window-seat?  
 Laughing to yourself, and writing,  
 Some right merry thought inditing,  
 Balancing with swinging feet.

'T is some poetry I'm making,  
 Though I never tried before :  
 Four whole lines ! I'll read them to you.  
 Do you think them funny, do you ?  
 Shall I try to make some more ?

'I should like to be a poet,  
 Writing verses every day ;  
 Then to you I'd always bring them,  
 You should make a tune and sing them ;  
 'T would be pleasanter than play.'

Think you, darling, nought is needed  
But the paper and the ink,  
And a pen to trace so lightly,  
While the eye is beaming brightly,  
All the pretty things we think?

There's a secret,—can you trust me?  
Do not ask me what it is!  
Perhaps some day you too will know it,  
If you live to be a poet,  
All its agony and bliss.

Poetry is not a trifle,  
Lightly thought and lightly made;  
Not a fair and scentless flower,  
Gaily cultured for an hour,  
Then as gaily left to fade.

'Tis not stringing rhymes together  
In a pleasant true accord;  
Not the music of the metre,  
Not the happy fancies, sweeter  
Than a flower-bell, honey-stored.

'Tis the essence of existence,  
Rarely rising to the light;  
And the songs that echo longest,  
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,  
With your life-blood you will write.

*With your life-blood.* None will know it,  
You will never tell them how.

Smile ! and they will never guess it :  
Laugh ! and you will not confess it  
By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension  
Ere the tone be full and true ;  
Shallow lakelets of emotion  
Are not like the spirit-ocean,  
Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,  
If the charge indeed be yours,  
First is gained by earnest learning,  
Carved in letters deep and burning  
On a heart that long endures.

Day by day that wondrous tablet  
Your life-poem shall receive,  
By the hand of Joy or Sorrow ;  
But the pen can never borrow  
Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript  
Of a life-line here and there,  
Only just a spray-wreath springing  
From the hidden depths, and flinging  
Broken rainbows on the air.

Still, if you but copy truly,  
'T will be poetry indeed,  
Echoing many a heart's vibration,  
Rather love than admiration  
Earning as your priceless meed.

Will you seek it? Will you brave it?  
'T is a strange and solemn thing,  
Learning long, before your teaching,  
Listening long, before your preaching,  
Suffering before you sing.

### The Cascade.

Who saith that Poetry is not in thee,  
Thou wild cascade, bright, beautiful, and free?  
Who saith that thine own sunny gleaming waters  
Are not among 'sweet Poesie's' fair daughters?  
No Poetry in thee? then tell, oh tell,  
Where is the home where she delights to dwell?  
But what is Poetry? Some aerial sprite,  
Clothed in a dazzling robe of wavy light,  
Whose magic touch unlocks the gates of joy  
In dreamland to some vision-haunted boy?  
Or is she but a breath from Eden-bowers,  
Charged with the fragrance of their shining flowers,  
Which, passing o'er the harp-strings of the soul,  
Awakes new melody, whose echoes roll  
In waves of spirit-music through the heart,  
Till tears and smiles in mingling sweetness start?  
It may be so, but still she seems to me  
Most like a God-sent sunlight, rich and free,  
Bathing the tiniest leaf in molten gold,  
Bidding each flower some secret charm unfold,  
Weaving a veil of loveliness for earth,  
Calling all fairy forms to wondrous birth.

Our sweet soul-Artist ! Many a fair surprise  
Her colour-treasures bring to waiting eyes ;  
Her pictures, sudden seen, oft seem to dwell  
Like pearls within the rugged ocean shell,  
They tell of something purer and more fair  
Than earth can boast, and gleam forth everywhere,  
Star-glimpses through the trees, or flashes bright  
Of meteor glory in a northern night.

Our sweet soul-Harpist ! linking winds with sighs,  
And blending both with spirit-melodies,  
And adding chords that come we know not whence,  
Dream-echoes mingling with the wakeful sense.  
O strange, O beautiful ! though all unknown,  
The music-fount of every lovely tone,  
The colour-fount of every lovely thought,  
By this bright ministrant so freely brought,  
Save that we own their true and soothing might  
One of His perfect gifts, whose names are Love and Light.

Oh ! she is often where we least surmise,  
And scorns the dimness of our heavy eyes ;  
We catch the ruby sparkles of her wing,  
And she is gone like dewdrops of the spring ;  
Again, to glad us with her smile she stays,  
And shows her brightness to our loving gaze.  
No cave so dark but she may gain its porch,  
And gild the shadows with her quenchless torch ;  
No dell so silent but her pealing voice  
Can bid a leafy orchestra rejoice ;  
No waste so lonely but she there may hold  
Her gorgeous court in splendour all untold.

And where those waters murmur as they leap,  
 A song of gentleness, and calm, and sleep,  
 Within the sounding music of their tone  
 I hear a voice, and know it is her own.

And where the fair, fond sunbeams blithely play  
 Amid the hazy wreaths of dancing spray,  
 A form of fairy grace shines forth to me;  
 I hail the vision, for I know 't is she.  
 She loves that changeful, yet unchanging foam,  
 Within its arching bowers she finds a home,  
 And reads beneath its roof of fleeting snow  
 The secrets of the shadowy depth below.  
 Then who shall say that she is not in thee,  
 Thou wild cascade, bright, beautiful, and free!

Constance De V—.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES MAURICE, PRINCE DE  
 TALLEYRAND.

YE maidens of Old England!  
 The joyous and the free,  
 The loving and the loved of all,  
 Wherever ye may be;  
 Who wander through the ferny dell,  
 And o'er the breezy hill,  
 And glide along the woodland path  
 All at your own sweet will;  
 Who know the many joys of home,  
 The song, the smile, the mirth,  
 The happy things which God has given  
 To brighten this our earth:

Comes there a sigh, a longing thought,  
In lonely musing hours?  
Deem ye there is a fairer realm,  
A purer faith than ours?  
O cast away the yearning dream,  
And listen, while I tell  
Of one who knew no other home  
Than her own convent cell.

## I.

The rain comes down relentlessly,  
The sky is robed in grey,  
Oh, Paris is a dreary place  
On such a dreary day!  
But dreariest of the darkening streets,  
Where the loud rain doth fall,  
Is that where looms the convent tower,  
Where frowns the convent wall.

## II.

A boyish step is passing  
Beneath the dripping eaves,  
With monkish lore beladen,  
With musty Latin leaves.  
Ah, Charles Maurice, the young abbé,  
Thou art of princely birth!  
For thee shall dawn a brighter day,  
A strange high part be thine to play,  
With wondrous tact to guide and sway  
The great ones of the earth!

III.

But the still-increasing torrents  
 Will spoil the ancient tomes,  
 And woe betide Charles Maurice  
 From the wrath of cowlèd gnomes !  
 So he seeks a low-bent archway  
 Within the grim old wall,  
 Where never the laughing footstep  
 Of a sunbeam dares to fall.

IV.

Anon he wraps the volumes  
 In the folds of his hooded gown ;  
 Then starts to hear, though he knows no **fear**,  
 A sound which tells him life is near—  
 That he is not alone.  
 He turns—the passage is dark as night,  
 He listens—but all is still,  
 Save the raindrops in monotonous march,  
 And the ceaseless drip from the mouldering **arch**,  
 On the stone so damp and chill.

v.

‘ *Qui vive ?* ’ he cries right gaily,  
 Through the cavernous entry’s gloom ;  
 But a low, faint cry is the sole reply,  
 As the voice of one who is come to lie  
 On the brink of a yawning tomb.  
 Oh, where is the true-hearted lad,  
 Who at the call of sorrow

But in his thoughtlessness is glad  
To help the weak and cheer the sad,  
And promise a brighter morrow?

## VI.

The cry was one of weakness—  
Of weariness unblest ;  
And a pulse of gentle sympathy  
Makes music in his breast.  
Through the dark way he gropeth  
To the iron-studded door,  
Behind whose oaken grimness  
Some dwell in cloistral dimness  
Who may pass out no more.

## VII.

There, in the glimmering darkness,  
He deems he can descry  
A small and sable-robèd form  
On the cold doorstep lie.  
The form is that of maidenhood ;  
And, in that boyish heart,  
It wakes a helpful tenderness,  
Like that which, hidden, yet doth bless  
Through a loved brother's fond caress,  
Ere childhood's hours depart.

## VIII.

'What is it?' said Charles Maurice,  
In a softly pitying tone ;

‘What dost thou fear? why art thou here?  
 And why that weary moan?’  
 Then, lifting her with gentle arm,  
 He bore her where the light  
 Fell on a girlish face so fair,  
 It seemed a seraph light to wear,  
 But for the sorrow mantling there,  
 And the glance of wild affright.

IX.

Why should I paint her beauty?  
 Have ye not often tried  
 To tell of rosy lip and cheek,  
 Of starlit eyes that shine and speak,  
 Of cloudlike locks that vainly seek  
 The snowy brow to hide?  
 And feel ye not, when all is said  
 That words can ever say,  
 The fount of beauty still is sealed—  
 The loveliness is not revealed  
 To those who list the lay.

X.

Oh, words can never satisfy—  
 They are too hard and real;  
 The subtle charm they cannot show  
 By which the Beautiful we know,  
 The Beautiful we feel.  
 Perchance they speak the form, the mind,  
 And draw the likeness well;

But at the closèd entrance gate  
 All reverently they bend and wait  
     Where, 'neath the marble-arching dome,  
 In crystal-windowed palace-home,  
     The soul itself doth dwell.

## XI.

And who may tell how lovely  
     The gentle Constance seemed,  
 When through such clouds of sorrow  
     Her meteor beauty gleamed !  
 What wonder that all speechless,  
     As in a trance of gladness,  
 The young abbé stood wonderingly,  
     Before such radiant sadness ?

## XII.

For the look of hopeless terror  
     Was softened as she raised  
 Those orbs of strange, quick brightness,  
     And on Charles Maurice gazed.  
 She saw the pledge of kindness  
     Traced on that high fair brow ;—  
 'Oh, no ! thou never wilt betray,  
 But aid thou canst not ; say, oh say,  
 Am I not lost ? There is no way  
     Of safe return, I know.'

## XIII.

Then the trembling hands she folded  
     Over the burning cheek,

A wild and woe-born sobbing  
 Forbade the lips to speak ;  
 Till quiet words of sympathy,  
 So softly breathed and low,  
 And the touch of that young hand on hers,  
 Soon bade her story flow.

XIV.

· I was a very little child,  
 Not old enough to know,  
 Perhaps kind looks had on me smiled,  
 But I forget them now,  
 When I was brought to live so coldly here,  
 Where all goes on the same through weary month and  
 year.

XV.

‘ I did not know how lovely all  
 The world without must be ;  
 The sunbeams on the convent wall  
 Were quite enough for me ;  
 But others came who knew, and then they told  
 Of all that I had dreamt, but never might behold.

XVI.

‘ They told me of the mountains tall,  
 Where they might freely roam ;  
 They told me of the waterfall,  
 With music in its foam ;  
 They told me of wide fields and opening flowers,  
 Of sloping mossy banks and glowing autumn bowers.

## XVII.

‘Of other things they told me, too,  
More beautiful to them,  
Of gleaming halls where sparklets flew  
From many a radiant gem ;  
And then they told of mirth, and dance, and song.  
Would I had never heard, that I might never long !

## XVIII.

‘They said the sky was just as blue  
Above the convent towers,  
As where the arching forests threw  
A shade o’er summer flowers ;  
But I grew weary of that dazzling sky,  
And longed to wander forth, e’en if it were to die.

## XIX.

‘I did not want to change my lot,  
I knew it might not be ;  
I only longed to have one spot  
All bright with memory.  
To gaze just once upon the world I tried,  
And then I would return to be Heaven’s lonely bride.

## XX.

‘But, oh, I heard no sounds of mirth,  
No beauty I could see ;  
I could not find the lovely earth,  
It was not made for me.  
And now my punishment indeed is sore,  
My only home hath closed on me its iron door.

XXI.

Yes! in her fevered restlessness  
 She left her unwatched cell,  
 When all around were summoned  
 By the deep-voiced matin-bell.  
 And in the damp-stoned cloisters  
 To rest awhile she thought,  
 Where cold, fresh air might round her play,  
 The burning fever pass away,  
 And coolness of the early day  
 To her hot brow be brought.

XXII.

Strange carelessness! no massy bar  
 Across the gate was thrown!  
 She deemed that world of beauty near;  
 She gazed around in haste and fear,  
 Oh, none were there to see and hear—  
 The timid bird has flown!  
 But the rain came down relentlessly,  
 The sky was robed in grey;  
 All dreary seemed the narrow street,  
 And nothing bright or fair might meet  
 Her of the white and trembling feet;  
 No loveliness is there to greet  
 That wandering star to-day.

XXIII.

Then, bowed with shame and weakness,  
 And disappointed hope

She only reached the heavy door  
To find it firmly closed once more ;  
Ah, who shall help, and who restore,  
    And who that door shall ope ?  
The strong young arm of Charles Maurice  
    Tries once and yet again,  
But the weighty portal baffles him :  
    Ah ! is it all in vain ?

## XXIV.

But Constance darts one upward glance  
    Of blent despair and trust ;  
There is no bolt, for daylight gleams  
Between the scarcely-meeting beams :  
Some unknown obstacle there seems,  
    And conquer it he must.  
He strains his utmost strength, the sweat  
    Is beading on his brow ;  
It creaks—it yields ! O Constance, smile,  
    The door is open now !

## XXV.

From her cheek the flush hath faded,  
    As fades the evening glow,  
In pristine whiteness leaving  
    The rosy Alpine snow.  
And like a breeze of twilight  
    The aspen-leaves among,  
A whisper falls upon his ear  
    From quivering lip and tongue :

XXVI.

‘Farewell! Oh, thou hast saved me!’  
 And the hand so white and cold,  
 With lingering clasp of gratitude,  
 Her wordless thanks hath told.  
 One moment on that small, fair hand  
 His youthful lips are pressed;  
 There is a reverence in his eye,  
 For grief and beauty both are nigh;  
 She passes like a spirit by,  
 To seek her cheerless rest.

XXVII.

They are parted, like the dewdrops  
 That linger in the smile  
 Of a storm-begotten rainbow,  
 But for a little while:  
 Then one in lonely dimness  
 To earth may soon descend;  
 And one with the bright sky above,  
 Though all unseen, may blend.

XXVIII.

The young abbé hath paused in vain  
 To hear her footstep pass;  
 ’Twas lighter than the noiseless fall  
 Of rose-leaf on the grass.  
 No sound is heard but the pattering rain,  
 And he slowly turns away,  
 With the brown old books beneath his gown,  
 To meet his abbot’s gathering frown,  
 For loitering on the way.

## XXIX.

Think you he conned the loveless lore  
Without a thoughtful sigh  
For the loveliness in sorrow,  
Which passed so trance-like by ?  
Among the missal borders  
Was no such angel-face ;  
And such, once seen, fade not away ;  
Their image shines without decay,  
When on the canvas of the heart,  
With untaught skill, yet mystic art,  
Each line of light we trace.

## XXX.

The wing of Time seems broken now,  
So tardy is his flight ;  
He deems by day that she is dead,  
He dreams she lives, by night.  
Till quick anxiety hath found  
A messenger to bear  
The tidings that he strove to frame,  
From woven hope and fear.

## XXXI.

What wonder that he heard not  
Her footfall on the stone !  
She sank beneath the cloister wall,  
Unheeded and alone ;  
And ere Charles Maurice stood again  
Beneath the open sky,

For ever on the things of earth  
 She closed her weary eye.

XXXII.

Constance, the beautiful, hath left  
 Her dismal convent cell ;  
 She hath not known one hope fulfilled,  
 One granted joy, one longing stilled.  
 For her the melody of life  
 Was but one chord of inward strife,  
 Was but one ruthless knell.  
 Her heart bedimmed with sameness,  
 Her only wish denied,  
 Oh, what a mockery it were  
 Her lot should such a title bear,  
 ' Heaven's own appointed bride !'

XXXIII.

Why should her early spring-time  
 Be quenched in wintry gloom ?  
 Was it not merciful and wise  
 To call her spirit to the skies  
 From such a living tomb ?  
 How might that gentle maiden  
 Have scattered joy around,  
 And made the earth a brighter place,  
 For all her radiance and grace !  
 But now, unsorrows and unknown,  
 Her only memory is a stone  
 Within the convent bound.

**fairy homes.**

I've found at last the hiding-place  
Where the fairy people dwell,  
And to win the secrets of their race  
I hold the long-sought spell.

With the woodland fairies I can talk,  
I can list their silvery lays ;  
Oh ! pleasant in a lonely walk  
Is the company of fays.

No fabled fancy 't is to me,  
For in every floweret's bell  
Is a tiny chamber, where I see  
A gentle fairy dwell.

And at my bidding forth they come,  
To soothe me or to cheer,  
And to tell me tales of fairydom  
With voices soft and clear.

Full many a beauteous lesson, too,  
Their rosy lips can teach ;  
Great men would wonder if they knew  
How well the fairies preach !

When thoughts of sorrow sadden me,  
They seem to sympathize,  
And gaze upon me lovingly,  
With tender earnest eyes ;

But when a tide of joyous glee  
 Is bringing song and smile,  
 Then brightly they look up to me,  
 And laugh with me awhile.

Oh! lovely are the floweret homes  
 Of these sweet summer fays;  
 God's thoughts of beauty taking form  
 To gladden mortal gaze.

**More Music.**

Oh for a burst of song,  
 Exultant, deep, and strong,  
 One gush of music's billowy might,  
 To bear my soul away  
 Into the realms of day,  
 From these dim glacier-caves of Life's cold night!

Oh for a sunset strain  
 Wafted o'er slumberous main,  
 To enter, spirit-like, my prisoned heart,  
 And there, with viewless hand,  
 Unloose each mortal band,  
 That in the songs of heaven I too might learn a part.

The sweetest music here  
 Calls forth the quiet tear,  
 For grief and gladness flow in blended stream;  
 Oh for the joyous day,  
 (Can it be far away?)  
 When one great Alleluia song shall chase Life's tuneless  
 dream!

## Travelling Thoughts.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER LA FRANCE, JANUARY 26, 1866.

A STILL grey haze around us,  
 Behind, a foreign shore,  
 A still grey deep beneath us,  
 And Dover cliffs before.  
 Not one within a hundred miles  
 Whose name I ever heard,  
 None who would care to speak to me  
 A passing friendly word :  
 Yet not a shadow crosseth me  
 Of loneliness or fear ;  
 I bless the Omnipresent One,  
 I know that God is here.

All whom I love are scattered :  
 And many a month and mile  
 Rise, mountain-like, before, behind,  
 Between me and their smile.  
 Oh that the love I bear them  
 Might blossom into skill  
 To comfort and to brighten,  
 And all with gladness fill !  
 Ah! helpless love! Yet 't is a joy  
 To turn each wish to prayer,  
 And, where each loved one sojourneth,  
 To know that God is there.

The nearest and the dearest  
 Are where the rushing Rhine

Bends northward from the Drachenfels,  
From castle, rock, and vine ;  
Where long-lined chestnut shadows  
Make tracery below,  
And the moss-framed window challenges  
The might of frost and snow.  
Lit rather by the dawn of heaven  
Than earthly sunset glow,  
That passing home of faith and prayer !  
Oh, God is there, I know !

From thence the wing of loving thought  
Speeds on where Severn flows,  
And hovers o'er as fair a scene  
As our fair England knows ;  
The home of summer roses,  
Of winter mirth and glee,—  
Long may that home unbroken,  
That mirth unsilenced be !  
The blessings of unbounded grace  
I pray Him to bestow,  
And trust Him for the coming years,  
For He is there, I know.

Now westward sweeps the vision  
Across the Irish Sea,  
And echoes low of sisters' love  
Come back again to me.  
A beacon bright in stormy night  
Of error, rage, and wrong,  
That home of love and truth shall cast  
Its radiance pure and strong.

They tell of rumours strange and dark ;  
But oh ! no need to fear !  
God will not leave His own, I know,  
His guardian hand is near.

Another scene by gentle Ouse  
Must aye be dear to me,  
Though all are not together now,  
And one is on the sea.  
And where a grey cathedral tower  
Uprises broad and high,  
A home is made in cloistral shade,  
Beside the winding Wye.  
To seek the richest boons for these,  
Why should the heart be slow ?  
One Shepherd, Chief, and Great, and Good,  
Is watching there, I know.

Then, in a busy city,  
A crypt all dark and lone,  
A name engraven on our hearts  
Is traced upon a stone.  
Not *there* the sainted spirit !  
She dwells in holy light,  
Within the pearl-raised portals,  
With those who walk in white.  
May all her children follow  
The path she meekly trod,  
And reach the home she rests in now,  
And dwell, like her, with God.

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## New Year's Wishes.

A PEARL-STREWN pathway of untold gladness,  
Flecked by no gloom, by no weary sadness,  
Such be the year to thee !

A crystal rivulet, sunlight flinging,  
Awakening blossoms, and joyously singing  
Its own calm melody.

A symphony soft, and sweet, and low,  
Like the gentlest music the angels know  
In their moments of deepest joy ;  
'Mid earth's wild clamour thy spirit telling  
Of beauty and holiness, upward swelling,  
And mingling with the sky.

A radiant, fadeless Eden flower,  
Unfolding in loveliness hour by hour,  
Like a wing-veiled seraph's face ;—  
Such be the opening year to thee,  
Shrouded though all its moments be,  
Unknown as the bounds of space.

Blessings unspoken this year be thine !  
Each day in its rainbow flight entwine  
New gems in thy joy-wreathed crown ;  
May each in the smile of Him be bright,  
Who is changeless Love and unfading Light,  
Till the glory seem to thy transcèd sight  
As heaven to earth come down.

### Bonnie Wee Eric.

BONNIE wee Eric! I have sat beside the evening fire,  
 And listened to the leaping flame still darting keenly  
     higher,  
 And all the while a lispig voice and eyes of sunny blue  
 Out-whispered the flame-whisper, and outshone the flicker  
     too.

Bonnie wee Eric! To his home thoughts pleasantly return,  
 To long fair evenings in the land of ben and brae and  
     burn;  
 Sweet northern words, so tunefully upon our Saxon flung,  
 As if a mountain breeze swept by where fairy bells are  
     hung.

But sweeter than all fairy bells of quaint sweet minstrel  
     tongue,  
 Rang out wee Eric's gentlest tone when o'er his cot I  
     hung,  
 And told him in the sunset glow once more the old dear  
     story  
 Of Him who walked the earth that we might walk with  
     Him in glory.

'He loves the little children so;—does darling Eric love  
     Him?'  
 I think the angels must have smiled a rainbow-smile above  
     him,  
 Yet hardly brighter than his own, that lit the answer true,  
 'Jesus, the kind good Jesus! Me do, oh yes, me do!'

Bonnie wee Eric ! How the thought of heaven is full of joy,  
 And death has not a shadow for the merry healthful boy !  
 To hear about the happy home he gladly turns away  
 From picture books, or Noah's ark, or any game of play.

'Mamma, some day me die, and then the angels take me  
 home  
 To Jesus, and me sing to Him ;—Papa and you too come.'  
 So brightly said ! 'But, Eric, would you really *like* to die ?'  
 She answered him ; 'then, darling, tell mamma the reason  
 why ?'

And then the sunny eyes looked up, and seemed at once  
 to be  
 Filled with a happy solemn light, like sunrise on the sea ;  
 He said—'Yes, me *would* like to die, *for me know where*  
*me going !*'  
 What saint-like longing, baby lips ! and oh ! what blessed  
 knowing !

The lesson of the 'little child' is sweetly learnt from him ;  
 No questioning, no anxious faith all tremulous and dim,  
 No drowsy love that hardly knows if it be love indeed ;  
 Not 'think' or 'hope,' but—'Oh me *do*,'—'me *know*,'—  
 his simple creed.

Bonnie wee Eric ! Hardly launched on this world's  
 troubled sea,  
 We know the little bark is safe whate'er its course may be,  
 And short or long, or fair or rough, our hearts are glad in  
 knowing  
 It will be onward, heavenward still, for he '*knows where*  
*he's going.*'

**My Sweet Woodruff.**

No more the flowers of spring are seen,  
And silence fills the summer noon ;  
The woods have lost the fresh bright green  
Of May and June.

But yesterday I found a flower,  
Deep sheltered from the withering rays,  
Which might have known the sun and shower  
Of April days.

I did not think again to find  
Such tender relic of the spring ;  
It thrilled such gladness through my mind,  
I needs must sing.

My girlhood's spring has passed for aye,  
With many a fairy tint and tone ;  
The heat and burden of the day  
Are better known.

But by my summer path has sprung  
A flower of happy love, as fair  
As e'er a subtle fragrance flung  
On spring's clear air.

I hardly thought to feel again  
Such dewy freshness in my heart,  
And so one little loving strain  
Must upward start.

There was spring-sunshine in my eyes,  
I had such joy in finding you  
So full of all I love and prize,  
So dear and true.

My heart is richer far to-day  
Than when I came a week ago ;  
How near to me such treasure lay  
I did not know !

The long parenthesis is o'er,  
And now, in letters all of light,  
The story of our love once more  
We both may write.

I have no words to breathe the praise  
Which now for this 'good gift' I owe ;  
A wordless anthem I must raise,  
But HE will know.

### Our Gem Wreath.

HEARD ye the sounds of joyous glee,  
And the notes of merry minstrelsy,  
And the purling of low, sweet words which start  
From the silent depths of a loving heart ;  
And the gushing laugh, and the rippling song,  
As the summer days sped swift along ?  
Saw ye the gleam of sunny hair,  
And the glancing of forms yet young and fair,

And the dancing light of happy eyes,  
And smiles like the rosy morning skies  
Saw ye and heard? and would ye not know  
What made such mirth and music flow?

There were maidens five, as blithe and free  
As the curbless waves of the open sea :  
They met ;—ye may liken their early greeting  
To the dewdrops on a rose-leaf meeting ;  
Then many a day flew uncounted by,  
With Love like an angel hovering nigh,  
While the ruby light of his sparkling wing  
Flung a tint of joy on everything.  
' In books, or works, or healthful play,'  
As the merriest lips would often say,  
Or in strange attempts to weave a spell  
Which might bid the Muses among them dwell,  
Or in a stream of mingled song,  
Some of their hours have passed along ;  
Bearing the sound of each pleasant lay,  
And the echo of many a laugh, away.

When the burning day is on the wane,  
They wander through some darkening lane,  
In quieter converse lingering awhile  
'Neath the arching roof of its shadowy aisle.

Where the latest sunbeams kiss the brow  
Of Malvern's Beacon, see them now ;  
Springing o'er moss-bed, and rock, and stone,  
As though the green earth were all their own ;  
And singing forth to the fair wide scene,  
In a loyal chorus, '*God save the Queen!*'

Again, from out the busy street,  
They pass with gladly reverent feet  
Within the old cathedral's shade ;  
And feel the sacred silence laid  
Upon the lips, upon the heart,  
By time and place thus 'set apart.'  
Then the anthem fills the glorious fane,  
Till its solemn tones float back again,  
Round arch and column the sound enwreathing,  
Till they seem with holy music breathing,—  
Music and love ; while the choral praise  
Images better and holier days.

Yet once again ;—with low bent head,  
They are kneeling where the Feast is spread ;  
Not one is absent, all are there,  
Its silent blessedness to share.  
Well may a bond of love be felt,  
When thus together they have knelt.

Would ye know the maidens five, oh say ?  
The meek, the merry, the grave, the gay :  
Each jewel of all the sunlit cluster  
Shines with its own unborrowed lustre ;—  
Then listen and gaze, while each shall pass,  
As a half-seen vision in magic glass.

## I.

A quiet summer evening, when the daybeams' heat and  
glare  
Have passed away, and coolness comes upon the cloudless  
air,

And the soft grey twilight wakes the stars to glisten o'er  
the hill,  
And the only vesper-chime is rung by one low-murmuring  
rill :

Like such an evening is the soul of that one dark-eyed  
maid,  
Amid earth's restless turmoil like a calm and pleasant  
shade ;  
So soothing and so gently sweet her words of deep love  
fall  
Upon the wearied spirit, like the ringdove's forest call.

Well hath she learnt to sympathize with every hope and  
fear,  
Well hath she learnt the sorrowing heart to brighten and  
to cheer ;  
Long years of weary weakness have not passed away in  
vain,  
If the holy art of sympathy they taught her to attain.

Her fairy footstep falleth as a noiseless flake of snow,  
So violet-like and still that we her presence hardly know ;  
But like a gleaming vessel-path, far glittering through the  
night,  
She leaves a memory behind of soft and silvery light.

Within the crystal cavern of retirement ye find  
That gem of inward radiance, her ' meek and quiet ' mind ;  
Not like the flashing topaz, or the ruby's gorgeous glow,  
She is a precious AMETHYST, whose value well we know.

## II.

Now turn we to that merry maiden,  
With azure eye, and smooth bright hair ;  
A lily blossom, fragrance-laden,  
Is not more fair.

A dewdrop to the thirsty flower,  
A sun-ray gilding every cloud,  
A rainbow when the thunder-shower  
Is rushing loud ;

A spirit full of pleasant brightness,  
That speaks from lip, and cheek, and brow,  
To whose glad spell of cheering lightness  
E'en grief must bow.

Her hand hath learnt with wondrous power  
Scenes of rare loveliness to trace,  
And picture forms with airy dower  
Of beauteous grace.

The breath of flattery hath not tainted  
Her simple thought with pride's dark stain :  
Because her leaves are richly painted,  
Is the rose vain ?

Then, as an orient EMERALD shining,  
Long may her loveliness be set  
Among the sister-gems, entwining  
Our coronet.

## III.

Say, who shall form the vision-centre now ?  
She of the large, soft eye, and pensive smile,  
She of the earnest gaze, and thoughtful brow :  
Who would not love to read her looks awhile,  
Or list that often silent voice, whose flow  
Like distant waterfall is heard, so sweet and low ?

Not many summers o'er her youth have cast  
Their varying sun and shade, and we might deem  
No breath of sadness o'er her soul had passed,  
But for that orb subdued, like some lone stream,  
Where the sad willows rest in shadowy love,  
While its blue depth reflects the sunlit heaven above.

All calmness, yet deep sorrow she hath known,  
Dimming the star of hope which shone so clear,  
The song of life hath changed its joyous tone,  
The pearl of life hath melted to a tear ;  
But star and song shall rise in brighter day,  
And hers that priceless Pearl which none may take away.

Her sorrow, all unspoken, doth but twine  
Our earnest love more changelessly around her ;  
While we look onward, upward, for the time  
When Joy's fair garland shall again have crowned her,  
Who as the PEARL of all our wreath is gleaming,  
In mild and moonlit radiance softly 'mid us beaming.

## IV.

Like a flash of meteor light,  
Strangely gladdening and bright,

Is the youngest of the band,  
Making every heart expand.

Like a petrel on the wave,  
What to her though tempests rave?  
She will skim each foamy crest,  
Making all around her blest.

Like a song-bird of the spring,  
She is ever on the wing;  
Carolling in blithest glee,  
Like the wild breeze, fresh and free.

Like a beautiful gazelle  
Bounding over hill and dell;  
Like the scented hawthorn-flowers,  
Ever scattering blossom-showers.

Can a star of light be found,  
Shedding aught but light around?  
Joy and gladness must be nigh,  
Where her starry pinions fly.

Clear and open as the day,  
All may trust her glancing ray,  
All must love its rainbow light:  
Is she not a DIAMOND bright?

## v.

And the last maiden,—what is she?  
She sees not herself as others see,  
From an outward point of view;

She only knows the scenes within,  
The weary conflict, and the sin,  
The strivings a better life to win,  
And the gleams of gladness too.

But little she knows of the secret cells,  
Where in lonely twilight the spirit dwells  
In an ever mysterious home,  
Where music, and beauty, and sweet perfume,  
Grim storms, and the blackness of the tomb,  
In morning brightness, and midnight gloom,  
In an untracked labyrinth roam.

How many a chamber within is sealed !  
How wondrous the little that is revealed  
In a scarce-caught whispering tone !  
Strange thoughts come forth to her outer gaze,  
Wild fancies flash with spectral rays,  
And feelings glow with uncertain blaze ;  
But their fountain is all unknown.

Ah ! she would long to glean a ray  
From each lovely gem of this summer lay,  
For her own are faint and few.  
The tremulous OPAL'S changeful light  
May emblem her, now dark, now bright,  
Yet blending in love with each sister sprite  
In a union fond and true.

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Such are the five, as now they seem  
In the golden haze of Memory's dream.

But the future! who may lift the veil  
 And read its yet unwritten tale!  
 The rose, or the thorn, the sun, the cloud,  
 The gleeful heart, or the spirit bowed,  
 The song of joy, or the wail of woe,  
 Which shall be theirs, we may not know.  
 Then sorrow and joy alike we leave  
     In the Hand which doeth all things well,  
 And calmly from that Hand receive  
     All that each coming year may tell.  
 Our jewel-garland lives by Him;  
     We would not ask of Life or Death,  
 Who first shall break its shining rim;  
     It shall be as the Master saith:  
 He only shall untwine the bond,  
 So fair and faithful, fresh and fond.  
 But oh that each who glistens now  
     In this verse-woven coronet,  
 Upon the Saviour's thorn-wreathed brow  
     May as a living gem be set!  
 Then never shall their light grow dim;  
 Redeemed and sanctified by Him,  
 Their life and love in blended rays  
 Shall shine in everlasting praise.

### My Name.<sup>1</sup>

FROM childish days I never heard  
     My own baptismal name;

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the question, 'What does the letter R in your initials (F. R. H.) represent?'

Too small, too slight, too full of glee  
 Aught else but 'Little Fan' to be,  
 The stately 'Frances' not in me  
 Could any fitness claim.

Now, in the crowded halls of life,  
 May it be mine to bring  
 Some gentle stir of the heated air,  
 Some coolness falling fresh and fair,  
 Like a passing angel's wing.

My father's name,—oh how I love  
 Its else unwonted look !  
 For his dear sake right dear I hold  
 Each letter, changed, as he has told,  
 Long since from early Saxon mould—  
 'The rising of the brook.'<sup>1</sup>

Of music, holiness, and love  
 That name will always tell,  
 While sacred chant and anthem rise,  
 Or mourners live whose deepest sighs  
 To echoes of a Father's will  
 He tuned, or child, or grandchild still  
 On his bright memory dwell.

But 'what the R doth represent,'  
 I value and revere ;  
 A diamond clasp it seems to be  
 On golden chains enlinking me

<sup>1</sup> 'Heavergill'—the heaving or rising of the brook, or gill.

In loyal love to England's hope,  
 Bulwark 'gainst infidel and Pope,  
 The Church I hold so dear.

Three hundred years ago was one  
 Who held with stedfast hand  
 That chalice of the truth of God,  
 And poured its crystal stream abroad  
 Upon the thirsting land.

The moderate, the wise, the calm,  
 The learned, brave, and good,<sup>1</sup>  
 A guardian of the sacred ark,  
 A burning light in places dark,  
 For cruel, changeless Rome a mark,  
 Our Bishop RIDLEY stood.

The vengeance of that foe nought else  
 But fiery doom could still :  
 Too surely fell the lightning stroke  
 Upon that noble English oak,  
 Whose acorn-memory survives  
 In forest ranks of earnest lives,  
 And martyr-souls in will.

Rome offered life for faith laid down :  
 Such ransom paid not he !  
 ' As long as breath is in this frame,  
 My Lord and Saviour Christ His name

<sup>1</sup> 'A man beautified with such excellent qualities, so ghostly inspired and godly learned, and now written doubtless in the book of life with the blessed saints of the Almighty, crowned and throned amongst the glorious company of martyrs.'—*Foxe's Acts and Monuments*.

And His known truth I'll not deny :'  
He said (and raised his head on high),  
' God's will be done in me.'<sup>1</sup>

He knelt and prayed, and kissed the stake,  
And blessed his Master's name  
That he was called His cross to take,  
And counted worthy for His sake  
To suffer death and shame.<sup>2</sup>

Though fierce the fire and long the pain,  
The martyr's God was nigh ;  
Till from that awful underglow  
Of torture terrible and slow,  
Above the weeping round about,  
Once more the powerful voice rang out  
His Saviour's own last cry.

Oh faithful unto death ! the crown  
Was shining on thy brow,  
Before the ruddy embers paling,  
And sobbing after-gusts of wailing  
Had died away, and left in silence  
That truest shrine of British Islands,  
That spot so sacred now !

In dear old England shineth yet  
The candle lit that day ;  
Right clear and strong its flames arise,  
Undimmed, unchanged, toward the skies,  
By God's good grace it never dies,  
A living torch for aye.

<sup>1</sup> See Works of Bishop Ridley, Parker Society, pp. 295 and 296.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

'T is said that while he calmly stood  
And waited for the flame,  
He gave each trifle that he had,  
True relic-treasure, dear and sad,  
To each who cared to claim.  
I was not there to ask a share,  
But reverently for ever wear  
That noble martyr's *name*.

### Faith and Reason.

REASON unstrings the harp to see  
Wherein the music dwells ;  
Faith pours a Hallelujah song,  
And heavenly rapture swells.  
While Reason strives to count the drops  
That lave our narrow strand,  
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,  
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads  
Where darkling mists enshroud ;  
The other is the wing that cleaves  
Each heaven-obscuring cloud.  
Reason, the eye which sees but that  
On which its glance is cast ;  
Faith is the thought that blends in one  
The Future and the Past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,  
Like those in days of yore,  
Who rose not from their night-bound place,  
On dark Egyptian shore.  
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand  
Which led her all the day,  
And when she wished for morning dawns,  
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchemy in vain  
Is golden treasure planned ;  
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,  
Won by no mortal hand.  
While Reason is the labouring oar  
That smites the wrathful seas,  
Faith is the snowy sail spread cut  
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans  
A universe of light ;  
But Faith, the angel who may dwell  
Among those regions bright.  
Reason, a lonely towering elm,  
May fall before the blast ;  
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,  
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits  
Where priest and people meet,  
Faith, by a 'new and living way,'  
Hath gained the mercy-seat.

While Reason but returns to tell  
That this is not our rest,  
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought  
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts  
From Him who leads us home ;  
Though in the wilds Himself hath trod  
A little while we roam.  
And, linked within the soul that knows  
A living, loving Lord,  
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then  
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire  
O'er life's great temple springing,  
From which the chimes of love float forth  
Celestially ringing ;  
While Reason stands below upon  
The consecrated ground,  
And, like a mighty buttress, clasps  
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed  
In white and pure array ;  
Reason, the handmaid who may share  
The gladness of the day.  
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns  
To follow in her train ;  
Till, step by step, the goal is reached  
And death is glorious gain.

## Lynton.

WHY does it seem familiar ground?  
I was never here before ;  
I never saw this fairy dream  
Of wood and wave, of rock and stream,  
Nor watched the snowy foam-line gleam  
On Devon's bay-loved shore.

It feels as weird and strange as though  
My spirit had been here ;  
And in the mists of long ago  
An outline wavers to and fro,  
Now colourless, now all aglow,  
Now faint, now wondrous clear.

I know it now—the tender spell  
On all this pleasant scene ;  
For memory's first pale flickering light  
Falls on a long-forgotten night,  
Though conscious lifetime, dark and bright,  
Lies all outstretched between.

The dearest name I ever spoke  
Was on my lips that eve ;  
We gave her 'welcome home' once more,  
Unknown, the last short absence o'er ;  
And now, she is but 'gone before  
The palm-branch to receive.

I know it now,—*she* told me all ;  
I sat upon her knee,  
And heard about the cliff so tall,

The craggy path, the rocky wall,  
The ever-chanting waterfall,  
The silver autumn sea :

The steep and dangerous way above,  
The winding dell beneath ;  
The rushing Lyn, the shadowy trees,  
The hills that breast the Channel-breeze,  
The white ships bound for western seas ;  
One shining marvel-wreath !

A little picture she had brought  
Of Lynton's lovely vale :  
I fastened it upon my wall,  
Half deeming I had seen it all ;  
While colours came at fancy's call  
To deck those outlines pale.

Hers then the charm, so strangely sweet,  
Which made me sit and gaze ;  
'T is like a breeze from far-off hills,  
Or midnight anthem of wild rills,  
That cools the fever-fire which fills  
Our hot and hurried days.

It may be that the parting time  
Has more than half gone by,  
That ere another twenty years  
Have mingled all their smiles and tears,  
We may have passed all griefs and fears,  
And her dear welcome greet our ears  
To her blest home on high.

Oh, might it be! That far-off land  
 Is all unseen as yet:  
 But when we pass its portals fair,  
 It may be that some glory there  
 Sweetly familiar shall appear,  
 Because we heard it whispered here  
 By that soft voice, whose accents dear  
 We never can forget.

### A Birthday Greeting to my Father.

1860.

'TIS fully known to ONE, by us yet dimly seen,  
 The blessing thou HAST BEEN;  
 Yet speaks the silent love of many a mourning heart  
 The blessing that thou ART;  
 While traced on coming years, in faith and hope we see,  
 'A blessing thou SHALT BE;'  
 Then here in holy labour, there in holier rest,  
 BLESSING, thou SHALT BE BLESSED.

### A Lull in Life.

'And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.'—MARK vi. 31.

OH for 'a desert place' with only the Master's smile!  
 Oh for the 'coming apart' with only His 'rest awhile!'  
 Many are 'coming and going' with busy and restless feet,  
 And the soul is hungering now, with 'no leisure so much  
 as to eat.'

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,  
 Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends ;  
 Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of thought,  
 Welcome the twilight hour with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,  
 Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,—  
 Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for  
     the near,  
 Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friends,  
 Not that I turn aside from the work the Master sends,  
 Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of time,  
 Longed for silence to fall instead of its merriest chime :

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought  
 Round each melodious strain that the harp of life hath  
     caught,  
 And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,  
 Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless string :

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away  
 That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray,  
 And to leave its wavering mirror true to the Star above,  
 Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of  
     ‘ perfect love : ’

Longed for a sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth,  
 For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy  
     truth ;  
 And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and sweet,  
 While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades  
of night,  
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of tropical  
light,  
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be  
cooled and stilled ;  
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a  
hurrying tide,  
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside ;  
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,  
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear, and cool.

Well ! I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,  
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind  
and heart ;  
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,  
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's  
voice.

### Adoration.

O MASTER, at Thy feet  
I bow in rapture sweet !  
Before me, as in darkening glass,  
Some glorious outlines pass,  
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power ;  
I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless Thee for this  
hour.

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O full of truth and grace,  
Smile of Jehovah's face,  
O tenderest heart of love untold !  
Who may Thy praise unfold ?  
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of kings,  
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling wings.

I have no words to bring  
Worthy of Thee, my King,  
And yet one anthem in Thy praise  
I long, I long to raise ;  
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,  
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,  
The hand all still and numb,  
When Thee the heart doth see and own  
Her Lord and God alone ?  
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,  
And open Thou my lips that I may show Thy praise.

Yea, let my whole life be  
One anthem unto Thee,  
And let the praise of lip and life  
Outring all sin and strife.  
O Jesus, Master ! be Thy name supreme  
For heaven and earth the one, the grand, the eternal  
theme.



*EARLY POEMS.*



## 'I leave it all with Thee.'

Yes, I will leave it all with Thee,  
And only ask that I may be  
Submissive to Thy loving will,  
Confiding, waiting, trusting still.  
Thou every fond desire dost know  
Which in my inmost heart doth glow ;  
Thou hearest every secret sigh  
When silent sorrow's power is nigh.  
Omniscience alone may tell  
The thoughts which in my spirit dwell ;  
But 't is a soothing word to me,  
'My Father every thought can see.'  
He knows them all—the hopes—the fears—  
Confided not to mortal ears.  
He knows the deep intensity  
Of feelings wakened now in me.  
And if He knows them, 't is enough !  
I need not fear a stern rebuff ;  
There's sympathy within His breast,  
On which my weary heart can rest.  
Nor is there sympathy alone,  
Almighty is my Father's throne,  
And He can grant me each desire ;  
His gracious hand may never tire.  
He *can*. But *will* He? Trust Him yet,  
My faithless soul ! Can I forget

That He hath passed His word of old—  
‘Not one good thing will He withhold  
From them, the children of My love,  
Whose hearts are set on things above’?  
Not one good thing! But can I see  
What may be good, what ill for me?  
Can I unbar the massy gate  
Which hides from me the way I take?  
But His eye turneth night to day,  
E’en like the lightning’s piercing ray;  
Then here is my security,  
That God my truest good doth see.  
That joy which earnestly I crave,  
O’er which my fondest hopes now wave,  
Might prove to me the shade of death!  
That healing breeze—the Simoom’s breath,  
If so—it never will be mine.  
At such a loss shall I repine?  
No! let me rather praise the Hand  
Which looseneth the dangerous band.  
But if it be a heaven-born plant,  
For whose sweet flowers my soul doth pant  
If heavenly gladness it shall bring,  
And raise my soul on angel wing,  
Till nearer Thee each day I live,—  
Oh, then that blessing Thou wilt give.  
The joy scarce hoped for shall be mine,  
A deeply grateful heart be Thine!  
Then I will leave it all with Thee!  
My Father, grant that I may be  
Submissive to Thine own good will,  
Confiding, waiting, loving still!

**Matthew xiv. 23.**

It is the quiet evening time, the sun is in the west,  
And earth enrobed in purple glow awaits her nightly  
rest ;  
The shadows of the mountain peaks are lengthening o'er  
the sea,  
And the flowerets close their eyelids on the shore of  
Galilee.  
The multitude are gone away, their restless hum doth cease,  
The birds have hushed their music, and all is calm and  
peace ;  
But on the lowly mountain side is One, whose beauteous  
brow  
The impress bears of sorrow and of weariness e'en now.  
The livelong day in deeds of love and power He hath  
spent,  
And with them words of grace and life hath ever sweetly  
blent.  
Now He hath gained the mountain top, He standeth all  
alone,  
No mortal may be near Him in that hour of prayer un-  
known.  
He prayeth.—But for whom? For Himself He needeth  
nought ;  
Nor strength, nor peace, nor pardon, where of sin there is  
no spot ;  
But 't is for us in powerful prayer He spendeth all the  
night,  
That His own loved ones may be kept and strengthened  
in the fight ;

That they may all be sanctified, and perfect made in one ;  
That they His glory may behold where they shall need no  
sun ;

That in eternal gladness they may be His glorious bride :  
It is for this that He hath climbed the lonely mountain  
side.

It is for this that He denies His weary head the rest  
Which e'en the foxes in their holes, and birds have in  
their nest.

The echo of that prayer hath died upon the rocky hill,  
But on a higher, holier mount that Voice is pleading still ;  
For while one weary child of His yet wanders here below,  
While yet one thirsting soul desires His peace and love to  
know,

And while one fainting spirit seeks His holiness to share,  
The Saviour's loving heart shall pour a tide of mighty  
prayer ;

Yes ! till each ransomed one hath gained His home of joy  
and peace,

That Fount of Blessings all untold shall never, never cease.

### Matthew xxvi. 30.

'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out.'

THE sun hath gilded Judah's hills  
With his last gorgeous beam ;  
Ghost-like the still grey mists arise  
From Jordan's sacred stream.  
The stars, bright flowers of the sky,  
Unfold their beauties now,

And gaze on Salem's marble fane,  
By Olivet's dark brow.  
In David's city sound is hushed  
And tread of busy feet,  
For solemnly his sons have met  
The paschal lamb to eat.  
But list! the silence of the hour  
Is broken; the still air  
A melody hath caught which far  
Its viewless pinions bear.  
Unwonted sweetness hath the strain,  
And as its numbers flow,  
More tender and more touching yet  
Its harmony doth grow.  
Not royal David's tuneful harp  
Such thrilling power had known  
To wake deep echoes in the soul,  
As its scarce earthly tone.  
Within an 'upper room' are met  
A small, yet faithful band,  
On whom a deep yet chastened grief  
Hath laid its softening hand.  
Among them there is One who wears  
A more than mortal mien,  
'T is He on whom in all distress  
The weary one may lean.  
Mysterious sadness, on that brow  
So pure and calm, doth lie;  
And untold stores of deepest love  
Are beaming from His eye.  
What wonder if the strain was sweet  
Above all other lays?

Seraphic well might seem the hymn  
Which Jesu's voice did raise.  
The angels hush their lyres, and bend  
To hear the thrilling tone,  
And heaven is silent,—with that song  
They mingle not their own.  
The sorrowing ones around have heard  
Their blessed Master tell,  
That He with them no longer now  
As heretofore may dwell.  
And they have sadly shared with Him  
The last, last evening meal,  
And heard the last sweet comfort which  
Their mourning hearts may heal.  
They do not know the fearful storm  
Which on His head must burst ;  
They know not all—He hath not told  
His loving ones the worst.  
How could He? E'en an angel's mind  
Could never comprehend  
The weight of woe, 'neath which for us  
The Saviour's head must bend ;  
Ere long the voice, which waketh now  
Such touching melody,  
Shall cry, 'My God, My God, oh why  
Hast Thou forsaken Me ?'  
The hour is come ; but ere they meet  
Its terrors,—yet once more  
Their voices blend with His who sang  
As none e'er sang before.  
Why do they linger on that note ?  
Why thus the sound prolong ?

Ah ! 't was the last ! 'T is ended now,  
That strangely solemn song.  
And forth they go :—the song is past ;  
But, like the rose-leaf, still,  
Whose fragrance doth not die away,  
Its soft low echoes thrill  
Through many a soul, and there awake  
New strains of glowing praise  
To Him who, on that fateful eve,  
That last sweet hymn did raise.

**'Leaving us an Example, that ye should  
follow His Steps.'**

O JESU, Thou didst leave Thy glorious home,  
Of brightness more than mortal eye could bear,  
And joys ineffable, alone to roam  
Through earth's dark wilderness in grief and want and care.  
Thou didst exchange the praise of seraph voices  
For sin-made discords and the wail of pain,  
The anthems swelling high where each in Thee rejoices  
For fierce revilings in the world where unbelief doth  
reign.  
Yes, Thou didst leave Thy bliss-encircled dwelling,  
Of joy and holiness and perfect love,  
And camest to this world of sorrow, telling  
Each weary one the way to realms of rest above.  
Mark we Thy walk along the holy way,—  
Each step is graven, that all the path may trace  
Which leads where Thou art gone,—and never may  
The powers of darkness one bright step erase !

And Thou hast left a solemn word behind Thee,  
Solemn, yet fraught with blessing ;—would we learn  
How we may gain Thy dwelling, and there find Thee ?  
Thou sayest, ‘Follow Me.’ Be this our great concern.  
And oh how blessed thus to mark each hour  
The footsteps of our Saviour, and to know  
That in them we are treading,—then each flower  
Of hope seems fairer, and each joy doth yet more brightly  
glow.

Oh that I always followed Him alone !  
I know that I am His, for I have bowed  
In peaceful faith before my Saviour’s throne,  
And gladly there to Him my life, my all, have vowed.  
And He hath pardoned me, and washed away  
Each stain of guilt, and bade me quickly rise  
And follow Him each moment of each day ;  
And He hath set a crown of life and joy before mine  
eyes.

How can I turn aside and wound the love  
That gave Himself to bleed and die for me !  
How can I stray, and grieve the holy Dove  
Who lights my soul, opening mine eyes to see !  
O Saviour, fix my wayward, wandering heart  
Upon Thyself, that I may closely cling  
To Thy blest side, and never more depart  
From Thee, my loved Redeemer, Thee, my heart’s own  
King.

And grant me daily grace to follow Thee  
Through joy and pleasure, or through grief and  
sadness,  
Until an entrance is vouchsafed to me  
In Thy bright home of holiness and gladness.

## Our English Sabbaths.

O ENGLAND, thou art beautiful, and very dear to me,  
 And the spirit of thy noble sons is high and pure and free ;  
 Full many a jewel sparkles clear in the crown upon thy  
     brow,  
 But *one* is gleaming fairest in that glorious garland now.

It gleameth with a holy light, too pure for sinful earth,  
 In the twilight of this shadow-land it hath not had its birth ;  
 'T is polished by no mortal hand, its radiance is its own,  
 And it mingleth with the glory of the Father's dazzling  
     throne.

Oh, gaze upon its beauty, reflecting yet the light  
 Of Eden's spotless, shadeless hours, in this our sin-made  
     night ;  
 Oh, gaze again, and thou shalt see, in that all-beauteous  
     ray,  
 A gleam of that celestial morn which ne'er may fade away !

It is a gem of untold worth, it is a golden mine,  
 The pledge of an inheritance,—a gift of love Divine ;  
 A monarch may not buy it,—oh, then let it not be sold !  
 Oh, England, dear old England, this, thy priceless treasure,  
     hold !

Thy Sabbath is this treasure, a fount of ceaseless blessing,  
 And thou art rich and powerful, this glorious gift possessing ;  
 Oh, heed not those who craftily would bid thee cast away  
 The diamond hours of Sabbath rest, no pleasure can repay.

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There is a cloud o'er other lands, though fair their mountains be,  
And beautiful their sunny plains, re-echoing with glee ;  
But on our Sabbath-loving heart it casts a saddening gloom,  
While the mirth of all their songs is as the music of the tomb.

They know no holy Sabbath rest ; and yet, above, around,  
The trees are waving solemnly with a deep and holy sound ;  
And the flowers smile to greet His day, and the streams  
more softly roll,  
And all things speak of God to the silent listening soul.

They heed it not ! with song and glee the hallowed hours  
are passed ;  
The blessings which the Sabbath brings, aside are lightly  
cast ;  
And 'neath the sparkling wavelets of unsanctified delight  
Is a dark, deep stream of weary toil from morn to welcome  
night.

There are some who listen eagerly while told of Sabbath  
rest,  
As a thirsting desert pilgrim hears of Araby the blest ;  
'Mid their changeless seven days' labour they drop a  
hopeless tear,  
'Oh, would to God that we might have an English Sabbath  
here !'

Sad is their lot ! but there are those within our own dear land  
Who would forge for us such fetters, and burst our golden  
band,  
Who sin in deeper bondage yet, while striving to be free  
And know not that our Father's law is truest Liberty !

**Colossians iii. 2.**

WHY do we cling to earth? Its sweetest pleasures  
Are transient as the snowflake of the spring ;  
Like early mist its most abiding treasures,  
Or foam of ocean wave. To earth why do we cling?

Why do we cling to earth? Is it the fleeting brightness  
Of her gay robes? fair fields, green forest trees,  
Grand mountains, lovely dells, or gleaming whiteness  
Of silent snow? To heavenly beauties what are these?

Lovely, most lovely are earth's radiant flowers,  
Her very smiles of joy, aye chasing gloom ;  
But soon they wither in her happiest bowers :  
In heaven doth the Rose of Sharon ever bloom !

And beautiful the gleaming wavelet dancing,  
And wild cascade, rejoicing to be free,  
And pure, cool fountains through the green shades glancing :  
In heaven the living streams well forth eternally !

Most glorious is the glowing sun on high,  
The moon's soft brilliance crowning the still night,  
The million starry diamonds of the sky :  
In heaven is God Himself the source of perfect light !

Sweet is earth's music ! whether o'er us stealth  
The lyre's calm melody, or blackbird's untaught lay,  
Or harmony through shadowy aisles full pealeth :  
In heaven new songs of rapture angel harps essay !

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What though the eastern monarch's robes are gleaming  
With gold and orient gems, each gorgeous hue  
With more than rainbow brightness in them beaming ;  
The robes of heaven are woven light, and ever new.

All these are beautiful ; and we may love them  
As His good gifts ; but oh ! they pass away :  
Then cling not to them ; seek, far, far above them  
The joys ineffable, which fade not, nor decay.

But cling we to earth's honours ? What delusion !  
Immortal souls they ne'er may satisfy ;  
How mean, how small e'en tenfold their profusion  
Beside heaven's glorious crown and palm of victory.

Hath love of knowledge cast her fetters o'er us ?  
Here we know nothing ! But in heaven's bright day  
The lore of ages will be spread before us,—  
Yes, of eternity ! illumed with truth's pure ray.

Have we dear friends our fond affections chaining  
To scenes of earth ? But they *may* change, *must* die.  
In heaven the purest love is ever reigning,  
Far more abiding than the pillars of the sky.

Do we seek happiness ? No mirage fleeteth  
More quickly than all happiness below,—  
But oh ! no heart may dream the joy which meeteth  
The soul which wakes in heaven, its bliss here none can  
know.

Is holiness our heart's intense desire?  
Then every glance from earth must turn away.  
In heaven all sinless is each voice, each lyre;  
Heaven's holiness is perfect, endless as its day.

Yes, beauty, light, and music are above;  
There honour, wisdom, knowledge, all are given;  
There is the home of friendship and of love,  
And happiness and holiness, twin flowers of heaven.

But more, far more than all! 'Tis God's own dwelling,  
Thrice blessèd thought! ever with Him to be!  
Eternity would be too short for telling  
The bliss of even one unveilèd glimpse of Thee.

To see, and know, and love, and praise for ever  
The Saviour who hath died that we might live,  
Where sorrow, pain, and death may enter never!  
And ever learn new cause new songs of praise to give!

Oh, what a prospect! How, how can we cling  
To earth's dark dream, when such a hope is given?  
Oh may we from this hour, on faith-plumed wing,  
No longer cling to earth, but soar to yon bright heaven!

### **Clouds in Prospect.**

OH pleasant have the hours of my early childhood been,  
When all around me seemed enrobed in brightly glittering  
sheen;

When a thousand rainbow tints were in every simple  
flower,  
And a thousand new delights came with every sunny hour ;  
When I thought the merry birds trilled their carols all  
for me,  
And with heart and voice I joined in their joyous  
melody ;  
When all heedless of the darkening storm, I loved the  
purple cloud,  
And listened with delight to the thunder pealing loud.  
In those happy days of childhood, I did not think or see  
That many trials might be waiting even then for me ;  
But now, though yet I meet them not, I know that they  
must stand  
In many a varied shape and form, unseen on every hand.  
As yet from heavy troubles, thank God, I have been free ;  
Oh, surely there are few who have what is vouchsafed  
to me !  
But one eclipse hath shadowed o'er my childhood's sunny  
hours,  
And now its sharpness seemeth past, that thorn 'mid many  
flowers.  
But still the saddening feeling cometh oftener than before,  
That many a future sorrow e'en for me may be in store ;  
For all around me seem to have some wearying care or  
grief,  
From which they scarcely dare to hope on earth to find  
relief.  
And my memory loves to dwell upon the merry careless  
hours,  
When I thought the world a thornless garden full of  
lovely flowers.

