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TIDINGS OF
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THE CHOICE BOOKS

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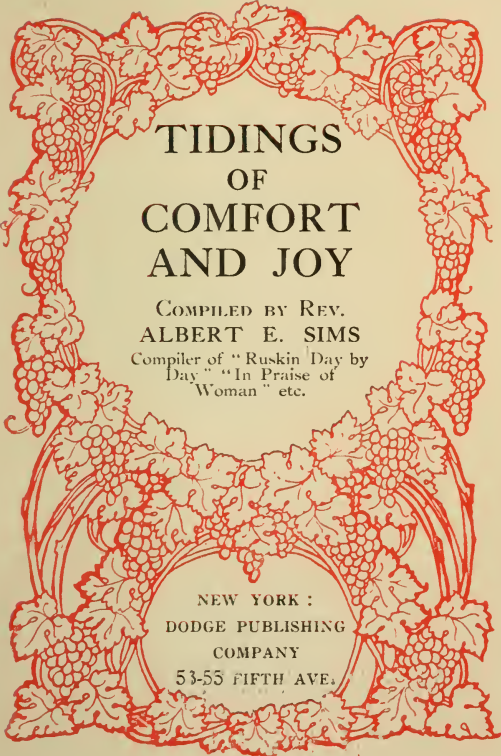
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Love Triumphant



**TIDINGS
OF
COMFORT
AND JOY**

COMPILED BY REV.
ALBERT E. SIMS

Compiler of "Ruskin Day by
Day" "In Praise of
Woman" etc.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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R 1925 L

*If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

There are three great crises in human life—the crisis of sin, the crisis of sorrow, and the crisis of death—and by its ability to cope with these crises, every philosophy and every ministry must be finally determined and tried.

REV. J. H. JOWETT

*The dawn is not distant
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ;
Christ is eternal !*

H. W. LONGFELLOW

TO THE READER

THE compiler has sought to gather a selection of consoling thoughts from the writings of "those to whom God had given the tongue of the learned that they should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary," and if his book should be found to contain "tidings of comfort and joy" for any who may be passing through a season of sorrow or gloom, he will be amply repaid for his labours.

Very grateful thanks are extended to the undermentioned, who kindly and readily granted permission to print extracts from their works, and whose comforting messages will doubtless carry hope and uplifting to many: The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, D.D.; the Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D.; Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.; Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.; Miss Jane G. Matheson (for the late Dr. George Matheson); Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, M.A.; Mr. Alfred Hayes; Rev. W. L. Watkinson; Dr. H. M. Macnaughton-Jones; Rev. Archibald G. Brown; Greville MacDonald, Esq., M.D. (for the late George MacDonald). Hearty thanks are also tendered to the following publishers for permission to include various copyright selections: Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., Ltd. (for the Bishop of London); Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. (for

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ALBERT E. SIMS

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*Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.*

*I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.*

*It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.*

*It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.*

*It linked all perplexéd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.*

*I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.*

*It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.*

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

BEREAVEMENT

*I shall go to him, but he shall
not return to me.*

2 SAMUEL xii. 23

BEREAVEMENT

WE all know what Time can do even for the sharp pangs of a great bereavement. In the first dark and cloudy day it seems as though no light will ever fall upon our path again. "I shall never laugh any more." Oh, yes, you will! Time, the Lord's ameliorative, will begin to minister to the broken spirit, and however incredible it may now appear, some day the smiles will come back in the blanched cheek, and the mouth will be filled with laughter. Let us never forget when we are counting our blessings to thank God for the glorious ministry of Time.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

ALL are not taken! there are left behind
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life
disjoined—
And if before these sepulchres unmoving

I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and
loving?"

I know a Voice would sound, "Daughter,
I AM,

Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?"

E. B. Browning

GOD'S finger touch'd him, and he
slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little
worth,

To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of
him.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

Lord Tennyson

WITH silence only as their bene-
diction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say what every heart approveth—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought :
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
wholly,
What He has given ;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as
truly
As in His Heaven.

John G. Whittier

THOUSANDS of the saints of God can testify to the reality of the sweetness of the Father's love experienced in the house of mourning. You thought to be desolated by your bereavement, you thought your skies would be for ever grey, and lo ! you have found that notwithstanding your sharp anguish of spirit a great peace has settled down upon your soul, and the world unseen has come suddenly nearer. So much nearer that the noises of earth are hushed and everything hard or unwelcome seems strangely small and insignificant in the light and love eternal.

