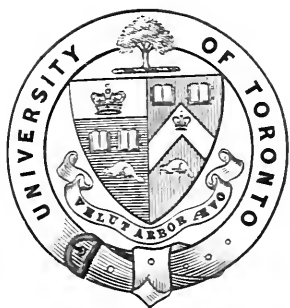




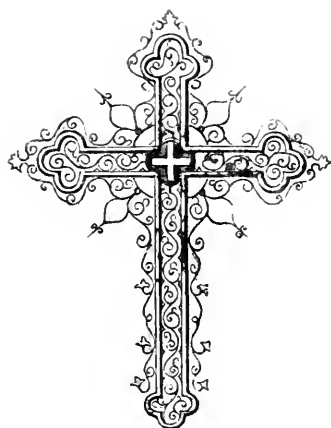
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TORONTO, 1901.*





Songs of Christian Chivalry.

It was intended to have included in this volume other poems under the title of "Lays of Hope," and "Scenes and Thoughts," answering to the threefold division, *Faith, Hope, Charity*, or the "*Work of Faith*," the "*Patience of Hope*," and the "*Labour of Love*." The expense of printing has prevented this; but should the sale of this little volume warrant it, the two other parts will be published uniform with the "Songs of Christian Chivalry."

In the beautiful poem by S. M., "Our Mother Church," after the lines in page 73—

"By the *food* which thou givest,  
We dare not to name,"

the following quatrain should have been inserted—

"By the Watchers above thee,  
Pointing the way for thee,  
Angels who love thee,  
Saints who still pray for thee!"

And as the omission was supplied too late for insertion in the text it is noticed here.

# Songs of Christian Chivalry,

etc.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HYMNS AND SCENES OF CHILDHOOD."



"NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY."

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."

"ABOVE ALL TAKING THE SHIELD OF FAITH WHEREWITH YE  
SHALL BE ABLE TO QUENCH ALL THE FIERY DARTS OF  
THE WICKED."

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## The Envoy.

### I.

FAINTLY though my timbrel soundeth,  
And not yet the joy aboundeth,  
Some there are whose hearts may own  
Solace in its under tone,  
And with deep responsive thrill,  
Every faltering note fulfil,  
Till the lay that erst begun  
In such weakness, strength have won,  
Many-voic'd, and upward borne,  
Mingling with the songs of morn,  
When the timbrels that of old,  
Israel's glad thanksgiving told,  
Blending with the choral swell  
Of a mightier triumph tell.

### II.

Be it so ! meanwhile may I  
Share love's lowliest ministry ;  
Freely giving, LORD, of Thine,  
May the handmaid's joy be mine,  
Joy that many a maiden knew,  
When with ready zeal she drew

Water from the crystal well,  
Where the palm tree's shadow fell,  
For the weary by the way,  
Faint with noontide's scorching ray,  
Till the burning thirst allay'd,  
Grateful for the timely aid,  
Sped the victor's glorious toil,  
And the tarriers shar'd the spoil.

## III.

Brethren, comrades tried and true,  
Hear me then—I sing for you—  
Warrior on the tented plain,  
Where the fight is yet to gain,  
By the Red Cross on thy shield,  
Liegeman of my LORD reveal'd,  
Helm on head, and sword in hand,  
On thy ward enforc'd to stand,  
If it suit thy mood to hear  
Songs of Chivalry and cheer,  
'Tis for such I fain would sing—  
Take the offering that I bring,  
And if cheer be in the lay,  
For the minstrel's gladdening pray.

August, 1848.

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# Songs of Christian Chivalry.



## 1.

“The singers go before, the minstrels follow after : in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels. Give thanks, O Israel, unto GOD the LORD in the congregations, from the ground of the heart.”

TAKE up, take up the timbrel,  
And sing as Israel sung,  
When o'er the sea of Egypt  
The glad thanksgiving rung :  
The LORD, the LORD JEHOVAH  
Hath triumph'd gloriously !  
His Hand the horse and rider  
Hath cast into the sea.

Forget ye not His wonders,  
Who in that night of dread,  
Safe through the parted waters,  
His people Israel led ;  
When not a foe escapèd,  
To tell the fearful tale,  
Only the waves responded  
To Egypt's land of wail.

Ye fathers, to your children  
JEHOVAH's might proclaim,  
And call on His redeemèd,  
To triumph in His Name:  
Tell how the foe rush'd onward,  
In heaven-led Israel's track,  
Till over all his chariots  
The whelming wave rolled back.

The pillar'd cloud before them,  
Pass'd to their rear by night,  
A barrier to the Egyptians,  
While Israel walk'd in light:  
The oppressor thought in fury  
Pursuing, to o'ertake,  
Nor feared he in his madness,  
JEHOVAH's wrath to wake.

Forth from His cloud pavilion  
He look'd upon the foe,  
And the fast-speeding chariots  
Drave heavily and slow!  
Upon the surging billows  
The Almighty's voice was heard—  
The spirit of the haughty  
A sudden trembling stirr'd!

Then vainly in their terror  
They sought to flee away;  
The waters were around them—  
JEHOVAH stopped the way!

The tide at morn that bore them,  
All lifeless to the shore,  
Bade ransom'd Israel triumph—  
The tyrant's reign was o'er.

In all the joy of freedom  
They stood upon the strand,  
The sea bore back their anthem  
To Egypt's orphan'd land,  
Then for the captives' wailing,  
The hallelujah rose,  
The song of GOD's redeemèd,  
Avengèd of their foes!

And Israel's graceful daughters  
Went forth in Miriam's train,  
With dances and with timbrels,  
Beside the billowy main.  
They answer'd one another,  
"Sing ye unto the LORD,"  
And every step was vocal,  
In musical accord.

The spirit of the freed one  
To high emprise was strung,  
As thus the strain responsive  
O'er Egypt's waters rung,  
"The LORD, the LORD JEHOVAH  
Hath triumph'd gloriously!  
His Hand the horse and rider  
Hath cast into the sea!"

O ye, to whom belongeth  
The name of Israel now,  
Have ye no thanks to offer,  
No heaven-recorded vow ?  
Freed from a sorer bondage,  
Through the baptismal wave,  
While yet its dewy spangles  
Your cross-signed foreheads lave ;

Where is the burst of gladness ?  
The voice of joy and praise ?  
Or, count ye the deliverance  
A tale of other days ?  
Nay, though the Land of Promise  
Lie far before you yet,  
And slavish-hearted pilgrims  
The captives' fare regret ;

Falls not the heavenly manna  
Beside your pathway still,  
While living streams refresh you,  
And prophet voices thrill ?  
And ere the last faint echo  
Of that rejoicing strain  
Had pass'd, the Spirit's breathing  
Hath woke the voice again !

There are who with the timbrels  
Responsive tones prolong,  
And hero-hearts are kindling,  
To list the freed one's song,



“The right hand of JEHOVAH  
Is our salvation still,  
Outstretch’d to plant His chosen  
In Sion’s holy hill!”



## 2.

“Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the  
LORD revealed?”

A FEEBLE, faint, despisèd few,  
To Thee we mourn and cry,  
And though Thy promis’d help delay,  
On Thy sure word rely!  
Our brethren turn their face away,  
And deem us self-deceiv’d;  
Thine arm, O LORD, is not reveal’d,  
Nor Thy report believ’d!

No, for in broken, breaking flesh,  
The glory must be shown,  
And but in utter helplessness  
The Spirit’s might be known.  
Our narrow hearts could never bear  
Love’s fulness to contain;  
Then though with Thine they too should break,  
Would we not count it gain?

Thou, Who hast shown the path of life  
We might not trace at first,  
Teach us the love that wrung from Thee,  
The anguish’d cry, “I thirst.”

So in our death Thy life shall reign—  
 Our weakness prove Thy strength—  
 The longing of a Saviour's heart,  
 Find utterance at the length !

It struggles now to find a vent,  
 To pour itself abroad,  
 But who can bear that bitter cry,  
 The anguish'd love of GOD ?  
 It bow'd the Man of Sorrows' head,  
 It broke the Saviour's heart,  
 But strong as death, in death prevail'd  
 The blessing to impart !

“The Blood is the Life.”



### 3.

“Truly this Man was the Son of God.”

YES, there was darkness o'er the land  
 On that tremendous day !  
 The temple veil was rent in twain  
 'Mid earthquake and dismay,  
 But through the darkness shone confess'd  
 Thy glory, and our sin,  
 And mighty Thine expiring breath  
 Acknowledgment to win !

With shameful cross for kingly throne,  
For crown the platted thorn,  
Yet of the *willing* sacrifice  
How was the witness borne ?  
Not such the malefactor's death  
Though 'neath Thy people's ban !  
And faltering lips confess'd at length,  
"This was a Righteous Man !"

Thy Godlike majesty in death  
Rome's stern centurion saw,  
Nor rending rocks his spirit thrill'd  
With such mysterious awe.  
He marked Thee on Thy Father call  
In calm of holiest peace,  
Then bow Thy sacred head to die,  
And from that suffering cease.

"Truly This was the SON of GOD !"  
In marvelling fear he cried,  
While sinners smote upon their breast,  
And trembling turn'd aside.  
So by the cross in sight of all  
The lifting up was shown,  
And what if *thus* our brethren too  
Thy followers' sonship own ?



## 4.

## Counting the Cost.

HAVE ye counted the cost,  
Have ye counted the cost,  
    Ye warriors of the cross ?  
Are ye fix'd in heart for your Master's sake  
    To suffer all worldly loss ?  
Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly wise  
    As ye pass by pleasure's bower  
To watch with your LORD on the mountain top  
    Through the dreary midnight hour ?

Can ye sorrow with Him,  
Can ye sorrow with Him,  
    All selfish sorrow forgot,  
When the heart grows chill, and the eye is dim,  
    And the rescue cometh not ?  
Can ye bow the head when the heart is rent  
    And all earthly aid forego,  
Resign'd to receive from a Father's hand  
    That cup of bitterest woe ?

Can ye drink of the cup,  
Can ye drink of the cup  
    That your LORD and Master drank,  
When His holy soul was so sore amaz'd  
    And His flesh from suffering shrank ?

Can ye feel the sting of a traitor's kiss  
Nor yet from your purpose move ?  
Can ye keep your heart as a shelter meet  
For the grieving Holy Dove ?

Are ye able to share,  
Are ye able to share  
In the baptism of your LORD ?  
Are ye strong in His strength with Him to bear,  
And to prove His faithful word ?  
Can ye prove the word that shall prove you first,  
As silver in furnace tried ?  
The earthen vessel may fail, but the word  
Is seven times purified !

Do ye answer, " We can,"  
Do ye answer, " We can  
Through His love's constraining power ?"  
But do ye remember the flesh is weak  
And shrinks in the trial hour ?  
Yet yield to His hand Who around you now  
The cords of a man would cast,  
The bands of His love, Who was given for you  
To the altar binding fast !

Can ye cleave to your LORD,  
Can ye cleave to your LORD,  
When the many turn aside ?  
Can ye witness He hath the living Word,  
And none upon earth beside ?  
And can ye endure with the virgin band,  
The lowly and pure in heart,  
Who whithersoever the Lamb may lead,  
From His footsteps ne'er depart ?

Ye shall drink of His cup,  
Ye shall drink of His cup  
And in His baptism share !  
Ye shall not fail if ye tread in His steps,  
His blood-stain'd Cross to bear ;  
But count ye the cost ! Oh, count ye the cost,  
That ye be not unprepar'd,  
And know ye the strength that alone can stand  
In the conflict ye have dar'd !

In the power of His might,  
In the power of His might,  
Who was made through weakness strong,  
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight,  
And sing His victory song !  
But count ye the cost ! Oh, count ye the cost,  
The forsaking all ye have !  
Then take up your cross, and follow your LORD,  
Not thinking your life to save !

By the Blood of the Lamb !  
By the Blood of the Lamb,  
By the faithful witness word,  
Not loving your lives to the death for Him,  
Ye shall triumph with your LORD !  
So count ye the cost ! yea, count ye the cost,  
Ye warriors of the Cross,  
But in royal faith, and in royal love,  
Count all selfish gain for loss !

Oh, the Banner of Love !  
Oh, the Banner of Love,  
Will cost you a pang to hold !  
But 'twill float in triumph the field above,  
Though your heart's blood stain its fold !

Ye may count the cost ! ye may count the cost  
Of all Egyptia's treasure,  
But the riches of CHRIST ye cannot count !  
His love ye cannot measure !



## 5.

RES SEVERA EST VERUM GAUDIUM.

THERE is a joy tears cannot weep,  
And laughter ne'er might tell,  
An inward bliss, a peace so deep,  
'Tis like some hidden well.

No earthly ray the depth reveals  
Whence living waters flow,  
Day's garish light the stars conceals,  
That there in brightness glow !

Yet listening ears might catch the sound  
Of music underneath,  
And mark above it, and around  
How freshest breezes breathe.

Thus, follower of a thorn-crown'd Chief,  
Within thy heart should be,  
A fount of joy, undimm'd by grief,  
Unlit by worldly glee ;

Too deep for smiles or tears to show,  
Yet o'er life's common ways,  
Flinging its gladdening healing glow,  
To wake the voice of praise.

Thy lot be of the wean'd from earth,  
In angel-bliss to share,  
Yet grudge not to light-hearted mirth,  
Her merriest smiles to wear!

Think how the Blessed One, while sore  
Our burdens on Him lay,  
The gladdening of His smile might pour  
On sportive children's play!

See Him with little ones around,  
Or at the bridal board,  
As though our all of gladness found  
A response from our LORD;

And look thou thus in tenderest love  
On ought of joy below,  
While counting it thy bliss to prove  
CHRIST'S fellowship in woe;

The myrrh and spice together go,  
The bitter and the sweet;  
The Broken Heart's deep bliss to know,  
For strangers were not meet.

“The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.”



## 6.

“Come, LORD, come.”

COME, LORD, come !  
For love is waxing cold ;  
Forgotten are Thy mercies past,  
Thy wondrous works of old !  
Men say Thou hast forsaken  
The world Thine hands have made,  
And even they who bear Thy name,  
Thy standard have betray'd.

Come, LORD, come !  
Unfurl Thy conquering sign—  
The kingdom, power, and glory,  
Are Thine, LORD, only Thine !  
Hear Thou the faint low sighing  
Of Thine oppressèd few,  
And for Thy truth and mercies' sake,  
The enemy subdue !

Come, LORD, come !  
The floods uplift their voice—  
The billows threaten to o'erwhelm—  
Thine enemies rejoice ;  
But speak Thou in Thy glory—  
Lift up Thy standard, LORD,  
And lo, the waters are a wall,  
Obedient to Thy word !

Come, LORD, come !  
As in the days of old,  
Thine own right hand shall bring Thee help,  
Thy fury Thee uphold !  
Oh, yet make known that Thou art King,  
From age to age the same,  
That men may reverently adore  
Thy glorious, fearful Name !



## 7.

“ It remaineth.”—1 Cor. vii. 9, and Heb. iv. 9.

“ IT remaineth—it remaineth,”  
Was sounding in mine ear,  
Mid many a dirge-like cadence  
Of the departing year,  
Most like the spirit music,  
When hope and fear are blent,  
To tame our reckless joyance,  
And yet for solace sent.

A shadow mid earth’s sunshine,  
A glory mid her gloom,  
To every heart a blessing,  
That gives the lesson room.

Oh, shrink not from the shadow,  
As of the dove's soft wing,  
Nor yet refuse the comfort,  
The turtle's voice should bring!

"It remaineth—it remaineth,"—  
Would'st know what *now* remains?  
That earthly joys are passing,  
And passing earthly pains,  
Yea, as a dream are passing,  
To leave no trace behind,  
On saintly brow no shadow,  
No stain on saintly mind!

For thee, a pilgrim stranger,  
Remaineth only this,  
To lightly bear earth's sadness,  
And lightly hold her bliss;  
To be as one that waiteth,  
And watcheth for the LORD,  
So mayst thou at His coming  
Receive a full reward.

"It remaineth—it remaineth,"—  
Would'st know what *then* remains?  
The glory, and the gladness,  
Love's everlasting gains!  
All that was worth the prizing,  
Most precious, and most pure!  
All that the true heart treasures,  
For ever to endure!

The time is short ! He cometh,  
Whose love hath set thy task—  
A crown of life His guerdon !  
What other would'st thou ask ?  
But let thy consolation—  
In toil and vigil be,  
There remaineth, there remaineth  
A Sabbath rest for thee !



## 8.

“ It remaineth that some must enter therein.”