**Earth's Shadow.**

I HAVE but passed the first short stage  
Of life, and yet I'm growing weary ;  
For every step towards riper age  
The way becomes more dreary.

I look behind ;—few years ago  
The world seemed full of fairy flowers,—  
I loved them ; for I did not know  
How sin pervades Earth's loveliest bowers.

Like Italy's fair sunny vales  
With unknown deathly vapours teeming—  
Or like Sahara's sand-charged gales  
Beneath a sun unclouded beaming,—

Such is our Earth. Roam where you will,  
Seems loveliness the eye entrancing ;  
The silent glen, the breezy hill,  
The sun-tipped wavelet blithely dancing.

But gaze again. Each zephyr's breath  
Uplifts a veil, dark truths revealing ;  
For all is stained with sin, and death  
The fairest buds is grimly sealing.

That sense of sin ! It casts a cloud  
O'er all Earth's scenes of glee and pleasure :  
Is nought then pure amid her crowd  
Of joys ? nought spotless of her treasure ?

Nought, nought ! cries Echo. How I love  
The spirit which to me is given !  
My priceless gem, my cherished dove,  
My sweetest, dearest gift of heaven.

How oft I've sought for solace in  
My own loved soul in hours of sadness ;  
Oh, how I love it ! It has been  
My more than friend, my fount of gladness.

But oh, 't is sinful ! Even here  
My simple joy and love are ending ;  
How can the mind to me be dear  
Where sin with every thought is blending ?

If e'en my Eden is not pure,  
How *can* my heart's love rest below ?  
Say, will the passage-bird endure  
To tarry 'mid the northern snow ?

It cannot rest ! Like early dew  
A pure warm Sun hath called it higher  
Where sin is not ; where, holy too,  
E'en *I* may tune a sinless lyre.

### Aspirations.

OH to be nearer Thee, my Saviour,  
Oh to be filled with Thy sweet grace,  
Oh to abide in Thine own favour,  
Oh to behold Thy glorious face.

Oh to be ever upward gazing,  
Glad with the sunshine of Thy love ;  
Oh to be ever, ever praising,  
Echoing here the songs above.

Oh to be never, never weary  
E'en in the dark affray of sin ;  
Oh to press on through conflicts dreary,  
One of Thine own dear smiles to win.

Oh to desire to spread Thy glory,  
Seeking it as my only aim ;  
Oh to be taught Thy strange sweet story  
Worthily, fully to proclaim.

Oh to go onward, self forgetting,  
Willing to take the lowest place ;  
Oh to go upward, never letting  
Pride of the heart my glance abase.

Oh to become each day more lowly,  
More of Thine own blest image gain ;  
Oh to be made, as Thou art, holy,  
Oh to be freed from sin's dread chain.

Oh to be listening every hour  
The more than music of Thy voice ;  
Feeling its soothing quickening power,  
Bidding the silenced heart rejoice !

## Sunset.

(IMPROMPTU DURING A WALK WITH E. CLAY.)

How pleasant 't is at eventide  
To walk with friends we love ;  
And think and speak of Him who died,  
And who now reigns above.

Is there a subject half so sweet,  
On which our thoughts could dwell ?  
No, 't is a theme for angels meet,  
Though we of it may tell.

The beauties that around we see,  
On this calm lovely eve,  
Show forth His love to you and me,  
If we this love believe.

The sunset paints the western sky  
With colours fair and bright ;  
But we will raise our wondering eye  
To scenes of heavenly light.

The clouds that round their monarch stay  
A light and radiance gain ;  
While those which tarry far away  
Such brightness ne'er attain.

So those who, in this wilderness,  
Still near their Master stay,  
The beauty gain of holiness,  
Of heaven's own light a ray.

Now, soon the darkening shades of night  
Will o'er these scenes be thrown,  
The sun's last ray of golden light  
Will far away be flown.

Then hasten to our heavenly home,  
That land more fair, more bright ;  
Where shades of darkness never come,  
Where there is no more night.

### **The Spirit's Longings.**

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

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

When the heart is warmly glowing  
Toward the dearest ones around,

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

When the weary spirit turneth  
 From the dark low earth away,  
 And with contrite sorrow mourneth  
 Till the shadows flee away ;  
 When the soul on Jesus' breast  
 Sinks in lowly peaceful rest,—  
 Then its yearnings all are stilled,  
 And with perfect bliss 't is filled.

### The Old and the New Earth.

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

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

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

But the time will come, when, all purified  
From its ev'ry spot by a fiery flood,

Our earth shall hear, as recedes the tide  
 Once again the words, 'It is *very good*.'  
 When the song of the stars shall be heard again  
 O'er their sister joying, the holy earth ;  
 When the purest love shall for ever reign,  
 And immortal joys have their blissful birth ;  
*There* shall be no sorrow and no more sin,  
 Pain shall pass away, Death himself shall die,  
 To that fairer Eden may we go in,  
 And entering, dwell there eternally.

### Thoughts awakened by Astley Bells.

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

My thoughts return, on swift unsteady wings,  
 Along the trodden path whose misty light  
 Revealed dim visions of unspoken things,  
 Passing, yet bright.  
 Oh, years have glided by so fast,  
 That twenty-one have almost past,  
 And now those softened bells,  
 With wondrous spells,  
 Have called the solemn train of bygone times  
 Back from Eternity's mysterious chimes.  
 They come, a fearful crowd,  
 And gaze with spectral eyes ;

Before this witness cloud  
My spirit silent lies :  
No sound is there, yet strange wild echoes thrill  
The inmost caverns of my soul, where all seemed waste  
and still.

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

For the past years press me closer round,  
And I cannot bear their gaze ;  
With a brazen fetter I am bound,  
While their deep reproachful voices sound  
And their piercing eyebeams blaze.  
They speak of thoughtless words and wasted hours,  
Of hopes forgotten, resolutions broken ;  
Their breath recalls once bright, now faded flowers,  
Their tones bring back the words which sainted lips  
have spoken.  
Again is heard that spirit-wakening bell ;  
Each stroke is branding deep my heavy heart,  
Like some inevitable knell,  
Saying, 'Thou too must soon depart.'  
And 't is a knell! My youth is past,  
That very chime hath told me so !  
This year hath been the last, the last ;  
My spring is gone, I know !

The sound hath melted o'er the hill,  
And all is still !  
Again the peal is ringing,  
Like angel voices singing,—  
‘ May there not be  
A summer yet for thee ?  
Without the chilling frosts of spring,  
Without the piercing wind,  
Without the yet unclothèd spray,  
These thou hast left behind !  
What though the rainbow fade away ?  
The light which gave it birth  
Is still the same ; and e'en the cloud  
May bless the thirsty earth.  
What though the blossom fall and die ?  
The flower is not the root ;  
A summer's sun may ripen yet  
The Master's pleasant fruit.  
What though by many a sinful fall  
Thy garments be defiled ?  
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;  
Fear not, thou art His child !  
Arise ! to follow in His track,  
His lowly ones to cheer ;  
And on an upward path, look back  
With every brightening year.  
Arise ! and on thy future way  
His blessing with thee be,  
His presence be thy staff and stay  
Till thou His glory see.  
What though thy heart distrust thy strength ?  
The way may not be long,

---

And He will bring thee home at length  
To learn His own new song.'

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

'Pray for me.'

WHEN the early morn awaketh,  
Veiled in mist, or robed in fire ;  
When the evening ray forsaketh  
Golden cloud and gleaming spire,—  
Thy request shall sacred be  
In the shrine of memory,  
And for thee my prayer shall rise  
Far beyond the silent skies.

When the Sabbath calm is sleeping  
Like a moonbeam everywhere ;  
When the solemn feast-day keeping,  
Upward float our praise and prayer ;  
When in holy love and fear  
To our Father we draw near,—  
Many a wingèd hope for thee  
To His ear shall wafted be.

When we hear the loud thought-chorus,  
While the Old Year's knell is tolled ;

When the Future looms before us,  
And the Past seems all unrolled ;  
When each moment fleeteth by,  
Like a deep mysterious sigh,—  
Then, oh then, my heart shall be  
Lifted earnestly for thee :

Lifted—that our God may lead thee  
All the way that thou shouldst go,  
With His daily manna feed thee,  
Every needful good bestow ;  
That the dearest ones to thee  
Near and dear to Him may be ;  
That His smile on thee may rest,  
In His presence calmly blest :

Lifted—that our holy Saviour  
More and more to thee may show  
All the wondrous grace and favour  
He hath suffered to bestow ;  
That His love may be thy shield  
In Temptation's battle-field ;  
And His sympathy thy light  
In Affliction's darkest night :

That the Comforter, descending  
In His sanctifying power,  
Peace and hope and gladness blending,  
On thy waiting soul may shower ;  
That our Triune God may shed  
Every blessing on thy head,  
Till thou enter in and see  
All He hath prepared for thee.

## On the Death of Captain Allan Gardiner,

THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO PATAGONIA.

IN desolate wild grandeur all around,  
Dark rocky spires are tow'ring to the sky,  
While through the caverns echoes far the sound  
Of winds, which o'er Antarctic seas sweep fitfully.

The ocean waves with deep and hollow tone  
Combat the haughty cliffs in fierce affray,  
Then back returning with a sullen moan,  
Sink, till again they dash, their warrior spray.

No flowerets spring that barren land to cheer,  
No waving trees salute that stormy sky  
With graceful bend ; scarce grass and herbs appear,  
Or aught of greenery, to soothe the wearied eye.

O who in such a dreary clime could dwell?  
Who would abide on such a desert shore?  
Save the wild natives, who, our sailors tell,  
No Saviour know, no Deity supreme adore.

But list awhile ! Who breathed that deep-drawn sigh?  
Whence came it ? Hark again ! A voice of prayer,  
Mingled with heavenly praises, rose on high,  
As with sweet incense hallowing the chilly air.

Alone, no earthly friend or brother near,  
A human form lies on that bleak, bleak strand ;

Sunken his eye, and wan his cheeks appear,  
For famine pale has laid on him her withering hand.

Nor food nor water six long weary days  
Have passed those pallid lips, yet not a plaint  
From him may fall, but notes of joyful praise ;  
Sustained with bread of life his soul can never faint :

For Jesus whispers comfort to his soul,  
And smooths his pillow, though so cold and hard ;  
He hears no wind, he sees no surges roll,  
He only hears his Master, sees his bright reward.

Another sigh, his happy soul hath flown  
From its frail dwelling, where so long it lay  
Pinioned, his painful toils at length are done,  
And angels welcome him to dwell in endless day.

Wherefore left he his lovely native isle ?  
Wherefore his life, his all thus sacrifice ?  
Did he for pleasure undertake such toil ?  
Was it for sordid gold, which men so highly prize ?

No ! higher motives filled that noble breast ;  
He sacrificed his all from Christian love,  
He went to tell of peace and heavenly rest,  
To teach those heathen of a gracious God above.

And shall we blame him, who devoted thus  
To his great Master's name his freshest days ?  
Despise that bright example left to us,  
And on his memory strive to cast a gloomy haze ?

Shame, shame on those who dare aspersions fling  
On Gardiner's honoured name! They know it's true  
Right well he served his Saviour and his King;  
And they who love the Master, love the servant too.

But now he rests in peace, his labours past;  
Nothing can vex that noble spirit more,  
For he hath gained his distant port at last,  
The waves have only carried him to that blest shore.

No laurels bloomed on that pale dying brow,  
No earthly honours clustered round that bed;  
But victor-wreaths of life encircle now,  
And a bright crown adorns, that mission martyr's head!

**'Thank God.'**

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

'Yes, nine-and-twenty years have darkly, sadly passed  
Since last the light of heaven 't was mine to see;  
All aid has failed! Thy skill my only hope, my last!  
Good Hofrath, can there yet be hope for me?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Maidens of England

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE TO THEIR PRINCESS ROYAL.

ERE the pathless ocean waters  
Bear thee far from England's shore,  
Come we, England's youthful daughters,  
Warmly greeting thee once more.

Rarest jewels, lustre flinging,  
Grace thy royal diadem ;  
Yet we come, an offering bringing  
Richer than its richest gem.

While with prayerful love unspoken,  
Princess ! glows each maiden heart,  
Deign to take this sacred token,  
Brightest lamp and surest chart.

May its holy precepts guide thee  
In each hour of joy or sadness ;  
Yet may he who stands beside thee  
Share with thee unfading gladness.

Ever on thy pathway shining,  
Living stars 'mid earthly night,  
May its peace and grace entwining  
Gird thee with a robe of light.

Rose of England ! fragrance breathing,  
To thy far new home depart,  
Round thy early bloom enwreathing  
All the love of England's heart.

Be thy gladness ever vernal  
 'Mid the wintry scenes below,  
 Till a crown of life eternal  
 Gleams upon thy royal brow !

Father, be Thou ever near her !  
 Saviour, fill her with Thy love !  
 Let Thy constant presence cheer her,  
 Joy-imparting Holy Dove !

### 'No, not a Star.'

(ANSWER TO A REMARK.)

No, not a *star!* that is a name too beautiful and bright  
 For any earthly lay to wear, in this our lingering night ;  
 But 'mid the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,  
 My verse should be an answering gleam from higher  
 radiance caught ;  
 That when through dark o'erarching boughs of sorrow,  
 doubt, and sin,  
 The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,  
 Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision turn  
 To that enkindling Light, for which all earthly shadows  
 yearn.

No, not a *rainbow!* though upon the tearful cloud it trace  
 Sweet messages of sparing love, of changeless truth and  
 grace.  
 The daughter of its meekest hue I would my verse might  
 prove,  
 The leaf-veiled violet, that wins so many a childish love ;

For little hearts no wounding thorn or poison-cup to bear,  
But pleasant fragrance and delight to greet them  
everywhere.

I grieve not though each blossom fall with swiftly ripen-  
ing spring,  
If o'er one eager face a smile of gladness it may fling.

No, not a *fountain* ! though it seem to spread white angel-  
wings,

And soar aloft in spirit guise, no gentle help it brings ;  
It lives for its own loveliness alone, then seeks once more  
The chilly bosom of the rock it slumbered in before.

Oh, be my verse a hidden stream which silently may flow  
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys  
grow ;

Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified  
endeavour,

God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever !



*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*



### The Queen of the Sea.

O SEA, calm, sleeping Sea ! awake, and tell  
What o'er thee hath cast this soothing spell ?

' Brightly the young moon is beaming  
From her purple throne,  
On my waveless breast is gleaming  
Radiance all her own.  
I have hushed each booming billow,  
For her peerless royal brow  
Resteth on my glistening pillow  
Like a sleeping angel now.'

O Sea, glad and playful Sea ! what meanest thou ?  
What do thy white-winged wavelets carol now ?

' Merrily they all are singing,  
For with golden hand,  
Silver fetters she is flinging  
O'er my fairy band.  
'Neath them blithely are they dancing,  
And her jewels rare and bright  
In their waving crests are glancing—  
Liquid diamonds of light.'

O Sea, wild, raging Sea ! what horrors dire  
Have raised thy maniac wrath, thy frenzied ire ?

‘Seest thou not the lightning flashing  
 From yon lurid cloud?  
 Fiercely are my billows dashing,  
 Foaming, roaring loud,  
 For the frowning sky is veiling  
 Darkly o’er their beauteous Queen :  
 Fury mingleth with their wailing  
 Till her face again be seen.’

### Two Points of View.

TERRIBLE waves ! In fierce, unearthly chorus  
 Ye threaten the frail vessel to entomb ;  
 Still darker than the fearful storm-cloud o’er us,  
 Your yawning gulfs of death-portending gloom.

Beautiful waves ! In joyous freedom dancing,  
 Ye burst like living things upon the strand ;  
 Your snowy crests in the pure sunlight glancing,  
 Flash like a vision bright of fairy-land.

Oh, such are trials ! All Earth’s sons and daughters  
 Feel in them awful messengers of ire,  
 More dark and dread than ocean’s troubled waters ;  
 Death, and not Life, their horrors aye inspire.

Not so in Heaven ! On that shore of gladness  
 Each past grief seems a blessing, and each pain  
 Hath lost the midnight hues of earthborn sadness,—  
 The once-dark waves gleam bright—each loss appears  
 a gain.

**Morning Song.**

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE dawning day is beaming,  
The long night flies away,  
The gates of light are gleaming,  
Oped by the rosy ray.  
Thou beauteous light of earth, all hail !  
Let not thy cheering presence fail !

Above all goodness dwelleth ;  
Where, at the fount of light,  
The angel-chorus swelleth,  
There it is ever bright !  
Though here in darksome vale we stray,  
'T is lighted by that glorious ray.

Thy light and blessing sending  
From Thine own radiant side,  
While here our dark paths wending,  
Be Thou our guard and guide.  
Lift up the brightness of Thy face !  
Forsake not, Lord, Thy chosen race !

**Evening Song.**

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

EVENING now is closing  
Over vale and hill ;  
Peacefully reposing,  
All the world is still.

But the brooklet, pouring  
Where the tall rocks close,  
With its restless roaring  
Ever, ever flows.

Evening is not bringing  
To its waters peace,  
And no sweet bell ringing,  
Bids its turmoil cease.

In its restless striving  
I behold my own,—  
True repose deriving  
From my God alone.

### Peace.

A SHOUT of gladness is heard afar ;  
They are greeting a glowing triumphal car ;  
And the nations bend to the gentle sway  
Of white-robed Peace, with her olive spray.  
She is come ! and the tongues of ten thousand bells  
Re-echo the shout through our island dells.

She is come ! Like a star from the darksome wave  
Arising, o'er many an unknown grave ;  
Like the moon, when her sad eclipse is past,  
Her silver fetters o'er earth doth cast ;  
Like the sun, dispelling with ardent might  
The gloomy spectres and shades of night.

She is come ! Like the falling of cool, sweet dew,  
Like a buried flower which Spring doth renew ;  
Like the burst of a rivulet's laughing waves  
From the death-like glacier's awful caves ;  
As a pearl gleams forth from its dark, rough shell,  
She is come ! and her song is War's funeral knell.

She is come ! with her lyre all newly strung  
For the lay which the Bethlehem angels sung :  
Glad harmony dwells in its every tone,  
Triumphantly ruling the song alone ;  
For discord hath melted before her sway,  
Like as snow-wreath yields to the warm spring ray.

She is come ! with her diamond-gleaming zone,  
To bind Earth's children before her throne,  
And her flowing mantle, which every trace  
Of War's wild fury shall soon erase ;  
Her golden crown is returning wealth,  
And her balmy breath is the nation's health.

She is come ! with blessings for each and all,  
For the rich and poor, for the great and small,  
For our own loved Queen, in her royal chair,  
For the poor man toiling for daily fare,  
For the senate-hall, for the busy mart,  
For the striving mind, for the loving heart.

She is come ! As an angel from Heaven above,  
With her smile of joy and her look of love ;  
Each grim foreboding to chase away,  
Each tenderly anxious fear to allay ;

To bid the death-thunder of War to cease :  
Then hail to the long, long sighed for Peace !

She is come ! But e'en 'neath her radiant sway  
There are those who sorrow each weary day ;  
Who weep for the noble, the loved, the brave,  
That are resting now in an Eastern grave :  
Then oh ! for them let our prayers ascend,  
To the orphan's Father, the widow's Friend.

She is come ! Then our anthems shall loudly rise  
To the gracious Ruler of earth and skies,  
Who hath poured on us from His chalice of love  
A sparkling drop of the Peace above ;  
And hath stilled the dark billows of War with a word !  
Yes ! our grateful songs shall be widely heard.

She is come ! But oh ! she may pass away,  
Like the fleeting brightness of April's ray,  
And War's fierce tempest arise once more !  
Then in faith let us ' onward and upward ' soar,  
Where the many jarrings of earth shall cease,  
In the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace.

### Fragments.

I WANDER in fancy far away  
To scenes of many a summer day,  
Beautiful even now  
In the pale and wan November ray,  
When Nature lays her cooling hand  
On the hot and aching brow,

And quiets the throbbing heart with a touch,  
And whispers much,  
In her own dear musical tone,  
Of rest and calm,  
And peace and balm,  
Till the heart is tuned to her own sweet psalm,  
And feels no more alone.  
Oh, the healing she has brought !  
Oh, the cures that she has wrought !  
Only engage her as nurse and physician,  
And let her fulfil her miraculous mission,  
And you will find  
That she leaves behind  
All the wonders of homœopathy.  
Oh ! I could tell,  
For I know so well,  
How the unstrung nerves are tuned again,  
And the load rolls off from the tired brain,  
And strength comes back to the languid frame,  
And existence hardly seems the same.  
Her process is surer far and shorter,  
When out of reach of bricks and mortar !  
When all her gentle remedies  
Are brought to bear, till the work is done.

Oh ! give to me  
A pierless and paradeless sea,  
With a shore as God made it, grand and free,  
And not a mere triumph of masonry ;  
Where the thundering shocks,  
And the Titan play  
Of the wild white spray,

Which dies on the shingly beach,  
With a golden reach  
Of fair smooth sand,  
Laid by the hand  
Of the lulling tide,  
Inviting many a stroll or ride.  
Oh, for the pure and lovely shell !  
Oh, for the crimson frond !  
Witness of all fair forms that dwell  
In the marvellous deep below and beyond,  
Where living flowers  
From mermaids' bowers,  
Many a living star,  
Many a crystal, many a spar,  
Where Nature distributes all her treasures,  
And all her special sea-side pleasures.

Oh ! give me the rocks of Ilfracombe,  
With their witchery of gleam and gloom,  
With the crystal pools in the tide-swept cave,  
Where myriad fairy forests wave,  
And the delicate fringes of crimson and green,  
Purple and amber, ruby and rose,  
With snowy gleaming shells between,  
And marvellous forms of life are seen,  
While the musical tide still ebbs and flows ;  
Where not a step but brings to view  
Something exquisite, something rare,  
Something marvellously fair,  
Always beautiful, always new.

. . . . .

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

Violet peaks afar, and dark green pines anear,  
 And long bright evenings so soft and clear,  
 And concert halls of birdies sweet  
 Trill and carol so blithely meet ;—  
 Treasures untold, their myriad gleam  
 Is far beyond a poet's dream.

### The Wandering Sunbeam.

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

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

### May Day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Forest Voices.

THE forest hath its voices,  
 Whose sweetness aye rejoices,  
 Or soothes the spirit wondrously ;  
 Borne on their leafy wings,  
 They tell of quiet things  
 And mingle in strange harmony.

There is a murmuring song,  
A cadence soft and long,  
Evoking dreams of still delight ;  
There is a clarion note,  
Whose blithesome echoes float,  
Chasing the darkling spells of grief and night.

There is a whispering sound  
Within the forest-bound,  
Telling the heart of things unseen ;  
That nameless holy thrill  
Passeth o'er vale and hill  
And through the dark and lone ravine.

It is a harp sublime  
With ever-varying chime,  
Awakening feelings ever new ;  
For, tuned by Him who made  
The all-harmonious shade,  
Each forest-voice is sweet and true.

### The Shower.

ON every budding leaf and flower,  
The sweet, soft rain of spring  
Comes down in a soft and gentle shower,  
Like a whispering angel-wing.

The shower hath bow'd the proud red rose  
With many a fragrant tear,  
It hath wakened the harebell's long repose,  
The wanderer now to cheer.

It hath given the woodbine strength to cling  
To the strong elm's rugged bough ;  
And the wakeful pimpernel folds its wing,  
And quietly slumbers now.

It hath watered the seeds in their cold dark bed,  
And they burst through the prisoning clay.  
To the lingering buds it hath gently said,  
' Unfold to the bright sun-ray.'

Among the leaves of the forest-tree  
Its gentle footsteps go,  
And they murmur thanks so pleasantly  
In an anthem soft and low.

---

Showers there are for the thirsty soul,  
A sweet and refreshing dew,  
The Spirit who makes the wounded whole,  
And the evil heart makes new.

He will teach the trembling one to cling  
To an Arm of love and might ;  
And the earth-stained soul 'neath His holy wing  
Shall again be pure and white.

The weary heart with its wild unrest  
He can hush to a trustful calm ;  
To the spirit crushed and sorely pressed  
He comes with His healing balm.

He comes to the soul in its sin-wrought tomb,  
And rent are the chains of death !  
Then His own sweet graces awake and bloom  
Beneath His living breath.

Yes! the Spirit shall teach the heart to sing,  
And shall tune its long silent lyre,  
And He who shall meeten it praise to bring  
In the sinless, white-robed choir.

Come then, O Spirit, as once of yore,  
Come in Thy quickening might !  
Come, on Thy waiting Church to pour  
Thy life, Thy grace, Thy light.

### Tiny Tokens.

#### I.

THE murmur of a waterfall  
A mile away,  
The rustle when a robin lights  
Upon a spray,  
The lapping of a lowland stream  
On dipping boughs,  
The sound of grazing from a herd  
Of gentle cows,  
The echo from a wooded hill  
Of cuckoo's call,  
The quiver through the meadow grass  
At evening fall :—

Too subtle are these harmonies  
For pen and rule,  
Such music is not understood  
By any school :  
But when the brain is overwrought,  
It hath a spell,  
Beyond all human skill and power,  
To make it well.

## II.

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

## April.

O THE wealth of pearly blossom, O the woodland's  
emerald gleam !

O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the diamond-  
sparkling stream !

O the carol from the hawthorn and the trill from dazzling  
blue !

O the glory of the spring-time, making all things bright  
and new !

O the rosy eve's surrender  
To the Easter moonlight tender !

O the early morning splendour,  
Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,  
In the rising of the year !

O the gladness of the children after all the dismal days,  
In the freedom and the beauty and the heart-rejoicing  
rays !

Do we chill the gleeful spirit, check the pulses bounding  
fast,

By the mournful doubt suggested : ' Ah, but, darling, *will  
it last?*'

Though we know there may be tempests, and we know  
there will be showers,

Yet we know they only hasten summer's richer crown of  
flowers.

Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud to foliage  
soon ;

April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the glorious  
glow of June.

April leads to joyous May-time,  
 With its ever-lengthening day-time :  
 This again to joyous hay-time,  
 When the harvest-home is near,  
 In the zenith of the year.

So we only tell the children of the sunnier days in store,  
 Of the treasures and the beauties that shall open more  
 and more.

So the silver carol rises, for the winter-time is past !  
 When the summer days are coming, need we ask if spring  
 shall last ?

O the gladness of the spirit, when the true and Only  
 Light

Pours in radiant resplendence, making all things new and  
 bright !

When the love of Jesus shineth in its overcoming power,  
 When the secret sweet communion hallows every passing  
 hour.

O the calm and happy resting,  
 Free from every fear molesting !

O the Christ-victorious breasting  
 Of the tempter's varied art,

In the spring-time of the heart !

O the freedom and the fervour after all the faithless  
 days !

O the ever-new thanksgiving and the ever-flowing praise !  
 Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a doubting  
 shadow cast,

Satan's own dark word suggesting by the whisper " *If*" it  
 last' ?

Though we know there must be trials and there will be  
tears below,

Yet we know His glorious purpose, and His promises we  
know!

Only ask — ‘What saith the Master?’ and believe His  
word alone,

That ‘from glory unto glory’ He shall lead, shall change  
His own.

Ever more and more bestowing,  
Love and joy in riper glowing,  
Faith increasing, graces growing—

Such His promises to you!

He is faithful, He is true!

Each Amen becomes an anthem, for we know He will  
fulfil

All the purpose of His goodness, all the splendour of His  
will.

Only trust the living Saviour, only trust Him all the way,  
And your springtide path shall brighten to the perfect  
summer day!

### **The Song of a Summer Stream.**

A FEW months ago

I was singing through the snow,

Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope of summer  
shoots,

And my persevering fall

Seemed to be no use at all,

For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the  
roots.

Then the mists hung chill  
All along the wooded hill,  
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept ;  
I was glad I had no power  
To awake one tender flower  
To a sure, swift doom ! I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone  
In the sweet old summer tone,  
For the strong white ice could not hush me for a day ;  
Though no other voice was heard  
But the bitter breeze that whirred  
Past the gaunt, grey trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,  
While everything seemed dead,  
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign ;  
And the keen stars shone  
When the freezing night came on,  
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

A few months ago  
I was singing through the snow !  
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land,  
And the memories are lost  
Of the winter fog and frost,  
In the presence of the Summer with her full and  
glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink  
At my cool and pearly brink,

And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam ;  
 And the wild-rose buds entwine  
 With the dark-leaved bramble-vine,  
 And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed  
 squirrel's home.

O the full and glad content,  
 That my little song is blent  
 With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around !  
 I no longer sing alone  
 Through a chill surrounding moan,  
 For the very air is trembling with its wealth of summer  
 sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,  
 Ere the south wind's whisper heard  
 Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days,  
 Yet the blessing was secure,  
 For the summer time was sure  
 When the lonely songs are gathered in the mighty  
 choir of praise.

### An Autumn Holiday.

I DON'T want to think about ' the meaning,'  
 I don't want to think fine thoughts at all !  
 On the great heather cushions leaning,  
 I'm watching the sunset, that is all !

Why should I puzzle and tease with questions,  
 When Nature shows me her picture-book ?

I will leave her to make her own suggestions,  
And just do nothing but sit and look.

I have finished the work of a busy season,  
And I want to quiet a busy brain,  
Now is the time for rest (in reason),  
Before I begin a new campaign.

And oh it is rest, and most delicious,  
To know that I need not speak a word ;  
By only the midges (most officious !)  
Could anything here be overheard.

*Isn't* it nice ! The bracken browning  
Is almost gold in the autumn glow,  
And the silver birch, with the same fair crowning,  
Gleams like a streak of glistening snow.

The sweet south air is so soft and quiet,  
Stealing along through the fern to me,  
After the most uncivil riot  
Of his cousin from over the western sea.

The broad blaze hides all the fresh-foldings,  
Under the flood of sunset light,  
And touches anew all the quarry mouldings  
Of the eastern hills with its gilding bright.

The clouds are hanging a cool grey curtain,  
Up in the north till the sun gets low ;  
Only biding their time, and certain  
Then to flaunt in a crimson show.

Slowly, slowly the sun is sinking,  
Silence and glory are everywhere !  
No more writing, and no more thinking !  
Only rest in the golden air !

### The Song of Love.

I PASSED along the meadows fair,  
The lark's loud carol filled the air,  
A living song up-soaring.  
A wanderer passed along, and sang  
A song that all the lark's outrang,  
His very soul outpouring.  
    'Still onward to my quiet home,  
    With yearning, glad endeavour,  
    Still singing all the way I roam  
    A song of love for ever.'

I passed along the forest green,  
And heard a song ring out between  
The leafy aisles o'erarching.  
The music filled the silent shade,  
The singer passed through glen and glade,  
With steady footstep marching.  
    'Still onward to my quiet home,  
    With yearning, glad endeavour,  
    Still singing all the way I roam  
    A song of love for ever.'

I lingered by the river side,  
And watched a tiny vessel glide,  
And saw the white sails glisten :

The helm was in the wanderer's hand,  
 The same clear music reached the strand,  
 And bid my whole soul listen.  
 'Still onward to my quiet home,  
 With yearning, glad endeavour,  
 Still singing all the way I roam  
 A song of love for ever.'

I passed the quiet churchyard bound,  
 And stood beside a new-made mound  
 In silent sunset glory ;  
 The flowering grasses, fresh and fair,  
 Waved lightly in the golden air,  
 And softly told the story.  
 'He resteth in his blessèd home,  
 Whence nothing now can sever,  
 Still singing, though no more to roam,  
 His song of love for ever.'

### The Awakening.

So it has come to you, dear,  
 Come so soon !  
 Come in the sunshine early,  
 Come in the morning pearly,  
 Not in the blaze of noon.

Yes, it has come to you, dear,  
 Strange and sweet ;  
 Come ere the merry May-time  
 Melts to the glowing hay-time,  
 Hushed in the sultry heat.

Come—with mysterious shadow,  
Weird and new,—  
Come with a magic lustre  
Hung on the shining cluster  
Ripening fast for you.

Come! and the exquisite minor,  
Rich and deep,  
Swells with Æolian blending  
Chords of the spirit, ending  
Boyhood's enchanted sleep.

Sleep that is past for ever!  
Is it gain?  
What does the waking seem like?  
Love that is only dream-like  
Sings not a truthful strain.

Hearts that have roused and listened  
Never more,  
(Though they may miss the crossed tones,  
Though they may mourn the lost tones,)  
Sleep as they slept before.

Come! and the great transition  
Now is past!  
Never again the boy-life,  
Only the pain—and joy-life,  
More of the first than last.

Come! and they do not guess it,  
Why such a change!

Why should the mirth and riot  
 Tone into manly quiet !  
 Is it not passing strange ?

Come ! 'Tis a night of wonder  
 At this call.  
 Characters cabalistic,  
 Writings all dim and mystic  
 Tremble upon the wall.

Come ! am I glad or sorry ?  
 Wait and see !  
 Wait for God's silent moulding,  
 Wait for His full unfolding,  
 Wait for the days to be.

### The Poet's Zenith.

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

'Finished! 'Tis my best, I take it,—best that bears my  
name as yet;

I am weary, but 'tis worth it, now my signature is set.

How the closing verses thrilled me! seemed that they  
were hardly mine,

Flashing up in bright succession at my summons line by  
line.

It has been as though my spirit leapt beyond herself, and  
left

Half her being yet entangled in a sombre earthly weft,  
While her essence soared unfearing upward to the Infinite,  
With a new and sudden power, with a new and sudden  
light.

Year by year have many listened to the truths I sought  
to teach,

But the work this night sees ended, many more shall  
surely reach.

It is farther, farther reaching, fond ideals nearing more  
Than the last, yet that was stronger than the one that  
came before.

Finished! but I know my power, know that I have more  
to say,

Know that better work and deeper shall be done another  
day.'

Was it so? The hair grew greyer, but the eye retained  
its light;

Year by year his shining fire-notes fell into the human night,  
And his audience grew larger, more and more the souls  
he stirred,

Till the Poet's name had risen to become a household  
word.

Yet a whisper rose and mingled with the shoutings of  
his fame :

‘ This or that is splendid, adding lustre to a lustrous name,  
Some for tenderness and sweetness, some for favour and  
for force ;

All his later works are fine, and so we read them—oh, of  
course !

But the focus of his power, in the poem we love best,  
Stands alone for depth and beauty, far outweighing all  
the rest.

There’s a vividness, a glory, something felt though not  
defined,

Making one forget the poet in that light and truth  
combined.

Not an old man, and experience adding treasure for his mint!

Yet his golden coin seems bearing less imperial imprint.

It is heresy, we know it, for his verse is all so good,

But why *does* he never write as once he did and surely  
could ? ’

Well, the fatal whisper reached him, floated like a seed  
of grief,

Thistle-down, that soon upspringing, wounded him with  
thorny leaf ;

Slowly, surely, came the knowledge that the springtide of  
his power

All unknown had reached its *zenith* in the rapture of an  
hour ;

That the ebbing and the flowing never reached the  
shining mark

Where the wave of life rose highest in that midnight still  
and dark.

**Mischief Making.**

ONLY a tiny dropping  
From a tiny hidden leak ;  
But the flow is never stopping,  
And the flaw is far to seek.

Only some trickling water,  
Nothing at all at first ;  
But it grows to a valley-slaughter,  
For the reservoir has burst !

The wild flood once in motion,  
Who shall arrest its course ?  
As well restrain the ocean  
As that ungoverned force !

Mourn for the desolations,  
And help the ruined men,  
Till next spring's fair creations  
Make the valley smile again.

Help with a free, pure pity,  
For your hands in this are clean,  
You dwelt in the far-off city,  
With many a mile between.

You did not watch the flowing  
Of the treacherous, trickling rill ;  
You did not aid the growing  
Of the tiny rifts in the hill.

What if you had? I leave it,  
It is too dark a thought ;  
How could the heart conceive it ?  
How came it, all unsought ?

## II.

A look of great affliction,  
As you tell what one told you,  
With a feeble contradiction,  
Or a 'hope it is not true !'

A story quite too meagre  
For naming any more,  
Only your friend seems eager  
To know a little more.

No doubt of explanation,  
If all was known, you see ;  
One might get information  
From Mrs. A. or B.

Only some simple queries  
Passed on from tongue to tongue,  
Though the ever-growing series  
Has out of nothing sprung.

Only a faint suggestion,  
Only a doubtful hint,  
Only a leading question  
With a special tone or tint.

Only a low 'I wonder !'  
Nothing unfair at all ;  
But the whisper grows to thunder,  
And a scathing bolt may fall ;

And a good ship is dismasted,  
And hearts are like to break,  
And a Christian life is blasted,  
For a scarcely-guessed mistake !

### The Lorely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### For Denmark, ho!

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

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

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

### My Singing Lesson.

#### ABSTRACT.

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

The voice has machinery—(now to be serious),  
 Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.  
 A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,  
 Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass ;  
 Below an Æolian harp is provided,  
 Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided.  
 Above is an orifice, larger or small  
 As the singer desires to rise or to fall ;  
 Expand and depress it to deepen your roar,  
 But raise and contract it when high you would soar.

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

In flexible freedom let both work together,  
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

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

### To the Choir of Llangryffyth.

(OR WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN.)

WE nowadays hear of all sorts of progression  
In science or politics, custom or view,  
In business, or fashion. Perhaps the precession  
Of equinoxes has something to do  
With the rate at which we are going. 'T is true  
That progress is now and then retrogression,  
And the new is the old when the old is the new.  
So they breakfast at one and they lunch at four,  
And are sitting at dinner at half-past nine,  
And go to bed when the night is o'er,  
And get up when the day begins to decline.  
If they only progress in the same direction,  
A few more years will bring it all right ;  
They will rise in the morning, not dreading detection,  
And return to the habit of sleeping at night.

Though the world of fashion progresses so fleetly,  
The church at Llangryffyth outdoes it completely ;  
For at twelve o'clock, nay, ten minutes past,  
By a watch that was certainly not too fast,  
The choir exhorted our souls to awake,  
And slumber and sleepiness off to shake,

And then and there from our beds to rise,  
Exactly as if we were rubbing our eyes.  
A little bit later were more apropos,  
For afternoon drowsiness lazy and slow  
Might make an excuse for a timely suggestion.  
Then, further, the sun was brought into the question,  
As if he were rising at that time of day,  
Instead of completing the half of his way.  
Nor these incongruities only appeared :  
We thought that good Welshmen the Sabbath revered,  
And that '*daily duties*' aside were laid  
That respect to our Holy Day might be paid ;  
*Resting*, not '*running*' the trodden ways  
Of the cares and business of other days.  
But here at Llangryffyth the choir advise,  
With the Fourth Commandment plain under their eyes,  
To 'awake' (ten minutes past twelve !) 'with the sun,'  
And our '*daily stage of duty run.*'  
What would the good old Bishop have said  
(Who sang the sweet verses upon his bed,  
Day by day as the morning broke,  
And the busy week-day world awoke)  
Of the common sense of those who bring  
Such meaningless praise to the Heavenly King !  
O choir of Llangryffyth, your office high  
Is to 'teach and admonish,' and edify,—  
To wield an influence deep and strong,  
The heart to touch and the soul to raise,—  
In God's own temple to lift the song,  
To bring a tribute of holy praise  
Before the Lord, who entrusts to you  
His gift of music, so high and true !

Be it yours the preacher's words to meet,  
 He choosing wisely, ye singing sweet  
 Of the bright inheritance kept above,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of the Living Water, the Fount of love.<sup>2</sup>  
 May He who gave you voice and skill  
 So tune your hearts that ye may indeed  
 Your ministry of song fulfil,  
 And 'with understanding' His praises lead.

*P.S.*—It *might* be as well if the whole congregation  
 Could join in the Canticles' grand adoration,  
 But the few that try at your speed, you will find,  
 Are speedily distanced and left behind.  
 It *might* be as well for the Kyrie to bear  
 Some slight resemblance to penitent prayer ;  
 Not tripping it off in cheerful repeat  
 To a pretty tune with a lively beat.  
 It *might* be as well in the hymns if we could  
 Take breath where the writers intended we should,  
 Not hunting and racing the sense to death  
 By aiming at singing a verse in a breath.

### The Turned Lesson.

'I THOUGHT I knew it !' she said,  
 'I thought I had learnt it quite !'

<sup>1</sup> The morning text—Pet. i. 5 : 'An inheritance reserved.'

<sup>2</sup> The evening text—Rev. xxii. 17 : 'Let him take the Water of Life.'

But the gentle Teacher shook her head,  
With a grave yet loving light  
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,  
As she gave the book  
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

‘I thought I knew it!’ she said;  
And a heavy tear fell down,  
As she turned away with bending head,  
Yet not for reproof or frown,  
Not for the lesson to learn again,  
Or the play-hour lost;—  
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,  
But the Teacher understood,  
As God understands the chirp of the birds  
In the depth of an autumn wood.  
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek  
Was quite enough;  
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,  
‘Now I will try you again!’  
And the lesson was mastered,—every word!  
Was it not worth the pain?  
Was it not kinder the task to turn,  
Than to let it pass,  
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,  
That we only learn in part,

And the Master's testing-time may show  
That it was not quite 'by heart' ?  
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,  
That lesson again  
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side  
Till the page is really known,  
It may be we failed because we tried  
To learn it all alone.  
And now that He would not let us lose  
One lesson of love  
(For He knows the loss)—can we refuse ?

But oh ! how *could* we dream  
That we knew it all so well ?  
Reading so fluently, as we deem,  
What we could not even spell !  
And oh ! how could we grieve once more  
That patient One  
Who has turned so many a task before ?

That waiting One, who now  
Is letting us try again ;  
Watching us with the patient brow  
That bore the wreath of pain ;  
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,  
Line upon line,  
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts 'be still,'  
Though our task is turned to-day.

Oh let Him teach us what He will,  
 In His own gracious way,  
 Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,  
 As we learn each line,  
 The hardest is found all clear and sweet!

### Leaning over the Waterfall.

A young lady, aged 20, fell over the rocks at the Swallow Waterfall in the summer of 1873, and was lost to sight in a moment. The body was not recovered till four hours afterwards.

LEANING over the waterfall!  
 Lured by the fairy sight,  
 Heeding not the warning call,  
 Watching the foam and the flow,  
 Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,  
 Here in the shade and there in the light!  
 Oh, who could know  
 The coming sorrow, the nearing woe!

Leaning over the waterfall!  
 Only a day before  
 She had spoken of Jesu's wondrous call,  
 As He trod the waves of Galilee.  
 They asked, as she gazed from the sunset shore,  
 'If He walked that water, what would you do?'  
 Then fell the answer, glad and true,  
 'If He beckoned me,  
 I would go to Him on the pathless sea.'

Leaning over the waterfall  
 Only a moment before!

And then the slip, the helpless call,  
The plunge unheard in the pauseless roar  
By the startled watchers on the shore ;  
And the feet that stood by the waterfall,  
So fair and free,  
Are standing with Christ by the crystal sea.

Leaning over the waterfall !

Have you not often leant  
(What should hinder ? or what appal ?)  
Freely, fearlessly, over the brink,  
Merrily glancing adown the stream,  
Or gazing wrapt in a musical dream  
At the lovely waters ? But pause and think—  
Who kept *your* feet,  
And suffered you not such death to meet ?

Leaning over the waterfall !

What if *your* feet had slipped ?  
Never a moment of power to call,  
Never a hand in time to save  
From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave !  
Hearken ! would it be ill or well  
If thus *you* fell ?  
Hearken ! would it be heaven or hell ?

Leaning over the waterfall !

Listen, and learn, and lean !  
Listen to Him whose loving call  
Soundeth deep in your heart to-day !  
Learn of Jesus, the only way,  
How to be holy, how to be blest !  
Lean on His breast,  
And yours shall be safety and joy and rest.

### The Seed of Song.

THE seed of a song was cast  
On the listening hearts around,  
And the sweetly winning sound  
In a few short minutes passed.  
But a song of perfect praise,  
And a song of perfect love  
Was the harvest after many days,  
Beneath the everlasting rays  
Of the summer-time above.

The seed of a single word  
Fell among the furrows deep,  
In their silent, wintry sleep,  
And the sower never an echo heard.  
But the 'Come!' was not in vain,  
For that germ of Life and Love,  
And the blessèd Spirit's quickening rain,  
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain  
For the Harvest Home above.

Will you not sow that song?  
Will you not drop that word  
Till the coldest hearts be stirred  
From their slumber deep and long?  
Then your harvest shall abound  
With rejoicing full and grand,  
Where the heavenly summer-songs resound,  
And the fruits of faithful work are found,  
In the Glorious Holy Land.

## Finis.

I HAVE filled my book,  
In odds and ends of time,  
With fancies and reveries  
And careless scraps of rhyme.

It is,—and yet it is not  
A transcript of my soul ;  
For the passing gleams of light,  
And the passing clouds that roll—

Like an unwilling photograph,  
Have printed their image clear ;  
And the echo of many a laugh  
And of many a sigh is here.

But words are cold, dead things,  
And little they tell of the heart,  
Or the burning glow  
Of the fount below,  
Whence the glance and the cheek-flush start.

I feel there is more within  
Than may lightly be revealed ;  
What the spirit itself hath but dimly seen  
To the pen may well be sealed.

Yes, I have filled my book,  
And another will soon begin :  
But no venturous guess may say  
What shall be traced within !

Shall its songs be all of joy,  
Or of deepest and keenest woe?  
I dare not anticipate,  
And I'm glad that I do not know.

Shall its yet unwritten page  
Be filled by *my* restless hand?  
Or shall I be called away  
To the shores of the Silent Land?

One thing I would hope and pray,  
That its record may brighter shine,  
That an onward and upward course  
May be traced in every line.

And that some of its words may cheer  
Some troubled and weary soul,  
Or point as a waymark clear  
To the distant yet nearing goal.

*Then* I shall not begrudge my thoughts  
Their robing of careless rhyme;  
Or deem them a useless waste  
Of the priceless gift of Time.

*ENIGMAS AND CHARADES.*



**Enigma No. 1.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Enigma No. 2.

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

We're essential to poets, to artists, musicians,  
To all washerwomen, and mathematicians;  
It required a Euclid to tell what we be,  
Yet us at this moment, fair reader, you see.

### Enigma No. 3.

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

The wisest and cleverest brains of the day,  
Quite out of their depth, are unable to say.  
In olden days to my care were confided  
The laws by which monarchs and subjects were  
guided ;  
The records of feats of chivalry,  
Or of deeds of blood, were preserved by me :  
But now having leaves, though, alas ! no flower,  
I bear what must pass in a single hour.

#### Enigma No. 4.

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

### Enigma No. 5.

A TERM for autumn leaves when all their lovely tints are  
fled ;

A mountain in Arabia, lifting high its rocky head ;

What witches and astrologers pretend they truly are ;

A state from which I greatly hope your conscience still is  
far :

Those four are all alike, you'll see, in mere pronunciation,  
But diverse in orthography and in signification.

Transpose the second, you will gain the title of a king,

And what you would be sure to do if he should enter in ;

Transpose the fourth, you'll see at once how ancient  
warriors treated

The cities of the enemy, with passion overheated ;

Transpose the third, and lo ! the first will straightway be  
revealed.

Now, reader, I shall like to see this mystery unsealed.

### Enigma No. 6.

SEVENTEEN hundred and sixty yards,

A maiden's name and a term at cards,

A halting leg, something stronger than beer,

A river to many a student dear,

A fragrant tree, and a foreign fruit,

A government coach on a postal route,

Honiton, Brussels, or Valenciennes,

A spice preceding bishops and deans,

A sin of the tongue, and the stronger sex,

The state of the sea when no tempests vex,

What you look for three or four times a day,  
 What the Prince of Wales to the crown will lay,  
 Three Scripture names, and a region wide,  
 What an archer takes his shaft to guide :  
 With six little letters all these are framed ;  
 When each you have duly and rightly named,  
 They form what I hope you will never dare  
 Against friend or foe in your heart to bear.

### Enigma No. 7.

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

### Enigma No. 8.

WHAT WAS I? Such a clever friar,  
 I barely 'scaped the witches' pyre ;  
 Yet doth philosophy in me  
 One of her bright admirers see ;  
 And forms of classic beauty grew  
 Beneath my hand to nature true ;  
 Each wondrous magic lantern show  
 To me the happy children owe ;

With Schwartz contesting, I should mention  
The honour of his great invention.  
What am I? What you may despise,  
For I am little more than grease,  
And yet I am an annual prize  
For matrimonial love and peace.  
In every scrape or awkward plight  
I hope to save me you'll be able.  
I am the ploughboy's great delight,  
And often grace his Sunday table.  
From dreams of mire and sweet repose  
To streaky excellence I rose ;  
And, following still the chimney sweep,  
I learned to smoke instead of sleep.

### Enigma No. 9.

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

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

## Enigma No. 10.

THE royal sun with his orbèd flame  
To be myself I modestly claim ;  
And yet, though strange, it is perfectly true,  
I am at this moment within your shoe.  
Have you a delicate hand to show ?  
Its symmetry partly to me you owe ;  
And I cannot think how you can possibly see  
If deprived in another part of me.  
The ancient dame, with her spectacled nose,  
By my strange contortions I often pose,  
As I glide away from her busy hand  
To rejoice the juvenile feline band.  
I am a being of direful power,  
And many I haste to their last dread hour ;  
Yet the tiny child on his feeble feet  
Is gladdened and charmed by my motions fleet.  
I am said to whistle, though not to sigh ;  
Merriment often to hundreds I bring.  
On due inquiry I think you will find  
That twenty people in me have dined ;  
Yet when at dinner you take your seat  
I'm sometimes the very first thing you eat.  
Who patronise me? The college youth,  
Loving me better than books in truth ;  
The friends of science, the friends of strife,  
The duellist seeking his fellow's life,  
Of sharpers and blacklegs not a few,  
Equine doctors frequently too,

The conjuror showing his skilful tricks,  
In the list the graceful and fair we mix ;  
And last, not least, our gracious Queen  
My patroness certainly ever hath been.

### Enigma No. 11.

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

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

### Enigma No. 12.

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

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

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

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

Yet health and cure 't is mine to give  
 To many a sickly frame ;  
 An antelope of Africa  
 Usurps my well-known name.

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

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

### Enigma No. 13.

THAT I'm very well-known to all metaphysicians 't is true,  
 Whose brains I attempted to clear, being one of the crew ;  
 A secret of wonderful power in me was conceal'd,  
 Which firstly by love, but by treachery next was revealed ;  
 I never am mentioned as living, though oft in the city,  
 When said to be dead, much impatience I rouse, but no  
 pity ;  
 To some navigation I lend indispensable hand,  
 Yet I'm not of the slightest utility saving inland.

## Enigma No. 15.

WHERE will ye seek me? The Andes rise  
Silently grand beneath tropical skies;  
And far Himalaya's crowns of snow  
Gleam o'er the burning plains below;  
I dwell with each, for the mountain air  
Certainly suits me everywhere.  
Know ye the silent and death-like realm,  
Where winter hath donn'd his glassy helm,  
And conquering rules o'er land and sea?  
Beneath his throne is the home for me.  
Ye may seek in the gay and brilliant throng,  
Where the hours fleet by in dance and song;  
There, martyr-like, I'm sure to be,  
Though to venture there may be death to me.  
Yet I'm never afraid of catching cold  
(Like some young ladies) however bold.  
'T is a wonder my mother should let me go,  
But she is remarkably yielding, I know;  
And many who tried us both can say,  
*She* yields directly when I give way.  
My character's quite the more solid, I state,  
But she is a person of greater weight.  
Though never convicted of any crime  
'T is perfectly true that, for months at a time,  
I am starved in a dungeon all damp and bare,  
With hardly the half of a prisoner's fare.  
I'm rather a traveller, I may tell,  
And know the Atlantic routes quite well;

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

### Enigma No. 16.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Enigma No. 19.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Enigma No. 20.

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

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

'T is mine to give thee strange and needless toil,  
 For Gordian knots I weave in many a tangled coil  
 I shun publicity, for I declare,  
 That if you speak my name, I vanish into air.

### Enigma No. 21.

THOUGH constantly we're in the mire,  
 We shine and sparkle with our fire ;  
 Part of the verb ' to speak ' we need,  
 And yet no words from us proceed.  
 The annals of the Inquisition  
 Reveal too well our awful mission ;  
 In what they call the ' good old days,'  
 Our patronesses won high praise.  
 It is our business to convey  
 Men, beasts, and chattels day by day ;  
 You often bear us near your heart,  
 And would be loth from us to part.

Though never weary with our speed,  
Full often we are tired indeed ;  
A tribe of insects, most minute,  
Receive from us a name to suit.  
Long since we used to condescend  
Our aid in cookery to lend.  
We guide the vessel in its course,  
And multiply your puny force.

## Charade No. 1.

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

## Charade No. 2.

My *first* gleams bright 'mid azure shields,  
On rich emblazoned argent fields.  
If you too often use my *second*,  
An egotist you will be reckoned.

My *third*, it is a battle-cry ;  
 And be it yours in every high,  
 And good, and noble end and aim,  
 As such it is the road to fame.  
 My belted *whole* you may descry  
 Illumining the southern sky.

### Charade No. 3.

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

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

### Charade No. 4.

HURRAH for merry England !  
 For good Saint George hurrah !  
 For Richard of the Lion Heart,  
 The noble and the gay,

Returns from long captivity,  
And 't is a festal day.

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

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

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

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

## Charade No. 5.

My *second* could never produce my *first*,  
 Though its opposite frequently may ;  
 'T is a thing that's trampled upon and cursed,  
 So tell me its name, I pray.

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

Above my *second* 't is commonly borne,  
 Though carefully kept below it ;  
 Full many a home it has caused to mourn,  
 And the newspaper accidents show it.

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

## Charade No. 6.

WHERE the tall pine-forest made  
 Deepest, darkest, holiest shade,  
 Came Nesota, sorrow-laden,  
 She, the lovely Indian maiden.  
 Came, ere she had waited long,  
 Karand, the swift, the strong ;

He, who bowed to nought beside,  
Bent to her in lowly pride ;  
Bent, until his lofty brow,  
Loftiest of the tribes around,  
Touched the greensward hallowed now,  
Where her *first* had kissed the ground.

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

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

## Charade No. 7.

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

## Charade No. 8.

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

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

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

## Charade No. 9.

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

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

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

## Charade No. 10.

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

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

My *first* and *next* in days of yore  
Went forth in lowly guise :

A staff was theirs, but little store  
Of what the world would prize.

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

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

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

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

### Charade No. 11.

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

Why will ye linger ?  
Is it no *second* that ye hear

The morning hymn, so glad and clear,  
Of that wise singer ?

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

### Charade No. 12.

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

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

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

### Charade No. 13.

My *first* had spread her darksome wing  
O'er all the loveliness of spring ;  
My *third* arose with mournful wail—  
The young leaves told their first sad tale,

The old oak groaned, the flowerets sighed,  
 The hawthorn bloom was scattered wide :  
 But ere my gloomy *first* had passed,  
 When silent was my *third* at last,  
 My *whole* awoke the moonlight dell  
 To list the sweet tale she could tell ;  
 Then mingled, in strange harmony,  
 Silence and sweetest melody.  
 'Your *second*, why such strange omission ?'  
 'T is but a tiny preposition.

#### Charade No. 14.

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

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

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

## Charade No. 15.

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

## Charade No. 16.

THE all-victorious Roman  
Hath raised his eagles high,  
The Carthaginian foeman  
Right proudly to defy.

Forth marched in noble daring  
The leader of the day,  
A mighty *second* bearing  
In all the stern affray.

Ye glorious ranks, assemble !  
'Push on, my *first*,' he cried,  
'And soon their *whole* shall tremble,  
And crushed shall be their pride.'

## Charade No. 17.

ENTER my *first* with a studied grace,  
Conceit in his head, and a smirk on his face ;  
Of fashion he deems himself quite the top,  
And he's scented like any perfumer's shop ;  
So among the ladies he's surely reckoned,  
For the evening at least, to be quite my *second*.  
But oh ! what a fall for the brilliant star !  
A lady's whisper is heard too far :  
'Of all the flowers that ever were,  
The only one I to him compare  
Is my scentless *whole*, with its gaudy stare.'  
Not quite rightly spelt, but comparison rare.

## Charade No. 18.

A BRIGHT and joyous frame of mind,  
With Cephas properly combined,  
Produce, I'll boldly dare to say,  
A statesman of the present day.

*CHORDS FOR CHILDREN.*



Sunday Bells.<sup>1</sup>

O SWEET Sabbath bells!  
A message of musical chiming  
Ye bring us from God, and we know what you say;  
Now rising, now falling,  
So tunefully calling  
His children to seek Him, and praise Him to-day.

The day we love best!  
The brightest and best of the seven,  
The pearl of the week, and the light of our way;  
We hold it a treasure,  
And count it a pleasure,  
To welcome its dawning and praise Him to-day.

O sweet Sabbath rest!  
The gift of our Father in heaven;  
A herald sent down from the home far away,  
With peace for the weary,  
And joy for the dreary:  
Then, oh! let us thank Him, and praise Him to-day.

<sup>1</sup> From 'Sacred Songs for Little Singers,' Novello & Co.

Rejoice and be glad!  
'T is the day of our Saviour and Brother,  
The Life that is risen, the Truth and the Way;  
Salvation He brought us  
When wand'ring He sought us,  
With blood He hath bought us : then praise Him to-day.

### Flowers.

Buds and bells! Sweet April pleasures,  
Springing all around,  
White and gold and crimson treasures,  
From the cold, unlovely ground!  
He who gave them grace and hue  
Made the little children too!

When the weary little flowers  
Close their starry eyes,  
By the dark and dewy hours  
Strength and freshness God supplies.  
He who sends the gentle dew  
Cares for little children too!

Then He gives the pleasant weather,  
Sunshine warm and free,  
Making all things glad together,  
Kind to them and kind to me.  
Lovely flowers! He loveth you,  
And the little children too!

Though we cannot hear you singing  
Softly chiming lays,  
Surely God can see you bringing  
Silent songs of wordless praise !  
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,  
Hears the little children too !

### Evening Prayer.

Now the light has gone away,  
Saviour, listen while I pray,  
Asking Thee to watch and keep,  
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away  
All that has been wrong to-day,  
Help me every day to be  
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be  
Always near and dear to Thee ;  
Oh, bring me and all I love  
To Thy happy home above !

Now my evening praise I give :  
Thou didst die that I might live,  
All my blessings come from Thee ;  
Oh, how good Thou art to me !

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,  
Thou wilt love me to the end !  
Let me love Thee more and more.  
Always better than before !