Rev. R. J. Campbell

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could
 utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is
 dead
 Will never come back to me.

Lord Tennyson

THE mourners came at break of day
 Unto the garden-sepulchre,
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray
 For Him, the loved One buried there.
 What radiant light dispels the gloom?
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
 All sepulchred beneath the snow,
 When wintry winds and chilling frost
 Have laid her summer glories low :
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead,
 E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
 The happy spirit far hath fled
 To brighter realms of endless day :
 Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Sarah F. Adams

IT singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call ;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down ;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.

But oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast Unknown,
Since they have entered there:
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

John White Chadwick

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,
Untouched by passion, freed from
pain,—
He who ordained that work should cease,
Took to himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears
The glory that is wrung from pain,
The high celestial beauty wears
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—
On earth an empty form and face—
In heaven stands the ripened grain.

Dora Read Goodale

THE things that cause sorrow, and pain, and bereavement will not be able to take the hold of us they now take, for true wisdom will enable us to see the proper place and know the right relations of all things. The loss of friends by the transition we call death will not cause sorrow to the soul that has come into this higher realisation, for he knows that there is no such thing as death, for each one is not only a partaker, but an eternal partaker, of this Infinite Life. He knows that the mere falling away of the physical body by no means affects the real soul life. With a tranquil spirit born of a higher faith he can realise for himself, and to those less strong he can say—

“ Loving friends ! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye ;
What you left upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear ;
'Tis a simple sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell was nothing, leave it there ;
The pearl—the soul—was all, is here.”

Ralph Waldo Trine

THIS truth came borne with bier and
pall,

I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Lord Tennyson

WEEP not for those whom the veil of
the tomb

In life's happy morning hath hid from our
eyes,

Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,

Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stain'd it,

'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has
unchain'd it

To water that Eden where first was its source.

Thomas Moore

THEN mourn not death; 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,

Up which the deathless footsteps climb

Of loved ones who depart.

Minot Judson Savage

THERE are empty chairs in the home ;
and voices we have loved to hear are
silent. We shall find them in heaven. In the
churchyard . . . do you think they sleep there ?
No, no. The body to dust, the spirit to God
who gave it. The home circles will be filled
again. We shall meet our friends there.

G. H. Vibert

CHASTENING

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

HEBREWS xii. 6

CHASTENING

BEHOLD the goodness of God in the severities of life's order . . . God is our father ; God is love, not to pet us in a weak way, not to ease us here and spare us there, but to set us to our tasks, to train us for service, to bring out our strength and our loveliness. He rebukes and chastens and subdues *just* as lovingly as He speaks words of infinite tenderness and compassion and mercy. By storm He sometimes drives our roots into deeper earth, and by sunshine draws our life upward into the beauty of flower and fruit. Let us work to His will and suffer to His glory at the same time that we rest in His love.

Rev. T. Rhondda Williams

BEHOLD, happy is the man whom God correcteth : therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty. For He maketh sore, and bindeth up : He woundeth, and His hands make whole.

Job v. 17-18

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee.
Do thou

With courtesy receive him : rise and bow :

And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,
 Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should
 be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles : to
 commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
 lasting to the end.

Aubrey Thomas De Vere

PAIN is at once the consequence of sin and
 the token of our Divine lineage.

Rev. R. J. Campbell

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,
 Thy red gold, precious and bright ;
 Do not fear the hungry fire,
 With its caverns of burning light ;
 And thy gold shall return more precious,
 Free from every spot and stain ;
 For gold must be tried by fire,
 As a heart must be tried by pain !

In the cruel fire of sorrow,
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail ;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail :
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again ;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain !

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever ;
Shine bright, strong golden chain ;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain !

Adelaide A. Procter

PAIN is the great life-preserver of the world. The whole creation, then, groaneth and travaileth in pain. We face it for ourselves, and we face it for others. It comes to us with its stern, repulsive look, but we look at it again, and it has the eyes of a friend. It has gifts behind its back, gifts of self-restraint, of self-mastery, of a closer nearness to Jesus Christ.

