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SCENES

IN THE

LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

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SCENES

IN THE

LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

EDITED BY

H. HASTINGS WELD.

Oh Antioch, thou teacher of the world!—
From out thy portals passed the feet of those,
Who, banished and despised, have made thy name
The next in rank to proud Jerusalem.
Within thy gates the persecuted few,
Who dared to rally round the Holy Cross,
And worship Him whose sacred form it bore,
Were first called Christians. In thy sad conceit,
Thou mad'st a stigma of reproach and shame
This noblest title of the sons of earth:
While, save for this, thy name were scarcely known,
Except among the mouldering vestiges
Of dim antiquity.
So doth our God
Make all man's folly ever praise His Name.

JULIAN CRAMER.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

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PREFACE.

Commencing with the Ministry of John the Baptist and Forerunner, this volume illustrates some of the most striking incidents in the Lives of the Apostles, as Disciples of John and of Jesus, and then as his Ministers and Witnesses. No other restriction has been placed upon the choice of themes, than the avoidance, as far as possible, of those illustrated in the "Scenes in the Life of the Saviour," that this book may be at once a companion for that, and still complete in itself, as treating both of The True Vine and its Branches.

ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

BY

JOHN SARTAIN, PHILADELPHIA.

THE REDEEMER.....DECAIME...Frontispiece.

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches."
JOHN XV. 5.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.....HARDING. Vignette Title.

"And the Disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."
ACTS xi. 26.

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"Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and holy."
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"And when he was come near he beheld the city and wept over it."
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"Feed my Lambs."
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"Then Paul stretched forth the hand and answered for himself."
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"And I turned to see the voice that spake with me."
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PROEM.

THE FIRST AND SECOND COMING.

REGINALD HEBER.

Bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the dayspring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Marked ye, where hovering o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:

Messiah comes!—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!

* * * * * *

Yet shall she rise; but not by war restored;
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword;
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away;
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, sing!

No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest Heaven He lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And, hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess the awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light:
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again,

Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

SCENES

IN

THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

C. H. JOHNSON.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.—Isaiah xl. 3.

Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.—Malachi iv. 5, 6.

He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as saith the prophet Esaias.—St. John i. 23.

This is he, of whom it is written, Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. * * * And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come.—St. Matthew xi. 10, 14.

John stood, and two of his disciples: and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.—St. John i. 35–38.

Hark! through the desert wilds, what awful voice
Swells on the gale, and bids the world rejoice?
What Prophet form, in holy raptures led,
The gray mists hov'ring o'er his sacred head,
Prepares on earth Messiah's destined way,
And hastes the mighty Messenger of Day?

Lo! echoing skies resound the gladsome strain:
"Messiah comes! ye rugged paths, be plain;
The Shiloh comes! ye tow'ring cedars, bend;
Swell forth, ye valleys; and, ye rocks, descend;
The wither'd branch, let balmy fruits adorn,
And clust'ring roses 'twine the leafless thorn;
Burst forth, ye vocal groves, your joy to tell—
The God of Peace redeems his Israel."

How beauteous are the feet of those who bear
Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!
Far from the mountain's top they lovelier seem
Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam;
Sweeter the voice than spell or hymning sphere,
And list'ning angels hush their harps to hear.

Roused at the solemn call, from all her shores,
Her eager tribes, behold, Judæa pours!
Though scarce the morn asserts her doubtful sway,
And doubtful darkness still contends with day,
I see them rush, like rolling surges driv'n,
Or night-clouds riding o'er the glooms of heav'n.
There waves the white robe through the dusky glade,
Here passing helms gleam dreadful through the shade,
Faint o'er the cliffs the fading torchlight plays,
And dying watch-fires fling their sullen blaze;
Fly the scared panthers from their pierced retreats,
While Salem, wondering, mourns her desert streets.

Why crowd ye cities forth? some reed to find,
Some vain reed trembling to the careless wind?

Or throng ye here to view, with doting eye,
Some chieftain stand in purple pageantry?
Such dwell in kingly domes—no silken form
Woos the stern cliff, and braves the mountain storm.
What rush ye there to seek? some Prophet-Seer?
One mightier than the Prophets find ye here—
The loftiest bard that waked the sacred lyre,
To him in rapture pour'd his lips of fire;
Attuned to him the voice of Sion fell—
Thy name, Elias, closed the mystic shell.

Alas! how dark a flood of woes and crimes,
Since that dread hour, has whelm'd the fateful times!
How oft has Israel's Ark, by tempests toss'd,
Sent forth her raven's wing, and found no coast!
Now fairer scenes her kindling eye discerns,
With hope's green branch the welcome dove returns.
And, gladly soaring past the prospect drear,
Hails the bright star* that tells the dayspring near.

Yes! surely born to more than mortal power,
Glory hath marked him from his earliest hour;
Offspring of age, on wings of radiance borne,
A warning Angel told his natal morn;
Hailed by prophetic matrons to the earth,
The speechless spake, to bless him at his birth;
Sweet was the strain, when first, with fond surprise,
The hoary parent kissed his infant eyes;
From his rapt lips the spell of silence broke,
And Inspiration thrill'd him as he spoke.

* St. John is called the Morning Star to the Sun of Righteousness.

Such was his birth! nor less august appears
The wondrous fate that led his rising years;
For lo! sequester'd from the haunts of men,
Deep to the stillness of some shaggy glen,
Where vice and folly faded from his view,
The lonely youth, impelled by Heav'n, withdrew—
There, near some brook, that dashed in murmurs by,
The rock his pillow, and his roof the sky,
Clad in such savage robes as deserts yield,
His food the wild sweets of the flowery field,
Grave, pensive, bold, majestic, undefiled,
To holy manhood dwelt Devotion's child;
Descending angels blest his rude abode,
He drank th' hallowing flame, he felt the inspiring God.

Oft, ere the dawn had tinged the tallest steep,
And man and nature still were hushed in sleep,
High o'er yon ridge, in darkness would he stray,
To muse and wonder till returning day.
Watch-tower sublime! There, as the morning bright
Swell'd from dim chaos into life and light,
Threw its broad beams o'er waste and misty wood,
While rock and fortress, lake and glist'ning flood,
Burst in full blaze of splendour to the skies—
To loftiest thoughts his kindling soul would rise;
Till, proudly soaring past this world of man,
The mortal sunk, and Heaven itself began,—
So rapt he stood, that oft revolving night
Found him, unconscious, on the mountain's height;
In vain the tempest, round his 'fenceless head,
Flung all its fires, its wildest torrents shed;

The shelt'ring robber saw his clouded form,
And fled—to shun the Genius of the Storm.

Past are those hours! Along the silent dews
His lonely walk no more the sage pursues;
With gesture wild, rude garb, and speaking eye,
An air of strange and dreadful majesty,
See! forth he comes, his holy office giv'n,
Herald of Christ, high harbinger of Heav'n,
Hark! how the rocks his warning voice resound,
And Jordan's caverns tell the strain around;
While poor and rich, the soldier and the sage,
The bloom of youth, and hoary locks of age,
In gathering crowds, Messiah's name adore,
And rush, all trembling, to the sacred shore.

How changed the scene! Are these the realms of dread,
Which wand'ring footsteps scarcely dared to tread?
Where midnight lions roamed the forests rude,
And all was wild and frightful solitude?
Now, lone no more, where'er it winds along,
The lucid stream reflects a list'ning throng;
True to the life their grouping shadows glide,
And ev'ry passion paints the breathing tide.
See! young Amazement starting, as if light,
Just glanced from Heaven, had caught his dazzled sight,
While Faith's full eyes their tranquil homage raise,
And ev'ry feature fixes into praise.
There kindling Hope with ardent look appears;
Here softened Sorrow smiling through her tears;

While timid Shame, as if herself address'd,
Blushes to hear, and sinks behind the rest.

But yet, not all unfeigned, Devotion brings
To drink of life at Jordan's hallowed springs;
Haggard and pale, their limbs all torn and bare,
Not such yon Essens from their caves repair;
A gloomy race, attempting Heaven in vain,
By wanton griefs, and voluntary pain:
Their sullen breasts no gleam of sunshine cheers,
Blaspheming Mercy by eternal tears.

And base the joy yon Sadducees can know,
Sense all their bliss, and pain their only wo:
Worms of a day, and fettered to the dust,
They own no future dread, no heav'nly trust,
But vacant come the passing scene to scan,
And steal his bright pre-eminence from man.

Far other those, by solemn mien confest,
Broad scrolls of scripture blazon'd o'er the breast,
Who throng around the Seer, with fiendlike joy,
List'ning to mock, and tempting to destroy—
Saints in the crowd, a heavenward look they wear,
But Mammon mingles with their purest prayer;
Theirs the proud hope to sway Religion's rod,
Zealots of form, yet traitors to their God.

"And is it ye," the indignant Prophet cries,
Bright lambent terrors streaming from his eyes,

"Oh race of vipers, ye! who timely come,
To fly the thunders of impending doom?—
Repent, repent; now think no more to plead
Your sacred race, and Abraham's chosen seed.
Behold, He comes! in power and judgment, forth,
Who looks with equal eye on all the earth;
Whose piercing glance can read the soul within,
And wind the darkest labyrinths of sin:
He comes! see! stooping from the realms of day,
The Lamb of God, to wash your crimes away.
I lave with water; but his hands inspire
The Holy Spirit, and baptize with fire."

The Sage hath ceased—and mark, how pale to hear
Mute Expectation stands, and Awe, and Fear!
Guilt starts confessed, and looks, with hopeless eye,
To view descend some vengeful deity.
But who is He, majestic, mournful, mild,
Bright as a god, yet lowly as a child,
Who meekly comes the sacred rite to crave,
And add fresh pureness to the crystal wave?
Well mayst thou tremble, Baptist; well thy cheek,
Now flushed, now pale, thy lab'ring soul bespeak!
'Tis He, the Christ, by every bard foretold!
Hear him, ye nations, and, ye heav'ns, behold!
"The Virgin-born, to bruise the Serpent's head,
The Paschal Lamb, to patient slaughter led,
The King of kings, to crush the gates of Hell,
Messiah, Shiloh, Jah, Emmanuel!"
See! o'er his head, soft sinking from above,
With hov'ring radiance hangs the mystic Dove:

Dread from the cloud Jehovah's voice is known,
This is my Son, my own, my well-loved Son!"

Baptist, rejoice! thy gifted eyes have seen
The brightest hour of man, since time hath been;
By thee anointed for the ghostly fight,
Heaven's Warrior-Son assumed his arms of light,
Stern marches forth, his deadly foe to find,
And wage th' immortal battle of mankind.
And thou, oh saint of floods! whose wave hath rolled,
Pregnant with wonder, from the days of old;
Scene of the hero's deeds, and prophet's song,
Still, Jordan, flow, exulting sweep along;
Bright as the morn from ocean's wavy bed,
From thee Messiah raised his spotless head,
Called all his glories forth, and passed sublime,
To pour his light o'er ev'ry darkling clime.

'Tis done; and vanished, like an airy dream,
The list'ning crowds from Jordan's hallowed stream:
Primeval Solitude her reign resumes,
And Silence saddens o'er the slumbering glooms—
And, Prophet, where art thou? I hear no more
Thy footsteps rustle on the reedy shore,
Nor view thee sit upon the moonlight stone,
Like the pale spirit of the wilds, alone.
Alas! far other scenes await him now;
Far heavier cares oppress his weary brow:
Mid Salem's court he stands, in virtue's pride,
And guilty Grandeur dwindles at his side.

Yet, Jordan, oft shall Mem'ry's eye review
Thy willowed banks, and hills of distant blue:
There, if the wastes no kingly pomp display,
No festive pleasures crown the jocund day,
Yet Pride, and Avarice, and guilty Fear,
Ambition wild, and dark Revenge are here,—
Passions and Appetites, a fiercer train
Than e'er rushed howling o'er the desert plain.

Still shrinks he not: in conscious virtue bold,
No dangers daunt him, and no toils withhold.
Where yon proud dome the sons of riot calls,
And Salem's nobles crowd the gorgeous halls;
Where every charm that wealth and arts supply,
In bright profusion meet the wondering eye;
See, stern, unmoved, in native grandeur great,
The Prophet tow'rs, and breathes the words of fate.
Yes, as he boldly brands each dark offence,
Truth all his arms, his shield but innocence;
See Herod, 'mid his guards enthroned on high,
In pride of power, in regal panoply,
Shrinks 'neath the Hermit's gaze, by conscience stung,
A paler Ahab, from a bolder tongue.

Oh Salem! 'mid the storms that round thee roll,
Frequent and loud, to warn thy slumb'ring soul;
Dashed from thy hand when Judah's sceptre falls,
And the stern stranger rules thy captive walls;
When now, more thrilling than the trumpet's blast,
Elias stands, the mightiest and the last

Of all the sons of prophecy, to tell
That fate comes rushing on thee, Israel;
Say, canst thou still the wing of mercy spurn,
Hearing, be deaf, and seeing, not discern?
Sunk as thou art, and stained with holy blood,
Still wouldst thou madly swell thy guilt's dark flood?

Yet, Baptist, go exulting to thy doom—
Though Rage condemn thee to the dungeon's gloom,
Yon dreary vault, where morn can never break,
Nor evening zephyr fan thy fevered cheek,
Nor Friendship's voice, in sorrow doubly dear,
Pour its fond music in thy lonely ear—
Yet thine are joys the tyrant never knew;
Hope's fairest flowers thy rugged couch shall strew;
Thy nights in blissful visions glide away,
And holy musings steal its length from day.

For thee, oh king, to drown corroding care,
Command the feast, and bid the dance be there;
Still 'mid thy blazing halls, in trappings proud,
Affect the god, and awe the flattering crowd.
Yet though the lute and shell and horn prolong
The burst of melody, and swell the song;
Though witching beauty tries each wily art,
And woos and wins and rules thy powerless heart;
What though to heaven thy guilty revels swell,
Far brighter raptures cheer the captive's cell—
Glad is the song consenting tongues record:
"Messiah reigns, high deeds proclaim the Lord.

The deaf can hear, the blind receive their sight,
And wither'd Palsy springs with new delight;
On Pain's pale cheek reviving roses bloom,
And shrouded Death starts wond'ring from the tomb."

Enrapt'ring thought! what now demands him more?
His task is done, his holy cares are o'er!
Messiah reigns, believed, confessed, adored
And earth's remotest climes shall own his word.
Then, tyrant, yield: thy fatal vow fulfil;
Rush, fell enchantress, glut thy vengeful will;
Exhaust th' inventive cruelty of hate,
And learn how virtue triumphs o'er its fate.
Backward he looks with self-approving eye,
Before him smiles bright Immortality:
Forgiving, fearless, calm, he yields his breath,
And mounts to glory on the wings of death.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.—St. John xiv. 6.

I saw a gate: a harsh voice spake and said,
"This is the gate of Life;" above was writ,
"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter it."
Then shrank my heart within itself for dread;
But softer than the summer rain is shed,
Words dropped upon my soul, and they did say,
"Fear nothing, Faith shall save thee; watch and pray!"
So, without fear I lifted up my head,
And lo! that writing was not; one fair word
Was written in its stead, and it was "Love."
Then rained, once more, those sweet tones from above,
With healing on their wings: I humbly heard,
"I am the Life, ask and it shall be given!
I am the Way, by me ye enter Heaven!"

THE CALLING OF THE APOSTLES.

Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?—St. John vi. 70.

I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go forth and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.—St. John xv. 16.

"He must increase, but I must decrease." Thus spake John the Baptist of that mightier than he, the latchet of whose shoes the humble herald declared himself unworthy to unloose. The fulfilment of this prophecy was almost instant with its utterance. In the lifetime of the Baptist, and while he yet continued his public ministry, Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John; and when the Sun of Righteousness was fully risen, the lesser glory of the Morning Star was lost in the brightness of his beams.

The hermit of the wilderness, to whom all men repaired, to quail and tremble before the warning voice which called them to repentance, for the kingdom of heaven was at hand, was the living miracle who bore witness that Jesus was the Son of God. Nor could the Sanhedrim, in their boasted knowledge and spiritual tyranny, gainsay his testimony, for when they were asked whether his baptism was from Heaven or of men, they dared not impeach the holiness of him whom all the people counted as a prophet.

Thus did he prepare the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight, exalting the valleys of the humility of the people, and bringing low the mountains of the ritual pride of the priests

and rulers, and the spiritual haughtiness of the Scribes and Pharisees. And as we examine the narrative of the ministry of John and the coming of the Prince of Peace, we perceive how, in another and a nearer sense, he prepared the way; for when first we read of the disciples of Jesus, we read of them as the disciples of John.

It was upon the exclamation of John "Behold the Lamb of God," that two of his disciples, who had probably witnessed the baptism of Jesus, and had heard their master and teacher bear often witness of him, turned and followed Christ. One of these disciples was Andrew; the other was the narrator of the incident, John the Evangelist. To this opinion we are led from the modesty and humility of the "disciple whom Jesus loved," and from his uniform suppression of his name, and indeed of all mention of himself, except when his duty as an inspired historian demanded it of him.

These two disciples, Andrew and John, inquired of Jesus, "Master, where dwellest thou?" The Saviour answered, "Come and see;" and as it was now near eventide, they abode with him during the remainder of that day and the night following. During these precious hours, while they dwelt upon the words which fell from the lips of him, who spake as never man spake, such were the evidences that they received of his mission, that they were ready at once to claim him as the Christ. Andrew then, with a brotherly affection worthy of all imitation, sought first his brother Simon, and announced to him, "We have found the Messias!"

Willingly was Simon led to Jesus, and the Saviour discerning his character, prophetically addressed him in the remarkable words: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, a *stone*." Jona is,

by interpretation, a *dove*, and the new designation which he who read the hearts of men, applied to his ardent and impetuous follower, is in strong contrast with the tame appellative which was Simon's by inheritance.

On the next day Jesus, when he would go forth into Galilee, met Philip, who being of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter, had undoubtedly heard of the Saviour from his townsmen; and when Jesus bade him "Follow me," he not only himself complied, but called Nathanael Bartholomew, or the son of Tholomew, who, in all the Gospels except John, is called by his patronymic Bartholomew, instead of his individual name. What reason existed for this departure from custom, is not now ascertained.

To Bartholomew, Philip said, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Bartholomew, with an open and honest expression of doubt, in keeping with the character which Jesus so soon after pronounced of him, answered this announcement with the query, "*Can* any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip, confident that the proofs which he had received would not be lost upon his friend, answered, "Come and see." Judge for yourself, and you will soon determine, with me, that this is the Christ which should come into the world.

Jesus met the new-comer with the greeting: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" Nathanael, astonished at this praise from one whom he had regarded as a stranger, or thinking perhaps that the good report of his friend, Philip, had possessed Jesus in his favour, answered, "Whence knowest thou me?" The guileless character of Nathanael prevented his counterfeiting modesty, or disclaiming a character which his friends had attributed to him, and to which his conscience bore

him witness. His artless and unhesitating answer, while it is characteristic of the man, is one of the thousands of beautifully simple evidences of the veracity of the plain narrative of the Gospels; incidents which continually recur to the careful reader, witnessing with his thoughts that Jesus is the Son of God, and that the Gospel is his Testament.