THOUGH the fight be thickening round thee,  
One by one thy fellows fall,  
Fear thou not, thou red cross warrior,  
Thou shalt yet prevail o'er all !

GOD's whole armour take thou to thee,  
Dreadless on the battle plain,  
Though the foe have seemed to triumph,  
Though thou standest mid the slain.

Hold the shield of faith before thee,  
Quenching every fiery dart—  
Let thy loins with truth be girded—  
Bind thy breast-plate o'er thy heart.

Lest thou stumble, know thy standing  
In the peace-proclaiming blood—  
Wear thy helmet of salvation,  
Hoping against hope in GOD.

Grasp the Spirit's sword undaunted,  
Steadfast, watching unto prayer—  
Lonely though thou seemest, many  
With thee yet the vigil share!

JESUS, and His witness army,  
Compass round His faithful few,  
He Who fought the fight before thee,  
CHRIST the Faithful and the True!

Shrink not in His steps to follow  
Through the dark and fearful night;  
Onward where thy Captain calls thee,  
Mid the thickest of the fight;

Not with flesh and blood to wrestle,  
Nor in fair and open field,  
But against the powers of darkness,  
Heavenly weapons thou must wield.

One with all thy brethren, cleaving  
To each other in the LORD,  
For in *oneness* ye shall triumph,  
And receive the full reward.

Though their bones are whitening round thee,  
Scatter'd in the open vale,  
Yet the word, (than vision *surer*,)  
Word prophetic, shall not fail.

At the end the vision speaketh—  
 It shall speak, and shall not lie !  
 Hold thy confidence the firmer—  
 The redemption draweth nigh !

From the four winds life is breathing !  
 GOD shall breathe upon His slain—  
 His exceeding mighty army,  
 Lo, they rise and fight again !

Trampling down the foe before them,  
 Cloth'd with resurrection might,  
 One shall make a thousand waver—  
 Two, ten thousand put to flight !

Though the vision seem to tarry,  
 Faith shall its unfolding win—  
 Still the word of GOD remaineth,  
 Some must surely enter in.



## 9.

## Faith and Presumption.

“He that believeth shall not make haste,” *therefore*, “he shall  
 not be confounded.”

FEAR to ask, “If it be Thou,  
 Bid me come to Thee,”  
 Though thou think at JESUS’ word  
 Thou couldst walk the sea.

Haste is mingling with such faith,  
And betrays it weak.  
Rather be it thine to wait  
Till thy LORD shall speak.

He, or e'er thy thought be said,  
Well thy glowing heart hath read.  
If He bid thee walk the wave,  
Be thou sure that He will save.  
But, thy frailty all forgot,  
Such commandment tempt thou not,  
Lest thou learn in shame at length  
Conscious weakness is our strength.

Hast thou faith, and couldst thou joy  
Perils to abide?  
Yet bethink thee how a saint  
His dear LORD denied!  
"Yea, though all offended be,  
I will not," he said,  
But for those presumptuous words  
Bitter tears were shed!

Taught from thence with lowly mind,  
Keep the place His love assign'd,  
Answering but, "Thy will be done,"  
At His bidding thou shalt run.  
Gathering strength in self-control,  
Patiently possess thy soul,  
Storing up each earnest thought  
For a time with trial fraught.

## 10.

## Stanzas

Addressed to a Macdonald, of Clanranald, on his family motto,  
"My hope is constant in Thee."

E. O.

THE Bruce he was fighting at Bannockburn,  
And the Lord of the Isles was nigh  
With twice three thousand men to shout  
The Clanranald battle cry.

Wild rag'd the fight, and the English lance  
Through the Scottish ranks went far,  
But silent and calm those warriors stood  
In the maddening din of war.

The foe rush'd on with horse and mail—  
He was dark with banners free;  
Then spoke the King to the Island Chief,  
"My hope is firm in thee."

That night the stream ran red with blood—  
Borne down was England's might,  
And long did English matrons rue  
"Saint Barnaby the bright."



'Twas enough for the men who turn'd to flight  
Her armies on the plain,  
That on them their Monarch had not plac'd  
His steadfast trust in vain.

'Twas enough for their Chief that his shield should bear  
The words of the kingly trust ;  
They were left as a pledge by the sire to the son,  
When in turn he lay down in the dust.

Thou, who art bearing on thy shield  
The words thy fathers bore,  
To thee they speak with a holier power  
Than ever they claim'd of yore.

A mightier foe is round thee now,  
And few the patriot band  
Who dare abide their Leader's will,  
Or strike at His command.

But He Who stoop'd from Heaven to win  
In death thy liberty,  
Hath bid thee watch and ward for Him,  
His trust is firm in thee.



## 11.

“He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry.”

HATH He counted thee faithful,  
Trust placing in thee,  
The highest and holiest on earth that may be ?

With the love of a mother  
His chosen to tend,  
With the zeal of a brother, to keep, and defend !

In vigil unwearied,  
In fasting and prayer,  
Lest harm should befall those He left in thy care !

The drought in the day time,  
The frost in the night  
Endur'd for thy brethren in love's patient might !

Oh, well may it awe thee,  
Yet gladden thy heart,  
So think that thou hast in His ministry part,

Whose Body is broken,  
Whose Blood for us shed,  
To furnish the Table from whence we are fed !

And canst thou dispense them,  
Nor yield thee to know  
The breaking, the wounding, whence Love's bounties  
flow ;

To die with Him daily,  
CHRIST living in thee,  
While our wine Cup of gladness thy witness should be ?

Yea, counted thus faithful,  
What love should reward  
Thy perilous service for us in the LORD ?

And how should we honour  
Who thus for our sake  
His life in his hand hath not scrupled to take ?

We cannot repay thee,  
Yet guerdon is sure—  
A crown of rejoicing that aye shall endure.

Oh, bright is the glory  
For pastors prepar'd  
Who with the Chief Shepherd His labours have shar'd.

Yet bear thou the warning  
That cometh of love ;  
'Tis not to upbraid thee—nay, not to reprove.

A whisper within thee,  
“ Yet lovest thou Me ?  
Then feed thou the flock I committed to thee.

“ The hireling cares only  
His own life to keep ;  
The Good Pastor giveth His life for the sheep.

“ And seeketh My servant  
Gain, honour, or ease,  
Intent like the worldling self only to please ?”

Nay, brother, it may not,  
It cannot be *thus* ;  
Thou shalt tread in His footsteps Who suffer'd for us.

For how wilt thou answer  
Should evil betide  
Thy charge, and they perish, for whom He hath died ?

Yet knows He thy frailty,  
Who smil'd on thy vow,  
Whose Name is upon thee for panoply now.

The true heart within thee  
Responds to His word :  
The gift that is in thee His breathing hath stirr'd.

He counted thee faithful,  
Trust placing in thee  
The highest and holiest on earth that may be.

The word He hath spoken  
Thy spirit shall thrill  
With the zeal of thy first love thy vows to fulfil.

The priestly anointing,  
Endures it not yet ?  
The Hand laid upon thee thou can'st not forget.

If love lose its fervour,  
If faith should grow dim,  
*He is faithful Who called thee, and hope thou in Him.*

## 12.

“Where the word of a king is, there is power.”

OH! sing aloud—oh! sing aloud!  
With understanding sing:  
With heart and voice  
Do ye rejoice  
In Israel's GOD and King.

Come ye before Him with a song,  
For He is GOD indeed,  
Our GOD and Rock,  
Who like a flock  
His people forth doth lead.

With songs of praise at His command  
Still onward let us go;  
By Moses' and  
By Aaron's hand,  
His guidance we shall know.

Oh! be not as your fathers were,  
A faithless, froward race,  
Who thought not on  
His wonders done  
Before His people's face.

But yield ye to His guiding hand,  
And walk ye in His way,  
And strong in faith,  
Whate'er He saith  
Rejoice ye to obey.

Yea *where* His word is, *there* is power  
To execute His will.  
A kingly word  
Comes from the LORD  
His purpose to fulfil.

Oh! sing aloud—oh! sing aloud,  
Ye that in strength excel!  
Glory and might  
Are His by right,  
And in His presence dwell!



## 13.

## The Shepherd's Watch.

“There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.”

STAR-LIT shadows, soft and still,  
Lay on field, and fold and hill,  
Where their vigils shepherds kept  
While their flocks in safety slept.  
Brightly rose night's loveliest gem  
Over distant Bethlehem,  
Hail'd by Magi from afar,  
Judah's promis'd regal star.  
But the glory of the LORD  
Was around those shepherds pour'd:  
First upon their startled ear  
Thrill'd the angel's word of cheer,

Ere the answering burst of song  
Swell'd the peopled sky along,  
Teaching man with joy to hail  
CHRIST, the LORD, in fleshy veil.

Thus to faithful shepherds still,  
Watching on the holy hill,  
Pouring out their soul in prayer,  
Heedful of their slumbering care,  
Oft at midnight hour are given  
Glimpses of an opening heaven ;  
Visions of the coming morn  
Cheer the weary heart forlorn,  
Till their faith takes up the song  
Of the blessed angel throng—  
“Glory in the Highest still,  
Peace on earth—to men goodwill!”  
And in lowliest guise they learn  
Heirs of glory to discern,  
Strong for JESUS' sake to keep  
And to feed His blood-bought sheep.

Though the night endureth still,  
Long and weary, dark and chill,  
Faint not mid thy slumbering sheep  
Thus thy pastoral watch to keep,  
Listening in calm hope and fear  
Midnight songs of praise to hear,  
As from yonder skies again  
Issue forth CHRIST's angel train.  
Then shall the Chief Shepherd's voice  
Bid each faithful one rejoice,  
And the weary watch shall seem  
Transient as a moment's dream ;

While the veil asunder riven,  
 Fadeless crown to each is given,  
 And the rapt angelic song  
 Swells eternity along.



## 14.

## TO THE WRITERS OF THE LYRA APOSTOLICA.

O YE, whose lyre of calmly thoughtful tone  
 Hath almost seemed to us a voice from heaven,  
 For truest cheer in troublous season given,  
 Chiding weak hearts that deem'd themselves alone,  
 And waking tuneful echoes of its own ;  
 Ye know not where those echoes deepest sound,  
 And truest response to your song is found—  
 Mid some whose faith as schism ye disown ;  
 For ye, methinks, Nathaniel-like have pray'd  
 In secret 'neath your fig tree's household shade,  
 And wedded to its shelter, sit at home,  
 Answering, " Can good thing out of Nazareth come ?" \*  
 Yet come and see, true-hearted men, and own  
 The Nazarite to whom your secret prayer is known.

\* Nazareth, the place of *separation*.



## 15.

“WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?”

SAVIOUR, we hear Thy voice of love; with broken  
heart we hear  
The voice that wounds and heals at once, and shames  
our faithless fear:  
We own it faithless—we have walk'd in doubt and  
dimness long,  
And we are slow to learn of Thee, in love's confiding  
strong.

What though our brethren turn aside, and scornful  
men blaspheme,  
And call Thy work delusion all, a vain and idle dream;  
And though each onward step reveals our ignorance  
the more,  
And oft with tears of bitterness our folly we deplore;

It does but warn us yet the more self-chosen ways to  
flee;  
It does but bid Thy little flock more closely cling to  
Thee.  
Thou only hast the words of life that thrill the listen-  
ing heart;  
To whom and whither should we go, if we from Thee  
depart?

We cannot answer those who taunt, yet put us not to  
shame,

Who in our weakness keep Thy word, nor dare deny  
Thy name.

Men talk of snares on every hand; but Thou canst  
not deceive.

Oh! keep us—guide us in Thy truth, and teach us to  
believe.



## 16.

## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

WE are in death in the midst of life,

We walk in a fearful dream,

As though entranc'd in the battle's strife,

While our foes but phantoms seem;

For we wake to dream, and we dream, we wake—

Oh! when will the light that unfoldeth break?

'Tis a fearful thing to sound the deep

Of one's own wild, darkling thought;

Better I love in my heart to keep

The words by my SAVIOUR taught,

And to walk by their steadfast and truthful ray

Until these shadows shall flee away.

Yea, the gentleness of Almighty Love  
Hath curtain'd our feeble sight  
From the depths below, and the heights above,  
With their blinding glare of light,  
And a tenderer love than a mother's now  
Doth in shadowy veils to our weakness bow.

Then grudge not the dimness a little while  
Ere the curtain be withdrawn,  
And thou wakest up in the joyous smile  
Of love's own unclouded morn,  
Like a nursling train'd 'neath her sheltering wing,  
To soar in sunlight, and soaring sing.

And lest thy heart and thy flesh should fail,  
O'ercome by a nameless fear,  
Bethink thee how in the shadowy vale  
There is One for ever near,  
More nigh than all, for His arms enfold,  
And His rod and staff thy steps uphold.

Hast thou never look'd on a little child  
When he first awakes from rest,  
And laughs to think how his dream beguil'd,  
And he slept on a parent's breast?  
So wondrous glad shall our waking be  
In the light of Love's eternity.



## 17.

## Expostulation.

Suggested by a poem in "Thoughts in past years," entitled, "In the midst of life we are in death," and concluding thus :

"For I dream. Where am I ?

O vanity,

We are not what we deem.

These sins that hold my heart in thrall,

They more real are than all."

NAY, say not so—I cannot bear  
That chilling utterance of despair—  
Sins that hold thy heart in thrall,  
May more real be than all  
That we fondly deem,  
But not more real than the Love  
That brought our Helper from above,  
And did with blood redeem.  
Is He not nigh thee, close beside,  
The Living One, the LORD, Who died,  
And lives thy cause to plead,  
And make thee free indeed ?  
One drop of His all cleansing blood,  
Avails it not for thee ?  
Yea, the abject captive erect hath stood,  
By CHRIST, the SON, made free,  
And hath look'd with joy on his Maker's face,  
Forgetting his bondage and foul disgrace !

And why 'midst shadows wilt thou rove  
When round thee shines the light of Love?  
Is it that thine eyes are dim,  
And thou canst not look on Him,  
Fetter'd by a fearful spell,  
Darkness only visible,  
Groping in sepulchral gloom,  
Like a tenant of the tomb?  
Yet thou hast not far to seek—  
Listèn, thou may'st hear Him speak,

“ Sleeper, from the dead arise,  
And CHRIST shall give thee light.  
Child of day, lift up thine eyes!

Dream not, as by night!”

At His look, His touch, His word,  
Drop thy fetters—own Him LORD!  
Stir thou up His strength within,  
Bursting all the bands of sin;  
Touch'd with lightning fire of love,  
Like a thread of tow they prove!  
Stand thou up, redeem'd from all,  
That would hold thee still in thrall,  
Nerv'd with everlasting might,  
Walking in the eternal light  
Of each word that He hath spoken,  
Never, never to be broken!

Didst thou question, “ What is man,  
Dreaming out his little span,

Fearfully to wake anon!

Borne mid shadows fleeting by  
To a dread eternity,

Stealing all unnoted on?”

Did thy sickening heart reply,  
"Vanity! O vanity!  
For I dream—where am I?"  
Fear thou not! His love hath found thee  
Light of life is shining round thee,  
And His ransom'd ones may brook  
On realities to look.  
Truly man is vanity,  
At his best estate a lie,

Dust, returning unto dust!  
But redeem'd with precious Blood,  
Heir of glory, Child of God,  
Ministering Angels wait  
On him as in regal state,

Glorying in their precious trust!  
Henceforth in the light of Heaven  
Look thou up—thy bonds are riven,  
'Tis no time for dreamy sadness—  
Thou must gather strength in gladness,  
And thine onward path pursue  
With the glorious prize in view.

King, and Priest, by Heaven-born right!  
Child of day, and not of night!  
Dost thou deem it right and well  
In uncertain gloom to dwell?  
Should'st thou mid the graves remain,  
Binding fast thy broken chain,  
Vainly seeking 'mong the dead  
Him, whose path on high hath led?  
Nay, but this were vanity!  
Daylight hours are fleeting by—  
Hast thou not a race to run  
While thou may'st behold the sun?

Rouse thee ere the night o'ertake thee,  
And the star of Hope forsake thee,  
Ere thy shadowy dream may be  
Stern and dread reality,  
Dwelling on the darkness past,  
Till again it hold thee fast,  
In a stronger, sevenfold spell,  
Only darkness visible !  
And all too late thou wring thy hands, and cry  
O vanity ! O vanity !



## 18.

## A Second Thought.

WHY should self-pitying thoughts arise  
To mar our holier mood ?  
Are we not pledg'd in love's dear might  
To overcome with good ?