## Stars.

THE golden glow is paling  
Between the cloudy bars ;  
I'm watching in the twilight  
To see the little stars.  
I wish that they would sing to-night  
Their song of long ago ;<sup>1</sup>  
If we were only nearer them,  
What might we hear and know !

Are they the eyes of Angels,  
That always wake to keep  
A loving watch above us,  
While we are fast asleep ?  
Or are they lamps that God has lit  
From His own glorious light,  
To guide the little children's souls  
Whom He will call to-night ?

We hardly see them twinkle  
In any summer night,  
But in the winter evenings  
They sparkle clear and bright.  
Is this to tell the little ones,  
So hungry, cold, and sad,  
That there's a shining home for them,  
Where all is warm and glad ?

<sup>1</sup> 'When the morning stars sang together.'—JOB xxxviii. 7.

More beautiful and glorious,  
And never cold and far,  
Is He who always loves them,  
The Bright and Morning Star.  
I wish those little children knew  
That holy, happy light !  
Lord Jesus, shine on them, I pray,  
And make them glad to-night.

### *My Little Tree.*

THEY tell me that my little tree  
Is only just my age, but see,—  
Already ripe and rosy fruit  
Is peeping under every shoot !  
How little have I brought,  
But withered leaves of foolish thought ;  
And angry words, like thorn,  
How many have I borne !

No fruit my little tree can bring  
Without the gentle rain of spring ;  
Nor could it ever ripen one,  
Without the glowing summer sun :  
O Father ! shed on me  
Thy Holy Spirit from above,  
That I may bring to Thee  
The golden fruit of love.

Let sunshine of Thy grace increase  
The pleasant fruit of joy and peace,  
With purple gleam of gentleness,  
That most of all my home may bless ;  
While faith and goodness meet  
In ruby ripeness rich and sweet,  
Let these in me be found,  
And evermore abound.

### Thy Kingdom Come.

GOD of heaven ! hear our singing ;  
Only little ones are we,  
Yet a great petition bringing,  
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,  
Let the world in Thee find rest ;  
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,  
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed !

Let the sweet and joyful story  
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
Wake on earth a song of glory,  
Like the angel's song above.

Father, send the glorious hour,  
Every heart be Thine alone !  
For the kingdom, and the power,  
And the glory are Thine own.

### The Moon.

'The moon walking in brightness,'—JOB xxxi. 26.

NOT long ago the moon was dark,  
No light she gave or gained ;  
She did not look upon the sun,  
So all her glory waned.  
Now through the sky so broad and high,  
In robe of shining whiteness,  
Among the solemn stars of God,  
She walks in brightness.

Look up to Him who is the Sun,  
The true and Only Light,  
And seek the glory of His face,  
His smile so dear and bright.  
Then making gladness all around,  
By gentleness and rightness,  
You, too, shall shine with light divine,  
And walk in brightness.

### Jessie's Friend.

LITTLE Jessie, darling pet,  
Do you want a Friend ?  
One who never will forget,  
Loving to the end ;  
One whom you can tell when sad  
Everything that grieves ;  
One who loves to make you glad,  
One who never leaves.

Such a loving Friend is ours,  
 Near us all the day,  
 Helping us in lesson hours,  
 Smiling on our play ;  
 Keeping us from doing wrong,  
 Guarding everywhere,  
 Listening to each happy song  
 And each little prayer.

Jessie, if you only knew  
 What He is to me,  
 Surely you would seek Him too,  
 You would ' come and see.'  
 Come, and you will find it true,  
 Happy you will be ;  
 Jesus says, and says to you,  
 ' Come, oh come to Me.'

### The Bower.

WILL you come out and see  
 My pretty bower with me,  
 My sweet little house that lilac boughs have made ;  
 With windows up on high,  
 Through which I see the sky,  
 And look up to Him who made the pleasant shade ?

The sunbeams come and go  
 So brightly to and fro,  
 Like angels of light, too dazzling to be seen !

They weave a curtain fair  
About my doorway there,  
And paint all my walls with shining gold and green.

I have sweet music too,  
And lovely songs for you,  
To hear in my house among the lilac leaves ;  
For breezes softly play,  
And robins sing all day :  
I think this is praise that God on high receives.

### Trust.

SADLY bend the flowers  
In the heavy rain ;  
After beating showers,  
Sunbeams come again.  
Little birds are silent  
All the dark night through ;  
When the morning dawneth,  
Their songs are sweet and new.

When a sudden sorrow  
Comes like cloud and night,  
Wait for God's to-morrow ;  
All will then be bright.  
Only wait and trust Him  
Just a little while ;  
After evening tear-drops  
Shall come the morning smile.

### The Dying Sister.

DARLING boy,  
Sister's joy,  
With your loving smile,  
Kiss me now,  
On my brow,  
Stay with me awhile !  
He who has lovèd me,  
He whom I longed to see,  
Calls me away ;  
I must not stay.

He is near,  
True and dear,  
Darling, do not cry !  
Jesus too  
Loveth you,  
Loves you more than I.  
Kneel by my pillow here,  
Tell Him the sorrow, dear ;  
He is so kind,  
This you will find.

Angels bright,  
Robed in light,  
In that happy home,  
Singing wait  
At the gate,  
Till He bids me come.

Soon, brother, I shall see  
Him who has died for me ;  
    I am so glad,  
    Yet you are sad.

    Hymn and prayer  
    We did share,  
Many an evening past ;  
    Jesus heard  
    Every word,  
This may be the last.  
Ere next the light grows dim,  
I may be there with Him.  
    Praising Him too,  
    Waiting for you !

### The Angels' Song.

Now let us sing the Angels' Song,  
    That rang so sweet and clear,  
When heavenly light and music fell  
    On earthly eye and ear,—  
To Him we sing, our Saviour King,  
    Who always deigns to hear :  
    'Glory to God ! and peace on earth.'

He came to tell the Father's love,  
    His goodness, truth, and grace ;  
To show the brightness of His smile,  
    The glory of His face ;

With His own light, so full and bright,  
 The shades of death to chase.  
 'Glory to God! and peace on earth.'

He came to bring the weary ones  
 True peace and perfect rest;  
 To take away the guilt and sin  
 Which darkened and distressed;  
 That great and small might hear His call,  
 And all in Him be blessed.  
 'Glory to God! and peace on earth.'

He came to bring a glorious gift,  
 'Goodwill to men;'—and why?  
 Because He loved us, Jesus came  
 For us to live and die.  
 Then, sweet and long, the Angels' Song  
 Again we raise on high:  
 'Glory to God! and peace on earth.'

### Who will take Care of Me?

WRITTEN FOR EMILY F. W. W. SNEPP.

Who will take care of me? darling, you say!  
 Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are!  
 Listen! I give you the answer to-day,  
 ONE who is never forgetful or far!

He will take care of you! all through the day,  
 Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;  
 Walking or resting, at lessons or play,  
 Jesus is with you and watching you still.

He will take care of you ! all through the night,  
Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps ;  
Darkness to Him is the same as the light ;  
He never slumbers and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you ! all through the year,  
Crowning each day with His kindness and love,  
Sending you blessing and shielding from fear,  
Leading you on to the bright home above.

He will take care of you ! yes, to the end !  
Nothing can alter His love to His own.  
Darling, be glad that you have such a Friend,  
He will not leave you one moment alone !

### Something to Do.

' SOMETHING to do, mamma, something to do !'  
Who has not heard the cry ?  
Something to plan and something to try !  
Something to do when the sky is blue,  
And the sun is clear and high ;  
Something to do on a rainy day,  
Tired of lessons or tired of play ;  
Something to do in the morning walk,  
Better than merely to stroll and talk.  
For the fidgety feet, oh, something to do,  
For the mischievous fingers something too ;  
For the busy thought in the little brain,  
For the longing love of the little heart,  
Something easy, and nice, and plain ;  
Something in which they can all take part ;

Something better than breakable toys,  
Something for girls and something for boys !  
I know, I know, and I'll tell you too,  
Something for all of you now to do !

---

First, you must listen ! Do you know  
Where the poor sick children go ?  
Think of hundreds all together  
In the pleasant summer weather,  
Lying sadly day by day,  
Having pain instead of play ;  
No dear mother sitting near,  
    No papa to kiss good-night ;  
Brothers, sisters, playmates dear,  
    All away and out of sight.  
Little feet that cannot go  
Where the pink-tipped daisies grow ;  
Little eyes that never see  
Bud or blossom, bird or tree ;  
Little hands that folded lie  
As the weary weeks go by.  
What if you could send them flowers,  
Brightening up the dismal hours ?

Then the hospitals for others,  
For the fathers and the mothers ;  
Where the weary sufferers lie,  
    While the weeks go slowly past,  
    Some with hope of cure at last,  
Some to suffer till they die.

Now, while you are scampering free,  
In your happy spring-tide glee,  
They are lying sadly there,  
Weak and sick—oh, don't you care?  
Don't you want to cheer each one?  
Don't you wish it could be done?

Then the poor old people too,  
In the dreary workhouse-room,  
Nothing all day long to do,  
Nothing to light up the gloom!  
Older, weaker, every day,  
All their children gone away;  
Nothing pleasant, nothing bright,  
For the dimming, aching sight.  
Would it not be nice to send  
Nosegays by some loving friend?

Then if you could only see  
Where so many thousands live,  
All in sin and misery,  
Dirt and noise and poverty,  
What, oh, what would you not give,  
Just some little thing to do  
That might do a little good!  
Don't you want to help them too?  
I will tell you how you could!  
Gather flowers for Jesus' sake,  
For a loving hand to take  
Into all those dreadful places,  
Bringing smiles to haggard faces,

Bringing tears to hardened eyes ;  
Bringing back the memories  
Of the home so long ago  
Left for wickedness and woe,  
Of the time, so far away,  
When they learned to sing and pray.  
Oh, you cannot guess the power  
Of a little simple flower !

---

And yet the message they should bear,  
Of God our Father's love and care,  
Is never really read aright  
Without the Holy Spirit's light ;—  
Without the voice of Jesus, heard  
In His own sweet and mighty word.  
And so we *never* send the flowers  
With only messages of ours ;  
But every group of buds and bells  
The story of salvation tells.  
Let every little nosegay bring  
Not only fragrance of the spring,  
But sweeter fragrance of His Name,  
Who saves and pardons, soothes and heals,  
The living Saviour, still the Same,  
Who every pain and sorrow feels.  
The little texts are sweeter far  
Than lily-bell or primrose star ;  
And He will help you just to choose  
The very words that He will use.

To find them out and make a list  
 Of promise-words, so strong and bright,  
 So full of comfort and of light,  
 That all their meaning *can't* be missed !  
 Think how every one may be  
 God's own message from above  
 To some little girl or boy,  
 Changing sadness into joy,  
 Soothing some one's dreadful pain,  
 Making some one glad again,  
 With His comfort and His love !  
 Calling them to Jesus' feet,  
 Showing them what He has done !  
 Darlings, will it not be sweet  
 If He blesses only one ?  
 Only *one* ? Nay, ask Him still,  
 Ask Him *every one* to bless !  
 He can do it, and He will ;  
 Do not let us ask Him less !

---

Now then, set to work at once,  
 If you're not a thorough dunce !  
 Cut the little holders squarely,  
 Keep the edges smooth and straight :  
 Now the paint-box : artists bold !  
 Paint the borders firm and fairly  
 With your prettiest red or gold !  
 Easy this, at any rate.  
 Now for writing—clearest, neatest,  
 (Or it may be gently hinted,  
 Better still if neatly printed.)  
 Tracing words the strongest, sweetest,—

Words that must and will avail,  
Though the loveliest blossoms fail.  
Then away, away, the first fine day!  
Follow the breeze that is out at play,  
Follow the bird and follow the bee,  
Follow the butterfly flitting free,

For I think they know  
Where the sweetest wildflowers grow;  
Bluebells in the shady dingle,  
Where the violet-odours mingle;  
Where the fairy primrose lamp

Seems to light the hawthorn shade;  
Orchis in the meadow damp,

Cowslip in the sunny glade.

(But not the pale anemone,

For that will fade so speedily.)

Hedge and coppice, lane and field,

Gather all the store they yield!

Buttercups and daisies too,

Though so little prized by you,

Will be gold and silver treasure,

In their power of giving pleasure

To the poor in city alleys,

Far away from hills and valleys,

Who have never seen them grow

Since their childhood, long ago;

Or to children pale and small,

Who never saw them grow at all!

And don't forget the fair green leaves

That have their own sweet tales to tell,

And waving grass that humbly weaves

The emerald robe of bank and dell.

Is there some one at home who cannot go  
To gather the flowers as they grow?  
Then there is plenty for her to do  
In making the nosegays up for you;  
Getting them ready to travel away,  
In time for the work of the coming day.

But oh, how busy you will be  
When the packing must be done!  
Oh, the bustle and the glee,  
Will it not be famous fun?  
And when the box is gone away,  
The pleasure need not all be past  
I think it will not be the last!  
Just set to work another day!  
And send some more  
From the beautiful store  
Which God keeps sending you fresh and new,  
And thank Him too  
That He has given you 'SOMETHING TO DO!'

### Loving Messages for the Little Ones.<sup>1</sup>

EVERY little flower that grows,  
Every little grassy blade,  
Every little dewdrop, shows  
Jesus cares for all He made:  
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows!  
So you need not be afraid!

<sup>1</sup> Six floral cards for Caswell.

FAIR the blossoms opening early !  
     For the dew  
 Fell upon them, cool and pearly,  
     Brightening every hue.  
 Like a little thirsty flower,  
     Lift your face,  
 Seek the gentle, holy shower  
     Of the Spirit's grace.



GRACE and glory ! They are yours  
     Through the Saviour's dying love ;  
 For His own sweet word endures  
     Longer than the stars above.  
 It shall never pass away,  
 So trust His living love to-day.



HAVE you not a song for Jesus ?  
     All the little buds and flowers,  
 All the merry birds and breezes,  
     All the sunbeams and the showers,  
 Praise Him in their own sweet way !  
 What have you to sing to-day ?  
 Bring your happiest songs, and sing  
 For your Saviour and your King.



KNOWING Christ was crucified,  
     Knowing that He loves you now  
 Just as much as when He died  
     With the thorns upon His brow,—  
 Stay and think ! oh, should not you,  
 Love this blessèd Saviour too ?

OPENING flowers I send to you  
With a message sweet and true.  
They may fade, but Jesus lives,—  
Peace and grace and joy He gives.  
Come to Him and you will know  
What He waiteth to bestow !

### **J. R. H.'s Thanks.**

FOR A PENCIL-CASE FROM HER BIBLE-CLASS.

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

And in the Book of Life let each one be  
*Inscribed* as in eternal lines by Thee!  
 O Saviour, let *each* name be *written* there,  
 Not one be wanting in those pages gleaming!  
 Hear, Shepherd of the lambs, this fervent prayer,  
 For ever be Thy blessings o'er them streaming!

### J. R. W.'s Thanks,

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

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

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

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

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

**Little Nora.**

FAR off upon a western shore,  
Where wildest billows roam,  
Beneath the great grim rocks there stands  
A tiny cabin home ;

And in it dwells a little one,  
With eyes of laughing blue,  
And lips as red as any rose  
With early sparkling dew.

Her father was a fisher, and  
Went out with every tide,  
While Nora sat and watched alone  
By her sick mother's side.

It was a weary thing to sit  
For many a long, long day,  
Without a ramble on the beach,  
Or e'en a thought of play ;

But Nora did not think it hard,  
She loved her mother so,  
And in a thousand ways she tried  
Her earnest love to show.

One day she left the cabin door,  
And walked a long, long way—  
Now high upon the breezy cliffs,  
Now close to ocean spray.

She went to seek some remedy  
To ease her mother's pain,  
Tho' little hope there was that she  
Could e'er be well again.

The ruby clouds have curtained o'er  
The golden glowing west,  
Where 'neath the white-winged wavelets now  
The sun hath gone to rest ;

But little Nora comes not yet !  
The mother's fears arise,  
The evening breeze brings nothing save  
The seabird's mournful cries,

The twilight hour is passing fast  
In weariness and pain,  
She waits and listens for her child,  
As yet she waits in vain.

Hark, hark ! a bounding step is heard  
Along the pebbly shore,  
And now a tiny hand is laid  
Upon the cabin door ;

' Oh, mother, darling mother, I  
Have such good news to tell !  
Far more than medicine I have brought  
To make you glad and well !'

---

More brightly gleamed her joyous eye,  
And rosier grew her cheek,  
While forth she poured the happy words,  
As fast as tongue could speak.

‘I bought the medicine, mother dear,  
And turned to come away,  
When by me stood a kind grave man,  
And gently bade me stay;

‘And then he spoke sweet words to me,  
About the Saviour’s love,  
And of the glorious home where all  
His children meet above.

‘He told me Jesus loved us so  
That He came down to die,  
And suffered all instead of us;—  
And then it made me cry:

‘He said His blood was quite enough  
To wash our sins away,  
And make us fit for Heaven at once  
If we should die to-day.

‘So, mother dear, we shall not need  
To purgatory go;  
If Jesus has forgiven all,  
That is enough, you know!’

The rosy glow had rested on  
The mother's whitening cheek ;  
'T was fading now, and Nora ceased—  
Then came a long wild shriek,—

'Oh, mother, speak to me once more,—  
Oh, is she really dead?'  
'T was even so, the hand was cold,  
And stilled the throbbing head ;

Yes, even while those blessèd words  
Like angel-music fell,  
Her weary spirit passed away,  
But whither ! who may tell ?

Oh, bitter were the tears which fell  
From little Nora's eye,  
And many a day and night had passed  
Ere they again were dry.

But bitterest were they when she thought,  
'Oh, I can never tell  
If with that blessèd Saviour now,  
Sweet mother, thou dost dwell !

'Ah ! had I only sooner known  
What I have heard to-day,  
I would have told her more of Him  
Before she went away ;

'For perhaps she did not hear me then,  
So she could never know  
The way that Jesus Christ has made  
To His bright home to go.

'I love Him, yes, I'm sure I do,  
Then He will take me home  
To be with Him for evermore,  
Where sorrow cannot come ;

'But oh, I cannot bear to think,  
When I His glory see,  
And rest within the Saviour's arms—  
Where will my mother be?'

Dear children, you have learnt the way  
To that bright home above,  
You have been told of Jesus and  
His deep and tender love ;

In Ireland there are little ones  
Whose hearts are very sad,  
Oh, won't you try and send to them  
Sweet words to make them glad?

### 'Come over and Help Us.'

THE IRISH CHILD'S CRY.

OH, children of England, beyond the blue sea,  
Your poor little brothers and sisters are we ;  
'T is not much affection or pity we find,  
But we hear you are loving and gentle and kind ;  
So will you not listen a minute or two,  
While we tell you a tale that 's all of it true ?

We live in a cabin, dark, smoky, and poor ;  
At night we lie down on the hard dirty floor ;

Our clothes are oft tattered, and shoes we have none ;  
Our food we must beg, as we always have done ;  
So cold and so hungry, and wretched are we,  
It would make you quite sad if you only could see.

There's no one to teach us poor children to read ;  
There's no one to help us, and no one to lead ;  
There's no one at all that will tell us the way  
To be happy or safe, or teach us to pray :  
To the bright place above us we all want to go,  
But we cannot,—for how to get there we don't know.

They tell us the Virgin will hear if we call,  
But sure in one minute she can't hear us all.  
And the saints are too busy in Heaven, we hear ;  
Then often the priests make us tremble with fear  
At the fire of purgatory, which, as they tell,  
Is almost as dreadful as going to hell.

Oh, will you not help us, and send us a ray  
Of the light of the Gospel, to brighten our way ?  
Oh, will you not tell us the beautiful story  
Of Jesus, who came from His dwelling of glory  
To save little children, and not only you,  
But even the poor ragged Irish ones too ?

### The English Child's Reply.

We have heard the call from your fair green Isle ;  
Our hearts have wept at your saddening tale ;  
And we long to waken a brighter smile  
By a story of love which shall never fail.

We should like you to come to our Bible-land,  
And share our comforts and blessings too ;  
We would take you all with a sister's hand,  
And try to teach and to gladden you.

But you're so far off that it cannot be,  
And we have no wings, or to you we'd fly ;  
So we'll try to send o'er the foaming sea  
Sweet words to brighten each heavy eye,—

Sweet words of Him, who was once so poor,  
That He had not where to lay His head ;  
But hath opened now the gleaming door  
To the palace of light, where His feast is spread.

There you may enter ; He calls each one,—  
You're as welcome there as the greatest king !  
Come to Him then, for He casts out none,  
And nothing at all do you need to bring.

He will change your rags for a robe of white,  
An angel-harp, and a crown of gold ;  
You may dwell for aye in His presence bright,  
And the beaming smiles of His love behold.

We will gladly save from our little store  
Our pennies, our farthings, from day to day,  
And only wish we could do far more ;  
But for Erin's children we'll always pray.

### The Disappointed Carol Singers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Happiest Christmas Day.

SYBIL, my little one, come away,  
I have a plan for Christmas Day :  
Put on your hat, and trot with me,  
A dear little suffering girl to see.

'T is not very far, and there's plenty of time,  
For the bells have not begun to chime ;  
So, Sybil, over the sparkling snow  
To dear little Lizzie let us go.

Dear little Lizzie is ill and weak,  
Only just able to smile and speak.  
Yesterday morning I stood by her bed ;  
Now, shall I tell you what she said ?

'Christmas is coming to-morrow,' said I.  
'I shall be happy !' was Lizzie's reply ;  
'Happy, *so* happy !' I wish you had heard  
How sweetly and joyously rang that word.

'Dear little Lizzie, lying in pain,  
With never a hope to be better again,  
Lying so lonely, what will you do ?  
*Why* will the day be so happy to you ?'

Lizzie looked up with a smile as bright  
As if she were full of some new delight ;  
And the sweet little lips just parted to say,  
'I shall think of Jesus all Christmas Day !

How would you like to take her the spray  
Of red-berried holly I gave you to-day?  
And what if we gave her the pretty wreath too  
That Bertha has made with ivy and yew?

The green and the scarlet would brighten the gloom  
Of dear little Lizzie's shady room ;  
And, Sybil, I know she would like us to sing  
A Christmas song of the new-born King.

Sybil, my little one, if we do,  
It will help us to 'think of Jesus' too ;  
And Lizzie was right, for that is the way  
To have the happiest Christmas Day !

### Coming into the Shade.

Out in the midsummer sunshine,  
Out in the golden light,  
Merrily helping the gardener,  
Ever so busy and bright,—  
With tiny barrow and rake and hoe,  
Helena flitted to and fro.

But the midsummer sun rose higher  
Over the flowery spot ;  
'I must rest a little now,' she said,  
'I am so tired and hot.  
Oh, let me come to you, and look  
At the pictures in your beautiful book.'

Why we should leave the sunny lawn  
She did not understand,  
But cheerily, trustfully, Helena laid  
In mine, her little brown hand,  
And I led her away to a shady room,  
'To rest in the coolness and the gloom.

For she could not have seen the pictures  
Out in that dazzling light ;  
The book was there with its colours fair,  
But the sunshine was too bright.  
But in the shade I could let her look  
At the pictures in my beautiful book.

'I have never seen them before,' she said,  
'I am so glad I came !  
And the gardener will manage the flowers, I think,  
Without me, just the same !  
And I need not trouble at all, you know,  
About my barrow and rake and hoe.'

So page after page was gently turned,  
As I showed her one by one,  
And told her what the pictures meant,  
Till the beautiful book was done.  
And *then*—I shall not soon forget  
The loving kiss of my tiny pet.

And *now*—I shall not soon forget  
The lesson she had taught,  
How from the sunshine into the shade  
God's little ones are brought,  
That they may see what He could not show  
Among the flowers in the summer glow.

**Begin at Once.**

BAND OF HOPE SONG.

BEGIN at once ! In the pleasant days,  
While we are all together,  
While we can join in prayer and praise,  
While we can meet for healthful plays,  
In the glow of summer weather.  
Begin at once, with heart and hand,  
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once ! For we do not know  
What may befall to-morrow !  
Many a tempter, many a foe  
Lieth in wait where'er you go,  
With the snare that leads to sorrow.  
Begin at once ! nor doubting stand,  
But swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once ! There is much to do ;  
Oh, do not wait for others !  
Join us to-day !—be brave and true ;  
Join us to-day !—there's room for you,  
And a welcome from your brothers.  
Begin at once ! for the work is grand  
That God has given to our happy band.

Begin at once ! In the strength of God,  
For that will never fail you !

Under His banner, bright and broad,  
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,  
    And from all that can assail you.  
Begin at once,—with resolute stand,  
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

'That's not the Way at Sea.'

Reply of Captain Bouchier of the training-ship *Goliath*, when his boys entreated him to save himself from the burning wreck. 1876.

HE stood upon the fiery deck,  
    Our Captain kind and brave !  
He would not leave the burning wreck,  
    While there was one to save.  
We wanted him to go before,  
    And we would follow fast ;  
We could not bear to leave him there,  
    Beside the blazing mast.  
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,  
    And noble words spoke he,—  
'That's not the way at sea, my boys,  
    That's not the way at sea !'

So each one did as he was bid,  
    And into the boats we passed,  
While closer came the scorching flame,  
    And our Captain was the last.  
Yet once again he dared his life,  
    One little lad to save ;  
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,  
    With our Captain kind and brave.

In the face of Death, with its fiery breath,  
 He had stood,—and so would we !  
 For that's the way at sea, my boys,  
 For that's the way at sea !

Now let the noble words resound,  
 And echo far and free,  
 Wherever English hearts are found,  
 On English shore or sea.  
 The iron nerve of duty, joined  
 With golden vein of love,  
 Can dare to do, and dare to wait,  
 With courage from above.  
 Our Captain's shout among the flames  
 A watchword long shall be,—  
 'That's not the way at sea, my boys,  
 That's not the way at sea !'

### WELCOME TO WINTERDYNE.

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

Welcome all to a warm new nest,  
 Just the place for our doves to rest,

Through the oaks and beeches looking down  
On the winding valley and quaint old town,  
Where ivy green on the red rock grows,  
And silvery Severn swiftly flows,  
With an extra sparkle and glitter and shine  
Under the woods of Winterdyne.

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

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

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

## To Jericho and Back.

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

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

What the result, there is no need to tell ;  
Collectors are often received very well,  
Sometimes, alas ! it is quite the reverse,  
So you take up the work for better, for worse ;  
Still, I was conscious 't was better to go  
After revealing my errand, and so  
Forth in the mist of the evening I wandered,  
And on changes of tone and of countenance  
pondered !

Weary the feet, and closing the day ;  
Is there not danger of losing the way ?  
Strange are the hills and the forests around ;  
Where shall a home-leading pathway be found ?  
I cannot turn back, and I cannot advance ;—  
Is it a nightmare, or is it a trance ?  
Shadowy figures are faintly seen,  
Spectral and silent, dimly serene ;

Persons and things in range on range,  
All familiar, yet all so strange ;  
Shades of all things that ever annoyed,  
All that ever one wished to avoid.

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

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

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

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

There were several sharp little girls  
Who had made remarks on chignons and curls,

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

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

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

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

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

' The person who sent it ! that's not at all clear :  
Who has the power to send things here ?  
What is the power, and how does one use it ?  
Can any one have it if only they choose it ?'  
' Every one has it,' responded my guide ;  
' Oft by yourself has the power been tried,  
*On* yourself too, or you would not be here,  
In this region of shadows so dismal and drear.  
Only a wish is the power that brings  
Hither this medley of persons and things ;  
Only a wish of the opposite kind  
Loosens the spell, as you'll presently find.  
Some one has wished you farther away,  
That is the reason you came here to-day ;  
Some one may wish you were speedily near,  
Then you no longer may stay with us here.

Watch your companions, you'll see at a glance  
 A few are awake, but most in a trance.  
 Thousands are sent who never know it,  
 Editors sending many a poet,  
 Children sending half their teachers,  
 Listeners sending half their preachers.  
 There are some who send their dearest friends  
 If they happen to cross their private ends,  
 Or give advice which is good and true,  
 If it's not the thing that they *wish* to do;  
 Or to be a little too quick of sight.'  
 (If they never came back, it would serve them  
 right!)

Plenty of music went on meanwhile,  
*Not* in the Handel Festival style!  
 For hither most people agree to despatch  
 New violins, with players to match,  
 Old pianos that rattle and jingle,  
 Or Broadwood grands that make your ears tingle  
 With polkas and waltzes four hours a day;  
 All barrel organs, whatever they play;  
 All German bands that won't play in tune;  
 People who practise too late or too soon;  
 Contraltos that groan, and sopranos that squall,  
 Basses that bellow, and tenors that bawl.  
 Suddenly, while these melodious strains  
 Filled up the measure of puzzles and pains,  
 Everything faded away from my gaze,  
 Into the deepening darkness and haze;  
 All the unbearable chaos of sound  
 Melted away into silence profound.

How I came back, to this day I don't know,  
Only I found myself all in a glow,  
Hastening into the parlour to see  
If I had kept them all waiting for tea.  
Welcoming voices said,—‘ We were afraid  
You with some neighbour the evening had staid ;  
Your presence is wanted to brighten and cheer ;  
Where have you been ? we were wishing you here !’  
‘ Thanks,’ cried I ; ‘ you have called me away  
From a limbo of dreary shades to-day.  
May you never the pathway know  
Leading away to JERICHO !  
Or if you are sent on that dismal track,  
May loving wishes soon summon you back !’

### My Nest.

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

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

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

### Ethelbert's 'Coming Home in the Dark.'

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

•

And Papa likes having a pair of boys,  
*Although* we make such a dreadful noise ;  
' Much more amusing,' we heard him say,  
' Than a couple of odd ones any day !'

It was only so very dark down below  
Along the lane where the blackberries grow,  
For the little stars were out in the sky,  
And we laughed to see them, Willie and I,  
For they twinkled away, so quick and bright,  
I think they were laughing at us that night.  
A bright one got up from behind a tree,  
And peeped at Bertha and Willie and me ;  
And round the corner we saw another  
Playing at hide-and-seek with his brother,  
Popping out from a cloud, and then  
Running behind it to hide again.

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

Then all of a sudden the Wind ran by,  
And flew up to kiss the Stars in the sky ;  
He tucked them up, and said good-night,  
And drew the curtain round them tight.  
That was a great dark cloud, you see,  
That hid the Stars from Willie and me.  
I think they were sorry to go to bed,  
For they did not look tired at all, we said ;

And one or two of them tried to peep ;  
But very soon they were all asleep,  
For the Wind kept singing their lullaby,  
And we felt quite vexed with him, Willie and I.

I think the Moon asked if she might not stay  
To light us a little bit more of the way,  
But he whistled quite loud, and we thought he said,  
'No, no, no ! you must go to bed !'  
The good little Moon did what she was bid,  
And under the curtains her pretty face hid ;  
And then it got darker and darker still ;  
Nurse said she was setting behind the hill.  
So perhaps she was tired, and glad to go ;  
It's a long way across the sky, you know.

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

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

*SONGS.*



**National Hymn.**

WRITTEN BY REQUEST TO MUSIC BY ROSSINI.

O LORD most high,  
Who art God and Father,  
Hear Thou our cry,  
While Thy children gather !  
    Lord of Peace, oh hearken,  
    Though war-clouds darken !  
Do Thou our labours bless,  
And crown them with success !

Bend from Thy glory now,  
Hear each suppliant vow !  
And on our children pour  
Blessings evermore.

    Guarded by Thee,  
    England shall be  
    Bright in Thy light,  
    Strong in Thy might,   •  
    Glorious and free !

Hero and saint,  
Victors at last,  
Bid us not faint,  
But follow, follow fast.

Make us, we pray,  
Loyal as they,  
Faithful and brave,  
Our country to save !

When in the grim fight,  
Pierceth the dim light,  
Through the cleft ranks that shall close no more,  
Fearfully flashing,  
Awfully crashing,  
Death-furrows follow the cannon's roar.  
When wounded lie,  
Ready to die ;  
When death is braved,  
That life may be saved ;  
Teach us to show  
Mercy with might,  
Pardon the foe,  
Crown Thou the right !

Father, hear us !  
Thou art near us !  
Guard and cheer us  
By Thy strong hand !  
Then Art resplendent,  
Labour attendant,  
Shall bless our land !

Lord, bless the land we love,  
God save our Queen !

## Scotland's Welcome to H.R.H. Princess Louise.

SWEET Rose of the South ! contented to rest  
In the fair island home which thy presence has blessed :  
From the Highlands resounding, glad welcome shall float,  
And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

Merry England has loved thee and cherished thee long,  
Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in song ;  
Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy feet  
Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet.

*Chorus.*—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,  
While greeting and homage we loyally bring ;  
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

Then come, like the sunrise that gilds with a smile  
The dark mountains and valleys of lonely Argyle ;  
Golden splendour shall fall on the pale northern snow,  
And with roselight of love the purple shall glow.

Though the voice that should bless, and the hand that  
should seal,  
Is 'away,' and at rest in 'the land o' the leal,'  
May the God of thy father look graciously down,  
With blessings on blessings thy gladness to crown.

*Chorus.*—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,  
While greeting and homage we loyally bring ;  
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

### Severn Song.

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

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

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

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

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

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

    O swiftly, swiftly row o'er darkening stream,  
    While nearer, nearer shines the home lamp's gleam.

Now, now awake the song of purest thrilling,  
 Of home and love ;  
 And call the echoes forth, with music filling  
 The rocks above.  
 Our song is sweetest as falls the day,  
 For we are on our homeward way :  
 Then merrily onward ! O merrily row !  
 And smoothly swift, O Severn, flow !

### For Charity.

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

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

O little maiden, 'tis thine to brighten,  
 Like sparkling waters, life's lonely lea ;  
 All grief to soften, all joy to heighten  
 With love and gladness, for charity !  
     Thus onward flowing,  
     All good bestowing,  
 A stream of blessing thy life shall be,  
 All grief to brighten, all joy to heighten  
 With love and gladness, for charity !

### The Devonshire Yeoman's Home.

TEN years ago to-day our wedding bells were rung,  
 When all along the winding lane wild roses hung ;  
 And now the roses cluster on our own white walls,  
 And down the lane resound our merry children's calls.  
 There's sunshine on the moor and on the glittering sea,  
 And sunshine in our hearts as fresh and fair and free ;  
     We would not change our lot for London gold,  
 For home, our own sweet home, is sweeter now tenfold.

No city seasons come our pleasant year to mar ;  
 The hay—the fruit—the harvest-time are merrier far,  
 For pictures and for music rare we need but look  
 Around our home, and listen to the grand old Book.  
 The hours flow on from morning prayer to evening  
     praise,  
 With trust that lightens, love that brightens darkest  
     days ;  
     For though ten years have passed, love grows not old,  
 And home, our own dear home, is dearer now tenfold.

The Dawn of May.

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

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

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

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

### The Tyrolese Spring Song.

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

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

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

**My Messengers.**

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

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

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

### God keep Thee.

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

The ocean of life with its hurrying swell  
 Has drifted me far on its tide,  
 But only and ever my true heart shall dwell  
 In quiet and love at thy side.  
 And when all the wandering and drifting are o’er,  
 My rest and my haven, my golden-bright shore,

My joy, and my home, and my heart too, shall be  
For ever, belovèd, for ever with thee !

Oh, Father, I pray, protect her always,  
Protect by night and by day !

### ROSE OF ROSES.

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

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

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

### Hast Thou a Thought?

WHEN home I came after many a day  
Of longing and waiting so far away,  
I sought the path in the sunset glow,  
Where the bright eyes watched for me long ago.  
And the fair night fell as I whispered low,  
'Hast thou a thought of the wanderer now?'

Then softly glimmered a sudden light,  
And I saw thee lean from the casement bright,  
And a name floated forth from a voice so sweet!  
No doubting of heart and no lingering of feet!  
For I hastened near, and I whispered low,  
'Hast thou a thought for the wanderer now?'

Then silently nestled my own sweet bird,  
With a joy too deep for a song or word;  
And I question no more, for the answer I know!  
So I ask not aloud, and I ask not low,  
Whether every night, whether every day,  
Thou hadst a thought of thy love far away!

### My Welcome.

I HAVE waited for thy coming, love,  
As the song-bird waits for spring,  
Ere the echo of his merry lay  
Makes the forest arches ring;

But when the spring is gone, love,  
 And summer's glory fills,  
 How musical the hush, love,  
 Between the shadowy hills.

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

### A Wife's Letter.

'Not that I've anything special to say, but only that it comes from me.'—E. to G., *Jan. 11, 1869.*

MY OWN !

You won't expect to hear  
 As you have only just departed,  
 But I'll be better than you fear,  
 And write as soon as you have started.  
 It seems a long and tiresome day ;  
 I'm merely writing, as you see,  
 Not that I've anything to say,  
 But only that it comes from me.

I watched the carriage out of sight,  
 And then came back to do my work ;  
 I could not set the stitches right,  
 And so for once the task I'll shirk ;

I've put the children's frocks away  
To write a line or two to thee,  
Not that I've anything to say,  
But only that it comes from me.

I hope the train will not be late,  
And that it will not freeze or rain,  
And oh ! if you should have to wait,  
Be sure you don't catch cold again.  
I wish this moment on the way  
To overtake you I could be !  
Not that I've anything to say,  
But only to be nearer thee.

'T is six-and-twenty hours almost  
Before I see you, as I've reckoned ;  
But you'll get this by early post,  
And you'll be home before the second.  
I'd like to sit and write all day  
To Some One, if my hands were free,  
Not that I've anything to say,  
But only that it comes from me.

Though this is such a stupid letter,  
With love and kisses 't is impeared ;  
I know that you will like it better  
Than all the poems in the world.  
I trust that all is safe and well,  
Although I am not there to see ;  
I've nothing else, my Own, to tell,  
But only that this comes from me.

### The Husband's Reply.

FIVE minutes all I have to spare,  
 But these, my Own, I give to you!  
 Your precious letter's lying there,  
 So full and fond, so dear and true.  
 I think you'll hardly hope to hear,  
 As I shall soon be home again,  
 But you'll get this at seven, dear,  
 I'm due at eight, and *then*—oh *then*!

A hurried word or two assures  
 That all is safe and well, my dove.  
 My notes are not so long as yours,  
 Though worth as much in golden love.  
 So where I've been, and whom I've seen,  
 And how, and why, and what, and when,  
 I'll tell you when we meet, my queen,  
 At eight o'clock,—and *then*—oh *then*!

### Only for One.

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

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

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

### One for the Other.

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

The blossoms that now at my feet you lay  
 Shall be golden fruit for you and me,  
 When spring and summer have passed away,  
 And softly falls the autumn day,

Like the close of a holy melody.  
For so shall it be,  
One for the other—nevermore lonely,  
One for the other—ever and only.

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

### Thinking together, or Gravitation.

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

Of what are you thinking now, dear ?  
Could a thought-flash reach me here,  
The message would not surprise me,  
But only strengthen and cheer.

For love has told it already,  
That seer so bold and true !  
I know you are thinking of me, dear,  
For I am thinking of you.

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

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

### There is Music by the River.

THERE is music by the river,  
And music by the sea,  
And music in the waterfall  
That gusheth glad and free.

There is music in the brooklet  
That singeth all alone,  
There is music in the fountain  
With its silver-tinkling tone.

But the music of thy spirit  
Is sweeter far to me  
Than the melody of rivers,  
Or the anthems of the sea.  
Why should I dwell in silence  
When the music is so near  
That may overflow my spirit  
So full, so clear !  
Oh ! let me listen ?

There is music in the forest,  
A myriad-voicèd song ;  
And music on the mountains  
As the great winds rush along :  
There is music in the gladness  
Of morning's merry light,  
And in silence of the noontide,  
And in hush of starry night.

But a deeper, holier music  
Is the music of thy soul,  
And I think the angels listen  
As its starry echoes roll.  
Why should I dwell in silence  
When the music that is thine  
May overflow my spirit  
And blend—with mine !  
Oh ! let me listen !

'The Shining Light, that shineth more and  
more unto the Perfect Day.'

PROV. iv. 18.

A YEAR ago the gold light  
Sweet morning made for me ;  
A tender and untold light,  
Like music on the sea.  
Light and music twining  
In melodious glory,  
A rare and radiant shining  
On my changing story.

To-day the golden sunlight  
Is full and broad and strong ;  
The glory of the One light  
Must overflow in song ;  
Song that floweth ever,  
Sweeter every day,  
Song whose echoes never,  
Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer  
That is so bright to-day ?  
How shall the hope be dearer  
That pours such joyous ray ?  
I am only waiting  
For the answer golden,  
What faith is antedating  
Shall not be withholden.

### Golden Land.

FAR from home alone I wander  
Over mountain and pathless wave,  
But the fair land that shineth yonder  
Claimeth the love that erst it gave.  
Golden Land, so far, so nearing!  
Land of those who wait for me!  
Ever brighter the vision cheering,  
Golden Land, I haste to thee!

On my path a golden sunlight  
Softly falls where'er I roam,  
And I know it is the one light  
Both of exile and of home.  
Golden Land, so far, so near,  
On my heart engraven clear,  
Though I wander from strand to strand,  
Dwells my heart in that Golden Land.

### Twilight Voices.

(IN ILLNESS.)

WHAT are the whispering voices  
That awake at twilight fall?  
Do they come from the golden sunset  
With their haunting, haunting call?  
They tell me of breezy spring-times,  
And of dreamy summer eves,  
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken  
From the shining ivy leaves.

But the far-off treble changeth  
To a tenor tone, and so  
I know that the voices tell me  
Only of long ago.

I hear you, I hear you,  
In the gentle twilight fall  
Come to me, come!  
With your haunting, haunting call.

What are the tuneful voices  
That awake at early dawn?  
Do they come from the orient portals  
Of the palace of the morn?  
They tell of a Golden City  
With pearl and jasper bright,  
And of shining forms that beckon  
From the pure and dazzling light.  
Then a rush of far-off harpings  
Blends with the voices clear,  
And I know that the night is passing,  
And I know that the day is near!  
I hear you, I hear you,  
Sweet voices of the dawn!  
Come to me, come!  
In the early, early morn.

*H*YMNS.



**Prayer before Church.**

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

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

**A Prayer.**

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

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

---

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

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

### Thoughts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘He that Overcometh.’

REV. iii. 5.

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

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

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

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

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

### A Song of Welcome.

(FOR THE ST. NICHOLAS SUNDAY SCHOOL.)

OH God, with grateful hearts we come  
 Thy goodness to adore,  
 While we our Pastor welcome home  
 To England's happy shore.

For Thy delivering love we praise,  
 And Thy restoring hand,—  
 Oh spare him yet for long, long days  
 To this our little band.

Thy Spirit's fulness on him rest,  
 Thy love his sunshine be !  
 And may he still, while doubly blest,  
 A blessing be from Thee.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear  
 May he receive, we pray,  
 A crown of glory bright and clear  
 That fadeth not away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'The Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son.'

O SPIRIT of our Triune Lord,  
Known by Thy might, unseen but felt,  
Be Thy sweet influence now outpoured,  
With power to rouse, with love to melt.

O Holy One, who dost proceed  
Both from the Father and the Son,  
Reveal to us our sin and need,  
And what our Saviour Christ hath done.

O Thou, whose love, exceeding great,  
Sent Thine own Son to bleed and die,  
For Thy good Spirit's power we wait,  
Thy glorious grace to testify.

### New Year Hymn.

JESUS, blessèd Saviour,  
Help us now to raise  
Songs of glad thanksgiving,  
Songs of holy praise.  
O how kind and gracious  
Thou hast always been !  
O how many blessings  
Every day has seen !  
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,  
Now our praises hear,  
For Thy grace and favour  
Crowning all the year.

Jesus, holy Saviour,  
Only Thou canst tell  
How we often stumbled,  
How we often fell !  
All our sins (so many !),  
Saviour, Thou dost know ;  
In Thy blood most precious,  
Wash us white as snow.  
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,  
Keep us in Thy fear,  
Let Thy grace and favour  
Pardon all the year.

Jesus, loving Saviour,  
Only Thou dost know  
All that may befall us  
As we onward go.  
So we humbly pray Thee,  
Take us by the hand,  
Lead us ever upward  
To the Better Land.  
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,  
Keep us ever near,  
Let Thy grace and favour  
Shield us all the year.

Jesus, precious Saviour,  
Make us all Thine own,  
Make us Thine for ever,  
Make us Thine alone.

Let each day, each moment,  
 Of this glad New-year,  
 Be for Jesus only,  
 Jesus, Saviour dear.  
 Then, O blessèd Saviour,  
 Never need we fear,  
 For Thy grace and favour  
 Crown our bright New-year !

### Hymn for Ireland.

'The isles shall wait upon Me, and on Mine arm shall they trust.'  
 —ISA. li. 5.

FATHER, we would plead Thy promise, bending at Thy  
 glorious throne,  
 That the isles shall wait upon Thee, trusting in Thine arm  
 alone !  
 One bright isle we bring before Thee, while in faith Thy  
 children pray  
 For a full and mighty blessing, with united voice to-day.

Gracious Saviour, look in mercy on this Island of the West,  
 Win the wandering and the weary with Thy pardon and  
 Thy rest :  
 As the *only* Friend and Saviour let Thy blessèd name be  
 owned,  
 Who hast shed Thy blood most precious, and for ever hast  
 atoned !

Blessèd Spirit, lift Thy standard, pour Thy grace, and shed  
 Thy light !  
 Lift the veil and loose the fetter ; come with new and  
 quickening might ;

Make the desert places blossom, shower Thy sevenfold  
gifts abroad ;  
Make Thy servants wise and stedfast, valiant for the truth  
of God.

Triune God of grace and glory, be the isle for which we  
plead  
Shielded, succoured with Thy blessing, strong in every  
hour of need ;  
Flooded with Thy truth and glory (glowing sunlight from  
above),  
And encompassed with the ocean of Thine everlasting  
love.

Oh, surround Thy throne of power with Thine emerald  
bow of peace :  
Bid the wailing, and the warring, and the wild confusion  
cease.  
Thou remainest King for ever,—Thou shalt reign, and  
earth adore !  
Thine the kingdom, Thine the power, Thine the glory  
evermore.

### Church Missionary Jubilee Hymn.

\* He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.\*—

ISA. liii. 11.

REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,  
All ye who love His holy sway !  
The travail of His soul is past,  
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed,  
For He shall see His chosen seed !  
But ours the trust, the grand employ,  
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,  
They shall be gathered one by one ;  
He gathereth the smallest grain,  
His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work ! arise and pray  
That He would haste the dawning day !  
And let the silver trumpet sound,  
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,  
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,  
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,  
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see  
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee !  
His harvest-joy is filling fast,  
He shall be satisfied at last !

### **Thy Father Waits for Thee.**

WANDERER from thy Father's home,  
So full of sin, so far away,  
Wilt thou any longer roam ?  
Oh, wilt thou not return to-day ?

*Wilt* thou? Oh, He knows it all,  
 Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!  
*Wilt* thou? Hear His tender call,  
 'Return, return!' while He is near.

He is here! His loving voice  
 Hath reached thee, though so far away!  
 He is waiting to rejoice,  
 O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.  
 Waiting, waiting to bestow  
 His perfect pardon, full and free;  
 Waiting, waiting till thou know  
 His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

Rise and go! Thy Father waits  
 To welcome and receive and bless;  
 Thou shalt tread His palace gates  
 In royal robe of righteousness.  
 Thine shall be His heart of love,  
 And thine His smile, and thine His home,  
 Thine His joy, all joys above—  
 O wandering child, no longer roam!

### Will You not Come?

WILL you not come to Him for *Life*?  
 Why will ye die, oh, why?  
 He gave His life for you, for you!  
 The gift is free, the word is true!  
 Will you not come? oh, why will you die?

Will you not come to Him for *Peace*?  
Peace through His cross alone!  
He shed His precious blood for you;  
The gift is free, the word is true!  
He is our Peace—oh, is He your own?

Will you not come to Him for *Rest*?  
All that are weary, come!  
The rest He gives is deep and true,  
'T is offered now, 't is offered you!  
Rest in His love and rest in His home.

Will you not come to Him for *Joy*?  
Will you not come for this?  
He laid His joys aside for you,  
To give you joy so sweet, so true:  
Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss!

Will you not come to Him for *Love*,  
Love that can fill the heart?  
Exceeding great, exceeding free!  
He loveth you, He loveth me!  
Will you not come? Why stand you apart?

Will you not come to Him for *ALL*?  
Will you not 'taste and see?'  
He waits to give it all to you,  
The gifts are free, the words are true!  
Jesus is calling, 'Come unto Me!'

**What will You do without Him?**

I COULD not do without Him !  
Jesus is more to me  
Than all the richest, fairest gifts  
Of earth could ever be.  
But the more I find Him precious—  
And the more I find Him true—  
The more I long for you to find  
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,  
For He is passing by,  
He is waiting to be gracious,  
Only waiting for your cry ;  
He is waiting to receive you—  
To make you all His own !  
Why will you do without Him,  
And wander on alone ?

Why will you do without Him ?  
Is He not kind indeed ?  
Did He not die to save you ?  
Is He not all you need ?  
Do you not want a Saviour ?  
Do you not want a Friend ?  
One who will love you faithfully,  
And love you to the end ?

Why will you do without Him ?  
The word of God is true,

The world is passing to its doom—  
And you are passing too.  
It may be no to-morrow  
Shall dawn on you or me ;  
Why will you run the awful risk  
Of all eternity ?

What will you do without Him,  
In the long and dreary day  
Of trouble and perplexity,  
When you do not know the way,  
And no one else can help you,  
And no one guides you right,  
And hope comes not with morning,  
And rest comes not with night ?

You could not do without Him,  
If once He made you see  
The fetters that enchain you,  
Till He hath set you free :  
If once you saw the fearful load  
Of sin upon your soul—  
The hidden plague that ends in death,  
Unless He makes you whole.

What will you do without Him  
When death is drawing near ?  
Without His love—the only love  
That casts out every fear ;  
When the shadow-valley opens,  
Unlighted and unknown,  
And the terrors of its darkness  
Must all be passed alone !

What will you do without Him,  
When the great white throne is set,  
And the Judge who never can mistake,  
And never can forget,—  
The Judge whom you have never here  
As Friend and Saviour sought,  
Shall summon you to give account  
Of deed and word and thought?

What will you do without Him,  
When He hath shut the door,  
And you are left outside, because  
You would not come before?  
When it is no use knocking,  
No use to stand and wait,  
For the word of doom tolls through your heart,  
That terrible 'Too late!'

You *cannot* do without Him  
There is no other Name  
By which you ever *can* be saved,  
No way, no hope, no claim!  
Without Him—everlasting loss  
Of love, and life, and light!  
Without Him—everlasting woe,  
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh! *with Jesus!*  
Are any words so blest?  
With Jesus, everlasting joy  
And everlasting rest!

With Jesus,—all the empty heart  
 Filled with His perfect love ;  
 With Jesus,—perfect peace below,  
 And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him ?  
 It is not yet too late ;  
 He has not closed the day of grace,  
 He has not shut the gate.  
 He calls you !—hush ! He calls you !  
 He would not have you go  
 Another step without Him,  
 Because He loves you so.

*He* would not do without you !  
 He calls and calls again—  
 ‘Come unto Me ! Come unto Me !’  
 Oh, shall He call in vain ?  
 He wants to have you with Him ;  
 Do you not want Him too ?  
 You cannot do without Him,  
 And He wants—even you.

**‘Forgiven—even until Now.’**

(NUM. xiv. 19.)

FOR NEW YEAR’S DAY 1879.

‘THOU hast forgiven—even until now !’  
 We bless Thee, Lord, for this,  
 And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow  
 In depth of sorrowing bliss ;

While over all the long, regretful past  
This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign hand doth cast.

'Forgiven until now!' For Jesus died  
To take our sins away ;  
His Blood was shed, and still the infinite tide  
Flows full and deep to-day.  
He paid the debt ; we own it, and go free !  
The cancelled bond is cast in Love's unfathomed sea.

'Forgiven until now!' For God is true,  
Faithful and just is He !  
Forgiving, cleansing, making all things new !  
'Who is a God like Thee?'  
O precious blood of Christ, that saves and heals,  
While all its cleansing might the Holy Ghost reveals.

Yes, 'even until now!' And so we stand,  
Forgiven, loved, and blessed ;  
And, covered in the shadow of God's hand,  
Believing, are at rest.  
The one great load is lifted from the soul,  
That henceforth on the Lord all burdens we may roll.

Yes, 'even until now!' Then let us press  
With free and willing feet  
Along the King's highway of holiness,  
Until we gain the street  
Of golden crystal, praising purely when  
We see our pardoning Lord ; forgiven until then !

## He hath Done it!

'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto Me ; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O ye heavens ; for the Lord hath done it.'—ISA. xlv. 22, 23.

'I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever : nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.'—ECCLES. iii. 14.

SING, O heavens! the Lord hath done it!  
 Sound it forth o'er land and sea!  
 Jesus says, 'I have redeemed thee,  
 Now return, return to Me.'  
 Oh return, for His own life-blood  
 Paid the ransom, made us free  
 Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth  
 Stands for ever, fixed and true ;  
 Nothing can be added to it,  
 Nothing left for us to do ;  
 Nothing can be taken from it,  
 Done for me and done for you,  
 Evermore and evermore.

Listen now ! the Lord hath done it !  
 For He loved us unto death ;  
 It is finished ! He has saved us !  
 Only trust to what He saith.  
 He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,  
 Spend in praise your ransomed breath  
 Evermore and evermore.

O believe the Lord hath done it !  
 Wherefore linger ? wherefore doubt ?  
 All the cloud of black transgression  
 He Himself hath blotted out.  
 He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,  
 Swell the grand thanksgiving shout  
 Evermore and evermore.

### Asking.

LUKE xi. 13.

O HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast told  
 Of a Gift more precious than pearls and gold :  
 A Gift that is free to every one,  
 Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son :  
 For His sake, give it to me.

Oh, give it to me ! for Jesus said,  
 That a father giveth his children bread,  
 And how much more Thou wilt surely give  
 The Gift by which the dead shall live !  
 For Christ's sake, give it to me.

If Thou hast said it, I must believe  
 It is only 'ask' and I shall receive ;  
 If Thou hast said it, it must be true,  
 And there's nothing else for me to do !  
 For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need  
 Is very great and real indeed.  
 On the strength of Thy word I come and say,  
 Oh, let Thy word come true to-day !  
 For Christ's sake, give it to me !

### Love for Love.

1 JOHN iv. 16.

KNOWING that the God on high,  
 With a tender Father's grace,  
 Waits to hear your faintest cry,  
 Waits to show a Father's face,—  
 Stay and think !—oh, should not you  
 Love this gracious Father too ?

Knowing Christ was crucified,  
 Knowing that He loves you now  
 Just as much as when He died  
 With the thorns upon His brow,—  
 Stay and think !—oh, should not you  
 Love this blessed Saviour too ?

Knowing that a Spirit strives  
 With your weary, wandering heart,  
 Who can change the restless lives,  
 Pure and perfect peace impart,—  
 Stay and think !—oh, should not you  
 Love this loving Spirit too ?

## Nothing to Pay.

NOTHING to pay ! Ah, nothing to pay !  
Never a word of excuse to say !  
Year after year thou hast filled the score,  
Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
'Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet  
I forgave thee all that debt.'

Nothing to pay ! the debt is so great ;  
What will you do with the awful weight ?  
How shall the way of escape be made ?  
Nothing to pay ! yet it must be paid !

Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
'Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
All has been put to My account,  
I have paid the full amount.'

Nothing to pay ; yes, nothing to pay !  
Jesus has cleared all the debt away ;  
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand !  
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
'Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free !  
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou ME ?'



*CHRISTMAS VERSES.*



### A Merrie Christmas.

'A MERRIE Christmas' to you !  
For we serve the Lord with mirth,  
And we carol forth glad tidings  
Of our holy Saviour's birth.  
So we keep the olden greeting  
With its meaning deep and true,  
And wish 'a merrie Christmas'  
And a happy New Year to you !

Oh, yes ! 'a merrie Christmas,'  
With blithest song and smile,  
Bright with the thought of Him who dwelt  
On earth a little while,  
That we might dwell for ever  
Where never falls a tear :  
So 'a merrie Christmas' to you,  
And a happy, happy year !

### A Happy Christmas.

A HAPPY Christmas to you !  
For the Light of Life is born,  
And His coming is the sunshine  
Of the dark and wintry morn.

The grandest orient glow must pale,  
 The loveliest western gleams must fail :  
     But His great Light,  
     So full, so bright,  
 Ariseth for thy heart to-day ;  
 His shadow-conquering beams shall never pass  
     away.

A happy Christmas to you !  
 For the Prince of Peace is come,  
 And His reign is full of blessings,  
     Their very crown and sum.  
 No earthly calm can ever last,  
 'T is but the lull before the blast :  
     But His great peace  
     Shall still increase  
 In mighty, all-rejoicing sway ;  
 His kingdom in thy heart shall never pass away.

### Our Saviour Christ was Born.

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

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

### Christmas Gifts.

'Thou hast received gifts for men.'—Ps. lxxviii. 15.

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

Christmas gifts for thee,  
Grand and free !  
Christmas gifts from the King of love,  
Brought from His royal home above ;

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

### Christmas Mottos.

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



THE wilderness shall rejoice,  
     And the wintry waste shall sing,  
 At the wakening herald voice  
     Of the coming of the King.  
 So the sparkling Christmas snow  
     Is dearer than summer light ;  
 For He whom we love came down below  
     In the hush of a Christmas night.

May thy Christmas morning break  
 Holy and bright and calm ;  
 And may all thy life for His dear sake  
 Be a joyful Christmas psalm.



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



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

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



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

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



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

### Christmas Gifts.

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



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

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



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

### Christmas Sunshine.

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



JESUS came !—and came for me !  
 Simple words ! and yet expressing  
 Depths of holy mystery,  
 Depths of wondrous love and blessing.

Holy Spirit, make me see  
 All His coming means for me ;  
 Take the things of Christ, I pray,  
 Show them to my heart to-day.

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

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

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

GREAT is the mystery  
 Of wondrous grace,  
 God manifest we see  
 In Jesu's face.

O deepest mystery  
Of Love Divine,  
God manifest for me,  
And Jesus mine !



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



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



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

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



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

## TITLES OF CHRIST.

## Wonderful.

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

WONDERFUL! Wonderful!  
 Ring out the Name, O Christmas chimes!  
     Wonderful! Wonderful!  
 Echo the word to farthest climes!  
 May the splendour of this great Name  
 Shine and glow with a mighty flame,  
 Filling thy life with its glorious rays,  
 Filling thy spirit with Christmas praise.