Jesus answered by referring to a fact which Nathanael supposed known in none of its circumstances to any save himself and Philip; and it is doing no violence to the sacred narrative to infer that there was implied in the conversation, a correspondence of thought and knowledge between Jesus and Nathanael, to which even Philip was a stranger. There were in those days, so distinctly pointed out by the prophets, many just and devout men, waiting, like pious Simeon, for the consolation of Israel, and hoping that they might not see death, before they had seen the Lord's Christ. The close shade of the fig-tree, so favourable for that devotion which withdraws itself from the world, was often chosen by the pious Hebrews as their place of secret worship; our Saviour himself countenancing the custom. When, therefore, he said to Nathanael, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee,"—the awe-struck Israelite, who found thus revealed what he had supposed known only to the All-seeing Eye, greeted, in a voice of reverential triumph, him who was thus the answer and the hearer of his secret prayer: "Rabbi! thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel!" Jesus answered: "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see Heaven open, and the Angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." This was a beautiful allusion to the vision of Jacob,

which Nathanael could not fail to apply, and its introduction still farther strengthens our interpretation of the interview. "Hast thou faith in the Son of Man because he reads thy secret thoughts? Verily, hereafter ye shall see greater things than these: I am the way and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me, neither is there salvation in any other; and through me shall be verified to you the vision of the Patriarch."

Shortly after this conversation with Nathanael, the Saviour was present at the wedding in Cana, with his disciples, Andrew, Peter, Philip, Nathanael, and probably John, as in his gospel alone occurs the narrative of this beginning of miracles in Cana of Galilee. As all of these disciples had been hearers, and perhaps disciples of John, it is probable that many more among the guests assembled, on account of the miracle which attended the baptism of Christ, and the strong testimony which the hermit had borne on many occasions to the divine mission and character of Jesus, were prepared to find in Him, so warmly approved by their master, a still more ascetic prophet than he whose raiment was camel's hair, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey. Jesus was ready now to mark by his conduct the distinction between himself and his herald, to which he afterward alluded when he said, "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine," but "the Son of Man is come eating and drinking." Thus early did the Saviour vouchsafe a practical lesson to his followers, of the truth which he afterward declared by his own mouth and by his disciples, that it is not what is eaten and drunk that defileth a man, for he that eateth and he that eateth not, may both give God thanks—and that the letter of ceremony without sincerity killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

We next find the Saviour accompanied by his disciples to Jerusalem, where, during the feast of the Passover, he caused his followers to remember and apply to him the prophetic saying of David, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up." Here also he uttered the prophecy relative to the temple of his body, which the Jews misapplied, and even his disciples did not understand, until he had risen from the dead. Removing the scene of his labours from Jerusalem into Judea, the numbers of proselytes whom his disciples baptized, awakened the jealousy of some of the more ardent followers of John, whose querulous complaints the Baptist answered by repeating in stronger terms than at first, his testimony to the Light of the World. At length, admonished by the increasing enmity of the Pharisees, who, inasmuch as Jesus made more disciples than John, were watching the new teacher with redoubled hate; and warned also by the imprisonment of John by Herod Antipas, he departed from Judea, and returned to Galilee.

On his way he must needs pass through Samaria, and upon this journey occurred the remarkable conference with the woman at the Well of Sychar. His disciples marvelled that he talked with the woman, but none, such was their awe of him, questioned his motives or his conduct; though he abode two days in Samaria, an act most remarkable in a Hebrew. Returning to Galilee, he now commenced his public ministry, as the fulfilment or consummation of the preaching of his herald, John, who was imprisoned, as we have noted, by order of Herod. At this passage in his life he performed his second and most wonderful miracle in Cana, healing the centurion's son who lay sick at Capernaum.

From Cana Jesus passed to Nazareth, where his childhood had been spent, and where he had been subject unto his parents,

increasing in wisdom and in stature, in favour with God, and in favour with man; since among the Jews filial duty took precedence in honour, of all other virtues. Jesus entered into the synagogue, and was called upon by the minister to read the portion of the prophets appointed for that day. He stood up to read, as was the reverential usage of the Jews, and when he had finished reading, as was the custom of the Jewish teachers, he sat down, and the eyes of all the synagogue were fastened upon him, to hear what he should say. He proceeded to apply to himself the words of the prophet: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

"This day," said the Saviour, "is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." And while they all bear him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth, they asked, doubting his authority: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Jesus, discerning their thoughts, perceived that though they had heard of his miracles in Capernaum, those among whom the carpenter's son had passed the irreproachable years of his childhood and youth, refused to admit his testimony of himself, unless whatsoever he had done in Capernaum, he would do in Nazareth also. He reminded them of the proverb that "No prophet is accepted in his own country," and cited the cases of Elias and Eliseus. The first performed a miracle in behalf of the Sidonian woman, the second in that of the Syrian leper. The Jews knew each as a prophet, if they would believe; but the proof of miracles was reserved for strangers. The

dwellers in Nazareth knew Jesus from his youth up, and if they did not receive him, no miracles would move their unbelief. Stung with the revelation of their secret thoughts which Jesus thus presented to them, and unable to reply or to deny its truth, they thrust him out of the synagogue and of the city, and would have thrown him headlong from the brow of the hill whereon Nazareth was built, but that he, passing through the midst of them, went his way.

Thence Jesus went and dwelt at Capernaum, which is upon the coast of the sea of Galilee. Walking by the seaside he found Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, who had not yet abandoned their employment as fishers, mending their nets. Taking advantage of Peter's boat to avoid the press, he sat down and taught the people; and closed his instructions with a miracle, which evinced his power to make the sons of Jona and of Zebedee, whom he now took from their nets, henceforth "fishers of men."

The next disciple of whose calling we hear is Matthew; and he is the only one, besides those of whom we have spoken, the circumstances of whose election are related in the Gospels. In one of his walks near Capernaum, Jesus saw Matthew, or, as he is sometimes called, Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom, for he was a publican. Upon hearing the invitation, "Follow me," Matthew instantly left all, and followed Jesus. The calling of Matthew is placed by harmonists at or near the close of the first year of the public ministry of Jesus, and not long before the second Passover, upon which he went up to Jerusalem.

Early in the next year, or after the second Passover, Jesus having remained all night upon a mountain in prayer, when it was day, called his disciples to him. Of these he chose twelve,

whom also he named Apostles: Simon, whom he surnamed Peter, and Andrew his brother; James and John the sons of Zebedee, whom he surnamed Boanerges, which signifies the sons of thunder; Philip, and Bartholomew, who is called by John, Nathanael; Matthew and Thomas; James and Lebbeus, otherwise called Thaddeus and Judas, the sons of Alpheus; Simon Zelotes, the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, the traitor.

Judas was called by him who "knew whom he had chosen, that the scripture might be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me." We read nothing of him while he was numbered with the twelve, that leads us to suppose his deportment excited distrust of his sincerity among his brethren. He "obtained part of the ministry," and even after his "fall by transgression that he might go to his own place," he acknowledged in anguish of heart, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." The betrayer could not withhold his testimony to the holiness of Him whom he had sold for the price of a bond servant; and in the hour when witnesses were suborned to testify falsehoods against the Son of Man, he whose evidence would have perfected the work of iniquity, was dumb with the anguish of guilt. Verily, the foolishness of this world is appointed to confound the wise; for the end of Judas is a testimony to the truth of the Gospels, which no ingenuity of infidelity has been able to conceal or to set aside.

To these disciples he gave authority to preach, and power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out unclean spirits; and coming down with them into the plain, he met the great multitude who had assembled to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases. After the performance of such wonderful miracles of mercy, that "the whole multitude sought to touch him, for there went

virtue out of him and healed them all;" he seated himself upon the hillside. The newly appointed Twelve, assuming their recognised place, "ordained that they should be with him;" he lifted up his eyes upon his disciples, and taught them in that divine summary of Christian duties, virtues, and hopes, the "Sermon on the Mount."

From this day forth the Twelve were in attendance upon their Master, witnessing the miracles which he did, and blessed with the hearing, not only of his public preaching, but of the private instructions which he vouchsafed to them, as to those to whom it was given "to know the mystery of the kingdom of God." Theirs was the evidence of sight; but the humble Christian now is no less happy in the confidence of faith. "Thomas," said Jesus to that disciple, "because thou hast seen me thou hast believed: BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HAVE NOT SEEN AND YET HAVE BELIEVED."

THE TRUE BROTHERLY LOVE.

JOHN KEBLE.

One of the two which heard John speak, and followed Jesus, was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messias," which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus.—St. John i. 40-42.

I.

When brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove,
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

II.

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shared,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpaired.

III.

Even round the deathbed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover,

And haunt us with no vexing mood,
When all the cares of life are over.

IV.

But yet our craving spirits feel
We shall live on, though fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

V.

Who art thou that wouldst grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

VI.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of his roof,
Till thou have scanned his features well,
And known Him for the Christ, by proof.

VII.

Such proof as they are sure to find,
Who spend with Him their happier days;
Clean hands and a self-ruling mind,
Ever in tune for love and praise.

VIII.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

IX.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course be duly sped.

X.

No fading, frail memorial give,
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope, for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

XI.

That so, before the judgment seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.

INFANT ST. JOHN.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

"The disciple whom Jesus loved."

I.

My soul took wing, and hovered round
The distant scenes, the hallowed ground,
Where once the King of Heaven was found
A form of earth to wear:
The woes he bore, the love he taught,
The death he slew, the life he brought,
In one o'erwhelming flood of thought
Rolled on, and bowed me there.

II.

I walked the groves of Galilee;
I stood in spirit by the sea,
And mused of him, here called to be
My Saviour's bosom friend:
Of him who gave, among the few
Who followed Christ, the flower and dew
Of life to him: of things he knew,
And thought, and saw, and penned.

III.

These glorious wonders pondering o'er,
I searched the past for something more;
Around that now deserted shore,
  My solemn fancy roved;
Her eye grew curious now, to trace
The lineaments of peace and grace,
That marked the bud—the infant face
  Of him whom Jesus loved.

IV.

When lo! a lovely vision smiled
Before me, in a beauteous child,
With aspect sweet, with eye so mild,
  So deep, so heavenly bright,
The spirit seemed, with beams divine
To kindle up, and fill the shrine,
As, through a dew-drop clear, will shine
  A ray of morning light.

V.

Though rude my lines, my spirit faint,
And faithless here my hand to paint
The beauties of that infant saint
  Which there my vision blessed,—
I knew it was the fisher's son,
By whom such mighty works were done,
  Who leaned on Jesus' breast.

NATHANAEL.

JOHN KEBLE.

Jesus answered and said unto him, "Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these. * * * Hereafter ye shall see Heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."—St. John i. 50, 51.

I.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle's gaze,
So perfectly the polished stone
Gives back the glory of his rays.

II.

Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,
And each small flower of bashful hue
That closest hides its lowly birth.

III.

Our mirror is a blessed book,
Where out from each illumined page
We see one glorious image look,
All eyes to dazzle and engage.

IV.

The Son of God: and that indeed
We see Him as He is, we know,
Since in the same bright glass we read
The very life of things below.

V.

Eye of God's Word! where'er we turn,
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze:

VI.

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

VII.

"What word is this? Whence know'st thou me?"
All wondering cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.

VIII.

The veil is raised; who runs may read;
By its own light the truth is seen,

And soon the Israelite indeed
Bows down to adore the Nazarene.

IX.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,
At once, not shamefaced or afraid,
Owning him God, who so could scan
His musings in the lonely shade;

X.

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,
Which by his household fountain grew,
Where at noonday his prayer he made,
To know God better than he knew.

XI.

Oh happy hours of heavenward thought!
How richly crowned! how well improved!
In musing o'er the law he taught,
In waiting for the Lord he loved.

XII.

We must not mar with earthly praise
What God's approving hand hath sealed;
Enough, if right our feeble lays
Take up the promise he revealed.

XIII.

"The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,

Believes, because it loves, aright—
  Shall see things greater, things divine.

XIV.

"Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
  And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide,
  'Twixt God above and Christ below."

XV.

So still the guileless man is blest;
  To him all crooked paths are straight;
Him, on his way to endless rest,
  Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

XVI.

God's witnesses, a glorious host,
  Compass him daily like a cloud;
Martyrs and seers, the saved and lost,
  Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

XVII.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,
  That first unto his bosom found
A way, and fixed his wavering choice,
  Nearest and dearest, ever sound.

JACOB'S WELL.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The disciples marvelled that he talked with the woman.—St. John iv. 27.

I.

Here, after Jacob parted from his brother,
  His daughters lingered round this well, new made;
Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
  And talked with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
  Sheltered its waters with a temple's shade.
Here, mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

II.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
  Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;—
The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
  Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;

But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
Come up, as ever, to the light of day;
And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

III.

And those few words of truth first uttered here,
Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;
The hour for God's true worshippers draws near;
Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:
Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
Nature moves on unchanged—*Truths* never pass away.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT.

C. EAST.

Now, when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." And Simon, answering, said unto him, "Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word, I will let down the net."—ST. LUKE v. 4, 5.

I.

How long o'er the lake hung the shadows of night
That fell from the brow of the mountain around!
And pale gleamed the moon in her palace of light,
While scarcely was heard through the welkin a sound.

II.

All bootless their toil, and their sigh filled the gale,
When blushed on the highlands the dawning of day;
In silence and sadness they spread their white sail,
And hied on the face of the waters away.

III.

But who on that shore moves majestic along?
His eye beaming mercy—his arm clothed with might!
How he holds in suspense the wondering throng,
While they hang on his lips, all entranced with delight!

IV.

How calmed are the billows! how stilled is the breeze!
Earth, water, and winds, him their Sovereign confess;
E'en the birds hush their chorus amidst the tall trees,
And the children of sorrow forget their distress.

V.

None lose by the Saviour; once more at thy word
The nets are extended beneath the blue sea;
The tribes of the wide weltering waves own their Lord,
And hasten to pay their allegiance to thee.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BERNARD BARTON.

And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity eight and thirty years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The impotent man answered him, "Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." Jesus saith unto him, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked.—St. John v. 5-9.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
From dewy morn, to silent, glowing eve;
While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread:
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone;
Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirit feels a deeper grief,
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
His wasted limbs experience no relief;
No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his wo,
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
Yet all unable he one step to go:
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
For him prompt access to the pool can win;
Soon as the angel did the waters move,
Others stepped in!

Oh ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
Or, shipwrecked, watch, as we all helpless lie,
Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The *spirit* darkened 'mid surrounding light,
By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain;
The dead soul, fettered by the films of vice,
Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
Oh! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did HE turn
For help or pity to the busy throng;
Yet found them both in ONE, whose heart did burn
With love, how strong!

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

R. BROWN.

And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, "Lord, save us: we perish." Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.—St. Matthew vii. 24-26.

I.

Where deep Tiberias rolls her waves,
The lowly fisher's bark was gliding;
The winds were hushed within their caves;
And gaily on the waters riding,
Was seen the bark of Galilee,
A speck upon that summer sea.

II.

But deep and hollow murmurs came,
That heralded the tempest waking,
The gathering cloud and flickering flame,
And thunders in the distance breaking,
The storm's first drops and fitful breeze,
That curled the bosom of the seas.

III.

And wild and high the billows rose,
Fearful in strength, and proudly foaming;
Starting like maniacs from repose,
Or dark and heartless plunderers roaming;
With ruffian grasp they bore away
That thing of nought, their sport and spray.

IV.

Now, trembling on the mountain surge,
Now, dashed amid the deep's commotion,
Now, hurried as the tempests urge,
Swift as the sea-bird o'er the ocean,—
Now, fluttering o'er the dark abyss,
As wearied with its wretchedness.

V.

Despair came o'er the sailor's brow,
Amid the whirlwinds fiercely sweeping;
But One was slumbering on the prow,
Like peace amid the tempest sleeping—
Whom, cradled on their foamy crest,
The angry waves had rocked to rest.

VI.

The mariners, 'mid storm and gloom,
And high upon the breaking billow,

Turned, as for refuge from the tomb,
And knelt and prayed around his pillow:
Wake! Master, wake! our bark is gone;
And hope remains with thee alone.

VII.

Serene as Deity he stood—
The friend of man—the angels' wonder—
Girt with the attributes of God,
To calm the wave, and hush the thunder:
The stormy vassals of his will
Heard but their Lord, and all was still.

VIII.

"Peace! be still!" The whirlwinds fled—
The conscious billow shrunk before him;
While Nature all her glories shed,
And smiling, hastened to adore him;
Man, trembling, heard the omnific Word,
And silently confessed his Lord.

LITTLE CHILDREN BLESSED.

C. HUNTINGTON.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—St. Mark x. 13, 14.

It was the sunset hour—and thousands came
From the lone villages and distant hills
Of far-off Galilee, to meet the Lord—
Bearing, with gentle step and anxious eye,
The sufferers of their race to Jesus' feet,
That he might lay his sin-subduing hand
In blessing on their wan and wasted frames,
And heal them with a sanctifying touch.

* * * * * *

Amid the crowds that, with adoring looks,
Hung on the footsteps of the Son of God,
A Galilean mother brought her child,
In its young loveliness—its laughing eyes
Dancing in dewy light—and, kneeling, prayed

A benediction from those sinless lips
Upon the cherub-beauty of the babe—
But the disciples, with officious zeal,
Silenced the suppliant with this stern rebuke—
"Why troublest thou the Master?"
Jesus heard,
And in displeasure turned his radiant eye
With a reproving glance on him that spake;
Then, in a voice of calm authority,
With gentle accents briefly thus replied—
"Suffer these little ones to come to me,
Nor let them be forbidden—for of such
My Father's kingdom is."

Then Jesus took the infant in his arms,
And gently, with his blessed hand, put back
The silken curls that clustered on its brow;
And, bending o'er it, pressed his holy lips
Upon the stainless forehead of the babe—
Making the brow of childhood, from that hour,
A thing of holiness—the only shrine
Which the Redeemer hallowed with a kiss.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
Was the command of Him who, on the cross,
Bowed his anointed head, and with his blood
Purchased redemption for our fallen race—
And blessed they! who to that holy task
Devote the energies of their young years;
Teaching with pious care, the dawning light

Of infant intellect to know the Lord:
Thrice blessed they! who guide, with gentle hand,
The timid steps of childhood in that path
Which, rightly trodden, leads the wanderers home,
Where they shall meet, the teachers and the taught,
On that blest Sabbath, which shall have no end.

THE RULER'S FAITH.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

"Come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." And Jesus arose and followed him, and so did his disciples.—St. Matthew ix. 18, 19.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick:
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow moan,
Which none may soothe, and then the last faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder.
Deep the wail
That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A withered flower,
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn.
Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy home,

Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
Even with thy temple worship, when the soul
Should deal with God alone.
What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
In meekness and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?
"She doth but *sleep;*
The damsel is not *dead.*"
A smothered hiss,
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering band,
Who beat the breast, and raise the licensed wail
Of Judah's mourning.
Look upon the dead!
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids,
What peers beneath their fringes, like the tint
Of dewy violet? The blanched lips dispart,
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo! that clay-cold hand
Doth clasp the Master's, and, with sudden spring,
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom. Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its fruit
How beautiful!
Oh, mother! who dost gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep,
Which threats the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To thy Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep

Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the meshes of an earthly love
Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,
Take no denial, till the gracious hand,
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her,
That better life, whose power surmounts the tomb.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

JOHN NORRIS.*

Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.—St. Matthew xvii. 1, 2.

I.

Hail! King of glory, clad in robes of light,
Outshining all we here call bright!
Hail, light's divinest galaxy!
Hail, express image of the Deity!
Could now thy faithful spouse thy beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew!
Lovely thou art all o'er and bright,
Thou Israel's glory, and thou Gentile's light.

II.

But whence this brightness, whence this sudden day?
Who did thee thus with light array?
Did thy divinity dispense
To its consort a more liberal influence?

* Born 1657; died 1711.

Or did some curious angel's chymic art
The spirits of purest light impart,
Drawn from the native spring of day,
And wrought into an organizéd ray?

III.

Howe'er 'twas done, 'tis glorious and divine;
Thou dost with radiant wonders shine:
The sun, and his bright company,
Are all gross meteors, if compared to thee:
Thou art the fountain whence their light does flow,
But to thy will thine own dost owe;
For (as at first) thou didst but say,
"Let there be light," and straight sprang forth this wondrous day.