Oh, shame ! that for some fancied slight  
The fount of tears should flow,  
While in our hardness we refuse  
A SAVIOUR's grief to know !

His wounded feet require the streams  
That run to waste so free !  
Yea, LORD, it is Thy grace permits  
To spend our tears on Thee !

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“Vanity! O vanity!  
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That run to waste so free !  
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## 19.

## Turning Aside.

Vide the poem in the "Christian Year" for the Seventh Sunday  
after Trinity.

WE followed in a desert place  
To listen unto One  
Whose wondrous words of truth and grace  
Our hearts' confiding won,  
A table in the wilderness  
His loving care supplied ;  
I thought not there in bitterness  
To miss thee from my side.  
Didst thou not know, thou weary soul,  
Heaven had "in store a precious dole?"  
And wherefore wouldst thou turn away,  
And come so far, refuse to stay?

But thou art gone, thou weary soul,  
And pain'd I needs must be,  
Though the burden of my grief I roll  
On One who cares for thee,  
On One who knows thy childlike heart,  
Thy yearning after Him,  
And will not let thee quite depart  
Though faith and hope are dim.  
Yet darkness now around thee lowers,  
And lost to sight are Salem's towers,  
For thou hast left the Blood-track'd road  
To the fair city of our GOD.

Oh! thou hast fainted ere noontide  
O'erburthen'd with the heat,  
And turn'd with sickening heart aside  
To seek some cool retreat—  
To miss the shadow of the Rock,  
Found in a weary land!  
And the noonday pastures for His flock  
By heavenly breezes fann'd  
Green pastures, where they feed and rest,  
By living streams of comfort blest,  
And where in peace the turtle dove  
Chants the deep song of holy love.

Alas! my Brother, when I kneel  
In sorrowing prayer for thee,  
My burthen'd spirit yearns to feel  
How sad thy heart must be.  
For trampled pastures, streams defil'd,  
And scanty in their flow,  
How have thy footsteps been beguil'd  
Our portion to forego?  
Of Shiloah's waters, softly flowing,  
Of spicy gales from Eden blowing,  
Perplex'd, benighted, as thou art,  
Comes not the freshness o'er thy heart?

Had not our grief its own deep bliss  
Of pure reposing love?  
And canst thou, Brother, fail to miss  
The comfort of His Dove—  
The softness of His sheltering wings—  
The tones that thrill'd so deep,  
That woke our harp's responsive strings,  
And made it joy to weep?

Oh, yearly do thy blossoms seem  
A token from the LORD,  
That thus He watcheth to perform  
His own unfailing word;  
And chide they not the coward heart,  
That still on sight would lean,  
Nor dares her treasur'd hopes betray  
For lack of leafy screen?  
Not such the confidence that thrill'd  
True-hearted saints of yore—  
They knew the truth their lips proclaim'd  
No fond and fabling lore.

What though the rod of Aaron's rule  
Hath ceased to be rever'd,  
Nor bloom nor fruit for many a day,  
Have to our eyes appear'd,  
Yet even now the eye of faith  
Hath hail'd the mystic sign  
Of grace and truth, enduring yet,  
Along the Priestly line.  
And have ye look'd as men might look,  
Upon the almond tree,  
And marvell'd through the wintry hours,  
No verdant crown to see?

Did not its branches wait of old  
The whispering voice of spring,  
And Aaron's rod seem like the rest,  
A bare and barren thing?  
But in one night the sapless stem,  
Though sever'd from the root,  
In silence of the holy place,  
Budded and bare its fruit!

So now there are whose prophet ken  
Discerns the almond rod,  
And withering hopes revive again,  
Owning the voice of GOD !

It was not from the parent tree  
That Aaron's rod had life ;  
A heavenly breathing bade it bloom  
To end the faithless strife ;  
And when once more before our eyes  
The wonder is renew'd,  
How should our contrite trust confess  
Hearts to His rule subdu'd !  
How should we listen to the word,  
In calm of holiest fear,  
That tells us of the great High Priest,  
*But of the judgment near !*



## 21.

## The Days of Old.

“THE days of old were days of might,  
In forms of greatness moulded,  
And flowers of heaven grew on the earth,  
Within the Church unfolded ;  
For grace fell fast as summer dew,  
And saints to giant stature grew.

“But gone, alas! the power and might,  
That in the Church resided,  
And gone the Spirit’s living light,  
That on her walls abided,  
When by our shrines He came to dwell,  
In power and presence visible!

“A blight hath pass’d upon the Church,  
Her glory is departed,  
The chill of age is on her sons  
The cold and fearful-hearted,  
And sad amid neglect and scorn,  
Our mother sits and weeps forlorn.

“Narrower and narrower every year,  
The holy circle groweth,  
And what the end of all shall be,  
Nor man nor angel knoweth—  
And so we watch and wait in fear—  
It may be that the LORD is near!”



## 22.

## Rejoinder.

YEA, watch and wait a little while—  
The weary strife is ending,  
Yet hold the red cross banner fast,  
While hope and fear are blending,  
Sure pledge of victory, though it wave  
O’er many a lov’d disciple’s grave.

A little while, a little while,  
 And ye shall see it streaming  
 From north to south, from east to west,  
 Like lightning flash, far gleaming,  
 Sign of the Son of Man in heaven,  
 Pledge of His instant advent given!

Then cheerly, brethren, watch and pray,  
 Though tempest gloom have shrouded  
 Full many a star that brightly shone,  
 And yet shall shine unclouded—  
 Jerusalem with robe of light  
 And starry crown, shall yet be bright.

For deem ye not—oh, deem ye not  
 The holy Church forsaken—  
 Or built upon the eternal rock,  
 Her sure foundation shaken,  
 Nay, for the word can never fail,  
 “The gates of hell shall not prevail!”



## 23.

## SADNESS.

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.”

“The joy of the LORD is your strength.”

I HEARD the sigh, the frequent sigh  
 That told me of unrest—  
 Nay, let me speak, nor thou reply,  
 Thy secret was confess'd;

Yet chase the sadness from thy heart,  
Or thou shalt falter in thy part.

Yea, for the hero heart of faith,  
My brother, must be thine,  
Taking each word thy Leader saith  
For panoply divine,  
By all around thee undismay'd  
Counting our need the time of aid.

Alas! beneath the scorching ray  
Faint-hearted ones I see  
Whose fancy seeks some shadowy way  
Where freshness yet may be;  
But far from thee the coward thought  
With all unmanly softness fraught.

And didst thou for our Mother grieve,  
Her low estate to see?  
Yet take thou heed lest grief bereave  
The desolate of thee.  
Thy tears be such as heroes shed  
When vengeance to their souls is wed.

Yield not to sorrow's weariness  
The feeble heart and mind,  
But strong in saintly steadfastness  
Press on, nor look behind.  
By hope upheld, thou may'st not faint  
Nor waste thy breath in weak complaint.

Up, and be doing! Is there nought  
Thine energies to crave?  
Not thus in listless woe was bought  
The victory o'er the grave:



Gethsemane, thine olive grove  
Bore witness to the might of Love!

Brother, across my yearning heart  
A thought of Meroz came,  
And those who shrinking from their part  
Shall yet abye the shame,  
For bitterly the curse shall light  
On those who came not to the fight.

Rings not thy Captain's call to-day  
My Brother, in thine ear?  
Gird thee the summons to obey  
With heart of warrior cheer—  
Farewell or burial heed thou not,  
But on, and share the Conqueror's lot.

S. Luke ix. 59, 62.



## 24.

"CLARIOR E TENEBRIS."

FOR many a year my sires have liv'd  
Unnotic'd and unknown,  
The shadow of a quiet home  
Around their story thrown,  
But the motto of my Father's house  
Through ages past away  
Was a war cry on the battle field  
In the old Crusaders' day.

In peaceful though inglorious times  
Their blazonry was this,  
The sunbeams breaking through a cloud,  
"Clarior e tenebris."

But when on fields of Palestine  
For Salem's shrine they fought,  
The Christian standard wide unfurl'd,  
But its saintly lore untaught,  
They left to those who dwelt at home,  
The old armorial shield  
What time the symbol of our faith  
Their high emprise reveal'd  
Henceforth upon their knightly shield  
And banner's silken fold,  
A sable Cross on shining field  
Was traced, bedropp'd with gold.

But the motto was unalter'd still—  
A word of steadfast cheer,  
Yet many ton'd like Eol's harp  
To charm the listening ear.  
How might it nerve the youthful knight  
For valiant deeds in war,  
What time it cheer'd with tenderer trust  
His own betroth'd afar!  
And had it not for elder hearts  
A deeper, saintlier lore  
When clouds had veil'd the sunny shine  
And youth's bright dream was o'er?

When the brave Knight had fought his last,  
And stretch'd his steed beside,  
His flesh and heart were failing fast  
As ebb'd life's crimson tide.

O then, while fainter on his ear  
 His comrades' war cries fell  
 And his dim eyes no more might trace  
 The banner borne so well,  
 Those words might waken in his heart  
 A thought of bliss in store,  
 And far beyond death's shadowy vale  
 A dawn ne'er seen before.

So humbled even in the dust  
 His prayer might rise to Heaven,  
 And the peace his features wore in death  
 Might tell of one forgiven.  
 The widowed wife in lonely hall  
 Might thus the motto read,  
 Nor grudge the bitterness that taught  
 The Christian's glorious creed,  
 In heart resign'd to bear the Cross  
 Which erst her fingers wrought,  
 Nor counting e'en with life itself  
 Such gain too dearly bought.

And thus, methinks, in every mood  
 From the true heart within  
 Responsive tones of joy and peace  
 Those loyal words might win,  
 Breathing their under tone of awe  
 On life's presumptuous morn,  
 A shadow of the holy cross,  
 In anguish to be borne;  
 Yet brightening at the eventide,  
 Lest chastened hopes should fail,  
 A pledge that through each darkening cloud,  
 The glory should prevail.

We strive not now with arm of flesh,  
    Upon the battle plain,  
Yet the crusade endureth still,  
    The prize is yet to gain;  
Our Salem\* is the *vision* yet,  
    Of peace and joy to *come*,  
And but in sternest conflict won  
    For altar, heart, and home.  
The glorious warfare is our own,  
    From age to age renew'd,  
And though our brethren fall on sleep,  
    We still are unsubdu'd.

Though in our sight the Crescent float,  
    Pale ensign of the night,  
O'er countless hosts who laugh to scorn,  
    The children of the light,  
Yet still as exiles round their home,  
    As Judah's outcast race,  
Around their desecrated shrine  
    Returning, take their place;  
And chant, unchang'd from year to year,  
    Hope's meek, yet mournful lay,  
"LORD, build Thy temple speedily,  
    Even in this our day."

So gather we beneath the walls,  
    Where hostile ensigns wave,  
What time our Cross-sign'd banner droops  
    O'er many a comrade's grave.  
And if as in the olden time,  
    Some, weary of delay,  
To their own cielèd homes in peace  
    Are fain to pass away,

\* Jerusalem may be rendered "the vision of peace."

Yet not for this our hearts shall fail,  
 Who hold the banner fast,  
 And follow where our Captain calls,  
 Enduring to the last.

The motto of my father's house,  
 Through ages past away,  
 Shall nerve me like a trumpet's call,  
 For a deadlier strife to-day,  
 And musing on the words that told  
 Their loyal trust of yore,  
 Their banner to my trancèd sight  
 Seems passing on before,  
 While cheerily their war-cry sounds  
 To urge me to the goal,  
 The very dust hath found a voice,  
 To thrill the listening soul !

Yea, by the Name upon us nam'd,  
 The badge upon our brow,  
 We too are pledg'd for high crusade,  
 We may not falter now;  
 But till the Cross-sign'd banner float  
 In Salem's banquet hall,  
 O'er guests whom to the festal board  
 The enthronèd One shall call,  
 Vow'd followers of the martyrs' King,  
 Our blazonry be this,  
 The cross, with costliest drops bedew'd,  
 “Clarior e tenebris.”

## 25.

## The Watchword.

“England expects every man to do his duty.”

IT was no time for many words—the hero’s words  
were few,  
Yet fitting speech for England’s sons, to patriot feel-  
ings true.  
He told them not of valour’s meed, of worldly wealth,  
or fame,  
But of the trust repos’d on such, and of their coun-  
try’s claim—  
He spoke of *duty*, homeliest word, yet one of import  
high,  
To nerve each liegeman’s faithful heart to conquer or  
to die.

He stirr’d up no vainglorious zeal, on selfish ends  
intent—  
He spoke to those whose hero-hearts on hero-deeds  
were bent—  
“England expecteth every man to do his duty now,”  
Were words that stamp’d the high resolve on many  
a manly brow,  
And loudly from the British fleet arose the answering  
cheer,  
That bade their leader’s heart rejoice, and bade the  
foemen fear.

Full fifty men the foemen's fire swept by the hero's side,  
Yet not until he gave the word, his steadfast crew  
replied—

No, though they saw their comrades fall, yet train'd  
in duty's lore,

They stood beside their guns unmov'd amid the  
deafening roar—

Not till they grappled with the foe, their conflict was  
begun,

Then fierce the encounter side by side, where room to  
flee was none.

In victory's hour their leader fell, and England  
mourn'd her son,

Though triumph sooth'd his dying pangs, and thoughts  
of duty done.

He left a name for history's page, and long through-  
out the land

Shall British sailors proudly tell of Nelson's last com-  
mand,—

And long as England's Cross-sign'd flag floats queen-  
like o'er the main,

Those noble words shall serve to rouse the patriot's  
zeal again.

---

Soldier of CHRIST, to Him devote, sound not such  
words to thee

A trumpet's animating note of holier chivalry?

Not England now to English hearts appealeth in the  
call,

It is the voice of Christendom—it is the cry of all!

Yea, CHRIST of His baptizèd claims their bounden  
duty now,  
While angels gladden as they trace His pledge on lip  
and brow.

Are there not those on whom this day, creation's hope  
doth rest,  
While brightly burns the heav'n-lit spark in many  
a saintly breast ?  
They court not danger where they list—they seek not  
for a name—  
Knight-errantry enough hath been !—such folly they  
disclaim—  
A purer zeal hath fir'd their hearts, at duty's call to  
serve,  
No scatter'd host, no lawless band, from post assign'd  
to swerve.

Well may the Church in this our land with humble-  
ness adore  
The LORD Who on her sons hath deign'd such won-  
drous grace to pour,  
That train'd in glad obedience they should head the  
saintly band,  
Who at His watchword shall go forth, fulfilling His  
command,  
For lo, where Judah's lion floats to lead the onward way,  
The tribes of Israel, one by one, their leader's call obey.

So when rash deeds of “derring do” with emulation  
thrill,  
Remember we, our highest praise is duty to fulfil.  
Who fondly fancy to do *more*, in very truth do *less*,  
Though profitless when all is done, our service we  
confess.



Yet high their calling, be thou sure, who meekly day  
by day,  
Onward with all their brethren march in no self-chosen  
way.

And deem not lightly of the task to each of us as-  
sign'd ;

It asketh all the energies of heart, and soul, and mind.  
Not our's the work of ages past, though many a saint  
have run

The race before us—not as yet the glorious prize is  
won ;

By *one* alone receivèd, so in *oneness* ye shall gain  
The many crowns laid up for all who labour'd not in  
vain.

It is not our's in cloister'd cell to serve the LORD  
apart,

But link'd in bond of brotherhood with love's en-  
largèd heart,

Firm in the battle's front to stand, where room is  
none to flee,

And fearless grapple with the foe, though life the  
cost should be.

Yet with our victory song shall blend no undertone  
of wail—

A garland for each saintly brow! none from the  
ranks shall fail!

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the  
word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the  
death.”

## 26.

## Loneliness.

SAY not that thou art lonely, true soldier of the Cross !  
Withdrawn into the desert, count not thy gain for  
    loss,  
Nor dream the stillness round thee the stillness of the  
    grave,  
Though not a breath seem stirring thy banner's fold  
    to wave.

A strength not thine secur'd it within thy feeble clasp,  
When nerveless seem'd thy right hand, the Spirit's  
    sword to grasp,  
And ere the foe might triumph to mark thy courage  
    fail,  
A cloud was interposing its dark impervious veil.

And grudge not at the leading in wilderness afar,  
Where not a sound may reach thee, of all the din of  
    war.  
Is not the respite given to quench thy burning thirst  
Where from the Rock beside thee, the living waters  
    burst ?

The Sharer of thy weakness, the Strengtheners of  
    thy trust,  
Thy feeble frame remembers, remembers thou art  
    dust ;

And thus thy strength renewing, He nerves thee for  
the fight,  
While buried hopes within thee are gathering up their  
might.