## Counsellor.

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

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

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

### The Everlasting Father.

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

### The Mighty God.

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

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

## The Prince of Peace.

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

## Man of Rest.

' Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest.'  
 —I CHRON. xxii. 9.

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



*NEW YEAR VERSES.*



### A Happy New Year to You.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way ;  
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day ;  
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,  
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night ;  
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise ;  
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise ;  
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face ;  
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace ;  
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love ;  
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above ;  
New light of His countenance full and unpriced ;—  
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ !

### Another Year.

ANOTHER year is dawning !

Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace ;

Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise ;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence 'all the days.'

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee !

### Faithful Promises.

ISA. xli. 10.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STANDING at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear ;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.  
Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid !  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed !  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With my own right hand ;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In my sight to stand.  
Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

For the year before us,  
Oh, what rich supplies !  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise ;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound ;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.  
Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake ;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break !  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear ?

God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.  
Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

### New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?  
Treasures of earth?  
Songs in the spring-time,  
Pleasure and mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway,  
Skies ever clear?  
Would this ensure thee  
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light ;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright ;

Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear ;—  
These shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at His feet,  
Smile of His countenance  
Radiant and sweet,  
Joy in His presence,  
Christ ever near !—  
This will ensure thee  
A Happy New Year !

### **A Happy New Year.**

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

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

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

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

### New Year Mottoes.

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

'FROM this day'  
 He shall bless thee!  
 What shall then distress thee?  
 'From this day'  
 He will never leave thee;  
 What shall grieve thee?  
 Christ, thy mighty Friend,  
 Loveth to the end  
 'From this day!'



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

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

## WONDROUSLY

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

## Wondrously

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



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

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

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

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



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

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



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



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

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

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

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

—•—  
 LORD JESUS, keep our dear one  
 All through the year ;  
 By day and night Thy presence bright  
 Be ever near ;  
 And Thy sweet word be always heard  
 To guide and cheer.

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

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

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



'He it is that doth go before thee ; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee.'—DEUT. xxxi. 8.

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



'The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God.  
—ECCLES. ix. 1.

THE future ! who may lift the veil  
And read its yet unwritten tale ?  
But sorrow and joy alike we leave  
In the Hand that doeth all things well,  
And calmly from that Hand receive  
All that each coming year may tell.  
We would not ask of life or death,  
It shall be as the Master saith.



Now Thy loving Spirit  
On our lives outpour ;  
Make us know Thee better,  
Make us love Thee more.

Take us now, we pray Thee,  
Make us all Thine own ;  
Keep us Thine for ever,  
Keep us Thine alone !

—•—  
'Nor as the world giveth  
Give I to you !'  
Saith the Redeemer,  
Faithful and True.  
May He enrich thee,  
This New Year's Day,  
With gifts from His treasure  
That pass not away.

—•—  
THIS New Year Thou givest me,  
Lord, I consecrate to Thee,  
With all its nights and days :  
Fill my hand with service blest,  
Fill my heart with holy rest,  
And fill my life with praise.

—•—  
A BRIGHT New Year, and a sunny track  
Along an upward way,  
And a song of praise on looking back,  
When the year has passed away,  
And golden sheaves nor small nor few !  
This is my New Year's wish for you !

—•—  
ANOTHER year for Jesus !  
How can I wish for you  
A greater joy or blessing,  
O fellow-worker true ?

Is the work difficult?  
 Jesus directs thee.  
 Is the path dangerous?  
 Jesus protects thee.  
 Fear not, and falter not,—  
 Let the word cheer thee!—  
 All through the coming year  
 He will be with thee!



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



FOR the weariest day  
 May Christ be thy stay!  
 For the darkest night  
 May Christ be thy light!  
 For the weakest hour  
 May Christ be thy power!  
 For each moment's fall  
 May Christ be thy All!

*EASTER ECHOES.*



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### Easter Echoes.

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



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



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

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



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

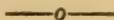


OH, let me know  
 The power of Thy resurrection !  
 Oh, let me show  
 Thy risen life in clear reflection !  
 Oh, let me soar  
 Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before !  
 In mind and heart  
 Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

*BIRTHDAY POEMS.*



## ACROSTICS.



## Cecilia Havergal.

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

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

## Edith Havergal.

EARLY chastening, early blessing !  
 Darkest cloud hath brightest bow !  
 In the night of pain distressing,  
 Thine hath been the joy to show  
 How God is a Sun and Shield.

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

## For E. P. S.

F RANCIE, may thy childhood be  
 As a blossom-laden tree,  
 Showing promise full and free.

W ILLIE, be thy life a song,  
 Holy, happy, sweet, and long,  
 Swelling through a world of wrong.

A LFRED, be a fragrant flower,  
 Hailing either sun or shower,  
 Sweetest in its fading hour.

A LICE, in thy baby measure,  
 Ever be thy parents' treasure,  
 Showering golden love and pleasure.

## Mizpah.

MESSAGES FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.

ONLY a leaf, yet it shall bear  
A wealth of love, of mintage true !  
Only a simple earnest prayer,  
That silently goes up for you ;  
Yet you and I may never know  
What blessings from that prayer may flow.

‘GRACE, mercy, peace.’  
Triple blossom, rainbow-hued,  
Fresh and fragrant, heaven-bedewed,  
Brightening desert solitude,  
Springing from the Love Divine,  
Love that ever shall entwine  
With our own, with yours and mine.

UPON the same bright morning star  
Our gaze may meet, though severed far :  
The Star of Bethlehem to-day  
Shines brightly on our wintry way ;  
And, gazing on its radiance clear,  
Our hearts may meet, and we are near !

As the sounding shell conveys  
The murmur of the sea,

So let this tiny token raise  
Some memory of me ;  
For loving thought of prayer and praise  
Fail not to rise for thee.

THOUGH the circling flight of time may find us  
Far apart, or severed more and more,  
Yet the farewell always lies behind us,  
And the welcome always lies before.  
Meanwhile God is leading, surely, slowly,  
Through the shadows with a hand of love,  
To the house where, 'mid the myriads holy,  
Only welcomes wait us both above.

### Birthdays Mottos.

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

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

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

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

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

BIRTHDAY blessings, fullest, sweetest,  
Fall on thee to-day !  
Earthly pleasure, fairest, fleetest,  
Will not, cannot stay ;

But the true and heavenly treasure  
Cannot pass away :  
May its richest, grandest measure  
Gild thy natal day !

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

LEANING, resting, trusting, loving,  
Enter thy new year !  
For the Lord who lives to love thee  
Will be always near,  
Shielding, guiding, caring, blessing !—  
What hast thou to fear ?

We pray Thee for our dear one !  
May a sunny birthday prove  
The portal of long happy years,  
All radiant with Thy love.  
And we praise Thee for our dear one !  
For all the mercies past,  
And for all the blessing that shall flow  
While life itself shall last.

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

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

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

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

### TO M. V. G. H.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THE blessing of the trusting one,  
 Who knows her faithful Friend ;  
 The blessing of the waiting one,  
 Who trusts Him to the end ;  
 The blessing of the watching one,  
 Whose eyes are on the Lord ;

The blessing of the chastened one,  
 That marvellous reward !—  
 These sweetest birthday blessings be  
 Abundantly bestowed on thee !

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

### M. L. C.'s Birthday Crown.

ONLY just a line to say,  
 Miriam, on this summer day,  
 What my spirit's love would breathe,  
 While thy birthday crown I wreath.

Crown ! How many a mingled thought  
 By that little word is brought !  
 Yet may each enlinkèd be  
 In a birthday wish for thee.

One who wears a crown should reign  
 Sovereign over some domain ;  
 Held by thee, love's fairy sway  
 Still may every heart obey.

First we think of royal gems,  
 Coronets and diadems ;  
 'T were an idle wish, I ween,  
 Be thou happy as a Queen !

To another crown we turn,  
While our loving hearts would burn,  
Worn by Him who on the tree,  
Miriam, hath died for thee.

By that thorn-enwoven crown,  
By the life for thee laid down,  
May thy every fleeting year  
Bring thee to His love more near!

Then the crown of golden light,  
Worn by those who walk in white,  
May that be thy blest reward  
In the presence of thy Lord!

### To John Henry C— on his Third Birthday.

BLESSINGS on thee, darling boy,  
Peace and love and gentle joy!  
May the coronal they twine  
Through the dream of life be thine!

Little hast thou known of life,  
Of its sorrow, of its strife,  
Thine not yet dark Future's blast,  
Thine not yet a shadowy Past.

While we reckon of coming years,  
Strangely mingling hopes and fears,

What are sober thoughts to thee,  
In the tide of birthday glee !

Thou art beautiful and bright,  
Daily wakening new delight,  
Would that we the prize could hold,  
Always keep thee three years old !

No, not always ; thou may'st be  
Something brighter yet to see,  
Noble-hearted, lofty-souled,  
When more years have o'er thee rolled.

Love is watching round thee now,  
Tracing sunbeams on thy brow ;  
Never be her mission done  
To thy father's only son !

Yet a higher, deeper love  
Watcheth o'er thee from above  
Then thy fount of motive be  
Love to Him who loveth thee.

Darling, may thy years below  
Like a strain of music flow,  
Ever sweeter, purer, higher,  
Till it swell the angel choir.

Be thy life a star of light,  
Glistening through earth's stormy night,  
Shining then with glorious ray  
Through the One Eternal Day !

**For Elizabeth Clay's Birthday.**

' My presence shall go with thee,  
And I will give thee rest !'  
A promise sweetly tender,  
Soothing the anxious breast.

He knows the lonely spirit,  
And all its hidden woe ;  
He knows the weary yearnings  
No earthly friend can know.

His presence shall go with thee,  
And His upholding hand  
Thy orphaned footsteps guiding  
All through the stranger's land.

Encompassed by that Presence  
Thou wilt not be alone,  
And thou may'st safely rest thee  
'Neath the shadow of His throne.

When spring-time's emerald glory  
Bids hill and valley smile,  
And thou once more regainest  
The white cliffs of our isle,

Shall I not hear thee whisper,  
In accents calmly blest—  
' His presence *hath* been with me,  
And He *hath* given me rest ' ?

## 'Coming of Age.'

(J. H. S.)

WHAT do we seek for him to-day, who, through such  
golden gates  
Of mirth and gladness, enters now where life before him  
waits?  
'Mid light and flowers the feast is spread, and young and  
old rejoice,  
And motto texts speak out for all, with earnest, loving  
voice.

The threefold blessing Israel heard three thousand years  
ago,  
Oh! grant it may on him to-day in power and fulness  
flow;  
For, faithful and unchangeable, each word of God is sure,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away, His promises  
endure.

The Angel of the Covenant, redeeming from all ill  
Both son and father, bless the lad, and every prayer fulfil;  
Nor only bless, but make him, too, a blessing, Lord, from  
Thee:  
With length of days, oh, satisfy; let him Thy glory see.

Through all the journey of his life, Thy presence with  
him go;  
Rest *in* Thee here, and *with* Thee there, do Thou, O  
Lord, bestow.

Oh, keep him faithful unto death, then grant to him, we  
pray,  
The crown of glory and of life, that fadeth not away.

So shall the father's soul be glad for him he holds so dear,  
A son whose heart is truly wise in God's most holy fear ;  
And hallowed be our festal joy with gratitude and praise ;  
Forget not all His benefits, whose kindness crowns our  
days.

Then glory in the highest be to Him, our Strength and  
Song ;  
May every heart uplift its part, in blessings deep and long.  
Through Him who died that we might live, our thanks to  
God ascend,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, our Saviour and our  
Friend.

### To the Rev. C. B. Snapp.

I HAVE no hymn, my brother,  
Upon your desk to lay,  
No song of holy gladness  
To bring to you to-day ;

To 'Songs of Grace and Glory'  
No verses sweet and new !  
I write not for ten thousand,  
I only write for you.

For oh, my heart is singing  
A song of quiet praise

To Him who has preserved you,  
Upholding all your ways.

To Him who knows our sorrows,  
Who knew the orphan's heart,  
And sent a friend to cheer it,  
And act a brother's part.

So I come before my Father,  
My hands in faith uplift,  
To fill your cup with gladness  
And every perfect gift.

And may His loving-kindness  
Crown all with grace for grace,  
Till in the coming glory  
You stand before His face!

And see with light from heaven,  
Clear-shining on thy ways,  
Each pilgrimage petition  
Transmuted into praise.

### Saturday Night.

TO THE SAME.

LORD, refresh Thy weary servant,  
Send him sweet and quiet rest ;  
Thou hast made him oft a blessing,  
Let him now be doubly blest.

---

Let him feel Thy holy presence  
Richly dwelling in his soul,  
Every care and every burden  
Bid him on Jehovah roll.

Lord, as he for Thee hath spoken,  
Now to him, oh do Thou speak !  
With Thy still small voice of comfort  
Crown the mercies of the week.

May He wake with strength renewed,  
Yet again to work for Thee ;  
Full of Sabbath joy and blessing  
Let his spirit always be !



*SONNETS.*



### A Waking Thought.

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

### Life Mosaic.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand  
    Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may suit—  
    Some little chips to cut with care minute,  
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand

Before their quarried marble fair and grand,  
 And make a life work of the great design  
 Which Thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled, combine  
 To build vast temples, gloriously planned.  
 Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,  
 Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,  
 Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.  
 Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace,  
 Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,  
 And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

### To Helga.

COME down, and show the dwellers far below  
 What God is painting on each mountain place !  
 Show His fair colours, and His perfect grace,  
 Dowering each blossom born of sun and snow :  
 His tints, not thine ! Thou art God's copyist,  
 O gifted Helga ! His thy golden height,  
 Thy purple depth, thy rosy sunset light,  
 Thy blue snow-shadows, and thy weird white mist.  
 Reveal His works to many a distant land !  
 Paint for His praise, oh paint for love of Him !  
 He is thy Master, let Him hold thy hand,  
 So thy pure heart no cloud of self shall dim.  
 At His dear feet lay down thy laurel-store,  
 Which crimson proof of thy redemption bore.

### Memorial Names.

THE High Priest stands before the Mercy Seat,  
And on his breast bright mingling jewel-flames  
Reflect Shechinah light ; twelve patriarch names  
Flash where the emerald and sapphire meet  
Sardius and diamond. With softer beam,  
From mystic onyx on his shoulders placed,  
Deep graven, never altered or erased,  
The same great names, in birthday order, gleam.  
May each name written here be thus engraved,  
Set in the place of power, the place of love,  
And borne in sweet memorial above,  
By Him who loved and chose, redeemed and saved  
Be each dear name, the greatest and the least,  
Always upon the heart of our High Priest.

### Our Red-Letter Days.

My Alpine staff recalls each shining height,  
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,  
Carved with a lengthening record, self-explained,  
Of mountain-memories sublime and bright.  
No valley-life but hath some mountain days,  
Bright summits in the retrospective view,  
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,  
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.  
Grave on thy heart each past 'red-letter day !'  
Forget not all the sunshine of the way

By which the Lord hath led thee : answered prayers  
 And joys unasked ; strange blessings, lifted cares,  
 Grand promise-echoes ! Thus thy life shall be  
 One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

### Luke ix. 13.

THE Lord commanded, ' Give ye them to eat,'—  
 Five loaves and two small fishes all their store  
 For hungry crowds. He knew they had no more,  
 And He had called them to that wild retreat.  
 They gave it as He gave them, piece by piece,  
 Where on the green grass grouped the great and small  
 Till all were filled. So not theirs at all  
 But His, the glory of that grand increase.  
 Master, I have not strength to serve Thee much,  
 The ' half-day's work ' is all that I can do,  
 But let Thy mighty, multiplying touch  
 Even to me the miracle renew.  
 Let five words feed five thousand, and Thy power  
 Expand to life-results one feeble hour.

*IN MEMORIAM.*



## My Mother's Request.

(SUNDAY MORNING, 8 O'CLOCK.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oft when I wavered, slipped, and nearly fell,  
Yet stunned and giddy heeded not my fate,  
The fatal charm was broken by that bell,  
Thy memory oped my eyes ere yet too late.

And oft when sad and hopeless seemed my way,  
Its sweet sound told me of the victory  
Which thy bright faith hath gained, and then a ray  
Of hope hath whispered, 'Such may be for thee.'

Oh, 't was a mother's love which did devise  
This gentle way of helping her child's soul ;  
Not on earth only, but from yon bright skies  
To aid her steps towards the heavenly goal.

Oh, Thou who dwellest with Thy ransomed, where  
The one long Sabbath ne'er may darkly close,  
By Thy rich mercy grant this earliest prayer,  
Which oft for me from her dear lips arose.

Bring me, oh, bring me to Thy house of light,  
That there with my loved mother I may dwell,  
And e'er rejoicing in Thy presence bright,  
May praise Thy love, who doest all things well.

### May Dirge.

I WELCOME not thy coming now,  
For sorrow darkeneth my brow,  
And but for glad hearts wakest thou,  
Fair May.

When, years ago, thou dawnedst bright,  
With thy first hours blest my sight  
The fairest child that e'er saw light  
Of May.

She grew a gladder, blither thing  
Than butterfly on purple wing,  
Or happy birds which sweetly sing  
In May.

'T was she who brought my sunniest hours,  
For she was lovelier than the flowers  
Which bloom amid thy emerald bowers,  
Bright May.

How oft, when grief had touched my heart,  
She chased it with her fairy art ;  
Thy charms to her thou didst impart,  
Glad May.

But oh ! there is a treacherous smile,  
Which Spring assumeth to beguile,  
And many rue thy sunny wile,  
False May.

A flush in her loved cheek arose,  
More rich than ruby tint that glows  
In western cloud when evenings close  
In May.

Her dark eye brightly, strangely gleamed,  
More beautiful than e'er she seemed ;  
Oh, who of evil nigh had dreamed  
That May ?

But when the snowdrop came again,  
I saw that tenderest care was vain ;  
My Ella passed from all her pain  
In May.

---

That precious life no skill could save ;  
I laid her in a quiet grave,  
Where now the snowy blossoms wave  
Of May.

Once more they shed their sweet perfume,  
As incense o'er my darling's tomb,  
Though soon departs their fragile bloom  
With May.

Thou hast my child ! Thy sparkling dew  
Is glittering on her grave anew ;  
Soon thou wilt deck her father's too,  
O May !

I cannot live without her here,  
For earth is desolate and drear,  
E'en when thy morning shineth clear,  
Blithe May.

To cheer me thou canst weave no spell,  
Deep sadness in my heart doth dwell,  
And I must bid my last farewell  
To May.

Speed, speed thy slow return, for when  
Once more thou comest, then, oh then,  
I shall be with my child again,  
Sweet May !

## To J. M. G. on her Brother's Death.

STAY not the current of thy tears, for they  
Must flow, and 'tis a sad relief to weep  
For one who, having brightened long the way,  
Now lies in death's long sleep.

A brother's love! I know it is a treasure  
Which may by nothing earthly be replaced ;  
I know that *this* filled up the bounteous measure  
Of joy which thou didst taste.

I know that sadness fills thy youthful heart  
E'en to o'erflowing ; and it well may seem  
That nought to thee remaineth but the smart ;  
Of happiness no gleam.

And Jesus knows it. Oh, He did not call  
Thy brother from his loving sister's side  
Without remembering *thee*, thy sorrows all ;  
He knows the heart He tried.

But He would have thee turn thy weeping eye  
To gaze on Him, who suffered all for thee,  
That the effulgence every tear may dry  
Which beams from Calvary.

All earthly love is as a thread of gold,  
Most fair, but what the touch of death may sever :  
But *His* a cable sure, of strength untold :  
Oh ! His love lasteth ever.

And this sweet love He would on thee bestow,  
The fulness of His grace to thee make known,  
A glimpse of heaven grant thee here below,  
And thou shouldst be His own.

Thou wilt not sigh, if this one Pearl thou gain,  
O'er earthly treasures, costly though they be.  
Short is the night of weeping and of pain ;  
Endless the joy for thee !

Thy brother striketh now his harp of gold,  
And singeth joyously his first ' new song ;'  
The echo of his melody hath rolled  
The aisles of heaven along.

He weareth raiment white, which angel hands  
From the full vestry of the Lamb have brought ;  
With palm and crown, before His throne he stands  
Who him by blood hath bought.

Gladness unspeakable his soul doth fill,  
He hath forgotten pain, and grief, and sorrow ;  
Eternal bliss hath dawned on him, he will  
See no woe-bringing morrow.

He might have passed through many a weary year  
Of sickness, trouble, or perplexity,  
And as an autumn leaf, all brown and sere,  
Been *shaken* from the tree ;

He might have forfeited the heavenly prize,  
Had he lived longer on the Tempter's ground :  
Then gaze no longer where his body lies  
Beneath the new formed mound.

Yes, look up from the scene of mourning, where  
 Nought but a dreary blank thine eyes can see :  
 Thou hast a brother now in heaven, and there  
   He waits to welcome thee !

### Evelyn.

DYING ? Evelyn, darling !  
                   Dying ? can it be ?  
 Spring so joyous all around,  
*Such* a spring, so early crowned,  
 Heralding all summer glee,  
 Life for everything but thee !  
                   Evelyn, darling, dying ?  
 Yet it is no phantom sound,  
 Though the word is haunting me ;  
                   Thou art lying  
 Now where life and death do meet,  
 Thorny path and golden street.  
 I thought I had no heart to write,  
                   But the pencil near me lay,  
                   Which has traced me many a day,  
 Dipped in colours dark or bright,  
 Lays I guessed would meet the sight  
                   Of at least some loving eye,  
 And perchance be heard again,  
                   Winning echoes far and nigh,  
                   Touching chords of sympathy  
 In the weary souls of men.  
 And I took it in my hand,

For it seemed to be relief,  
After this long week of grief,  
Just to let the thought expand,  
And the word that haunted me  
Just to write ; though none shall see  
What is written, only He  
Who is gently leading thee,  
Evelyn, darling, without fears,  
Through the vale of death,—and me  
Through the vale of tears.

All so calm ;—a hazy veil  
Falling on the golden west ;  
Silence, like a minstrel pale,  
Preluding the Sabbath rest.  
There is night before the dawn  
Rise for *us* of Sabbath morn :  
Is there any night for *thee*  
Ere thine eyes the glory see ?  
Are the angels, bright and strong,  
Bearing thy free soul away,  
Teaching thee the glad new song,  
On the grand star-paven way ?  
Art thou even now at rest,  
Lying on the Saviour's breast ?  
Evelyn, darling, is it so ?  
Would, oh, would that I could know !  
I can only wait in sorrow  
For the tidings of the morrow.

Evelyn, darling, laid so low !  
Only three short months ago

Thou wert full of life and glee,  
 Round the laden Christmas tree ;  
 Foremost in the carol-singing,  
 Fun and frolic gaily flinging.  
 Tallest, fairest of the troop,  
     Opening rose on slender stem,  
 Reigning 'mid the bright-eyed group,  
     Queen without a diadem ;  
 In thy robe of snowy sheen,  
 Decked with silken emerald green.  
 Few there are who ever knew  
     Merrier holidays than thine,  
 Whether summer breezes blew,  
     Or the winter stars did shine.  
 Evelyn, darling, can it be,  
     Was that Christmas tree the last ?  
 How believe it, that for thee  
     Christmas holidays are past !  
 And that summer leaves will wave,  
     And the Easter moon will shine,  
 Over the first household grave,  
     First,—and *thine* !

I am not praying,—prayer is hushed,  
     God's hand is laid upon my heart ;  
 The earthly hope for ever crushed,  
     The heavenly *answered*, not in part,  
 But fully, perfectly ! I prayed  
     For life, and He hath given the life  
 Which triumphs o'er the grave's cold shade ;  
     For peace, and He hath ended strife  
 And spoken love. There have been tears

And earnest pleadings through long years ;  
But He is faithful to His word,  
I *know* at last that He has heard.  
But not, oh not as I had thought  
    In ignorant and selfish love,  
The Master calls,—she tarries not,  
    For He hath need of her above.  
The lambs He gathers with His arm  
No grief, no sin, no death can harm,  
So safely folded on His breast,  
For ever and for ever blest.  
Could God Himself give more? His will  
Is best, though we are weeping still.

Yet the old cry comes again,  
    Evelyn, darling, dying !  
Is it true, or is it dreaming?  
Is it only ghastly seeming  
Of a sorrow far away,  
Not to fall for many a day?  
    If I saw thee lying,  
I might realize it so !  
Last I saw thee in the glow  
Of thy brightest health and bloom ;  
Was it only for the tomb?  
Then the sorrow grows with this—  
    Not a word of fond good-bye,  
Not one tender parting kiss,  
    Not one glance of loving eye !  
Well I know it could not be !  
God's appointed way for me  
Was assuredly—' Be still,

Wait in silence for His will.'  
 Father, I have said Amen,  
 Said it often, now again !  
 Father, strengthen it and seal !  
 Let my weary spirit feel  
 I am very near to Thee,  
 For Thy hand is laid on me,—  
 Though the shadows gather deep,  
 Thou canst calm and aid and keep.

Father, where the shadows fall  
 Deeper yet, deepest of all,  
 Send Thy peace, and show Thy power  
 In affliction's direst hour ;  
 To each mourning heart draw near,  
 Soothe and bless, sustain and cheer.  
 Thou *wilt* hear, I know not *how* !  
 Thou canst help, 'and only Thou.'  
 This my prayer I leave with Thee.  
 Father ! hear and answer me  
 For the sake of Him who knows  
 All our love and all our woes.

### Starlight through the Shadows.

#### I.

THY dear one is with Jesus now !  
 Seeing Him face to face,  
 Gazing upon His own beloved brow,  
 Watching His smile of grace ;  
 Hearing the Master's voice in all its sweetness,  
 Knowing Him now in all His own completeness ;

With Jesus now, with Him for ever !  
Never to leave Him—grieve Him never !  
Could God Himself give more? His will  
Is best, though we are weeping still.

## II.

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

## III.

There shall be no more pain ! Not any more !  
All weariness, all faint exhaustion o'er,  
No quivering nerve, no aching unconfessed,  
No memory of misery to cast  
One shadow from the past  
Upon the unshadowed splendour of His rest !  
Beloved ! God is leading thee to this,  
Preparing thee for thy preparing bliss.

## IV.

When thou passest through the waters,  
I will be with thee !  
Sure and sweet and all-sufficient  
Shall His Presence be.

All God's billows overwhelmed Him  
In the great Atoning Day ;  
Now He only leads thee through them,  
With thee all the way.

**In Loyal and Loving Remembrance of  
H. R. H. the Princess Alice.<sup>1</sup>**

Two nations mourn ! The same great grief is known  
By human hearts on either side the sea,  
Mourning with those who yet must mourn alone  
Upon the silent height where only He  
Can come and whisper comfort, who hath worn  
The lonely diadem of cruel thorn.

Mourning for her whose royal love hath shown  
Secrets of comfort in the darkest days ;  
Who, like her Master, stooping from a throne  
The suffering or the lost could heal or raise ;  
Leaving, like Him, example pure and bright,  
For court or cottage home a starry light.

Two nations mourn ; a hand from each would lay  
Fair flowers and simple verse upon her tomb to-day.

<sup>1</sup> Written to accompany a memorial wreath of white roses and palm leaves, painted by the Baroness Helga von Cramm,

*UNDER THE SURFACE.*

'Man's goings are of the Lord ; how can a man then understand  
his own way?'—PROV. xx. 24.



# UNDER THE SURFACE.

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## Prelude.

TAKE it, O Father! This new book be Thine,  
Filled only with Thy teachings, only filled  
For Thee, and for the pilgrims to Thy home.  
I know not what bright impulses of song  
May come upon my waiting soul, nor when;  
Or whether years of silence yet may fall  
In still parenthesis as once before;  
Or whether tighter tension must be laid  
By Thy unerring Hand, that so the tone  
May be more true to that immortal key  
Which reaches loneliest depth of human heart  
With echoes from Thine own. I would not shrink  
From suffering, if I may but sing for Thee.  
Father, Thou knowest how this gift hath seemed  
Thine own direct sweet answer to the prayer  
For peace and patience in the silent grief  
Thy Hand, Thine own, has portioned out for me.  
And I have felt Thy call, not loud, but clear,  
To praise Thee with my song, as, it may be,  
I had not done had all my heart's desire  
Been granted me.

Thou knowest how (so often) I have laid  
An aching heart upon Thy heart of love,

And wept out all my sorrow, till at last  
Thou gavest Thy belovèd sleep. And then  
Came singing in the morning some glad thought  
That, wafted over land and sea, has put  
New songs in silent mouths, and come again  
With harvest of rejoicing back to me.  
Let not Thy blessing fail! I long for this,  
I ask it for the sake of Him whose Name  
Is my sure plea. O send it, gracious Lord!  
As Thou hast spared me to begin to-day  
The seventh small volume of these leaves of life,  
So let a sevenfold blessing rest upon  
All that shall fill these pages. Give me thoughts,  
But quicken them with power; give me words,  
But wing them with Thy love; give music too,  
But let it ring all beautiful and sweet  
With holiness; yea, give to me, if such  
Thy holy will, far better and far more  
Than heretofore, but only add this gift,  
Without which all were worthless and in vain,  
*Thy Blessing.* So the glory and the praise  
Shall all be Thine for evermore. Amen.

### Under the Surface.

#### I.

ON the surface, foam and roar,  
Restless heave and passionate dash,  
Shingle rattle along the shore,  
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,  
A hush of peace and an endless calm,  
Winds and waves from a choral height,  
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,  
Tossing weed and drifting waif,  
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,  
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,  
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,  
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,  
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

## II.

On the surface, lilies white,  
A painted skiff with a singing crew,  
Sky-reflections soft and bright,  
Tremulous crimson, gold and blue.

Under the surface, life in death,  
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,  
Creeping things with watery breath,  
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,  
A crystal couch for the moonbeams' rest,  
Starry ripples along the beach,  
Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,  
 Treacherous currents swift and strong,  
 Deafening rush in the drowning ears :  
 Have ye rightly read my song ?

### Autobiography.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ! So you say,  
 So do I *not* believe !  
 For no men or women that live to-day,  
 Be they as good or as bad as they may,  
 Ever would dare to leave  
 In faintest pencil or boldest ink  
 All they truly and really think,  
 What they have said and what they have done,  
 What they have lived and what they have felt,  
 Under the stars or under the sun.  
 At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,  
 And the jewels are lost in the grass,  
 Though you count the blades as you pass.  
 At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,  
 An innocent streak on a broken cloud ;  
 And the thunder that pealed so fierce and loud,  
 With musical echo is softly mixed.  
 Autobiography ? No !  
 It never was written yet, I trow.  
 Grant that they try !  
 Still they must fail !  
 Words are too pale  
 For the fervour and glow of the lava-flow.  
 Can they paint the flash of an eye ?

How much less the flash of a heart,  
Or its delicate ripple and glitter and gleam,  
Swift and sparkling, suddenly darkling,  
Crimson and gold tints, exquisite soul-tints,  
Changing like dawn-flush touching a dream !

Where is the art  
That shall give the play of blending lights  
From the porphyry rock on the pool below ?  
Or the bird-shadow traced on the sunlit heights  
Of golden rose and snow ?

You say 'tis a fact that the books exist,  
Printed and published in Mudie's list,  
Some in two volumes, and some in one—  
Autobiographies plenty. But look !  
I will tell you what is done  
By the writers, confidentially !  
They cut little pieces out of their lives  
And join them together,  
Making them up as a readable book,  
And call it an autobiography,  
Though little enough of the life survives.

What if we went in the sweet May weather  
To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,  
And reaches down to a tinkling brook,  
That sings the flowers to sleep at night,  
And calls them again with the earliest light.  
Under the delicate flush of green,  
Hardly shading the bank below,  
Pale anemones peep between  
The mossy stumps where the violets grow ;

Wide clouds of bluebells stretch away,  
And primrose constellations rise,—  
Turn where we may,  
Some new loveliness meets our eyes.  
The first white butterflies flit around,  
Bees are murmuring close to the ground,  
The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.  
Hark again !  
Was it echo, or was it bird ?  
All the air is full of song,  
A carolling chorus around and above ;  
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft and long,  
To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,  
Every one sings at his own sweet will,  
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely ! is it not ?  
But we must not stay on the fairy spot,  
So we gather a nosegay with care :  
A primrose here and a bluebell there,  
And something that we have never seen,  
Probably therefore a specimen rare ;  
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,  
The white-veined woodsorrel, and a spray  
Of tender-leaved and budding May.  
We carry home the fragrant load  
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road ;  
The sun grows hotter every hour ;  
Already the woodsorrel pines for the shade  
We watch it fade,  
And throw away the fair little flower ;  
We forgot that it could not last an hour

Away from the cool moss where it grows.  
 Then the stitchworts droop and close ;  
 There is nothing to show but a tangle of green,  
 For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.  
 Then the anemones, can they survive?  
 Even now they are hardly alive.  
 Ha ! where is it, our unknown spray?  
     Dropped on the way !  
 Perhaps we shall never find one again.  
 At last we come in with the few that are left,  
     Of freshness and fragrance bereft ;  
         A sorry display.  
     Now, do we say,  
 ‘ Here is the wood where we rambled to-day ;  
 See, we have brought it to you ;  
 Believe us, indeed it is true.  
     This is the wood ! ’ do we say ?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.  
 There is another. We did not bring  
 All that was hidden under the wing  
 Of the radiant-plumaged Spring.  
     We never tried  
 To spy, or watch, or away to bear,  
 Much that was just as truly there.  
     What have we seen ?  
     Hush, ah, hush !  
 Curled and withered fern between,  
 And dead leaves under the living green  
 Thick and damp. A clammy feather,  
 All that remains of a singing thrush

Killed by a weasel long ago,  
In the hungry winter weather.  
Nettles in unfriendly row,  
And last year's brambles, sharp and brown,  
Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.  
A pale leaf trying to reach the light  
By a long weak stem, but smothered down,  
Dying in darkness, with none to see.  
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,  
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank ;  
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,  
And a hemlock growing strong and rank.  
A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,  
Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,  
Only perhaps to be caught again.  
No specimens we bring of these,  
Lest they should disturb our ease,  
And spoil the story of the May,  
And make you think our holiday  
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no ! We write our lives indeed,  
But in a cipher none can read,  
Except the author. He may pore  
The life-accumulating lore  
    For evermore,  
And find the records strange and true,  
Bring wisdom old and new.  
But though he break the seal,  
No power has he to give the key,  
    No licence to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,  
When love shall know as it is known.  
Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and  
God's alone.

### Compensation.

O THE compensating springs! O the balance-wheels of  
life,  
Hidden away in the workings under the seeming strife!  
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the whirl and  
the force,  
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess a part?  
How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the heart?  
How shall we measure another, we who can never know  
From the juttings above the surface the depth of the vein  
below?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,  
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and stone;  
But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain scene,  
Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

How shall we judge their present, we who have never seen  
That which is past for ever, and that which might have  
been?  
Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we,  
Measuring what we *know* by what we can hardly *see*.

Ah ! if we knew it all, we should surely understand  
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with an even  
    hand,  
That the scale of success or loss shall never overflow,  
And that compensation is twined with the lot of high and  
    low.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or new,  
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious  
    view ;  
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the  
    height,  
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the  
    stars of light.

Launch on the foaming stream that bears you along like a  
    dart,—  
There is danger of rapid and rock, there is tension of  
    muscle and heart ;  
Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm, and slow,  
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe and quiet  
    flow.

O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,  
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony rings !  
But O, the wail and the discord, when one and another is  
    rent  
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished instrument.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,  
And the hand that takes the crown must ache with many  
    a cross ;

Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's  
palm,  
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller know  
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam and  
glow ;  
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless summer  
days,  
This had been dimmed by the dust and the veil of a  
brooding haze.

Who would dare the choice, *neither* or *both* to know,  
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe ?  
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,  
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to this.

Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be great ;  
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight ;  
Never a treasure without a following shade of care ;  
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the  
strong ;  
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the long ;  
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep ;  
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only neap.

Then hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father knows what thou  
knowest not,  
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the  
fairest lot ;

Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,  
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou  
could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as He will,  
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be still?  
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best?  
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest?

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are true and  
just,  
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy perfect  
trust;  
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to the brim,  
And infinite compensations for ever be found in Him.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father hath fulness of joy in store,  
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for ever-  
more;  
Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite bliss;—  
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou not wait  
for this?

## The Moonlight Sonata.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE ills we see,—  
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,  
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—  
Have all one key:  
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school;  
All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

How sweet to know  
The trials which we cannot comprehend  
Have each their own divinely-purposed end !  
He traineth so  
For higher learning, ever onward reaching  
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

He traineth thus  
That we may teach the lessons we are taught ;  
That younger learners may be further brought,  
Led on by us :  
Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,  
For His dear service so to be made fit and strong.

He traineth so  
That we may shine for Him in this dark world,  
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled :  
That we may show  
His praise, by lives that mirror back His love,—  
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

Nor only here  
The rich result of all our God doth teach  
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach  
A nobler sphere :  
Then, not till then, our training is complete,  
And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

Are children trained  
Only that they may reach some higher class ?  
Only for some few school-room years that pass  
Till growth is gained ?  
Is it not rather for the years beyond  
To which the father looks with hopes so fair and fond ?

Bold thought, flash on  
 Into the far depths of Eternity ;  
 When Time shall be a faint star-memory,  
     So long, long gone !  
 Only not lost to our immortal sight,  
 Because it ever bears Redemption's quenchless light.

Flash on, and stand  
 Among thy bright companions,—spirits blest,  
 Inhabiting through ages of glad rest  
     The Shining Land !  
 Each singing bliss into each other's hearts,—  
 Outpouring mighty joy that God's full hand imparts.

If sweet below  
 To minister to those whom God doth love,  
 What will it be to minister above !  
     His praise to show  
 In some new strain amid the ransomed choir,  
 To touch their joy and love with note of living fire ;

With perfect praise,  
 With interchange of rapturous revelation  
 From Christ Himself, the burning adoration  
     Yet higher to raise,  
 For ever and for ever so to bring  
 More glory and still more to Him, our gracious King.

Look on to this  
 Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—  
 To this, thy true maturity of life,  
     Thy coming bliss ;  
 That such high gifts thy future dower may be,  
 And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day  
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason  
For His strange dealings through the trial-season,—  
Trust and obey :  
And, like the child whose story follows here,  
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

ALICE'S STORY.

PART I.

The firelight softly glanced upon  
Dark braids and sunny curls,  
Where, in a many-windowed room,  
Yet dim with late November gloom,  
Were busy groups of girls.

Some sat apart to learn alone ;  
Some studied side by side ;  
Some gathered round a master's chair  
In reverent silence ; others there  
For readiest answer tried.

For one young name a summons came,  
And Alice quickly rose :  
The rapid pen aside is laid ;  
The call once heard must be obeyed  
At once,—as well she knows.

Yet with no joyous step or smile  
She hastens now away,

A teacher's earnest look to meet,  
Whose hand is filled with music sweet,  
As hers shall be one day.

Beside her at the instrument  
A place her teacher takes,  
With patient eye, yet keenest ear ;  
And Alice knows that he will hear  
The slightest fault she makes.

Oh, such a music-task as this  
Was never hers before !  
So long and hard, so strange and stern,—  
A piece she thinks she cannot learn,  
Though practised o'er and o'er.

It is not beautiful to her,—  
She cannot grasp the whole :  
The Master's thought was great and deep,—  
A mighty storm, to seize and sweep  
The wind-harp of the soul.

She only plays it note by note,  
With undeveloped heart ;  
She does not glimpse the splendour through  
Each chord, so difficult and new,  
Of veiled and varied art.

Unwonted beat and weird repeat  
She cannot understand ;  
She stumbles on with clouded brow,—  
Her cheek is flushed, and aching now  
The weary little hand.

She looked up in her teacher's face ;  
Tears were not far away :  
' *Must* I go on till it is done ?  
Oh, let me change it, sir, for one  
That I can better play.

' I cannot make it beautiful,—  
It has no tune to sing ;  
And when I am at home, I fear  
My friends will never care to hear  
This long and dreary thing.'

He said, ' If you might freely choose,  
My child, what would you learn ?'  
' Oh, I would have the " Shower of Pearls,"  
Or " Soldiers' March," like other girls,  
And quick approval earn ;

' Or sweet Italian melodies,  
With brilliant run and shake :  
If you would only give me such,  
I think that I could please you much,—  
Such progress I should make.'

' Learn this, and it will please me more,'  
Said he, with kindest voice :  
' And though 't is now so hard to play,  
Trust me, you will be glad some day  
That I have ruled your choice.'

Tears trembled on the lash, and now  
His face she could not see ;

Once more she pleaded, as they fell,  
‘But I shall never play it well :  
It is too hard for me !’

‘One thing I grant,’ he said : ‘that you  
May fully, freely tell  
Your father, who is kind and wise :  
And, Alice, what he shall advise,  
Say, will it not be well ?’

Again she came, and stumblingly  
The hard sonata played :  
Another week had passed away,  
With toilsome practice every day,  
Yet small the progress made.

Her father’s writing, bold and clear,  
Lay on the instrument :  
‘Your letter safely came to me,  
And now shall answer lovingly  
To my dear child be sent.

‘The hardest gained is best retained ;  
You learn not for to-day :  
I cannot grant your fond request  
Your teacher certainly knows best,—  
So trust him and obey.’

The teacher spoke ; she listened well,  
No word of his to miss :  
‘Alice, I want to make of you  
An artist, noble, high, and true ;  
And no light thing is this.

'There's happier, better work in store  
Than merry tunes to play :  
You have a mission to fulfil,—  
You do not know it; but I will  
Prepare you as I may.

'Will you believe that I know best,  
And persevere, my child?'  
She answered, with a little sigh,  
'Yes : I will trust, and I will try ;'  
And then her teacher smiled.

## PART II.

Long has the school been left behind,  
For years have passed away :  
We find her now where evening light  
Fades not into the darksome night,  
But melts into the day.

There, in an arched and lofty room,  
She stands, in fair white dress ;  
Where grace and colour and sweet sound  
Combine and cluster all around,  
And rarest taste express.

'T is Alice still, but woman grown  
In hand and head and heart :  
And those who now around her throng  
Are skilled in music and in song,  
In learning and in art.

It was an evening of delight  
To be remembered long,  
With many a reach of vivid thought,  
And many a vision artist-wrought,  
And—crown of all that friendship brought—  
The eloquence of song.

The North is bright, with lingering light  
To Northern summers given,—  
A tender loveliness that stays  
When twilight falls upon the days,  
As silence falls in heaven.

‘Now, Alice : now the time is come !  
Sweet music you have poured ;  
But, in this gentle twilight fall,  
Give now the very best of all  
That in your heart is stored.

‘Give now the Master’s masterpiece ;  
All silent we will be :  
And you shall stir our inmost souls,  
While, like a fiery river, rolls  
Beethoven’s harmony.’

An instrument was by her side,—  
A new and glad possession,  
Whose perfect answering conveyed  
Each delicate and subtle shade  
Of varying expression.

She needed no reminding score,  
For memory was true :  
And what is learnt in childish years,  
Deep graven on the mind appears  
Our life's whole journey through.

And so she only had to let  
The long-known music flow  
From happy heart and steady hand,  
As with a magic flame-command,  
Enkindling in the listening band  
A full responsive glow.

Through shade more beautiful than light,  
Through hush of softest word,  
Through calm and silence, still and deep  
As angel-love or seraph sleep,  
The opening notes were heard.

### THE SONATA.

#### PART I. (ADAGIO).

Soft and slow,  
Ever a gentle underflow ;  
Soft and slow,  
Murmuring peacefully on below.  
A twilight song ; while the shadows sleep  
Dusk and deep,  
Over the fountain, under the fern,

Solemn and still :  
Waiting for moonlight over the hill  
To touch the bend of the lulling burn,  
    And make it show  
    As a diamond bow,  
Shooting arrows of glancing light  
    In luminous flight  
To the gloomy head of the waterfall ;  
    Again to break,  
    In silvery flake,  
Under the wild and grim rock-wall.  
A twilight song, a song of love,  
Softer than nightingale, sweeter than dove ;  
Loving and longing, loving and yearning,  
With a hidden flow of electric burning  
    Ever returning ;  
Melting again in calm repeat,  
    Slow and sweet,  
    Sweet and slow ;  
While ever the gentle underflow  
Murmurs lovingly on below,  
In notes that seem to come from far,—  
    From the setting star  
    In the paling west,  
    Faint and more faint,  
Like the parting hymn of a dying saint  
    Sinking to rest.

---

A moment of deep hush ; then wakes again  
With sudden sparkle of delight,—a new and joyous  
    strain.

PART II.—(ALLEGRETTO.)

Awake ! awake !

For life is sweet :

Awake ! awake !

New hopes to greet.

The shadows are fleeting,

The substance is sure ;

The joys thou art meeting

Shall ever endure.

Awake ! awake !

For twilight now

That veiled the lake

Where dark woods bow,

In moonlight resplendent

Is passing away ;

For brightness ascendant

Turns night into day.

Oh, listen ! yet listen !

The moonlight song

Where still waters glisten

Is floating along :

A melodious ripple of silver sound

In golden rhythm of light-bars bound,

Linked with the loveliness all around.

A song of hope,

That soars beyond

The farthest scope

Of a vision fond ;

While the loneliest silence of solemn night,  
 And the depth of shadow beneath our feet,  
 Only make the song more sweet,—  
 Only make the sacred light  
 Yet more tender, yet more bright ;  
 And song and radiance both entwining  
 In radiant singing and musical shining  
     Float on and on  
     Till the night is gone,  
     Ever for rest  
     Far too blest.  
 Then wake, then wake  
     From slumberous leisure !  
 Arise and take  
     Thy truest pleasure !  
 A life is before thee which cannot decay ;  
 A glimpse and an echo are given to-day  
 Of glory and music not far away.  
 Take the bliss that is offered thee :  
 Hope on, hope ever, and thou shalt be  
     Blest for aye !

—————  
 Once more a pause is made :  
 While deeper still the silence, deeper yet the shade.

PART III.—(PRESTO AGITATO.)

Now in awful tempest swelling,  
 Fallen hosts anew rebelling,  
 Battle shout and lava torrent  
 Mingle in a strife abhorrent.

Fiery cataracts are leaping,  
Passion-driven stars are sweeping  
In a labyrinth of courses ;  
Space is torn with clashing forces :  
'T is a fearful new rehearsal  
Of old chaos universal.

Hush ! and hark ! and hear aright,  
And you shall know  
It is not so !

'T is the roar of chariot wheels,  
That nothing hinders, nothing bars,  
Whose flint-sparkles are the stars  
Flashing bright ;  
And the mighty thunder-peals  
Are the trampling of its steeds.  
On it speeds,  
Crushing wrongs like river-reeds,  
By the grandly simple might  
Of Eternal Right.

'T is a song—a battle song—  
And a shout of victory,  
Darting through the conflict strong  
Terror to the enemy.  
Rising, while the moon is setting  
That beheld the struggle sore ;  
Rising still, while not forgetting  
That the battle is not o'er ;  
Rising, while the day is breaking  
O'er the hills, serene and strong ;  
Rising, while the birds are waking  
With their myriad-throated song ;

Rising ! yet with much to do  
Ere the strife be ended !  
For loud confusion  
And wild delusion  
Are rampant still, and still are blended  
With the song of triumph bursting through.  
It rises to fall again ;  
Falls, but to rise ;  
Hushed, but to call again  
Loud to the skies.  
Resounding like thunder  
In conquering march,  
That reverberates under  
The resonant arch.

Sternly triumphant o'er wrongful might,  
In whirlwind of battle, in tempest of fight,  
See the singers before us,  
In warrior chorus,  
Never despairing,  
Never yielding :  
Ever preparing  
And faithfully wielding  
Weapons kept bright,  
And armour of light ;  
Shattering barriers that seemed adamantine,  
Spurning the depth and scaling the height  
While over all the turmoil and fray  
Shines, in the dawn that heralds the day  
Star-lit, a crown amaranthine.

Yea : a mighty song,  
Of joy and triumph strong ;

Magnificent in madness,  
And glorious in gladness.  
Every obstacle is hurled  
    To an infinite abyss ;  
Giant standards are unfurled,—  
Banners of a far-off world  
    Calling followers from this ;  
    Calling, calling : shall it be  
To noble failure and heroic death ?  
Lifted with a parting breath,  
    Is the shout of victory  
    Failing fast ?  
Is the only crown at last  
    Death—death ?  
    No !  
    'T is not so !  
    For light and life  
    End the war and crown the strife.  
Joy to the faithful one full shall be given !  
Rising in splendour that never shall set,  
The morning of triumph shall dawn on thee yet  
When gladness and love for ever have met  
    In heaven.

---

She ended. For a little space  
    The music still seemed swelling ;  
As it were too sweet and rare  
Like common sound to leave the air  
    As a deserted dwelling.

Then, through the flow of loving thanks  
    And murmuring delight.

And marvel at the Master's art,  
One rich approval reached her heart  
More than all else that night.

One who had also freely brought  
His own high gift of song,  
Drew near and spoke : ' For many a year  
That marvellous work has been most dear,—  
Known, loved, and studied long.

' I own, like you, allegiance true,  
And deemed my insight clear ;  
But never guessed until to-night  
The depths of meaning and the might  
Of what you rendered here.

' The Master has been much to me ;  
But more than ever now I see  
That there is none above him.  
You have been his interpreter :  
To you it has been given to stir  
The souls of all who love him.'

Then swift up-flashed a memory,—  
A long-forgotten day ;  
A memory of tears once shed,  
Of aching hand and puzzled head,  
And of the father's word that said,  
' Trust and obey.'

The lesson learnt in patience then  
Was lit by love and duty :

The toiling time was quickly past,  
The trusting time had fled fast,  
And Alice understood at last  
Its mysteries of beauty.

O glad, perpetual harvest-time  
After the sowing days !  
For all her life rich joy of sound,  
And deep delight to loved ones round,  
And to the Master,—praise !

CONCLUSION.

Ye read her story.  
Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile :  
Darkness and mystery a little while,  
Then—light and glory,  
And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,  
And service of high praise in the Eternal Land !



*OUR GOD.*



### The Infinity of God.

'Too wonderful for me.'—Ps. cxxxix. 6.

HOLY and Infinite! Viewless, Eternal!  
Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,  
None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,  
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and Infinite! limitless, boundless  
All Thy perfections, and power, and praise!  
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless  
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

King of Eternity! what revelation  
Could the created and finite sustain,  
But for Thy marvellous manifestation,  
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,  
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;  
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,  
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,  
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud?  
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,  
Holy and Infinite! Father and God!

## The Spirituality of God.

'God is a Spirit.'—JOHN iv. 24.

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,  
Thy being and Thine essence pure?  
Too bright the very mystery  
For mortal vision to endure.

We only know Thy word sublime,  
Thou art a Spirit! Perfect! One!  
Unlimited by space or time,  
Unknown but through the eternal Son.

By change untouched, by thought untraced,  
And by created eye unseen,  
In *Thy great Present* is embraced  
All that shall be, all that hath been.

O Father of our spirits, now  
We seek Thee in our Saviour's face;  
In truth and spirit we would bow,  
And worship where we cannot trace.

## The Eternity of God.

'The King eternal, immortal, invisible.'—I TIM. i. 17.

KING Eternal and Immortal!  
We, the children of an hour,  
Bend in lowly adoration,  
Rise in raptured admiration,  
At the whisper of Thy power.

Myriad ages in Thy sight  
Are but as the fleeting day;  
Like a vision of the night,  
Worlds may rise and pass away.

All Thy glories are eternal,  
None shall ever pass away;  
Truth and mercy all victorious,  
Righteousness and love all glorious,  
Shine with everlasting ray:  
All resplendent, ere the light  
Bade primeval darkness flee;  
All transcendent, through the flight  
Of eternities to be.

Thou art God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting art!  
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,  
Dimly guessed by angel sages,  
Ere the beat of seraph-heart;  
Thou, Jehovah, art the same,  
And Thy years shall have no end  
Changeless nature, changeless name,  
Ever Father, God, and Friend!

### The Sovereignty of God.

'Be still, and know that I am God,'—Ps. xlv. 10.

God Almighty! King of nations! earth Thy footstool,  
heaven Thy throne!  
Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Thine the kingdom,  
Lord, alone!

Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy will  
ordaineth all,  
From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen insect's  
fall.

Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling myriad worlds  
of light ;  
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy hand of  
might !  
Working all things by Thy power, by the counsel of Thy  
will,  
Thou art God ! enough to know it, and to hear Thy  
word : ' Be still ! '

In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children bow and  
praise,  
For we know that kind and loving, just and true, are all  
Thy ways.  
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy and Thine arm of  
sovereign might,  
For our great and strong salvation, in Thy sovereign grace  
unite.

### The Essential Blessedness of God.

' Dwelling in the light. '—1 TIM. vi. 16.

O GLORIOUS God and King,  
O gracious Father, hear  
The praise our hearts would bring  
To Thee, who, ever near,  
Yet in eternity dost dwell,  
Immortal and invisible.

Around Thee all is light,  
And rest of perfect love,  
And glory full and bright,  
All human thought above :  
Thyself the Fountain infinite  
Of all ineffable delight.

O depth of holy bliss,  
Essential and Divine !  
What thought can measure this,—  
*Thy* joy, *Thy* glory,—Thine !  
Yet such our treasure evermore,  
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

O Father, Thy great grace  
We magnify and praise ;  
Called to that blessed place,  
With Thee through endless days  
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,  
Thy glory all unveiled to see !

### Thine is the Power.

OUR Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,  
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might ;  
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,  
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found :  
Our Refuge, our Helper in conflict and woe,  
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know  
That Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,  
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name,  
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world,  
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;  
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,  
We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou wilt,  
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we long for the glorious day  
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.  
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh show forth Thy might,  
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.  
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,  
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,  
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,  
For full acquiescence is heaven begun ;—  
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,  
In word and in action, in spirit and thought ;  
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,  
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,  
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thou carest ; Thou knowest indeed  
Our inmost desires, our manifold need ;  
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,  
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply ;  
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,  
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,  
And Thine is the Power !

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,  
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast ;  
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,  
That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive ;  
The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray,  
For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way,  
And Thine is the Power !

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,  
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name ;  
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,  
But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;  
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide ;  
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,  
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,  
From evil without and from evil within,  
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong,  
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong ;  
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,  
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,  
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,  
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !  
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the might,  
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;  
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,  
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,  
For Thine is the Power !



*GUR SAVIOUR.*

"



### The One Reality.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies drifted,  
Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,  
Shadowless shadows where warm lives were sought,  
Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted  
On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-drifted !  
What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,  
To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,  
From which the real and restful is out-sifted !  
Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove  
Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,  
The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,  
Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrollèd tree,  
And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,  
The Son of God, who gave Himself for me.

### To Thee.

'Lord, to whom shall we go?'—JOHN vi. 68.

I BRING my sins to Thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That all may cleansèd be  
In Thy once opened Fount.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read ;  
A faithless, wandering thing,  
An evil heart indeed.  
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,  
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,  
The care I cannot flee ;  
Thou wilt not only share,  
But bear it all for me.  
O loving Saviour, now to Thee  
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,  
The grief I cannot tell ;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well.  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys Thy love hath given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,  
I would not be my own ;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine ever, Thine alone.  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my King !

## Confidence.

(IMPROMPTU ON THE ROAD TO WARWICK.)

I.

IN Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,  
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest!  
No earthly friend, no brother knows  
My weariness, my wants, my woes.

On Thee I call,  
Who knowest all.

O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,  
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

II.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,  
With lip and life I long to bless.  
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,  
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power  
In darkest night,  
In fiercest fight.

With lip and life I long to bless  
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

## **I could not do without Thee.**

I COULD not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost!  
Whose precious blood redeemed me,  
At such tremendous cost.

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea !

I could not do without Thee !  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own.  
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,  
Art all in all to me ;  
And weakness will be power,  
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee !  
For oh ! the way is long,  
And I am often weary,  
And sigh replaces song.  
How *could* I do without Thee ?  
I do not know the way ;  
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,  
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear !  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near.  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee !

I could not do without Thee !  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange deep longings,  
Interpreting its need.  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe and hush and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine !

I could not do without Thee !  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon, in solemn loneliness,  
The river must be passed.  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And, though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, 'It is I.'

'Jesus only.'

MATT. xvii. 8.

I.

'JESUS only !' In the shadow  
Of the cloud so chill and dim,  
We are clinging, loving, trusting,  
He with us, and we with Him ;  
All unseen, though ever nigh,  
'Jesus only'—all our cry.

## II.

‘Jesus only!’ In the glory,  
 When the shadows all are flown,  
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,  
 Satisfied with Him alone ;  
 May we join His ransomed throng,  
 ‘Jesus only’—all our song!

## Is it for me?

‘O Thou whom my soul loveth.’—CANT. i. 7.

Is it for me, dear Saviour,  
 Thy glory and Thy rest?  
 For me, so weak and sinful,  
 Oh, shall I thus be blessed?  
 Is it for me to see Thee  
 In all Thy glorious grace,  
 And gaze in endless rapture  
 On Thy belovèd Face?

Is it for me to listen  
 To Thy belovèd Voice,  
 And hear its sweetest music  
 Bid even me rejoice?

Is it for me, Thy welcome,  
 Thy gracious ‘Enter in’?  
 For me, Thy ‘Come, ye blessed!’  
 For me, so full of sin?

O Saviour, precious Saviour,  
My heart is at Thy feet ;  
I bless Thee and I love Thee,  
And Thee I long to meet.  
A thrill of solemn gladness  
Has hushed my very heart,  
To think that I shall really  
Behold Thee as Thou art ;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,  
Behold Thee face to face ;  
Behold Thee in Thy glory,  
And reap Thy smile of grace ;  
And be with Thee for ever,  
And never grieve Thee more !  
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,  
And lovingly adore.

### Hidden in Light.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,  
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,  
And smile for joy. We say, 'How fair they are,  
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and bright !'  
But when the sun draws near in westering might,  
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze  
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze  
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.  
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness ! that we,  
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,

So overflowed with love and light may be,  
 So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,  
 That not our light, but Thine, the world may see,  
 New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

### He is thy Lord.

‘So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty ; for He is thy Lord, and  
 worship thou Him.’—Ps. xlv. 11.

JESUS, belovèd Master, art Thou near?  
 My heart goes forth to Thee! Thy precious Word  
 Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch  
 Of living light, all through my silent soul.