IV.

Let now the Eastern princes come and bring
Their tributary offering.
There needs no star to guide their flight;
They'll find thee now, great King, by thine own light.
And thou, my soul, adore, love, and admire,
And follow this bright guide of fire.
Do thou thy hymns and praises bring,
Whilst angels, with veiled faces, anthems sing.

THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

JOHN H. BRYANT.

And I went and washed, and I received sight.—St. John ix. 11.

I.

When the great Master spoke,
He touched his withered eyes,
And at one gleam upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

II.

And he saw the city's walls,
And kings' and prophets' tomb,
And mighty arches, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

III.

He looked on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle wave of the palms that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

IV.

He saw on heights and plains
Creatures of every race:
But a mighty thrill went through his veins
When he met the human face;

V.

And his virgin sight beheld
The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that filled
The azure depths of heaven.

VI.

And woman's voice before
Had cheered his gloomy night,
But to see the angel form she wore
Made deeper the delight;

VII.

And his heart, at daylight's close,
For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morn arose,
Gave speechless thanks to God.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

ANONYMOUS.

Then said Jesus unto them plainly, "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad, for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him."—St. John xi. 14, 15.

The sepulchre was gaping wide,
Its closing-stone was rolled aside,
And shuddering crowds pressed round, to win
A sight of the foul scene within.
The charnel-stream, too strong to bear,
Ascended on the healthful air,
And groaning deep for him who slept,
Ev'n Christ stood at the grave—and wept,
He wept!—but *his* was not the tear
Of human grief, on human bier,
That gushes, trustless of to-morrow,
In unassuaged excess of sorrow;
And yet he wept!—though there he stood,
In power's unquestioned plenitude,
While every sacred drop that fell
Was life to death—was death to hell!

But closer now, and closer grew
The press of the surrounding crew,
Who wist not that he came to save,
As he stooped o'er the dead man's grave,
And gazed with self-communing air
For a short space, in silence there;
Nearer he stooped—and yet more near—
Hark! heard ye not, like trumpet clear,
His life-shout in that mouldering ear?
Forth sent the tomb its hidden birth,
For He who called was GOD ON EARTH!

Not faster answers to the flash
Of heaven, the illuminated ash,
Than following that resistless word,
The dead sprang forth before his Lord.
Bound hand and foot with funeral clothes,
In life—in breathing life—he rose,
And cast amid the astonished crowd,
From his freed limbs, the loosened shroud!
Health's crimson light o'erspread his face,
His eye was fire, his step was grace,—
But, like the first framed of mankind,
Ere his full heart might utterance find,
Complete in sense, and limb, and motion,
Absorbed he stood in rapt devotion,
While through each uncollapsing vein
The rushing life-streams burst again.

All turned to Christ—but *him*, with eye
Serenely lifted to the sky,

Symbol, nor sign of outward power,
Distinguished in that holy hour.
His hand yet on the marble rested,
Where late the revelling worm was rife—
And awe-struck multitudes attested,
"The Resurrection and the Life."

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

ANONYMOUS.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way. And the multitude, that went before and that followed cried, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: hosanna in the highest."—St. Matthew xxi. 8, 9.

I.

Look at his train, the dead are living there;
The lame are in his blessed footsteps bounding;
The blind are gazing on their leader fair;
The deaf, the dumb his perfect praise resounding;
The widow on her raised son is leaning;
The father clasps his daughter roused from sleep;
And broken hearts, through eyes of joyous meaning,
Meet his kind glance who bade them not to weep.

II.

There is no banner waving o'er his head,
But the light blossoms of the palm-tree bending;
Not with rich flowers, or gems, his path is spread,
But there long robes in rainbow tints are blending;

No herald trumpet of his coming tells,
But children carol in triumphant mirth,
And to the sky their sweet hosanna swells
The full, the joyous jubilee of earth.

III.

Daughter of Zion! bow in holy shame;
Thou didst refuse thy rightful Lord to meet;
Unto his Father's house, to thee, he came,
Yet found not where to rest his weary feet.
Yes, scornful Judah! hadst thou known thy day,
Thine were a splendid, a secure estate;
But when thy Sovereign turned in wrath away,
Thy house was left unto thee desolate.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

LETITIA E. LANDON.

And he looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw, also, a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, "Of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."—St. Luke xxi. 1-3.

I.

It is the fruit of waking hours,
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatched roof,
The winds of winter creep.

II.

It is the fruit of summer days,
Passed in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad, to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

III.

'Tis given from a scanty store,
And missed while it is given:
'Tis given, for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

IV.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

V.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness,
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

VI.

They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

VII.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

VIII.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be,
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee.

WHO GAZES FROM MOUNT OLIVET?

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, asked him privately, "Tell us when shall these things be?"—St. Mark xiii. 3, 4.

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,
His dovelike eyes with sorrow wet—
His bosom with compassion heaving,
His mighty heart with sorrow grieving?
Who searches with unerring eye
Into thy sad futurity,
Jerusalem! and sees thy doom
Written by imperial Rome;—
Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed
On thy precious ones to feed,
Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,
And the pagan eagle flap
O'er the sacred mercy seat?
Who is he that sees it all?
Sees, when sacrilegious feet

Tread on Zion—when the call
Is for vengeance most complete?
He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;
He, the very Son of God!

Years sweep on!—Jerusalem!
Thee the Roman armies hem.
Countless legions on thee press;
Clouds of arrows thee distress;
Stone and dart and javelin
Entrance to thy treasures win.
Hippicus, Antonia, fall,
Mariamne—and thy wall
Pierced with gates of burnished gold—
And the holy house of old,
Yield unto the dreadful strife.
Heavens! the sacrifice of life!
Murder, plunder, leagued in band,
Stalk amid thee, hand in hand;—
Cedron is a pool of gore,
Olivet is fortress made.
Mercy! that the towers of yore,
Courts that saw the world adore,
Should in dust and blood be laid!
Who directs the furious war?
He, alone, whose prescience saw—
Mightier than Vespasian's son—
He the ruthless fight has won,
He the wine-press here has trod,
He, the very Son of God!

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY.

FELICIA HEMANS.

There came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, "To what purpose is this waste?" * * * When Jesus understood it, he said, "Why trouble ye the woman, for she hath wrought a good work on me. * * * Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 7-13.

THOU hast thy record in the monarch's hall;
  And on the waters of the far mid sea;
And where the mighty mountain-shadows fall,
  The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought of thee:
  Where'er beneath some oriental tree,
The Christian traveller rests—where'er the child
  Looks upward from the English mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering reverence mild,
There art thou known—where'er the Book of Light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond all blight,
  Is borne thy memory, and all praise above;
Oh! say, what deed so lifted thy sweet name,
Mary! to that pure silent place of fame?
  One lowly office of exceeding love!

BLESSING THE BREAD.

THOMAS DALE.

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body." And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—St. Matthew xxvi. 26-28.

I.

Onward it speeds, the awful hour from man's first fall decreed,
When the dark serpent's wrath shall bruise the woman's spotless seed;
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,
And now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of God.

II.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the conscious Heaven,
While in Jehovah's inmost fane the mystic veil is riven!
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid mountains rend;
The yawning grave shall yield their dead, the buried saints ascend!

III.

And yet, amidst his little flock, still Jesus stands, serene.
Unawed by sufferings yet to be, unchanged by what hath been;
Still beams the light of love undimmed in that benignant eye,
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him soon to die!

IV.

He pours within the votive cup, the rich blood of the vine,
And, "Drink ye all the hallowed draught," he cries, "this blood is mine."
He breaks the bread: then clasps his hands, and lifts his eyes in prayer,
"Receive ye this, and view by faith my body symbolled there!

V.

"For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood shall soon be shed;
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the bread:
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the hand divine
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the blows be mine!

VI.

"And oft your willing steps renew, around the sacred board,
And break the bread and pour the wine in mem'ry of your Lord:
To drink with me the grape's fresh juice to you shall yet be given,
Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in blest abodes of heaven!"

INVOCATION.

ROBERT HERRICK.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send you in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—St. John xiv. 26.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—St. John xiv. 27.

Thus spake the blessed Lord,
When the Last Supper's sacred hour was done;
And each reviving word
Came, like rich incense from an altar-stone:
Kind, from those holy lips, so soon to breathe
Their last forgiveness forth, and taste the cup of death.

"Peace, peace I leave with you!"
Thus to his flock the glorious Shepherd said;
And, pure as morning dew
On Hermon's mount, or marge of Jordan shed,
A spell descended on the group around—
A charm of kindling hope—of confidence profound.

"*My* peace to you I give,
Won from the immortal home of bliss above,
Where the redeemed shall live,

In many mansions of eternal love;—
Peace, like its radiant source, serene and calm,
Where flowers unblighted bloom, and all the air is balm.

"Not as the world bestows
Its fleeting gifts, I yield my peace to you;
No clouds of death can close
Around my Father's house, or dim the view
Where fadeless lustre fills the gorgeous sky,
And sinks into the soul, and lights the enraptured eye.

"Earth has no fount of peace:
Sins, sicknesses, and death begird it round;
Its hopes untimely cease;
And baseless dreams its dim dominion bound;
Here fond Affection no repose can gain,
And the gaunt miser hoards his gold in vain.

"Here sorrow comes to all—
For pale Mortality his standard rears
Beside the bier and pall;
And smiles are quenched in unavailing tears;
To Joy's light laugh succeeds the weary sigh,
And no sweet rose may blossom, but to die.

"Then, with untroubled heart,
Look upward to your home to which I go;
And ere I yet depart
From toil, and suffering, and death below,
Let my farewell of peace your steps attend—
I go, to meet in heaven, my Father and your Friend."

And thus the Saviour died!
Thus, to the hill of blood, he went his way,
And there was crucified,
While a world's guilt upon his bosom lay;
How should that risen Lord be praised and blest,
Who drained the dregs of wo, to give us peace and rest!

THE PRAYER OF JESUS.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

St. John xvii.

Father! thy Son beholds the promised hour,
That beams thy love and glorifies thy power;
As thou hast given to him the high behest,
To call the wanderer, give the weary rest,
Eternal life, and peace, to man bestow,
To those vouchsafed, who Thee, the Father know,
He hath fulfilled it, magnified thy name,
And earth, as heaven, attests thy great acclaim.
Now, O my Father! glorify Thou me,
With the same love my spirit knew with Thee
Ere oceans flowed, or worlds in space were hung,
Or stars of morning in their orbits sung.
Breathe on my soul, thy holy, balmy love,
And heal the stricken, from thy stores above,
On these thy children, deign a pitying eye,
Wipe Thou the tear, soothe Thou the secret sigh:
I pray for these, yet not for these alone,
But those who through them, shall thy Gospel own.

Now in the world shall I be found no more;
My mission ended, all my sufferings o'er,
O righteous Father! I return to Thee,
The man of sorrows, from each sorrow free;
Glad rays, ethereal, wake the peerless morn,
I see in vision, nations hail thy dawn,
Swift as thy car, I view its glories run,
And kingdoms with Thee, own thy joyful Son.

SLEEPING FOR SORROW.

J. K. MITCHELL.

And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow.—St. Luke xxii. 45.

I.

Upon the cold, cold earth they lie,
While night-winds wildly o'er them sweep,
Their canopy the clouded sky,
And they are sad, and yet they sleep.

II.

Their master, Saviour, guide, their all,
Their polar star on life's dark deep,
Is soon by traitor hands to fall;
They fear it, yet in grief they sleep.

III.

Yes! the big drops of agony,
The cold dank limbs of Jesus steep,
And they so near him close the eye
Of sorrow, and for grief they sleep.

IV.

How soundly sleep! though nature sighs,
And heaven is sad, and seraphs weep,
And, to his God in sorrow, cries
Their tortured friend—and yet they sleep.

V.

Oh, what strange anguish must have wrung
Their hearts, on Olive's rocky steep,
When nature failed, and all unstrung,
They sank into reluctant sleep!

VI.

But He, who led them from the shore
Of their own native lake, to sweep
Their nets for men, though lone and poor,
Assuaged their sorrow by a sleep;

VII.

And when, by slumber, nerved to bear
The vigils of the night, whose deep
Dark tragedy, 'twas theirs to share,
He gently broke their mournful sleep;

VIII.

Called them from worldly griefs away,
To view his empire on the steep
Acclivity of heaven, which lay
Far, far beyond the realms of sleep.

IX.

Oh thus, when I, by sorrows wrung,
Am tempest-tossed on life's dark deep,
The canvass torn, the helm unhung,
And earthly pilots all asleep:

X.

May He who felt, himself, the throes
Of mortal anguish, o'er me keep
His sleepless watch, and soothe my woes,
And call me from my sinful sleep;

XI.

Direct my vision to the skies,
Where saints for ever cease to weep,
Where seraphs lift unclouded eyes,
And sorrow never sinks to sleep.

GETHSEMANE.

ANONYMOUS.

He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, "Oh my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."—St. Matthew xxvi. 42.

A wreath of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony:
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in prayer—
Alas! and is there strife He cannot bear,
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead?
There is! there is! for now the powers of hell,
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When Death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on Him, who deigned to dwell—
A man with men—that he might bear the stroke
Of wrath Divine, and burst the captive's yoke.
But oh! of that dread strife, what words can tell?

Those—only those—which broke with many a groan
From his full heart—"O Father, take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine be done!"
It could not pass away—for He alone
Was mighty to endure, and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave him in the grave,
Nor could corruption taint his Holy One.

CHRIST'S LOOK TO PETER.

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." And Peter went out and wept bitterly.—St. Luke xxii. 60-62.

I.

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word—
No gesture of reproach! the heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way! The forsaken Lord
Looked only on the traitor. None record
What that look was; none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment call!
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
"I never knew this man"—did quail and fall
As knowing straight *that God*—and turned free,
And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

II.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say,
Thou, Peter! art thou, then, a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to his high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday,
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses like the rest betray?
The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no bootless fear!
For when thy deathly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be deniéd, I am here.
My voice to God and angels, shall attest—
Because I KNOW *this man let him be clear.*

THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

FRANCIS DAVISON.*

And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands; and to say unto him, "Prophesy." * * * And they cried out the more exceedingly, "Crucify him!" When he had scourged him, and the soldiers led him away into the hall called Pretorium, they platted a crown of thorns and put it about his head, and they clothed him with purple, and began to salute him, and bowing their knees, worshipped him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" And did spit on him, and smite him on the head with a reed.—St. Mark xiv. 65; xv. 14—19.

Hatred eternal, furious revenging,
Merciless raging, bloody persecuting,
Scandalous speeches, odious revilings,
Causeless abhorring;

Impious scoffings by the very abjects,
Dangerous threatenings by the priests anointed,
Death full of torment in a shameful order,
Christ did abide here.

He, that in glory was above the angels,
Changéd his glory for an earthly body,
Yielded his glory to a sinful outcast,
Glory refusing.

* His poems were first published in 1602.

Me, that in bondage many sins retainéd
He for his goodness—for his goodness only—
Brought from hell torments to the joys of heaven,
Not to be numbered;

Dead in offences, by his aid revivéd,
Quickened in spirit by the grace he yieldeth:
Sound then his praises, to the world's amazement,
Thankfully singing.

IT IS FINISHED.

BERNARD BARTON.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished:" and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.—St. John xix. 30.

I.

"It is finished!" All is done
As the Eternal Father willed;
Now his well-beloved Son
Hath his generous word fulfilled;
Even he who runs may read
Here accomplished what was said,
That the woman's promised seed
Yet should bruise the serpent's head!

II.

"It is finished!" Needs no more
Blood of heifer, goat, or ram:
Typical, in days of yore
Of the one incarnate Lamb!

Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Thou the curse of sin hast braved;
Braved and borne it—not in vain;
Thou hast died—and man is saved!

III.

"It is finished!" Wrath of man
Here hath wrought and done its worst;
Still subservient to His plan,
Greatest, Wisest, Last, and First!
God shall magnify His praise
By that very act of shame;
And through hatred's hellish ways,
He shall glorify His name!

IV.

"It is finished!" From the tree
Where the Lord of Life hath died,
His attendant mourners, see,
Gently lower The Crucified!
With a sister's tender care,
With a more than brother's love,
Manhood, womanhood are there,
Truth's devotedness to prove.

V.

"It is finished!" By the veil
Of the temple, rent in twain;
By the yet more fearful tale
Of the dead, uprisen again;

By that dense and darkened sky,
  By each rent and rifted rock,
By that last expiring cry,
  Heard amid the earthquake's shock!

VI.

"It is finished!" Bear away
  To the garden-tomb its dead:
Boast not, Death! thy transient prey;
  Watchers! vain your nightly tread;
"*Shining ones*" are there who wait
  Till their Lord shall burst his prison,
To ascend in glorious state:—
  "It is finished!" Christ hath risen.

THE RESURRECTION.

MITCHELL.

And behold there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.—St. Luke xxviii. 2-4.

Cold is the midnight air.
Judea's vine-clad heights in silence lie,
And dark yon rugged cliffs their shadows fling
Across the olive glens, in softness veiled,
Beneath the silver beams of the pale moon.

Jerusalem too, in solemn silence lies,
Though thronged throughout her halls with num'rous guests,
Now met as in the holier days gone by
To keep the Pascal Festival.

But hark! there is a sound! What footstep dares
Intrude on spot so sacred? Who disturbs
The quiet of the grave? a grave that could
Alone afford repose to Him whose life
Had been one lasting tempest of rebuke,
And scorn, and bitterness, and blackest hate,
A mystery of abandonment and wo!

Who dares approach? unless some priceless friend,
Whose agony and love scorns all restraint,
And at the noon of night seeks the lone tomb,
To raise the linen shroud, and gaze, and weep
On the pale mangled corpse, now cold and mute
As the cold rock on which his head doth rest.
Is it the noiseless step—the smothered sigh
Of holy friendship, seeking e'en in death
To hold communion with the loved and lost?
No—'Tis the martial clank of steel-clad men,
The measured tread of Roman sentinels,
Who sullen pace the private garden-paths,
And watch the tomb of Jesus. Wherefore thus
Do hoary warriors stand in consultation?
And why are signs of dread so visible
On those stern countenances, long inured
To buffet with life's storm, and smile in scorn
At what the gods might doom in duty's path?
Does death not hold secure enough his prey
That these become his allies?—

Make all secure!
Let rocks be sealed, and men of war be placed
At every avenue, with lance and sword,
To guard the still domain. Let the keen eye
Of the young soldier fix its fiery glance
On the mysterious shrine; while near him stands
The laurelled veteran, with scrutiny
Intense as the red lightning. And let Hell
Spread her embattled hosts—the viewless ranks
Of principalities, and powers, and thrones,

Be ready for the charge, and all combine
To keep imprisoned in that dark abode
The murdered corpse of the poor Nazarene!

Oh earth and heaven! What dread convulsion shakes
The adamantine pillars, that have reared
Their dark volcanic heaps against the sky,
So many ages! See, the rocks are rent,
And opening wide disclose their secret depths,
In all the frightful grandeur of their form!
What mighty thunderings wake this peaceful dawn,
With voice more dreadful than the deafening roll
Of Cæsar's conquering chariots!—And ye men,
Ye men of blood and valour, who have stood
Unblanched on battle-fields, and heard unmoved
The tumult of ten thousand dying groans,
Why stand ye thus with terror-stricken brow,
And rolling eye, and lip as ashy white
As that of some weak, helpless woman?
And why beneath the corslet heaves so wild
Stout hearts that never quaked for man or fiend?
The white-robed messengers of Heaven's high King
Are hovering o'er your heads; while near you now,
Within that Sepulchre, is going on
A mystery. . . . . .
No human hand may feel the first warm throb
That stirs beneath the shroud. No eye may view
The mantling bloom of re-awakened life
Spread o'er that pallid countenance—
But now he lives.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

I. HANKINSON.

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself, and saith unto him, "Rabboni," which is to say, Master.—St. John xx. 16.