*The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington
Ingram*

BEHOLD those odd, rough stones!"
 a Builder said;
 "I pray you raise them from their
 drossy bed,
 For I would build with them.

"But, ere I build, their jagged points must be
 Trimmed off—their roughness changed to
 symmetry,
 So shall they fit their sphere.

"This, you see, needs trimming—this one
 making
 Smooth with chisel; this, alas! needs
 breaking
 Ere I can build with it!"

The Builder who thus spake was God above;
 He builds a Heav'nly Temple where reigns
 Love;
 His children are the "stones!"

O weary one...afflicted one...take heart!
 Your trials, yea, your sorrows, are but part
 Of the great Builder's "plan."

What though the chisel of affliction ripe
 Should break your heart in twain? Your God
 shall wipe
 All tears away at last!

And as the lustre of the gem is marr'd
Until the file has worked—so trials hard
Are but the “files” of God!

Thus He the beauty of the soul lays bare,
And when, 'mid pain, we cry to God, *Forbear!*
We do but cling to dross!

Our Father wields His ev'ry tool in love
To shape and set us as His jew'ls above,
'Mid radiance divine!

So, though at times heart-tears may blind
our eyes,
Let us be brave, and look beyond the skies
And cry, “Thy will be done!”

“Each chisel-stroke and file doth prove me
Thine;
I would not stay rough-hewn...I'll not repine,
For pain is but Thy 'tool!'”

“Disappointment is th' 'plummet' of Thy grace,
Death—but the 'trow'l' to fix Thy stone in place
With Heav'nly 'mortar'—Love!

“Thy will be done, O Lord!...Thou mad'st
me Thine
From 'pit and miry clay'...I'll not repine...
Father! Thy will be done!”

Rev. Albert E. Sims

AN affliction looked at from the lowlands
may be stupendous; looked at from
the heights it may appear little or nothing.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

BEHOLD I have refined thee, but not with
silver: I have chosen thee in the furnace
of affliction.

Isaiah xlvi. 10

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and
sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and
low,

Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affliction—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for ever-
more,

Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. Browning

OUR light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

2 Corinthians iv. 17

THE Lord gets His best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

AS many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.

Revelation iii. 19

NOW let us thank th' eternal power,
convinc'd

That Heaven but tries our virtue by
affliction :

That oft the cloud which wraps the present
hour,

Serves but to brighten all our future days!

John Brown

OUR afflictions are like weights, and have a tendency to bow us to the dust, but there is a way of arranging weights by means of wheels and pulleys, so that they will even lift us up. Grace, by its

matchless art, has often turned the heaviest of our trials into occasions for heavenly joy. "*We glory in tribulations also.*" We gather honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

AFFLICTION is not sent in vain, young man,
From that good God, who chastens whom He loves.

Robert Southey

MANY are the afflictions of the righteous ;
but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Psalms xxxiv. 19

FAITH alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

H. W. Longfellow

IN all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them : in His love and in His pity He redeemed them : and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

Isaiah lxiii. 9

NOW no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous ; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of holiness to them which are exercised thereby." Yes, afterward, but oh, how perplexing often are God's dealings whilst we are passing through them, and before the "afterward" arrives ! Have you not known what it is to have that terrible season of tension, when it has seemed to you that you might as well pray to the roof of your house as pray to God, when it has seemed to you that if the sky above were made of brass it would not be less affected by your prayers ? Well, what is God doing by this discipline ? . . . It is for our profit that we might be partakers of His holiness. Being made partakers of His holiness is painful work, and it is often in the process of being made holy that there comes this great depression, and the hands hang down and the knees become weak.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

RICH the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

John Dryden

THERE is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish.

Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton)

THIS is our doctrine—the permanent value of trial—that when a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he had never encountered them. Their power still kept is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in all his present character. His victory is coloured with the hard struggle that won it.

Rev. Phillips Brooks

THERE shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

Revelation xxi. 4

COMPANIONSHIP

In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

JOHN xiv. 2, 3

COMPANIONSHIP

I WILL not leave you desolate: I come unto you.

John xiv. 18 (R.V.)