Mid strife of tongues unheeded, His still small voice  
might sound,  
But now its deep-ton'd echoes are wakening all  
around,  
And quicken'd pulses warn thee of unseen champions  
near—  
The very dust beneath thee is vocal in thine ear!

Fast as thy tears are raining upon the desert sod,  
They win thee back responses from the bosom of thy  
GOD,  
Faint murmurings as of music, the prelude to a song  
From those who sleep in JESUS, to waken up ere long—

“Oh! lowly as thou bendest, our prayers with thine  
ascend,  
The voice of many ages doth with each breathing  
blend,  
Their voice who fought before you, nor yet the prize  
have won  
Who tarry till their children the glorious race have  
run.

“The faith that liveth in you, dwelt in our bosoms first,  
The hope that cheers you onward, was in our ashes  
nurs'd;  
Though in the weary desert we have but found a grave,  
Nor yet the palms of victory before our GOD we wave,

“ Yet by the faith unfeignèd, our hope shall never fail,  
And by the love unwearied, the prayer shall yet prevail,  
Till lightnings flash an answer from the rainbow-circled throne,  
And thunderings of the Almighty shall make His judgments known.”



## 27.

## Paraphrase of the Forty-eighth Psalm.

REV. J. G. C.

HOSANNA! Hosanna! give praise to the LORD;  
How mighty His arm! how faithful His word!  
Oh! to Him, Who is strong to defend, to deliver,  
Give ye glory to GOD, Who is faithful for ever!

From the city that stands on her living foundations,  
Let the shout of a King now go forth to the nations  
On the mount of the LORD let the banner unfurl'd  
His advent, His triumph, proclaim to the world.

Lo! at length 'tis arisen, of long ages the birth,  
Mount Zion, the beauty and joy of the earth;  
On her north the bright city not builded with hands,  
GOD's own workmanship, perfect, impregnable stands;

Immanuel's presence her mighty defence,  
The full blaze of Omnipotence lightens from thence.

For lo ! on the kings with their hosts as the sand,  
Rushing fiery and fierce at Abaddon's command,  
One glance of her splendour shed startling dismay ;  
They saw—their hearts wither'd—they hasted away.  
As the pangs of a woman, fierce anguish o'ertook  
    them ;  
In the hour of their need their deceiver forsook  
    them,  
All refuge cut off, for JEHOVAH hath spoken,  
And the proud ships of Tarshish an east wind hath  
    broken.

As oft in our ears the old seers had foretold it,  
From the towers of GOD's city our eyes now behold it :  
In that city of strength, now establish'd for ever,  
Shout the high praise of Him Whose decree faileth  
    never !

In the temple all glorious, sweet psalms are ascending,  
The voice of her thousands, in harmony blending,  
While they think of the strong love their footsteps  
    that guided,  
Of the wisdom paternal that o'er them presided,  
And oh ! in what deep adoration they bow,  
When they think of the mercy that crowneth them  
    now !

O the Name of our GOD ! (as the sun of the morning  
Disperses the darkness, in beauty adorning  
The face of creation, all gladsome with light,)  
Now shines in full loveliness, cloudlessly bright !

Yes, His Name shineth forth, and with bounty o'er-  
flowing,

In the hues of the rainbow the new earth is glowing :  
Like a river of life through the desert it flows,  
And the wilderness blossoms, and smiles as the rose!  
The long curse is remov'd—the avenger is dumb—  
The kingdom of GOD is in righteousness come—  
Lo! the white flag of peace, but in stern conflict won!  
Lo! the Lamb cloth'd with power! the Priest on the  
throne!

O ye, who have follow'd the Lamb in the hour  
Of dark suffering, rejoice in His sceptre of power!  
O ye children, admire what JEHOVAH hath done,  
Till His Name in your foreheads shine forth as the sun!  
Let the daughters of Judah with melody bring  
Their wreaths to the feet of the many-crown'd King,  
Who hath rent with His mighty arm, clothèd with  
thunder,  
The chain of the groaning creation asunder!

And walk about Zion—the towers thereof tell,  
Consider her bulwarks and palaces well;  
'Tis the seat of the Prince in His Majesty, whence  
The law goeth forth, His wide kingdom's defence.  
Let the nations come up, and do homage before Him,  
Let all generations know, love, and adore Him,  
For oh! He is worthy! the Lamb, Who was slain  
To redeem us from hell! He is worthy to reign!

Thus faith, as the future the vision discloses,  
On the breast of Immanuel firmly reposes.  
Yea, Himself, the Almighty, our Friend doth abide,  
Unto death, and through death, and for ever our Guide!

## 28.

“Ye know not what ye ask.”

E. O.

THOU who art bending low the knee,  
And low the loving heart,  
Who fain would'st bear in JESUS' grief,  
And in His work, a part,

Still do the hopes of youth arise,  
Still are its visions gay?  
Canst thou endure that one by one,  
They *all* should pass away?

The warfare wag'd within thy breast  
Is strong, and stern, and high,  
And oft the victory is won  
In tears of agony.

On—on—for ever on—thy feet  
Must tread a darkling road;  
And many a time thy spirit bow  
Alone, beneath its load.

Yes, pour thy prayer, full, deep, and free,  
Ask what thy Master sought,  
And not thine but thy FATHER's will  
Within thee shall be wrought.

Would'st thou go forth to dry the tear,  
To soothe the wounded heart?  
Thine eyes must weep, thy heart must bear  
Affliction's keenest smart:

For pure as snow the word may be,  
And it will fall as cold,  
If from the fulness of thy heart  
Its truth thou have not told.

And dream not *thou* canst kindle faith  
If thine it has not been  
To feel its power uplift thee high,  
Above earth's passing scene.

So shalt thou have thy Master's heart,  
A labourer thus shalt prove  
With Him, Who sows in tears, but waits  
"The harvest time of love."



## 29.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

BROTHER, still the watch is set,  
And the conflict dureth yet,  
Though to some in sleep it seem  
But a dim and fearful dream,  
Tranc'd upon the battle-ground,  
While the foe is gathering round.

Once the three disciples slept,  
While their Master pray'd and wept,  
Fainting 'neath the weight of woe  
Only One might bear to know,  
Not on couch of ease reposing,  
Heavy eyelids gently closing,



In the olive garden lying,  
Night winds o'er their weakness sighing,  
From that overburthening grief  
Worn-out nature crav'd relief,  
While for conflict unprepar'd,  
Pitying love the slumberers spar'd,  
And the powers of darkness fail'd,  
When for us the LORD prevail'd.  
Thrice He rous'd them, but at last  
His sore agony o'erpast,  
And prepar'd alone to tread  
Path that to the glory led  
Through the dark, unfathom'd deep,  
Where none else might footing keep,  
Yea, in heart resign'd to meet  
His betrayer's coming feet,  
Gentle were the words He spake,  
Slumber's heaviness to shake  
From His followers sore oppress'd,  
"Sleep on *now*, and take *your* rest,  
For in sinners' hands betray'd,  
On Me is your burden laid."  
Could they at His call awaking,  
But to find the foe o'ertaking,  
Judas, and his armèd band,  
With their LORD the onset stand?  
No! though one with fleshly sword  
Thought to battle for his LORD,  
*Other* weapons JESUS ask'd,  
*Other* might this conflict task'd—  
Sufferance won the victory here,  
While they fled in panic fear.

Brother, in anointed might  
Manhood yet shall win the fight!

Urgent now the voice of love,  
 Slothful slumberers to reprove—  
 “ Watch, and pray, one hour *with Me*,  
 Strengthen’d for love’s agony,  
 And though flesh and heart should fail,  
 Ye shall with the Lamb prevail,  
 Sav’d from Satan’s fearful power  
 In temptation’s coming hour,  
 On earth’s dwellers, every one,  
 Coming swiftly, sparing none !  
 Rouse ye, ere the crown ye lose ;  
 Choose ye, for ye needs must choose,  
 Whether will ye by *My* side  
 One short hour the strife abide,  
 Or in darker, dreader hour  
 Dare the tempter’s fearful power,  
 When, who enter in the strife,  
 Scarce in death shall save their life ? ”

“ Because thou hast kept the word of *My* patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.”



### 30.

“ Your fathers, where are they ? and the prophets, do they live for ever ? ”—“ Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.”—“ This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.”

“ OUR fathers, where are they ? The prophets, do they  
 On immortal life lay hold ?  
 They cease from their plaint, and weary, and faint,  
 Are we better than those of old ? ”

“Nay, ye who are fed with the heav’nly bread,  
And gladden’d with heav’nly wine,  
Shrink not to endure! The promise is sure,  
And is not your strength divine?”

“Our fathers did eat the same spiritual meat,  
And they drank, as we drink to-day,  
Yet they laid them down ere they reach’d the crown,  
And we are not better than they.”

“Did they eat and die? But then know ye *why*?  
’Twas ye wist not what He gave,  
But eat ye in faith of the word He saith—  
Ye shall win them from the grave!

“Yet say not, ‘They fail’d who should have prevail’d,’  
Nor count ye their slumber unbless’d,  
For the body is *one*, and the prize is won  
By no member without the rest.

“Oh! their faith is yours, and their hope endures,  
And they only wait for you,  
Till ye win the grace to behold His face  
With a pure, glad heart, and true!

“Then think not of sleep—seek rather to keep  
Your vigil till CHRIST shall appear.  
He hath not forgot—He tarrieth not—  
Look up, for His coming is near!

“Yea, watch unto prayer, and of this beware,  
That no man take your crown—  
Hold fast what ye have—to the darksome grave  
There are who shall not go down.

“Your fathers did eat the same spiritual meat,  
And they drank of the Rock beside,  
But they won release, and they rest in peace,  
Until that your faith be tried.

“Yet a little while, and their waking smile  
Shall acknowledge their sleep was sweet,  
As on eagle wing, to the skies they spring,  
Their returning LORD to meet.”



## 37.

## The Past and the Present.

E. O.

OH! mourn not that the days are past,  
The glorious days of old,  
When the Church her faith in CHRIST held fast,  
And for the truth was bold.

She stands not now, as once she stood,  
With robe and armour bright;  
For rusted is her armour good,  
And dimm'd her robe of white.

Low as of penitence, her prayer,  
Her brow has bent in dust,  
But still the starry light is there,  
And still unquench'd her trust.

She hath yielded on the battle plain,  
For her standard bearers fainted;  
She hath turn'd from Altar shades to gain  
The bowers by fancy painted.

But the royal heart of grace she knows,  
And the sevenfold pardon given;  
And round her form once more there glows  
The panoply of heaven.

And who may count the faith less dear  
That rises from decay,  
And while the world grows dull and sere,  
Puts on her youth's array,

Than that which erst in sunshine bath'd,  
Sang her baptismal song,  
And yet by conflict all unscath'd,  
Went forth for triumph strong?

The promise hath been grasp'd again  
That cheer'd her onward first,  
And in her heart a prophet strain  
Love born of hope, hath nurs'd.

Now stands the Church within her porch,  
And on her wistful eye  
The lightning flash for bridal torch,  
Streams through the midnight sky.

Ear hath not heard the marriage hymn—  
Eye hath not seen the dower  
Of her, who hopes when faith grows dim,  
Through the long trial hour!

## 32.

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN."

"LIEGEMAN of the martyrs' King,"  
(Did a cross-sign'd maiden sing)  
"Say not when a darkening cloud  
Wraps thee like a funeral shroud,  
And o'ercome with grief erewhile,  
'Thoughts of rest thy soul beguile;  
Say not other hopes are vain—  
Long the watchings! sore the pain!  
And to die is counted gain.

"Hast thou then with Paul endur'd,  
Like him of thy crown assur'd,  
Faithful preacher of the word,  
Living but to serve his LORD,  
Daily dying for His sake,  
Seeking not His bonds to break?  
Did he count *earth's* guerdon dross?  
Yea, my brother, *for the Cross*  
*All* of gain he counted loss.

"Love, my brother, loyal love  
Counteth labours rest above—  
Counts it blessedness to bide  
By the Man of Sorrow's side—  
Would not for sweet sleep forego,  
Fellowship in JESUS' woe,  
Listening to His anguish'd groan,  
And in secret places lone,  
Mingling with His tears her own.

“ Brother, once when sick at heart,  
I too dream’d that to depart,  
And to be with CHRIST at rest,  
For His weary ones were best—  
Trembling in myself the while  
Lest presumption might beguile  
One in perils all untried,  
Faint through weakness, ere noontide,  
Thus a still, small voice replied :—

“ ‘ Hast thou said, To die is gain,  
Rest from labour, ease from pain?  
Yet to *live* is CHRIST; and how  
Gain to CHRIST preferrest thou?  
Strength from hidden fountains gushing  
Thrill’d me, with confusion blushing;  
And I answered, Blessed One,  
Holier hope Thy words have won;  
So in me Thy will be done.

“ Liegeman of the martyrs’ King,”  
(Did a cross-sign’d maiden sing)  
“ Say not then to live is vain,  
And to die is counted gain.  
Nay, my brother, think of some  
Tarrying till their LORD shall come;  
And while He hath need of thee  
Let thy knightly motto be,  
*Gain for others! CHRIST for me!*”



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And while He hath need of thee  
Let thy knightly motto be,  
*Gain for others! CHRIST for me !”*



## 33.

## The Message Confirmed.

O YE, whom GOD hath given  
For help to Israel now,  
On whom for blessing resteth  
The heaven-recorded vow ;  
Ye, who in white apparel  
Stand up His word to bring,  
To comfort Zion's daughter  
With tidings of a King ;

Chide not the heavy-hearted,  
Who, bow'd beneath her chain,  
Hears not for very anguish,  
Or deems your message vain.  
Pangs as of one in travail—  
Ah ! let them utterance find,  
Nor seek in death-like silence  
The struggling life to bind.

And where, if not among you,  
Should Zion's grief find voice ?  
Nor marvel if the captive  
Be tardy to rejoice.  
Have ye the mother's patience,  
The mother's heart of love,  
The wailing of her nursling  
To pity, not reprove ?

And know ye what it teacheth  
When fondly ye essay  
With tidings of salvation  
The heartsick one to stay?  
Not till the hands, long palsied,  
Have found their ancient might,  
Not till the bands are loosèd,  
And she behold the light,

Can Zion's captive daughter  
Lift up her earth-dimm'd brow,  
And change for robes of glory  
Her sackcloth garment now.  
Yea, while for the deliverance  
Her eyes with watching fail,  
No word that lacks confirming,  
Though truthful, can avail.

The Name, the Name upon you  
Must in your deeds appear,  
So shall your words be mighty  
The captive's heart to cheer;  
As when the prophet Moses  
Wrought wonders with his rod,  
The people bow'd and worshipp'd,  
And own'd him sent of GOD—

As when the Church's Bridegroom  
First bade His glory shine,  
And changed at Cana's bridal  
The water into wine,  
By deeds of kingly blessing  
Illumin'd to believe,  
He strengthened the true-hearted  
Their SAVIOUR to receive ;

Though the storm hover  
    Frowning and dark ;  
Though the wave cover  
    The walls of thine ark,  
And Hope's sweet dove for thee  
    Bring not one leaf ;  
Mother, our love for thee  
    Grows with thy grief !

What if her word may be  
    Void of command !  
What if the sword we see  
    Drop from her hand !  
Shall we not fear her ?  
    Dare we forget her ?  
Cling we the nearer !  
    Love we the better !  
Let our thoughts only paint  
    What she hath been,  
Meek as a lonely saint,  
    Crown'd as a queen !  
Where she lies dumbly,  
Gather we humbly  
    Kneeling, and say,  
" Powerless and lonely,  
Speak, whisper only,  
    We will obey !"

No idle sigh for her !  
Ye, who would die for her,  
Nerve ye to live for her,  
Suffer and strive for her ;  
Pray for her tearfully,  
Hope for her fearfully,

Let your tears rain on her,  
Till each foul stain on her,  
    Pass from the sight,  
And there remain on her,  
    Robes of pure white !

By the dews of thy morning,  
    Holy and soft,—  
By words of sweet warning,  
    Utter'd so oft,—  
By accents adoring,  
    Daily which rise  
Where spires upsoaring  
    Pierce the deep skies—  
By Him whose mission  
    Gave not in vain  
The awful commission,  
    “Remit, and retain !”  
By the life which thou livest  
    Ev'n now in thy shame—  
By the *food* which thou givest,  
    We dare not to name—  
By the gifts that are in thee,  
    Power, faith, and purity,  
Seek we to win thee  
    From sloth and obscurity ;  
Answer our loyalty,  
    Waiting and weeping !  
Put on thy royalty !  
    Rise from thy sleeping !