When vengeance on her victim's head
Her seven-fold vials sternly shed;
When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betrayed, denied, forsook;
Then woman, meekly, constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill;—
Yes, followed where the boldest failed,
  Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful woman's love prevailed
  O'er helpless woman's fear.

In sorrow and in peril tried,
She was the last to quit his side;
And when the bloody scene was closed,
And low in dust her friend reposed,
The first was she to seek his tomb,
With balm of Araby's perfume:

She fondly thought that honoured form
To rescue from the loathsome worm;
And little dreamed, how death in vain
Had cast his adamantine chain
O'er one who came his might to quell,
Even in his gloomiest citadel:—
And high reward her zeal hath won;—
"Woman!" she started at the tone:—
"Mary!" she turned—beheld—adored—
'Twas He to life and her restored.

Thus on the pure and patient mind,
Quiet its joy, in grief resigned,
Fraught with rich blessings from above,
Beams the benignant smile of love;
E'en as the lake's unruffled breast
Makes pillow for the sunbeam's rest,
While waves, in wild disorder driven,
Roll dark beneath the clearest heaven.
Oh woman! though thy fragile form
Bows like the willow to the storm,
Ill suited in the unequal strife,
To brave the ruder scenes of life;
Yet, if the power of grace divine,
Find in thy lowly heart a shrine,
Then, in thy very weakness, strong,
Thou winn'st thy noiseless course along;
Weaving thy influence with the ties
Of sweet domestic charities,
And softening haughtier spirits down
By happy contact with thine own.

THE SABBATH EVENING WALK.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?—St. Luke xxiv. 32.

It happened, on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He who was our surety, died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all their sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife;
Whose deeds had left, despite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done:
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.

Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We need not now be parted, sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast.
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say—
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

CHRIST APPEARING TO HIS DISCIPLES.

JOHN KEBLE.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you!"—St. John xx. 19.

Joy to all those who love to talk
In secret, how He died,
Though with sealed eyes awhile they walk,
Nor see Him at their side;
Most like the faithful pair are they,
Who once to Emmaus took their way,
Half darkling, till their Master shed
His glory on their souls, made known in breaking bread.

Thus ever brighter and more bright,
On those he came to save,
The Lord of new-created light
Dawn'd gradual from the grave:
Till past th' inquiring daylight hour,
And with closed door in silent bower
The Church in anxious musing sate,
As one who for redemption still had long to wait.

Then gliding through th' unopening door,
Smooth without step or sound,
"Peace to your souls," He said—no more—
They own him, kneeling round.
Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,
Body and soul on every part,
Successive made His witnesses that hour,
Cease not in all the world to show his saving power.

Is there on earth a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read, and confess the hand divine
That drew thy likeness here in every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;—
Soon will He show thee all His wounds, and say,
"Long have I known thy name—know thou my face alway."

UNBELIEVING THOMAS.

THOMAS DALE.

Then saith he to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." And Thomas answered and said unto him, "My Lord and my God."—St. John xx. 27, 28.

I.

There was a seal upon the stone
A guard around the tomb:
The spurned and trembling band alone
Bewailed their Master's doom.
They deemed the barriers of the grave
Had closed o'er him who came to save;
And thoughts of grief and gloom
Were darkening, while depressed, dismayed,
Silent they wept, or weeping prayed.

II.

He died;—for justice claimed her due,
Ere guilt could be forgiven:

But soon the gates asunder flew,
The iron bands were riven;
Broken the seal; the guards dispersed,
Upon their sight in glory burst
The risen Lord of Heaven!
Yet one, the heaviest in despair,
In grief the wildest, was not there.

III.

Returning, on each altered brow
With mute surprise he gazed;
For each was lit with transport now,
Each eye to heaven upraised.
Burst forth from each th' ecstatic word—
"Hail, brother, we have seen the Lord!"
Bewildered and amazed
He stood; then bitter words and brief
Betrayed the heart of unbelief.

IV.

Days passed, and still the frequent groan
Convulsed his labouring breast;
When round him light celestial shone,
And Jesus stood confessed.
"Reach, doubter! reach thy hand," he said;
"Explore the wound the spear hath made,
The front by nails impressed;
No longer for the living grieve,
And be not faithless, but believe."

V.

Oh! if the iris of the skies
  Transcends the painter's art,
How could he trace to human eyes
  The rainbow of the heart;
When love, joy, fear, repentance, shame,
Hope, faith, in swift succession came,
  Each claiming there a part;—
Each mingling in the tears that flowed,
The words that breathed—"My Lord! My God!"

DIVINE LOVE.

JOHN BOWRING.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF VIOLANTE DO CEO.

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—St. John iii. 16.

I.

In such a marvellous night, so fair,
And full of wonders strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale, declare,
Who saw the greatest wonder? Who?

II.

FIRST.

I saw the trembling fire look wan.

SECOND.

I saw the sun shed tears of blood.

THIRD.

I saw a God become a man.

FOURTH.

I saw a man become a God.

III.

Oh! wondrous marvels! At the thought,
The bosom's awe and reverence move.
But who such prodigies hath wrought?
Who gave such wonders birth? 'Twas love!

IV.

What called from heaven that flame divine
Which streams in glory from above;
And bid it o'er earth's bosom shine,
And bless us with its brightness? Love!

V.

Who bade the glorious sun arrest
His course, and o'er heaven's concave move
In tears—the saddest, loneliest
Of the celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

VI.

Who raised the human race so high,
E'en to the starry seats above,
That, for our mortal progeny,
A man became a God? 'Twas love!

VII.

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day to night,
And made of God a man? 'Twas love!

VIII.

Yes! love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath, above;
And heaven and earth shall shout, as one,
The all-triumphing song of love.

IX.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud:
The trembling fire that looked so wan,—
The weeping sun behind a cloud,—
A God—a God—became a man!
A mortal man became a God!

CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.*

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts iv. 12.

Oh Israel, oh household of the Lord,—
Oh Abraham's sons,—oh brood of blessed seed,—
Oh chosen sheep, that fear the Lord indeed,—
Oh hungry hearts, feed still upon his word,
And put your trust in him with one accord!
For he hath mercy evermore at hand;
His fountains flow, his springs do never stand;
And plenteously he loveth to redeem
Such sinners all
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteem.

He will redeem our deadly, drooping state;
He will bring home the sheep that go astray;
He will help them that hope in him alway;
He will appease our discord and debate;

* Died 1577.

He will soon save, though we repent us late;—
He will be ours if we continue his;
He will bring bale to joy and perfect bliss;
He will redeem the flock of his elect
From all that is,
Or was, amiss,
Since Abraham's heirs did first his laws reject.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—St. John x. 11.

I.

God, who doth all nature hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd kind and heedful;
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, his sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

II.

He feeds me in fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flowery painting;
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit fainting.

III.

When my soul, from heaven's way,
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For his name's sake kindly He
Wandering me
To his holy fold reduced.

IV.

Though I stray through death's dark vale,
Where his pale
Shades on every side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide,
For thy rod and staff uphold me.

V.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine thou pourest;
And, before mine enemies'
Envious eyes,
Balm upon my head thou showerest.

VI.

Neither dures thy bounteous grace
For a space,
But it knows nor bound nor measure:
So my days to my life's end,
Shall I spend
In thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

HYMN.

WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

GEORGE SANDYS.*

I am the Resurrection and the Life.—St. John xi. 25.

Saviour of Mankind, Man, Emanuel!
Who sinless died for sin; who vanquished hell;
The first fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live:—
Oh! strengthen thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may thine obey; protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, sealed with thy seal. So in the hour,
When thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged,) a glorious judge shall come,
To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known, and entertained for thine.

* Died 1643.

LOVEST THOU ME?

JULIAN CRAMER.

He saith unto him the third time, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, "Lovest thou me?" And he said unto Him, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus saith unto him, "Feed my sheep."—ST. JOHN xxi. 17.

A GROUP had gathered on the shore that bounds
The restless waters of Tiberias.
The weary fishermen, who, all night long,
Had cast their nets in vain, now saw amazed
The wondrous product of their later toil,
And, half in terror, cried—"It is the Lord!"
And He—mysterious Man!—whom late they saw
Expire in agony upon the Cross,
Stood calmly in their midst and hushed their fear.

Impetuous Peter, bolder than the rest,
Had met his Master first, and sought to prove
His zealous confidence and greater love.
Him loving, yet reproving for his warmth,
The Lord addressed:—"Thou son of Jonas, hear!
And answer truly if thou lovest me?"

Thrice fell this question on his anxious ear,
While wonder first, and then dismay and grief,
Oppressed him as his answer thus he made:—
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love thee well."
"Then *feed my lambs*," the Holy Shepherd said:
"If me thou lovest more than all beside,
Then *feed my lambs!* If thou wilt prove thy zeal,
And thus insure thy master's welcome praise,
Go, *feed my lambs!* I ask no arduous toil—
No deed of high emprise thy powers shall task—
I only bid thee *feed my lambs!*" He said,
And soon for heav'n departed, there to watch
His under-shepherds while they guard his flock.

Oh ye, whose holy privilege it is
To serve Him thus, see that ye *feed His lambs!*
So shall ye gain the evidence ye seek,
That your commission bears His sacred seal:
So shall ye prove your love—and so acquire
The rich reward on which your hopes are fixed.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

REGINALD HEBER.

Follow thou me.—St. John xxi. 22.

I.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

II.

Who best can drink his cup of wo,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!

III.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on Him to save.

IV.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong!
  Who follows in His train?

V.

A glorious band, the chosen few
  On whom the spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

VI.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel!
  Who follows in their train?

VII.

A noble army,—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

VIII.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!

THE LAST COMMAND.

ANONYMOUS.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—ST. MATTHEW xxviii. 18-20.

I.

Go to the lands afar,
  Where the changeless winter reigns;
Night hath her empire there,
The night of deep despair;
Go bid the morning star
  Rise o'er those snowy plains.

II.

Go, love's soft dew to shower
  On the far-off southern isle;
Though darkness hath her hour,
Truth is a mightier power;
Go, bid the lily flower,
  And the rose of Sharon smile.

III.

Go where its glittering wave
The spreading Ganges pours;
No hidden power to save
Those earth-born waters have;
Oh, purer streamlets lave
Zion's thrice-hallowed shores!

IV.

Go where o'er golden sands
The streams of Afric glide;
Bear to those distant lands
The Saviour's sweet commands,
Firm, firm his purpose stands,—
"Lo! I am by thy side!"

V.

Wide is the glorious field;
Throughout the world go forth,
The Spirit's sword to wield,
To bear the Spirit's shield;
Till every nation yield,
And blessings crown the earth.

VI.

Oh! speed the rising rays
Of the Sun of Righteousness!
So shall the glad earth raise

A noble song of praise,
Touched by the light which plays
From a nobler world than this!

VII.

Early and late still sow
The seed which God hath given;
Seek not reward below,
The glorious flower shall blow
Where cloudless summers glow;
The harvest is in heaven!

WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?

JOHN KEBLE.

Peter, seeing him, saith to Jesus, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Jesus saith unto him, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me."—St. John xxi. 22.

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom Christ approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,—
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate;

Whether in his lonely course,
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,
Or, with love's supporting force,
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:

Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
  Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
  Than the meeting waters make:
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
  Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to him or thee,
  So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
  At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
  Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow Thee.

THE ASCENSION.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.*

While they beheld he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.—
Acts i. 9.

Bright portals of the sky,
  Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
  With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold:
  Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

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

* Died 1649.

He towers those golden bounds
He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The Milky Way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere,
That robed in glory Heaven's King may ascend.

Oh well-spring of this All!
Thy Father's image vive,
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of heaven;
All truth, love, beauty, good,—
To Thee, to Thee, be praises ever given!

What was dismarshalled late
To this, thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtained the same,
Is now more perfect seen;
Streams which diverted were
(And troubled, stayed unclean)
From their first source, by Thee home-turned are.

By Thee that blemish old,
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exiled from thence,

Now put away is far;
With sword in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

Now each ethereal gate,
To Him hath opened been;
And glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
To the Most Holy Place,
Not without blood addressed,
With glory heaven, the earth to crown with grace.

Stars which all eyes were, late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate
In flaming tongues, their turn,
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And, entheate* from above,
Their sovereign Prince laud, glorify, adore.

The choirs of happy souls,
Waked with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controls,
Their Lord in triumph meet:
The spotless spirits of light,
His trophies do extol,

* Divinely inspired.

And arched in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

Oh, glory of the heaven!
Oh, sole delight of earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth:
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation and our song!

From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did ascend the skies.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

ANONYMOUS.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them.—Acts xx. 7.

Up steeps reclining in the autumnal calm,
The woodland nook retired, and quiet field,
Upon the tranquil noon
The Sunday chime is borne;

Rising and sinking on the silent air,
With many a dying fall, most musical
And fitful bird hard by
Blending melodiously.

The sky is looking on the sunny earth,
The fleecy clouds stand still in heaven,
Making the blue expanse
More still and beautiful.

If aught there be upon this rude, bad earth,
Which angels, from their happy spheres above,
Could lean and listen to,
It were those peaceful sounds.

There is unearthly balm upon the air,
And holier lights which are with Sunday born,
That man may lay aside
Himself, and be at rest.

The week-day cares from us like shackles fall,
As from the Lord the clothings of the grave,
And we, too, seem with him
To walk in endless morn.

Not that these musical wings would bear us up
On buoyant thoughts, too high for sinful man,
But that they speak the best
Which earth hath left to give—

Of better hopes, and prayer, and penitence,
Rising in incense on the sacred air,
From many a woodland spire,
Or hill-embosomed fane.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

CHARLES JENNER.

And when the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them: and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts ii. 1–4.

God's wondrous power, on that great day revealed,
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore,
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.
O, for one transient gleam from that pure fount
Of light celestial, whose all-pow'rful rays
Instant dispelled the mists of ignorance,
Informed the mind, and urged the willing tongue!
O, for one spark of that transcendent fire
Which shed its rapid influence thro' the soul,
Kindling at once in the astonished mind
The sacred flame of heaven-directed zeal,
In strains poured forth of wisdom heaven-taught,
Which in conception to perfection sprang,
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!

Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,
When conscious weakness claims Thy aid benign,
Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure
Nought hides, who ever mark'st my inmost soul,
And check'st with care paternal every ill,
Suggesting kindly, pure and holy thoughts,
Frame thou my mind; dispose my humble heart
To feel thy goodness and adore thy might;
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere
Those acts of power I know not how to scan;
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's pride,
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how dim!)
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,
To view Thy goodness, and to sing Thy praise;
So shall my lays, though rude, attention claim,
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;
Warm from the heart, they bear intrinsic worth,
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,
When erst the prophet of the favoured seed

From Israel sprung, high-honoured Moses held,
With trembling awe, converse with God himself;
'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount
The rapid lightnings shot their livid glance,
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,
Whilst the dread thunder, mutt'ring from afar,
With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,
Burst rattling all around in discord wild,
When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,
The holy prophet learned those high behests
By which to lead his sacred flock, and show
Types of a purer plan in days to come;
On that same day, the still more sacred flock
Of Christ, who only mourned his recent loss,
Stol'n from the clamours of the impious crowd
In thought pursued his steps to heav'n, and cheered
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul
His last bequest has shed a gleam of joy;
"A comforter to come" restrained their tears,
A steadfast faith suppressed the rising sigh,
And expectation raised their downcast eyes.
Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden burst
A rushing noise through all the sacred band
Silence profound and fixed attention claimed,
A chilling terror crept through every heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face:
The rough roar ceased; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head

Diffused its vivid beams; mysterious light!
That rushed impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new ideas filled the passive soul,
Fast crowding in with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amazed they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flowed their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addressed,
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captived ear.

O see the crowd, pressing with eager steps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall;
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleasing accents of their native tongue;
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With outstretched hands and smiles of social love,
To greet the partners of their native soil.
O catch the varying transports in their looks,
In awful wonder see each passion lost,
When ev'ry nation urged an equal claim.
Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of truth,
By weak restraints of language unconfined,
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine
From whence the dayspring draws her glitt'ring store
To shine on all with undistinguished ray,
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each pole
The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;
Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,
And all is blindfold error and distress.

O! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic pow'r
Burst through the organs of the sacred band,
What time, O Salem, 'midst thy hallowed walls
The mingled crowd from many a distant realm
In fixed attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flowed unrestrained,
Though, skilled alone in virtue's sacred lore,
They never had employed life's precious hours
In learning's paths; without proud science wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shows His pow'r:
By him inspired they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst th' illumined breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme
Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The list'ning throng there feel its blessed effect,
And deep conviction glows in ev'ry breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind
At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:
Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous lust,
And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:
They fade to rise no more; for see, a band
Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,
And stamp the mansion with the seal of truth.

There heav'nly knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,
And patience sits, with meek submissive smile
Disarming stern oppression; justice there
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;
And there with God's own armour all-begirt,
Stands fortitude, erect in Christian strength;
There temp'rance stands, with ever-watchful eye,
To curb the passions with a steady rein;
And candour there her golden rule displays
To act by others as thy heart must wish
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee;
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,
Sits heav'n-born charity; her eagle eye
Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,
Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,
She deems all human ills her own, and sighs
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.
With such bright guests the Christian mind is stored,
Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:
These to make known became the sacred task
By heav'n imposed upon the chosen band;
Thrice happy they to such high office called,
The blessed ministers of God's high will!
For them the fulness of His might is shown,
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's law;
Grim death for them contracts his hasty stride,
And checks his dart ev'n in the act to strike;
His horrid messengers, disease and pain,
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;
For them bright wisdom opens all her stores,

Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst inspiration's all-enliv'ning light
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;
Warmed by the ray they pour the sacred strain
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine,
For ever registered in heav'n's high page,
Flow from their lips, and glow within their breasts;
Amazed they feel the sacred ecstacy,
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom fraught
Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
This is no fancied power, no idle dream,
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy formed,
The genuine influence fills each raptured soul,
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels
When, reason by delusive fancy led
In sad captivity, the thoughts confused
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense.
Consider well, what are the genuine marks
Of heavenly inspiration. It was not
In wild ecstatic rants and dubious phrase,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplexed,
The simple messengers of Jesus spake.
O search and see, were not their doctrines pure,
And in such plain and modest phrase expressed
As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conscious virtue feels
When she conducts some hapless wand'rer back

To paths, without her aid, for ever lost.
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblamed
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;
If, daily trained to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,
Through the straight path, the way of holiness,
Then may ye lead your flocks to his abode;
But, O beware! think not the heav'nly guest
Can fix his residence with aught impure;
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest guides
Can ever be the seat of heav'nly grace;
If yet the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defiled
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with lust;
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Ev'n thus shall all be measured by their fruits;
So spake the living Oracle of Truth:
O never, never lose this sacred guide,
By ev'ry blast of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the Gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."

THE CALL OF THE GENTILES.

SPENCER MADAN.

For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.—Acts ii. 32.

To the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.—Romans ii. 10.