I had not looked for it. I was too tired  
 For earnest search, and could not rise above  
 A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil  
 Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes.  
 But as I lay and waited for the sleep  
 That had been asked, the Book beside my hand  
 • Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.  
 Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance  
 That fell upon the unsought word of power:  
 ‘*He is thy Lord!*’ So simple, yet so strong,  
 So all-embracing! oh, it was enough  
 To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

‘*He is thy Lord!*’ Thyself, O Saviour dear,  
 And not another. Whom have I but Thee  
 In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire?  
 For Thou hast said, ‘*So shall the King desire thee!*’

And well may I respond in wondering love,  
'Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee.'

'*He is thy Lord!*' So certainly! I know  
My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,  
Because Thine all-compelling love and grace  
Have won the citadel which else had stood  
Defiant, till God's wrath had laid it low.  
So certainly! a fact which cannot change  
Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

'*He is THY Lord!*' Oh, mine! though other lords  
Have had dominion, now I know Thy name,  
And its great music is the only key  
To which my soul vibrates in full accord,  
Blending with other notes but as they blend  
With this. Oh, mine! But dare I say it, I,  
Who fail and wander, mourning oftentimes  
Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string?  
It would be greater daring to deny,  
To say, 'Not mine,' when Thou hast proved to me  
That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

'*He is thy LORD!*' Oh, I am glad of this,  
So glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King!  
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme  
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,  
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.  
So glad,—because it is such rest to know  
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,  
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.

For though so much I cannot understand,  
 And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,  
 Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord !  
 And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause  
 To look beyond to all the coming joy  
 And glory of Thy full and visible reign :  
 Thou reignest now—‘ *He is thy Lord !* ’ to-day !

‘ *My Lord !* ’ My heart hath said it joyfully.  
 Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart ?  
 ’T is comfort to remember that we have  
 No will or power to think one holy thought,  
 And thereby estimate His power in us,—  
 ‘ *No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,  
 But by the Holy Ghost.* ’ Then it must be  
 That all the sweetness of the word, ‘ Thy Lord,’  
 And all the long glad echoes that it woke,  
 Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal  
 Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

‘ *My Lord, my God !* ’ Thou hearest, blessed Lord,  
 Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend  
 At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here !  
 ‘ If Thou wert here ? ’ But surely Thou *art* here,  
 And I believe it, though I cannot see.  
 I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,  
 Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet  
 Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength  
 To work for Thee with single heart and eye.

## Our King.

‘Worship thou Him.’—Ps. xlv. 11.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love ;  
O Name of might and favour,  
All other names above !  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King !

O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought !  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King !

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine ;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine :  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King !

Oh, grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration,  
 And everlasting love :  
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee,  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
 And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our King !

### Ascension Song.

'He ascended up on high,'—EPH. iv. 8.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,  
 Angel voices ring,  
 Pearly gates are opened—  
 Opened for the King ;  
 Christ, the King of Glory,  
 Jesus, King of Love,  
 Is gone up in triumph  
 To His throne above.  
 All His work is ended,  
 Joyfully we sing,  
 Jesus hath ascended !  
 Glory to our King !

He who came to save us,  
 He who bled and died,  
 Now is crowned with glory  
 At His Father's side.  
 Never more to suffer,  
 Never more to die

Jesus, King of Glory,  
Is gone up on high.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing,  
Jesus hath ascended !  
Glory to our King !

Praying for His children,  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace ;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you ;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing,  
Jesus hath ascended !  
Glory to our King !

### Advent Song.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour !  
Thou art coming, O my King !  
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
In Thy glory all-transcendent ;  
Well may we rejoice and sing !  
Coming ! in the opening east,  
Herald brightness slowly swells ;  
Coming ! O my glorious Priest,  
Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming !  
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
All our hearts could never say !  
What an anthem that will be,  
Ringing out our love to Thee,  
Pouring out our rapture sweet  
At Thine own all-glorious feet !

Thou art coming ! Rays of glory,  
Through the veil Thy death has rent,  
Touch the mountain and the river  
With a golden glowing quiver,  
Thrill of light and music blent.  
Earth is brightened when this gleam  
Falls on flower and rock and stream ;  
Life is brightened when this ray  
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,  
Not a mist and not a tear,  
Not a sin and not a sorrow,  
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,  
For that sunrise grand and clear !  
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,  
Nothing else seems worth a thought !  
Oh, how marvellous will be  
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

Thou art coming ! At Thy table  
We are witnesses for this,

While remembering hearts Thou meetest,  
In communion clearest, sweetest,  
Earnest of our coming bliss.  
Showing not Thy death alone,  
And Thy love exceeding great,  
But Thy coming and Thy throne,  
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming ! We are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail ;  
Asking not the day or hour,  
Resting on Thy word of power  
Anchored safe within the veil.  
Time appointed may be long,  
But the vision must be sure :  
Certainty shall make us strong,  
Joyful patience can endure !

Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Thee, my own belovèd Lord !  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
Brought to Thee with glad accord !  
Thee, my Master and my Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned !  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned !



*OUR WORK.*

'Workers together with Him.'—2 COR. vi. 1.

'Serve the Lord with gladness : come before His presence with singing.'—Ps. c. 2.



## Have You not a Word for Jesus?

'O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'—Ps. li. 15.

HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim!  
HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?  
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true;

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,

Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we cannot speak for Thee'?

'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because He  
loved you so !  
'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet white  
as snow!  
'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your freely  
promised aid!  
'Cannot!' though HE stands beside you, though HE says,  
'Be not afraid!'

Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while  
ye are dumb,  
Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them  
'come';  
Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the  
door,  
Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for ever-  
more.  
Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemèd ones to  
bring,  
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King,  
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to  
share,  
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to  
dare?

What shall be our word for Jesus? Master, give it day  
by day;  
Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to  
say.  
Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility,  
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of  
Thee;

Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning,  
make us wise,  
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast called us,  
we will rise!  
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving  
word;  
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message  
always heard!

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be  
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious  
'Come to Me.'

Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love,  
would lay  
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at Thy blessèd feet  
to-day.  
Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat, many a  
fear,  
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is  
always near.

Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless  
shame,  
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for  
Thee,  
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would  
henceforth be:  
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall  
wave above,  
With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name  
of Love.

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,  
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening  
‘little while.’

Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here  
accept and own,

And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on  
Thy throne.

### A Worker's Prayer.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

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

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

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart ;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

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

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

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just *as* Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where* ;  
 Until Thy blessèd Face I see,  
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

### Our Commission.

'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.'—REV. xxii. 17.

YE who hear the blessèd call  
 Of the Spirit and the Bride,  
 Hear the Master's word to all,  
 Your commission and your guide—  
 'And let him that heareth say,  
 Come,' to all yet far away.

'Come!' alike to age and youth ;  
 Tell them of our Friend above,  
 Of His beauty and His truth,  
 Preciousness and grace and love ;  
 Tell them what you know is true,  
 Tell them what He is to you.

'Come!' to those who never heard  
Why the Saviour's blood was shed ;  
Bear to them the message-word  
That can quicken from the dead ;  
Tell them Jesus 'died for all,'  
Tell them of His loving call.

'Come!' to those who do not care  
For the Saviour's precious death,  
Having not a thought to spare  
For the gracious words He saith :  
Ere the shadows gather deep,  
Rouse them from their fatal sleep.

'Come!' to those who, while they hear,  
Linger, hardly knowing why ;  
Tell them that the Lord is near,  
Tell them Jesus passes by.  
Call them *now* ; oh, do not wait,  
Lest to-morrow be too late !

'Come!' to those who wander far,  
Seeking, never finding, rest ;  
Point them to the Morning Star ;  
Show them how they may be blest  
With the love that cannot cease,  
Joyful hope and perfect peace.

'Come!' to those who draw in vain  
From the broken cisterns here,  
Drinking but to thirst again ;  
Tell them of the fountain near.  
Living water, flowing still,  
Free for 'whosoever will.'

'Come!' to those who faint and groan  
Under some unuttered grief,  
Hearts that suffer all alone ;  
Try to bring them true relief.  
Tell them 'Jesus wept,' and He  
Still is full of sympathy.

'Come!' to those who feel their sin,  
Fearing to be lost at last,  
Mourning for the plague within,  
Mourning for transgressions past ;  
Tell them Jesus calls them in,  
Heavy laden with their sin.

Such as these are all around,  
Meeting, passing, every day ;  
Ye who know the joyful sound,  
Have ye not a word to say ?  
Ye who hear that blessed 'Come,'  
Sweet and clear, can ye be dumb ?

Brothers, sisters, do not wait,  
Speak for Him who speaks to you !  
Wherefore should you hesitate ?  
This is no great thing to do.  
Jesus only bids you say,  
'Come!' and will you not obey ?

Lord! to Thy command we bow,  
Touch our lips with altar fire ;  
Let Thy Spirit kindle now  
Faith and zeal, and strong desire ;  
So that henceforth we may be  
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee.

### Singing for Jesus.

'With my song will I praise Him.'—Ps. xxviii. 7.

SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,  
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love ;  
All adoration we joyously bring,  
Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,  
Telling His love and His marvellous grace,  
Love from eternity, love without end,  
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win  
Many to love Him, and join in the song ;  
Calling the weary and wandering in,  
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;  
Singing for Him as we press to the mark ;  
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,  
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,  
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives ;  
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,  
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy !  
*Thus* will we praise Him and tell out His love,  
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,  
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

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A Silence and a Song.

I AM alone, dear Master—  
Alone in heart with Thee !  
Though merry faces round me  
And loving looks I see.

There's a hush among the blithe ones,  
While a pleasant voice is heard,  
A truce to all the tournament  
Of flashing wit and word.

And in that truce of silence,  
I lay aside my lance,  
And through the light and music send  
One happy upward glance.

I know not what the song may be,  
The words I cannot hear ;  
'T is but a gentle melody,  
All simple, soft, and clear.

But the sweetness and the quiet  
Have set my spirit free,  
And I turn in loving gladness,  
Dear Master, now to Thee.

I know I love Thee better  
Than any earthly joy,  
For Thou hast given me the peace  
Which nothing can destroy.

I know that Thou art nearer still  
Than all this merry throng,  
And sweeter is the thought of Thee  
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,  
Then well may I be glad !  
Without the secret of Thy love,  
I could not but be sad.

I bless Thee for these pleasant hours  
With sunny-hearted friends,  
But more for this sweet moment's calm  
Thy loving-kindness sends.

O Master, gracious Master,  
What will Thy presence be,  
If such a thrill of joy can crown  
One upward look to Thee ?

'Tis ending now, that gentle song,  
And they will call for me ;  
They know the music I love best,—  
My song shall be for Thee !

For Thee, who hast so lovèd us,  
And whom, not having seen,  
We love ; on whom in all our joy,  
As in our grief, we lean.

Be near me still, and tune my notes,  
 And make them sweet and strong,  
 To waft Thy words to many a heart  
 Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,  
 For my very heart shall sing,  
 And it shall be Thy praise alone,  
 My glorious Lord and King.

### The Coming of the Healer.

'They came into the land of Gennesaret. And *when* the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased ; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment : and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.'—MATT. xiv. 34-36.

FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer, in gathering  
 storm and blast—

From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er waters  
 wild and vast,

HE came, the glorious Son of God, with healing, love,  
 and light,

To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in shadowy night.

Oh blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that gloomy  
 shore !

Where they who walked in darkness long, the Light of  
 Life adore.

Oh blessed coming to the land of Death's usurping sway ;  
 For where those shining footsteps fall, the shadows flee  
 away !

But *when* the Light had touched the hills by slumbering  
Galilee,  
The golden wave must roll afar towards the western  
sea :  
And *when* the men had knowledge of the Holy One of  
God,  
Then they sent out through all the land, and spread His  
fame abroad.

And *then* they brought the suffering ones, the lonely, or  
the dear,  
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far away, or  
near :  
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and earnestly  
besought  
That they might only touch the hem around His garment  
wrought.

He heard the prayer, and gave the will and strength to  
touch the hem ;  
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed from Him, and  
healèd them :  
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met the Saviour's  
power,  
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that accepted  
hour.

O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent away  
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art The Same to-day !  
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou art  
waiting still,  
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, 'whosoever will !'

We know Thee, blessed Saviour, who hast 'filled us with  
good things ;'

Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in Thy wings ;  
Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and life Divine ;  
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us 'arise and shine !'

Oh, let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, that we may now 'send  
out,'

And tell that Thou art come 'in all the country round  
about,'—

That Thou art waiting now to heal, that Thou art strong  
to save,

That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and triumphed  
o'er the grave.

Oh, make us fervent in the quest, that we may bring them  
in,

The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers from sin ;  
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them out for Thee,  
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healèd they may  
be.

Oh, pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of Thy grace,  
That we may plead with Thee to show the brightness of  
Thy face,

Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength and faith  
to such

As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem to touch.

And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that they may  
rise and bring

New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer and our King ;

Yea, let Thy saving health be known through all the earth  
abroad,  
So shall the people praise Thy Name, our Saviour and our  
God.

### Another for Christ.

ANOTHER called, another brought, dear Master, to Thy  
feet !  
Oh, where are words to tell the joy so wonderful and  
sweet !  
Oh, where are words to give Thee thanks that Thou indeed  
hast heard,  
That Thou hast proved and sealed anew Thy faithful  
promise-word !

We prayed so long, with fervent hope and patient faith,  
that she  
With all her early wealth of love might give herself to  
Thee ;  
Well knowing that our prayer must be the echo of Thy  
will,  
Itself the earnest and the pledge that Thou wilt all fulfil.

And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with the  
angel-throng,  
Who even now are pouring forth a new and joyful song,  
Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest thrill of  
praise,  
The happiest Alleluia-hymn that human heart can raise,

Oh, joy to know that Thou hast found Thy fair and weary  
dove,  
Rejoicing o'er the wanderer now, and resting in Thy love,  
That *Thou* art glad, that Thou hast seen the travail of Thy  
soul,  
Thy blessèd Name emblazoned on a new and living scroll !

O Master, blessèd Master, it is hard indeed to know  
That thousands round our daily path misunderstand Thee  
so !  
Despisèd and rejected yet, no beauty they can see,  
O King of glory and of grace, belovèd Lord, in Thee !

Not even as a lovely song of pleasant voice appears  
The story of Thy wondrous love in dull and drowsy ears ;  
'T is nothing to the passers-by, who coldly turn aside,  
That Thou hast poured Thy precious blood, that Thou  
wast crucified.

O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy power and  
grace,  
And take away the veil that hides the glory of Thy face !  
Oh, manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and love,  
And let Thy Name be blessed and praised all other names  
above.

Oh, vindicate Thyself, and show how perfect are Thy  
ways,  
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and mortal gaze ;  
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of darkening evil  
fall,  
Thou Altogether Lovely One, Thou glorious All-in-all !

Yet conquering Thy word goes forth on all-triumphant  
way!

'Ye *shall* be gathered one by one,' 't is true afresh to-day!  
And so we hush the yearning cry, 'How long, O Lord,  
how long?'

A sweet new token Thou hast given to change it into song.

So once again we praise Thee, with Thy holy ones above,  
Because another heart has seen Thy great and mighty  
love;

Another heart will own Thee Lord, and worship Thee as  
King,

And grateful love and glowing praise and willing service  
bring.

Another voice to 'tell it out' what great things Thou hast  
done,

Another life to live for Thee, another witness won,  
Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side enrolled,  
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of love untold!

### 'How Wonderful!'

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,  
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,  
With blessing more than I had asked or thought—  
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.  
I stood amazed, and whispered, 'Can it be  
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?  
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!  
How wonderful that He hath answered me!'

O faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear  
 And answer Thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard  
 And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?  
 Why marvel that Thy Lord hath kept His word?  
 More wonderful if He should fail to bless  
 Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

### Valiant for the Truth.

'Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered  
 unto the saints.'—JUDE 3.

UNFURL the Christian Standard! lift it manfully on high,  
 And rally where its shining folds wave out against the  
 sky!

Away with weak half-heartedness, with faithlessness and  
 fear!

Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow with a cheer!

In God's own name we set it up, this banner brave and  
 bright,

Uplifted for the cause of Christ, the cause of Truth and  
 Right;

The cause that none can overthrow, the cause that must  
 prevail,

Because the promise of the Lord can never, never fail!

Now, who is on the Lord's side, who? come, throng His  
 battle-field;

Be strong, and show that ye are men! come forth with  
 sword and shield!

What peace, while traitorous Evil stalks in false array of  
light ?

What peace, while enemies of Christ are gathering for the  
fight ?

Unfurl the Christian Standard, with firm and fearless  
hands !

For no pale flag of compromise with Error's legion bands,  
And no faint-hearted flag of truce with Mischief and with  
Wrong,

Should lead the soldiers of the Cross, the faithful and the  
strong.

Unfurl the Christian Standard, and follow through the  
strife

The noble army who have won the martyr's crown of life ;  
Our ancestors could die for Truth, could brave the deadly  
glow,

And shall we let the standard fall, and yield it to the foe ?

But if ye dare not hold it fast, yours only is the loss,  
For it *shall* be victorious, this Standard of the Cross !  
*It* shall not suffer, though ye rest beneath your sheltering  
trees,

And cast away the victor's crown for love of timid ease.

The Lord of Hosts, in whom alone our weakness shall be  
strong,

Shall lead us on to conquest with a mighty battle song ;  
And soon the warfare shall be past, the glorious triumph  
won,

The kingdoms of this world *shall* be the kingdoms of His  
Son !

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## A Plea for the Little Ones.

It was Easter Monday morning,  
A dull and showery day ;  
We were sorry for the children  
Who could not run and play.

I heard the sound of singing  
As I passed along the street—  
An unseen tiny chorus  
Of tiny voices sweet.

Beneath a sheltering doorway,  
Safe from the April weather  
Eight happy little singers  
Sat lovingly together,

Five crowding on the doorstep  
With arms entwined, and three  
On broken stool or baby chair,  
Close clustering knee to knee.

They sang about the 'happy land,'  
So very 'far away,'  
And happier faces never shone  
In any game of play.

And then they sang it all again,  
And gently rocked each other ;  
Then said the little leader,  
'Now let us sing another !'

‘Now *I* will say a hymn to you !’  
(Oh, the sixteen eyes were bright !)  
So I said them ‘Little Jessie,’  
As they listened with delight.

#### JESSIE’S FRIEND.

‘Little Jessie, darling pet,  
Do you want a Friend ?  
One who never will forget,  
Loving to the end ?  
One whom you can tell, when sad,  
Everything that grieves,  
One who loves to make you glad,  
One who never leaves ?

‘Such a loving Friend is ours,  
Near us all the day,  
Helping us in lesson-hours,  
Smiling on our play ;  
Keeping us from doing wrong,  
Guarding everywhere ;  
Listening to each happy song,  
And each little prayer.

‘Jessie, if you only knew  
What He is to me,  
Surely you would love Him too,  
You would “come and see.”

Come, and you will find it true,  
Happy you will be !  
Jesus says, and says to you,  
"Come, oh come, to Me."

---

'Now tell me who, if you can guess,  
Was little Jessie's Friend ?  
Who is the Friend that loves so much,  
And loveth to the end ?'

I would that you had seen the smile  
On every sunny face ;  
It made a palace of delight  
Out of that dismal place,

As, reverently yet joyously,  
They answered without fear,  
'It's Jesus !' That belovèd Name  
Had never seemed more dear.

And then we talked awhile of Him—  
They knew the story well ;  
His holy life, His precious death,  
Those rosy lips could tell.

All beautiful, and wonderful,  
And sweet and true it seemed,  
Such hold no fairy tale had gained  
That ever fancy dreamed.

So, to be good and kind all day  
These little children tried,  
Because they knew *He* was so good,  
Because *He* bled and died.

Blest knowledge! Oh, what human lore  
Can be compared with such!  
'Who taught you this, dear little ones?  
Where did you learn so much?'

Again the bright eyes cheerily  
Looked up from step and stool;  
They answered (mark the answer well!),  
'*We learnt it all at school!*'

At school, at school! And shall we take  
The Book of books away!  
Withhold it from the little ones?  
Leave them at will to stray—

Upon dark mountains, helplessly,  
Without the guiding light  
That God entrusts to *us*, until  
They perish in the night?

What was the world before that Book  
Went forth in glorious night?  
Availed the lore of Greece and Rome  
To chase its Stygian night?

We send the messengers of life  
To many a distant strand,

---

And shall we tie the tongues that teach  
The poor of our own land ?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,  
And not the Bread of Life ?  
And shall the Word of Peace become  
A centre of mad strife ?

Shall those who name the Name of Christ  
His own great gift withhold ?  
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,  
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold !

*Why* would ye have ' no Bible taught ' ?  
Is it for *fear* ? or shame ?  
Out, out upon such coward hearts,  
False to their Master's name !

If God be God, if truth be truth,  
If Christian men be men,  
Let them arise and fight the fight,  
Though it were one to ten !

With battle-cry of valiant faith,  
Let Britain's sons arise,—  
' Our children *shall* be taught the Word  
That only maketh wise !'

So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl  
Our banner bright and broad,  
The cause of His dear Word of Life,  
*Our* cause, the Cause of God.

**Tell it Out.**

'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,'—Ps. xcvi. 10.  
(*Prayer-Book Version.*)

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !  
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !  
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase ;  
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.  
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,  
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for ever-  
more !  
    Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !  
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their  
chains !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !  
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;  
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;  
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;  
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the  
grave.  
    Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !  
Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love !  
    Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home ;  
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam :  
 Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,  
 Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !  
     Tell it out, etc.

### Sisters.

OH ! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder might,  
 To startle the silken dreams of English women at ease,  
 Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth and  
     light  
 Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western  
     breeze !

Oh ! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest,  
 With the story of sisters' woes gathering day by day  
 Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),  
 Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the  
     stone away.

*Sisters !* Scorn not the name, for ye cannot alter the  
     fact !  
 Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing South shall be  
 Valid excuse above for the Priest's and Levite's act,  
 If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not  
     see ?

*Sisters !* Yea, and they lie, not by the side of the road,  
 But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and quiver-  
     ing throngs,

Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible  
load  
Of centuries, echoing groans, black with inherited  
wrongs.

Made like our own strange selves, with memory, mind,  
and will ;  
Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live for ever !  
*Sisters !* Is there no chord vibrating in musical thrill,  
At the fall of that gentle word, to issue in bright  
endeavour ?

*Sisters !* Ye who have known the Elder Brother's love,—  
Ye who have sat at His feet, and leant on His gracious  
breast,  
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own blest  
home above,  
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them to Him for  
rest ?

Is it too great a thing ? Will not *one* rise and go,  
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them down ?  
Seeking His lone and lost in the veiled abodes of woe,  
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His glorious  
crown !

### An Indian Flag.

THE golden gates were opening  
For another welcome guest ;  
For a ransomed heir of glory  
Was entering into rest :

The first in far Umritsur  
Who heard the joyful sound,  
The first who came to Jesus  
Within its gloomy bound.

The wonderers and the watchers  
Around his dying bed,  
Saw Christ's own fearless witness  
Safe through the valley led.

And they whose faithful sowing  
Had not been all in vain,  
Knew that the angels waited  
Their sheaf of ripened grain.

He spoke : ' Throughout the city  
How many a flag is raised  
Where loveless deities are owned,  
And powerless gods are praised !

' I give my house to Jesus,  
That it may always be  
A flag for Christ, the Son of God,  
Who gave Himself for me.'

And now in far Umritsur  
That flag is waving bright,  
Amid the heathen darkness,  
A clear and shining light.

A house where all may gather  
The words of peace to hear,

And seek the only Saviour  
Without restraint or fear ;

Where patient toil of teaching,  
And kindly deeds abound ;  
Where holy festivals are kept,  
And holy songs resound.

First convert of Umritsur,  
Well hast thou led the way ;  
Now, who will rise and follow ?  
Who dares to answer, ' Nay ' ?

O children of salvation !  
O dwellers in the light !  
Have ye no ' flag for Jesus,'  
Far-waving, fair, and bright ?

Will ye not band together,  
And, working hand in hand,  
Set up a ' flag for Jesus,'  
In that wide heathen land ?

In many an Indian city,  
Oh, let a standard wave,  
Our gift of love and honour,  
To Him who came to save ;

To Him beneath whose banner  
Of wondrous love we rest ;  
Our Friend, the Friend of sinners,  
The Greatest and the Best.

### The Lull of Eternity.<sup>1</sup>

MANY a voice has echoed the cry for 'a lull in life,'  
Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the strife.  
Is it the wisest longing? is it the truest gain?  
Is not the Master withholding possible loss and pain?

Perhaps if He sent the lull, we might fail of our heart's  
desire!

Swift and sharp the concussion striking out living fire,  
Mighty and long the friction resulting in living glow,  
Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful in flow.

What if the blast should falter, what if the fire be stilled,  
What if the molten metal cool ere the mould be filled?  
What if the hands hang down when a work is almost  
done?

What if the sword be dropped when a battle is almost  
won?

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind drives  
the skiff,

When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl or cliff.  
Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbidding repose,  
When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid Alpine  
snows.

The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in lonely night,  
But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full calm light;

<sup>1</sup> Sequel to 'A Lull in Life.' See *The Ministry of Song*, p. 199  
(Pocket Edition).

The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep and cold,  
But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a thousand-  
fold.

*Here*, it is 'calling apart,' and the place may be desert  
indeed,  
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our busy need ;  
*There !*—why should I say it? hath not the heart leapt up,  
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full cup?

Still shall the key-word, ringing, echo the same sweet  
'*Come !*'  
'Come' with the blessèd myriads safe in the Father's  
home ;  
'Come'—for the work is over ; 'come'—for the feast is  
spread ;  
'Come'—for the crown of glory waits for the weary head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in hope is  
past,  
The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last.  
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,  
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away.

Time with its pressure of moments, mocking us as they fell  
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour the knell  
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed away,  
Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of time or  
place,  
Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite space ;

Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,  
Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly joy.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek and to  
know

Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can show ;  
Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,  
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace  
above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's will,  
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is far off  
still ?

Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear  
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it may be,  
near ?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday glare  
and heat

Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and  
sweet ?

What though 'a lull in life' may never be made for  
thee ?

Soon shall a 'better thing' be thine, the Lull of Eternity !

### The Sowers.

In the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at even-  
ing hour,

Never asking which shall prosper—both may yield thee  
fruit and flower :

Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest ; though thy grain be  
small and bare,  
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest full and  
fair ;  
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from thy yearning  
sight,  
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripening in celestial  
light ;  
Ever springing, ever ripening ;—not alone in earthly soil,  
Not alone among the shadows, where the weary workers  
toil ;  
Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of the reaping-  
time begun ;  
But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Uncreated Sun,  
First the *fulness* of the blessing shall the faithful labourer  
see,  
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark their tiny  
grain,  
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness or  
in pain ;  
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from un-  
seen things,  
Where the golden sheaves are bending and the harvest  
anthem rings.

## I.

'Such as I have I sow, it is not much,'  
Said one who loved the Master of the field ;  
'Only a quiet word, a gentle touch  
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield

No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak  
For Him who knows the heart, so loving, yet so weak.'

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,  
Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell  
On soil prepared, which she would never know  
Until the tender blade sprang up, to tell  
That not in vain her labour had been spent ;  
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.

## II.

'I had much seed to sow,' said one ; 'I planned  
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring  
And water it with care. But now the hand  
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring,  
Is laid upon His labourer, and I wait,  
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

'Now I have nothing, only day by day  
Grace to sustain me till the day is done ;  
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way  
Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One ;  
And some strange things to learn, unlearnt before,  
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.'

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,  
Forth floated wingèd seeds of thought and prayer ;  
These, reaching many a desert place to bloom,  
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear ;  
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,  
To fall again with showers of blessing from on high.

## III.

‘What can I sow?’ thought one, to whom God gave  
 Sweet notes and skilful fingers. ‘Can my song  
 Be cast upon the waters, as they lave  
 My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,  
 Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud?  
 Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee, my God?’

He sang, and all were hushed. Oh, sweeter fall  
 The notes that pour from fervent fount of love,  
 Than studied flow of sweetest madrigal!  
 He sang of One who listened from above,  
 He cast the song at His belovèd feet;—  
 Some said, ‘How strange!’ And others felt, ‘How  
 sweet!’

## IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,  
 And powerful hand both full and faithful found,  
 And cast God’s own imperishable seed  
 Upon the darkly heaving waste around:  
 Yet oft in weariness, and oft in woe,  
 Did that good sower store, and then go forth to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebbèd and flowèd,  
 Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea;  
 He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed:  
 ‘Not void shall it return,’ said God, ‘to Me!’  
 The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,  
 A singing reaper’s hand shall fill with sheaves one day.

## V.

Another watched the sowers longingly,  
‘I cannot sow such seed as they,’ he said ;  
‘No shining grain of thought is given to me,  
No fiery words of power bravely sped :  
Will others give me of their bounteous store ?  
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.’

So by the wayside he went forth to sow  
The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,  
With glad humility ; content to know  
The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,  
The message placed in stranger hands, were all  
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrow’s fall.

## VI.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,  
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living Spring  
Before the thirst of earth was felt ; who knew  
The children’s Saviour, and the children’s King,  
Said, ‘What can I sow, mother ?’ ‘Darling boy,  
Show all how glad He makes you ; scatter love and joy !

That sparkling seed he took in his small hand,  
And dropped it tenderly beside the flow  
Of sorrows that he could not understand,  
And cast it lovingly upon the snow  
That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously  
Upon the dancing waves of playmates’ thoughtless glee.

## VII.

‘What seed have I to sow?’ said one. ‘I lie  
 In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low;  
 The silent days and silent nights pass by  
 In monotone of dimness. Could I throw  
 Into the nearest furrow one small seed,  
 It would be life again, a blessed life indeed!’

And so she lay through lingering month and year,  
 No word for Him to speak, no work to do;  
 Only to suffer and be still, and hear  
 That yet the Golden Gate was not in view;  
 While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,  
 Must leave the whitening plain, where others now would  
 reap.

---

Such the sowing; what the reaping? Many a full and  
 precious ear  
 Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the patient sowers  
 cheer.  
 Not without some gracious witness of God’s faithfulness  
 and love  
 Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the harvest-home  
 above;  
 Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet, found, though  
 after many days,  
 Quickening energy and courage, brightening hope and  
 wakening praise.

Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under foot, and left  
to die,  
Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by human eye ;  
Many a worker meekly saying, ' Lord, how thankful will I  
be,  
If but one among a thousand may bring forth good fruit  
to Thee !'

---

One by one, no longer  
Gently bid to wait ;  
One by one, they entered  
Through the Golden Gate.

One by one they fell adoring  
At the Master's feet,  
Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,  
' Enter thou !' each full heart filling,  
All its need for ever stilling—  
All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious,  
Life with Him, eternal life,—  
Erst bestowed amid the weeping,  
And the weary vigil-keeping,  
And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,  
First in all its fulness known,  
Dower of glory all transcendent,  
Everlasting and resplendent,  
Is their own !

All their own, through Him who loved them,  
And redeemed them unto God!  
New and living revelation  
Of the marvels of salvation,  
Wakes new depths of adoration,  
New and burning laud.

Now they see their gracious Master,  
See Him face to face!  
Now they know the great transition  
From the veiled to veil-less vision,  
In that bright and blessed place.

What a change has passed upon them!  
Made like Him, the Perfect One,—  
Made like Him whose joy they enter,  
Him, the only Crown and Centre  
Of the endless bliss begun.

---

But Eternity is long,  
And its joys are manifold!  
Though the service of its song  
Never falters or grows cold,  
Though the billows of its praise  
Never die upon the shore,  
Though the blessed harpers raise  
Alleluias evermore,  
Though the eye grows never dim  
Gazing on that mighty Sun,  
Ever finding all in Him,  
Every joy complete in one ;—

Yet THE INFINITE is He,  
In His Wisdom and His Might ;  
And it needs eternity  
To reveal His Love and Light  
To the finite and created !  
Archangelic mind and heart  
Never with His bliss was sated,  
Never knew the thousandth part  
Of the all-mysterious rays  
Flowing from Essential Light,  
Hiding in approachless blaze  
God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy  
Opening to His children's view ;  
Infinite their varied treasure,  
Meted not by mortal measure—  
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,  
Through Eternity's great leisure,  
Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessèd sowers' gladness  
In the free and royal grace  
Should be crowned with added glory,  
Woven with their earthly story,  
Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise ! for every service  
Overflowing their reward !  
No more sowing, no more weeping,  
Only grand and glorious reaping,  
All the blessing of their Lord.

## I.

She who timidly had scattered  
Trembling line or whispered word,  
Till the holy work grew dearer,  
And the sacred courage clearer,  
Now her Master's own voice heard.

Calling shining throngs around her,  
All her own fair harvest found ;  
Then, her humble name confessing,  
With His radiant smile of blessing,  
All her dower of gladness crowned.

## II.

'Welcome thou, whose heavenly message  
Came with quickening power to me !  
O most welcome to the portals  
Of this home of bright immortals,  
I have waited long for thee !'

'Who art thou? I never saw thee  
In my pilgrimage below,'  
Said he, marvelling. 'I will show thee,'  
Answered he, 'the love I owe thee,  
Full and fervent, for I know thee  
By the starlight on thy brow.

'Words that issued from thy chamber  
Turned my darkness into light ;

Guided footsteps, weak and weary,  
Through the desert wild and dreary,  
Through the valley of the night.

'Come ! for many another waits thee !  
All unfolded thou shalt see,  
Through the ecstatic revelation  
Of their endless exultation,  
What our God hath wrought by thee.'

## III.

Hark ! a voice all joy-inspiring  
Peals adown the golden floor,  
Leading on a white-robed chorus,  
Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous  
As the many waters' roar.

He who sang for Jesus heard it !  
'T is the echo of thy song !'  
Said the leader. 'As we listened,  
Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,  
And we learned to love and long—

'Till the longing and the loving  
Soared to Him of whom you sang ;  
Till our Alleluia, swelling,  
Through the glory all-excelling,  
Up the jasper arches rang.'

## IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,  
Like a star of purest flame,

Shining with exceeding brightness,  
Robed in snowy-glistering whiteness,  
Now a singing reaper came ;

Came with fulness of rejoicing  
That belovèd smile to meet :  
' Master, lo, I come with singing,  
Myriad sheaves of glory bringing  
To Thy dear and blessèd feet.'

Followed o'er the golden crystal  
Glittering hosts with crown and palm ;  
Joining him whose voice had taught them,  
To the praise of Him who bought them,  
In a new and rapturous psalm.

## v.

He who humbly watched the sowers,  
Watched the reapers of the Lord ;  
Sharing all their jubilation,  
Hailing every coronation,  
Gladdened by their great reward.

' Seed of others long I scattered,  
Now their harvest joy is mine,  
Kindling holy contemplation  
Into glowing adoration,  
Into ecstasy divine.'

So he chanted. But the Master  
Beckoned through the shining throng ;

While the praises of the choir  
Rose into that silence, higher  
Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken  
Of his faithful service done,  
By the Voice that thrills all heaven ;  
And mysterious rule was given  
To that meek and marvelling one.

## VI.

Found the little child rich harvest  
From his tiny seed of love ;  
Little footsteps followed surely  
In the footprints marked so purely,  
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners  
Felt the solace of his smile ;  
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,  
Battled on with courage brighter,  
Through the lessening ' little while,'

Till they too had joined the mansions  
Where the weary are at rest.  
Could that little one forget them ?  
Oh, how joyously he met them  
In this dear home safe and blest !

And the Saviour, who had called him,  
Smiled upon His little one ;

On his brow, so fair and tender,  
Set a crown of heavenly splendour,  
With the gracious word, 'Well done!'

## VII.

Yet again a wondrous anthem  
Rang across the crystal sea ;  
Harps and voices all harmonious,  
Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,  
Meet for heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,  
Ever swelling that great song,  
Till a mighty chorus thundered,  
Till the listening seraphs wondered,  
As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,  
Bearing one upon their wings,  
With their waving palms victorious,  
To the presence-chamber glorious  
Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,  
Fell upon her ravished ear—  
'Lo, *thy* harvest song ascending !  
Lo, *thy* golden sheaves are bending  
Full and precious, round thee here !'

'Nay,' she said, 'I have no harvest,  
For I had no power to sow ;

Burdening others, daily dying,  
Year by year in weakness lying,  
Still and silent, lone and low.'

Then a flash of sudden glory  
Lit her long life-mystery ;  
By that heavenly intuition  
All the secret of her mission  
Shone, revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials  
Of her hidden life had shed  
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,  
Calmness on the darkling billow,  
Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,  
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !  
While His cup of suffering sharing,  
All His will so meekly bearing,  
He was gloriously preparing  
This for her, and her for this !

---

He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in sorrow  
bringing,  
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless shall return  
with singing.



## *OUR BLESSINGS.*

**'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.'—EPH. i. 3.**



## Everlasting Blessings.

'I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever.'—  
ECCLES. iii. 14.

OH, what everlasting blessings God outpoureth on His  
own !

Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken from the eternal  
throne ;

Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had place ;

Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and royal  
grace.

With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He shall bless

With the largess of Messiah, everlasting righteousness ;

Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous dealings  
prove ;

Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlasting love.

In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting strength have  
we ;

He Himself our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting Light shall  
be ;

Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The Life laid  
down ;

And our heads, oft bowed and weary, everlasting joy  
shall crown.

We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when the shadows  
 flee away,  
 In the everlasting glory of the everlasting day.  
 Unto Thee, belovèd Saviour, everlasting thanks belong,  
 Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and song !

### Accepted.

'Accepted in the Beloved,'—EPH. i. 6. 'Perfect in Christ Jesus,'—  
 COL. i. 28. 'Complete in Him,'—COL. ii. 10.

ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,  
 For God's inheritance made meet !  
 How true, how glorious, and how sweet !

In the Belovèd—by the King  
 Accepted, though not anything  
 But forfeit lives had we to bring.

And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,  
 On Him our great trangressions laid,  
 We in His righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head,  
 With Jesus raised from the dead,  
 And by His mighty Spirit led !

O blessèd Lord, is this for me ?  
 Then let my whole life henceforth be  
 One Alleluia-song to Thee !

## Fresh Springs.

‘All my fresh springs shall be in Thee.’—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.  
(*Prayer-Book Version.*)

HEAR the Father’s ancient promise !  
 Listen, thirsty, weary one !  
 ‘I will pour My Holy Spirit  
 On Thy chosen seed, O Son.’  
 Promise to the Lord’s Anointed,  
 Gift of God to Him for thee !  
 Now, by covenant appointed,  
 All thy springs in Him shall be.

Springs of life in desert places  
 Shall thy God unseal for thee ;  
 Quickening and reviving graces,  
 Dew-like, healing, sweet and free.  
 Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,  
 When thy work is hard or long,  
 Courage, hope, and power bestowing,  
 Lightening labour with a song.

Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,  
 Thine uplifted eye shall see ;  
 Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,  
 Peace itself a victory.  
 Springs of comfort, strangely springing,  
 Through the bitter wells of woe ;  
 Founts of hidden gladness, bringing  
 Joy that earth can ne’er bestow.

Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,  
 To Thy risen Head assured !  
 Thine in full and gracious measure,  
 Thine by covenant secured !  
 Now arise ! His word possessing,  
 Claim the promise of the Lord ;  
 Plead through Christ for showers of blessing,  
 Till the Spirit be outpoured !

### Faithful Promises.

(NEW YEAR'S HYMN.)

ISA. xli. 10.

STANDING at the portal  
 Of the opening year,  
 Words of comfort meet us,  
 Hushing every fear.  
 Spoken through the silence  
 By our Father's voice,  
 Tender, strong, and faithful,  
 Making us rejoice.  
 Onward, then, and fear not,  
 Children of the Day !  
 For His word shall never,  
 Never pass away !

I, the Lord, am with thee,  
 Be thou not afraid !  
 I will help and strengthen,  
 Be thou not dismayed !  
 Yea, I will uphold thee  
 With My own Right Hand ;

Thou art called and chosen  
In my sight to stand.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the Day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

For the year before us,  
Oh, what rich supplies !  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise ;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound ;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the Day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake ;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break !  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear ?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the Day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

### The Faithful Comforter.

'The Holy Ghost—He is faithful.'—HEB. ix. 15, 23.

To Thee, O Comforter Divine,  
For all Thy grace and power benign,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful love had place  
In God's great Covenant of Grace,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win  
The wandering from the ways of sin,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,  
By every promise made our own,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,  
Our faithful Leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,  
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, who art with God the Son  
And God the Father ever One,  
Sing we Alleluia ! Amen !

## Under His Shadow.

(COMMUNION HYMN.)

'I sat down under His shadow with great delight.'—CANT. ii. 3.

SIT down beneath His shadow,  
And rest with great delight ;  
The faith that now beholds Him  
Is pledge of future sight.

Our Master's love remember,  
Exceeding great and free ;  
Lift up thy heart in gladness,  
For He remembers thee.

Bring every weary burden,  
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief ;  
He calls the heavy laden,  
And gives them kind relief.

His righteousness 'all glorious  
Thy festal robe shall be ;  
And love that passeth knowledge  
His banner over thee.

A little while, though parted,  
Remember, wait, and love,  
Until He comes in glory,  
Until we meet above ;

Till in the Father's kingdom  
 The heavenly feast is spread,  
 And we behold His beauty,  
 Whose blood for us was shed !

### Covenant Blessings.

'He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things,  
 and sure.'—2 SAM. xxiii. 5.

JEHOVAH'S Covenant shall endure,  
 All ordered, everlasting, sure !  
 O child of God, rejoice to trace  
 Thy portion in its glorious grace.

'T is thine, for Christ is given to be  
 The Covenant of God to thee :  
 In Him, God's golden scroll of light,  
 The darkest truths are clear and bright.

O sorrowing sinner, well He knew,  
 Ere time began, what He would do !  
 Then rest thy hope within the veil ;  
 His covenant mercies shall not fail.

O doubting one, the Eternal Three  
 Are pledged in faithfulness for thee ;  
 Claim every promise, sweet and sure,  
 By covenant oath of God secure.

O waiting one, each moment's fall  
 Is marked by love that planned them all ;  
 Thy times, all ordered by His hand,  
 In God's eternal covenant stand.

O feeble one, look up and see  
 Strong consolation sworn for thee ;  
 Jehovah's glorious arm is shown,  
 His covenant strength is all thine own.

O mourning one, each stroke of love  
 A covenant blessing yet shall prove ;  
 His covenant love shall be thy stay ;  
 His covenant grace be as thy day.

O Love that chose, O Love that died,  
 O Love that sealed and sanctified !  
 All glory, glory, glory be,  
 O covenant Triune God, to Thee !

### The Triune Presence.

(BIRTHDAY OR NEW YEAR'S HYMN.)

'Certainly I will be with thee.'—EX. iii. 12.

'CERTAINLY I will be with thee ! Father, I have found it  
 true :

To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my seal anew.  
 All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help  
 indeed hast been,  
 Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and hour hath  
 seen.

'Certainly I will be with thee !' Let me feel it, Saviour  
 dear,  
 Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious, very  
 near.

On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all longing  
still,  
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace my  
spirit fill.

‘Certainly I will be with thee!’ Blessèd Spirit, come to  
me,  
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy temple  
be ;  
Through the trackless year before me, Holy One, with me  
abide !  
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-present  
Guide.

‘Certainly I will be with thee!’ Starry promise in the  
night !  
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light.  
‘Certainly I will be with thee!’ He hath spoken : I have  
heard !  
True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah’s  
word.

*NOW AND AFTERWARD.*

'Nevertheless afterward.'—HEB. xii. 11.

'And afterward receive me to glory.'—Ps. lxxiii. 24.



**Now and Afterward.**

Now, the sowing and the weeping,  
Working hard and waiting long ;  
Afterward, the golden reaping,  
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;  
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !  
Afterward, the plenteous bearing  
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,  
Blind, faint gropings in the sea ;  
Afterward, the pearly guerdon  
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty  
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;  
Afterward, the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,  
Wailing minors, discord strong ;  
Afterward, the grand ascension  
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
 Wounded heart, unequal strife ;  
 Afterward, the triumph given,  
 And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,  
 Unexplained and tedious now ;  
 Afterward, the service holy,  
 And the Master's 'Enter thou !'

### 'Tempted and Tried !'

'TEMPTED and tried !'  
 Oh ! the terrible tide  
 May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide !  
 Yet its fury is vain,  
 For the Lord shall restrain ;  
 And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

'Tempted and tried !'  
 There is One at thy side,  
 And never in vain shall His children confide !  
 He shall save and defend,  
 For He loves to the end,  
 Adorable Master and glorious Friend !

'Tempted and tried !'  
 Whate'er may betide,  
 In His secret pavilion His children shall hide !  
 'Neath the shadowing wing  
 Of Eternity's King  
 His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

‘Tempted and tried!’  
 Yet the Lord shall abide  
 Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,  
 Thy Shield and thy Sword,  
 Thine exceeding Reward!  
 Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

‘Tempted and tried!’  
 The Saviour who died  
 Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.  
 His cross thou shalt bear,  
 And His crown thou shalt wear,  
 And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.

### Not Forsaken.

(Answer to an extremely beautiful but utterly melancholy sonnet,  
 entitled ‘Forsaken.’)

OH, not forsaken! God gives better things  
 Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest hour.  
 Love’s promises shall be fulfilled in power.  
 Not death, but life; not silence, but the strings  
 Of angel-harps; no deep, cold sea, but springs  
 Of living water; no dim, wearied sight,  
 Nor time- nor tear-mist, but the joy of light;  
 Not sleep, but rest that happy service brings;  
 And no forgotten name thy lot shall be  
 But God’s remembrance. Thou canst never drift  
 Beyond His love. Would I could reach thee where  
 The shadows droop so heavily, and lift  
 The cold weight from thy life!—And if I care  
 For one unknown, oh, how much more doth HE!

**Listening in Darkness—Speaking in Light.**

'What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.'—MATT. x. 27.

HE hath spoken in the darkness,  
In the silence of the night,  
Spoken sweetly of the Father,  
Words of life and love and light.  
Floating through the sombre stillness  
Came the loved and loving Voice,  
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,  
That His children might rejoice.  
What He tells thee in the darkness,  
Songs He giveth in the night—  
Rise and speak it in the morning,  
Rise and sing them in the light!

He hath spoken in the darkness,  
In the silence of thy grief,  
Sympathy so deep and tender,  
Mighty for thy heart relief;  
Speaking in thy night of sorrow  
Words of comfort and of calm,  
Gently on thy wounded spirit  
Pouring true and healing balm.  
What He tells thee in the darkness,  
Weary watcher for the day,  
Grateful lip and life should utter  
When the shadows flee away.

He is speaking in the darkness,  
Though thou canst not see His face,

More than angels ever needed,  
    Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.  
Speaking of the many mansions,  
    Where, in safe and holy rest,  
Thou shalt be with Him for ever,  
    Perfectly and always blest.  
What He tells thee in the darkness,  
    Whispers through Time's lonely night,  
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,  
    In the everlasting light !

### Evening Tears and Morning Songs.

Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning.<sup>7</sup>  
—Ps. xxx. 5 (*Margin*).

In the evening there is weeping,  
    Lengthening shadows, failing sight ;  
Silent darkness slowly creeping  
    Over all things dear and bright.

In the evening there is weeping,  
    Lasting all the twilight through ;  
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,  
    Wakening slumbers of the true.

In the morning cometh singing,  
    Cometh joy and cometh sight,  
When the sun ariseth, bringing  
    Healing on his wings of light.

In the morning cometh singing,  
 Songs that ne'er in silence end,  
 Angel minstrels ever bringing  
 Praises new with thine to blend.

Are the twilight shadows casting  
 Heavy glooms upon thy heart?  
 Soon in radiance everlasting  
 Night for ever shall depart.

Art thou weeping, sad and lonely,  
 Through the evening of thy days?  
 All thy sighing shall be only  
 Prelude of more perfect praise.

Darkest hour is nearest dawning,  
 Solemn herald of the day;  
 Singing cometh in the morning,  
 God shall wipe thy tears away!

### Peaceable Fruit.

' Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness,'

—HEB. xii. 11.

WHAT shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,  
 For this dark and suffering night?  
 Father, *what* shall Thine 'afterward' be?  
 Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,  
 And a new and joyous light?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,  
 For the moan that I cannot stay?  
 Shall it issue in some new song of praise,  
 Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,  
 When the night hath passed away?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,  
 For this helplessness of pain?  
 A clearer view of my home above,  
 Of my Father's strength and my Father's love?  
 Shall this be my lasting gain?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?  
 How long must Thy child endure?  
 Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!  
 Thine 'afterward' cometh, I cannot tell what,  
 But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord?  
 I wonder and wait to see,  
 (While to Thy chastening hand I bow,)  
 What 'peaceable fruit' may be ripening now,  
 Ripening fast for me!

## RIGHT!

### SCENE I.

THE summer sun was high and strong,  
 And dust was on the traveller's feet:  
 Oh, weary was the stage and long,  
 And burning was the early heat!

There was a pause. For Ernest stood  
Upon the borders of a wood.  
Between him and his home it lay,  
Stretching in mystery away :  
What might be there he could not tell  
Of briery steep, or mossy dell,  
Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,  
All hidden by the dim green shade.

He had not passed that way before,  
And wondering he waited now,  
While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,  
Soft whispered on from bough to bough.  
Oh, was it only wind and trees  
That made such gentle whisperings?  
Or was it some sweet spirit breeze  
That bore a message on its wings,  
And bid the traveller that day  
Go forward on his woodland way?

How should he know? He had no clue,  
And more than one fair opening lay  
Before him, where the broad boughs threw  
Cool, restful shade across the way.  
*Which* should he choose? He could not trace  
The onward track by vision keen ;  
The drooping branches interlace,  
Not far the winding paths are seen.  
Oh for a sign ! Were choice not right,  
Was no return, for well he knew  
The hours were short, and swift the night ;  
Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be  
As if it had not been at all ;  
We gaze, but never more can we  
Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.  
Oh, how we need from day to day  
A guiding Hand for all the way !  
Oh, how we need from hour to hour  
That faithful, ever-present Power !

Which should he choose? He pondered long,  
And with the sounds of bird and bee  
He blent an oft-repeated song,  
A soft and suppliant melody :

' Oh for a light from heaven,  
Clear and divine,  
Now on the paths before me  
Brightly to shine !  
Oh for a hand to beckon !  
Oh for a voice to say,  
" Follow in firm assurance—  
*This is the way !*"

' Listening to mingling voices,  
Seeking a guiding hand,  
Watching for light from heaven,  
Waiting I stand ;  
Onward and homeward pressing,  
Nothing my feet should stay,  
Might I but plainly hear it,—  
" This is the way ! "

Was it indeed an answer given,  
That whisper through the tree-tops o'er him?  
Was it indeed a light from heaven  
That fell upon the path before him?  
Or was it only that he met  
The wayward playing of the breeze,  
Parting the heavy boughs to let  
The sunshine fall among the trees?  
Again he listened—did it say,  
'This is the onward, homeward way?'  
Perhaps it did. He would not wait,  
But pressing towards a Mansion Gate  
That, yet unseen, all surely stood  
Beyond the untried, unknown wood,  
And trusting that his prayer was heard,  
Although he caught no answering word,  
And gazing on with calm, clear eye  
The straightest, surest path to spy  
(Not seeking out the smooth and bright,  
If he might only choose the right),  
With hopeful heart and manly tread,  
Into the forest depths he sped.

## SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of  
day;  
Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans o'er  
the ridge;  
Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,  
Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering bridge.

Under the shivering pine-trees, over the slippery stone,  
Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,  
Ernest the traveller passeth, storm-beaten, weary and lone,  
Only following faintly whither the path may lead.

Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of death,  
Leading on through the briars, poisonous, keen, and sore;  
Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting breath,  
Only to gain a glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty, and chill,  
Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled brake,  
Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-  
grown hill,

Brave heart and bright eye and strong limb, well may  
they quiver and ache!

Was it indeed the *right* way? Was it a God-led choice,  
Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for ease?  
Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking voice  
That fell on the woodland pathway, and murmured  
among the trees?

Oh the dire mistake! fatal freedom to choose!

Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level, and straight,  
Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,  
Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate!

Was it the wail of a wind-harp, cadencing weird and long,  
Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying to wake again?  
Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter in song  
Agony, prayer, and reliance, courage and wonder and  
pain?

- ' Onward and homeward ever,  
    Battling with dark distress,  
Faltering, but yielding never,  
    Still shall my faint feet press.  
Why was no beckoning hand  
    Sent in my doubt and need?  
Why did no true guide stand  
    Guiding me right indeed?  
*Why?* They will tell me all  
    When I have reached the gate,  
Where, in the shining hall,  
    Many my coming wait.
- ' Oh the terrible night,  
    Falling without a star!  
Darkness anear, but light—  
    Glorious light afar!  
Oh the perilous way!  
    Oh the pitiless blast!  
Long though I suffer and stray,  
    There will be rest at last.  
Perhaps I have far to go,  
    Perhaps but a little way!  
Well that I do not know!  
    Onward! I must not stay.
- ' Splinter and thorn and brier  
    Yet may be sore and keen;  
Rocks may be rougher and higher,  
    Hollows more chill between.  
There may be torrents to cross,  
    Bridgeless, and fierce with foam;

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Rest in the wild wood were loss,  
There will be rest at home.  
Battling with dark distress,  
Faltering, but yielding never,  
Still shall my faint feet press  
Onward and homeward ever !'

Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying, dying,—and gone,—  
Gone that Æolian cadence, silent the firm refrain ;  
Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on :  
Has the traveller fallen, vanquished by toil and pain ?

## SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains, golden-vestured,  
snowy-browed !  
Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth without  
a cloud ;  
Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the crystal  
air ;  
Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and  
fair.

At the portals of the mansion, Ernest stands and gazes  
back.  
There is light upon the river, light upon the forest track ;  
Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sternest  
height ;  
Light upon the brake and bramble, everywhere that  
glorious light !

Strong and joyous stands the traveller, in the morning  
glory now,  
Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and peaceful  
brow ;  
Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of lingering  
pain,  
Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering hours  
again.

Onward by the winding pathway, many another journeyed  
fast,  
Hastening to the princely mansion by the way that he had  
passed ;  
Spared the doubting and the erring by those footsteps  
bravely placed  
In the clogging mire, or trampling on the wounding  
bramble-waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing to the self-  
same mark,  
Cheered and guided by the refrain of that singer in the  
dark ;  
Some were near him in the tempest, while he thought  
himself alone,  
And regained a long-lost pathway, following that beckon-  
ing tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to reach that  
mansion too,  
Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on with vigour  
new ;

Some, exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill and deep,  
Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from their fatal sleep.

Now they meet and gather round him, and together enter in,  
Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home begin,  
Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the wanderings are past,  
Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel storm,  
Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine bright and warm,  
Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy song,  
While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full and long :

Light after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after suffering,  
Crown after cross.  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after sigh,  
Home after wandering,  
Praise after cry.

‘Sheaves after sowing,  
 Sun after rain,  
 Sight after mystery,  
 Peace after pain.  
 Joy after sorrow,  
 Calm after blast,  
 Rest after weariness,  
 Sweet rest at last.

‘Near after distant,  
 Gleam after gloom,  
 Love after loneliness,  
 Life after tomb.  
 After long agony,  
 Rapture of bliss !  
*Right* was the pathway  
 Leading to this !’

### The Col de Balm.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de Balm !

I stood above the mists, above the rush  
 Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush  
 Filled God’s great mountain temple, vast and calm,  
 With hallelujah light, a seen though silent psalm ;—

Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love  
 Cried out, and would be heard : ‘If ye were here,  
 O friends, so far away and yet so near,  
 Then were the anthem perfect !’ And the cry  
 Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry, if first I stand  
    Upon the mountain of our God, and long,  
    Even in the glory, and with His new song  
Upon my lips, that you should come and share  
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones ! shall it be mine to watch you come  
    Up from the shadows and the valley mist,  
    To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,  
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,  
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light ?

'Eye hath not Seen.'

'You never write of heaven,  
    Though you write of heavenly themes ;  
You never paint the glory  
    But in reflected gleams !'  
My pencil only pictures  
    What I have known and seen :  
How can I tell the joys that dwell  
    Where I have never been ?

I sing the songs of Zion,  
    But I would never dare  
To imitate the chorus,  
    Like many waters, there.  
I sketch the sunny landscape,  
    But can I paint the sun ?  
Can that by art, which human heart  
    Conceiveth not, be won ?

The Laplander, that never  
Hath left his flowerless snows,  
Might make another realize  
The fragrance of the rose :  
The blind might teach his brother  
Each subtle tint to know,  
Of lovely lights and summer sights.  
Of shadow and of glow.

To whom all sound is silence,  
The dumb man might impart  
The spirit-winging marvels  
Of Handel's sacred art.  
But never, sister, never  
Was told by mortal breath  
What they behold, o'er whom hath rolled  
The one dark wave of death.

Yet angel-echoes reach us,  
Borne on from star to star,  
And glimpses of our purchased home,  
Not always faint and far.  
No harp seraphic brings them,  
No poet's glowing word,  
By One alone revealed and known—  
The Spirit of the Lord.

Have we not bent in sadness  
Before the mercy-seat,  
And longed with speechless longing  
To kiss the Master's feet ?

And though for precious ointment  
We had but tears to bring,  
We let them flow, and could not go  
Till we had seen our King.

Then came a flash of seeing  
How every cloud should pass,  
And vision should be perfect,  
Undimmed by darkling glass.  
The glory that excelleth  
Shone out with sudden ray,  
We seemed to stand so near 'the land'  
No longer 'far away,'—

The glisten of the white robe,  
The waving of the palm,  
The ended sin and sorrow,  
The sweet eternal calm,  
The holy adoration  
That perfect love shall bring,  
And, face to face, in glorious grace,  
The beauty of the King!

Oh, this is more than poem,  
And more than the highest song;  
A witness with our spirit,  
Though hidden, full and strong.  
'Tis no new revelation  
Vouchsafed to saint or sage,  
But light from God cast bright and broad  
Upon the sacred page.

Our fairest dream can never  
Outshine that holy light,  
Our noblest thought can never soar  
Beyond that word of might.  
Our whole anticipation,  
Our Master's best reward,  
Our crown of bliss, is summed in this—  
'For ever with the Lord!'

## *THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.*

‘Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.’—ROM. viii. 30.

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|-----------------|--------------------------|
| I. CHOSEN.      | IV. SANCTIFIED.          |
| II. CALLED.     | V. JOINED TO CHRIST.     |
| III. JUSTIFIED. | VI. PRESENTED FAULTLESS. |
|                 | VII. GLORIFIED.          |



## I

## Chosen in Christ.

'He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world.'