Take thine old place again  
    Where stars are bright,  
And from GOD's face again  
    Drink deathless light !

Rise and subdue to thee  
All as of old,  
Those that were true to thee,  
Those that were cold,—  
Children, who pained thee,  
Tyrants, who took thee,  
Foes, who disdain'd thee,  
Friends, who forsook thee.  
Yes, all shall gaze on thee,  
Showering their praise on thee,  
As those pure rays on thee  
Visibly shine ;  
Earth, now no home for thee,  
Then shall become for thee  
One mighty shrine,  
One vast community,  
Known by its unity,  
Truly divine !

Call ye this vanity,  
Work never done,  
Which poor humanity  
Mars ere begun ?  
Nay, no despair for us !  
Think on CHRIST's prayer for us,  
“ *Let them be one !* ”  
Ear to the thunder dull,  
Sense-blinded eye,  
GOD still is wonderful,  
CHRIST yet is nigh !

## 35.

## Response to the foregoing.

YEA, brethren, hear ye not  
Voices reply ?  
True of heart, fear ye not,  
"CHRIST yet is nigh!"  
His promise cannot fail;  
Still doth His grace prevail,  
Striving to bless.  
Ah, by the word of power  
Thrilling your hearts this hour !  
Ye too confess,  
Help from GOD's altar  
Sent to His own,  
Lest ye should falter,  
Ye too have known !  
Ye see not, it may be,  
Who minister there—  
Ye skill not, it may be,  
His answer to prayer,  
But ye eat and are strong,  
And ye take up our song,  
And we in joyfulness  
Answer to you,  
Hailing your trustfulness,  
Faithful and true !  
We too would sing to you  
Songs GOD hath taught;

Ask ye for warranty  
Whose may such mission be ?  
Not in uncertainty  
    Shall ye remain.  
Yet think how Joseph seem'd  
One who of folly dream'd,  
    Boyish and vain,  
And from his story learn,  
Elder ones may not spurn  
    *All* words of youth.  
Prove ye what others say ;  
Cast ye the lie away,  
    Hold fast the truth.  
Stand in your places still,  
Working your FATHER's will ;  
Look not at ages past,  
What ye have, hold ye fast—  
Strong in faith, make not haste—  
    All shall be plain !  
Seek not to seven-hill'd Rome ;  
Wait till deliverance come,  
    Wait, not in vain !

Living epistle, lo !  
All men may read and know,  
    Yet shall be given ;  
And when a Kingly word  
Cometh from CHRIST the LORD,  
    Bonds shall be riven !  
Heed not the lie foretold,  
    “ Lo ! here—lo ! there ”—  
Were ye not warn'd of old ?  
    Of such beware !  
One standeth at your side  
    Mighty to save !



Still in His Church abide  
     Gifts that He gave !  
 Would ye a token  
     Proving Him nigh ?  
 Words He hath spoken—  
     Pass them not by !  
 Words by our risen Head  
 Unto *apostles* said,  
     Wondrous as true !  
 “Lo!” (as though teaching us  
 Thenceforth to seek Him thus)  
     “ I am with *you*,”  
 Said He not, “ alway,  
     Ev’n to the end ?”  
 Look out—where are they  
     Whom He doth send ?  
 Sent not by other men,  
     Nor by man’s will !  
 Thus, till He come again,  
     Find ye Him still !



## 36.

## The Link between Faith and Love.

“ Now abideth Faith, HOPE, Charity,”  
 “ Ye are saved by *hope*.”

O YE, whose hearts are burning  
     With zeal that love inspires,  
 In secret and in silence  
     Nurse up your high desires.

Ye shall not lack occasion  
Your hardihood to prove ;  
Ye yet may win the guerdon  
Of royal faith and love.

Hold fast the hope's rejoicing,  
Most precious, and most pure,  
So shall ye not grow weary  
But to the end endure.  
Because of hope that enters  
Within the glory vail  
Your faith shall be unfeignèd,  
Your love shall never fail.

Yea, nought but *hope* shall save you  
And strengthen to abide  
While patience is made perfect,  
And faith by waiting tried.  
Faint-hearted ones may waver,  
But ye shall walk with GOD,  
And where ye have your treasure,  
Shall be your hearts' abode.

Ye shall not think of seeking  
In Baca's vale a rest,  
But on the Rock's high places  
Shall be the eagle's nest.  
Mount Zion's steep ascending,  
Ye shall renew your strength,  
Till eagle wings upbear you  
To meet your LORD at length.

Yet if for that ye see not,  
Such heavenly *hope* be given,  
Will ye not wait with patience  
Till every bond be riven ?

Yea, for the *hope* of glory,  
 Though hidden in the grave,  
 Shall never make ashamed,  
 Shall never fail to save!

Know ye when all around you  
 Is mantled by the snow,  
 How nurtur'd in earth's bosom,  
 The springtide flowerets grow?  
 Lo! thus the hope He quicken'd,  
 Whose word our spirits bow'd,  
 But gathereth strength and beauty  
 Beneath the burial shroud.

There warm at heart, it buddeth—  
 It waiteth but a while  
 To burst in new-born brightness,  
 And win creation's smile.  
 Oh, when her shrouded treasures  
 Earth's bosom shall disclose,  
 How will the desert gladden,  
 And blossom as the rose!

But ye, oh, ye Belovèd!  
 On whom such hope is laid,  
 To future generations  
 Shall it be still betray'd?  
 And will ye fold the banner  
 Ye thought to lift on high,  
 And ask but with your fathers  
 To lay you down, and die?

Yea, thus of old Elijah  
 Pour'd forth his hopeless plaint;  
 And *he who won translation*  
 Was by the wayside faint;

Ye shall not lack occasion  
Your hardihood to prove ;  
Ye yet may win the guerdon  
Of royal faith and love.

Hold fast the hope's rejoicing,  
Most precious, and most pure,  
So shall ye not grow weary  
But to the end endure.  
Because of hope that enters  
Within the glory vail  
Your faith shall be unfeignèd,  
Your love shall never fail.

Yea, nought but *hope* shall save you  
And strengthen to abide  
While patience is made perfect,  
And faith by waiting tried.  
Faint-hearted ones may waver,  
But ye shall walk with GOD,  
And where ye have your treasure,  
Shall be your hearts' abode.

Ye shall not think of seeking  
In Baca's vale a rest,  
But on the Rock's high places  
Shall be the eagle's nest.  
Mount Zion's steep ascending,  
Ye shall renew your strength,  
Till eagle wings upbear you  
To meet your LORD at length.

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Such heavenly *hope* be given,  
Will ye not wait with patience  
Till every bond be riven ?

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 Is mantled by the snow,  
 How nurtur'd in earth's bosom,  
 The springtide flowerets grow?  
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 Whose word our spirits bow'd,  
 But gathereth strength and beauty  
 Beneath the burial shroud.

There warm at heart, it buddeth—  
 It waiteth but a while  
 To burst in new-born brightness,  
 And win creation's smile.  
 Oh, when her shrouded treasures  
 Earth's bosom shall disclose,  
 How will the desert gladden,  
 And blossom as the rose!

But ye, oh, ye Belovèd!  
 On whom such hope is laid,  
 To future generations  
 Shall it be still betray'd?  
 And will ye fold the banner  
 Ye thought to lift on high,  
 And ask but with your fathers  
 To lay you down, and die?

Yea, thus of old Elijah  
 Pour'd forth his hopeless plaint;  
 And *he* who *won translation*  
 Was by the wayside faint;

But twice the angel touch'd him,  
 And bade him rise and eat,  
 Till strengthen'd to press onward  
 By that celestial meat.

And will ye yield to slumber,  
 To whom by angels given,  
 The meat and drink eternal  
 Are minister'd from heaven?  
 Nay, but your strength renewing,  
 Life thrills through every vein,  
 And in the heart reviveth  
 Hope's own prophetic strain—

“O ye, whose hearts are burning  
 With zeal that love inspires,  
 In secret and in silence  
 Nurse up your high desires.  
 Ye shall not lack occasion  
 Your hardihood to prove;  
 Ye yet may win the guerdon  
 Of royal faith and love.”

Think ye the host of martyrs  
 Have left no crowns for you?  
 Think ye that there remaineth  
 No witness work to do?  
 Think ye the foe is powerless,  
 Or that his worst is done?  
 Nay, but a conflict cometh  
 Ye may not hope to shun.

It cometh on the faithful—  
 It finds them in array!  
 It cometh on the dreamers,  
 And where—oh! *where* are *they*!

*Then* look ye for no respite  
To gird your armour on,  
Lest ere ye find your weapons  
The fight be lost and won !

Yea, by the sign upon you,  
And by the Name ye bear,  
And by the Red Cross banner  
Committed to your care,  
And by the lie unsilenc'd,  
And by the oppressèd's plaint,  
And by the graves around you,  
Where slumbers many a saint ;

Ye have to bear your witness,  
It may be unto blood !  
Ye have to stand undaunted  
Where once Apostles stood.  
Ye have to lift the banner,  
With rainbow radiance bright,  
To leave the foil'd usurper  
No pennon save of *night*—

While faithful ones confess you  
In sevenfold glory fair,  
And read upon your standard  
Truth's fulness blazon'd there ;  
Ye have to still the avenger,  
To give him back the lie—  
Ye have to loose the prisoners,  
Or e'er ye mount on high.

Oh, but in sternest conflict  
The victory must be won !  
And fiery is the trial  
That proveth every one !

So gird ye for the onset  
 While breathing space ye find,  
 And watch and pray unwearied,  
 Each in the place assign'd.

1845.



## 37.

## The Church's Amen.

"I called upon Thy Name, O LORD, out of the dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice; hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry."

It was not as in olden time,  
 When in the House of Prayer,  
 Of multitudes the voice sublime  
 Swell'd the responses there,  
 Like thunder answering from on high  
 The suppliant people's Litany.

Yet listening to a hush'd "Amen,"  
 I marvell'd at its power,  
 And earnest thoughts came o'er me then,  
 Of JESUS' suffering hour,  
 And that brief prayer, "Thy will be done,"  
 Which seal'd the obedience of the SON.



There are, who think the Church's prayer  
A thing of calm and ease,  
Who never wrestled with despair  
Alone upon their knees.  
Nor deem'd the tempted one's, "Amen,"  
Might ask an angel's help again.

Yea, but to breathe *that word* shall prove  
Anointed manhood's might,  
The quenchless energy of love  
In death's and hell's despite,  
Till agony shall end in rest,  
Sonship and Fatherhood confess'd!

"And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him; and being in an agony He prayed more earnestly, and He said, 'Abba, FATHER, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from Me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt.'"



## 38.

## The Hour of Prayer.

FEW in number, but very few,  
Were all whom man could see—  
Only two with the Priests of GOD  
Worshipp'd on bended knee,  
Proving the word that JESUS spake  
To the gather'd two or three.

Yet a thousand thousand the pulses were  
That beat in each deep Amen,  
And the prayerful heart of many a saint  
Found utterance there and then,  
What time they follow'd their daily task  
'Mong the busy haunts of men.

There were who felt as if angel hands  
Were effacing the lines of care  
From the brow of age, till it seem'd again  
As an infant's, smooth and fair,  
With but the sign and the seal of faith  
Impress'd in its brightness there!

How many a mourner's starting tear  
Was glistening ere it fell!  
How many a murmuring thought was sham'd  
By the breath of that holy spell!  
Though whence, and whither, it came and went,  
Perchance but few might tell.

But the joy was won from the House of Prayer  
Where the two or three were found  
In the solemn worship of those who knew  
That the place was holy ground,  
And that JESUS Himself was in their midst,  
And His Heavenly Hosts around!

*Without* were sounds of the work-day world,  
With its ceaseless toil and strife,  
And the poor beneath their burdens groan'd,  
And the rich 'neath the pride of life;  
Whithersoever the eye might glance,  
Vexation and care were rife.

But *within* it was as the brooding calm  
 Of outstretch'd angel wings,  
 And weary ones found their strength renew'd  
 As they drank of the living springs,  
 And pour'd their trust in each holy psalm,  
 And sang as childhood sings.

Few in number, yes, very few  
 Were all whom man could see,  
 But faith only joy'd the more to know  
 Of a countless company—  
 The Church of the Firstborn, and Angel Hosts  
 Were there with the two or three !



## 39.

## A Battle Song.

O BE of good courage, ye faithful few,  
 Though ye seem to stand alone,  
 While the Red Cross banner its drooping fold  
 O'er a martyr'd host hath thrown.

They fought the good fight  
 In their watch by night  
 But they might not endure for aye—  
 Their guerdon unwon  
 Though their work was done,  
 They sank, as in mortal fray.

Powerless ye deem them, yet silent might  
 To their voiceless prayer belongs ;  
 Ye shall prove it soon when they lead the way  
 In the morn's triumphal songs.

And ye may not weep  
 For the saints who sleep,  
 As in hopeless, helpless woe.  
 In their footprints ye tread;  
 Ye stand in their stead  
 To avenge them of the foe.

Though the darts come thick through the fearful night,  
 And ye see your comrades fall,  
 It is but to rest from the strife betimes—  
 It shall not be thus with all—  
 There are, who shall stand  
 With their sword in hand,  
 And salvation's helm on head,  
 Unscath'd mid the slain  
 On the battle plain,  
 Whence the vaunting foe hath fled.



## 40.

"I PRAYED TO GOD TO AVENGE ME OF DEATH."

ED. IRVING.

O DEATH, thou keen insulting enemy,  
 Here, kneeling lonely in this desolate room  
 I have pray'd sore to be aveng'd of thee  
 For this thy cruel deed; and from the gloom  
 Of the dark entrance chamber of the tomb,  
 Now go I forth once more, from this sharp hour  
 To fight against thee, battling manfully  
 With that fell Prince, who gives thee all thy power;  
 And mighty is the arm that strengthens me!  
 Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower

To hide my bleeding heart, oh ! then the thought  
 Of that sweet victim ravished from my side,  
 And Him Who to redeem thy captives died,  
 Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

From Poems by the REV. THOS. WHYTEHEAD.

March 17th, 1845.



# 41.

“DUST SHALL BE THE SERPENT'S MEAT.”

Faint, yes, faint on the battle plain,  
 Weeping sore o'er the newly slain,  
 With a nerveless hand as I grasp'd the sword,  
 Light from above was around me pour'd !

It came on my grief like the lightning flash  
 When the midnight gloom is riven,  
 And words that burst like the thunder's crash  
 To the burning thought were given !  
 No railing words, but the righteous doom  
 That our Judge pronounc'd on thee,  
 That cursèd above every beast of the field,  
 O serpent ! thou shouldest be.  
 Yes, herb for the cattle, for every beast  
 Hath the LORD provided meat,  
 But for ever thou art a groveller now,  
 And dust only shalt thou eat !

And, O mine enemy ! boast thou not  
 That to death thy work hath sped,  
 For the bruised heel is the one that yet  
 Shall trample upon thy head !

And even now that my heart is wrung  
At thought of the grave's decay,  
I know that thy sting hath but downward pass'd,  
And that dust is all thy prey!  
Thou may'st feed on this, but the soul hath scap'd  
As a bird from the fowler's snare,  
While He Whose image thou wouldest destroy,  
Shall answer our weeping prayer.

He shall plead our cause though we bear our shame,  
As we give our dust to dust,  
And Hades and death shall His might proclaim,  
And uninjur'd yield their trust.  
Oh, the broken heart hath its own repose  
In thought of His mercy's deep!  
Earth helpeth the woman, engulphing thy flood,  
Her wilderness hiding to keep.  
Yea, the very dust over which we ask'd,  
"And shall it declare His praise?"  
Shall yet find a tongue, when thou liest dumb,  
The rejoicing song to raise.

We answer thee not, but He Who in love  
A brand from the burning took,  
His branch of renown shall with glory crown,  
And the vengeful foe rebuke;  
Yea, glorious garments for robes defil'd  
Shall be to His chosen given,  
And the might of Michael shall cast thee down  
From thy place usurp'd in heaven.  
And even on earth, lo! the goodness of GOD  
Overreacheth thy fell despite—  
The world He so lov'd shall His glory own,  
When thou crouchest in silence of night!