Oh, not to Israel's haughty sons alone
Came the glad tidings of a Saviour born;
Not so repulsed th' Almighty's outstretched arm,
Not so confined His love! The dove-like form
Of mercy, issuing forth, through every clime,
Flies to and fro, to earth's extremest verge,
Speeds her light way, and plies her eager search,
Unwilling to return if chance she find
Whereon to rest her foot! Long time intent
O'er thee, Judæa, self-devoted land!
With many an anxious pause and circling flight
The mystic wanderer hung! Full oft she sought
Thy tow'rs, Jerusalem, thy fated walls,
And wept o'er all the scene! Full oft she called
(E'en as a hen collects her callow brood)

And yet ye would not! "O ungrateful race!"
In deep despair the lovely exile cried;
Then shook soft pity from her wings—and fled.—
Happy the few, on whose selected heads
The plenteous dayspring from on high descended
In kindly visitation! Happy they
On whom that show'r of heav'n-born pity fell;
—Nor fell unfruitful! While impassioned hope,
Firm faith, that wisely builds on reason's rock,
Strong-working, drew them from the crooked path;
Taught them at length with steady eye to bear
The growing light; to hail with grateful joy
Each emanation of those holy truths
That Jesus poured upon their tempered souls!
These, not unaided by supernal grace,
And fraught with confidence and holy zeal,
Sure test of true conversion! these, O Lord,
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee
First called, first rescued from a world of wo,
To spread salvation into distant climes;
And tell the meanest habitant of earth
"Glad tidings of great joy!"—Much envied lot
Of ministry like this! Thrice happy state
Of servitude, (if freedom's choicest name
Befit not rather) happier, richer far
Than all that tyranny enthroned could boast,
Or the proud sceptre of imperial Rome!
Conscious I quit the still-increasing theme
Of praise and wonder! Mute admiring joy
Must paint a scene the muse can never reach!
'Tis not for us, unweeting babblers all,

To trace with fit design the holy group
Forth issuing, for the glorious work prepared,
Their cry Salvation!—God himself their guide!
For us suffice it rather, first to haste
In silent joy, like Abraham from his tent,
And welcome their approach;—then quick retire,
Like Lot from Sodom, anxious to be saved,
Thankful to hear, and happy to obey!—
'Tis not for us, to watch with prying eye
The secret workings of Almighty Power;
To tell how heav'n's diffusive love prevailed
With gradual effort o'er the conscious soul;
Or struck, invisible, with sudden ray
Of purest knowledge, and regen'rate joy,
Th' *unconscious* Heathen; 'till at once aroused,
His ev'ry sense and ev'ry glowing thought
Start from its lethargy, and spring to life!
Suffice it, that we know the mighty cause
And breathe unceasing songs of gratitude
To him, whose blessing far and wide displayed
The rich effusion, till one vast embrace
Encircled all creation!—Gracious Heaven!
O not in vain be these thy mercies shown
To any child of man! Remember, Lord,
And save the creature of Thy plastic hand,
Whether Thou view'st him wand'ring on the waste
Of Polar Zembla, continent of ice!
Or breathing rude idolatry and vows
Of prostrate adoration at the shrine
Of Thibet's hapless Lama! Wretched being,
Less free, less happy, less a God than e'en

His vilest votary!—Yet not alone
To the swart savage of the barb'rous East,
The beaded Hottentot, or naked slave
Who toils, untutored, in the guilty mine,
Reveal thy saving arm! But turn, O turn
The blinder Infidel, of every name,
Or gross Mahometan, or stubborn Jew,
Or desperate Atheist, who mocks thy pow'rs
With purposed insult!—Turn them, Lord, and save
And win them to Thyself! O quickly bring
To Sharon's fold and Achor's happy vale
Thy full united flock!—And if the muse,
Impatient for thy glory, still may breathe
One added prayer, O bless the pious zeal,
And crown with glad success the lab'ring sons
Of that best charity, whose annual mite
Sends forth Thy gospel to the distant isles!
So shall the nations, rescued myriads! hear,
And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!
So from each corner of th' enlighten'd earth
Incessant peals of universal joy
Shall hail Thee, Heavenly Father, God of All!

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. And a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; who, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him, with John, said, "Look on us." And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he, leaping up, stood and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God.—Acts iii. 1–8.

Forth at the hour of prayer,
Went the Apostles to the holy place,
The sacred temple of the living God,
Where praise was offered, and his creatures bowed
In humble adoration at His throne,
Asking remission for their sins, and grace
And strength to guide their timid, wavering steps
In the true way of life.
Onward they passed,
With hearts o'erflowing with a fervent zeal

To do their Master's service. In their path,
Near by the temple's gate, lay one, who had,
From the first era of existence, borne
Suffering and sore affliction. Life, to him,
Was as a cheerless waste, for he had known
No springtime of enjoyment, when gay youth
Could speed, exulting, on the ardent race,
Or spend the sunny hours in sportive glee.
All the heart's impulses were crushed and chilled—
For, though the eye might mark the beautiful,
And the soul pine for freedom, or aspire
To high and lofty things, the maimed limbs,
And marred and wretched frame, like prison-gates,
Held him a mourning captive, until all
Of life within—e'en hope itself—had died—
And there was left nor tint upon his cheek,
Nor lustre in his eye.
There he reclined,
Where pitying hands had borne, as they were wont,
The feeble, helpless mendicant.—And as
Th' Apostles passed his cheerless resting-place,
His trembling voice was raised, imploring alms.

They stayed their footsteps. Was there e'er a time
When the sad wail of sorrow failed to reach
His ear, whose faithful followers they were?
His was compassion, boundless, infinite—
Nor creed, nor sect, nor station, could impede
The welling up of sacred sympathy,
Within His bosom!

Like their blessed Lord,
They felt the holy impulse, and their hearts
Were touched with pity, as they stopped and turned
Their steadfast eyes upon the suffering man.

Then Peter said, "*Look on us!*"—and he looked,
With expectation kindling in his glance,
And thankfulness awakened in his heart;
For, from the hand outstretched, with open palm,
The alms he craved, he thought, would surely come.

Once more th' Apostle spoke:—"*Silver and gold*
Belong not to me, nor can I bestow
These, but the gifts I have I freely give—
In the blessed name of Christ of Nazareth,
I bid thee rise and walk!" And lifting him
Upon his feet, he stood in manhood's strength,
No longer impotent.
Then went he forth,
And entered with them in the temple gate,
Walking, and leaping, and adoring God,
Who sent his faithful ministers, to raise
Him from the lowest depths of misery,
And fill his heart with joy.

* * * * *

So, Christian soul,
Though darkly round thee lowers the tempest cloud,
Veiling the brightness of thy spirit's joy,
And filling thee with trembling and with fear:
Though pain and anguish rack thee, and the weak

And stricken body sinks beneath the load
Of speechless agony, and prostrate lies
In helpless wretchedness:—Remember, still,
That there is One above, whose watchful eye
Notes all thy sufferings, and marks thy fears—
Who tries and proves thy faith, that thou may'st be
Made meet partaker of the bliss that waits
Believers, in the bright, celestial home,
Prepared for those who put their trust in Him.

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

SAMUEL HAYES.

And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor to teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.—Acts iv. 18, 19.

I.

Awake, ye sons of men! The hallowed word
Contemplate, stamped with truth's immortal seal!
Mark, where the faithful servants of their Lord,
Through the wide world Heaven's high behests reveal!—
Calamities from ev'ry quarter press;
Ten thousand perils darken all the view;
Contempt, indignant hatred, sore distress,
And friendless indigence, their steps pursue.
Stern persecution's arm, by pow'r maintained,
The ruthless sword uplifts, with martyrs' blood distained.

II.

Firm amidst legions of surrounding foes,
With unremitted zeal, they hold their course:
Undaunted 'midst oppression's varied woes,
Defy authority's vindictive force.

In vain the furious bigot threats; in vain
The sophist weaves the net of subtle art:
The tyrant, 'midst his adulating train,
Feels terror shake his agonizing heart;
E'en on his throne he trembles; guilt and shame
Fix deep their barbed shafts, and rend his coward frame.

III.

Behold the path which leads to endless life!
In this the martyr trod, all pow'r withstood;
Braved every danger in the mortal strife,
And ratified his faith with sacred blood.—
At length, oppression's sanguinary hand
No more o'er Christians holds vindictive sway;
No more the ruthless tyrant's fell command
Consigns to death his unresisting prey.
Yet e'en to us, from all these terrors freed,
Still the same hope is giv'n, the same reward decreed.

IV.

The world, in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendour bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light:
Anon, th' assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black low'rs the tempest in the sullen sky;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendour fly:
Pass but a moment, ev'ry ray is gone;
Nor e'en a vestige left, where the bright glories shone.

V.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
Degen'rate swerve from Heav'n's immortal plan?
Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
The nobler heritage reserved for man?
Though rocks their cragged heads in ambush hide,
Though storms and tempests sweep the angry main;
While Hope's fair star shines forth, auspicious guide,
E'en tempests, storms, and rocks, oppose in vain.
Safe, 'midst the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her Heav'n-directed course.

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."—Acts vii. 55, 56.

With awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen;
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright of heaven;
And power to speak our triumphs out,
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—Acts ix. 4, 5.

I.

The midday sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;
Along the level sand
The palm tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise,
To greet yon wearied band.

II.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixed eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

III.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment—and to earth he falls;
What voice his inmost heart appals?—
Voice heard by him alone.

IV.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed,
With keen yet pitying glance;

V.

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if th' Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed his royal birth,
Nor his great power begun.

VI.

"Ah! wherefore persecutest thou me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eye from the sight;

But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
Th' insufferable light.

VII.

"Who art thou, Lord?" he falters forth:—
So shall sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day,
"When did we see thee suffering nigh,
And passed thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say!"

VIII.

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise.
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press,
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,—
Christ suffers in our strife.

IX.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as He did then.

X.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye me?
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless wo.
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

XI.

"I in your care my brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
In heaven be sure, is stored."

XII.

Oh! by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

XIII.

As to thy last Apostle's heart,
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,

So teach us on thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

XIV.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float,
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more;

XV.

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored;
"Christians! behold your happy state;
Christ is in these, who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

THE PREACHING OF ST. PAUL.

JOHN LETTICE.

And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the son of God. But all that heard him were amazed, and said, "Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priests?" But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ.—Acts ix. 20-22.

Each holy rite performed, the zealous saint
Poured from his tongue spontaneous the stream
Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo!
The gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive sage,
With simple style, deliberate address,
And nervous argument, now vindicates
The great Messiah. Now with words that live,
With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,
Expiring nature and the doom of man,
He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,
Her shape deformed, the poison of her touch,
Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,
He next describes. Affrighted conscience 'wakes;

The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;
Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.
What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,
But shuddered there!—Now with mellifluous tongue,
He soothes the scorpion sting of conscious guilt.
Behold! each faded countenance relumed
With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint
Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,
Of grace and mercy infinite, displays
The high rewards of penitence and life
Reformed, the freedom of the Christian yoke
Avers, and testifies th' eternal league
'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now to crown
The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,
He wins th' enchanted auditors to peace,
Long-suff'ring, gentleness, and social love,
The godlike spirit of his Master's laws!

Was this the hot vindictive Pharisee?
O strange conversion! This th' impetuous Saul,
That late dire menaces and slaughter breathed?
Was this, sage priest, the minister of wrath
Fixed by the dreaded sanction of thy power
To hurl perdition on the rising church?
What! Were those hands, now lifted up to Heav'n
To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued
In the pure blood of his devoted saints,
And consecrated martyrs? Wondrous change!
But what can check that All-controlling Power,
Who turns the course of Nature at His will;
Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose call

Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm step
Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst
His potent voice bade the curled waves subside,
And hushed the wind's wild uproar into peace?

Behold! th' illustrious convert now invades
The reign of Gentile darkness. See! appalled
Black superstition, with her baleful throng
Of self-bred fears, and unembodied forms
That haunt despair; the foul unholy train
Of molten idols and fantastic gods
Shrink at his presence, like the fleeting shades
Of sullen night, when first Hyperion's orb
Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.
Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme
Withstood the thunder of the preacher's tongue.
Tottered his throne, his golden sceptre fell;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.
No longer smoked his odoriferous shrines
With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant breath
Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb
Distained his blushing altars. Solemn praise
And pray'rs devoutly breathed, the tears, the sighs
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,
Now formed the Gentile's purer sacrifice
To the true God. Each attribute
That points th' Almighty Parent of the World
To man's conceptions, legibly portrayed
On Nature's page, th' enlightened convert sees;
And as he views, his elevated breast,
With inextinguishable ardour, burns

For truth, for life and immortality.
Where'er the preacher rolled the powerful tide
Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt
Foul error fled, whether the Roman school,
Or Attic portico her presence held;
Or the dark inmate of the Pagan shrine,
She heaped vain incense to some idol-god.

O! may those living oracles of light,
That boast the sanction of thine hallowed pen,
Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,
Where still pale fear and superstition reign,
Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!
May the false prophet's sensual paradise,
Base hope of wretched ignorance and lust,
Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step
To Mecca's walls: no longer Fohi's name
Usurp the prostrate adoration, due
To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:
But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one God
Unite the scattered progeny of man!

THE GOSPEL TRIAD.

GEORGE BURGESS.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—
1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Is it some sport of Fancy's silver light,
That darts along the shades of scattered night?
Or gleams from spot to spot on mortal ground,
The mystic web through time and nature wound?

Three holy graces came from heaven to man,
Three great apostles led their peaceful van,
Three lengthened ages, blending each with each,
From truth's first blaze, to earth's last glory reach:
And each apostle wears one holy grace,
And each long age is one apostle's trace.
The age of Faith, it leaned on Peter's name,
And stood a rock 'mid seas of mounting flame:
Its youthful strength the assailant's fury broke,
And error crouched beneath its scourging stroke.

It held the cross with zeal's impetuous hand,
And touched, and blessed, and swayed each savage land;
Chose for itself the lonely cell and cave,
But reared for heaven the minster's glorious nave:
The age of Hope, it heard the conqueror's call,
And girt the shield, and grasped the sword of Saul;
It strove for truth, and truth in strife it won,
Strong in the word, the immortal cause went on;
Foiled and still foiled, the hostile armies swell,
Long is the work, yet toil the champions well;
Ranged for the last, the fierce opposer stands,
And doubt and discord tear the faithful bands,
A hundred winds their hundred banners blow,
Yet beams on each, defiance to the foe;
From victory rings their clarion's mingling tone,
We hear their peal, but hear in hope alone.
The age of Love,—O, who its light shall see?
Beloved apostle! tells it not of thee?
The strife is o'er, the day of triumph nigh;
In palmy groves the shields are hung on high:
For every band its destined place is there,
And every brow its worthy wreath must wear;
A blooming garden rises o'er the waste,
Amid its walks they rove, and till, and taste;
The playful lyre in tuneful numbers sweep,
Or speak, or sing, of wisdom high and deep,
Then sit them down and watch the fading ray;
Their eve is morn, their morn an endless day.

PURE RELIGION.

CARLOS WILCOX.

Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—St. James i. 27.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim

Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

ST. PETER'S RELEASE.

JOHN KEBLE.

And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, "Arise up quickly." And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, "Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals:" and so he did, and he saith unto him, "Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me."—ACTS xii. 6-8.

THOU thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
  Watch by thine own forgiven friend;
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
  Let his soul love thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep
  His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep
  As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again—
  Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
  Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone:
For his winged thoughts are soaring high
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps—but more than tears
Have sealed thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove:

That gracious chiding look, Thy call,
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall,
Which else were rued too bitterly.

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
The memory of that kindly glance;—
The angel watching by divines,
And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus, ere his flight he takes,
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did his dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourished with His blood:

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
  Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
  O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
  His passport through the eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
  He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
  Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
  Like waves in Joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice
  Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
  Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
  Glancing around his prison room,—
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
  That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years
  Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
  Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he up starts—his chains unbind—
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched the martyr's palm,
He turns him to his task below;

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
To wield awhile in gray-haired might,
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
And follow Jesus out of sight.

PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

CHARLES HOYLE.

And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked: the same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet," and he leaped and walked. And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."—Acts xiv. 8-11.

Emerging from the whirlwind and the storm
Of persecution, Paul, with Barnabas,
To Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims
Redemption, Judgment; heraldry divine,
Tidings melodious as angelic bliss,
And sovereign as the harp of Jesse's son
To heal distempered minds: his ardent speech
Rebukes, exhorts; now thundering in their ears
The terror of the Lord, unfolding now
Mystery of love omnipotent. "Awake,
Arise, benighted sleepers, from the dead,
And Christ shall give you wisdom, and instruct
To cheque life's dark vale with sunny gleams
Of truth and virtue, 'till Salvation ope

Her portals and her mansions, to receive
And welcome you to rapture!"—Crowds, athirst
For novelty, around th' apostle press,
Lightly to hear, and lightly to depart,
Relapsing to oblivion: while obdured
By vain philosophy, high-reaching power,
Patrician eminence, voluptuous ease,
The children of prosperity deride
Contrition's call. Far other passion moves
Yon loathed beggar, cripple from the womb,
On the cold earth extended, and embossed
With leprosy; yet glorious all within,
Arrayed in righteousness, and eagle-winged
With piety and hope; thence happier far
Than they from whom his supplication rings
A scanty alms.—(Ambition's blaze, the dreams
Of fame and riches, vanish and decay;
But virtues vanish not, to paradise
Translated with empyreal youth to bloom.)
In squalor and in delirection scorned,
Outcast of human pity, but upheld
By grace and guardian seraphim, and doomed
On earth to suffer, but rejoice in heaven,
The mourner lay; when he of Tarsus saw
His misery, and with thought-exploring eye
Discerned his faith, and issued thus command:

"Arise, forlorn and helpless, from the dust;
Forget thy desolation: in the name
Of Jesus rise and walk!"—While yet he spake,
Through the shrunk sinews and contracted limbs

Ethereal vigour darts like lightning flame,
Enkindling health, and purging off in scales
Leprous pollution; through each pulse and vein,
Through sense and motion, heart and eye and soul,
The genial spirits dance; and the gaunt frame,
Late the mind's noisome dungeon, spheres her now
In palace of delight. The cripple rose
Exulting, walked and leaped and bounding ran
Light as the roebuck; yet in frantic joy
Not thankless, or unmindful to extol
Supernal mercy. Him the multitude
Pursued and held; insatiate to survey
In speculation mute his altered form,
Athletic beauty: Some, half fearful, touched
The withered lazar hands, now warm with blood
Salubrious, and with pliant muscles strung:
Some lifted up his garments, to behold
The well-compacted knees, th' elastic feet,
And ankles firm; while round the whisper flew,
"Is this the suppliant stretched so late supine,
Fed by precarious bounty, and with groans
Saddening the day?" Confusion of applause,
Tempest of acclamation, next ensued
From young and old: "The Deities descend
In mortal shape!" they cried: "To Lystra's domes
And honoured temples, welcome and all hail,
Dread-thundering monarch, cloud-compelling Jove!
Bright son of Maia, hail!" The city swarms
In wild commotion roused as by affright
Of midnight conflagration or the din
Of battle: streets and avenues disgorge

Augmenting thousands: matrons, children, climb
The roofs and walls, and in astonishment
Sit gazing there. So all was ecstacy
And tumult all, 'till veneration hushed
Their thronged idolatry: for now the priest
Of Jupiter advancing, oxen brought
And garlands, and the sanctimonious rites
Solemn prepared, though with disordered pomp,
As summoned hasty: now the goblet foamed
Libation, and the victim's neck was bowed;
Spices in odorous piles already blazed,
Already the grim sacrificer stood
In act to strike; when, with indignant shame,
Th' ambassadors of Majesty divine,
Perceiving their intent, among them rushed
Precipitate, and boldly overthrew
Each instrument of worship, and reproved
Their impious folly.—"Cease ye, nor present
Knee-tribute, nor to us the name ascribe
Of Godhead; wanderers we, of earthly mould;
Of peril, wo, disaster, and disease
Partakers, and of death. But would ye learn
Whom and how best to worship, that our lips,
Instructed and commissioned, shall declare.