—EPH. i. 4.

O THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious, blessèd, and  
secure,

Founded on the One Foundation, which for ever shall  
endure ;

Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and safety be,  
But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah lovèd thee.

Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the counsel of  
His will,

Mystery of power and wisdom working for His people  
still ;

Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of quickening  
light

Beamed upon the chaos, waiting for the Word of sovereign  
might.

Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the sanctifying  
grace

Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened for the  
heavenly place ;

Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be holy in His sight ;  
 Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto life and light.

Blessèd be the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus Christ,  
 Who hath blessed us with such blessings all uncounted and unpriced !  
 Let our high and holy calling, and our strong salvation be,  
 Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign grace,  
 to Thee !

## II.

### Called.

‘ Partakers of the heavenly calling,’—HEB. iii. 1.

HOLY brethren, called and chosen by the sovereign Voice of Might,  
 See your high and holy calling out of darkness into light !  
 Called according to His purpose and the riches of His love ;  
 Won to listen by the leading of the gentle heavenly Dove !

Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to run His race ;  
 Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness and grace ;  
 Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the Ever-Faithful One ;  
 Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of His Son.

Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His glory they shall see ;  
 He is faithful that hath called you,—He will do it, fear not ye !

*Therefore, holy brethren, onward! thus ye make your calling sure;  
For the prize of this high calling, bravely to the end endure.*

## III.

**Justified.**

‘This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness,’—JER. xxxiii. 16.

ISRAEL of God, awaken! Church of Christ, arise and shine  
Mourning garb and soiled raiment henceforth be no longer thine!  
For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a new and glorious dress,  
With the garments of salvation, with the robe of righteousness.

By the grace of God the Father, thou art freely justified,  
Through the great redemption purchased by the blood of Him who died;  
By His life, for thee fulfilling God’s command exceeding broad,  
By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of thy God.

Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which He hath given,  
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth thy trial path to heaven:  
Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life shall crown and bless,  
By His name thou shalt be called, Christ, ‘The Lord our Righteousness!’

## IV.

## Sanctified.

‘Sanctified in Christ Jesus.’—1 COR. i. 2.

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen, Church of Christ,  
for whom He died,

Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—‘*Ye are washed and sanctified.*’

Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus Christ His Son,  
And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy Three in One.

By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit’s power within ;  
By the loving Hand that chasteneth fruits of righteousness  
to win ;

By His truth and by His promise, by the Word, His gift  
unpriced,

By His own blood, and by union with the risen life of  
Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of thine own,—  
Sin’s dominion crushed and broken by the power of grace  
alone,—

God’s own holiness within thee, His own beauty on thy  
brow,—

This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy blessed  
portion now.

He will sanctify thee wholly ; body, spirit, soul shall be  
Blameless till thy Saviour’s coming in His glorious majesty !  
He hath perfected for ever those whom He hath sanctified ;  
Spotless, glorious, and holy is the Church, His chosen  
Bride.

## V.

## Joined to Christ.

'Head over all things to the Church, which is His body.'—

EPH. i. 22, 23.

JOINED to Christ in mystic union,  
 We Thy members, Thou our Head,  
 Sealed by deep and true communion,  
 Risen with Thee, who once were dead—  
 Saviour, we would humbly claim  
 All the power of this Thy name.

Instant sympathy to brighten  
 All their weakness and their woe,  
 Guiding grace their way to lighten,  
 Shall Thy loving members know ;  
 All their sorrows Thou dost bear,  
 All Thy gladness they shall share.

Make Thy members every hour  
 For Thy blessèd service meet ;  
 Earnest tongues, and arms of power,  
 Skilful hands, and hastening feet,  
 Ever ready to fulfil  
 All Thy word and all Thy will.

Everlasting life Thou givest,  
 Everlasting love to see ;  
 They shall live because Thou livest,  
 And their life is hid with Thee.  
 Safe Thy members shall be found,  
 When their glorious Head is crowned !

## VI.

## Presented Faultless.

'Behold I and the children which God hath given Me,'

—HEB. ii. 13.

OUR Saviour and our King,  
Enthroned and crowned above,  
Shall with exceeding gladness bring  
The children of His love.

All that the Father gave  
His glory shall behold ;  
Not one whom Jesus came to save  
Is missing from His fold.

He shall confess His own  
From every clime and coast,  
Before His Father's glorious throne,  
Before the angel host.

'O righteous Father, see,  
In spotless robes arrayed,  
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,  
Before the worlds were made.

'By new creation Thine ;  
By purpose and by grace,  
By right of full redemption Mine,  
Faultless before Thy face.

‘As Thou hast lovèd Me,  
So hast Thou lovèd them ;  
Thy precious jewels they shall be,  
My glorious diadem !’

## VII.

## Glorified.

‘The God of all grace, who hath called you unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, . . . to Him be glory.’—I PET. v. 10, 11.

SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,  
Thou didst freely choose Thine own,  
Thou hast called with mighty calling,  
Thou wilt save, and keep from falling ;  
Thine the glory, Thine alone !  
Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven  
All the grace Thy love hath given ;  
Just, though undeserved, reward  
From our glorious, gracious Lord.

From the martyr and apostle  
To the sainted baby boy,  
Every consecrated chalice  
In the King of Glory’s palace  
Overflows with holy joy.  
Sovereign choice of gift and dower,  
Differing honour, differing power,—  
Yet are all alike in this,  
Perfect love and perfect bliss.

In those heavenly constellations,  
Lo! what differing glories meet ;  
Stars of radiance soft and tender,  
Stars of full and dazzling splendour,  
All in God's own light complete ;  
Brightest they whose holy feet,  
Faithful to His service sweet,  
Nearest to their Master trod,  
Winning wandering souls to God.

Oh the rapture of that vision !  
(Every earthly passion o'er),  
Our Redeemer's coronation,  
And the blissful exaltation  
Of the dear ones gone before.  
Grace that shone for Christ below  
Changed to glory we shall know ;  
And before His unveiled face  
Sing the glory of His grace.

*LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPRING-TIME*



## The Message of an Æolian Harp.

‘GOOD-BYE, my mother!’

The brown-haired boy, with merry reverence,  
Turned from the window where she leant, to meet  
His holiday companions, blithely bound,  
With bat and ball for healthy English sport.  
She watched his lithesome form, so slight yet strong,  
Till, passing from the gate, he waved his cap  
And vanished. Then she sighed.

Beside her sat

A friend of years. A different portrait each  
Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits  
Shone out in turns as sympathetic gleams  
Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell  
The colour of her eyes, or grey or brown,  
Because the hue was lost in light or shade;  
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because  
The play of thought made visible was there,  
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair  
Was dark, and she was rather tall: and this  
Was all in which most people would agree.

Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile  
She gave; for now and then fine tact of heart  
Suggests an opposite as best response,  
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower

With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,  
 Like waters that now murmur low, now leap  
 In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied  
 To Eleanor's slow sigh :

‘When he comes home,  
 How full of cricket stories he will be !  
 ’T is most amusing when he gives accounts,  
 Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,  
 As if an empire hung upon the match :  
 Only one needs a glossary of terms !  
 How well he knows the interest with which  
 You hear ! I mark, he intersperses all  
 With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness  
 For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think  
 Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,  
 As all his comrades know, but true heart too,  
 As you alone know fully. Well for him  
 That he has such a heart to meet his own,  
 And well for you ; for ’t is a blessèd gift,  
 Not shared by all alike—the power to love ;  
 And not less blessèd for proportioned pain,  
 Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.’

‘So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find  
 No lurking danger in its concentration,  
 Because you have so many near and dear.  
 Not so to me. I tremble when I think  
 How much I love him ; but I turn away  
 From thinking of it, just to love him more ;—  
 Indeed, I fear, too much.’

‘Dear Eleanor,  
 Do you love him as much as Christ loves us ?  
 Let your lips answer me.’

‘ Why ask me, dear ?

Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.’

‘ Then, till you reach the standard of that love,  
Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice  
Distress you with “ too much.” For HE hath said—  
*How* much—and who shall dare to change His measure ?—  
“ *That ye should love AS I have lovèd you.*”

Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond  
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !  
A bare permission had been much ; but He,  
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,  
Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing  
That makes our earthly happiness, and set  
A limit that we need not fear to pass,  
Because we cannot. Oh the breadth, and length,  
And depth, and height of love that passeth knowledge !  
Yet Jesus said, “ AS I have lovèd you.” ’

‘ O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine  
That this should bring ; but there are other words  
Which fall in chill eclipse. ’T is written, “ Keep  
Yourselves from idols.” How shall I obey ? ’

‘ Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.  
It is not that we love our precious ones  
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp  
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow,  
Is only dazzling in the grimy dark  
And has no glare against the summer sky  
So, set the tiny torch of our best love  
In the great sunshine of the Love of God,  
And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade  
And dazzles not, o’erflowed with mightier light.’

She watched in hope to see the pale lips curve



While classic heroes stir him with delight.  
My boy, my only one! I taught him words,  
When years ago his tiny feet peeped out  
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush;  
And folding firm the busy little hands,  
He lisped "Our Father." But *words* are not *prayer*.  
I put the lamp of life in his small hand,  
Filling his memory with shining truths  
And starry promises. He learnt them all  
For love of me, just as he would have learnt  
Some uncouth string of barbarous names,  
Had I so wished: no more. They are no light  
To him, no strength, no joy. O Beatrice,  
'T is this that presses on my weary heart,  
And makes it more than widowed. For I know  
That he who is not lost, but gone before,  
Is only waiting till I come; for death  
Has only parted us a little while,  
And has not severed e'en the finest strand  
In the eternal cable of our love:  
The very strain has twined it closer still,  
And added strength. The music of his life  
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs  
Around the throne of God, that our poor ears  
No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute  
As yet; and what if all my tuning fail!'

And Eleanor looked up among the clouds  
With weary, wistful eyes, while Beatrice  
Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,  
Beyond the sunshine too.

A sudden smile  
Rose from within and overflowed her lips

And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor  
 Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,  
 Some message, it might be, from God to her,  
 Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.  
 We do not always know it when we have  
 The privilege to be God's messengers,  
 Nor who shall be His messengers to us.  
 Unconsciously a pale responsive smile  
 Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned  
 As unexpected change of subject came.

'I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,  
 My beautiful Æolian harp?'

'Oh no!

I was too full of mine, my boy, and you  
 Too full of ready sympathy with me.'

'Nay, do not say "*too* full," that could not be,  
 Yours is so great a gift, so great a care!  
 I shall not tire of thinking with you thus,  
 Until I do not love you, which means never.  
 But as we turn from gazing on the sea  
 To lift admiringly a tiny shell,  
 So you shall turn from your great interest  
 To hear of my Æolian treasure now.  
 Say, have you ever seen one?'

'Never, dear ;

But visible, and almost audible,  
 Your words shall make it.'

'There's not much to see :

Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,  
 With seven tensioned strings upon the under,  
 Just covered by the upper, and a space  
 That you might lay a finger in between.

Yet one can almost reverence the thing  
For very marvel at its spirit tones  
And mysteries of music, that we love  
But cannot understand.'

'But tell me more,

Dear Beatrice : what is its music like?  
Whence comes it? and what does it say to you?'

'T is easier to answer what and whence  
Than your third question, for not twice  
I hear the same soul-message from its strings.  
But I will tell you of the first it brought ;  
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the under-thought.

I.

'A friend, a kind, dear friend  
Gave me this harp, that should be all my own,  
That it might speak to me in twilight lone  
When other sounds were fled ; that it might send  
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,  
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

'Upon the strings I laid my hand,  
And all were tuned in unison ; one tone  
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,  
In quick obedience to my touch-command.  
It could not be that this was all he meant  
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

## III.

‘To win the tones I found the way  
In his own letter, mine before the gift :  
“You cannot wake its music till you lift  
The closed sash. Take up and gently lay  
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air,  
Then wait and listen.” This I did, and left it there.

## IV.

‘I waited till the sun had set,  
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea ;  
I watched, and saw the north wind touch a tree,  
Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet  
My harp was mute. I cried, “Awake, O north !  
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth.”

## V.

‘Like stars that tremble into light  
Out of the purple dark, a low, sweet note  
Just trembled out of silence, antidote  
To any doubt ; for never finger might  
Produce that note, so different, so new :  
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

## VI.

‘It seemed to die ; but who could say  
Whether or when it passed the border-line  
’Twixt sound and silence ? for no ear so fine  
That it can trace the subtle shades away ;  
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,  
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

'Then strange vibrations rose and fell,  
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream  
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem  
Now near, now distant ; and a curfew bell,  
Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd  
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

'Then delicately twining falls  
Of silvery chords, that quiver with sweet pain,  
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again,  
Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,  
And measured pulsings, soft and sweet and slow,  
Which emphasizing touch love's quiet under-glow.

IX.

'A silence. Then a solemn wail,  
Swelling far up among the harmonies,  
And shattering the crystal melodies  
To fleeting fragments glisteningly pale,  
Yet only to combine them all anew  
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

'Anon a thrill of all the strings ;  
And then a flash of music, swift and bright,  
Like a first throb of weird Auroral light ;  
Then crimson coruscations from the wings  
Of the Pole-Spirit ; then ecstatic beat,  
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

## XI.

‘Soon passed the sounding starlit march,  
 And then one swelling note grew full and long,  
 While, like a far-off old cathedral song,  
     Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and arch,  
 Float softest harmonies around, above,  
 Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

## XII.

‘Thus, while the holy stars did shine  
 And listen, these Æolian marvels breathed ;  
 While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed  
     With rich delight in one fair crown were mine.  
 The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought  
 This glory of harp-music,—not my skill or thought.’

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up,  
 And said, ‘O Beatrice, I too have tried  
 My finger-skill in vain. But opening now  
 My window, like wise Daniel, I will set  
 My little harp therein, and listening wait  
 The breath of heaven, the Spirit of our God.’

**Baby's Turn.**

TINY feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,  
 Little hands escaping from protecting doily white,  
 One in lifted eagerness, and one that grasps the baby  
     chair,—  
 All impatient ! Baby darling, must not sister have a share ?

Only just a moment, dearie ; coming, coming ! don't be  
vexed !

Only just a moment, darling ; then we'll see whose turn  
is next !

Ah, she knows as well as we do ! Baby's turn is come at  
last ;

Now the little mouth may open ; gently, gently, not too fast.

Baby's turn ! To-day 't is only for the fruit so nice and  
sweet,

But a far-away to-morrow hastens on with silent feet ;

When the yesterdays of life are clearest in our dimming  
gaze,

Baby's vision will be filled with brightly realized to-days.

Baby's turn for fair unfolding in the sunny girlhood time,  
For the blossom and the breezes, for the carol and the  
chime ;

Baby's turn to wear the crown of womanhood upon her  
brow,

Heavier but nobler than the fairy gold which glitters now.

Baby's turn to care for others, and to kiss away the tear,

For the joy of ministration to the suffering or the dear,

For the happiness of giving help and comfort, love and  
life,

Whether walking all alone, or as a blessed and blessing  
wife.

Baby's turn for this and more, if God should give her  
length of days ;—

For the calmness of experience and the retrospect of praise,

For the silver trace of sorrows glistening in the sunset ray,  
For the evening stillness falling on the turmoil of the day.

What though Baby's turn may come for bitter griefs and  
wearing fears !

Love shall lighten every trial,—love that prays and love  
that hears.

See! she watches and she wonders till the reverie is o'er ;  
Did she think she was forgotten? Now 't is Baby's turn  
once more !

### The Children's Triumph.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,  
And said, ' Come out and see  
The sparkle on the river,  
The blossom on the tree !'  
But never a moment parleyed I  
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call!  
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,  
I drew it away to the curtain-shade,  
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,  
And said, ' Come out and sing !  
Come out and join the chorus  
Of the festival of the Spring !'  
But never a carol would I trill  
In the festival of May ;  
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,  
And worked away in its quiet gloom,  
And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,  
And said, 'Come out and play!  
Come out with us in the sunshine,  
'T is such a glorious day!'  
Then never another word I wrote,  
And my desk was put away!  
When the Children called me, what could I do?  
The Robins might fail, and the Sunbeams too,  
But the Children won the day.

### The First Smile.

A SMILE, a smile, my darling!  
After the weeks of pain;  
The restless eye, the shaded brow  
Lit with a welcome brightness now—  
The first sweet smile again!

A smile, a smile, my darling!  
Not many days ago  
We hailed the first fair snowdrop, white,  
Pale, and sweet in the early light,  
After the frost and snow.

More welcome than the snowdrop,  
More gladdening than the sun,  
The pale sweet smile that dawned at last,  
Although so faint, and fleeting fast,  
Although the only one.

We hail it as the herald  
Of sunny summer days,  
Of blessings for our darling boy,  
Of peaceful love, and thankful joy,  
And fuller note of praise.

### The Sunday Book.

READ to him, Connie, read as you sit,  
Cosy and warm in the great arm-chair,  
Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,  
Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair  
Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

Read to him, Connie! The house is still,  
The week-day lessons, the week-day play,  
And the week-day worries are hushed away  
In the golden calm of the Holy Day;  
He will listen now if ever he will.

Read to him, Connie, read while you may!  
For the years will pass, and he must go  
Out in the cold world's treacherous flow,  
Danger and trial and evil to know,—  
He may drift in the dark, far, far away!

Now he is happy and safe in the nest,  
Teach him to warble the songs of home,  
Teach him to soar but never to roam,  
Only to soar to a starry dome,  
Linking with heaven the hearts he loves best.

Read to him, Connie! Read what you love,  
 Holy and sweet be your Sabbath choice;  
 And the music that dwells in a sister's voice  
 Shall lure him to listen while angels rejoice,  
 As the soft tones blend with the harps above.

Read to him, Connie! Read of the ONE  
 Who loves him most, yes, more than you!  
 Read of that love, so great, so true,  
 Love everlasting, yet ever new;  
 For who can tell but his heart may be won!

Read to him, Connie! For it may be  
 That your Sunday book, like a silver bar  
 Of steady light from a guiding star,  
 May gleam in memory, clear and far,  
 Across the waves of a wintry sea.

### Amy.

'I have loved you, saith the Lord.'—MAL. i. 2.

A MY, this thy promise be,  
 M arvellous and sweet and free,  
 'Y ea, the Lord hath lovèd thee.'  
 H e hath loved thee, and He knows  
 A ll thy fears and all thy foes;  
 V ictor thou shalt surely be  
 E ver through His love to thee.  
 R est in quiet joy on this,—  
 G reater love hath none than His:  
 A nd may this thy life-song be,  
 L ove to Him that loveth thee!

‘It is well with the Child.’<sup>1</sup>

ONLY one dark December time,  
With chill and gloomy hours ;  
And *now*—the ‘everlasting spring,’  
The ‘never-withering flowers.’

Only one week of weary pains,  
With suffering oppressed ;  
And *now*—the Sabbath that remains,  
God’s everlasting rest.

Only one word of earthly speech,  
The sweetest and the first ;  
And *now*—the songs that angels sing  
From baby lips have burst.

Only one journey, fondly borne  
In arms of tenderest love ;  
And *now*—no wanderings more for him,  
Safe in the home above.

Yes, safe for ever, safe and blest,  
Where they ‘go no more out ;’  
With Jesus, whom he never grieved  
By any sin or doubt.

<sup>1</sup> In memory of J. S., who fell asleep December 6, 1870, aged seven months. The day before his death he fixed his eyes upon his mother with a long gaze of wonderful intelligence and love, and after repeated effort, uttered distinctly the ‘one word’—‘Mamma !’

Not precluded by tearful prayer,  
His happy praise shall swell,  
And joy of 'welcome' shall be his  
Who never knew 'farewell.'

### At Home To-night.

#### I.

THE lessons are done and the prizes won,  
And the counted weeks are past ;  
O the holiday joys of the girls and boys  
Who are 'home to-night' at last !  
O the ringing beat of the springing feet,  
As into the hall they rush !  
O the tender bliss of the first home kiss,  
With its moment of fervent hush !  
So much to tell and to hear as well,  
As they gather around the glow !  
Who would not part, for the joy of heart  
That only the parted can know—  
At home to-night !

#### II.

But all have not met, there are travellers yet  
Speeding along through the dark,  
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,  
To the distant, yet nearing mark.  
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm  
Has never a chill for love :

And faces are bright in the flickering light  
 Of the small dim lamp above.  
 And voices of gladness rise over the madness  
 Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,  
 For rapid and strong it bears them along  
 To a home and an open door—  
 Yes, home to-night !

## III.

Oh, home to-night, yes, home to-night,  
 Through the pearly gate and the open door !  
 Some happy feet on the golden street  
 Are entering now to 'go out no more.'  
 For the work is done and the rest begun,  
 And the training time is for ever past,  
 And the home of rest in the mansions blest  
 Is safely, joyously reached at last.  
 O the love and light in that home to-night !  
 O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold !  
 O the glory shed on the new-crowned head !  
 O the telling of love that can ne'er be told—  
 O the welcome that waits at the shining gates,  
 For those who are following far, yet near ;  
 When all shall meet at His glorious feet  
 In the light and the love of His home so dear !  
 Yes, 'home to-night !'

NOTE.—These verses, written a few days before Christmas, were suggested by the remark of a young friend, after picturing the merry 'breaking up' of her old schoolfellows,—'They will all be at home to-night.' The thought arose—'Perhaps some of Christ's little ones, who have been learning in His school, may be reaching His home to-night !' And while the third stanza was being written, a telegram came bearing the sad and

## Two Rings.

SHE stood by the western window,  
In the midsummer twilight fair ;  
And the sunset breeze leaped from the trees  
To lift her heavy hair.

Loving and lingering that good-night,  
Which again and again was said,  
As ever a fresh excuse was found  
To 'put off going to bed.'

She took a ring from the table,  
Blue, with a diamond eye ;  
A forget-me-not that would never fade  
'Neath any wintry sky.

She placed it on her little hand,  
And danced with sudden glee ;  
'Look at my ring, my pretty ring !  
It is mine just now, you see !'

She laughed her merry ringing laugh,  
I answered with a sigh,  
Strange echo to my darling's mirth,  
Though scarcely knowing why.

unexpected tidings that a dear little girl of twelve years old had indeed just reached home, after a short illness, and entered the presence of the Saviour whom she had early learnt to love. The coincidence of the thought with the very hour of her departure, being unconnected with any idea of her illness, was remarkable.

Her childish beauty touched my heart,  
And rose to a vision fair  
Of far-off days, when another ring  
That little hand might wear.

And mine—it might be pulseless then  
Under the churchyard tree ;  
So I drew her gently to my side,  
And took her on my knee.

‘It shall be yours, my darling,’  
I said ; ‘but not to-day ;  
It *shall* be yours, my darling,  
When I am gone away.’

She glanced up quickly in my face,  
Not sure that she heard aright ;  
And the shadow that fell in the sweet brown eyes  
Was sweeter than any light.

Then she bent her head and kissed the ring,  
With a kiss both grave and long ;  
Hardly the kiss of a little child,  
So fervent and so strong.

And hardly the tones of a little child,  
That spoke so earnestly,—  
‘Yes ; I will always wear it,  
Mine it shall always be.

‘But oh!’ (and the eyes, love-brightened,  
Shone with a sudden tear),  
‘I hope I shall never wear it,  
Never, oh never, dear!’

---

Five summers smoothly passed away,  
And the sixth was drawing nigh,  
While herald glory woke the earth,  
And filled the dazzling sky.

An April morning, radiant  
With June-like gleam and glow,  
Arose as fair as if the world  
No shade of grief could know.

A tiny packet came for me,  
With many a dark-edged fold,  
And safe within it lay a ring,—  
A little ring of gold.

Oh, well I knew its carving quaint  
Of old ancestral days;  
Last seen upon a waving hand  
In slanting autumn rays.

O fair young hand, that waved good-bye  
With passing grace and glee!  
We knew not that it was farewell,—  
The *last* farewell for me.

The sweet bright spring that touched the earth  
With all-renewing might,  
For *her* eternal beauty brought,  
Eternal life and light.

All through the solemn Passion week  
She lay so still and sweet,  
A carven lily, white and pure,  
For God's own temple meet ;—

Until the day when Jesus died,  
The Saviour whom she knew,  
The Shepherd whom she followed home  
The shadowy portal through.

And when the evening gently closed  
That sad and sacred day,  
They left the last kiss on her brow,  
And took the ring away.

---

Two rings are always on my hand,  
The azure and the gold,  
And they shall gleam together till  
My tale of life is told.

*SONGS.*



**'Bells across the Snow.'**

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas !  
Is it really come again ?  
With its memories and greetings,  
With its joy and with its pain.  
There's a minor in the carol,  
And a shadow in the light,  
And a spray of cypress twining  
With the holly wreath to-night.  
And the hush is never broken  
By laughter light and low,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the 'bells across the snow.'

O Christmas, merry Christmas !  
'T is not so very long  
Since other voices blended  
With the carol and the song !  
If we could but hear them singing  
As they are singing now,  
If we could but see the radiance  
Of the crown on each dear brow ;  
There would be no sigh to smother,  
No hidden tear to flow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the 'bells across the snow.'

O Christmas, merry Christmas !  
This never more can be ;  
We cannot bring again the days  
Of our unshadowed glee.  
But Christmas, happy Christmas,  
Sweet herald of goodwill,  
With holy songs of glory  
Brings holy gladness still.  
For peace and hope may brighten,  
And patient love may glow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the 'bells across the snow.'

### Singing at Sunset.

DID you hear it at the sunset ?  
Happy, happy thrush !  
Carolling and trilling  
Through the evening hush.  
Singing at the sunset,  
Singing, singing sweet,  
Where the shadows and the splendour  
Softly, softly meet ;  
Pouring out the full notes,  
Ringing, ringing loud,  
When the gold is on the beeches,  
And the crimson on the cloud !  
Singing at the sunset !  
Happy, happy song !  
  
Shall we listen in the sunset,  
Listen, listen long,

Silent for the glory,  
 Silent for the song?  
 Singing at the sunset,  
 Angel voices hear,  
 And the harpings of the harpers  
 Ringing, ringing clear;  
 Nearing all the gladness,  
 Leaving all the gloom,  
 When the light is on the River,  
 And the glory on the tomb!  
 Singing at the sunset!  
 Happy, happy song!

### Heather Lintie.<sup>1</sup>

#### I.

'HEATHER Lintie, tell me, pray  
 Why the Snow-wreath went away?'<sup>1</sup>

'Silent Snow-wreath sat alone,  
 Till she heard the laughing call  
 Of the merriest stream of all  
 In the land.

Down the steep from stone to stone,  
 Shyly creeping, smiling, weeping,  
 While a sunbeam held her hand,  
 Snow-wreath found her home ere long,  
 Silence melted into song.

Now she flows, but not alone,  
 Singing and rejoicing.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Heather Lintie,' a Scotch linnet; 'Burnie,' a little brook.

## II.

‘Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,  
Why the Burnie went away?’

‘Burnie laughed adown the hill,  
Keeping all the flowers awake,  
Till she saw the purple lake  
Deep and still.

Down the glen from stone to stone,  
Blithely dancing, glinting, glancing,  
Singing on in silver tone,  
Burnie found her home ere long,  
Silence sweeter far than song;  
Now she flows, but not alone,  
Resting and rejoicing.’

## III.

‘Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,  
Why you do not fly away?’

Heather Lintie plumed her wing,  
Sang about a happy nest,  
Made with one who loved her best  
In the spring.

Where beneath a boulder-stone,  
In the heather all together,  
Warmly nestle all her own.  
Heather Lintie will not roam  
From her sweet and hidden home.  
So she sings, but not alone,  
Loving and rejoicing.

---

### Sunbeam and Dewdrop.

O SUNBEAM, O sunbeam !  
I would be a sunbeam too !  
When the winter chill  
Hushes lark and rill ;  
When the thunder-showers  
Bow the weeping flowers ;  
When the shadows creep,  
Cold, and dark, and deep,—  
We would follow, swift and bright,  
Blending all our love and light,  
Chasing winter, grim and hoary,  
Shining all the tears away—  
Turning all the gloom to glory,  
All the darkness into day.

O dewdrop, O dewdrop,  
I would be a dewdrop too !  
When the fatal glow,  
Sultry, still and slow,  
Makes the scentless flowers  
Droop in withering bowers,  
Leaf and shade and bloom  
Touched with early doom,—  
We would follow, sweet and bright,  
Blending life and love and light :  
Making what was parched and dreary,  
Glad and lovely, fresh and fair,  
Softly cheering what was weary,  
Sparkling, starlike, everywhere.

**Dream=Singing.**

I DREAMT that I was singing,  
Singing all for thee :  
And still the notes went ringing  
Far over land and sea.

Went ringing till they found thee,  
Though so far away,  
And, softly floating round thee,  
Made music all the day.

Made music that could cheer thee,  
Full of gentle glee ;  
Then leaving echoes near thee,  
Came back again to me.

Came back with love and blessing  
On their spirit-wings,  
With musical expressing  
Of sweet and holy things.

I dreamt that I was singing,  
Come again to me !  
And all its fairy ringing  
No more a dream shall be.

**She Waits for Me.**

‘I WAIT for thee!’ I said it in the splendour  
Of golden moons beneath the lonely palms.  
‘I wait for thee!’ An echo, clear and tender,  
Fell from the height across the silver calms.  
For I had waited long,  
And hope was growing weary,  
Though faith and love were strong,  
And lit the path so dreary,—  
Till o’er the coral sea  
My love should come to me,  
‘I wait for thee.’

‘I wait for thee!’ I said it in my dreaming,  
Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night;  
And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming,  
A Presence passed in soft celestial light.  
Then calm and sweet and clear,  
A spirit voice came singing,  
Far, far away, yet near,  
Like star-bells’ crystal ringing.  
Oh, well my own heart knew  
That voice so clear and true—  
‘I wait for thee!’

‘She waits for me!’ I said it in my weeping,  
For never more she cometh o’er the sea;

She waits for me ! A glorious vigil keeping  
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.  
And now I wait awhile,  
    Beneath the palm trees lonely.  
And learn once more to smile,  
For she hath gladness only.  
    Beside the Crystal Sea,  
Until the shadows flee,  
    She waits for me.

*A MOUNTAIN CANTATA.*

'That Thy name is near, Thy wondrous works declare.'—Ps. lxxv. 7.



## The Mountain Maidens.

(ZELLA, DORA, LISETTA.)

A CANTATA.

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*Part I.—Sunrise.*

(I.) DAWN CHORUS.

THE stars die out, and the moon grows dim,  
Slowly, softly, the dark is paling !  
Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,  
Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

The white mist floats in the vale at rest,  
Ghostly, dimly, a silver shiver ;  
The golden east and the purple west  
Flushing deep with a crimson quiver.

The mountains gleam with expectant light,  
Near and grandly, or far and faintly,  
In festal robing of solemn white,  
Waiting, waiting, serene and saintly.

---

Lo ! on the mountain-crest, sudden and fair,  
Bright herald of morning, the rose-tint is there ;  
Peak after peak lighteth up with the glow  
That crowneth with ruby the Alpine snow.

Summit on summit, and crest beyond crest,  
The beacons are spreading away to the west ;  
Crimson and fire, and amber and rose,  
Touch with life and with glory the Alpine snows.

(2.) CHORALE.

Father, who hast made the mountains,  
Who hast formed each tiny flower,  
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,  
Who hast sent us sun and shower :  
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,  
Asking for Thy guardian care ;  
Keep and guide us all the day,  
Lead us safely all the way.

Let Thy glorious creation  
Be the whisper of Thy power ;  
New and wondrous revelation  
Still unfolding every hour.  
Let the blessing of Thy love  
Rest upon us from above ;  
And may evening gladness be  
Full of thanks and praise to Thee.

(3.) RECITATIVE.—*Dora.*

Our pleasant summer work begins. You go,  
O merry Zella, with the obedient herd  
To upland pastures, singing all the way.  
And you, Lisetta, to the sterner heights,  
Where only foot of Alpine goat may pass,  
Or step of mountain maiden. It is mine  
To work at home preparing smooth white cheese  
For winter store, and often needed gain.  
And mine the joy of welcoming once more  
My loving sisters when the evening falls.

(4.) SONG.—*Dora.*

The morning light flingeth  
Its wakening ray,  
And as the day bringeth  
The work of the day,  
The happy heart singeth ;  
Awake and away !

No life can be dreary  
When work is delight ;  
Though evening be weary,  
Rest cometh at night ;  
And all will be cheery,  
If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,  
And labour a joy,

How sweet is the leisure  
 Of ended employ !  
 Then only can pleasure  
 Be free from alloy.

[Repeat v. 1.

(5.) SONG.—*Zella*.

Away, away ! with the break of day,  
 To the sunny upland slope !  
 Away, away ! while the earliest ray  
 Tells of radiant joy and hope.

With the gentle herd that know the word  
 Of kindness and of care,  
 While with footsteps free they follow me,  
 As I lead them anywhere.

Away, away ! with a merry lay,  
 And the chime of a hundred bells ;  
 Away, away ! with a carol gay,  
 And an echo from the fells.

To the pastures high, where the shining sky  
 Looks down on a wealth of flowers ;  
 To the sapphire spots, where forget-me-nots  
 Smile on through lonely hours.

Away, away ! while the breezes play  
 In the fragrant summer morn ;  
 Away, away ! while the rock-walls grey  
 Resound with the Alpen-horn.

To the crags, all bright in the golden light  
 With floral diadems,  
 As fresh and fair, as 'rich and rare,'  
 As any royal gems.

Away, away! while the rainbow spray  
 Wreaths the silver waterfalls;  
 Away, away! Oh, I cannot stay  
 When the voice of the morning calls!

(6.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Adieu, my Dora! Zella dear, adieu!  
 The quick light tinkle of the goat-bells now  
 Reminds me they are waiting for my call,  
 To follow where small flowers have dared to peep  
 And laugh, beside the glacier and the snow.  
 I shall not go alone, your love shall go with me.

(7.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

Adieu, adieu till eventide!  
 The hours will quickly pass,  
 The shadow of the rocks will glide  
 Across the sunny grass.  
 We shall not mourn the lessening light,  
 For we shall meet at home to-night.

Adieu, adieu till eventide!  
 The hour of home and rest,  
 The hour that finds us side by side,  
 The sweetest and the best.  
 For love is joy, and love is light,  
 And we shall meet at home to-night!

Adieu, adieu till eventide !  
'T is but a little while !  
We would not stay the morning's pride,  
Or noontide's dazzling smile.  
But welcome evening's waning light,  
For we shall meet at home to-night !

*Part II.—Noon.*

(8.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

It is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze has died  
away,  
And the rainbow of the morning passes from the torrent  
spray,  
And a calm of golden silence falls upon the glistening  
snow,  
While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest upon the glen  
below.

It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the giant  
rocks ;  
Hushed the tinkle of the goat-bells, and the bleating of  
the flocks ;  
They are sleeping on the gentians, and upon the craggy  
height,  
In the glow of Alpine noon-tide, in the glory of the light.

It is noon upon the mountains : I will rest beside the  
snow,  
Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined glaciers far  
below ;

I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet shadows  
creep,  
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking me from  
pleasant sleep.

(9.) NOON CHORUS.

Rest! while the noon is high,  
Rest while the glow  
Falls from the summer sky  
Over the snow.

Rest! where the Alpen-rose  
Crimsons the height,  
Piercing the mountain-snows,  
Purpling the light.  
Rest! while the waterfalls,  
Murmuring deep  
Far-away lullabies,  
Hush thee to sleep.  
Rest! while the noon, etc.

Rest! where the mountains rise,  
Shining and white;  
Piercing the deep blue skies,  
Solemn and bright.  
Sleep! while the silence falls,  
Soothing to rest,  
Sweetest of lullabies,  
Calming and blest.  
Rest! while the noon, etc.

(10.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Where am I? I was sleeping by the snow  
 Upon the Alpen-roses in the noon.  
 But am I dreaming now? The sun is low,  
 'T is twilight in the valley, and I hear  
 No music of the goat-bells. Oh, I fear  
 It is no dream, but night is coming soon,  
 And I am all alone upon the height,  
 And there are small faint tracks, too quickly lost,  
 That need sure foot and eye in fullest light,  
 And crags to leap, and torrents to be crossed!  
 I go! may Power and Love still guard and guide  
 aright.

(11.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

Alone, alone! yet around me stand  
 God's mountains, still and grand!  
 Still and grand, serene and bright,  
 Sentinels clothed in armour white,  
 And helmeted with scarlet light.  
 His Power is near,  
 I need not fear.  
 Beneath the shadow of His Throne  
 Alone, alone, yet not alone!

Alone, alone! yet beneath me sleep  
 The flowers His hand doth keep.  
 Small and fair, by crag or dell,  
 Trustfully closing star and bell,  
 Eve by eve as twilight fell.

His Love is near,  
 I need not fear.  
 Beneath the rainbow of His Throne,  
 Alone, alone, yet not alone !

Alone, alone ! yet I will not fear,  
 For Power and Love are near !  
 Step by step, by rock and rill,  
 Trustfully onward, onward still,  
 I follow home with hope and will !  
 So near, so near,  
 I do not fear !  
 Beneath the Presence of His Throne,  
 Alone, alone, yet not alone !

*Part III.—Sunset.*

(12.) SUNSET CHORUS.

It is coming, it is coming,  
 That marvellous up-summing,  
 Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :  
 The great transfiguration,  
 And the royal coronation,  
 Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

Watch breathlessly and hearken,  
 While the forest throne-steps darken  
 His investiture in crimson and in fire ;  
 Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,  
 Not a pæan echo flingeth,  
 There is music of a silence that is mightier far, and higher.

And darkly, darkly the grey clouds creep,  
 And thou art all alone.  
 O sister, sister, where art thou?  
 We watch and wait for thy coming now.

(14.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

We will seek thee, we will find thee,  
 Though the night-winds howl and sweep!  
 We will follow through the torrent,  
 We will follow up the steep.  
 Follow where the Alpen-roses  
 Make the mountain all aglow,  
 Follow, follow through the forest,  
 Follow, follow to the snow!  
 And our Alpine call shall echo  
 From the rock and from the height,  
 Till a gladder tone rebounding,  
 Thine own merry voice resounding,  
 Fill us with a great delight.

Lisetta! Lisetta!

Hush and hearken! Call again!

Lisetta! Lisetta!

Hearken, hearken! All in vain!

We will seek thee, we will find thee,  
 In the wary chamois' haunt;  
 Toil and terror, doubt and danger,  
 Loving hearts shall never daunt!  
 We will follow in the darkness,  
 We will follow in the light;  
 Follow, follow till we find thee,  
 Through the noon or through the night.

We will seek thee, we will find thee,  
 Never weary till we hear,  
 Over all the torrents' rushing,  
 Joyous answer clearly gushing,  
 Thine own Alpine echo dear!  
     Lisetta! Lisetta!  
 Hush and hearken! All in vain!  
     Lisetta! Lisetta!  
 Hearken, hearken! Call again!

(15.) TRIO.—*Zella, Dora, and Lisetta.*

LISETTA (*pp*). I am coming!

ZELLA and DORA (*f*). She is coming!

LISETTA (*p*). I am coming, wait for me!

ZELLA and DORA (*p*). She is coming!

LISETTA (*mf*). I am coming!

ZELLA and DORA (*f*). Come, oh come, we wait for thee!

    Nearer, nearer comes the echo,  
     Nearer, nearer comes the voice,  
 Nearer, nearer fall the footsteps,  
 Making us indeed rejoice.

LISETTA. I am coming, wait for me!

ZELLA and DORA. Come, oh come, we wait for thee!

ZELLA, DORA, and LISETTA.

We	{	her,	}	we	{	her,	}
		have sought				have found	
They	{	me,	}	they	{	me,	}

    Fear and danger all are past,

    Now with joyful song { we lead her }  
                                   { they lead me }

    Safely, safely home at last!

(16.) CHORUS—*Finale.*

Safe home, safe home !  
Fear and danger all are past,  
We are safely home at last !

Oh, the love-light shed around,  
In a rich and radiant flow,  
When the lost and loved are found,  
Is the sweetest heart can know.  
Fairer than the dawn-light tender,  
Fuller than the noon-tide glow,  
Brighter than the sunset-splendour,  
Purer than the moonlit snow.

Now let the wild cloud sweep,  
Let the wild rain pour !  
Now let the avalanche leap  
With its long grand roar !  
Now let the black night fall  
On the mountain crest !  
Safe are our dear ones all  
In our mountain nest.

Safe home, safe home !  
Fear and danger all are past,  
We are safely home at last !

*MISCELLANEOUS.*



A Seeing Heart.<sup>1</sup>

TO 'FANNY CROSBY.'

SWEET blind singer over the sea,  
Tuneful and jubilant! how can it be,  
That the songs of gladness, which float so far,  
As if they fell from the evening star,  
Are the notes of one who never may see  
'Visible music' of flower and tree,  
Purple of mountain, or glitter of snow,  
Ruby and gold of the sunset glow,  
And never the light of a loving face?  
Must not the world be a desolate place  
For eyes that are sealed with the seal of years,  
Eyes that are open only for tears?  
How can she sing in the dark like this,  
What is her fountain of light and bliss?

Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see!  
And its sight is strong, and swift and free.

<sup>1</sup> Many sweet hymns by Fanny Crosby have become known, and are warmly appreciated in England and Scotland. In answer to the inquiry, 'Who is Fanny Crosby?' the following beautiful reply was received:— 'She is a blind lady, whose heart can *see splendidly* in the sunshine of God's love.' Hence the above greeting to a far-off fellow-minister of song.

Never the ken of mortal eye  
Could pierce so deep and far and high  
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell  
In the lofty, sunlit citadel  
Of Faith that overcomes the world,  
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,  
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,  
Ringing with pæans that never cease,  
Flooded with splendour bright and broad,  
The glorious light of the Love of God.

Her heart can see, her heart can see !  
Well may she sing so joyously !  
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,  
Hath shown her the brightness of His face :  
And who shall pine for a glow-worm light,  
When the Sun goes forth in His radiant might ?  
She can read His law, as a shining chart,  
For His finger hath written it on her heart ;  
She can read His love, for on all her way  
His hand is writing it every day.  
'Bright cloud' indeed must that darkness be,  
Where 'Jesus only' the heart can see.

Her heart can see ! her heart can see,  
Beyond the glooms and the mystery,  
Glimpses of glory not far away,  
Nearing and brightening day by day ;  
Golden crystal and emerald bow,  
Lustre of pearl and sapphire glow,  
Sparkling river and healing tree,  
Evergreen palms of victory,

---

Harp and crown and raiment white,  
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light ;  
A throne, and One thereon, whose face  
Is the glory of that glorious place.

Dear blind sister over the sea !  
An English heart goes forth to thee.  
We are linked by a cable of faith and song,  
Flashing bright sympathy swift along ;  
One in the East and one in the West,  
Singing for Him whom our souls love best,  
'Singing for Jesus,' telling His love  
All the way to our home above,  
Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,  
Never shall hinder, and never divide.  
Sister ! what will our meeting be,  
When our hearts shall sing and our eyes shall see !

### July on the Mountains.

(ON THE SNOWDON RANGER TRACK.)

THERE is sultry gloom on the mountain brow,  
And a sultry glow beneath.  
Oh for a breeze from the western sea,  
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,  
Over the shadowless hill and lea,  
Over the barren heath !

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,  
And the noon of life grows hot ;

And though His faithfulness standeth fast,  
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast  
Over its glory, solemn and vast  
    Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,  
    From Thy deep, deep sea of Love ;  
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,  
Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps light,  
As it comes with holy and soothing might,  
    Like the wing of a snowy dove.

### My Window.

UNDER my window my couch is set,  
I have gazed through it long, I am gazing yet ;  
    While on my table lie,  
Without one look, each treasured book,  
    And the verses planned,  
Which will have to be copied by and by,  
For the pencil fell from forgetful hand.

Though all that from my couch I see  
Is the topmost bough of a leafless tree,  
    Clear pencilled where the blue  
Dies into white as it meets the light  
    From the bright south-east,  
I have revelled in my morning view,  
My eyes have had a very feast.

Last night I sat without a lamp,  
When the clouds broke up their sullen camp.  
    Through the tiny pointed arch,  
With its one cross-bar, I watched a star,  
    As on unknown quest,  
Just touch the zenith of its march,  
And curve its path to the solemn west.

Now all the clouds have fled away,  
The Dark has died, and the living Day  
    Has dropped the stars on her shroud ;  
And as I lie, the shining sky  
    Is so grandly bright,  
With so much radiance endowed,  
That it trembles with its wealth of light.

A wealth that is enough for me,—  
I need not mountain, wood, or sea,  
    In many-tinted sight ;  
This seven-rayed flow of pure white glow  
    Through the sapphire air,  
This calming glory of the Light,  
Is so unutterably fair

It is not idle to employ  
Quick-passing moments on a joy,  
    Like these sweet morning rays.  
So I do not think, but rest and drink  
    From the crystal river,  
While a dewdrop of rejoicing praise  
Floats up to Him, the kind Light-Giver !

**Candlemas Day.**

YES, take the greenery away  
That smiled to welcome Christmas Day,  
Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

The holly leaves are dusty all,  
Whose glossy darkness robbed the wall,  
And one by one the berries fall.

Take down the yew, for with a touch  
The leaflets drop, as wearied much  
With light and song, unused to such.

Poor evergreens! Why proudly claim  
The glory of your lovely name,  
So soon meet only for the flame?

Another Christmas Day will show  
Another green and scarlet glow,  
A fresh array of mistletoe.

And this new beauty, arch or crown,  
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,  
And in its turn be taken down.

To-night the walls will seem so bare!  
Ah, well! look out, look up, for there  
The Christmas stars are always fair.

They will be shining just as clear  
Another and another year,  
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

---

So Christmas mirth has fled fast,  
The songs of time can never last,  
And all is buried with the past.

But Christmas love and joy and peace  
Shall never fade and never cease,  
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.

'Now!'

I.

A NIGHT of danger on the sea,  
Of sleeplessness and fear!  
Wave after wave comes thundering  
Against the strong stone pier;  
Each with a terrible recoil,  
And a grim and gathering might,  
As blast on blast comes howling past,  
Each wild gust wilder than the last,  
All through that awful night.

II.

Well for the ships in the harbour now,  
Which came with the morning tide;  
With unstrained cable and anchor sure,  
How quietly they ride!  
Well for the barque that reached at eve,  
Though watched with breathless fear,  
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,  
It is safe inside the pier!

## III.

But see! a faint and fatal light  
Out on the howling sea!  
'T is a vessel that seeks the harbour mouth,  
As in death-agony.  
Though the strong stone arms are open wide,  
She has missed the only way;  
'T is all too late, for the storm drives fast,  
The mighty waves have swept her past,  
And against that sheltering pier shall cast  
Their wrecked and shattered prey.

## IV.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,  
As over the deck they dash,  
Where sailors five are clinging fast  
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,  
Waiting the final crash.  
Is it all too late? is there succour yet  
Those perishing men to reach?  
Life is so near on the firm-built pier,  
That else must be death to each.

## V.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,  
And swift and steady feet,  
And they rush as down to a yawning grave,  
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,  
Treading that awful path to save,  
As they trod a homeward street.

Over the boulders and foam they rush  
Into the ghastly hollow ;  
They fling the rope to the heaving wreck,  
The aim was sure, and it strikes the deck,  
As the shouts of quick hope follow.

## VI.

Reached, but not saved ! there is more to do,  
A trumpet note is heard ;  
And over the rage and over the roar  
Of billowy thunders on the shore,  
Rings out the guiding word.  
There is one chance, and only one,  
All can be saved, but how ?  
*'The rope hold fast, but quit the mast  
At the trumpet-signal "NOW!"'*

## VII.

There is a moment when the sea  
Has spent its furious strength ;  
A shuddering pause with a sudden swirl,  
Gathering force again to hurl  
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl ;  
That moment comes at length—  
With a single shout the '*Now*' peals out,  
And the answering leap is made.  
Well for the simple hearts that just  
Loosing the mast with fearless trust,  
The strange command obeyed !

## VIII.

For the rope is good, and the stout arms pull  
Ere the brief storm-lull is o'er ;  
It is but a swift and blinding sweep  
Through the waters wild and dark and deep,  
And the men are safe on shore—  
Safe ! though the fiend-like blast pursue,  
Safe ! though the waves dash high ;  
But the ringing cheer that rises clear  
Is pierced with a sudden cry :

## IX.

'There are but four drawn up to shore,  
And five were on the deck !'  
And the straining gaze that conquers gloom  
Still traces, drifting on to doom,  
One man upon the wreck.  
Again they chase in sternest race  
The far-recoiling wave ;  
The rope is thrown to the tossing mark,  
But reaches not in the windy dark  
The one they strive to save.

## X.

Again they rush, and again they fail,  
Again, and yet again :  
The storm yells back defiance loud,  
The breakers rear a rampart proud,  
And roar, ' In vain, in vain !'

## XI.

Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,  
And bore it on its crest ;  
One moment it hung quivering there  
In horrible arrest.  
And the lonely man on the savage sea  
A lightning flash uplit,  
Still clinging fast to the broken mast  
That he had not dared to quit.

## XII.

Then horror of great darkness fell,  
While eyes flashed inward fire ;  
And over all the roar and dash,  
Through that great blackness came a crash,  
A token sure and dire.  
The wave had burst upon the pier,  
The wreck was scattered wide ;  
Another '*Now*' would never reach  
The corpse that lay upon the beach  
With the receding tide.

## XIII.

God's '*Now*' is sounding in your ears ;  
Oh, let it reach your heart !  
Not only from your sinfulness  
He bids you part ;

Your righteousness as filthy rags  
 Must all relinquished be,  
 And only Jesus' precious death  
 Must be your plea.

## XVI.

*Now* trust the one provided rope,  
*Now* quit the broken mast,  
 Before the hope of safety be  
 For ever past.  
 Fear not to trust His simple word,  
 So sweet, so tried, so true,  
 And you are safe for evermore ;  
 Yes,—even you !

**Light at Eventide.<sup>1</sup>**

'At evening time it shall be light.'—ZECH. xiv. 7.

DEAR Lord, Thy good and precious Book seems written  
 all for me ;  
 Wherever I may open it, I find a word from Thee.  
 My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow for the  
 night,  
 Thy promise that 'At Evening Time it shall be' surely  
 'light.'

<sup>1</sup> Written to accompany an engraving :—An old man, worn, but peaceful, sitting at his cottage door in evening sunlight, with The Book on his knee.

It was not always light with me ; for many a sinful year  
I walked in darkness, far from Thee ; but Thou hast  
brought me near,  
And washed me in Thy precious blood, and taught me by  
Thy grace,  
And lifted up on my poor soul the brightness of Thy  
face.

My Saviour died in darkness that I might live in light,  
He closed His eyes in death that mine might have the  
heavenly sight ;  
He gave up all His glory to bring it down to me,  
And took the sinner's place that He the sinner's Friend  
might be.

His Spirit shines upon His Word, and makes it sweet  
indeed,  
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as I read ;  
And brings it to my mind again alone upon my bed,  
Till all abroad within my heart the love of God is shed.

I've nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows here  
below ;  
A little while—a little while, and He will come, I know,  
And take me to the glory that I think is very near,  
Where I shall see Him face to face and His kind welcome  
hear.

And now my loving Jesus is my Light at Eventide,  
The welcome Guest that enters in for ever to abide ;  
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me all the way,—  
So it *is* light at Evening Time, and soon it will be Day !

### ‘Yet Speaketh.’

YET speaketh!’ though the voice is hushed that filled  
 Cathedral nave or choir, like clearest bell,  
 With music of God’s truth,—that softly thrilled  
 The silence of the mourner’s heart,—that fell  
 So sweetly, oh, so sweetly, on the ear  
 Of those to whom that voice was dearest of the dear.

‘Yet speaketh!’ For the echo lingers yet  
 Where fifty years ago his voice was heard,  
 And old men weep, who never can forget  
 Their early gladness through his faithful word ;  
 O’er all the waves and storms of life between,  
 That voice floats on for them still powerful and serene.

‘Yet speaketh!’ Glowing hymns, like heavenly breeze,  
 That stir us, and our soft Hosannas lift  
 To Hallelujahs ;—holy melodies,  
 Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift  
 Laid wholly on the altar of his God,  
 Without one thought or care for this world’s vain applaud :

Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,  
 Things new and old in that great treasure found ;  
 A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,  
 A trumpet with no pale, uncertain sound :—  
 These shall not die, but live ; his rich bequest  
 To that belovèd Church whose servant is at rest.

‘Yet speaketh!’ In the memory of those  
To whom he was indeed ‘a living song,’<sup>1</sup>  
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,  
Rings on with holy influence deep and strong ;  
Rings on, unmingled with another sound,  
The sweetest, clearest still among all others found.

‘Yet speaketh!’ By that consecrated life,  
The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,  
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,  
Could all but sin so patiently endure.  
O eloquence! by this he speaketh yet ;  
For who that knew and loved could evermore forget?

‘Yet speaketh!’ E’en the shadow, poor and dim,  
Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold, white stone  
(All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),  
Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,  
Vocal with messages of faith and love,  
And burning thoughts that fall like swift stars from above.

‘Yet speaketh!’ There was no last word of love,  
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell ;  
His bright translation to the home above  
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell ;  
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,  
And then began the songs of endless Easter there.

‘Yet speaketh!’ O my father, now more dear  
Than ever, I have cried—‘ Oh, speak to me

<sup>1</sup> A blind girl, who heard two or three of his last sermons, said ‘ He was a living song to me.’ She too, is ‘ gone home.’

Only once more, once more !' But now I hear  
 The far-off whisper of thy melody ;  
 Thou art 'yet speaking' on the heavenly hill,  
 Each word a note of joy,—and shall we not 'be still' ?

### For New Year's Day, 1874.

'From glory to glory.'—2 COR. iii. 18.

'FROM glory unto glory !' Be this our joyous song,  
 As on the King's own highway we bravely march along !  
 'From glory unto glory !' O word of stirring cheer,  
 As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

Our own belovèd Master 'hath many things to say ;'  
 Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day ;  
 To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,  
 To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

'From glory unto glory !' Our faith hath seen the King,  
 We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing :  
 But He hath more to show us ! O thought of untold  
 bliss !  
 And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this :—

To marvellous outpourings of His 'treasures new and old,'  
 To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own gold,  
 To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,  
 To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His face.

'From glory unto glory!' What great things He hath  
done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath  
won!  
We marvel at the records of the blessings of the year!  
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His promise  
clear—

That 'greater things,' far greater, our longing eyes shall  
see!  
We can but wait and wonder what 'greater things' shall  
be!  
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,  
While pleading in the power of the All-prevailing Name.

'From glory unto glory!' What mighty blessings crown  
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely  
down!  
Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,  
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;  
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening  
day;  
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

'From glory unto glory!' Without a shade of care,  
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;  
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will  
guide,  
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

‘From glory unto glory!’ Though tribulation fall,  
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all in all!  
Whatever lies before us, there can be naught to fear,  
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near?

‘From glory unto glory!’ O marvels of the word!  
‘With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,’  
We, even we (O wondrous grace!) ‘are changed into the  
same,’  
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,  
And seeking to ‘do always what is pleasing in His sight,’  
We look to Him to keep us ‘all glorious within,’  
Because ‘the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing* from all  
sin.’

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before,  
‘From glory unto glory,’ that ‘shineth more and more,’  
Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be our way  
(O splendour of the promise!) ‘unto the perfect day.’

From glory unto glory!’ Our fellow-travellers still  
Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric thrill  
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,  
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender  
beat.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;  
And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to  
know.

O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,  
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above !  
No longer tread the valley, but, clinging to His hand,  
Ascend the shining summits and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones more  
clear,  
Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the world must hear !  
Oh, royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing  
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children of the  
King !

Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done  
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are  
one !  
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true ;  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows  
renew !—

‘ In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,  
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be !  
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,  
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine  
own ! ’

Now, onward, ever onward, from ‘ strength to strength ’ we  
go,  
While ‘ grace for grace ’ abundantly shall from His fulness  
flow,  
To glory’s full fruition, from glory’s foretaste here,  
Until His Very Presence crown our happiest New Year !

Finis.<sup>1</sup>

ANOTHER little volume filled with varied verse and song,  
 Should wake another note of praise, unheard, but deep  
 and strong ;  
 For He who knows my truest need, and leads me day by  
 day,  
 Has given the music that hath been such solace on my  
 way.

I look up to my Father, and know that I am heard,  
 And ask Him for the glowing thought, and for the fitting  
 word :  
 I look up to my Father, for I cannot write alone,  
 'T is sweeter far to seek His strength than lean upon my  
 own.

And so the closing verses of my new-filled book shall be  
 A note of praise, dear Father, sung only unto Thee,—  
 To Thee, who hast so helped me, to Thee who hast so  
 blessed,  
 The only Friend who knows my heart, the nearest and the  
 best.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, who hast moulded praise  
 from pain,  
 And turned a wail of mourning to a trustful calm refrain,  
 To many a sorrow giving me an afterward of song,  
 And wafting it to other hearts in comfort true and strong.

<sup>1</sup> Written on the last leaf of a MS. volume.

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I bless Thee, gracious Father, for Thy pleasant gift to  
me,  
And earnestly I ask Thee that it may always be  
In perfect consecration laid at Thy glorious feet,  
Touched with Thine altar-fire, and made an offering pure  
and sweet.



*LOYAL RESPONSES.*



### Consecration Hymn.

'Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.'

TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and 'beautiful' for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

### Set Apart.

‘Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for  
Himself.’—Ps. iv. 3.

#### I.

SET apart for Jesus !  
Is not this enough,  
Though the desert prospect  
Open wild and rough ?  
Set apart for His delight,  
Chosen for His holy pleasure,  
Sealed to be His special treasure !  
Could we choose a nobler joy ?—and would we if we might ?

## II.

Set apart to serve Him,  
Ministers of light,  
Standing in His presence,  
Ready day or night !  
Chosen for His service blest,  
He would have us always willing  
Like the angel-hosts, fulfilling  
Swiftly and rejoicingly, each recognised behest.

## III.

Set apart to praise Him,  
Set apart for this !  
Have the blessèd angels  
Any truer bliss ?  
Soft the prelude, though so clear ;  
Isolated tones are trembling ;  
But the chosen choir, assembling,  
Soon shall sing together, while the universe shall hear.

## IV.

Set apart to love Him,  
And His love to know !  
Not to waste affection  
On a passing show.  
Called to give Him life and heart,  
Called to pour the hidden treasure,  
That none other claims to measure,  
Into His belovèd hand ! thrice-blessèd ' set apart !'