Lo ! thou that of old would'st exalt thy throne  
On high o'er the starry skies,  
As a prostrate foe art condemn'd to go,  
And thou never more shalt rise,  
Craving a shroud where thou soughtest a shrine  
Which thou mightest not find on high,  
Thou hast labour'd sore from the days of yore  
To spread thy poisonous lie,  
Tempting with bribes as thou temptedst Eve,  
O serpent, most accurs'd !  
Stinging to death where thy wiles deceive  
Hearts that the viper nurs'd !

With chains of darkness lost spirits are bound,  
And such have bound thee long,  
Though thy lengthening trail by the slime is found,  
And by all deceitful wrong.  
In the Church's heart, though she bade depart,  
Thou hast dar'd to seek a home ;  
In the very temple of GOD Himself  
Thou hast not forborne to come.  
Did'st thou think to robe thee in flesh of man,  
In mockery of the LORD,  
To win thee an arm to work thy will,  
And a voice to speak thy word ?

And daredst thou hope that thy captive *thus*  
Of the tree of life might eat ?  
Lo ! the cherubim kept the way for us,  
And dust only was thy meat !  
The shrine thou hast won is a mouldering shrine,  
And a dungeon yet may prove,—  
For his own pitfall shall the foe enthrall,  
While the freed ones soar above.

Yea, the fleshly form thou hast sought may be  
     In narrowest space confin'd,  
 And for robe of glory a torturing shroud  
     Shall the first deceiver bind.

In the lake of fire, whence thou canst not pass,  
     Shall the judgment be fulfill'd,  
 And the harpers stand on a sea of glass,  
     The roar of whose waves is still'd.  
 GOD's fair creation shall then rejoice,  
     Firm built o'er the stable flood,  
 And redeemèd ones, with exulting voice,  
     Shall proclaim it "*very good*."  
 The triumph of mercy shall then be seen,  
     And the BRIDEGROOM's rest be found,  
 While the emerald bow, with its softest sheen,  
     Shall the throne of our GOD surround.

Thus my grief grew calm, and I felt the balm  
     Assuaging the burning pain,  
 And the tears that fell, might of sorrow tell,  
     But they did not fall in vain,  
 While hope whisper'd on, "If the night seem long,  
     Look out for the streaks of dawn,  
 And in stillness list for the burst of song,  
     And the waking joy of morn!  
 Thou know'st not how swiftly at break of day,  
     The shadows that shroud thee now,  
 Shall flee far away from the glory ray,  
     That shall touch the uplifted brow.

---

Sweet the strain on mine ear that fell,  
 "Awake and sing, ye, in dust that dwell!  
 Fragrant the scent of the dewy dawn—  
 Awake and sing, for the joy of morn!"



## 42.

## The Trial of Faith.

'Twas a little band whom the LORD of old  
To His servant Gideon gave—  
By the feeble hand of three hundred men,  
His people He sent to save,  
Who bow'd not the knee by the water's side,  
Their parchèd lips to lave.

Their loins were girt, and they stood in their might  
As baptizèd men should stand,  
And they drank of the water in knightly guise  
From the hollow of their hand,  
Approving themselves in their captain's sight  
A valiant and faithful band.

Oh, the hero-heart of obedient faith  
Was but in three hundred found !  
They rush'd not to battle as warriors rush  
With a wild tumultuous sound,  
But with trumpet, and pitcher, and lamp, they stood  
The enemy's camp around.

The pitcher was broken, the trumpet blown,  
And they held their lamps on high,  
And the light flash'd fear on the startled foe,  
Wherever he turned to fly,  
For "THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON"  
rung  
In his ears, like a conqueror's cry

And whence was the might in that fearful night  
Of that small devoted band ?  
It was that THE SWORD OF THE LORD OF HOSTS  
Was THE SWORD IN GIDEON'S HAND,  
And their only part was with steadfast heart  
In the place assign'd to stand.

And where are the few ? yea, where are the few  
To stand in their place to-day,  
Nor turn as the hosts of the fearful do  
From the glorious work away,  
While the hostile bands like the countless sands  
Lie camp'd in battle array ?

And yet who would fear with the few to stand,  
And the onset who would shun,  
Who knows that the sword in his Leader's hand  
With the sword of the LORD is one,  
Even His, Who once in our mortal flesh  
The pledge of our victory won ?

'Twas a little band, a despisèd band  
In the upper room of old,  
When the cloven tongues as of fire, came down,  
Most glorious to behold,  
And to every one in his mother tongue  
GOD'S wondrous works were told !

'Twas a solemn time and a joy sublime  
When the HOLY GHOST was shed,  
And far and wide in the enemy's camp  
The terror and tumult spread,  
For the word of the LORD was a piercing sword,  
And the hosts of darkness fled.

Hath the marvel ceas'd? Hath the marvel ceas'd?  
Have we lost the Heavenly power?  
Or hath not the Church through many a day  
Forgotten her bridal dower,  
Till the page that tells of *apostles' acts*,  
Tells but of our shame this hour?

Yet be of good cheer, nor in craven fear  
Turn back from your post by night,  
But see that the lamp in each pitcher burn clear,  
Though hidden a quenchless light,  
And know that not ye, but the LORD of Hosts  
Shall against the oppressor fight.

Oh, not by many, nor yet by few  
Doth JEHOVAH save His own,  
But the sure defence of Omnipotence  
Is around the trustful thrown,  
That glory and might, dominion and right  
May be given to Him alone!

They drew not the sword who stood at His word  
The enemy's camp around,  
But their trumpets gave no uncertain blast  
When their captain bade them sound,  
And at crash of their pitchers, the lamps within  
Were for terror and glory found.

Are ye brought as they—are ye brought as they  
To the living waters' brink,  
That the chivalrous truth of the hero-heart  
May be prov'd as least ye think,  
By the manner wherein ye stoop, or stand,  
Of the gladdening stream to drink?

There are who weary, and worn, and faint,  
A fuller refreshment crave,  
And they have their part though they bow them down  
Their parchèd lips to lave,  
Unblam'd as those who on bended knee  
Would drink of the sparkling wave.

Yet in manlier might, the seal'd for the fight,  
A chosen and faithful few,  
Shall drink as they stand from the palm of their hand  
As their Leader taught to do,  
With uplifted head, and unfaltering tread,  
Unsway'd from their purpose true.

Pentecost, 1846.

VERSES ADDED AFTERWARDS.

Yea, hear ye the word that comes from the LORD,  
If your place be with the tried,  
Who have not pass'd to their homes away,  
Nor bow'd by the water side—  
“Be strong, for ye stand in no fleshly might,  
Who stand on JEHOVAH'S side!”

Let the pitcher be broken, the vessel of earth,  
Nor seek ye the flesh to spare,  
Seek but that the light shine undimm'd and bright,  
That erewhile was kindled there,  
For no flickering ray the unshrouding may  
And the trumpet's sounding bear!

1846.



## 43.

## The Household Sorrow.

“What, my son? and what, the son of my womb? and what, the son of my vows?”

METHOUGHT I heard our Mother's voice, as one that  
plaineth sore,  
Bemoaning many a hero-son, her hope and joy of yore:  
She grieveth for the laggard hearts that warmly beat  
of old,  
And tears bedew the earth-dimm'd names in saintly  
list enroll'd.

She sent them with her blessing forth to win their  
calling's prize,  
And bade them in the might of faith all earthly gain  
despise.  
She hid not that the goal was won through peril, toil,  
and blood—  
Nay, but she bade them count the cost in calm and  
thoughtful mood.

She told them, (ah, she told them true!) of things  
from sight conceal'd,  
And bade them weigh in wisdom's scale the glories  
unreveal'd:  
For weariness and painfulness, she told of rest in  
store,  
And for the Cross in meekness borne, she set the joy  
before.

The joy that once their LORD upheld His travail's  
fruit to see,  
The many sons to glory brought, gems of His crown  
to be!  
She bade them to the lost ones tell a Saviour's pitying  
love,  
Nor deem'd that in self-pleasing ways, her messengers  
would rove.

She saw them as a mother sees the children of her vow,  
The pledge of parents' holiest hopes engraven on their  
brow,  
And joy'd she not in all their joy, before their Saviour's  
feet,  
To lay their all and count no less to Him were offer-  
ing meet?

But where is now the zeal that once could joy in  
sacrifice,  
And loathe, as hero-hearts should loathe, all tamper-  
ing with the price?  
And how might earthly things beguile the eagle-  
glance that soar'd  
Through opening heavens where round the throne the  
glory-light was pour'd?

And where the guileless faith that read the word of  
JESUS plain,  
How who would save their life shall lose, while they  
who lose it, gain?  
But had the knightly zeal been thus by self-denial  
nurs'd,  
They had not fallen from the love their actions wit-  
ness'd erst.

O ye, for whom our Mother weeps, and JESUS deigns  
to wait,  
Will ye not think upon your vows, ere tears shall flow  
too late ?  
A shadow at the household board ! a voice of wail for  
you,  
Lest prophet words should glance aside from children  
prov'd untrue !

Yet o'er you while ye roam afar, the Father's heart  
doth yearn ;  
He spares His festal cheer against the prodigal's  
return.  
The love that penitence endears should cancel every  
wrong ;  
So should ye dry your Mother's tears, and wake the  
voice of song !



## 44.

## Christ in His Church.

“ I saw seven golden candlesticks ; and in the midst of the seven  
candlesticks One like unto the Son of Man.”

SEEM all things growing old,  
Faith and hope failing,  
Even love waxing cold,  
Evil prevailing ?  
Still through the weary night  
Where shines the seven-branch'd light,  
Walketh One cloth'd in white,

Dimly descried;  
His was the breath that fann'd;  
His the upholding hand;  
His care supplied  
Lamps that with oil drops fed,  
Crown-like their lustre shed,  
Radiant as soft!  
But for this, be ye sure,  
Ne'er might the light endure,  
Flickering so oft.

Lo! when we deem'd it gone,  
Watching in fear anon,  
Brightly the glory shone  
Even as when  
Stars that through misty veil  
Erewhile were waxing pale,  
Gleam out again;  
Token that One was nigh,  
Watching with sleepless eye,  
Passing in mercy by,  
Kindling anew  
Faith, hope, and charity,  
In whose pure clarity  
Steadfast and true,  
Heavenly unfoldings we  
Through the rent veil may see  
As in a glass,  
Where the gate open stands  
And the bright angel bands  
Pass and repass;  
Yea, upon mortal brow  
Resteth the glory now



Shed from His throne,  
And we in fleshly veil  
Angels with reverence hail,  
Sent to His own.

CHRIST hath not left us lone :  
Nay, when He seemeth gone,  
In our midst, though unknown,  
He dwelleth still,  
Ready His grace to pour  
As in the days of yore,  
With His Church evermore  
Working His will.  
Still by the Priestly grace  
Faith doth the Presence trace,  
Never withdrawn.  
One like the SON of Man  
Doth what He only can,  
Of Mary born,  
As with a brother's voice,  
Bidding our hearts rejoice,  
Chiding our fear ;  
Breathing unearthly might,  
Yet to our feeble sight,  
Tempering His glory's light,  
So drawing near.  
Mortal the form we saw,  
Yet did we own the awe,  
Shadowing our earnest gaze,  
As from the glory blaze—  
Mortal lips spake to us,  
Mortal hands brake to us

Bread from above.  
CHRIST'S was each priestly act,  
Making the word a fact,  
Sealing His love.

Taunt ye His Church as left  
Orphan'd, of hope bereft?  
Scorners beware!  
Soon may the lightning flash,  
Soon may the thunder crash  
Tell *Who is there*.

“The LORD of hosts is with us, the GOD of Jacob is our Refuge.”



## 45.

“Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations.”

'Twas the tempted One Who spake,  
Tried and tempted for our sake,  
When betrayal's keenest smart  
Wrung His more than brother's heart;  
Then with agony in view  
Looking on the faithful few,  
JESUS spake the words whose power  
Through temptation's dreariest hour  
Nerves each saintly soul to bear,  
Worn, yet watching unto prayer,  
Asking not to fall on sleep,  
But for strength the watch to keep.

Strength in oneness thou shalt prove  
One in faith, and hope, and love,  
One with many a sleeping saint,  
One with watchers, lone, and faint,  
Lone to sight, yet closely bound  
To their brethren all around,  
For in separateness be sure  
None the conflict may endure.  
One alone, the LORD of life,  
*Single* might essay the strife—  
None but He Who is the Light,  
Through the dread and starless night,  
Might endure the depths to know  
Of unutterable woe,  
When His blood bedew'd the ground,  
*Ere the Life a channel found,*  
While beneath the olive shade,  
Thrice His anguish'd prayer He made,  
Prostrate falling on His face,  
Awestruck at our foul disgrace.

Godhead might was laid aside ;  
Faith alone His strength supplied.  
In his weakness perfect made,  
(Lowly born of mortal maid !)  
While His human heart was fain,  
Help from brotherhood to gain,  
Seeking thrice the chosen three,  
Partners in His watch to be,  
"Sit ye there," to others said,  
They alone were onwards led,  
Yet not even they might brook  
On His agony to look,  
*Might* not, for the flesh was weak,  
Power divine was yet to seek—

Not ere from His wounded side  
 Freely gush'd the crimson tide,  
 Could they, willing though they were,  
 With their LORD the conflict dare.

Yet methinks through veil of sleep  
 Somewhat might be won to keep,  
 Memories of that wondrous prayer,  
 Love triumphant o'er despair !  
 Dimly in prophetic gleam  
 Of the mystery may we deem,  
 When the life-drops to the ground  
 One by one with heavy sound,  
 Falling like a wasted thing,  
 (Doom for slighted grace to bring !)  
 Seem'd but tolling as they fell  
 Some lost spirit's awful knell,  
 Scornful of love's travail pain,  
 Waited for, besought in vain !

Is the night of sorrow past ?  
 Morning gladness come at last,  
 Brightness of an Easter day,  
 Chasing shadows far away ?  
 And are we to keep no more  
 Fast and vigil as of yore ?

Nay, my Brother, love imparts  
 Truer love to chasten'd hearts.  
 CHRIST is risen, yet all around  
 Seal'd sepulchres are found,  
 And the members onward led  
 In the footprints of our Head,  
 Agoniz'd and tempted still,  
 Sufferings as of CHRIST fulfil !

Brother, hath He said to thee  
 " Watch and pray one hour with Me,"

While the many slumber on,  
Heedless how their rest is won !  
Wilt thou act or answer "Nay?"  
Wilt thou also go away?  
Wilt thou add a pang to those  
JESUS in His liveness knows?  
Wilt thou not in might of love  
Joy thine hardihood to prove,  
Reckless or of ease or rest,  
In endurance doubly blest,  
While those *words* of holiest cheer  
Sufferings by His side endear?

Think what time thy soul is sad,  
How they yet shall make thee glad,  
When in glory He shall say  
To the faithful, "Ye are they  
Who in sore temptations tried,  
Turn'd not from your Captain's side!"

May I tell thee memories stor'd  
In my heart of gladdenings pour'd  
Round me as my watch I kept,  
Weeping sore while others slept?

Yea, with "gems of living light"  
Many a martyr's crown was bright,  
Yet (to utter all my thought)  
Richer grace the glory wrought  
Round their brows ordain'd to stand  
With the Lamb, a virgin band,  
Shrinking not their foot to place  
Wheresoever His they trace;  
Death in life, and life in death,  
Manifest in every breath!  
Once to die seem'd less than this,  
Less of suffering, less of bliss,

Than with JESUS still to bear,  
 And in life His passion share.  
 Like the drear Gethsemane  
 Calvary's darkness scarce might be,  
 And each drop by anguish wrung  
 Ere upon the cross He hung,  
 Shone, methought, a costlier gem  
 In the SAVIOUR's diadem !  
 So when others fall on sleep,  
 Still the weary watch to keep,  
 Though love's labour seemeth lost,  
 And desertion thins the host—  
 While the darkness darker grows  
 Till we know not friends from foes,  
 And the few in perils tried  
 Sink o'erwearied by our side,  
 Holding fast the hope He gave  
 Yet to win them from the grave,  
 To endurance doubly vow'd,  
 In repentance lowlier bow'd ;  
*This*, though late, the fruit shall be  
 Which CHRIST waiteth long to see,  
 Fruit for contrite mourners meet,  
 Lowly laid before His feet.  
*This* shall win (oh ! be thou sure)  
 Gladness that shall aye endure,  
 Not in selfishness apart,  
 Bliss of every saintly heart,  
 Like a circle widening round  
 Through creation's utmost bound,  
 Widening round, and deepening still,  
 All eternity to fill !

Brother, with such joy in view,  
 Be thou of the saintly few.

Shrink not in thy place to stand  
One of David's hero band,  
His afflictions fain to share,  
Steadfast, watching unto prayer!