GOD visiting. If it were not in the Word no one would have dared to coin such a sentence. The thought is that God is not far away, indifferent to all that goes on in His illimitable empire, only hearing reports from angel lips of what is taking place in distant parts. The thought is this: God Himself taking a tour and coming personally to inspect; God walking through the brickfields of Egypt, and listening to the sighing of His people there. It is God going through the long corridors of this hospital world, where there is sin and sorrow, heart-ache and weariness everywhere; God visiting all these sick and weary and sad ones, pausing as it were by the bedside and saying, "What is your desire?"—stopping by the side of the one whose eyes are filled with tears. God visiting. Why, I do not think there is a prettier thought in the Bible, and never did any man say a lovelier thing than the father of John the Baptist, when he spoke of the coming of Jesus as the visit of the dawn.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

O LOVE Divine, that stoopedst to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

TO be in daily spiritual communion with
the Father of Spirits, to know that the
very hairs of our head are all numbered,
to know that if this is God's world, nothing can
happen to us by chance—to know that Jesus

is with us "all the days"—if it does not, it ought to give us a peace which passeth all understanding.

*The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington
Ingram*

I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?

It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars ;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise ?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen ?

Oh, God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign !

Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
 Thy words are sweet and strong:
 They fill my inward silences
 With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
 And loud rebuke my ill;
 They ring my bells of victory,
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
 They ever seem to say, "My child,
 Why seek me so all day?
 Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way."

William Channing Gannett

TRULY our fellowship is with the Father,
 and with His Son Jesus Christ.
 1 John i. 3

THEY whose hearts are whole and
 strong,
 Loving holiness,
 Living clean from soil of wrong,
 Wearing Truth's white dress,
 They unto no far-off height
 Wearily need climb;
 Heaven to them is close in sight
 From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye
Sees in common things,—
Gleams dropped daily from the sky ;
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear ;
Budding through the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near.

Lucy Larcom

THE great companionship of the sea and sky are all that sailors need ; and many a noble heart has been taught the best it had to learn between dark stone walls.

John Ruskin

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may
lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee !

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee !

Charlotte Elliott

WHEN a man lives with God, his voice
 shall be as sweet as the murmur of
 the brook and the rustle of the corn.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

NEAR, so very near to God,
 Nearer I cannot be ;
 For in the person of His Son
 I am as near as He.

Catesby Paget

EARTH'S crammed with heaven,
 And every bush afire with God.
 But only he who sees
 Puts off his shoes.

E. B. Browning

SOME people see angels where others see
 only empty space.

John Ruskin

WHEN one that holds communion
with the skies
Has filled his urn where these
pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplies.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went ;
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

William Cowper

OUR God is a household God, as well as
a heavenly one ; He has an altar in
every man's dwelling ; let men look to it when
they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes.

John Ruskin

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought
would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

Lord Tennyson

OUR religion vulgarly stands on numbers
 of believers. Whenever the appeal is
 made,—no matter how indirectly,—to numbers,
 proclamation is then and there made that
 religion is not. He that finds God a sweet
 enveloping thought to him never counts his
 company.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

MY God, my God, let me for once look
 on Thee !
 I need Thee and I feel Thee and I love Thee.
 I do not plead my rapture in Thy works

For love of Thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die : but there is that in me
Which turns to Thee, which loves or which
should love.

Robert Browning

MY friend, when God speaks in your
soul, though the message be strange,
listen and commune. Let any and every
Moses speak to you of God, and lead you
to God, but let none speak to you instead of
God. Listen and hear and commune *your-*
self. In this fellowship you will find new
strength for life and new beauty upon life.

Rev. T. Rhondda Williams

IN Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar about me,
My heart may low be laid ;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Anna L. Waring

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-
 tide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
 abide.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away :
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me !

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy
 wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with
 me !

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
 And, though rebellious and perverse mean-
 while,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes !
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies !

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte

IF He stand there, we shall never be alone.
There is no solitude to him whose com-
panion is God.

Rev. Alexander McLaren

NOT where the wheeling systems darken
And our benumbed conceiving
soars!—

The beat of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;
Turn but a stone and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

Francis Thompson

BE of good cheer, Christian ; the time is
near, when God and thou shalt be near,
and as near as thou canst well desire. Thou
shalt dwell in His family. Is that enough ?