## V.

Set apart for ever  
 For Himself alone !  
 Now we see our calling  
 Gloriously shown !  
 Owing, with no secret dread,  
 This our holy separation,  
 Now the crown of consecration  
 Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head !<sup>1</sup>

### The Secret of a Happy Day.

'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'—Ps. xxv. 14.

## I.

Just to let thy Father do  
 What He will ;  
 Just to know that He is true,  
 And be still.  
 Just to follow hour by hour  
 As He leadeth ;  
 Just to draw the moment's power  
 As it needeth.  
 Just to trust Him, this is all !  
 Then the day will surely be  
 Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,  
 Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

<sup>1</sup>Num. vi. 7.

II.

Just to let Him speak to thee  
Through His word,  
Watching, that His 'voice may be  
Clearly heard.  
Just to tell Him everything  
As it rises,  
And at once to Him to bring  
All surprises.  
Just to listen, and to stay  
Where you cannot miss His voice.  
This is all ! and thus to-day,  
Communing, you shall rejoice.

III.

Just to ask Him what to do  
All the day,  
And to make you quick and true  
To obey.  
Just to know the needed grace  
He bestoweth,  
Every bar of time and place  
Overfloweth.  
Just to take thy orders straight  
From the Master's own command !  
Blessèd day ! when thus we wait  
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

## IV.

Just to recollect His love  
Always true ;  
Always shining from above,  
Always new.  
Just to recognise its light  
All-enfolding ;  
Just to claim its present might,  
All-upholding.  
Just to know it as thine own,  
That no power can take away.  
Is not this enough alone  
For the gladness of the day ?

## V.

Just to trust, and yet to ask  
Guidance still ;  
Take the training, or the task,  
As He will.  
Just to take the loss or gain,  
As He sends it ;  
Just to take the joy or pain,  
As He lends it.  
He who formed thee for His praise  
Will not miss the gracious aim ;  
So to-day and all thy days  
Shall be moulded for the same.

## VI.

Just to leave in His dear hand  
    *Little things,*  
All we cannot understand,  
    All that stings !  
Just to let Him take the care  
    Sorely pressing,  
Finding all we let Him bear  
    Changed to blessing.  
This is all ! and yet the way  
    Marked by Him who loves thee best !  
Secret of a happy day,  
    Secret of His promised rest.

## The Unfailing One.

'He faileth not.'—ZEPH. iii. 5.

## I.

HE who hath led will lead  
    All through the wilderness ;  
He who hath fed will feed ;  
    He who hath blessed will bless ;  
He who hath heard thy cry,  
    Will never close His ear ;  
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,  
    Will not forget thy tear.  
He loveth always, faileth never ;  
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

## II.

He who hath made thee whole  
Will heal thee day by day ;  
He who hath spoken to thy soul  
Hath many things to say.  
He who hath gently taught  
Yet more will make thee know ;  
He who so wondrously hath wrought  
Yet greater things will show.  
He loveth always, faileth never ;  
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

## III.

He who hath made thee nigh  
Will draw thee nearer still ;  
He who hath given the first supply  
Will satisfy and fill.  
He who hath given thee grace  
Yet more and more will send ;  
He who hath set thee in the race  
Will speed thee to the end.  
He loveth always, faileth never ;  
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

## IV.

He who hath won thy heart  
Will keep it true and free ;  
He who hath shown thee what thou art  
Will show Himself to thee.

He who hath bid thee live,  
 And made thy life His own,  
 Life more abundantly will give,  
 And keep it His alone.  
 He loveth always, faileth never ;  
 So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

v.

Then trust Him for to-day  
 As thine unfailing Friend,  
 And let Him lead thee all the way,  
 Who loveth to the end.  
 And let the morrow rest  
 In His belovèd hand ;  
 His good is better than our best,  
 As we shall understand,—  
 If, trusting Him who faileth never,  
 We rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

### On the Lord's Side.

'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.'—

1 CHRON. xii. 18.

I.

Who is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will serve the King?  
 Who will be His helpers,  
 Other lives to bring?

Who will leave the world's side ?

Who will face the foe ?

Who is on the Lord's side ?

Who for Him will go ?

*Response.* By Thy call of mercy,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side ;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

II.

Not for weight of glory,

Not for crown and palm,

Enter we the army,

Raise the warrior-psalm ;

But for Love that claimeth

Lives for whom He died :

He whom Jesus nameth

*Must* be on His side.

*Response.* By Thy love constraining,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side ;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

III.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,

Not with gold or gem,

But with Thine own life-blood,

For Thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.

*Response.* By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side ;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

## IV.

Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure,  
For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.

*Response.* Joyfully enlisting  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side ;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

## V.

Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land ;  
'Chosen, called, and faithful,'  
For our Captain's band ;

In the service royal  
 Let us not grow cold ;  
 Let us be right loyal,  
 Noble, true, and bold.

*Response.* Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 Always on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, always Thine !

### True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

#### I.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,  
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be  
 Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,  
 Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee !

#### II.

True-hearted, whole-hearted ! Fullest allegiance  
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious King ;  
 Valiant endeavour and loving obedience  
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.

#### III.

True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;  
 Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,  
 Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory,  
 Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

## IV.

Whole-hearted ! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,  
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,  
Over our wills and affections victorious,  
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

## V.

*Half-hearted, false-hearted !* Heed we the warning !  
Only the whole can be perfectly true ;  
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,  
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

## VI.

Half-hearted ! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,  
Giving Thee part who hast given us all ?  
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden  
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

## VII.

Half-hearted ! Master, shall any who know Thee  
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own ?  
Nay ; we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,—  
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone

## VIII.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,  
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,  
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding,—  
' True-hearted, whole-hearted ! ' ringing again ?

## IX.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,  
 Brightly His standard is waving above.  
 Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,  
 Peal out the watchword of courage and love!

## X.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,  
 Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!  
 'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,  
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

### 'By Thy Cross and Passion.

'He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.'—

JOHN BUNYAN.

## I.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O mighty Friend,  
 Who lovest to the end!  
 Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold  
 Thy love unknown, untold,  
 Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,  
 That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

## II.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear  
 A crown of glory fair;

'Exceeding sorrowful,' that I might be  
    Exceeding glad in Thee ;  
'Rejected and despised,' that I might stand  
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

III.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,  
    That I might 'sin no more ;'  
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee ;  
    Bound, that I might be free ;  
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know  
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

IV.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,  
    That mine might be the peace ;  
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,  
    That healing might be mine ;  
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,  
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

v.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,  
    For me the angel-song ;  
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,  
    For me His smile of grace ;  
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,  
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

## VI.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death,  
 While I have mortal breath,  
 Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,  
 The life of all my days ;  
 Till all this mystery of love supreme  
 Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme.

## The Opened Fountain.

\* A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. . . . Wounded in the  
 house of My friends.—ZECH. xiii. 1, 6.

## I.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee !—  
 Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me fast !  
 Oh, to recall the word ! That cannot be !  
 Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed !

## II.

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss ;  
 I could not wish that any joy should be ;  
 There is no room for any thought but this,  
 That I have sinned—have sinned—have wounded Thee !

## III.

How *could* I grieve Thee so ! Thou couldst have kept ;  
 My fall was not the failure of Thy word.  
 Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire 'except,'  
 To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

## IV.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin !  
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light  
Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,  
Enough for every need, in never-conquered might !

## V.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,  
Quick, 'waiting not,' I flee to Thee again ;  
Close to the wound, belovèd Lord, I press,  
That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

## VI.

O *precious* blood ! Lord, let it rest on me !  
I ask not only pardon from my King,  
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee  
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.

## VII.

Oh, cleanse me now ! My Lord, I cannot stay  
For evening shadows and a silent hour :  
*Now* I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,  
I claim Thy promise and its total power.

## VIII.

O Saviour, bid me 'go and sin no more,'  
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow  
Of Thy perpetual fountain ; I implore  
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know.

## The Precious Blood of Jesus.

## I.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary ;  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.

## II.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us !  
All the price is paid ;  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

## III.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole ;  
Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er thy soul.

## IV.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesu's precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

## V.

Now the holiest with boldness  
We may enter in,  
For the open fountain cleanseth  
From all sin.

VI.

Precious blood ! by this we conquer  
In the fiercest fight,  
Sin and Satan overcoming  
By its might.

VII.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Ever flowing free !  
O believe it, O receive it,  
'T is for thee !

VIII.

Precious blood, whose full atonement  
Makes us nigh to God !  
Precious blood, our song of glory,  
Praise and laud !

### I Remember Thee.

'Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth,  
the love of thine espousals.'—JER. ii. 2.

I.

My Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,  
Just *me*, the least and last ?  
With all the names of Thy redeemed,  
And all Thy angels, has it seemed

As though my name might perhaps be overpassed ;  
 Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,  
 True for this moment, perfect for my case,—  
 ‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

## II.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,  
           The kindness of *my* youth?—  
 The tremulous gleams of early days,  
 The first faint thrills of love and praise,  
 Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,  
 Can I bring back at memory’s wondering call ;  
 Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest all,—  
 ‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

## III.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,  
           My love, so poor, so cold?  
 Oh, if I had but loved Thee more!  
 Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour  
 My life’s best wine for Thee, my heart’s best gold  
 (Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame  
 That Thou shouldst tell me, calling me by name,—  
 ‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

## IV.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,  
           The day of Thine own power?

The love of *mine* espousals sweet,  
 The laying wholly at Thy feet  
 Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour?  
 That love was Thine—I gave Thee but Thine own,  
 And yet the Voice falls from the emerald throne,—  
 ‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

## V.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me?  
 Forgetting every fall,  
 Forgetting all the treacherous days,  
 Forgetting all the wandering ways,  
 With fulness of forgiveness covering all;  
 Casting these memories, a hideous store,  
 Into the crimson sea, for evermore,  
 And only saying, ‘I remember thee!’

## VI.

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering me?  
 Then let me not forget!  
 Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,  
 Thy everlasting love to-day,  
 In sweet perpetual remembrance set  
 Before my view, to fill my marvelling gaze,  
 And stir my love, and lift my life to praise,  
 Because Thou sayest, ‘I remember thee!’

**Knowing.**

## I.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,  
Defiling all without, within ;  
But now rejoicingly I know  
That He has washed me white as snow.  
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,  
Because I know that Jesus died.

## II.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,  
'The whole head sick, the whole heart faint ;'  
But now I trust His touch of grace,  
That meets so perfectly my case,  
So tenderly, so truly deals ;  
Because I know that Jesus heals.

## III.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,  
When life in sin was life in death ;  
But now I know His life is mine,  
And nothing shall that cord untwine,  
Rejoicing in the life He gives,  
Because I know that Jesus lives.

## IV.

I know how anxious thought can press,  
I know the weight of carefulness ;

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But now I know the sweet reward  
Of casting all upon my Lord,  
No longer bearing what He bears,  
Because I know that Jesus cares.

## V.

I know the sorrow that is known  
To the tear-burdened heart alone ;  
But now I know its full relief  
Through Him who was acquaint with grief  
And peace through every trial flows,  
Because I know that Jesus knows.

## VI.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,  
The longing for the love of earth ;  
But now I know the Love that fills,  
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,  
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—  
I know, I know that Jesus loves.

## VII.

I know the shrinking and the fear,  
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear ;  
But now I gaze upon His throne,  
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,  
And I can wait till He explains,  
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

## Trusting Jesus.

### I.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee ;  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

### II.

I am trusting Thee for pardon ;  
At Thy feet I bow,  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

### III.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood ;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

### IV.

I am trusting Thee to guide me ;  
Thou alone shalt lead !  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

## v.

I am trusting Thee for power ;  
Thine can never fail !  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,  
Must prevail.

## VI

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus :  
Never let me fall !  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

**Looking unto Jesus.**

## I.

LOOKING unto Jesus !  
Battle-shout of faith,  
Shield o'er all the armour,  
Free from scar or scathe.  
Standard of salvation,  
In our hearts unfurled,  
Let its elevation  
Overcome the world !

## II.

Look away to Jesus,  
Look away from all ;  
Then we need not stumble,  
Then we shall not fall.

From each snare that lureth,  
 Foe or phantom grim,  
 Safety this ensureth :  
 Look away to Him.

## III.

Looking into Jesus,  
 Wonderingly we trace  
 Heights of power and glory,  
 Depths of love and grace.  
 Vistas far unfolding  
 Ever stretch before,  
 As we gaze, beholding  
 Ever more and more.

## IV.

Looking up to Jesus,  
 On the emerald throne !  
 Faith shall pierce the heavens  
 Where our King is gone.  
 Lord, on Thee depending,  
 Now, continually,  
 Heart and mind ascending,  
 Let us dwell with Thee.

## Shining.

## I.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one ?  
 You have given your heart to Him ;  
 But is the light strong within it,  
 Or is it but pale and dim ?

Can *everybody* see it,—  
That Jesus is all to you?  
That your love to Him is burning  
With radiance warm and true?  
Is the seal upon your forehead,  
So that it *must* be known  
That you are 'all for Jesus,'—  
That your heart is all His own?

## II.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?  
You remember the first sweet ray,  
When the sun arose upon you  
And brought the gladsome day;  
When you heard the gospel message,  
And Jesus Himself drew near,  
And helped you to trust Him simply,  
And took away your fear;  
When the darkness and the shadows  
Fled like a weary night,  
And you felt that you could praise Him,  
And everything seemed bright.

## III.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,  
So that the holy light  
May enter the hearts of others,  
And make them glad and bright?  
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,  
And told to some around,  
Who do not care about Him,  
What a Saviour *you* have found?

Have you lifted the lamp for others,  
 That has guided your own glad feet?  
 Have you echoed the loving message,  
 That seemed to you so sweet?

## IV.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—  
 Shining for Him all day,  
 Letting the light burn always  
 Along the varied way?  
 Always,—when those beside you  
 Are walking in the dark?  
 Always,—when no one is helping,  
 Or heeding your tiny spark?  
 Not idly letting it flicker  
 In every passing breeze  
 Of pleasure or temptation,  
 Of trouble or of ease?

## V.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—  
 Shining just everywhere,  
 Not only in easy places,  
 Not only just here or there?  
 Shining in happy gatherings,  
 Where all are loved and known?  
 Shining where all are strangers?  
 Shining when quite alone?  
 Shining at home, and making  
 True sunshine all around?  
 Shining abroad, and faithful—  
 Perhaps among faithless—found?

## VI.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,  
Not for yourself at all?  
Not because dear ones, watching,  
Would grieve if your lamp should fall?  
Shining because you are walking  
In the Sun's unclouded rays,  
And you cannot help reflecting  
The light on which you gaze?  
Shineth because it shineth  
So warm and bright above,  
That you *must* let out the gladness,  
And you *must* show forth the love?

## VII.

*Are* you shining for *Jesus*, dear one?  
Or is there a little sigh  
That the lamp His love had lighted  
Does not burn clear and high?  
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,  
Still, still without a star,  
Because your light was hidden,  
And sent no rays afar?  
Do you feel you have not loved Him  
With a love right brave and loyal,  
But have faintly fought and followed  
His banner bright and royal?

## VIII.

Oh, come again to Jesus !  
Come as you came at first,  
And tell Him all that hinders,  
And tell Him all the worst ;  
And take His sweet forgiveness  
As you took it once before,  
And hear His kind voice saying,  
'Peace! go, and sin no more !'  
Then ask for grace and courage  
His name to glorify,  
That never more His precious light  
Your dimness may deny.

## IX.

Then rise, and, 'watching daily,'  
Ask Him your lamp to trim  
With the fresh oil He giveth,  
That it may not burn dim.  
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus !  
Be brave, and bright, and true  
To the true and loving Saviour,  
Who gave Himself for you.  
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,  
And henceforth be your way  
Bright with the light that shineth  
Unto the perfect day !

---

**Growing.**

## I.

UNTO him that hath, Thou givest  
Ever 'more abundantly.'  
Lord, I live because Thou livest,  
Therefore give more life to me ;  
Therefore speed me in the race ;  
Therefore let me grow in grace.

## II.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,  
Strengthen every downward root,  
Only do Thou ripen faster,  
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.  
Purge me, prune me, self abase,  
Only let me grow in grace.

## III.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,  
Show me ever greater things ;  
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,  
Mounting as on eagle-wings.  
By the brightness of Thy face,  
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

## IV.

Let me grow by sun and shower,  
Every moment water me ;

Make me really hour by hour  
 More and more conformed to Thee,  
 That Thy loving eye may trace,  
 Day by day, my growth in grace.

## v.

Let me then be always growing,  
 Never, never standing still ;  
 Listening, learning, better knowing  
 Thee and Thy most blessèd will.  
 Till I reach Thy holy place,  
 Daily let me grow in grace.

## Resting.

'This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest ; and  
 this is the refreshing.'—ISA. xxviii. 12.

## I.

RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord ;  
 Resting on the fulness of His own sure word ;  
 Resting on His power, on His love untold ;  
 Resting on His covenant secured of old.

## II.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days ;  
 Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays ;  
 Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,  
 In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

## III.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh ;  
 Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high ;  
 Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race ;  
 Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

## IV.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock ;  
 Resting by the waters where He leads His flock ;  
 Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet ;  
 Resting in His very arms !—O rest complete !

## V.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,  
 Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness ;  
 Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,  
 Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King !

**Filling.**

'Filled with all the fulness of God,'—EPH. iii. 19.

## I.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken  
 Words beyond our grasp of thought,—  
 Words of grace and power unbroken,  
 With mysterious glory fraught.

## II.

Promise and command combining,  
Doubt to chase and faith to lift ;  
Self renouncing, all resigning,  
We would claim this mighty gift.

## III.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,  
Mind and soul and heart and will ;  
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,  
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

## IV.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing  
What this wondrous gift may be ;  
But fulfil to overflowing,—  
*Thy* great meaning let us see.

## V.

Make us in Thy royal palace  
Vessels worthy for the King ;  
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,  
From Thy never-failing spring.

## VI.

Father, by this blessed filling,  
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray ;  
We are waiting, Thou art willing,  
Fill us with Thyself to-day !

## Increase our Faith.

'Lord, increase our faith.'—LUKE xvii. 5.

## I.

INCREASE our faith, belovèd Lord !  
For Thou alone canst give  
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,  
The faith by which we live.

## II.

Increase our faith! So weak are we,  
That we both may and must  
Commit our very faith to Thee,  
Entrust to Thee our trust.

## III.

Increase our faith! for there is yet  
Much land to be possessed ;  
And by no other strength we get  
Our heritage of rest.

## IV.

Increase our faith! On this broad shield  
'*All*' fiery darts be caught ;  
We must be victors in the field  
Where Thou for us hast fought.

## V.

Increase our faith, that we may claim  
    *Each* starry promise sure,  
And *always* triumph in Thy name,  
    And to the end endure.

## VI.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,  
    That we may not depart  
From Thy commands, but *all* obey  
    With free and loyal heart.

## VII.

Increase our faith—increase it still—  
    From heavenward hour to hour,  
And in us gloriously ‘fulfil  
    The work of faith with power.’

## VIII.

Increase our faith, that never dim  
    Or trembling it may be,  
Crowned with the ‘perfect peace’ of him  
    ‘Whose mind is stayed on Thee.’

## IX.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed  
    That it should never fail;  
Our stedfast anchorage is made  
    With Thee, within the veil.

X.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee  
More fruit may still abound ;  
That it may grow 'exceedingly,'  
And to Thy praise be found.

XI.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,  
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,  
Till, changing faith for vision clear,  
We see Thee face to face !

**'Nobody Knows but Jesus.**

I.

'NOBODY knows but Jesus !'  
'T is only the old refrain  
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,  
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,  
And I do not know the rest ;  
But the music of the message  
Was wonderfully blessed.

## III.

For it fell upon my spirit  
Like sweetest twilight psalm,  
When the breezy sunset waters  
Die into starry calm.

## IV.

'Nobody knows but Jesus !'  
Is it not better so,  
That no one else but Jesus,  
My own dear Lord, should know ?

## V.

When the sorrow is a secret  
Between my Lord and me,  
I learn the fuller measure  
Of His quick sympathy.

## VI.

Whether it be so heavy,  
That dear ones could not bear  
To know the bitter burden  
They could not come and share :

## VII.

Whether it be so tiny,  
That others could not see  
Why it should be a trouble,  
And seem so real to me :

VIII.

Either and both, I lay them  
Down at my Master's feet,  
And find them, alone with Jesus,  
Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer  
To the dearest, truest Friend ;  
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,  
As 'neath the cross I bend ;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels  
Through which His teachings flow ;  
Sweet, for by these dark secrets  
His heart of love I know.

XI.

'Nobody knows but Jesus !'  
It is music for to-day,  
And through the darkest hours  
It will chime along the way.

XII.

'Nobody knows but Jesus !'  
My Lord, I bless Thee now  
For the sacred gift of sorrow  
That no one knows but Thou.

**He is thy Life.**

## I.

JESUS, Thy life is mine !  
Dwell evermore in me ;  
And let me see  
That nothing can untwine  
My life from Thine.

## II.

Thy life in me be shown !  
Lord, I would henceforth seek  
To think and speak  
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone,  
No more my own.

## III.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,  
Continuously impart  
Unto my heart ;  
Fresh springs, that never cease,  
But still increase.

## IV.

The blest reality  
Of resurrection power,  
Thy Church's dower,  
Life more abundantly,  
Lord, give to me !

## v.

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,  
Now at Thy feet I claim,  
    Through Thy dear name!  
And touch the rapturous chord  
    Of praise forth poured.

## vi.

Jesus, my life is Thine,  
And evermore shall be  
    Hidden in Thee!  
For nothing can untwine  
    Thy life from mine.

**Enough.**

## I.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand  
    One moment without Thee!  
But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,  
And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,  
And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!  
    That strength is enough for me!

## II.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know  
    All fulness dwells in Thee;

And hour by hour that never-failing treasure  
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,  
My least, my greatest need ; and so  
Thy grace is enough for me !

## III.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone :  
I do not ask to see  
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining  
Of future light on mysteries untwining :  
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—  
Thy word is enough for me !

## IV.

The human heart asks love ; but now I know  
That my heart hath from Thee  
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,  
So near, so human ; yet divine perfection  
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !  
Thy love is enough for me !

## V.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and  
broad,  
Unfathomed as the sea ;  
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling ;  
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling !  
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,  
Thou, Thou art enough for me !

---

**All.**

## I.

GOD'S reiterated 'ALL !'  
 O wondrous word of peace and power !  
 Touching with its tuneful fall  
 The rising of each hidden hour,  
 All the day.

## II.

Only *all* His word believe,  
*All* peace and joy your heart shall fill,  
*All* things asked ye shall receive :  
 This is Thy Father's word and will,  
 For to-day.

## III.

'*All* I have is thine,' saith He.  
 '*All* things are yours,' He saith again ;  
*All* the promises for thee  
 Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,  
 For to-day.

## IV.

He shall *all* your need supply,  
 And He will make *all* grace abound ,  
*Always all* sufficiency  
 In Him for *all* things shall be found,  
 For to-day.

## v.

*All* His work He shall fulfil,  
*All* the good pleasure of His will,  
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,  
And with thee always, '*all* the days,'  
And to-day !

## Only.

## I.

ONLY a mortal's powers,  
Weak at their fullest strength ;  
Only a few swift-flashing hours,  
Short at their fullest length.

## II.

Only a page for the eye,  
Only a word for the ear,  
Only a smile, and by and by  
Only a quiet tear.

## III.

Only one heart to give,  
Only one voice to use ;  
Only one little life to live,  
And only one to lose.

## IV.

Poor is my best, and small :  
How could I dare divide?  
Surely my Lord shall have it all,  
He shall not be denied!

## V.

All! for far more I owe  
Than all I have to bring;  
All! for my Saviour loves me so!  
All! for I love my King!

## VI.

All! for it is His own,  
He gave the tiny store;  
All! for it must be His alone;  
All! for I have no more.

## VII.

All! for the last and least  
He stoopeth to uplift:  
The altar of my great High Priest  
Shall sanctify my gift.

## My Master.

'I love my master ; . . . I will not go out free. And he shall serve him for ever.'—Ex. xxi. 5, 6.

### I.

I LOVE, I love my Master,  
I will not go out free,  
For He is my Redeemer,  
He paid the price for me.

### II.

I would not leave His service.  
It is so sweet and blest ;  
And in the weariest moments  
He gives the truest rest.

### III.

I would not halve my service,  
His only it must be,—  
His *only*, who so loved me  
And gave Himself for me.

### IV.

My Master shed His life-blood  
My vassal life to win,  
And save me from the bondage  
Of tyrant self and sin.

## V

He chose me for His service,  
And gave me power to choose  
That blessed, 'perfect freedom'  
Which I shall never lose :

## VI.

For He hath met my longing  
With word of golden tone,  
That I shall serve for ever  
Himself, Himself alone.

## VII.

'Shall serve Him' hour by hour,  
For He will show me how;  
My Master is fulfilling  
His promise even now !

## VIII.

'Shall serve Him,' and 'for ever ;'  
O hope most sure, most fair !  
The perfect love outpouring  
In perfect service there !

## IX.

Rejoicing and adoring,  
 Henceforth my song shall be :  
 I love, I love my Master,  
 I will not go out free !

## Perfect Peace.

## IN ILLNESS.

## I.

LIKE a river glorious  
 Is God's perfect peace,  
 Over all victorious  
 In its bright increase.  
 Perfect—yet it floweth  
 Fuller every day ;  
 Perfect—yet it groweth  
 Deeper all the way.  
*Chorus.* Stayed upon Jehovah,  
 Hearts are fully blest,  
 Finding, as He promised,  
 Perfect peace and rest.

## II.

Hidden in the hollow  
 Of His blessèd hand,  
 Never foe can follow,  
 Never traitor stand.

Not a surge of worry,  
Not a shade of care,  
Not a blast of hurry  
Touch the spirit there.

*Chorus.* Stayed upon Jehovah,  
Hearts are fully blest,  
Finding, as He promised,  
Perfect peace and rest.

III.

Every joy or trial  
Falleth from above,  
Traced upon our dial  
By the Sun of Love.  
We may trust Him solely  
All for us to do ;  
They who trust Him wholly,  
Find Him wholly true.

*Chorus.* Stayed upon Jehovah,  
Hearts are fully blest,  
Finding, as He promised,  
Perfect peace and rest.

'I am with Thee!'

I.

'I am with thee!' He hath said it  
In His truth and tender grace ;  
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,  
With how many a mighty token  
Of His love and faithfulness.

## II.

He is with thee !—In thy dwelling,  
Shielding thee from fear of ill ;  
All thy burdens kindly bearing,  
For thy dear ones gently caring,  
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

## III.

He is with thee !—In thy service  
He is with thee 'certainly,'  
Filling with the Spirit's power,  
Giving in the needing hour  
His own messages by thee.

## IV.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,  
With thy lips, or with thy pen ;  
In the quiet preparation,  
In the heart-bowed congregation,  
Nevermore alone again !

## V.

He is with thee !—With thee always,  
All the nights and all the days ;  
Never failing, never frowning,  
With His loving-kindness crowning,  
Tuning all thy life to praise.

## VI.

He is with thee!—Thine own Master,  
Leading, loving to the end ;  
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,  
*All* to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,  
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

## VII.

He is with thee!—Yes, for ever,  
Now, and through eternity ;  
Then with Him for ever dwelling,  
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,  
Thou with Christ, and Christ with thee!

**Trust and Distrust.**

## I.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His grace ;  
It is enough for thee !  
In every trial thou shalt trace  
Its all-sufficiency.

## II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength ;  
In Him thou shalt be strong :  
His weakest ones may learn at length  
A daily triumph-song.

## II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love ;  
 Rest in its changeless glow :  
 And life or death shall only prove  
 Its everlasting flow.

## IV.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone  
 In Him, for all—for ever !  
 And joyously thy heart shall own  
 That Jesus faileth never.

### Without Carefulness.

'I would have you without carefulness.'—I COR. vii. 32.

## I.

MASTER ! how shall I bless Thy name  
 For Thy tender love to me,  
 For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,  
 So sovereign, yet so free,  
 That have taught me to obey Thy word  
 And cast my care on Thee !

## II.

They tell of weary burdens borne  
 For discipline of life,  
 Of long anxieties and doubts,  
 Of struggle and of strife,  
 Of a path of dim perplexities  
 With fears and shadows rife.

## III.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,  
With burdens not a few,  
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead  
And help me safely through,  
Trying to follow and obey,  
And bear my burdens too.

## IV.

Master! dear Master, Thou didst speak,  
And yet I did not hear,  
Or long ago I might have ceased  
From every care and fear,  
And gone rejoicing on my way  
From brightening year to year.

## V.

Just now and then some steeper slope  
Would seem so hard to climb,  
That I *must* cast my load on Thee;  
And I left it for a time,  
And wondered at the joy at heart,  
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

## VI.

A step or two on wingèd feet,  
And then I turned to share

The burden Thou hadst taken up  
 Of ever-pressing care ;  
 So what I would not leave with Thee  
 Of course I had to bear.

## VII.

At last Thy precious precepts fell  
 On opened heart and ear,  
 A varied and repeated strain  
 I could not choose but hear,  
 Enlinking promise and command,  
 Like harp and clarion clear :

## VIII.

'No anxious thought upon thy brow  
 The watching world should see ;  
 No carefulness ! O child of God,  
 For *nothing* careful be !  
 But cast thou *all* thy care on Him  
 Who always cares for thee.'

## IX.

Did not Thy loving Spirit come  
 In gentle, gracious shower,  
 To work Thy pleasure in my soul  
 In that bright, blessèd hour,  
 And to the word of strong command  
 Add faith and will and power ?

## X.

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—  
That was enough for me !  
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,  
For all is cast on Thee ;  
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise  
The grace that set me free.

## XI.

And now I find Thy promise true,  
Of perfect peace and rest ;  
I cannot sigh—I can but sing  
While leaning on Thy breast,  
And leaving everything to Thee,  
Whose ways are always best.

## XII.

I never thought it could be thus,—  
Month after month to know  
The river of Thy peace without  
One ripple in its flow ;  
Without one quiver in the trust,  
One flicker in its glow.

## XIII.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me  
Than I had asked or thought !

I stand and marvel to behold  
What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,  
And wonder what glad lessons yet  
I shall be daily taught.

## XIV.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,  
For this new life so sweet,  
For taking all the care I laid  
At Thy belovèd feet,  
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart  
To still each anxious beat!

## XV.

I want to praise, with life renewed,  
As I never praised before ;  
With voice and pen, with song and speech,  
To praise Thee more and more,  
And the gladness and the gratitude  
Rejoicingly outpour.

## XVI.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet  
This is no care to me :  
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,  
Then I will sing to Thee ;  
And if my silence praise Thee best,  
Then silent I will be.

XVII.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,  
 Oh, send me forth, to be  
 Thy messenger to careful hearts,  
 To bid them taste and see  
 How good Thou art to those who cast  
 All, all their care on Thee !

**Thy Reign.**

'Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'—ROM. xiv. 17.

I.

THY reign is righteousness ;  
 Not mine, but Thine !—  
 A covering no less  
 Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great sea,  
 That roll triumphantly  
 From line to pole, and pole to line ;  
 A reign where every rebel thought  
 In sweet captivity  
 To Thine obedience is brought.

II.

Thy reign is perfect peace ;  
 Not mine, but Thine !—  
 A stream that cannot cease,

For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth unknown!  
 Thou givest of Thine own,  
 Pouring from Thine and filling mine.  
 The 'noise of war' hath passed away;  
 God's peace is on the throne,  
 Ruling with undisputed sway.

## III.

Thy reign is joy divine!  
 Not mine, but Thine,  
 Or else not any joy to me!  
 For a joy that flowed not from Thine own,  
 Since Thou hast reigned alone  
 Were vacancy or misery.  
 O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright  
 This radiance from Thy throne,  
 Unspeakable in calmest light!

## IV.

Thy reign shall still increase!  
 I claim Thy word,—  
 Let righteousness and peace  
 And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,  
 And more and more abound  
 In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord;  
 Take unto Thee Thy power, who art  
 My Sovereign, many-crowned!  
 Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.

## Tried, Precious, Sure.

JESUS  
CHRIST { 'The Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'—HEB.  
xiii. 8.  
'A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure  
foundation.'—ISA. xxviii. 16.

## I.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,  
Jesus, Thou hast been The Same ;  
Through our own life's chequered pages,  
Still the one dear changeless name.  
Well may we in Thee confide,  
Faithful Saviour, proved and 'TRIED !'

## II.

Joyfully we stand and witness  
Thou art still to-day The Same ;  
In Thy perfect, glorious fitness,  
Meeting every need and claim.  
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou !  
Saviour, O most 'PRECIOUS,' now !

## III.

Gazing down the far for ever,  
Brighter glows the one sweet Name  
Stedfast radiance, paling never,  
Jesus, Jesus ! still The Same.  
Evermore 'Thou shalt endure,'  
Our own Saviour, strong and 'SURE !'

**Just when Thou wilt.<sup>1</sup>**

## I.

Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call !  
Or at the noon, or evening fall,  
Or in the dark, or in the light,—  
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

## II.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,  
'Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !  
Or when the snows have crowned my head,  
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

## III.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,  
'Rise up, my love, and come away !  
Open to me Thy golden gate  
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

## IV.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—  
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,  
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,  
Shining unchangeably above.

<sup>1</sup>Dictated in illness.

v.

Just when Thou wilt!—no choice for me !  
Life is a gift to use for Thee ;  
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,  
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ !



*VERSES ON TEXTS.*



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### Verses on Texts.

'Be quiet ; fear not,'—ISA. vii. 4.

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

---

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

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

---

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

UPON Thy word I rest,  
 So strong, so sure ;  
 So full of comfort blest,  
 So sweet, so pure.  
 The word that changeth not, that faileth never !  
 My King ! I rest upon Thy word for ever.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THY Spirit's fulness on him rest,  
 Thy love his sunshine be,  
 And may he still, while doubly blest,  
 A blessing be from Thee.

Be his the everlasting name  
 Inscribed by Thy own hand,  
 That he the promised home may claim  
 In Thine own Holy Land.

---

'Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.'—  
 GEN. v. 24.

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Yea, He is altogether lovely.'—CANT. v. 16.

There is One, so fair, so bright,  
 So good, so gracious ! Love, and Life, and Light,

Are His rich titles. Oh, for Him I long,  
 To be my Hope, my Joy, my Strength, my Song!  
 Earth's shadow melts in conquering light away  
 Before the rising Daystar's earliest ray.

‘Let me hear Thy voice : for sweet is Thy voice.’—CANT. ii. 14.

HAST thou not heard within some sacred pile,  
 When hushed the swelling choir, through vaulted aisle  
 A sweet low echo lingering of the song,  
 As would angelic harps the sound prolong?  
 So through the silent chambers of my soul,  
 In calmest melody *His* sweet words roll.

‘Lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called.’—I TIM. vi. 12.

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

### A Covenant.

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

### Only for Jesus.

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

### Chosen Lessons.

'Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.'—Ps. xxv. 12.

IN the way that He shall choose  
 He will teach us ;  
 Not a lesson we shall lose,  
 All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed  
 We may find it,  
 But the blessing that we need  
 Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send  
 Are the sweetest,  
 And His training, in the end,  
 Is completest.

### Hitherto and Henceforth.

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

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

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

### Rhymed Mottoes for the Members of the Open-Air Mission.

‘Occupy till I come.’—LUKE xix. 13.

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

‘Be not far from me.’—PS. xxii. 11.

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

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

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

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

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

'Redeeming the time.'—COL. iv. 5.

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

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

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

## Advent Thoughts.

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

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

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

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

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

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



*'UNDER HIS SHADOW.'*



### An Interlude.

*THAT* part is finished ! I lay down my pen,  
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast  
Through the more difficult defile. For the last  
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.  
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest ;  
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that will be my best.

How can *I* tell the varied, hidden need  
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,  
Who at some future time may come and read  
What I have written ! All are known to Thee.  
As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end ;  
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,  
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask  
To understand the wherefore of each line ;  
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task  
Just to look up to Thee for every word,  
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am heard.

**Zenitb.****I.**

WE watched the gradual rising of a star,  
Whose delicate, clear ray outshone the crowd ;  
Gleaming between the rifts of parting cloud,  
Brighter above each dusky-veiling bar.  
The fairy child, the glimpse of girlish face,  
Rising to woman's dower of fairest, fullest grace.

And still she rose, and still she calmly shone,  
Walking in brightness ever-brightening still ;  
Gladdening, attracting at her queenly will,  
With starlike influence. The years wore on,  
And Isabel, the star, the pearl, the flower,  
Could not but know her gift, the secret of her power.

'Never so lovely as to-night,' they said,  
Again and yet again ! There came a night  
When many owned afresh the royal might  
Of beauty, as she came with snowfall tread,  
And summer smile, and simple maiden dress,  
Crowned only with the light and her own loveliness.

And the next day she was a little tired ;  
And the next night the rose had somewhat paled.  
The fair pearl glistened, yet it somewhat failed  
Of the past gleam, the radiance all-admired.  
From the soft emerald of the wind-waved grass,  
How soon the diamond sparkle of the dew must pass !

And the next week the sunbeams vainly sought  
An entrance, where their merry rival lay  
Fevered and weary ; while, from day to day,  
The quick pulse wasted what short slumber brought  
Of slow renewing. So the dark mist fell,  
And hid the starry fire that all had loved so well.

Again she shone, when from that dark mist freed,  
But with that singular radiance never more ;  
The brightening upward path so quickly o'er,  
The solemn westward curve begun indeed !  
The unconscious zenith of her lovely light  
For ever left behind on that gay triumph-night !

## II.

Ho ! for the Alps ! The weary plains of France,  
And the night-shadows, leaving far behind,  
For pearl horizons with pure summits lined,—  
On through the Jura-gorge, in swift advance  
Speeds Arthur, with keen hope and buoyant glee,  
On to the mountain land, home of the strong and  
free !

On ! to the morning flush of gold and rose ;  
On ! to the torrent and the hoary pine ;  
On ! to the stillness of life's utmost line ;  
On ! to the crimson fire of sunset snows.  
Short starlit rest, then with the dawn's first streak,  
On ! to the silent crown of some lone icy peak !

'T was no nerve-straining effort, then, for him  
To emulate the chamois-hunter's leap  
Across the wide rock-chasm, or the deep  
And darkly blue crevasse with treacherous rim,  
Or climb the sharp arête, or slope of snow,  
With Titan towers above, and cloud-filled gulfs below.

It was no weariness or toil to count  
Hour after hour in that weird white realm,  
With guide of Alp-renown to touch the helm  
Of practised instinct, rocky spires to mount,  
Or track the steepest glacier's fissured length,  
In the abounding joy of his unconquered strength.

But it was gladness none can realize  
Who have not felt the wild Excelsior thrill,  
The strange exhilarate energies that fill  
The bounding pulses, as the intenser skies  
Embrace the infinite whiteness, clear and fair,  
Inhaling vigorous life with that quick crystal air.

That Alpine witchery still onward lures,  
Upward, still upward, till the fatal list  
Grows longer of the early mourned and missed ;  
Leading where surest foot no more ensures  
The life that is not ours to throw away  
For the exciting joys of one brief summer day.

For there are sudden dangers none foreknow ;  
The scarlet-threaded rope can never mock  
The sound-loosed avalanche, frost-cloven rock,  
Or whirling storm of paralyzing snow.

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But Arthur's foot was kept ; no deathward slips  
Darkened the zenith of his strength with dire eclipse.

So year by year, as his rich manhood filled,  
He revelled in health-giving mountain feats ;  
Spurning the trodden tracks and curious streets,  
As fit for old men, and for boys unskilled  
In Alpine arts, not strong nor bold enough  
To battle with the blast and scale the granite bluff.

One glowing August sun went forth in might,  
And smote with rosy sword each snowy brow,  
Bright accolade of grandeur ! Now, oh now  
Amid that dazzling wealth of purest light,  
His long ambition should be crowned at last,  
And every former goal rejoicingly o'erpast.

For ere the white fields softened in the glow,  
He stood upon a long-wooded virgin-peak,  
One of the few fair prizes left to seek ;  
Each rival pinnacle left far below !  
He stood in triumph on the conquered height :  
And yet a shadow fell upon his first delight.

For well he knew that he had surely done  
His utmost, and that never summer day  
Could bring a moment on its radiant way  
Like the first freshness of that conquest, won  
Where all had lost before. A sudden tear  
Veiled all the glorious view, so grand, so calm, so clear !

## III.

An hour of song! of musical delight  
To those whose quick, instructed ear could trace,  
Through complex harmonies, the artistic grace,  
The finest shades of meaning, and the might  
Of order and of law. Nor less to those  
Who loved it as we love the fragrance of the rose.

And Cecil stood, with all the added ease  
Of ripe experience and of sure success;  
With all her glad instinctive consciousness  
Of natural gift that could not fail to please;  
With all her rich maturity of tone,  
Like sun-glow of the South on purple clusters thrown.

She sang rejoicing in her song,—each bar  
A separate pulse of pleasure. Were there none  
To listen and applaud, or only one,  
As freely she had poured it. For a star  
Shines, not because we watch it! Only blaze  
Of artificial light reserves its measured rays.

Yet who, that ever tasted, does not know  
The witchery of any phase of power,  
Ascendency unsought, magnetic dower  
Of influence? And Cecil found it so,  
And though but vaguely conscious of her might,  
Lived in her own strong spell, a glamour of delight.

Nor only joy of power and joy of song  
To fill the singer's chalice were combined ·  
But sympathetic influences of mind  
Acting, re-acting, as the charmèd throng  
Followed the wave of her swift magic wand,  
Yet lured her ever on to fair heights still beyond.

And so the song passed to its dying fall,  
As the electric interchanges crossed.  
What marvel that the closing chord was lost  
In rush of quick applause and fond recall !  
And Cecil rose once more, and poured again,  
From fuller-gushing fount, the doubly welcomed strain

Higher and higher rose the glorious song,  
Deeper and deeper grew the silence round ;  
All unrestrained the free, full notes resound,  
In splendid carol-gladness, holding long  
Unwearied listeners in chains unseen,  
As willing captives led by their victorious queen.

Tribute of wondering smile was freely paid,  
And then, as subtle modulation wrought  
Soft shadows in the sunny strain, some brought  
The deeper homage of a tear, and, swayed  
Beyond confession, strove in vain to hide  
The unconquerable rush of sweet emotion's tide.

Then once again the clear tones rose and swelled,  
While flashed the singer's eye with inward fire,  
And still the spirit of the song soared higher  
Until the closing cadence, as she held

All hearts entranced, till like a sunset ray,  
The last, long, sweet note thrilled, and softly died away.

And all was over ! Ah, she had not guessed  
That she had touched the zenith of her song,  
That gradual declining, slow and long  
Must mark the path now trending to the west !  
No boundary line is seen, and yet we cross  
In one veiled hour, from gain, to sure though lingering loss.

She often sang again. But oftener fell  
Apologies of unaffected truth.  
There was more effort, yet less power, in sooth ;  
The ringing tone less like a golden bell.  
Not quite in voice of late. I'll do my best !  
Do not expect too much ;—I think my voice needs rest.'

So one by one the songs no more were seen  
That called for grandest tone and clearest trill.  
And when she sang, though old friends loved it still,  
The stranger wondered what the spell had been.  
And then they spoke of how she *used* to sing !  
Passing, or passed away is every earthly thing.

## IV.

A silent house beneath a dome of stars,  
A deeply-shaded lamp, a lonely room ;  
A fire whose fitful whispers through the gloom  
In rhythmic cadence leapt athwart the bars :  
A broad, worn desk ; a broad, worn, bending brow ;  
Yet a bright eye beneath, full of strange brightness now.

A rapid hand, that wrote swift words of flame,  
Far-glowing words to kindle other fires ;  
Words that might flash along Time's mystic wires,  
And thrill the ages with a deathless name ;  
Barbed words, that fasten where they fall, and stay  
Deep in the souls of men, and never pass away.

Little recked Theodore of fame that night  
And less of gold. The current was too strong  
For such vain barques to launch. It swept along  
Whither he hardly knew ; the impulse bright  
Passing at every turn some opening view,  
Some echoing mountain height, some vista far and new

Lost memories trooped in amid the crowd  
Of happiest images ; ethereal forms  
Of weirdly prescient fancy, spectral swarms,  
Before him in oppressive beauty bowed,  
And beckoned him, with gleaming hands, to grasp  
Their fleeting loveliness in firm and joyous clasp.

And inward music rose, and wreathed around  
Each thought that shaped itself to outline clear ;  
The royal chimes rang on, more sweet, more near,  
With every gust. He caught the silver sound,  
And cast its fairy mantle o'er the flow  
Of his melodious lines, in all their fiery glow.

Such times are but the crystallizing hours  
That make the rainbow-bearing prism. They change  
Long-seething soul-solutions into strange  
And startling form ;—new properties and powers,

And beauties hardly dreamt, yet latent there,  
The poet-touch evokes, strong, marvellous, and fair.

For there are long, slow overtures before  
Such bursts of song ;—much tension unconfessed,  
Much training and much tuning,—years compressed,  
Concentrated in ever-filling store ;  
Till thoughts, that surged in secret deep below,  
Rise from volcanic fount in sudden overflow.

Much living to short writing ! such the law  
Of living poems, that have force to reach  
Depths that are sounded by no surface-speech,  
And thence the sympathetic waters draw  
With golden chain of many a fire-forged link,  
Gently, yet mightily, up to the pearly brink.

Was it the stillness of the lonely night  
That set his spirit free, with wizard hand,  
Opening the gates of more than fairyland ?  
Oft had he known the pulse of poet-might,  
But never quite the free, exultant power  
In which he revelled now through that enchanted hour.

Was it not rather that the harvest-time,  
After the sowing and the watering long,  
Was fully come ; the golden sheaves of song  
Falling in fulness, and that royal chime  
Peeling the harvest-home of wealth unseen,  
Where the remaining years might only come and glean ?

At length the last page lay beneath the light,  
 From wavering erasure free, and wrought  
 Too perfectly for any after-thought.

He rose, threw up the sash, and on the night,—  
 The brilliant, solemn night,—looked forth and sighed,  
 And felt the immediate ebb of that unwonted tide.

For it was over ! and the work was done  
 For which his life was lived ! unconscious yet !  
 The blossom fell because the fruit was set ;  
 The standard furled because the field was won.

And with the energy, the gladness passed,  
 And left him wearied out and sorrowful at last.

For only work that is for God alone  
 Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,  
 A guerdon unaffected by the sight  
 Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.

All else is vanity beneath the sun,  
 There may be joy in *doing*, but it palls when *done*.

## v.

Once more. A battle-field of mental might,  
 A broad arena for the utmost skill  
 Of world-famed gladiators, echoing still  
 With praise or cruel blame, beyond the sight  
 Of each day's keen spectators, to the verge  
 Of widest continents and ocean's farthest surge.

A great arena, whence the issues flow  
Not only through an empire but a world,  
Moulding the centuries ; wherein are hurled  
Thunders whose ultimate havoc none can know,  
Striking not names but nations :—such the scene  
Of conflict and renown, long entered by Eugene.

Many a time his weighty sword he threw  
Into the scale of victory, and swayed  
The critical turns, the great events that made  
The era's history. For well he knew  
Each subtle art of eloquence, combined  
With rarest gifts of speech, and native powers of mind.

His patriotism earned a noble meed  
Of trust and honour, more than any fame,  
And sweeter. Yet some thought his hard-won claim  
Not meetly recognised. Perchance indeed  
The shadow crossed his own thought, as he found  
Less kingly orators with heavier laurels crowned.

At length a contest of long doubtful end  
Drew to a climax, and his soul was stirred,  
And every generous faculty was spurred  
To utmost energy. For he could spend  
His very self upon the cause that seemed  
Clear justice and clear right ; or rather, so he deemed !

For there are few who care to analyze  
The mingled motives, in their complex force,  
Of some apparently quite simple course.  
*One* disentangled skein might well surprise.  
Perhaps a ' single heart ' is *never* known  
Save in the yielded life that lives for God alone.—

And that is *therefore* doubted, as a dream,  
 By those who know not the tremendous power  
 Of all-constraining love ! So in that hour  
 Of fierce excitement, 'mid the flashing gleam  
 Of measured glaive, I will not dare to say  
 That Eugene's purest zeal no party claim might sway.

Still, all combined to bid the eagle soar  
 Beyond the common clouds, the shifting mists  
 Of every-day debate, the very lists  
 Of strong opponents strengthening him the more.  
 As the strong pinion finds the opposing breeze  
 The very means of rising over land and seas.<sup>1</sup>

So Eugene rose in his full manly strength,  
 Reining at first the fiery courser in,  
 That with calm concentration he might win  
 The captious ear ;—reserve of power at length,  
 At the right moment from the wise curb freed,  
 Triumphantly burst forth with grand impetuous speed.

And as the great speech mounted to a pause  
 Some foes were silenced, some were wholly gained,  
 And all were spellbound, stilled, and marvel-chained,  
 And, more than all the clatter of applause,  
 The cause was won ! ' Eugene was at his best  
 To-night ! ' So much they knew ! They did not know  
 the rest !

<sup>1</sup> See Duke of Argyle's ' Reign of Law.'

For they who watched with envy or delight  
The moment of his zenith, little knew  
It was the moment of his setting too ;  
For fell paralysis drew near that night.  
Never again Eugene might proudly stand  
And sway the men who swayed the sceptre of his land.

## VI.

A simple Christmas Day at home ! And yet  
It was the very zenith of two stars  
That rose together through the cloudy bars,  
In bright perpetual conjunction met.  
A day whose memory should never cease,—  
A Coronation Day of Love and Joy and Peace.

The culmination of two lives that passed  
Through many a chance and change of chequered  
years,  
Each shining for the other, hopes and fears  
Centred within their home ! And now at last  
They gazed upon a clear, calm sky around,  
And rested in their love, that day serenely crowned.

Bernard and Constance had no wish beyond  
Each other's gladness, and the fuller good  
Of those beloved ones who blithely stood  
Around the Christmas fire,—the fair and fond,  
The strong and merry ; sons and daughters grown  
In closest unity,—rich treasures all their own.

Bright arrows of full quiver ! still unshot  
By ruthless bow of Time and scattered wide,  
Still in the sweet home-bundle tightly tied,  
Though feathered for the flight from that safe spot.  
Flight when ? and whither ? Ah me ! who might say  
What should befall before another Christmas Day !

Closer they clustered in the twilight fall,  
And talked of pleasant memories of the year,  
And then of pleasant prospects far and near ;  
Each name responding at each gleeful call.  
The merry mention of a dear name there  
Had never yet been hushed by any empty chair.

But, most of all, the gladness and the pride  
Circled around the eldest brother's name ;  
His first success, his rising college fame,  
Made merriest music at that warm fireside ;  
And in the parent-hearts deep echoes thrilled,  
As the repeated chord proclaimed fond hopes fulfilled.

No dim presentiment of sorrow fell  
Upon that zenith hour of happiness,  
Perhaps the brightest that could ever bless  
A merely earthly lot ; the purest well  
Of natural joy, unselfish, undefiled,  
Up-springing to the day, while heaven above it smiled.

And so the evening hours sped swiftly by,  
And Christmas carols closed the happy time,  
And Christmas bells, in sweet wind-wafted chime,  
Stole softly through the shutters. Not a sigh  
With music of the gay good-night was blent,  
No discord in that full, harmonious content.

What then? Bernard and Constance wakeful lay  
 A long, long while, unwilling each to tell  
 That, as the midnight tolled, it seemed the knell  
 Of the great gladness of that Christmas Day.  
 'Oh, what if it should prove too bright to last,  
 Clear shining that precedes the wild and rainy blast!'

And they were right. It *could* not come again!  
 Sickness, and scattering, and varied woe,  
 Yet nothing but the lot of most below,  
 Soon marred the music of that perfect strain.  
 And though the westering path had many a gleam,  
 That zenith-joy was but an oft-remembered dream.

## VII.

A soft spring twilight. Cherry blossoms white  
 Whispered about the summer they were told  
 Was coming, when the beech trees would unfold  
 Their horny buds, and chestnuts would be dight  
 In great green leaves. 'What will become of us?'  
 They wondered! And they shivered as they questioned  
 thus.

For the east wind came by, with curfew bell  
 Upon his wings, and touched them stealthily,  
 Shrivelling the tender leaves. And silently  
 In their sweet white array the blossoms fell.  
 Ah for the zenith of the cherry tree!  
 Yet *is* it past, although the snowy glories be?

Wait for the shining of the summer day ;  
Wait for the crimson glow amid the green ;  
Wait for the wealth of ruby ripeness, seen  
After the fitful spring has passed away.  
Wait till the Master comes, with His own hand  
To find His pleasant fruit in clusters rich and grand.

Yes, soft spring twilight ! And a bowing head,  
A kneeling form amid the shadows grey ;  
A heart from which the hopes had passed away,  
That made life exquisite as the blossoms shed  
Around that open window ;—and a throb  
Of dull grey pain, that rose, and forced one low deep sob.

Only the zenith of his youth had passed,  
And scarcely that. Yet perhaps the saddest time  
Is while the echo of the matin chime  
Has hardly died away in silence vast ;  
Sadder to realize the noonday height,  
Than the slow-gathering shades of long impending night.

It did not seem that there could ever be  
Another zenith, different, and bright  
With grander hopes, and far more glorious light  
Than all the spells of syren minstrelsy,  
And all the love and gladness that entwined  
The merry paths of youth, for ever left behind.

For Godfrey had no special powers to spur  
To emulation in the great world-race,  
No special gifts or aims ;—the open space  
A possible joy had filled—the dream of her

Who might have been and yet was not to be  
 Queen of his life ! and now—the dark-draped throne was  
 free !

Free ! Yet Another claimed that empty throne,  
 And in the twilight He was drawing near,  
 'Mid all those shadows of dim grief, and fear,  
 And sense of vanity. The King unknown,  
 Unrecognised as yet, was come to reign,  
 And yet to crown the life that owned its life was vain.

And while the spring airs trembled through the trees,  
 The gracious Wind that bloweth where it lists  
 Dispersed the fallacies, the world-breathed mists  
 That hid unseen realities. That Breeze  
 Unveiled the mysteries of hidden sin,  
 And let the all-searching Light flash startlingly within.

Then the vague weariness was roused indeed,  
 And passed away for ever, as he saw  
 The nearer lightnings of the holy law  
 Through suddenly deepening darkness ; then the need  
 More of a Saviour than mere safety dawned  
 In lurid daybreak, as he glimpsed the gulf that yawned

Close at his feet—those careless feet that trod  
 So merrily a harmless-seeming course  
 Of merely useless pleasure, by the force  
 Of custom, and yet never came to God,  
 Never yet stepped upon the Living Way  
 That only leads to life and everlasting day.

Again that holy Breeze swept by in might,  
And fanned each faint desire to stronger flame ;  
He said, ' O bid me come to Thee ! ' He came,  
Just as he was, that memorable night.  
And lo ! the King, who waited at the door,  
Entered, to save, to reign, and to go out no more.

And then he saw those awful lightnings fall  
Through the cleft heavens upon a lonely Tree  
That stood upon a mount called Calvary,  
And knew that stroke had spent the fiery ball :  
And then the earthquake closed the gulf below,  
While he stood all unscathed, safe from the overthrow.

' Stood,' said I ? Nay, in wonder and in love  
As on that more than vision Godfrey gazed,  
He fell at his Deliverer's feet, and praised  
With a new sweetness, sweet as harps above,  
The glorious One, whose royal grace had saved  
The aimless wanderer, who never grace had craved.

Far in the night this wondrous watch he kept  
With the unslumbering Shepherd, while a joy,  
The first he ever knew without alloy,  
Filled all his soul with light. At last he slept,  
Wrapped in this strange new peace, whose steady beam  
Made all his past life seem a sinful, troubled dream.

What then ? It was no zenith, though the star  
Of life shone out at radiant height, that dimmed  
Each previous gleam to gloom that barely rimmed  
The shifting clouds, with something, that, from far

---

Might have been fancied light, yet only made  
The darkness more discerned, the spirit more afraid.

Rather, it was the rising ! the first hour  
Of the true shining, that should rise and rise  
From glory unto glory, through God's skies,  
In strengthening brightness and increasing power.  
A rising with no setting, for its height  
Could only culminate in God's eternal light.

The feeble glimmer of the former days,  
The hope, the love, the very glee, that paled  
Just at their seeming zenith, and then failed  
Of fuller sparkling,—all the scattered rays  
Were caught up and transfigured, in the blaze  
Of the new life of love, and energy, and praise.

The joy of loyal service to the King  
Shone through them all, and lit up other lives  
With the new fire of faith, that ever strives,  
Like a swift-kindling beacon, far to fling  
The tidings of His victory, and claim  
New subjects for His realm, new honour for His Name.

And so the years flowed on, and only cast  
Light, and more light, upon the shining way,  
That more and more shone to the perfect day ;  
Always intenser, clearer than the past ;  
Because they only bore him on glad wing  
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of the King.

Who recks the short recession of a wave  
In the strong flowing of a tide? And so  
Without a pang could Godfrey leave below  
Successive earthly zeniths, while he gave  
A glad glance upward to the rainbow Throne,  
And joyously pressed on to nobler heights alone.

Or if awhile a looming sorrow-cloud  
He entered, still he found the Glory there,  
Shechinah-brightness resting still and fair  
Within the holy curtains, as he bowed  
Before the Presence on the Mercy-seat ;  
Then forth he came with sound of golden bells most sweet.

And then the music floated on the wind,  
A constant carol of glad tidings told,  
Of how the lives the One Life doth enfold  
Are ever with that Life so closely twined,  
That nought can separate, below, above,  
And life itself is one long miracle of love.

At last the gentle tone was heard, that falls  
In all-mysterious sweetness on the ear  
That long has listened, longing, without fear,  
Because so well it knows the Voice that calls ;  
Though only once that solemn call is heard,  
While angel-songs take up the echoes of the word.

‘Friend, go up higher!’ So he took that night  
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,  
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,  
Into the everlasting joy and light.

The Zenith of the earthly life was come ;  
 What marvel that the lips were for the moment dumb !

What then ? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard !  
 Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,  
 And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life !  
*Then* shalt thou know the glory of the word,  
*Then* as the stars for ever—ever shine,  
 Beneath the King's own smile,—perpetual Zenith thine !

### The Thoughts of God.

THY thoughts, O God ! O theme Divine !  
 Except Thy Spirit in my darkness shine,  
     And make it light,  
     And overshadow me  
     With stilling might,  
 And touch my lips that I may speak of Thee,—  
     How shall I soar  
 To thoughts of Thy thoughts ? and how dare to write  
     Of Thine ?