## 46.

## David's Three Mightiest.

“ These things did these three mightiest.”

WARRIOR bold, of purpose true,  
Ask not “ What remains to do ?  
Who in these degenerate days  
May on high the standard raise ?  
Who, like saints of old renown,  
Yet may win the martyr's crown ? ”  
Names in heaven may yet be won—  
Deeds approv'd in heaven be done.  
Mid the apostolic band  
Some like pillars yet may stand—  
Some there are who shall attain  
Praise as of the three to gain,  
First of David's company,  
Chiefest of his chivalry ;  
Who to quench their captain's thirst  
Through the arm'd Philistines burst,  
Jeoparding their lives to bring  
Water from the guarded spring,  
Flowing early, flowing late,  
Fresh and clear, by Bethlehem's gate.

Costly draught, and meetly priz'd,  
Nor by GOD Himself despis'd,  
Counted worthy to be pour'd  
For drink offering to the LORD !

Doth not still the spark endure  
Of devotion high and pure,  
Seeking not our life to save,  
Freely giving as *He* gave,  
By Whose badge upon our brow  
We are pledg'd for David's vow,\*  
Tented soldiers to remain,  
Till the Temple Rest we gain ?

Yea ! and some whose woman's heart  
In the struggle bears a part,  
Like the Mother of our LORD,  
Treasuring up each faithful word,  
Lowly bow'd in prayer apart,  
Conscious of the bitter smart,  
Fain in agony to stay  
Till the dark hour pass away,  
Strong in undespairing love,  
Helpers of your faith may prove.

Though perchance ye may not hear  
Voice or step to tell them near,  
Felt, not seen, their gentle aiding,  
Household bowers their pathway shading.  
Quiet homes may now conceal them,  
Troublous times may yet reveal them—  
Like the saintly Marys three  
Nigh the Cross their place shall be  
Who in glory round the Throne,  
Virgin followers, CHRIST shall own !

\* Psalm cxxxii., 1st and 5th verses.



47.

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Isaiah xxi., 10th and 12th verses.

THE burden of Dumah\*—

A voice out of Seir,†

Response from silent depths

Waiting to hear

Amid the tempest's hush,

Thrilling and clear!

"What of the night, watchman?

What of the night?"

"Know ye the morn cometh,

Also the night,

Blackness of outer gloom!

Radiance of light!"

Yea, for CHRIST's weary ones

Morn's joy is near.

But for the revellers

Utterance of fear,

Starting from festal board

Wailing to hear!

\* Dumah, Heb. *silence*.

† Seir, Heb. *tempest*.

Wailing of those who stand  
Outside the door,  
Speeding to buy the oil,  
Slothful no more!  
Yet knocking vainly now,  
That entering o'er!

Had these forestall'd the feast,  
Drunken by night?  
Nay they were virgin ones,  
Children of light,  
And the lamps given them,  
Erewhile burn'd bright!

Lacking oil, those they ask'd  
Had not to spare—  
Hear how the wise in heart  
Answer their prayer,  
“Go ye to them that sell,  
Buy ye it there.

“Oil that for *one* may serve,  
Serves not for *two*,  
Nor is it ours to give  
Oil unto you;  
Buying, we may not sell,  
There are that do.”

Buy, for ye yet may buy,  
Grudge ye no cost!  
Press through *Gethsemane*,\*  
Ere *all* be lost!  
So may ye overtake  
A martyr host!

\* Gethsemane, Heb. *valley* of oil.

Yet when the door is shut,  
 Mournful the wail,  
 While at the festal board  
 Faces turn pale!  
 Seek ye the oil betimes,  
 Ere your lights fail!

Hath not the midnight cry  
 Rung in your ear,  
 Telling the Bridegroom comes?  
 Solemn the cheer!  
 Now let the virgins rise,  
 For He is near!

Yea, hath the drowsiness  
 Over you crept?  
 Have ye *all* slumber'd long?  
 Have ye *all* slept,  
 Wise ones, as foolish ones,  
 Vigil who kept?

Rouse ye! The time is short—  
 Spare ye no toil!  
 Trim your lamps! Take with you  
 Vessels of oil!  
 Robes for the Bridal meet,  
 Keep ye from soil!

Are ye prepar'd for Him?  
 Burn your lamps bright,  
 Lest He should pass you by  
 In the dark night?  
 Go forth to meet Him now,  
 Children of light!

"What of the night, watchman?  
What of the night?"  
"Yea, for CHRIST's faithful ones,  
Light in His light;  
But for the foolish ones  
Blackness of night.

"In the Bride chamber, lo!  
Glory begun,  
Ere as a Bridegroom thence  
Shines forth the sun,  
Girt with strength joyfully  
Swift race to run!

"Dread is the outer gloom!  
No ray of light!  
Gone are the moon and stars,  
Lamps of the night!  
Wild beasts are all abroad—  
Hour of affright!

"Woe to the foolish ones,  
Warning who spurn!  
Yet if ye will inquire,  
Ask now! Return!  
Come ye, ere all too late,  
Wisdom to learn!"



## 48.

## Knighthood.

OH! deem thou not knighthood an idle dream  
Of a dark and childish day,  
For knowest thou not that deep meaning oft  
Lies hidden in childhood's play?  
But rather, I ween, 'twas a Heaven-taught faith,  
And no vain and empty rite,  
That bade the candidate seek erewhile  
The absolving word of might,

And bade him wash'd and in Chrisom array  
Keep watch in GOD's house by night,  
That the sword which then on the Altar lay  
Might ever maintain the right;  
For was not the weapon a holy thing  
From the priest of GOD receiv'd?  
And in grasping its hilt he grasp'd the Cross  
Which his ransom erst achiev'd!

And thus would the Church train her children now  
In a saintlier chivalry's lore,  
And a gladdening thought to my soul was brought  
As I mus'd on the days of yore—  
How even as from the Baptismal font,  
With a conscience cleans'd from sin,  
She sent forth the knight in his armour of light  
The guerdon of glory to win.

Hast thou watch'd thine armour, thou Red Cross  
Knight,

By night in the house of prayer?

Hast thou sought before GOD'S Altar to pour

Thy soul in the Presence there?

Hast thou watch'd alone when no eye nor ear,

Save His Who in secret sees,

Might witness the tear, or the vow might hear

That was pour'd on bended knees?

Did'st thou feel the breathing of Ghostly might

In calm of that awful shade,

When each dream of youth was with soul of truth

As a free-will offering made?

Hast thou prob'd thy heart that no thought might be

In its inmost fold conceal'd,

To cast but the shadow of doubt o'er thee

In the mêlée on the field?

Hast thou gather'd might in the solemn night

For many a vigil and fast,

That steadfast and pure, thou mayest endure

Till the perilous hour be past?

Yea, the fiery dart shall not reach thy heart

Through panoply prov'd divine,

And a charm'd life in the mortal strife,

True soldier of CHRIST, is thine!

Yet search thou and see, or alas for thee

When match'd with thy deadly foe!

For the Christian knight in the fearful fight

Must no dark misgiving know.

Is there rust on thy sword, thou Red Cross Knight?

Is there stain on thy Chrisom vest?

Doth a heart sincere in GOD's holy fear

Beat high in thy mailèd breast?

"There is rust on our sword, and its edge is turn'd!

There are stains on our Chrisom vest!

And we shrink in fear from the conflict near,

By remorseful thoughts oppress'd!

Alas! for the guilt of a broken vow

Lies heavy upon our heart!

The absolving word of our pitying LORD

Can alone relief impart!"

Is it come to this? and yet help is nigh

From Him Who your need foreknew,

And a white-rob'd band at His Altar stand

To uplift and strengthen you!

Then bow ye the head and in lowliest dread

The absolving grace receive,

While your hearts are stirr'd by the gracious word,

"Fear not, but only believe!"

Oh, ye need but faith in the word He saith,

His girding with might to know,

Who sendeth not forth a disabled host

To battle against the foe!

Did the Church of old o'er the champions yearn

Whose Baptismal robes were stain'd?

And with tears bedew'd, was the vow renew'd,

And the knightly grace obtain'd?

Yea, was not this but a shadowing forth

Of the mercy yet in store,

Restoring to-day, what He took not away,

Who waiteth His gifts to pour?

So the penitents' love shall His favour prove,  
And the sevenfold pardon free,  
While abounding grace shall the stains efface,  
And for latest anointing be !

From the Altar of GOD yet once again  
Shall the Ghostly might be given,  
And the seal be set on Baptizèd men,  
The champions approv'd of heaven !  
Creation shall ring with the deeds that yet  
Shall their deep repentance own,  
Ere they win the crown, but to cast it down  
In glory before the Throne !-



## 49.

*The Banner of Blue.*

G. C. B.

"Speedily shall the banner of blue be unfurled on our mountains, and the controversy be decided by the sword."—From a Free Kirk Speech. (Catholic rendering.)

BLEST vision of glory ! How long shall it be  
Ere the groaning creation thy beauty shall see,  
Ere the Banner of Blue on our mountains descried  
Shall scatter the hosts of the children of pride,  
And Zion's contentions the sword shall decide ?



Send forth the glad message! oh, bid them not tarry,  
Whose feet on the mountains the glad tidings carry.  
Too long has the banner of strife been displayed,  
We have thought that His coming our LORD had  
    delay'd,  
And the Standard of Love faithless hands have  
    betray'd.

Send forth the glad message! yea, hasten the day!  
The LORD, He is coming—prepare ye the way!  
Let division and strife to the grave be consign'd,  
And the Banner of Blue spread its folds to the wind,  
    Oh, the Banner of Blue! 'Tis the heavenly mind!

Display ye the banner! Let true hands unfold it,  
Let all the true-hearted arise and behold it;  
Mark ye well the device—'tis the innocent Dove!  
Understand ye the Covenant Banner of Love?  
    Will ye have it? The wisdom that comes from  
    above!

Unfold ye the banner! yea, open it wide,  
And Zion's contentions the sword shall decide,  
Yea, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of the LORD,  
For to Love shall His wisdom and rule be restor'd!  
    Then unfurl ye the banner; unsheath the bright  
    sword!



## 50.

## The Banner.

“Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.”

I SAW as in vision, the Banner unfurl'd  
Against the usurper, the prince of this world,  
And methought, I beheld ere the fight was begun  
From standard to standard the waverers run,  
For the standards are many—Truth's Banner is one.

The faithful who round it had taken their stand  
Might seem but a handful 'gainst hosts as the sand  
Yet dreadless the champions who vow'd for the fight  
Had donn'd the white garments and armour of light  
In the peaceful assurance of heavenly might.

Men look'd on their faces in wonder and dread,  
For a radiance unearthly around them was shed,  
And the Banner above them was fair to behold,  
With the Lamb, and the Cross, and the Dove on its  
fold,  
Whose wings were of silver, her feathers of gold.

They were numbered by fifties, but little men knew,  
That armies uncounted were rank'd with the few.  
Clouds veil'd them from sight, but their goings I heard,  
Like a breeze o'er the forests, ere tempests are stirr'd,  
And the lightnings and thunderings leap forth at  
His word.

"Twas the breathing ere storm burst, the pause ere  
the fight,

While in prayerful aspirings they gather'd their might,  
And they counted the cost as the prudent should do,  
But they counted it gain, for their venture was true,  
And they long'd but the work that was given to do.

Weak women I saw, and young children find grace  
To take in that band of the saintly their place,  
With the chosen and faithful their names were en-  
roll'd,  
And I knew though their life-blood should crimson  
its fold,  
That the Banner He giveth was firm in their hold.

They were pledg'd for endurance—the Cross was the  
sign  
That trac'd on each forehead, so brightly did shine,  
And meek faces wax'd pale in the depth of their  
thought,  
And the joy that upheld them with trembling was  
fraught,  
As the spirit within them to steadfastness wrought.

They ate of the Bread, and they drank of the Wine,  
The food as of angels, for strengthening divine,  
And in meekness majestic, they stood as the rock,  
That moves not to meet it, yet fears not the shock,  
When the billows of ocean insultingly mock.

Oh, the *thrill of their silence* above and below,  
Sent gladness through heaven and fear through the  
foe,

For the Lamb was their Leader—the Lamb was their  
LORD,

And in lamb-like obedience they waited His word,  
Till a voice “to confirm for the conflict” was heard.

Methought I was with them, a gazer no more,  
But a trembling expectant—the foe was before,  
And the rush of his hosts, as the roar of the sea,  
Might be heard from afar, yet we turn’d not to flee,  
But abode in our trust the salvation to see.

We knelt in awed stillness, awaiting the Hand,  
That should strengthen the weakest in battle to stand,  
And a shadow fell o’er us as of the Most High,  
And we fear’d not what time the o’erflowing pass’d  
by—

It pass’d, and the Banner was streaming on high !

It stream’d o’er the victors—the proud waves were  
stay’d—

“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,” was said,  
At the breath of JEHOVAH the depths were congeal’d.  
The sea as of crystal, His judgments reveal’d,  
And there rose o’er its silence the Song of the Seal’d.

Bishopsgate, Oct. 11, 1846.



A

## LAY OF HOLY LAND.

### PART THE FIRST.

Suggested by a Poem called "Dreamland."

I HAVE not been in Palestine,  
No palmer's news I bring,  
Yet I too list a simple lay  
Of Holy Land to sing,  
Of Holy Land my feet have trod—  
Mine is no Dreamland lay;  
I tell but what my waking eyes  
Have seen in open day.

I know a church, (yes, more than one,  
Though but of one I tell,)  
That doth not rear its "steeple cross  
Above the woodland dell,"  
But in the city's crowded ways  
That quiet house of prayer  
At morn and eve, at tierce and nones,  
Invites to worship there.

Its outward show is poor and mean,  
Unlike each glorious shrine  
That piety of old could rear  
For purpose so divine;  
And yet within 'tis decent all  
A fair and reverend sight—  
On high the holy Altar stands  
With cloth of snowy white.

The passer by, when sick at heart  
Of weekday toil and din,  
Hath enter'd at its open door  
And prov'd the peace within.  
I cross'd its threshold at the dawn,  
And mark'd the poor ones there,  
Winning a benison betimes  
For daily toil and care.

I tell not all that faith discern'd,  
Lest faith like fancy seem,  
And some perchance my soothful say  
A " Dreamland " tale should deem,  
But as I look'd around I own'd  
How goodly all appear'd,  
And " in His House, the LORD," I said,  
" Is greatly to be fear'd."

There as the priests in white array  
Took in the choir their place,  
With one consent the flock arose  
To do GOD's servants grace.  
His people and His pasture sheep  
Took up the joyful word,  
" Come, let us worship, and bow down,  
And kneel before the LORD !"

And each one to the Altar turn'd  
And made the holy sign,  
While rev'rently the priest invok'd  
The threefold Name divine.  
And all the people bow'd them low,  
And by their deacons led,  
In confidence of holiest fear  
The deep Amen was said.

Few were the words that call'd to mind  
Our GOD's forgiving grace  
And bade us turn with contrite hearts  
To seek our FATHER's face.  
Then kneeling low the pastor's lips  
The full confession pour'd,  
Ere strengthen'd by the absolving word  
In gladness we ador'd.

'Twas spoken and the holy "Peace"  
Fell soft as Hermon's dew  
Upon the parchèd herb to wake  
Its fragrancy anew.  
Then dedicated unto GOD,  
How sweetly from the choir  
Rung the responsive chant that told  
The worshippers' desire !

"LORD, open Thou our lips !" "So we  
Thy praises will record."  
"O GOD, make speed Thy flock to save!"  
"Make haste to help us, LORD."  
Rising, the "Gloria " we sung  
And bow'd was every head.  
Anon to GOD an offering meet,  
His holy word was read.

And response from the people came—  
In ancient creed they told  
"Such is the faith apostles teach,  
And such the faith we hold."  
Then woke the Royal Psalmist's lyre—  
*Prophetic* words alone  
Might tell the Church's trustful joy,  
And make its fulness known.

The chant was o'er—on bended knee  
The supplication rose  
For David's prayer till glory fill  
This earth, no ending knows!  
At first it seem'd a Suppliant's cry,  
Anon, an Elder's prayer,  
Then bolder grown, an Angel stood  
With golden censer there!

In forms of truth, the prayers of saints  
Like blended odours sweet,  
Ascended in the incense cloud  
Before the mercy seat,  
Nor might there lack thanksgiving words  
That of acceptance told,  
And summing all, the Abba prayer  
Which JESUS taught of old.