"Can the dumb idol measure in his hand
The floods of ocean, or in balance weigh
The mountains and the valleys, or convulse
The steadfast earth, alternate rouse and quell
The stormy winds, and bid conflicting clouds
Dissolve in deluge? or will thunders roar,

And lightnings flash, obsequious to his call?
Say, can the molten image look abroad
Through depths of ether, and appoint each orb
To come and go, refulgent now t' illume
The firmamental concave, now withdraw
To dimness and extinction? can such eye,
Like sunbeam, search affection and desire?
Hath motionless and chiselled marble power
And wisdom? can it punish and reward
Guilt undivulged and virtues yet unknown,
Judge by the heart, and equity dispense
To empires and to worlds? He only can,
Whom, Lord of immortality and life,
Supreme, invisible, Almighty King,
Sole Godhead I proclaim. Ye heavens, attend!
Give ear, O earth! all-radiant sun, confess
Thine Author! Times and seasons, months and years,
And all that live or live not, record join,
His wonders of perfection to display!
Him, the one God and true, through youth and age,
Through peril and through safety, joy and wo,
Perpetual will we worship, and extol
His wondrous name, in bounty wondrous found
To all that live; them chiefly who confess
His empire, while their holiness and truth
(Faith's proper signs) like lamp celestial burn,
Dispelling death, and darkness, and the way
Illuminating to Jehovah's throne."

The congregation heard,
Awe-struck, yet unrepentant, murmuring paid

Obedience, and reluctantly dismissed
The sacrifices: then with cloudy front
And troubled rumination, sad and slow
Dispersing, to their several homes returned.

And couldst thou, Lystra, thus ungracious hear
Such exhortation, or the following morn
With arms and murderous insurrection chase
Heaven's ministers, while the converted few
Aloof stood mourning, powerless to resist
The popular frenzy?—So Jerusalem
Carolled Hosannas to th' approaching Son
Of David: but in little space how changed!
That triumph yet re-echoing in mid air,
Her fierce impiety with uproar doomed
Messiah to the cross!—So scorns the world
Each admonition that from idol vows
Of pleasure, avarice, or ambitious power,
Adjures them to return, and find repose
And pardon from the Mediatorial Grace
That ransomed man.—O, high and lofty Sire,
Inhabiting eternity, incline
A wayward world to fear Thee, and devote
To Thee each word and action, heart and soul!

PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI.

JOHN PIERPONT.

And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's hands were loosed. —Acts xvi. 25, 26.

Hearest thou that solemn symphony, that swells
And echoes through Philippi's gloomy cells?
From vault to vault the heavy notes rebound,
And granite rocks reverberate the sound.
The wretch, who long in dungeons cold and dank
Had shook his fetters, that their iron clank
Might break the gravelike silence of that prison,
On which the star of hope had never risen;
Then sunk in slumbers by despair oppressed,
And dreamed of freedom in his broken rest;
Wakes at the music of these mellow strains,
Thinks it some spirit, and forgets his chains.
'Tis Paul and Silas, who, at midnight pay
To Him of Nazareth a grateful lay,
Soon is that anthem wafted to the skies;
An angel bears it, and a God replies:

At that reply a pale portentous light
Plays through the air,—then leaves a gloomier night;
The darkly tottering towers,—the trembling arch,—
The rocking walls confess a monarch's march,—
The stars look dimly through the roof:—behold,
From saffron dews, and melting clouds of gold,
Brightly uncurling on the dungeon's air,
Freedom walks forth serene; from her loose hair,
And every glistening feather of her wings,
Perfumes, that breathe of more than earth, she flings,
And with a touch dissolves the prisoner's chains,
Whose song had charmed her from celestial plains.

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

ANN CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."—Acts xvii. 22, 23.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,
Whose tones shall bid the slumbering nations round
Wake with convulsive thrill.
Athenians! gather there; he brings you words,
Brighter than all your boasted lore affords.

He brings you news of One
Above Olympian Jove; One in whose light
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun.
On your bewildered night,
That Unknown God, of whom ye darkly dream,
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise
From your dark worship round that idol shrine;
He points to Him who reared your starry skies,
And bade your Phœbus shine.
Lift up your souls from where in dust ye bow;
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But, brighter tidings still!
He tells of One whose precious blood was spilt
In lavish streams upon Judea's hill,
A ransom for your guilt;—
Who triumphed o'er the grave, and broke its chain;
Who conquered Death and Hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould,
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear
Mysteries before untold!—
Immortal life revealed! light for which ye
Have tasked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!
'Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One
Where all your vaunted reason lost must pause,
And faint to think upon,—
That was from everlasting, that shall be
To everlasting still, eternally.

Ye followers of him
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity,

Your fancies fade,—your master's dreams grow dim
To this reality.
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!
Sceptic! dispel those doubts,—the Truth is found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls
Immortal poets sung,—
No sounds like these have rent your startled air;
They open realms of light, and bid you enter there.

THE RESURRECTION.

WILLIAM BOLLAND.

Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked, and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."—Acts xvii. 31, 32.

Upborne on towering fancy's eagle wing,
Methinks imagination's piercing eye
Darts through the veil of ages, and beholds
Imperial Athens; views her sumptuous domes,
Her gorgeous palaces, and splendid fanes,
Inscribed to all the various deities
That crowd the pagan heaven. Amid the rest,
An altar sacred to the God Unknown
Attracts my gaze; I see a list'ning throng
With eager haste press round a reverend form,
Whose lifted hands and contemplative mien
Express the anxious feelings of a mind
Big with momentous cares: 'Tis he! 'Tis he!
Methinks I hear the apostle of my God

From blind idolatry to purer faith
Call the deluded city; naught avails
The rude abuse of jeering ignorance,
Nor all the scoffs that malice can invent:
To duty firm, their mockery he derides,
And, with intrepid tone, divinely brave,
Proclaims the blessed Jesus, tells His power,
His gracious mercy and unbounded love
To sinful man; tells how the Saviour fell,
Awhile a victim to insulting death,
'Till, bursting from the prison of the grave,
He rose to glory, and to earth declared
These joyful tidings, this important truth,—
"There is another and a better world."

Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze,
When the great orator announced that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning earth
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss
Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid choirs
Of angels throned, the righteous God shall sit
To judge the gathered nations. Vice appalled,
With trembling steps retired, and guilty fear
Shook every frame, when holy Paul pronounced
The awful truth; dark superstition's fiend
Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,
And persecution's dagger, half unsheathed,
Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial grace
Around him beamed; sublime the apostle stood,
In heaven's impenetrable armour clothed,

Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.
So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main,
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge that roars below
Indignant frowns: in vain the tempest howls,
The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled deep
Assaults in vain: unmoved the giant views
All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."—Acts xxvi. 28, 29.

The son of Herod sat in regal state
Fast by his sister queen—and 'mid the throng
Of supple courtiers, and of Roman guards,
Gave solemn audience.—Summoned to his bower
A prisoner came—who, with no flattering tongue
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye
Questioned his brow, with scowling eagerness,
As there he stood in bonds. But when he spoke
With such majestic earnestness, such grace
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,
The ardour of his heaven-taught eloquence
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse
Responsive trembled, with the new-born hope,
Almost to be a Christian.
So he rose,
And with the courtly train swept forth in pomp.

Almost! and was this all,—thou Jewish prince?
Thou listened to the ambassador of Heaven,
Almost persuaded! Ah! hadst thou exchanged
Thy trappings, and thy purple, for his bonds,
Who stood before thee; hadst thou drawn his hope
Into thy bosom,—even with the spear
Of martyrdom—how great had been thy gain!
And ye, who linger while the call of God
Bears witness with your conscience, and would fain,
Like King Agrippa, follow, yet draw back
Awhile into the vortex of the world,—
Perchance to swell the hoard which Death shall sweep
Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger hands,—
Perchance by Pleasure's deadening opiates lulled
To false security,—or, by the fear
Of man constrained,—or moved to give your sins
A little longer scope,—beware! beware!
Lest that dread *almost* shut you out from Heaven!

MIRACLES.

WILLIAM BOLLAND.

In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.—St. Mark xvi. 17.

Let not the sceptic's ignorance presume
To mark the limits of celestial power,
Nor weigh its greatness in the partial scale
Of little man's confined philosophy.
What! shall that God, whose energies divine
Waked slumb'ring matter from the dark abyss
Of chaos, and with all-creative hand
Bade each minuter particle assume
Its form and character; shall He, whose arm
Upon the boundless ocean of the air
Launched yon stupendous continent of fire,
Round which, by laws immutable constrained,
The subject planets roll their pendant orbs;
Shall that great God, who, with all-seeing eye
And wisdom infinite, assigned its place

To each created atom; who arranged
And methodized by comprehensive rule,
In order beautiful, the harmonious whole;
Who, calling forth its active properties,
And blending all their excellence, produced
That miracle of miracles, this World;—
Shall He be bounded by the narrow line
Of mortal action? Cease, presumptuous man;
Doubt not, because thou canst not understand.
Thy circumscribed reason ne'er shall reach
The secret depths, or trace the hidden maze
Of heavenly councils: call thy truant thoughts
Back to their God, nor with fallacious art
Seek to mislead th' uncultivated mind
That asks of thee instruction: rather let
The passing wonders of thy Maker's works
Excite thine adoration, and arouse
Thy sleeping faculties in hymns of praise:—
"Great Lord of Life! to Thee I kneel, to Thee
Pour forth the warm effusions of a heart
Grateful for all Thy mercies: Lord, look down
Upon Thy servant, and, as once Thou deign'dst
To send Thy Spirit to conduct the steps
Of Israel's children through the pathless waste
To happier regions, so may'st Thou, O God,
Guide through this world, this wilderness of sin,
A hopeless wand'rer, and at last from death
Raise up his raptured soul to that high heaven,
Where, throned with Thee, the just shall ever live,
In endless peace and everlasting love."

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Take unto you the whole armour of God.—EPHESIANS vi. 13.

SOLDIER, go, but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
Dream not that the way is smooth,
  Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth
  Where the sunny beam reposes;—
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee,
  Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow:

Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
  Brooks no moment of forsaking.
    Sleep as on the battle-field,—
    Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done;
  Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won,
  Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
  All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise,
  These proclaim the victor's story.
    Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
    Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain and earth has vanished.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

HENRY ALFORD.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying; "Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Rev. xix. 6.

Stand up before your God,
You army bold and bright,
Saints, martyrs, and confessors,
In your robes of white;
The church below doth challenge you
To an act of praise;
Ready with mirth in all the earth
Her matin song to raise.

Stand up before your God,
In beautiful array,
Make ready all your instruments
The while we mourn and pray;

For we must stay to mourn and pray
Some prelude to our song;
The fear of death has clogged our breath
And our foes are swift and strong.

But ye, before your God,
Are hushed from all alarm,
Out through the grave and gate of death
Ye have past into the calm;
Your fight is done, your victory won,
Through peril and toil and blood;
Among the slain, on the battle plain,
We buried ye where ye stood.

Stand up before your God,
Although we cannot hear
The new song he hath taught you
With our fleshly ear,
Our bosoms burn that hymn to learn,
And from the church below,
E'en while we sing, on heavenward wing
Some happy souls shall go.

Ye stand before your God,
But we press onward still,
The soldiers of His army,
The servants of His will:
A captive band, in foreign land
Long ages we have been;
But our dearest theme and our fondest dream
Is the home we have not seen.

We soon shall meet our God,
The hour is wafting on,
The dayspring from on high hath risen,
And the night is spent and gone;
The light of earth, it had its birth,
And it shall have its doom;
The sons of earth they are few in birth,
But many in the tomb.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

JOHN BOWRING.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF VIOLANTE DO CEO.

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the GOSPEL OF PEACE, and bring glad tidings of good things.—ROMANS x. 15.

WHILE to Bethlem we are going,
Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode?
"From that world, to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest purest bliss."

Wherefore from his throne exalted
Came he on this earth to dwell,—
All his pomp an humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did he, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,—
He, who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlem,—
Thither let us haste and rest:
For, of all Heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is Peace,—the sweetest, best.

CHARITY.

WILLIAM PETER.

1 Cor. xiii.

Though Cowper's zeal, though Milton's fire
Inspired my glowing tongue;
Though holier raptures woke my lyre
Than ever seraph sung;
Though faith, though knowledge from above
Mine ardent labours crowned;
Did I not glow with Christian love,
'Twere but an empty sound.

Love suffers long; is just, sincere,
Forgiving, slow to blame;
Friend of the good, she grieves to hear
An erring brother's shame.
Meek, holy, free from selfish zeal,
To generous pity prone,
She envies not another's weal
Nor triumphs in her own.

No evil, no suspicious thought,
She harbours in her breast;
She tries us by the deeds we've wrought,
And still believes the best.
Love never fails; though knowledge cease,
Though prophecies decay,
Love, Christian love, shall still increase,
Shall still extend her sway.

Here dimly through life's shadowy glass
We strain our infant eyes;
Soon shall the earthborn vapours pass,
And light unclouded rise;
Then Hope shall sink in changeless doom,
Then Faith's bright race be o'er,
But thou, eternal Love, shalt bloom
More glorious than before.

THE POOR.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—
1 Cor. xv. 19.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall

And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her:—Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee:
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief.—
Hebrews iii. 12.

The tree that yields our care and grief,
Is from a root of unbelief!
The pricking thorns, the arrows fierce,
Our spirit and our flesh to pierce—
The grafts that spoil our vineyard's fruit,
Are from that bitter evil root.

The branch that hangs with clustering woes—
The flag-staff of the prince of foes—
The tares that mar our golden sheaf,
All, all spring up from unbelief:
And Hope, the victim of Despair,
Points, dying, to the poison there.

But in Belief we've joy and peace,
Of faith and power a sweet increase;

From burning skies a cool retreat,
A shelter safe when tempests beat—
Fresh balm of Gilead for our grief—
For every wound a healing leaf.

Belief smooths down our thorny cares,
With shooting grain uproots the tares,
Our harp from off the willow takes,
And every chord to music wakes,
Till Hope, laid icy in the tomb,
Springs up with life and beauty's bloom.

When night comes murky, drear, and damp,
Belief will feed and screen our lamp,
Upon our feet her sandals bind,
About our waist her girdle wind,
Then, lend a staff, and lead the way,
'Till we walk forth to beaming day.

When all the fountains of the deep
Seem broken up o'er earth to sweep;
While billowy mountains toss our bark,
Belief's the dove, from out the ark,
Across the flood to stretch her wing,
And home the branch of olive bring.

Belief hath eyes so heavenly bright,
As on the cloud to cast their light,
'Till fair and glorious hues shall form
From drops and shades that robed the storm,
Bent o'er our world in peace, to show
God's covenant sign, his unstrung bow.

When through a dry and thirsty land
The pilgrim treads the desert sand,
Belief brings distant prospect near,
With fruit, and bowers, and fountains clear,
Where, when he strikes his tent, he'll be
An heir of immortality.

While unbelief would ever bring
A chain about our spirit's wing,
Belief will plume it, o'er the grave—
Above the swell of Jordan's wave—
To fly, nor droop, 'till gently furled
In that sweet home, the spirit-world!

THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

The foundation of the Prophets and the Apostles; Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.—Ephesians ii. 20.

After the Ascension of the Saviour, we find the disciples continuing steadfast in faith, waiting for the promised Comforter. Doubtless the one theme of their conversation was their glorified Master, with the incidents in his ministry; wonder increasing upon wonder, and testifying that this was indeed the Son of God; until, as the crowning manifestation of His divinity, they had seen him received into Heaven, and heard from angels clothed in light, the prophecy that in like manner he should come again, in power and great glory.

Rude, illiterate, and from a province whose unpolished dialect betrayed them; their birthright among the politer Jews of the capital, contempt; and the name of their country a by-word,—what could these Galileans do? They had drawn all their weight of character, and title to respect from the companionship of their ascended Saviour. Of this prestige they were now deprived. Not only had all Jerusalem witnessed the Crucifixion, but the ignominious numbering of the Son of

Man among transgressors, had taken place in the presence of the crowds assembled to keep the Passover. The enemies of Jesus counted the downfall of his faith and ministry final and complete—the careless and indifferent were content to pass the mission of Jesus by, as though it had never been, or as if his death upon the cross were an effectual answer to all his miracles, and a final contradiction to all his claims. Even the faithful few said in despondency, "We trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel;" feeling ground for trust no longer; and the risen Saviour found it necessary to upbraid the chosen twelve with their hardness of heart and unbelief.

With what confidence then could these Galileans, the Apostles of the Crucified, go forward to proclaim the resurrection of which the brethren only had seen the evidences? Or how could they declare the greater wonder of the Ascension into Heaven, when, to the glorious privilege of witnessing that last miraculous evidence of "God manifest in the flesh," only the immediate followers of Jesus had been admitted? While they doubted not of the truth and wisdom of what Jesus had said and done, from the hour when they feared to ask him why he spake to the woman of Samaria, to the day when a cloud received him out of their sight, still they wist not how they were to declare these things unto the people.

They had not yet received the Comforter, which should show them all things. They did not yet understand the spiritual nature of the Kingdom of Heaven; nor, perhaps, did they consider that the carnal perceptions of those who, before Jesus was crucified, would have seized him to make him a king, would have led them into still more gross error and violent tumult, had he "whom they had pierced," publicly appeared among them. The conditions of salvation, "He that believeth

and is baptized shall be saved," would have been infringed upon. by evidence so overwhelming as to leave faith nothing to do. It would have been a concession to the unbelief of the Jews, greater than those which Jesus had often during his ministry refused to make, to "an evil and adulterous generation seeking after a sign."

Under every circumstance of discouragement which could have appalled the worldly mind; the scoff and derision of the people who but a short time before had shouted "Hosanna in the highest!"—the adherents of Him to whom this high honour had been paid, but whose faith had now become a hissing and a reproach, remembered the promise, and obeyed the command. They continued constant in prayer and supplication, and tarried in Jerusalem, waiting the endowment with power from on high. They filled up, by the election of Matthias, the place in the ranks of the Twelve, vacated by the treachery of Judas, and in the words in which they alluded to the Apostate in their prayer, and in their after silence concerning him, have left a lesson which has been but too little respected by the followers of Him who said, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

The day of Pentecost was signalized by a miracle, remarkable as it was appropriate and efficient. They who had been directed to go out into all the world and preach the Gospel, were enabled by the Holy Spirit to converse in all tongues, and to declare in all languages the wonderful works of God. The Spirit which gave them utterance, crowned the commencement of their mission with such glorious first-fruits, that on the same day, there were added to the church about three thousand souls. Now, the disciples hesitated no longer to proclaim the wonders of which they had been witnesses, and the commission which they had received. New miracles confirmed

their power; and as the people had heard the Master gladly, so did the disciples find favour with them. But the rulers, cut to the heart at the discovery that their persecution and crucifixion of Jesus availed nothing, and that, despite the command that they should speak no more "in this name," the disciples only the more boldly chose to obey God rather than man, set on foot the first great persecution against the Apostles. It began in the death of Stephen, the first martyr, and scattered the heralds of the cross throughout the world, every where bearing witness of the wonders they had seen, and carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace. In a former part of this volume we have harmonized the time and order of the calling of the Apostles; and in this connexion we propose to present the most reliable accounts which traditions, and the early ecclesiastical historians, give us of their lives and death, in addition to what is contained in the Scriptures.

Commencing with JAMES THE SON OF ZEBEDEE AND SALOME, and brother of John, as the first apostolic martyr, we find very little recorded of him after the ascension of Jesus. During the ministry of his Master upon earth, he was blessed with high tokens of love and approval, being admitted with Peter and John, to witness the miracle of the raising of the daughter of Jairus, and being also one of the witnesses of the transfiguration. It is probable that the father, Zebedee, died soon after the call of his sons, and this would account for the constant attendance of Salome upon Jesus and the disciples. From the time when the ambitious mother made the well-known request to Jesus, for her sons, we find no record of James, beyond the mention of his name, until his death.

Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, a subtile and politic monarch,—a double courtier to the Emperor from whom

he held power, and to the people over whom he exercised it, upon entering upon his government, was anxious to do something to ingratiate himself with the Jews; "and stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church, and killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." Such is the brief record which the sacred historian makes of the death of the Apostle. One of those whom Jesus dignified with the title of the Sons of Thunder, it was undoubtedly his Christian zeal and fearlessness which made him the mark of persecution, and we are especially told that his death pleased the Jews. His was the first crown of apostolic martyrdom, his death taking place in about thirteen years after that of his Great Master. Thus was the prophecy of Jesus verified: 'Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with.'"

James, the Son of Alpheus, or Cleophas, we take next in order, as he also suffered martyrdom in Jerusalem. He is called by St. Mark, James the *Little*, not James the *Less*, as in our version it is rendered; nor is there any reason to suppose that this title, though given him, undoubtedly, to distinguish him from the son of Zebedee, was intended as a particular contrast with that disciple. The title James the Greater, applied to the latter, is not found in Scripture. Matthew and Mark speak of him as one of the brethren of Jesus; and St. Paul styles him "James, the Brother of our Lord." What was the relationship intended by the word brother, has been the subject of much inquiry, one hypothesis making him the son of Joseph by a former wife; another supposing him the son of the widow of a brother of Joseph, according to the Jewish law, which was referred to in the case presented to Jesus by the Sadducees; and others presenting still different solutions. But that generally adopted, and most consonant with the fact that Jesus

committed Mary to the care of John, is, that James and his brethren were not brothers of Jesus in the strict sense in which we use the word, but cousins, or other kindred.

Little mention is made of James in the Gospels. St. Paul, in Corinthians xv. 7, speaks of a particular appearance of the Saviour to James, after the resurrection; and upon this, much honour has been ascribed to him by ecclesiastical writers; and the character which has been handed down to us of this Apostle, would indicate him one every way worthy of the divine favour. He was the great leader of those Jewish Christians, who contended for the observance, by the Jews, of the law of Moses; and we find Peter deferring to him at Antioch, by observance of the Levitical law. He is said, by early writers, to have been a strict Nazarene, drinking neither wine nor strong drink; and the legends which elevate the monastic virtues make James the Just, as he was termed, an example to all devotees, in extreme self-denial.

We have the unquestionable evidence of Luke's narrative, to the high character and influence which he possessed in the Christian Church. In the council of the disciples to whom was submitted the great question relative to the conformity of the Gentile Christians to the requirements of the Jewish law, we find (Acts xv. 13–21) James delivering the opinion upon which the circular to the Gentiles was addressed, releasing them from the conformity to the words which had troubled them and subverted their souls. The Jewish Christians, as we have before remarked, he was not ready to release from their obligations to observe the national customs; and it is in view of this strong attachment to his own country, that we may most admire his Christian tolerance to the people of other nations.

His prominence and authority is farther shown in the con-

duct of Peter, both in the deference to James at Corinth, before alluded to, and in his desiring the brethren by whom he was seen after his miraculous release from prison, to tell *James* and the brethren. Paul, in his narratives of his visits to Jerusalem, speaks of James, Peter, and John, as "pillars." In accordance with the direct statements of Scripture, and with the unavoidable inferences from all mention made of James after the resurrection, we may justly conclude him to have been for more than twenty-five years the head of the Christian Church in Jerusalem. All tradition, and all reference to James in history, unite in this.

The closing act of his long apostolic life, was his epistle to the Christians among the twelve tribes scattered abroad, warning them of the end of the Jewish nation, and correcting various errors in doctrine, and strongly reprehending evils in practice, which marked the times at which he wrote. For a quarter of a century he had held the responsible station of Apostle in Jerusalem, having not only the respect of the Christian community, but a good report of them that were without. Of the arduous responsibilities of such a station, we may form some opinion, when we remember that the twelve Apostles, and the other disciples particularly mentioned in Sacred Writ, were in number but a small proportion of those who taught in the name of Jesus; and if Paul and the distinguished brethren whose acts are the subject of the sacred penman, duly waited upon James for counsel, how much more those who were less gifted labourers in the Church.

The death of James is fixed with much distinctness, about the year of the Christian era 60, in the interregnum between the death of Festus, and the arrival of his successor. Ananus, a Sadducee, having been appointed High Priest, as related in

Josephus, caused the arrest of James and other Christians; and, after their condemnation, they were stoned to death. Other accounts relate that he was thrown from the top of the temple, and, that life with this violence, being still not extinct, he employed his last breath in praying for his enemies; until his persecutors rushing upon him, despatched him with clubs and stones. Whatever may have been the exact circumstances of his martyrdom, the fact rests upon unquestionable evidence, that he sealed his long and unwavering testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, with his blood; nor need we doubt that like his Great Master, and like the proto-martyr Stephen, he remembered in his last prayers the Christian precept of forgiveness of enemies.

The character and life of no one of the Apostles has more interested the Christian world in all ages, than that of Simon Peter. His individuality is so strongly marked, that in every word and in every act, we recognise this most earnest and zealous follower of Jesus. His impulsive character led him into occasional errors, after which his repentance was most sincere, and from which his return was always whole-hearted; and in his habitual, disinterested love of Jesus, and devotion to his cause, we find, notwithstanding his readiness in action and in speech, such an absence of ambition, that in his life is given the best example of the Christian's improvement of his penitence, to amendment. He, who during the life of his Lord declared, that though all others should forsake him, he would not, rebuked and chastened by his fall, has left us the most convincing proof of his subsequent humility of spirit. The Gospel according to St. Mark, if not written, as has been supposed, by the dictation of Peter, was at least composed under his eye, and harmonized with the Gospel, which the Evangelist, as the

companion of the Apostle, heard him preach. In this narrative the humility of Peter is no less evident than is that of John in his Gospel; in Mark's account we find none of the high praises of Peter, which are rendered to that Apostle by the other Evangelists.

Through the history of Jesus we trace St. Peter's life intimately connected with that of his divine Master. After the resurrection we find Peter readiest in faith, and in obedience to the impulses of his zealous temperament, receiving marks of high honour from the risen Lord. To Peter, it would appear from Paul's account, (Corinthians xv.,) Jesus appeared before any other of the Disciples; and the touching interview between Jesus and the repentant denier of his faith, before the Ascension, is among the most affecting incidents in the sacred volume, so simple in their nature, but sublime in import; for in the command, "Feed my lambs," we have our Lord's last designation of the mode in which He would have man's love for him evinced; the sum of Christian love and obedience.

Through the stirring and deeply interesting narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, Simon Peter's zeal and activity are conspicuous on every page. It was Peter who suggested the filling up of the place in the ministry and Apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell. It was Peter, who, when the outpourings of the Holy Spirit were blasphemously reviled as the effects of new wine, stood up with the eleven, and as their organ declared Jesus unto the multitude, with such power of utterance, given by the Spirit, that there were added to the Church three thousand souls. Peter was God's instrument in conferring strength upon the impotent man; and in his address to the people, who wondering ran together, he renewed the bold declarations of the wonderful works of God, and preached

through Jesus, the resurrection from the dead. The enemies of Jesus, amazed at the reappearance of the faith among the people who had so lately followed the Holy One and the Just with scoffings and contumely to a shameful death, and preferred a murderer before the Prince of Peace, laid hold on his ministers Peter and John, and put them in hold: howbeit, says the sacred historian, many which heard the word, believed, and the number of the men was about five thousand. And when the two Apostles were called in question, Peter, unabashed now by the tribunal before which he had denied his Lord, proclaimed that the stone which they had rejected had become the head of the corner. Nor was John, the Son of Thunder, deficient; for the council took notice by the boldness of both that they had been with Jesus; both declared their duty to obey God rather than man, both averred that they could not but speak the things which they had seen and heard, and returned to their own company to lift up their voices in glory to God, for that which was done, and in prayer that with all boldness they might continue to speak His word.

The performance of miracles, the preaching of the Apostles, and the consequent increase of the Church, provoked the Jewish rulers to lay hold a second time on the Apostles; but this new attempt to bind those whom Christ had made free, resulted in a new and astounding miracle. The imprisoned servants of Christ, set at liberty by the angel of the Lord, were found teaching in the temple, while the officers of the Sanhedrim were seeking them in the prison. Brought without violence before the council, Peter, answering for the rest, again thundered in their ears the name of Him of whom least of all they desired to hear—Jesus, whom God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour. Persuaded by the calm reason-

ing of Gamaliel, and awed no doubt by the miracle of the release of their prisoners, the Sanhedrim, after beating the disciples, and again charging them not to speak in the name of Jesus, let them go.

The word of God increased, and when not only the people, but a great number of the priests believed in Jesus, the rulers, partly by official proceedings, but more by malicious stirring up of the people, procured the death of Stephen, Saul, a pupil of Gamaliel, consenting to his death. This outbreak of popular fury drove many of the active ministers of the Gospel of Christ from Jerusalem, and wherever they went, the addition of souls to the church followed the consistent narrative of the disciples concerning those things, which the people, returning home from the feast, had bruited abroad. Peter and John were sent by the Apostles to perfect the work so happily commenced; and in the season of rest which followed to the churches, we find Peter passing through all quarters of Judea, Galilee, and Samaria, performing miracles, and invoking the Holy Ghost upon the believers.

To Peter was vouchsafed the vision, the lesson of which was, that "God is no respecter of persons; but that in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." To the Gentiles, in almost the same words in which he had declared Him to the Jews, Peter preached Jesus, and the resurrection; and the Holy Ghost fell upon his auditors of the household, kindred, and friends of Cornelius, testifying that God had granted to the Gentiles also repentance unto life. Upon Peter's next visit to Jerusalem, having been called in question by the Apostles and brethren there, for his intercourse with the Gentiles, he recited the circumstances of the conversion

of Cornelius; which, when the disciples heard, they ceased their objections, and glorified God for the salvation of the Gentiles.

After this event an interval occurs in the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles, as related by St. Luke. We read that Agabus predicted a famine, which should take place in the days of Claudius Cæsar; and in Josephus and other authorities, the famine is mentioned in much detail on account of its severity. How long before the occurrence of the dearth, the prediction of Agabus was uttered, is not fixed; but sufficient time elapsed for the brethren in Antioch, where Agabus made his prediction, to collect and send relief to the brethren in Judea. The famine, and the accession of Herod, occurred from ten to thirteen years after the crucifixion. Up to this time the Apostles had been diligently labouring, and during much of it in quiet, for the establishment of the Gospel. The sister churches had been so built up and edified, that they were able, as in the case of Antioch, to minister in all good things to the brethren in Judea.

Upon the accession of Herod, or about that time, as related in the life of James, the brother of John, Herod strove to win favour with the Jews by the murder of James and of Peter. The miraculous escape of Peter is circumstantially and with the beautiful eloquence of simplicity described by the sacred historian. What concealment Peter sought, or where was the place to which he went, after declaring to the disciples in the house of John what the angel of the Lord had done for him, is not related to us. The next mention of Peter in Luke's narrative, is his presence at the council at which the letter to the Gentile Christians was authorized. This would leave an interval between his escape from Herod and the record of his reappearance in Jerusalem, of from five to seven

years; his persecutor having in the mean time been called suddenly and terribly to his last account, while receiving the flattery and worship of his servile courtiers.

After the council we find no farther allusion to Peter in Luke's narrative. Paul, in his epistle to the Galatians, second chapter, speaks of a difference between himself and Peter, at Antioch; from which we gather that Peter, who, before the arrival of certain Jewish disciples, sent by James, "did eat with the Gentiles," after these brethren came from Jerusalem, "separated himself," conforming to the Jewish ritual in relation to social intercourse. This was a difference of opinion upon questions of expediency in minor matters. Peter, in his second epistle, speaks of our "beloved brother Paul;" and when he refers to certain passages in Paul's epistles, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction, he does it with the considerate qualification, "as they do also other scriptures," thus relieving the writings of his great co-labourer from peculiarity in this respect.

The most generally received opinion is, that Peter suffered martyrdom at Rome, in the year 66 or 67, during the persecutions of the Christians under Nero. It is said, also, that he was crucified with his head downward, choosing this posture as one unworthy to die in the same way with the Lord, whom he once denied. So consonant is this with the character of Peter, that, in the absence of any tradition to the contrary, we are inclined to receive it. There are those who deny that Peter ever was in Rome; but learned men, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, have admitted the tradition of his death, which we have given above. His martyrdom, predicted by Jesus at the last interview before his ascension, must have been looked for by the Church, to whom he was universally known; and where all

tradition points to one place as the scene of the fulfilment of the prophecy, the death at Rome can only be evaded by denying, as some have done, that he suffered a violent death at all. The establishment of this hypothesis involves an explanation of the prophecy little in keeping with the comment which John makes upon what the Saviour said to Peter: "Another," said Jesus, "shall carry thee whither thou wouldest not;" and the Evangelist adds in explanation, "This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God."

The long apostleship of Peter, left him ample time to visit the Christian communities, wherever then founded. Tradition is voluminous upon his journeys; and if we cannot reconcile all the narratives of his travels, we can at least accept these efforts to give the honour of so many foundations to Peter, as evidences of his untiring activity. His epistles, addressed to Christians of whom he seems to have had previous knowledge, are proofs of his apostolic industry; and his acquaintance with the writings of Paul, shows a knowledge of the churches with which that Apostle was in correspondence. The two epistles of Peter are written in a style strongly characteristic of what we know of the character of the Apostle, and of the mode of his address. He speaks boldly as a witness of the truths relative to Jesus, his transfiguration, death as an atonement, his resurrection, and ascension; he appeals to those whom he addressed, by Christ's sufferings, to "arm them likewise with the same mind," and quotes passages of the early prophets who, we find in his recorded speeches, were favourites with him. There is in the epistles as in the speeches the same fearless directness and strong rebuke, which should lead men to inquire, "What shall we do?" Paul and Peter were not more dissimilar in their personal character and early mode of life

and training, than are their epistles in style and manner. The Galilean, and the accomplished logician and scholar, each speaks for himself. Peter, who knew and felt the weight of the testimony which his astonished senses had borne to the miracles, the transfiguration, the death, the resurrection and ascension of Jesus of Nazareth, stuns his readers, as on the day of Pentecost he did his hearers, with the plain and unhesitating testimony of one who announced himself as "a witness of the sufferings of Christ;" and he applies the promises to those who should lay hold on them, with the confidence of one who felt and announced himself as "also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." Paul, on the other hand, who had received those great truths upon evidence, like an eloquent advocate propounds them with the calm and systematic clearness of a man fully possessed with his subject; and afterwards rises into the zealous joy of a full and hearty believer; but still he speaks not as a *witness*, except in the glowing accounts of his own wonderful conversion.

The dates of the two epistles of Peter are variously placed. From the allusions which they contain to the persecutions which afflicted Christians, to the approaching coming of Christ in judgment, in the destruction of the Jewish state, and to the nearness of his own death, it is evident that these letters were written toward the close of his life. If we say that the epistles were written after the year 60, it is probably as near an approximation to the time as we can obtain. The first was written from Babylon; but whether ancient Babylon, Seleucia, to which the name of modern Babylon was given, or Babylon near Memphis, in Egypt, is the place referred to, there has been dispute. Others consider Babylon as applied in a mystical

sense by Peter, to Rome, as John does in the Apocalypse; but there surely would appear no need of this forced explanation.

Some description of the personal appearance of Peter, as tradition has handed it down, will be deemed interesting. It is said by Nicephorus that in stature he was slender and rather tall, his complexion pale, and his hair short, curled and thick, his eyes black, his eyebrows thin, and his nose long, but not sharp. Altogether, his appearance commanded reverence and respect. To read his history is to read his simple and undisguised character; and while he is one of those who most commands Christian admiration, he is at the same time the object of more human sympathy than any other of the Twelve.

Of Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, we have little mention in the Scriptures. The circumstances of his call, spoken of in another part of this book, are highly interesting, as developing such a character as the Christian should possess. He was one of the disciples present when Jesus sat on the Mount of Olives, and predicted the destruction of the Temple, but beside this fact, and the mention of a remark made by him to Jesus, at the feeding of the five thousand, there is nothing recorded of him, except what is said generally of all the disciples. His name appears in the list of the disciples given in the Acts, and after that does not again occur.

The legend is that he suffered crucifixion in the northwestern part of Achaia, by order of the Roman Proconsul of that province; and that the form of the cross was that of the letter X. This is said to have taken place during a general persecution of the Christians, by the Proconsul, and the motive for Andrew's murder was, that his preaching had converted the wife and brother of the Roman officer; and thus placed in the family of the tyrant, monitors who warned him of his wickedness.

It is considered well established that the field of labour upon which Andrew first entered was Scythia. From the brotherly attachment which existed between him and Peter, it is not unlikely that they were much together during the period in their lives of which no historical account is preserved. That the legends which ascribe miracles to Andrew had their origin in truth, there can be no doubt, when we reflect upon the parting words of Jesus, and the power which he conferred upon his disciples to heal all diseases; and the best test of the probability of any miraculous legend is, to compare the events which it purports to narrate, with the miracles which are given as in the sacred canon. That the Apostles were each somewhere employed in their great work, is certain, else would some traces of their defection have been preserved by the vigilant enemies of the faith. That Andrew suffered on the cross, is borne out by the probability of analogy; and the cause of the Proconsul's anger is one which has been a too common origin of hatred against Christians since, to permit us to discredit it upon its general probability, whether strictly true of Andrew or not.

Philip, the friend of Nathanael, is another of the Twelve of whom very little is said in the Gospels, and nothing in the Acts, except that he was present in the chamber with the Twelve. He has been much confounded with Philip the deacon, in the traditions and legends, and the error has given rise to a great deal of uncertainty. Tradition makes his field of labour, like that of Andrew, Scythia. The mode and time of his death are uncertain, although it is said to have occurred at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, either by crucifixion, or being hanged against a pillar.

Of Bartholomew, or Nathanael, it is said that upon the dispersion of the disciples he went to Arabia Felix, and preached there until his death. A tradition was current as early as the

second century in that country, that he there proclaimed the doctrines of Jesus; and a copy of the Gospel of Matthew, in Hebrew, found in Arabia, was said to have been left among his hearers by Bartholomew. Upon the manner of his death, great uncertainty rests; he is said to have been murdered under revolting circumstances of cruelty, being first flayed alive, at Urbanopolis, in Greater Armenia; having been a witness of the execution of Philip, at Hierapolis, and procured the decent interment of his early friend. Great doubt rests upon most of the traditionary details relative to all the Apostles; but the remarks made under the head of the Apostle Andrew, will apply to the traditions relative to all.

Thomas, called Didymus, undoubtedly proclaimed the Gospel of Christ in the remote parts of Asia. Traces of this fact are too many to admit of any reasonable doubt. There has existed in India, from a very early period, a large body of Christians, who give themselves the name of St. Thomas's Christians, and upon the first arrival of the Portuguese discoverers in that country, they found them there in large numbers. It is said of him that his manner of teaching was calm and gentle, winning converts by patience and long suffering; a tradition we are fain to believe, as related of one who, remembering his own incredulity until he had *seen*, should have been disposed to deal kindly with those whom he called upon to believe in Him whom they had not seen. The Portuguese travellers say that they were informed by these native Christians, that Thomas suffered death by a Brahmin's lance, while kneeling in prayer at Calamina, now called Malipur, in India; and in honour of him the place was called by its European masters, St. Thomas.