    Thou understandest mine  
     Far off and long before.  
 Thou searchest, knowest, compassest ! Thy hand is laid  
     Upon me. Whither shall I flee  
 From Omnipresence and Omniscience ? If I fly  
     To heaven, Thou art there : and if I lie  
     In the unseen land,  
 Behold, Thou art there also ! If I take  
 The wings of morning, and my dwelling make  
     In the uttermost parts of the great sea,

Even there Thy hand shall lead me, Thy right hand  
 Shall hold me. If I say  
     Surely the night  
 Shall cover me, it shall be light  
     About me. Yea, the shade  
 Of darkness hideth not from Thee,  
     Night shineth as the day ;  
 The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

Thee I will praise : for I am fearfully  
     And wonderfully made.  
 My substance was not hid from Thee  
 When I was made in secret, curiously wrought  
     And yet imperfect. Then  
 Thine eyes did see me. In Thy book  
 Were all my members written, when  
 Not one of them was into being brought.  
 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,  
 'Too excellent, too high. Yet 't is but one  
     Keen ray of Thy great sun  
 Touching an atom in a dusty nook !

One ray ! while others traverse depths profound  
 Of possible chaos ; and illumine  
     The boundless bound  
 Of space ; and vivify worlds all unguessed,  
     To whom  
 Our farthest eastern spark,  
 Caught by the mightiest telescope that ever pierced the  
 dark,  
     Is farthest west.

One ray! while others overflow  
 The countless hosts of angels with celestial blaze;  
     With still diviner glow,  
 Flooding each heart with adoration sweet,  
     And yet too glorious for the gaze  
 Of seraphim, who cover face and feet  
     With burning wings,  
 While through the universe their 'Holy, holy,' rings.

Only one ray! Yet doth it come  
 So close to us, so very near,  
     Our inmost selves enfolding,  
 Discerning, penetrating,—we, beholding  
 Its terrible brightness, well might fear,  
     But for the glow  
 Of known and trusted Love that pulseth warm below.  
     And so  
 The psalm ariseth, strong and clear,  
 'How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God!  
     How great their sum!'

Uncounted, marvellous, and very deep and broad,  
 Unsearchable and high!  
     Infinity  
 Of holiest, mightiest mystery,  
     That never sight  
 Or tongue of mortal seer  
     Could see or tell,  
     That never flight  
 Of flame-like spirits that in strength excel  
 Hath reached! The very faith that brings us near  
 Reveals new distances, new depths of light  
 Unfathomed,—seas of suns that never eye

Created, hath beheld or ever can behold !

What know we of God's thoughts? One word of gold  
A volume doth enfold.

They are—'Not ours!'

Ours? what are they? their value and their powers?  
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet

Across the busy brain,  
Only a few remain

To set their seal on memory's strange consistence.

Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,

That we would fain forget ;

And very few are rich and great and sweet ;

And fewer still are lasting gain,

And these most often born of pain,

Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence.

What else? Even in their proudest strength so weak,  
So isolated and so rootless,

So flowerless and so fruitless ;—

We think, and dare not do,—we think, and cannot speak ;

A thought alone is less than breath,

Only the shudder of a living death,

A thing of scorn,

A formless embryo in chaos born,

It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,

With swiftness and with skill,

And moulded on life's anvil, ere it glow

With any fire or force ;

And wrought with many a blow

And welded in the heat by toiling strength

With many another, ere it go at length

The humblest mission to fulfil.

And then its tiny might  
 Is not inherent, but alone dependent  
 Upon the primal source  
 And spring of power, First, Sole, Supreme, Trans-  
 cendent!

What else? So circumscribed in flight!  
 Like bats in sunshine, striking helpless wings  
 Against the shining things,  
 That to their dazzled sight  
 Appear not; hindered everywhere  
 By unseen obstacles with puzzling pain.  
 Or like the traveller, toiling long to gain  
 An Alpine summit, white and fair,  
 With far-extending view; but still withheld,  
 And to the downward track with fainting step compelled  
 By an intangible barrier; for the air  
 Is all too rare,  
 Too keenly pure  
 For valley-dweller to endure.  
 For thus our thoughts rebound  
 From the Invisible-Infinite, on every side  
 Hemmed ever round  
 By the Impassable, that never mortal pinion  
 Hath over-soared, that mocks at human pride,  
 Imprisoned in its own supposed dominion.

What else? So mingled, so impure;  
 So interwoven with the threads of sin,  
 Visible or invisible as the sight  
 Is purged to see them in God's light;

So subtle in their changeful forms, now dark, now  
bright;

Such mystery of iniquity within,  
That we must loathe our very thoughts, but for the cure  
He hath devised,—the blessed Tree  
The Lord hath shown us, that, cast in, can heal  
The fountain whence the bitter waters flow.  
Divinest remedy  
Whose power we feel,  
Whose grace we comprehend not, but we know.

What else? So fallible, so full of errors,—  
No certainty! In aught unproved and new,  
Treading volcanic soil o'er smothered terrors;  
Spectral misgivings rising to the view,  
As each step crushes through  
Some older crust of truth assumed. And this is all  
That human thoughts can do,  
Leaning on human strength and reason solely;  
Now wrong, now right, now false, now true,  
As may befall!  
And even the truest never reaching wholly  
Truth Absolute,  
That still our touch eludes,  
And vanishes in deeper depths when man intrudes  
Within her awful solitudes,  
Where many a string is mute  
And many awaiting, all the rest  
Imperfectly attuned at best,—  
We can but wait for truth of tone,  
For truth of modulation and expression,  
With lowliest confession

Of utter powerlessness, content  
 To trust His thoughts and not our own,—  
 Until the Maker of the instrument  
 Shall tune it in another sphere,  
 By His own perfect hand and ear.

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,  
 From dissonance to pure and full accord!  
 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the Lord,  
 Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height  
 Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,  
 My thoughts, to yours ;—out of your sight,  
 Above your praise.'

O oracle most grand!

Thus teaching by sublimest negative  
 What by a positive we could not understand,  
 Or, understanding, live!  
 And now, search fearlessly  
 The imperfections and obscurity,  
 The weakness and impurity,  
 Of all our thoughts. On each discovery  
 Write, 'NOT as ours!' Then, in every line,  
 Behold God's glory shine  
 In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view  
 His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and  
 True.

And now, what have we of these thoughts of God,  
 So high, so deep, so broad?  
 What hath He given, and what are we receiving?  
 A revelation  
 Dim, pale, and cold  
 Beside their hidden fire, yet gorgeously enscrolled

Upon His wide Creation.  
He would not all withhold,  
His children in the silent darkness leaving ;  
Nor would He overwhelm our heart  
And strike it dumb ;  
And so He hath entolded some  
In fair expressions for the eye and ear ;  
Though faint, yet clear ;  
Such as our powers may apprehend in part.  
Thus hath He wrought  
The dazzling swiftness of the thought  
That veiled itself for mortal ken in light.  
And thus the myriad-handed might  
Of that from which the million-teeming ocean fell,  
No greater toil to Him,  
From silent depth to surfy rim,  
Than the small crystal drop which fills a rosy shell.  
And thus the Infinite Ideal  
Of perfect Beauty, (only real  
In Him and through Him, pure conception  
Too exquisite for our perception,)  
He hath translated, giving us such lines  
As we can trace,  
In mountain grandeur and in lily grace,  
In sunset, cloudland, or soul-moulded face,  
Such alphabets and signs  
As we, His little ones, may slowly, softly read,  
Supplying thus a deep, true spirit-need.

What know we more? One thought He hath expressed  
In that great scheme  
Of which we, straining, catch a glimpse or gleam

In light or shadow ;—scheme embracing all,  
 Star-system cycles and the sparrow's fall ;—  
 Scheme all-combining, wisest, grandest, best.  
 We call it Providence. And each may deem  
 Himself a tiny centre of that thought ;  
     For how mysteriously enwrought  
 Are all our moments in its folds of might,  
     Our own horizon ever bounding  
 And yet not limiting, but still surrounding  
 Our lives, while reaching far beyond our quickest sight.  
 O thought of consummated harmony !  
 Each life is one note in that symphony,  
 Without which were its cadence incomplete :  
 Yet each note complex, formed of many a reed ;  
 And each reed quivering with vibrations passing count,  
     And each vibration blending  
     In mystic trinities ascending  
     Through weird harmonics that recede  
 Into the unknown silences, or meet  
 In clashing thrills unanalyzed, and mount  
 In tangled music, yet all plain and clear  
     Unto the Master's ear.  
 O thought of consummated melody  
 And perfect rhythm ! though its mighty beat  
     Transcend angelic faculty,  
     And though its mighty bars  
 May be the fall of worlds, the birth of stars,  
     Its measure—all eternity—  
     One echo, calm and sweet,  
 Our clue to this great music of God's plan,  
 Sounds on in ever-varying repeat—  
 Glory to God on high, peace and goodwill to man !

What have we more? Scan we the blinding blaze  
     Of the refulgent rays  
 Outpoured from the Very Fount of Light?  
 One thought of God in undiluted splendour  
     Flashed on our feeble gaze,  
 Were never borne by mortal sight.  
     He knew it, and He gave,  
     In mercy tender,  
 All that the soul unwittingly doth crave,  
     All that it can receive. He robed  
 In finite words the sparkles of His thought,  
     The starry fire englobed  
 In tiny spheres of language, shielding, softening thus  
 The living, burning glory. And He brought  
     Even to us  
 This strange celestial treasure that no prayer  
     Had asked of Him, no ear had heard,  
 No heart of man conceived. He laid it there,  
 Even at our feet, and said it was His Word.  
     O mystery of tender grace!  
     We find  
 God's thoughts in human words enshrined,  
 God's very life and love with ours entwined.  
 All wonderingly from page to page we pass,  
 O'wning the darkening yet revealing glass;  
     In every line we trace,  
     In fair display,  
 Prismatic atoms of the glorious bow  
 Projected on the darkest cloud that e'er  
 O'ergloomed the world that God had made so fair,  
 The rainbow of His covenant; each one  
 Reflecting perfectly a sevenfold ray,

Shot from the sun  
 Of His exceeding love,  
 Strong and serene above,  
 Upon a tremulous drop of tearful life below.

One thought, His thought of thoughts, awakes our  
 song  
 Of endless thanks and marvelling adoration  
 More than aught else. For Providence, Creation,  
 All He hath made and all He doth prepare,  
 Thoughts grand and wise, and strong,  
 Thoughts tender and most fair,  
 Are pale beside the glory of Salvation,  
 Redemption's gracious plan and glorious revelation :—  
 The focus where all rays unite ;  
 Each attribute arrayed in sevenfold light,  
 Each adding splendour to the rest.  
 The meeting blest  
 Of His great love and foreseen human woe  
 Struck forth a mighty fire, that sent a glow  
 Throughout the universe ;—an overflow  
 To the dim confines that none know  
 Save He who traced them ; lit up gloriously  
 The farthest vistas of Eternity ;  
 And, flooding heaven itself with radiance new,  
 Revealed the heart of God, all-merciful, all-true.

Thus are the thoughts of God made known to men.  
 Yet is all revelation bounded  
 First by its vehicle, and then  
 By its reception. Unseen things  
 Remain unfathomed and unsounded,

And hidden as the springs  
Of an immeasurable sea,  
Because His thought, sublime and great,  
No language finds commensurate  
    With its infinity ;  
And when compressed in any finite mould,  
'T is but a fraction that the mind of man  
    Receiveth. For we hold  
        But what we span,  
        We only see  
What feeble lenses and weak sight may scan.  
And thus a double lessening, double veiling  
Of the unimagined glory of a thought of Him  
    Who dwells between the cherubim !  
        First, suffering and paling  
    By its necessitate transition  
From Infinite to Finite, for that all expression  
Is by its nature finite ; then the vision  
    Which angels might receive straightway,  
        Unshorn of any ray,  
        And hold in full possession,  
        Must enter by the portal  
Of faculties sin-paralyzed and mortal ;  
And in the human breast's low-vaulted gloom  
    It finds no room  
    For any high display.

This is no guess-work. It is even so  
With our poor thoughts. For they are always more  
Than any form or language can convey.

    We know  
    Things that we cannot say ;

We soar,  
 Where we could never map our flight.  
 We see  
 Flashes and colourings too quick and bright  
 For any hand to paint. We meet  
 Depths that no line can sound. We hear  
 Strange far-off mental music, all too sweet,  
 Too great for any earthly instrument ;  
 Gone, if we strive to bring it near.

For who that knows  
 The sudden surging and the startling throes  
 Of subterranean soul-fires with no vent,  
 That seek an Etna all in vain ;—  
 Or the slow forming of some grand, fair thought,  
 With exquisite lingering outwrought,  
 Only to melt before the touch of effort or of pain :—  
 (Like quivering rose-fire 'neath a filmy veil  
 In mountain dawn,  
 That grows all still and pale  
 When the transparent silver is withdrawn.)  
 Oh ! who that knows but owns the meagre dower  
 Of poor weak language married to thought's royal  
 power—  
 Oh ! who that knows but needs must own,  
 If it be thus  
 Even with us,  
 Groping and tottering alone  
 Around the footstool of His throne,  
 With limited ideas and babe-like powers,  
 What must it be with Him, whose thoughts are not as  
 ours !

And now  
 We only bow,  
 And gaze above  
 In raptured awe and silent love ;  
 For mortal speech  
 Can never reach  
 A word of meetly-moulded praise,  
 For one glimpse of the blessèd rays,  
 Ineffable and purely bright,  
 Outflowing ever from the Unapproachèd Light.

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,  
 A point of coolness and repose  
 Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell  
 Unharmèd and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell,  
 Which the bright walls of fire enclose  
 In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes  
 Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest  
 At the great centre of the cyclone's force,  
 A silence at its secret source ;—  
 A little child might slumber undistressed,  
 Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,  
 In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,  
 Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—  
 As we fall o'ercrowed  
 Upon our faces, and are lifted higher  
 By His great gentleness, and carried nigher  
 Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand

Even in the hollow of His hand,—  
 Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—  
*There*, there we find a point of perfect rest  
 And glorious safety. There we see  
 His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace  
 That stoop to tenderest love; that still increase  
 With increase of our need; that never change,  
 That never fail, or falter, or forget.  
     O pity infinite!  
     O royal mercy free!  
 O gentle climax of the depth and height  
 Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most  
 strange!  
 'For I am poor and needy, yet  
 The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me!*'

### The Ministry of Intercession.

THERE is no holy service  
 But hath its secret bliss:  
 Yet, of all blessèd ministries,  
 Is one so dear as this?  
 The ministry that cannot be  
 A wondering seraph's dower,  
 Enduing mortal weakness  
 With more than angel-power.  
 The ministry of purest love  
 Uncrossed by any fear,  
 That bids us meet at the Master's feet,  
 And keeps us very near.

God's ministers are many,  
For this His gracious will,  
Remembrancers that day and night  
This holy office fill.  
While some are hushed in slumber,  
Some to fresh service wake,  
And thus the saintly number  
No change or chance can break.  
And thus the sacred courses  
Are evermore fulfilled,  
The tide of grace by time or place  
Is never stayed or stilled.

Oh, if our ears were opened  
To hear as angels do  
The Intercession-chorus  
Arising full and true,  
We should hear it soft up-welling  
In morning's pearly light,  
Through evening's shadows swelling  
In grandly gathering might,  
The sultry silence filling  
Of noontide's thunderous glow,  
And the solemn starlight thrilling  
With ever deepening flow.

We should hear it through the rushing  
Of the city's restless roar,  
And trace its gentle gushing  
O'er ocean's crystal floor :  
We should hear it far up-floating  
Beneath the Orient moon,

And catch the golden noting  
From the busy Western noon,  
And pine-robed heights would echo  
As the mystic chant up-floats,  
And the sunny plain resound again  
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Who are the blessèd ministers  
Of this world-gathering band?  
All who have learnt One Language,  
Through each far-parted land;  
All who have learnt the story  
Of Jesu's love and grace,  
And are longing for His glory  
To shine in every face.  
All who have known the Father  
In Jesus Christ our Lord,  
And know the might and love the light  
Of the Spirit in the Word.

Yet there are some who see not  
Their calling high and grand,  
Who seldom pass the portals,  
And never boldly stand  
Before the golden altar  
On the crimson-stainèd floor,  
Who wait afar and falter,  
And dare not hope for more.  
Will ye not join the blessèd ranks  
In their beautiful array?  
Let intercession blend with thanks  
As ye minister to-day!

There are little ones among them,  
Child-ministers of prayer,  
White robes of intercession  
Those tiny servants wear.  
First for the near and dear ones  
Is that fair ministry,  
Then for the poor black children,  
So far beyond the sea.  
The busy hands are folded,  
As the little heart uplifts  
In simple love, to God above,  
Its prayer for all good gifts.

There are hands too often weary  
With the business of the day,  
With God-entrusted duties,  
Who are toiling while they pray.  
They bear the golden vials,  
And the golden harps of praise,  
Through all the daily trials,  
Through all the dusty ways.  
These hands, so tired, so faithful,  
With odours sweet are filled,  
And in the ministry of prayer  
Are wonderfully skilled.

There are ministers unlettered,  
Not of Earth's great and wise,  
Yet mighty and unfettered  
Their eagle-prayers arise.  
Free of the heavenly storehouse !  
They hold the master-key

---

That opens all the fulness  
Of God's great treasury.  
They bring the needs of others,  
And all things are their own,  
For their one grand claim is Jesu's name  
Before their Father's throne.

There are noble Christian workers,  
The men of faith and power,  
The overcoming wrestlers  
Of many a midnight hour ;  
Prevailing princes with their God,  
Who will not be denied,  
Who bring down showers of blessing  
To swell the rising tide.  
The Prince of Darkness quaiileth  
At their triumphant way,  
Their fervent prayer avaiileth  
To sap his subtle sway.

But in this Temple-service  
Are sealed and set apart  
Arch-priests of intercession,  
Of undivided heart.  
The fulness of anointing  
On these is doubly shed,  
The consecration of their God  
Is on each low-bowed head.  
They bear the golden vials  
With white and trembling hand  
In quiet room or wakeful gloom  
These ministers must stand,—

To the Intercession-Priesthood  
Mysteriously ordained,  
When the strange dark gift of suffering  
This added gift hath gained.  
For the holy hands uplifted  
In suffering's longest hour  
Are truly Spirit-gifted  
With intercession-power.  
The Lord of Blessing fills them  
With His uncounted gold,  
An unseen store, still more and more,  
Those trembling hands shall hold.

Not always with rejoicing  
This ministry is wrought,  
For many a sigh is mingled  
With the sweet odours brought.  
Yet every tear bedewing  
The faith-fed altar fire  
May be its bright renewing  
To purer flame, and higher.  
But when the oil of gladness  
God graciously outpours,  
The heavenward blaze with blended praise  
More mightily upsoars.

So the incense-cloud ascendeth  
As through calm crystal air,  
A pillar reaching unto heaven,  
Of wreathèd faith and prayer.  
For evermore the Angel  
Of Intercession stands

In His Divine High Priesthood,  
With fragrance-fillèd hands,  
To wave the golden censer  
Before His Father's throne,  
With Spirit-fire intenser,  
And incense all His own.

And evermore the Father  
Sends radiantly down  
All-marvellous responses,  
His ministers to crown ;  
The incense-cloud returning  
As golden blessing-showers,  
We in each drop discerning  
Some feeble prayer of ours,  
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,  
By Him who giveth thus  
The glory all to Jesus Christ,  
The gladness all to us !

### 'Free to Serve.'

SHE chose His service. For the Lord of Love  
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price  
For her redemption ; and had sought her out,  
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,  
And put His royal ring upon her hand,  
And crowns of loving-kindness on her head.  
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not yield  
The fuller measure other lives could bring ;

For He had given her a precious gift,  
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,  
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced  
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.  
And there was not much room for other lines,  
For time and thought were spent (and rightly spent,  
For He had given the charge), and hours and days  
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new gem,  
But many, for His crown ;—not one fair sheaf,  
But many, she should bring. And she should have  
A richer, happier harvest-home at last,  
Because more fruit, more glory, and more praise,  
Her life should yield to Him. And so He came,  
The Master came Himself, and gently took  
The little hand in His, and gave it room  
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came  
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,  
And made it very still, that He might write  
Invisible words of power—'Free to serve !'  
Then through the darkness and the chill He sent  
A heat-ray of His love, developing  
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone  
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—  
The happy service of a yielded heart.  
With comfort that He never ceased to give,  
Because her need could never cease, she filled  
The empty chalices of other lives,  
And time and thought were thenceforth spent for Him  
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts  
 With His unerring pen. They are His own,  
 Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,  
 Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write !  
 Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word  
 But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave  
 One that shall shine for ever to His praise,  
 And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.  
 The tearful eye at first may read the line  
 'Bondage to grief !' but He shall wipe away  
 The tears, and clear the vision, till it read  
 In ever-brightening letters, 'Free to serve !'  
 For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,  
 But by withholding, doth the Master write  
 These words upon the heart. Not always needs  
 Erasure of some blessèd line of love  
 For this more blest inscription. Where He finds  
 A tablet empty for the 'lines left out,'  
 That 'might have been' engraved with human love  
 And sweetest human cares, yet never bore  
 That poetry of life, His own dear hand  
 Writes 'Free to serve !' And these clear characters  
 Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed space,  
 Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be  
 The motto of our lives until we stand  
 In the great freedom of Eternity,  
 Where we '*shall* serve Him' while we see His face,  
 For ever and for ever 'Free to serve.'

## Coming to the King.

2 CHRON. ix. 1-12.

I CAME from very far away to see  
The King of Salem ; for I had been told  
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,  
And condescension infinite and free.  
How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,  
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I came ?

I came (but not like Sheba's Queen), alone !  
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring ;  
No friend at court, save One, that One the King !  
I had requests to spread before His throne,  
And I had questions none could solve for me,  
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,  
And told Him all my heart ; I cannot say,  
In mortal ear, what communings were they.  
But wouldst thou know, go too, and meekly bring  
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear  
His voice of love and power, His answers sweet and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest !  
He told me all I needed, graciously ;—  
Enough for guidance, and for victory  
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest ;  
And when some veiled response I could not read,  
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before  
 My wondering eyes in gradual revelation ;  
 The house that He had built, its strong foundation,  
 Its living stones ; and, brightening more and more,  
 Fair glimpses of that palace far away,  
 Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land  
 Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame ;  
 Yet I believèd not until I came,—  
 Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.  
 The half was never told by mortal word ;  
 My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard !

Oh, happy are His servants ! happy they  
 Who stand continually before His face,  
 Ready to do His will of wisest grace !  
 My King ! is mine such blessedness to-day ?  
 For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,  
 Thy ever-brightening words in holy radiance shine.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord thy God ! who set  
 Our King upon His throne. Divine delight  
 In the Belovèd crowning Thee with might,  
 Honour, and majesty supreme ; and yet  
 The strange and Godlike secret opening thus,—  
 The kingship of His Christ ordained through love to us !

What shall I render to my glorious King ?  
 I have but that which I receive from Thee ;  
 And what I give, Thou givest back to me,  
 Transmuted by Thy touch ; each worthless thing  
 Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,  
 And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand-fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoe'er  
 I ask ! Was ever mythic tale or dream  
 So bold as this reality,—this stream  
 Of boundless blessings flowing full and free ?  
 Yet more than I have thought or asked of Thee,  
 Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and tell  
 What I myself have seen and heard of Thee,  
 And give Thine own sweet message, 'Come and see !'  
 And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell  
 With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,  
 Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.

'Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be.'—2 SAM. xv. 21.

'Where I am, there shall also My servant be.'—JOHN xii. 26.

### Reality.

'FATHER, WE KNOW THE REALITY OF JESUS CHRIST.'—

*Words used by a workman in prayer.*<sup>1</sup>

REALITY, reality,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
 From the spectral mists and driving clouds,  
 From the shifting shadows and phantom crowds ;

<sup>1</sup> 'At another prayer meeting on the same day a young Christian who had been witnessing for this 'reality' among those who called religion a 'phantom' and a 'sham' prayed earnestly, 'Lord Jesus, let Thy dear servant write for us what Thou art—Thou living, bright Reality !' And, urging His plea with increasing vehemence, he added, 'and let her do it *this very night*.' That 'very night' these verses were flashed into my mind ; while he was 'yet speaking,' they were written and *dated*. Does not this show the 'reality of prayer ?'

From unreal words and unreal lives,  
 Where truth with falsehood feebly strives ;  
 From the passings away, the chance and change,  
 Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,  
 I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,  
 Who art the grand Reality.

Reality in greatest need,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed !  
 Is the pilot real, who alone can guide  
 The drifting ship through the midnight tide ?  
 Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,  
 And the saved ones leap from the parting deck ?  
 Is the haven real, where the barque may flee  
 From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea ?  
 Reality indeed art Thou,  
 My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven now !

Reality, reality,  
 In brightest days art Thou to me !  
 Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,  
 Thou art the heaven above my earth,  
 The spring of the love of all my heart,  
 And the Fountain of my song Thou art ;  
 For dearer than the dearest now,  
 And better than the best, art Thou,  
 Belovèd Lord, in whom I see  
 Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,  
 Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me.  
 When I thought the dream of life was past,  
 And 'the Master's home-call' come at last ;

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When I thought I only had to wait  
A little while at the Golden Gate,—  
Only another day or two,  
Till Thou Thyself shouldst bear me through,  
How real Thy presence was to me  
How precious Thy Reality !

Reality, reality,  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,  
Thy words are better than 'most fine gold,'  
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,  
Thy life is grander than poet-story ;  
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,  
Art more than words and life and name !  
*Thyself* Thou hast revealed to me,  
In glorious Reality.

Reality, reality,  
Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.  
In Thee is every type fulfilled,  
In Thee is every yearning stilled  
For perfect beauty, truth, and love ;  
For Thou art always far above  
The grandest glimpse of our Ideal,  
Yet more and more we know Thee real,  
And marvel more and more to see  
Thine infinite Reality.

Reality, reality  
Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.

How real Thy mercy and Thy might !  
 How real Thy love, how real Thy light !  
 How real Thy truth and faithfulness !  
 How real Thy blessing when Thou dost bless !  
 How real Thy coming to dwell within !  
 How real the triumphs Thou dost win !  
     Does not the loving and glowing heart  
     Leap up to own how real Thou art ?

Reality, reality !

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

Reality, reality,

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
 My glorious King, my Lord, my God,  
 Life is too short for half the laud,  
 For half the debt of praise I owe  
 For this blest knowledge, that 'I know  
 The reality of Jesus Christ,'—  
 Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced !  
     Will I not praise Thee when I see  
     In the long noon of Eternity,  
     Unveiled, Thy 'bright Reality !'

Far More Exceeding.

καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν.—2 COR. iv. 17.

'FROM glory unto glory!' Thank God, that even here  
The starry words are shining out, our heavenward way to  
cheer!

That e'en among the shadows the conquering brightness  
glows,  
As ever from the nearing Light intenser radiance flows.

'From glory unto glory!' Shall the grand progression  
fail

When the darkening glass is shattered as we pass within  
the veil?

Shall the joyous song of 'Onward!' at once for ever cease,  
And the swelling music culminate in monotone of peace?

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of its bliss,  
From the principle of growth entwined with every nerve of  
this?

Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly repealed,  
And the moment of releasing see our sum of glory sealed?

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit quickly run,  
The lustre of the planet, circling slowly round the sun,  
The mighty revolutions of its million-heated blaze,  
'From glory unto glory' lead our far-expanding gaze.

Then onward, ever onward, through the unexplored abyss  
(Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds and this),

Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of human thought,  
And space and time commingle while the clue is feebly  
sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto deep,  
Star-glories with attendant worlds, forth-flashing as they  
sweep  
Around their unseen centre, that point of mystic power,  
In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then! onward and yet onward! for the dim revealings  
show  
That systems unto systems in grand succession grow,  
That what we deemed a volume but one golden verse  
may be,  
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-thrilling  
bar,  
Through aisles of His great temple resounding full and  
far;  
That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow by the  
shore!  
Then! onward yet, in eagle flight, through the Infinite we  
soar—

'From glory unto glory,' till the spirit fails; and then  
Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,  
Mysterious immensities of order and of light,  
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as thought beyond  
our sight.

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But the starting-point in heaven shall be no 'glory of the moon,'  
No planet gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of tropic noon ;  
From 'glory that excelleth' all that human heart hath known,  
Our 'onward, upward,' shall begin in the presence of the Throne.

'From glory unto glory' of loveliness and light,  
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,  
'From glory unto glory' of knowledge and of love,  
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

'From glory unto glory' that ever lies before,  
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,  
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to field,  
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed !

'From glory unto glory' with no limit and no veil,  
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that cannot fail ;  
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar ;  
And never interruption to the endless 'more and more' !

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah's love and grace,  
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His face,  
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of His will,  
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit still.

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O Saviour, hast Thou ransomed us from death's unknown  
abyss,  
And purchased with Thy precious blood such everlasting  
bliss?  
Art Thou indeed preparing us, with love exceeding great,  
And preparing all this glory in such 'far exceeding  
weight'?

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are  
found,  
And let our burning, loving praise, yet more and more  
abound ;  
And, gazing on the 'things not seen,' eternal in the  
skies,  
'From glory unto glory,' O Saviour, let us rise !

### 'The Splendour of God's Will.'

IN the freshness of the spring-time,  
In the beauty of the May,  
When the swift-winged breezes carolled,  
And the lambs were all at play,  
And the birds were blithe and busy,  
Upon her couch she lay.

Like a lily bruised and drooping,  
Before its early flower  
Had fully opened to the sun,  
Or reached a noontide hour ;  
Broken and yet more fragrant  
For the heavy-beating shower.

It was not the first spring-time  
 Passed without one glad sight  
 Of a starry primrose growing,  
 Or a brooklet swift and bright,  
 And without one bounding footstep  
 On a field with daisies white.

It was not the first spring-time—  
 And it might not be the last  
 In weariness and suffering  
 Thus to be slowly passed ;  
 For when the young feet cannot move  
 Months do not travel fast.

And yet she saw what others  
 Have never sought or seen,  
 A splendour more than spring-light  
 On fair trees waving green,  
 And more than summer sunshine  
 On Ocean's silver sheen.

Her pencil, tracing feebly  
 Words that shall echo still,  
 Perchance some unknown mission  
 May joyously fulfil :—  
 'I think I just begin to see  
 The *splendour* of God's will !'

O words of golden music  
 Caught from the harps on high,  
 Which find a glorious anthem  
 Where we have found a sigh,  
 And peal their grandest praises  
 Just where ours faint and die !

O words of holy radiance  
 Shining on every tear,  
 Till it becomes a rainbow,  
 Reflecting, bright and clear,  
 Our Father's love and glory  
 So wonderful, so dear !

O words of sparkling power,  
 Of insight full and deep !  
 Shall they not enter other hearts  
 In a grand and gladsome sweep,  
 And lift the lives to songs of joy  
 That only droop and weep ?

For her, God's will was suffering,  
 Just waiting, lying still !  
 Days passing on in weariness,  
 In shadows deep and chill ;  
 And yet she had begun to see  
 The Splendour of God's Will !

And oh, it is a splendour,  
 A glow of majesty,  
 A mystery of beauty,  
 If we will only see ;  
 A very cloud of glory  
 Enfolding you and me.

A splendour that is lighted  
 At one transcendent flame,

The wondrous Love, the perfect Love,  
Our Father's sweetest name ;  
For His very Name, and Essence,  
And His Will are all the same !

A splendour that is shining  
Upon His children's way ;  
That guides the willing footsteps  
That do not want to stray,  
And that leads them ever onward  
Unto the perfect day.

A splendour that illumines,  
Th' abysses of the Past  
And marvels of the Future,  
Sublime and bright and vast ;  
While o'er our tiny Present  
A flood of light is cast.

No twilight falls upon it,  
No shadow dims its ray,  
No darkness overcomes it,  
No night can end its day ;  
It hath unending triumph  
And everlasting sway.

Blest Will of God ! most glorious,  
The very fount of grace,  
Whence all the goodness floweth  
That heart can ever trace—  
Temple whose pinnacles are love,  
And faithfulness its base.

Blest Will of God ! whose splendour  
 Is dawning on the world,  
 On hearts in which Christ's banner  
 Is manfully unfurled,  
 On hearts of childlike meekness,  
 With dew of youth impearled.

O Spirit of Jehovah,  
 Reveal this glory still !  
 That many an empty chalice  
 Sweet thanks and praise may fill,  
 When, like this 'little one,' they see  
 'The Splendour of God's Will :'

That faith may win the vision  
 That hers hath early won,  
 And gaze upon the splendour,  
 And own the cloudless sun,  
 And join the seraph song of love,  
 And *sing*—'Thy Will be done !'

## The Two Paths.

VIA DOLOROSA AND VIA GIOJOSA.

(Suggested by a Picture.)

My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love !  
 They only told me I should find the path  
 A Via Dolorosa all the way !  
 Even Thy sweetest singers only sang  
 Of pressing onward through the same sharp thorns,

With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark mist,  
Following and struggling till they reach the light,  
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.  
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set  
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,  
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise.  
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make  
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,  
Until the listeners thought that this was all  
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps  
That halted where the two ways met and crossed,  
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,  
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass  
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee ;  
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,  
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,  
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.  
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed  
From entering the only path of peace !  
Master, forgive them ! Tune their harps anew,  
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,  
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all  
The Via Dolorosa,—and for *us* !  
No artist-power or minstrel-gift may tell  
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,  
Where love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,  
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.

And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us  
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word  
About the path which Thou hast marked for us.  
Narrow indeed it is ! Who does not choose

The narrow track upon the mountain-side,  
 With ever-widening view, and freshening air,  
 And honeyed heather, rather than the road,  
 With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of view,  
 Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the noise  
 Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,  
 Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why  
 Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make  
 'Narrow' synonymous with 'very hard'?

For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said  
 Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all  
 Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him  
 Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness,  
 Is as the light that shineth more and more  
 Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given  
 An olden promise, rarely quoted now,<sup>1</sup>  
 Because it is too bright for our weak faith:  
 'If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend  
 Days in prosperity, and they shall spend  
 Their years in pleasures.' All because *Thy* days  
 Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years  
 Were passed in grief's acquaintance—all for us!

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true!  
 Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed,  
 And I would send a ringing challenge forth,  
 To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,  
 Thy faithfulness to every written word,  
 Thy loving-kindness crowning all the days,—  
 To say and sing with me: 'The Lord is good,  
 His mercy is for ever, and His truth  
 Is written on each page of all my life!'

<sup>1</sup> Job xxvi. ix.

Yes! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power  
 Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,  
 But they have kept us in the narrow way,  
 The King's highway of holiness and peace.  
 And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love  
 Flows through it; and would any trusting heart  
 Forego the chastening and forego the love?  
 And every step leads on to 'more and more,'—  
 From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass, and sing  
 The praise of Him who leads them on and on,  
 From glory unto glory, even here!

### Sunday Night.

REST him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth  
 With great and gracious messages of love;  
 But Thy ambassador is weary now,  
 Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
 Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us  
 In sending him; and cause him to lie down  
 In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.  
 Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
 And Thine upholding right encircle him,  
 And, underneath, the Everlasting arms  
 Be felt in full support. So let him rest,  
 Hushed like a little child, without one care,  
 And so give Thy belovèd sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us  
 The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
 Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts  
 Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou

His ministrant to-night ; draw very near  
 In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.  
 Oh speak to him ! Thou knowest how to speak  
 A word in season to Thy weary ones,  
 And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—  
 Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,  
 And, leaning, gain new strength to 'rise and shine.'

Rest him, O loving Spirit ! Let Thy calm  
 Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,  
 Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest  
 Beneath its shadow ; let him know afresh  
 The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—  
 'Our Comforter !' As gentlest touch will stay  
 The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
 So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still  
 Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.  
 Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
 And let Thy holy music overflow  
 With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

## Precious Things.

### I.

OH what shining revelation of His treasures God hath  
 given !  
 Precious things of grace and glory, precious things of earth  
 and heaven.  
 Holy Spirit, now unlock them with Thy mighty golden  
 key,  
 Royal jewels of the kingdom let us now adoring see !

## II.

'Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious,'—1 PET. ii. 7.

Christ is precious, oh most precious, gift by God the Father  
sealed ;  
Pearl of greatest price and treasure, hidden, yet to us re-  
vealed ;  
His own people's crown of glory, and resplendent diadem ;  
More than thousand worlds, and dearer than all life and  
love to them.

## III.

'Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious,'—1 PET. ii. 6.

Marvellous and very precious is the Corner Stone Elect ;  
Though rejected by the builders, chosen by the Architect ;  
All-supporting, all-uniting, and all-crowning, tried and sure ;  
True Foundation, yet true Headstone of His temple bright  
and pure.

## IV.

'Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but  
with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and with-  
out spot.'—1 PET. i. 18, 19,

Now, in reverent love and wonder, touch the theme of  
deepest laud,  
Precious blood of Christ that bought us and hath made  
us nigh to God !  
His own blood, O love unfathomed ! shed for those who  
loved Him not ;  
Mighty fountain always open, cleansing us from every spot.

## V.

'How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !'—Ps. cxxxix. 17.

Oh, how wonderful and precious are Thy thoughts to us,  
 O God !  
 Outlined in Creation, blazoned on Redemption's banner  
 broad ;  
 Infinite and deep and dazzling as the noontide heavens  
 above ;  
 Yet *more* wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts of peace  
 and love.

## VI.

'Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature.'—2 PET. i. 4.

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy promises  
 Divine ;  
 Given by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with sweetest  
 'All are thine !'  
 Precious in their peace and power, in their sure and  
 changeless might,  
 Strengthening, comforting, transforming ; suns by day and  
 stars by night.

## VII.

'To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.'—2 PET. i. 1.

Precious faith our God hath given ; rich in faith is rich  
 indeed !  
 Fire-tried gold from His own treasury, fully meeting every  
 need :

Channel of His grace abounding ; bringing peace and joy  
and light ;  
Purifying, overcoming ; linking weakness with His might.

## VIII.

'The precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard,  
even Aaron's beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments.'—Ps.  
cxxxiii. 2.

Precious ointment, very costly, of chief odours pure and  
sweet,  
Holy gift for royal priesthood, thus for temple-service meet ;  
Such the Spirit's precious unction, oil of gladness freely shed,  
Sanctifying and abiding on the consecrated head.

## IX.

'How excellent (*margin*. precious) is Thy loving kindness, O God !  
therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy  
wings.'—Ps. xxxvi. 7 ; ISA. liv. 8, 10.

Who shall paint the flash of splendour from the opened  
casket bright,  
When His precious loving-kindness beams upon the  
quicken'd sight !  
Priceless jewel ever gleaming with imperishable ray,  
God will never take it from us, though the mountains pass  
away.

## X.

'It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or  
the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls : for the  
price of wisdom is above rubies.'—JOB xxviii. 16, 18.

Far more precious than the ruby, or the crystal's rainbow  
light,  
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl and sapphire  
bright,

Freely given to all who ask it, is the wisdom from above,  
Pure and peaceable and gentle, full of fruits of life and  
love.

## XI.

'Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth.'  
—DEUT. xxxiii. 13-16.

Nor withhold we glad thanksgiving for His mercies ever new,  
Precious things of earth and heaven, sun and rain and  
quickenning dew ;  
Precious fruits and varied crowning of the year His good-  
ness fills,  
Chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of  
lasting hills.

## XII.

'If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth.'—JER. xv. 19.

Such His gifts ! but mark we duly our responsibility  
Unto Him whose name is Holy, infinite in purity ;  
Sin and self no longer serving, take the precious from the  
vile,  
So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt dwell be-  
neath His smile.

## XIII.

'The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold.'—LAM. iv: 2.  
Sons of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly Father's  
sight,  
Ye are His peculiar treasure, ye His jewels of delight ;

Sought and chosen, cleansed and polished, purchased  
with transcendent cost,  
Kept in His own royal casket, never, never to be lost.

## XIV.

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

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

## XV.

'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'—Ps. cxvi. 15.

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep;  
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold  
and deep;  
Everlasting love enfolds them softly, safely to His breast,  
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest.

## XVI.

'He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.'—REV. xxi. 10, 11.

Pause not here,—the Holy City, glorious in God's light,  
behold!  
Like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, pure as  
gold;

Strong foundations, fair with sapphires, sardius and  
 chrysolite,  
 Blent with amethyst and jacinth, emerald and topaz bright.

## XVII.

'A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God,'—  
 HEB. xi. 10.

Glorious dwelling of the holy, where no grief or gloom of  
 sin  
 Through the pure and pearly portals evermore shall enter  
 in :  
 Christ its Light and God its Temple, Christ its song of  
 endless laud !  
 Oh what precious consummation of the precious things of  
 God !

## 'Afterwards.'

(FROM F. R. H. TO K. T.)

'THERE is no "afterward" on earth for me !'  
 Beloved, 't is not so !  
 That God's own 'afterwards' are pledged to thee,  
 Thy life shall show.

No 'afterward' indeed of great things wrought,  
 By willing hands and feet ;  
 No sheaf is thine, from wider harvests brought,  
 With singing sweet.

---

Fair flowing years of ease and laughing strength,  
    With cloudless morning skies,  
Sweet life renewed, and active work at length,  
    His love denies.

But living fruit of righteousness to Him  
    His chastening shall yield,  
And constant 'afterwards,' no longer dim,  
    Shall be revealed.

Is it no 'afterward' that in thy heart  
    His *love* is shed abroad?  
And that His Spirit breathes, while called apart,  
    The *peace* of God?

That *joy* in tribulation shall spring forth  
    To greet His visits blessed,  
Whose wisdom wakes the south wind or the north,  
    As He sees best!

Shall not *longsuffering* in thee be wrought,  
    To mirror back His own?  
His *gentleness* shall mellow every thought,  
    And look, and tone.

And *goodness*! In thyself dwells no good thing,  
    Yet from thy glorious Root  
An 'afterward' of holiness shall spring—  
    Most precious fruit!

The trial of thy *faith* from hour to hour  
 Shall yield a grand increase ;  
 He shall fulfil the work of faith with power  
 That cannot cease.

And all around shall praise Him as they see  
 The *meekness* of thy Lord.  
 Thus, even here and now, how blest shall be  
 Thy sure reward !

This pleasant fruit it shall be thine to lay  
 At thy Belovèd's feet,  
 The ripening clusters growing day by day  
 More full and sweet.

If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now  
 Through many a suffering year,  
 Watch for His daily ' afterwards,' and thou  
 Shalt find them here :

Till, as refinèd gold, in thee shall shine  
 His image, no more dim ;  
 Then shall the endless ' afterward ' be thine  
 Of rest with Him.

### 'Vessels of Mercy, Prepared unto Glory.'

ROM. ix. 23.

VESSELS of mercy, prepared unto glory !  
 This is your calling and this is your joy !  
 This, for the new year unfolding before ye,  
 Tells out the terms of your blessèd employ.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,  
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill ;  
(Love can accept the mysterious token !)  
Marred but to make them more beautiful still.

JER. xviii. iv.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden ;  
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,  
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place upholden,  
Never to shiver and never to fall.

ISA. xxii. 23, 24.

Vessels to honour, made sacred and holy,  
Meet for the use of the Master we love,  
Ready for service all simple and lowly,  
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

2 TIM. ii. 21.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and earthen,  
God hath commanded His glory to shine ;  
Treasure resplendent henceforth is our burthen,  
Excellent power, not ours but Divine.

2 COR. iv. 5, 6.

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,  
Chosen for Him, to be filled with His grace,  
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation  
Into each thirsty and desolate place.

ACTS ix. 15.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,  
Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be  
Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,  
Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

PROV. xxv. 4.

## Seulement pour Toi.

[Written for and sung by some Swiss peasants at a Sunday afternoon  
Bible reading, July 23rd, 1876.]

QUE je sois, O cher Sauveur,  
Seulement à Toi ;  
Soit l'amour de tout mon cœur  
Seulement pour Toi.  
Je reviens à mon Père  
Seulement par Toi,  
Ma confiance entière  
Sera en Toi,  
Seulement en Toi.

Le péché Tu as porté  
Seul, seul pour moi ;  
Et Ton sang Tu as versé  
Seul, seul pour moi.  
Toute gloire, toute joie  
Sera pour Toi ;  
L'espérance et la foi  
Seront en Toi,  
Seulement en Toi.

Aujourd'hui, O cher Seigneur,  
Acceptes-moi !  
Tu es seul mon grand Sauveur,  
Tu es mon Roi.

Tous mes moments, tous mes jours  
Seront pour Toi !  
Jésus, gardes-moi toujours  
Seulement pour Toi,  
Seulement pour Toi.

Que je chante et que je pleure  
Seulement pour Toi !  
Que je vive et que je meure  
Seulement pour Toi !  
Jésus, que m'as tant aimé  
Mourant pour moi,  
Toute mon éternité  
Sera pour Toi,  
Seulement pour Toi.

### **A Song in the Night.**

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,  
From Thine own hand,  
The strength to bear it bravely  
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,  
So let me rest,  
In hush of sweet submission,  
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As proof indeed  
That Thou art watching closely  
My truest need :

That Thou, my Good Physician,  
Art watching still ;  
That all Thine own good pleasure  
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
What Thou dost choose  
The soul that really loves Thee  
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time  
I trust to-day ;  
For Thee my heart has never  
A trustless 'Nay !'

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
But what beside ?  
'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness,  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy,  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As Thine own gift,

---

And true though tremulous praises  
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,  
But Thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow,—  
Thou art so near !

'T is Thy dear hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore,  
The hand that bears the nail-prints  
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,  
Hidden by Thee,  
The pressure only tells me  
Thou lovest me !

### The Voice of Many Waters.

FAR away I heard it,  
Stealing through the pines,  
Like a whisper saintly,  
Falling dimly, faintly,  
Through the terraced vines.

Freshening breezes bore it  
Down the mountain slope ;  
So I turned and listened,  
While the sunlight glistened  
On the snowy cope.

---

Far away and dreamy  
Was the Voice I heard ;  
Yet it pierced and found me,  
Through the voices round me—  
Song without a word.

All the life and turmoil,  
All the busy cheer  
Melted in the flowing  
Of that murmur, growing,  
Claiming all my ear.

What the mountain-message,  
I could never tell ;  
Such Eolian fluting  
Hath no language suiting  
What we write and spell.

Rather did it enter  
Where no words can win,  
Touching and unsealing  
Springs of hidden feeling,  
Slumbering deep within.

Voice of many waters  
Only heard afar !  
Hushing, luring slowly,  
With an influence holy,  
Like the Orient Star.

---

---

Follow where it leadeth,  
Till we stand below,  
While the noble thunder  
Wins the hush of wonder,  
Silent in its glow.

Light and sound triumphant  
Fill the eye and ear ;  
Every pulse is beating  
Quick unconscious greeting  
To the vision near.

Rainbow-flames are wreathing  
In the dazzling foam,  
Fancy far transcending,  
Power and beauty blending  
In their radiant home.

All the dreamy longing  
Passes out of sight,  
In a swift surrender  
To the joyous splendour  
Of this song of might.

Self is lost and hidden  
As it peals along ;  
Fevered introspection,  
Paler-browed reflection  
Vanish in the song.

---

For the spirit, lifted  
From the dulling mists,  
Takes a stronger moulding,  
As the sound enfolding,  
Bears it where it lists.

Voice of many waters !  
Must we turn away  
From the crystal chorus  
Now resounding o'er us  
Through the flashing spray !

Far away we hear it,  
Floating from the sky ;  
Mystic echo, falling  
Through the stars, and calling  
From the thrones on high.

There are voices round us,  
Busy, quick, and loud ;  
All day long we hear them,  
We are still so near them,  
Still among the crowd.

Yet athwart the clamour  
Falls it, faint and sweet,  
Like the softest harp-tone,  
Passing every sharp tone  
Down the noisy street.

---

To the soul-recesses  
Cleaving then its way,  
Waking hidden yearning,  
Unwilled impulse turning  
To the Far Away.

Far away—and viewless,  
Yet not all unknown—  
In the murmur tracing  
Soft notes interlacing  
With familiar tone.

So we start and listen!  
While the murmur low  
Falleth ever clearer,  
Swellleth fuller, nearer  
In melodious flow.

Voice of many waters  
From the height above  
Hushing, luring slowly  
With its influence holy,  
With its song of love!

---

Following where it leadeth,  
Pilgrim feet shall stand,  
Where the holy millions  
Throng the fair pavilions  
In the Glorious Land.

---

Where the sevenfold 'Worthy!'  
Hails the King of kings,  
Blent with golden clashing  
Of the crowns, and flashing  
Of cherubic wings ;

Rolls the Amen Chorus,  
Old, yet ever new ;  
Seal of blest allegiance,  
Pledge of bright obedience,  
Seal that God is true.

Through the solemn glory  
Alleluias rise,  
Mightiest exultation,  
Holiest adoration,  
Infinite surprise.

There immortal powers  
Meet immortal song,  
Heavenly image bearing,  
Angel-essence sharing,  
Excellent and strong.

Strong to bear the glory  
And the veil-less sight,  
Strong to swell the thunders  
And to know the wonders  
Of the home of light,

---

Voice of many waters !  
Everlasting laud !  
Hark ! it rushes nearer,  
Every moment clearer,  
From the Throne of God !

### The Key Found.

THERE is a strange wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,  
A moaning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,  
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes  
shrill and thin,  
And deep, low, shuddering groans that rise from caves of  
gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,  
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands, rich  
and broad ;  
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and name-  
less pain,  
And careless feet, among the flowers, trip to the dismal  
strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for  
truth,  
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their  
youth,  
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting  
sleep,  
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed  
deep :

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and still in  
vain,  
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very  
pain ;  
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,  
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot, will  
not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest ! The Deliverer is near !  
Arise, go forth to meet Him ! Bow down, for He is  
here !  
Ye shall count your true existence from this first, blessèd  
tryst,  
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very God in Christ,

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,  
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and  
sweet,  
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows  
grim,  
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness ? Though ye scorn us,  
come and see !  
Come and hear Him for yourselves, and ye shall know  
that it is He !  
Ye shall find in Him the Centre, the Very Truth and Life,  
Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and strife.

Ye shall find a perfect fitness with your highest, deepest  
thought,  
In Him, the fair Ideal, that so long ye vainly sought,

---

In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,  
In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye must  
adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the 'aching void' within ;  
In Him the instant antidote for anguish and for sin ;  
In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's unuttered  
need ;  
In Him the *All* that ye have sought, the goal of life  
indeed.

As the light is to the eye, with its sensitive array  
Of delicate adjustments with their finely balanced play,  
With its instinct of perception, and its craving for the light,  
So is Jesus to the spirit, when He gives the inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some characters of fate,  
With their sibylline enfoldings, of dim mysterious weight,  
And a haunting terror lest the real be darker than the  
guessed !  
So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the breast.

As the key is to the lock, when it enters quick and true,  
Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden from the  
view,  
Moving all the secret springs that no other finds or moves,  
So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest anthems roll,  
With its corridors conveying every echo to the soul,  
With its exquisite discernment of vibration and of tone,—  
So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye receives the  
light !

When the cipher is deciphered, we know the clue is right ;  
The key is known by fitting the strange intricate wards ;  
And the ears must own the music when they recognise  
the chords.

No need to prove a Saviour, when once the heart believes,  
And the light of God's own glory in Jesus Christ receives !  
No need for weary puzzle, with heart-lore strange and dim,  
When we find our dark enigmas are simply solved in Him !

We cannot doubt our finding the very Key indeed,  
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to every need,  
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him are revealed,  
And all the mystery of life, alone with Him, unsealed.

We cannot doubt, when once the ear of listening faith has  
heard,  
With all-responsive thrill of love, the music of His word !  
*He* gives the witness that excels all argument or sign,—  
When we have heard it for ourselves we *know* it is Divine !

And then, oh, then the wail is stilled, the wandering is  
o'er,  
The rest is gained, the certainty that never wavers more ;  
And then the full, unquivering praise arises glad and strong,  
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting song !

(HER LAST BIRTHDAY.)

*CLOSING CHORDS.*



**What Thou Wilt.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Hope.

WHAT though the blossom fall and die ?  
The flower is not the root ;  
The sun of love may ripen yet  
The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall  
Thy garments are defiled ?  
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;  
Fear not ! thou art His child.

Arise ! and, leaning on His strength,  
Thy weakness shall be strong ;  
And He will teach Thy heart at length  
A new perpetual song.

Arise ! to follow in His track  
Each holy footprint clear,  
And on an upward course look back  
With every brightening year.

Arise ! and on thy future way  
His blessing with thee be !  
His presence be thy staff and stay,  
Till Thou His glory see.

## Fear Not.

ISAIAH xliii, 1-7.

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

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

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

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

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

## The Scripture Cannot be Broken.

JOHN x. 35.

UPON the Word I rest,  
Each pilgrim day ;  
This golden staff is best  
For all the way.  
What Jesus Christ hath spoken,  
Cannot be broken !

Upon the Word I rest,  
So strong, so sure,  
So full of comfort blest,  
So sweet, so pure !  
The charter of salvation,  
Faith's broad foundation.

Upon the Word I stand !  
That cannot die !  
Christ seals it in my hand,  
He cannot lie !  
The word that faileth never !  
Abiding ever !

*Chorus.* The Master hath said it ! Rejoicing in this,  
We ask not for sign or for token ;  
His word is enough for our confident bliss,—  
'The Scripture *cannot* be broken !'

## 'He Suffered.'

'HE suffered!' Was it, Lord, indeed for me,  
 The Just One for the unjust, Thou didst bear  
 The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare  
 To look upon, in dark Gethsemane?

'He suffered!' Thou, my near and gracious Friend,  
 And yet my Lord, my God! Thou didst not shrink  
 For me that full and fearful cup to drink,  
 Because Thou lovedst even to the end!

'He suffered!' Saviour, was Thy love so vast  
 That mysteries of unknown agony,  
 Even unto death, its only gauge could be,  
 Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed?  
 Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane,  
 Seal Thou my quivering love for ever unto Thee!

## Behold your King.

'Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.'—LAM. i. 12.

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight steals  
 Through the silvery sprays of the olive tree,  
 No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,  
 In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.

Only a form of prostrate grief,  
 Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf!

Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know  
 The depth of love in the depth of woe.

Behold your King! Is it nothing to you,  
 That the crimson tokens of agony  
 From the kingly brow must fall like dew,  
 Through the shuddering shades of Gethsemane?  
     Jesus Himself, the Prince of Life,  
     Bows in mysterious mortal strife;  
 Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know  
 The unknown love in the unknown woe.

Behold your King, with His sorrow crowned,  
 Alone, alone in the valley is He!  
 The shadows of death are gathering round,  
 And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.  
     Darker and darker the gloom must fall,  
     Filled is the Cup, He must drink it all!  
 Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know  
 His wondrous love in His wondrous woe.

NOTE.—After F. R. H.'s MS. copy of 'Adoration,' written Dec. 31, 1866, she adds:—'I find this is exactly my hundredth poem, beginning from my No. 2 MS. book, and not reckoning juvenile pieces before I left school. I am not sorry that "Adoration" happens to close the round number as well as the year 1866. I should like the same subject, only better treated, to close my verse-writing for life. One would wish one's last poem to be some expression of praise to the Crucified One.'

It is a remarkable coincidence that 'Behold your King,' and 'He Suffered,' are the *closing* poems in F. R. H.'s book, written in pencil, 1879.

## An Easter Prayer.

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

Oh let me give  
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest ;  
Oh let me live  
With life abundantly because Thou livest ;  
Oh make me shine  
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine ;  
Oh let me be  
A faithful witness for Thy truth and Thee.

Oh let me show  
The strong reality of gospel story ;  
Oh let me go  
From strength to strength, from glory unto glory ;  
Oh let me sing  
For very joy, because Thou art my King ;  
Oh let me praise  
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.

### Easter Dawn.

It is too calm to be a dream,  
 Too gravely sweet, too full of power,  
 Prayer changed to praise this very hour !  
 Yes, heard and answered ! though it seem  
 Beyond the hope of yesterday,  
 Beyond the faith that dared to pray,  
 Yet not beyond the love that heard,  
 And not beyond the faithful word  
 On which each trembling prayer may rest,  
 And win the answer truly best.

Yes, heard and answered ! sought and found !  
 I breathe a golden atmosphere  
 Of solemn joy, and seem to hear  
     Within, above, and all around,  
 The chime of deep cathedral bells,  
 An early herald peal that tells  
 A glorious Easter tide begun ;  
 While yet are sparkling in the sun  
 Large raindrops of the night storm passed,  
 And days of Lent are gone at last.

Written in pencil the early dawn of her last Easter Day, April 1879.

### Unfinished Fragments.

THE Master will guide the weary feet,  
 Choosing for each, and choosing aright  
 The noontide rest in the summer heat :  
 For some the glory of Alpine height,

For some the breezes fresh and free  
 And the changeful charm of wave and sea ;  
 For some the hush and the soothing spells  
 Of harvest fields and woodland dells ;  
 For some it may be the quiet gloom,  
 Of the suffering couch in shaded room.  
 Master, *our* Master, oh let it be  
 That our leisure and rest be still with Thee,  
*With* Thee and *for* Thee each sunny hour

. . . . .  
 In pencil, May 1879.

---

‘ARISE, depart ! for this is not your rest !’  
 The Voice fell strangely on the sleeping fold,  
 As fell the starlight’s quivering gold  
 Upon the dusky lake’s untroubled breast,  
 And yet the Shepherd’s hand had led them there,  
 And made them to lie down amid the pastures fair.

‘Arise ye, and depart !’ The morning rays  
 Lit up the emerald slope and crystal pool,  
 Sweet sustenance for many days,  
 And quiet resting places, calm and cool.  
 They knew not why, nor whither, yet they went !  
 His own hand put them forth, and so they were content.

And so they followed Him, they could not stay  
 When He had risen, the Shepherd good and fair

. . . . .  
 In pencil, May 1879.

## Most Blessed for Ever.<sup>1</sup>

Ps. xxi. 6.

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,  
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled ;  
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,  
Now He hath answered : ' Most blessed for ever ! '

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,  
You therefore sorrow now a little while ;  
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely aisle  
Comes the clear music : ' Most blessed for ever ! '

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,  
Through the far vistas of Eternity,  
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,  
Sweetest and fullest : ' Most blessed for ever ! '

' And they sung as it were a new song before the  
throne.'—REV. xiv. 3.

<sup>1</sup> Written on her beloved father's death, but now chosen as the closing  
chord of F. R. H.'s songs on earth.

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