Oh, 'twas a joy I may not speak,  
The o'erflowing heart to pour,  
In the same words our fathers used,  
And all the saints of yore!  
Then, day to day declaring speech,  
The sevenfold branching light  
Was duly with sweet oil-drops fed,  
To brightly burn at night.

The matin song and "Gloria" next,  
The benison at last,  
And Christian men renew'd in strength  
On to their labours pass'd.  
And I too own'd my heart made glad,  
And on my homeward way  
I question'd if that "Dreamland Church"  
Could aught so fair display.



And what though duteous zeal had fain  
A goodlier building rear'd,  
And many a one with closèd doors  
More beautiful appear'd ;  
I might not murmur—Holy writ  
Supplied an answer meet,  
“The Body more than raiment is !  
The Life is more than meat !”



## PART THE SECOND.

I listen'd to a “Dreamland” lay,  
Whose music pleas'd me well,  
Till I was fain with ruder skill,  
A truthful tale to tell ;  
For “Dreamland Church,” though “decent all,  
And neat the churchyard round,”  
Had somewhat of sepulchral gloom,  
That suits not holy ground.

The place of graves round “Dreamland Church,”  
Must tell of grief and shame—  
“God's Acre” by our fathers call'd—  
It was a saintlier name !  
But “Dreamland” flowers might never hide  
The sadness of such sight,  
And “Dreamland” fancies but recal  
The shadows of the night.

The *dead* ! it is no Christian word—  
They are not dead, but sleep ;  
And duly at the Altar we  
Their names in memory keep—  
Nay, more than this, for rest they not  
Beneath that Altar's shade ?  
And are we not partakers still  
In one Communion made ?

Yet will I own that " Dreamland " song  
Fell sweetly on mine ear,  
And mingled with its funeral tones  
Was many a sound of cheer,  
And " Dreamland " sights recall'd to me  
Full many a waking scene,  
And so I wove a rhyme to tell  
What I myself had seen.

But more, far more, I left unsung,  
Lest I should seem too long,  
Nor tell I now of Tierce, or Nones,  
Or of the Evensong,  
Yet music tones that charm'd mine ear,  
If I unblam'd may steal,  
Somewhat of waking scenes as fair  
They fitly might reveal.

I too beheld a " Babe baptiz'd,  
With all the Church to see,"  
Nor was it strange that blessed sight !  
But beautiful to me ;  
Nor lack'd there faith's assur'd Amen,  
" When on that infant brow,  
The pearly Cross was character'd  
To seal the Christian's vow."

I saw the little ones of CHRIST,  
Instructed duly there,  
By parents and by Deacons brought  
For benison and prayer—  
I saw when holy hands were laid  
Upon each youthful head,  
That strengthen'd of the LORD, they might  
Be from His Altar fed.

But of the Holy Eucharist  
I know not how to tell—  
In silence on a theme so high  
I rather choose to dwell—  
Yet this I say, it is not there  
A monthly, weekly, dole,  
For ill such distant times may suit  
The hungering, thirsting soul.

The busy world on gain intent,  
Amid her workday din,  
Hears not, or all unheeding hears  
The Sanctus chant within.  
But there are those, a faithful few !  
Who to the Altar throng,  
And count it joy their voice to blend  
In Eucharistic song.

Ah ! little knoweth Christendom,  
How o'er the offering there,  
Daily for her before the throne  
Ascends the accepted prayer !  
But woe to earth ! a threefold woe,  
If that memorial cease !  
How would she miss the heaven-sent Dove,  
The olive branch of peace !

And who can say how near at hand  
May be that time of dread,  
When fearful words shall come to pass  
By holy prophets said?  
When for the threefold witness scorn'd,  
The threefold Name blasphem'd,  
The Daily Sacrifice shall cease,  
So lightly now esteem'd!

And then the woes no tongue can tell!  
The anguish and dismay—  
The starless night, the locust plague,  
The slayers loos'd to slay!  
And voices sounding mournfully  
“Would that our eyes might see  
Days of the Son of Man once more—  
But no, it may not be!”

And but that for His remnant's sake  
Those days are shorten'd, *then*  
Should none escape—so sore shall be  
The judgments upon men.  
From thoughts like these how blest to turn  
And hide beneath His wings  
Who round us in the House of Prayer,  
His sure protection flings!

Hallowing our gladness as our grief,  
We know the LORD is there,  
And in the church of which I tell,  
“Doth bless a bridal pair;”  
While *as* in virgin purity  
So too in wedded love  
Meet emblems of His Church we see,  
And of her LORD above.

I do not dwell on funeral rite,  
Though sleeping saints are blest  
And present with the LORD rejoice,  
While flesh in hope doth rest.  
The faithful from that Altar fed  
Have hope no more to die,  
And ever till our LORD return  
Look upwards to the sky.

*All* shall not sleep—from age to age  
The watchword hath pass'd on—  
A little while, and waking hosts,  
Shall sing of victory won.  
O that shall be no “Dreamland” lay!  
Eternity shall tell  
How mortal man in deadliest fray  
Hath conquer'd death and hell.

And then, oh! *then* our eyes shall see  
That Salem so desir'd,  
Fairer than “Dreamland” fancies feign  
In bridal robes attir'd.  
GOD's handywork! no mortal skill  
Might rear the wondrous shrine,  
Meet for the Holy One's abode,  
Eternal and divine!

“That great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God.”



## Holy Communion.

As week by week we at Thine altar kneel,  
And Thy refreshings feel,  
How doth the enlargèd heart rejoice to know  
The Life-blood in its flow  
Must needs through every living member thrill,  
And all with blessing fill,  
Till we together in Thy love rejoice  
Hymning Thy praise as with one mind and voice !

Heart-gladdening, strengthening, soul-sustaining  
Wine,  
Juice of the Living Vine,  
The Cup of joy wherein is no excess,  
No drop of bitterness,  
Going down sweetly till their lips who sleep,  
And the still Sabbath keep,  
Take up our hymn, and heavenly accents prove,  
They were not absent from the Feast of Love !

O Thou true Nazarite ! Who dost forbear  
The gladdening Cup to share,  
Until Thy Church adornèd as a bride  
Shall triumph at Thy side,  
And in the kingdom of our GOD with Thee  
The feast fulfill'd shall be :  
We pray Thee every faithful heart inspire  
With like intensity of strong desire.

For not as once in person, LORD, art Thou  
Found of Thy followers now;  
Present in mystery but to faith reveal'd,  
From fleshly eyes conceal'd.  
The heavens awhile must hide Thee from our sight,  
And through the weary night  
Dimly as through a glass Thy Form we trace,  
While training up to see Thee face to face.

Yea, without holiness we could not brook  
Upon Thy face to look!  
None but the pure in heart as Thou art pure  
Thy presence may endure,  
And these vile bodies must be chang'd, or e'er  
Thy glory we could bear,  
Which he who on Thy bosom lean'd of old,  
Could not without such deathlike awe behold.

Yet at our solemn feast we know Thee near,  
Thy fainting spouse to cheer,  
And more than tongue can tell or heart conceive  
We from Thy hands receive,  
For Thou dost minister immortal food  
Thy Body and Thy Blood,  
Till we in Thee and Thou in us dost dwell,  
Thy Life in mortal flesh made visible.

Shut ye the doors while faithful ones draw near  
Rejoicing, but in fear!  
Wash'd be our hands in innocency now—  
Renew'd each holy vow!  
The o'ershadowing presence of the Almighty bar  
All evil thoughts afar;  
While cleansèd lips, touch'd by the altar fire,  
Tell out in burning words the Bride's desire.

“Awake, O north wind! come, thou south, and blow  
Upon my garden; so  
Its spices shall flow out, and my Belov’d  
By odorous gales be mov’d  
To come where goodly trees in order stand,  
The planting of His hand!  
Let my Belovèd come, and let Him eat  
The pleasant fruits which He hath given for meat.”

But Thou wert in Thy garden’s midst, O LORD,  
Or e’er the prayer was pour’d.  
Thy spice was gather’d *bitter with the sweet*,  
And Thou hadst deign’d to eat.  
We gave Thee of Thine own, but Thou dost give  
The food by which we live;  
And lo! for us the banquet was prepar’d,  
Once from Thy hand among apostles shar’d.

Thou dost invite us, “Eat, O friends, yea eat  
The heaven-descended meat.”  
Again Thou biddest Thy belovèd drink,  
Abundantly to drink;  
Till as the Cup of blessing we partake  
Our quicken’d senses wake  
In steadfast confidence of holiest fear  
Unutter’d words, unearthly tones to hear!

The riven vail, that seem’d as drawn aside,  
Doth still the glory hide.  
The vision passeth—’tis the chill, dark night  
What time we deem’d it light—  
And we, alas! when most awake we seem,  
Are but as those that dream.  
Else had we risen to open long before  
To Him, Who standeth knocking at the door.



He speaketh—'tis the voice of my Belov'd  
My waking heart hath mov'd.

“Open to Me, My sister and My love,  
Mine undefil'd, My dove;  
For lo! the heavens their dewy store have shed  
On Mine unshelter'd head.

My locks are moisten'd with the drops of night  
While seeking where to rest till morning light.”

Hark! lips long clos'd to utterance are stirr'd,  
And solemn tones are heard,  
That sound reproachful of our long delay,  
Who sleep, but not as they.

“I have put off my mortal coat, and *how*  
Shall I resume it now?  
And I have wash'd my feet, and may no more  
Defile them in the way I went before.”

But there are those whose race not yet is run—  
Whose work not yet is done.

Shame on the loiterers, while in prospect lies  
The unattain'd prize!

Awake, ye soldiers of the Cross, awake,  
E'en for your brethren's sake,  
And press ye on the promis'd rest to win,  
For some who sleep not yet shall enter in.

Lo! where they stand upon the battle plain,  
Unscath'd amid the slain!  
While those that dwell in dust awake and sing,  
“O death, where is thy sting?  
And where thy victory, O grave? for we  
Have triumph'd over thee.”

Corruption, incorruption hath put on!  
And mortal saints, immortal change have won!

Then blessèd they ! upon whose robe remains  
    No trace of earthly stains,  
Meet for the inheritance of saints in light,  
    Unshrinking in His sight,  
Who will not suffer at His board a guest  
    Who lacks the wedding vest,  
Wrought gold without, all glorious within,  
Enfolding none unclean's'd from every sin !

Once more, the everlasting doors unfold,  
    E'en as they did of old—  
The King of glory enters yet again  
    With all His saintly train.  
The accuser hath no longer place on high—  
    The hosts of darkness fly,  
For now is come salvation, power, and strength—  
The kingdom of our GOD is come at length !

The might of His Anointed hath prevail'd !  
    The promise hath not fail'd !  
Though generations to the dust gone down,  
    Long waited for their crown—  
Now unto every saint white robes are given,  
    And there is joy in heaven,  
For in the righteousness of saints array'd,  
The Bride is ready for the Bridegroom made !

Yet when such burning thoughts have utterance found,  
    How doth the grief abound !  
Grief for ourselves who seem entranc'd as yet  
    Our calling to forget !  
Thy touch must rouse us, LORD, while we abide  
    In shelter of Thy side—  
Oh ! by the Laying on of Hands impart  
The quenchless zeal that fir'd our Captain's heart.

When hasting to Jerusalem of yore,  
Thou passedst on before,  
Shame, suffering, agony, and death in view,  
Yet to Thy purpose true;  
Nor faltering step, nor wayside glance betray'd  
Thee at the sight dismay'd;  
But as the hart to water brooks doth speed,  
So didst Thou haste for guilty man to bleed!

Upon Thy steadfast mien Thy followers gaz'd,  
Silent and sore amaz'd;  
For not as yet the heavenly might was won  
Fearless to follow on;  
But now Thyself the path of life hast shown—  
Love's mystery is made known!  
Enough of words—Thou biddest us "Arise,"  
And track Thy glorious pathway to the skies.

Oh! let us not refuse to share the woe  
Thy slumbering spouse must know,  
When rous'd at length to recognise her LORD,  
She faileth at Thy word,  
Rising to open in repentant haste  
To find Thee onward past,  
Love's bitter sweetness fain to understand,  
While dropping myrrh betrays the wounded Hand.

Long hast *thou* waited! It is *ours* at length  
To follow in Thy strength,  
Seeking unwearied Him, Who hath but gone  
To lure His loiterer on.  
'Tis the rent veil, that myrrh-besprinkled door,  
Through which He pass'd before,  
Nor can they err who in His footprints tread,  
The suffering members of a thorn-crown'd Head!

Then welcome sorrow for Thy love's dear sake !  
Who of Thy Cup partake  
Are pledg'd to suffering with their LORD below,  
In bitterness to know  
The sweetness of Thy mercy, and the joy,  
No sorrow can alloy—  
Foretaste and earnest of the bliss untold  
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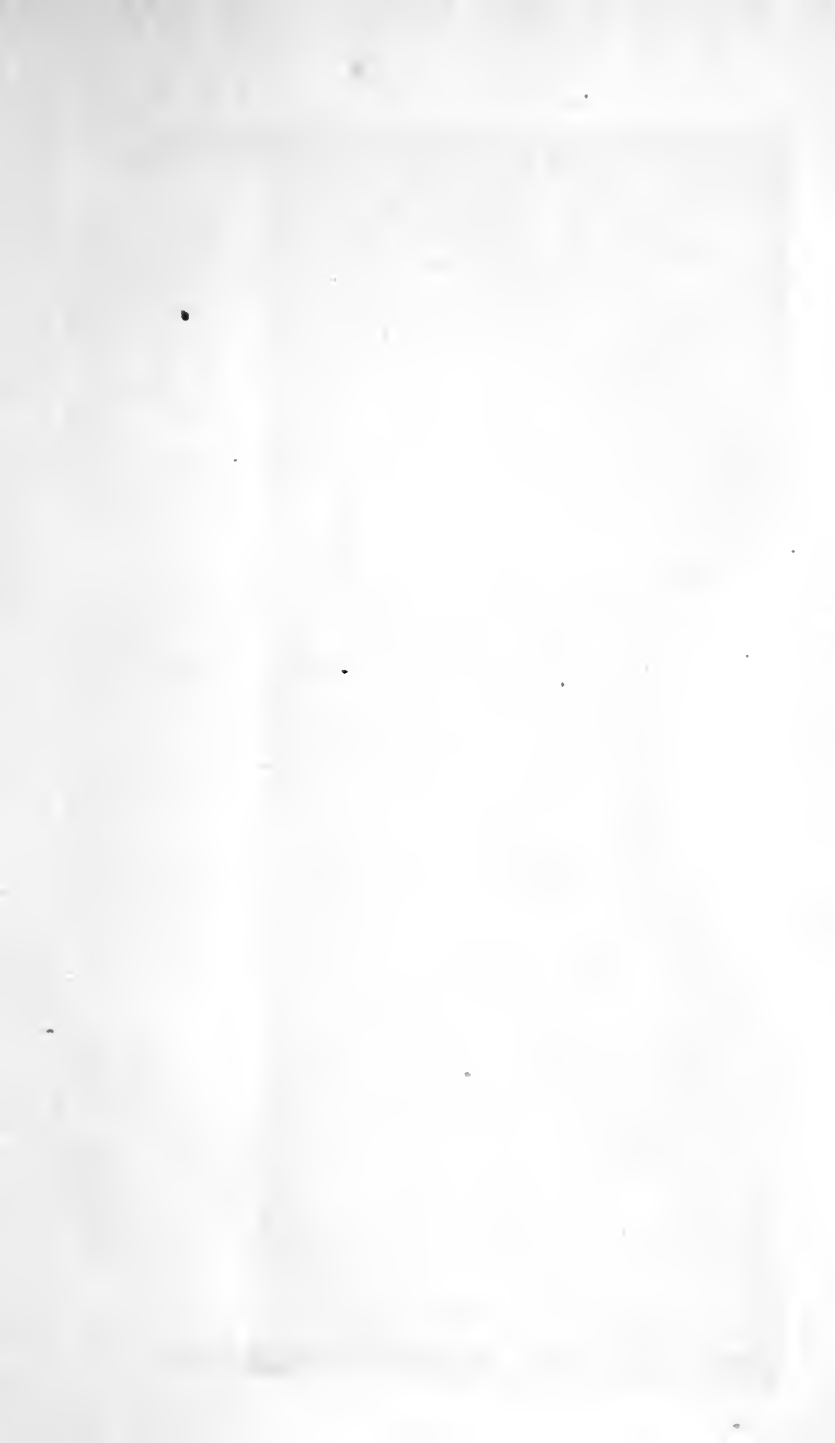
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