Nothing is recorded of Matthew, otherwise called Levi, in the new Testament, after the circumstances of his call, and the

feast with which he testified his joy at the summons to relinquish his gainful calling, and become the follower of Jesus of Nazareth. It is supposed that he remained in Judea eight or ten years after the Ascension; and then went to preach the Gospel in Ethiopia, Parthia, and Persia. He is said to have suffered martyrdom, some accounts mentioning Ethiopia, and others Parthia as the scene of his death, while another opinion is, that he died in peace.

The most interesting fact in the life of Matthew, is his authorship of the Gospel which bears his name, and which has been from the earliest Christian antiquity ascribed to him, both by friends and foes. The time at which it was written, can only be fixed by internal evidences. Some of the best authorities unite in placing the time of its production at or about the year 37; while others of critical weight, give as the probable date 61, or even a later year. To compress the various arguments, based on expressions, allusions, and omissions in the Gospel, into the space of this notice, would be impossible. There is also a dispute whether Matthew originally wrote in the Hebrew of that day, or in Greek. There is positive testimony to the first; and yet the Greek version possesses all the marks of originality, and no traces of being a translation. Whitby and some other commentators adopt the opinion that Matthew wrote both in Hebrew and in Greek, as Josephus wrote his History of the Jewish War; a supposition, which, if allowable, reconciles all difficulties. Those who hold this opinion assign a much later date to the Greek than to the Hebrew version. The Hebrew version fell early into discredit—partly on account of corruptions, interpolations, and omissions, made by sects of Jewish Christians, and partly from the fact that the Jewish dialect, after the fall of Jerusalem, passed into disuse. What-

ever theory we adopt, the testimonies to the authenticity and genuineness of the Greek copy, are most satisfactory and abundant; and the character of the work, in every particular, proves that it was first written for the support and encouragement of Jewish Christians. In this work, as in the other Gospels by Mark, the friend of Peter, and John the beloved disciple, we trace that humility which is ever the characteristic of the true Christian. In the lists of the Apostles, Matthew places Thomas first, and designates himself as Matthew the publican, while Mark and Luke reverse this order, and say nothing of his former calling.

Simon Zelotes was probably the brother of James and of Jude, though there is no evidence of such a fact, other than that we find the three other brothers all mentioned as followers of Jesus, James and Jude as Apostles, and Joses as one of those who were assembled after the Ascension. In the apostolic lists the name of Simon occurs between that of James and Jude. The title of Zelotes was sufficient to distinguish this Apostle from Simon Peter. It is worthy of notice that Luke, in calling Simon *Zelotes*, does but translate into Greek the Hebrew word which in our English version has been erroneously rendered to mark his birthplace, instead of his character. Cananite comes from a word signifying zeal; and the change to Canaanite in the modern versions is shown by critics to have been an error. Of the life of Simon we have no reliable account. Some traditions not improbably connect his journeyings with his brother Jude; others carry him to Britain, and make him suffer martyrdom there.

Matthias, elected to the place from which Judas Iscariot by transgression fell, is not afterwards mentioned by the inspired historian. From the address of Peter we gather that he was

one of the witnesses of the ministry of Jesus from the beginning; and the divine approval of his election leaves no doubt that the place to which he was elevated by the Eleven was well and faithfully filled.

Jude, otherwise called Lebbeus and Thaddeus, was the brother of James the son of Alpheus, whose affinity to Jesus has been spoken of. He is only mentioned in the Gospels as inquiring before the crucifixion, "Lord, how wilt thou manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" In the Acts we find him sent with Silas to the Church of Antioch, after the session of the Apostolic Council. He appears after the Ascension to have travelled eastward. The manner of his death is uncertain, though he is said to have suffered martyrdom in Syria. He has left an epistle, the date of which is variously assigned from the year 66 to 72. It was written toward the close of the life of Jude, and was intended to guard Christians against certain false teachers who had crept into the church. The language is animated and vehement, and indicative of earnest feeling. It is remarkable that Jude in this epistle refers in two places to traditions of the Jews, or to apocryphal books, which are no where else mentioned in the canonical scriptures. This use of Jewish legends as illustrations, however, as has been well remarked, is as natural and allowable in Jude, as the quotation of the Greek poets was in Paul; nor need we to draw an inference relative to the authenticity of the Jewish traditions from Jude, any more than to canonize the Greek poets whom Paul quotes.

John, the son of Zebedee, the disciple whom Jesus loved, was the youngest of the Twelve, and survived them all. With the events of his life, as recorded in the Gospels, the reader is familiar, connected as they were with the most interesting

passages in the ministry of the Son of Man. He was the companion of Peter when the miracle of conferring strength upon the lame man was performed; and was deputed with that disciple to visit the new converts in Samaria. After this time the Scripture history is silent respecting him; but Paul, in speaking to the Galatians of his second visit to Rome, fourteen years after his conversion, speaks of John as then in that city. John, like James, while he was an advocate for the release of the Gentiles from the ceremonies of the Jewish law, or, we should rather say, opposed the imposition of it upon them, remained through his own life an observer of the customs of his fathers.

The time of the final departure of John from Jerusalem is uncertain; and is by many placed a few years before the destruction of Jerusalem, when they saw the signs described by Jesus that "the desolation thereof was nigh." But there is no reason to suppose that during this residence he never went forth from the city. Indeed John's mission to Samaria, recorded in the Acts, and the errands of comfort upon which other disciples were sent, the visits of Paul to Jerusalem, and the friendly intercourse of good offices between the brethren there and the sister churches, give colour to the voluminous traditions of the visits of the twelve Apostles to widely distant and different points. We may be sure that the command to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," was not negligently held, and that the witnesses of the "wonderful works of God" did not permit to remain unimproved the miraculous talent which was conferred upon them by the descent of the Holy Ghost.

There are traces of tradition, that John went as far east as India; and the circumstance is not in itself at all improbable. The latter years of his life, before and after his banishment to

Patmos, were spent in Ephesus; a city which possessed many claims upon his affection and upon his judgment, as a residence. Considered in the first regard, it would have a strong hold upon him as the refuge of a vast number of his countrymen; and in the second, as the metropolis of Asia Minor, and a great commercial city, eligibly situated upon the Mediterranean Sea, it was easily accessible to the different Christian communities, who looked with a veneration approaching to awe, upon the last of the immediate followers of Jesus. So much was he an object of personal interest, that in his Gospel he found it necessary to contradict an impression that had gone abroad, that he should never die.

The length of time during which the banishment of John to the Island of Patmos lasted, is not ascertained. He was exiled during the latter part of the reign of Domitian, and returned to Ephesus, under the general decree of Nerva, in or about the year 96. He lived after his return to Ephesus, from four to six years, and died at the advanced age of nearly or quite a century. It is related of him that when the infirmities of age had so far mastered his strength that he could no longer preach, he caused himself to be carried into the Christian assemblies, and exhorted the believers in short sentences; the most frequently uttered of which was, the injunction, "Little children, love one another."

Various dates are assigned to the writing of his Gospel, some placing it as early as 68, others at 70, and others at 76 and 79. One design of the Gospel by St. John, was, to combat the heresies of Cerinthus, and the Nicolaitans, who had corrupted the pure and simple teachings of the Apostles, with the mysticism of the East. The account which John gives of the Saviour, refers more to his person, office, and character, than to his

miracles. The Gospel by John, has been universally received as genuine; and testimonies to its authenticity are preserved from the contemporaries of the Apostle, through all the writers of the ancient Christian Church. Doubt as to date exists concerning the Epistles, as well as the Gospel of John; and one supposition is, that the first Epistle was intended as a preface or companion to the Gospel. In expressions, sentiments, and style, its similarity amounts in some instances to identity. The Revelation of St. John was probably written during his banishment to Patmos, although there are many able critics who contend that it was not written until after his return to Ephesus.

Wherever and whenever written, the books which form our sacred canon, independent of their claims upon us in reference to things and interests spiritual and eternal, are of a higher consequence, and a deeper interest, tried by the rules by which merely human works are judged, than any other. No poetry exceeds them in sublimity—no morality approaches them in purity; and while on the one hand they embrace mysteries into which angels cannot look, on the other they contain all that is necessary for the salvation of the lowliest DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVES.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 13.

Oh, how blessed are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavour;
To you are chaunted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, oh Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.—1 Cor. xv. 8.

The conversion and apostolic life and labours of St. Paul, while they contribute a most deeply interesting portion to Christian history and sacred literature, furnish at the same time a series of unanswerable proofs of the divine origin of Christianity. In the ordinary matters of history—or, to express the idea in other words—in subjects where scoffers are not predetermined to deny, the single life of St. Paul, and his works, would be deemed sufficient to verify all the facts which he cites, and all the history upon which he bases his arguments. No great events of ancient history rest upon testimony so clear and coherent. While we may say, of the whole of the contents of the Book of books, that they are supported upon evidence more varied, voluminous, and satisfactory than any part of the profane or secular history of the world; of the portion of the Bible which refers to St. Paul, or was written by him, it may be claimed that it has all the certainty of historical truth in itself, and involves in its own genuineness and authenticity all the rest.

The argument for the truth of Christianity written by Lord

Lyttleton, is one of the most elegantly written and elaborate, yet natural and convincing treatises which the defence of the faith has ever called forth. Taking the conversion of St. Paul as a fact that cannot be controverted without overturning the credit of all history, that he was once a persecutor of Christians cannot be denied; and that afterwards he was a zealous defender and advocate of the Christian faith, is equally certain. His conversion must have taken place in the miraculous manner recorded in the Scriptures, or Paul must have been an impostor, an enthusiast, or a dupe. In the first case, the Hebrew of Hebrews, the Roman by birthright, and the Greek in polite knowledge, had nothing to gain and every thing to lose; the second is a supposition which his whole history and writings contradict, for in what he did, and what he said and wrote, there is not the least trace of fanaticism; and as to the last supposition, it would, upon a review of the life of this great Apostle, seem that Divine Wisdom had put him forward to show that while the common and uneducated people heard of Jesus gladly, there was nothing in the well-known facts and doctrines as announced by the first Christians, which the most acute analyst and skilful logician of his age could not wholly and heartily believe, and, under the inspiration of the Spirit, faithfully preach. In the circumstances attending his own conversion, there was no possibility to deceive him, and no opportunity for fraud.

Tarsus, where Paul was born, had at this era eclipsed the waning glories of polite Athens, and was remarkable for its schools and academies, and for its peculiar style of eloquence—the florid Asiatic engrafted upon the chaste Attic. We find strong marks of the first, in the vehement abruptness and glowing hyperbole of St. Paul's writings, and of the latter in his very numerous direct quotations and indirect allusions, and his adap-

tations of Grecian literature. Of his eloquence in speaking, we need no other evidences than the skeletons of his defences which are left on record. To the Hellenistic education of Paul a rabbinical course was added, under Gamaliel, one of the most celebrated of the Jewish doctors. This conferred, in addition to his other advantages, a knowledge of the law, of which he most skilfully availed himself, and an acuteness and skill in applying it, which no man has ever equalled. To complete his advantages, he was taught the trade of a tent-maker, in conformity with the Jewish axiom, that he who does not give his son a trade makes him a thief. This last branch of his knowledge suggested to him the illustrative introduction of military images, with which his writings abound. In the life and works of this eminent Apostle we have a practical exhibition how eminently all knowledge may be made available to the preacher, as developing different phases of the character of men, and furnishing the keys to different hearts and dispositions, enabling him with the more certainty to apply to classes and individuals all Scripture which "is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." But in noticing the character of Paul, we should never lose sight of the Christian virtues which he so eminently possessed—humility, which, notwithstanding the astounding miracle which was vouchsafed for his especial conversion, and the visions of heaven which he enjoyed, led him still to count himself the least of all the Apostles, and not meet to be called one; charity, of which no eulogium ever uttered, excels his in earnest praise; and faith, in Paul more single in trust, and more abiding in continuance than, perhaps, in any other disciple. It was this that cheered him, when, in view of the earthly honour he had lost by his conversion, and of the bitter

persecutions of the enemies of Christ, he declared that if in this life only Christians have hope in Christ, they are of all men most miserable: it was faith which made him look beyond the hatred of the Jews, the barbarity of the Gentiles, and, worse than either, the distrust of friends, and the treachery of false brethren, to an incorruptible inheritance, and near the close of his labours to exclaim in Christian triumph,—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

As Paul may be considered the great head of the Apostles and teachers who were not personally conversant with Jesus; and as his character developes many traits which were not compatible with that of the illiterate Galileans, who, being taught in all languages and tongues by the descent of the Holy Ghost, were, we may presume, in other things miraculously instructed, the sacred writings give us more information upon the life and character of Paul, than upon any of the other early Christian teachers. In the Acts, Luke is very full, and in Paul's many epistles we have continual allusions and references, which, while in the most convincing, because unstudied manner, they confirm Luke's narrative, furnish a skeleton of his life and travels, which it is not difficult to clothe with tolerable certainty and particularity.

After his conversion, and what befell him in Damascus, he tells us, in the first chapter of Galatians, that he went from Damascus into Arabia, and after three years returned, and went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, whence, as recorded in the Acts, the persecution of the Hellenistic Jews compelled him to make his escape, in which he was assisted by the brethren, and sent

to Cilicia. He mentions, in the sixteenth chapter of Romans, that some of his kindred were Christians before him, and it is not improbable that the manner in which he was received by his believing kindred and friends, was a stumbling-block to his humility. The vision of which he speaks in the thirteenth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians, is usually referred to this period, and it was accompanied with a thorn in the flesh—some personal deficiency not ascertained, lest he "should be exalted above measure."

We next find Paul at Antioch, in Syria, the city in which the followers of Jesus were first called Christians, where he laboured with Barnabas, by whom he was invited to that city, for one year, and "taught much people." He was chosen with Barnabas, to carry the contributions of the brethren to Jerusalem; and it was on this visit that it is supposed the Lord appeared to him, while he prayed in the temple, and warning him from Jerusalem, sent him to preach to the Gentiles. Taking with them Mark, they departed and went first to Seleucia, and thence to Cyprus. The highly interesting incidents of the journey are recorded in Acts xiii. It is noticeable that in this connexion Luke first calls Saul, Paul, and the conjecture has all the probability of analogous circumstances in Roman history, that Saul took the name of Paul, in compliment to the "prudent man," Sergius Paulus, the Roman Proconsul, who was converted by his preaching, and the miracle which accompanied it. Josephus took the name of Flavius in honour of Vespasian; and if it were necessary to establish a point so familiar to readers of Roman history, instances might be multiplied of similar compliments paid to the good or the great.

The next miracle recorded of Paul, was at Lystra, where he healed a cripple; and, one day deemed a god, was afterwards,

by the instigation of certain Jews, stoned, and left for dead. After visiting many places, including Antioch, in Pisidia, Paul and his companions returned to Antioch, in Syria; and from thence Paul and Barnabas were deputed to Jerusalem, to lay before the Apostles there the question of the circumcision. After the decision, Paul and Barnabas were accompanied back to Antioch by two of the brethren, and there continued, until a contention rose between them relative to the choice of a travelling companion, Barnabas desiring to take Mark, and Paul objecting. We find Mark, in Paul's epistles written from Rome, afterwards the companion of that Apostle, and in Peter's first epistle he is mentioned under the endearing title of son, as being with him. At the house of the mother of Mark, in Jerusalem, frequent meetings of the early Christians were held. We have already spoken of his Gospel, in the life of Peter, as bearing evident marks of that Apostle's supervision. It is the tradition that Mark ended his life in Alexandria, where it is said he founded a church; and his Christian usefulness as a preacher, and as an Evangelist, is an instance of that reward in blessing upon the children, which may be counted upon, when the loved guests of the parents are fit examples for the young.

At Lystra, Paul adopted his "son Timothy," afterwards so shining a light in the church, and at Troas they were joined by Luke, as appears from the sacred historian's commencing here to use the pronouns "us" and "we" in describing the journey to Philippi. Then this form of speaking is discontinued; but is resumed again when Paul touches at Philippi, on his way to Jerusalem. It is conjectured that Luke remained in Cesarea during Paul's imprisonment there; and it is clear from the narrative, that he accompanied him to Rome; and in Paul's last

letter, the second to Timothy, he mentions Luke as with him. He is mentioned by Paul in the epistle to the Romans as his kinsman, and in that to the Colossians as "the beloved physician." His writings, the Gospel, and the history of the Acts, are clear and perspicuous, and have a correctness of language which one should expect from an educated native of Cyrene; for Luke is called in the thirteenth chapter of Acts a Cyrenean. The end of his life is involved in uncertainty, but it is presumable that he did not long survive Paul, as he would else probably have continued the history of the founding of the Christian church. The time at which both the Gospel and the Acts were written or published, is with most probability to be placed at the close of Paul's last imprisonment in Rome; and in the composition of both he doubtless had the aid of Paul in collating what the eye-witnesses had delivered.

In so brief a treatise as this, it is not possible to present a connected account of Paul's journeys and apostolic acts. Luke has recorded them with clearness and graphic interest, which, while it gives us a vivid idea of the labours of Paul, may serve also to apprise us of what character were the labours of the other Apostles also. In the meetings and partings of Christian friends, the details of touching familiar incidents, the affectionate mention of co-labourers and kinsmen in the epistles of Paul, we are admitted to the private life and characters of the great teachers who lost no proper occasion to decline all superstitious reverence, and to declare themselves subject to like passions with us; and while we admire and reverence them as Apostles, we feel united to them as men, in the bonds of Christian fellowship and sympathy.

St. Paul's death is fixed with apparent certainty as having

taken place on or about the year 66, by decapitation, his birthright as a Roman forbidding the cross. For the hope with which he met it, we may refer to many places in his epistles—but particularly the last to Timothy. These inestimable expositions of Christian doctrine, have been the subject of much research in regard to their chronological order; and the allusions and references they contain, compared with dates and facts in the Apostle's life, have led to the adoption of the following order:—The two epistles to the Thessalonians, and that to the Galatians, were written from Corinth, in the years 52 and 53; the first to the Corinthians from Ephesus, A. D. 57; the epistle to the Romans from Corinth 57–8; the second to the Corinthians from Macedonia, A. D. 58; those to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, to Philemon, and to the Hebrews from Rome, in the years 61, 62, and 63; the first to Timothy, and the epistle to Titus, from Macedonia, A. D. 64, and the second to Timothy, from Rome, in the year 65. The reader who desires to compare the references and coincidences in these letters with the History of the Acts, which brings Paul's life down to the year 63, is referred to that convincing, erudite, and most interesting work, Paley's Horæ Paulinæ.

The best and most eloquent summary of the labours and sufferings of Paul, is in his own words, 2 Corinthians xi. 24–28. "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in

watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." But for all this, he saw his reward, as is testified in the last words of this great Apostle, which have come down to us, not as his words only, but as consolation which every Christian may claim, and in which every humble and believing soul may rejoice:—"The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever." AMEN.

L'ENVOI.

THE MISSION OF THE WORD.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

All nations shall come and worship before thee.—Rev. xv. 4.

And thou, the light of God's eternal Word,
Record and Spirit of the living Lord,
Hid and unknown from half the world, at length,
Rise like the sun, and go forth in thy strength!
Already towering o'er old Ganges' stream,
The dark pagoda brightens in thy beam;
And the dim eagles, on the topmost height
Of Jaggernaut, shine as in morning light!
Beyond the snows of savage Labrador
The ray pervades pale Greenland's wintry shore—
Proceed, auspicious and eventful day!
Banner of Christ, thy ampler folds display!
Let Atlas shout with Andes, and proclaim
To earth, and sea, and skies, a Saviour's name,
Till angel voices in the sound shall blend,
And one Hosanna! from all worlds ascend!

THE END.

Date Due

MAY [redacted]

[redacted]

CHARITY
FAITH
HOPE