Richard Baxter

DARKNESS

*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the
darkness.*

PSALMS cxii. 4

DARKNESS

GEORGE HERBERT says quaintly :
“ Put care into Christ’s bag.” There is
no surer path to rest than to pass on to
Jesus all the anxieties of life, believing that He
takes what we give, at the moment of our
giving it ; that it instantly becomes a matter of
honour with Him to do the best for us ; and
surely it is a sacrilege to take back any gift
that we have once put into His hands.
“ Blessed be the Lord Who daily beareth our
burdens.”

Rev. F. B. Meyer

IN nothing be anxious : but in everything
by prayer and supplication with thanks-
giving let your requests be made known unto
God. And the peace of God, which passeth
all understanding, shall guard your hearts and
your thoughts in Christ Jesus.

Philippians iv. 6 (R.V.)

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul ?
and why art thou disquieted within
me ? hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise
Him, who is the health of my countenance,
and my God.

Psalms xlii. 11

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
 Perchance upon some bleak and
 stormy shore.

O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas,
 They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze,
 To bring them to their northern homes once
 more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or
 rain.

O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky,
 That soon (for spring is nigh)
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.

What sound can break the silence of
despair?

O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Adelaide A. Procter

TO dwell upon the gloaming might be
crippling, to dwell upon the dawning is
enriching.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

IN all the dark days take fast hold of His
sympathy and strength, and hacked and
hewed as you may be by the keen steel of
trial, until not a green leaf or blossom is left in
your life, you shall become a lute of God,
making sweet music for evermore.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no
 hope

Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the
 scope

Must widen early, is it well to droop,
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
 And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
 "Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee,
 God!"

E. B. Browning

REJOICE, O grieving heart!
 The hours fly fast;
 With each some sorrow dies,
 With each some shadow flies,
 Until at last

The red dawn in the east
 Bids weary night depart,
 And pain is past.

Rejoice then, grieving heart,
 The hours fly fast!

Adelaide A. Procter

WHEN the sky grows dark and the clouds of evil gather round your head, lift up your eyes in trust and confidence to the radiance that lies beyond the gloom and say, "All is well ; for even now, let appearances be what they may, mine angel doth behold the face of my Father. Nothing that comes to me can do other than help me. Shadows cannot frighten me, and evil is powerless to crush me. My home is God."

Rev. R. J. Campbell

FEEBLE hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

H. W. Longfellow

THERE are who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God hath sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent.

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down His pathway to prepare ;
And light from others hidden shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

John G. Whittier

AND should the twilight deepen into
 night,
 And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou
 strong ;

Thou art in God and nothing can go wrong
 That a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright ;
 That thou dost know the darkness, proves
 the light.

Weep if thou wilt, but weep not thou too long ;
 Or weep and work, for work will lead to song.
 But search thy heart, if hid from all thy sight
 There lie no cause for Beauty's slow decay ;
 If for completeness and diviner youth,
 And not for very love, thou lov'st the truth ;
 If thou hast learned to give thyself away
 For love's own self, not for thyself, I say :
 Were God's love less, the world were lost in
 sooth.

George MacDonald

STRONG souls also have their times of
 darkness, weariness, hopelessness ; and
 perhaps no depression is more terrible than
 that of strong souls when they are cast down.
 But God, in all His majesty, remembers that
 we are but dust.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson

THE world goes up and the world goes
down,
And the sunshine follows the rain ;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife ;
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day ;
Till the heart which at eve was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife ;
To its work in the morning gay.

Charles Kingsley

I HAD fainted, unless I had believed to see
the goodness of the Lord in the land of
the living. Wait on the Lord : be of good
courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart :
wait, I say, on the Lord.

Psalms xxvii. 13, 14

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 Oh ! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !

Rev. John Wesley

SHOULD we feel at times disheartened
 and discouraged, a confiding thought,
 a simple movement of the heart toward God,
 will renew our powers. Whatever He may
 demand of us He will give us at the moment
 the strength and courage that we need.

Fénelon

KNOW well, my soul, God's hand con-
 trols
 Whate'er thou fearest ;
 Round Him in calmest music rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
 And to end He knoweth—
 And not in a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth.

John G. Whittier

NO earthly friend may be near ; but in every furnace there is one like the Son of Man. In every flood of high waters, He stands beside us—staying the heart with promises, instilling words of hope, recalling the blessed past, pointing to the radiant future, and as the sufferer reviews the experience, he says, “I never felt Him so near before, I could have borne anything with His help.”

Rev. F. B. Meyer

AS life wanes, all its cares and strife
and toil
Seem strangely valueless, while the
old trees
Which grew by our youth's home, the waving
mass
Of climbing plants heavy with bloom and dew,
The morning swallows with their songs like
words
All these seem clear, and only worth our
thoughts.

Robert Browning

WHO is there among you that feareth
the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of
His servant, that walketh in darkness, and
hath no light? Let him trust in the name of
the Lord, and stay upon His God.

Isaiah 1. 10

HUMANITY and Immortality consist
 neither in reason, nor in love ; not in
 the body, nor in the animation of the heart of
 it, nor in the thoughts and stirrings of the
 brain of it ;—but in the dedication of them all
 to Him who will raise them up at the last
 day.

John Ruskin

WHAT can these anxious cares avail,
 These never ceasing moans and
 sighs ;

What can it help us to bewail

Each painful moment as it flies ?

Our cross and trials do but press

The heavier for our bitterness.

Neumarck

WHO in Life's battle firm doth stand
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land.

J. G. Van Salis

BEHIND the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Has left His hope with all.

John G. Whittier

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on ;

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for
me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Should'st lead me on :

I loved to choose and see my path ; but
now,

Lead Thou me on :

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman

WHEN I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be
a light unto me.

Micah vii. 8

THE sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee ; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down : neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Isaiah lx. 19-20

THROUGH love to light ! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day !

From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light ! Through light, O God,
to Thee,

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light !
Richard Watson Gilder

HOPE

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !

H. W. Longfellow

HE that taketh his own cares upon himself loads himself in vain with an uneasy burden. The fear of what may come, expectation of what will come, desire of what will not come, and inability of redressing all these, must needs breed him continual torment. I will cast my cares upon God; He hath bidden me; they cannot hurt Him. He can redress them. *Bishop Hall*

NOW fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and
thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too : and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and
takes
The colours of the crescent prime ?

Not all : the sons, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret : the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone ;
And that dear voice, I once had known,
Will speak to me of me and mine :

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead ;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss.

Lord Tennyson

OH yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of
 will,

Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;

That not one life shall be destroyed,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,

When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;

That not a moth with vain desire

Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,

Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;

I can but trust that good shall fall

At last—far off—at last, to all,

And every winter change to spring.

Lord Tennyson

CASTING all your care upon Him for He
 careth for you.

1 Peter v. 7

LOOK straight into the light, and you will
 always have the shadows behind you.

The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington

Ingram

THE night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. Longfellow

DEATH

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

I CORINTHIANS XV. 26

DEATH

TRULY, the man who does not know
when to die, does not know how to live.

John Ruskin

DEATH is the veil which those who live
call life:

They sleep, and it is lifted.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

SO death completes living, shows life in
its truth.

Robert Browning

SO live, that when thy summons comes
to join

The innumerable caravan, which
moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant

REMEMBER that death, pain, suffering are here even if we had never heard the name of Jesus Christ. But what Christianity does is, to light up death, just as the sun lights up a cloud. It does not make the cloud cease to be a cloud . . . but Christianity lights up this cloud."

*The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington
Ingram*

WHY shouldst thou fear the beautiful
angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals
of the skies,

Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

How many a tranquil soul has passed away,
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures
dim,

To the eternal splendour of the day;
And many a troubled heart still calls for
him.

Spirits too tender for the battle here
Have turned from life, its hopes, its fears,
its charms;
And children, shuddering at a world so drear,
Have smiling passed away into his arms.

He whom thou fearest will, to ease its pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching heart :
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled brain,
And bid the shadow of earth's grief depart.

He will give back what neither time, nor
might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope
restore,

(Dear as the long-blind eyes recovered sight,)
He will give back those who are gone before.

O, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst
see

'Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all
to thee.

Adelaide A. Procter

NOW while they lay here, and waited for
the good hour, there was a noise in the
town, that there was a post come from
the celestial city, with matters of great
importance to one Christiana, the wife of
Christian the Pilgrim. So enquiry was made
for her, and the house was found out where
she was. So the post presented her with a
letter ; the contents were : " Hail, good woman !

I bring thee tidings, that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in His presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days. . . .”

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart the guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. . . .

Then said Mr. Honest, “I wish you a fair day when you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod.” But she answered, “Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone ; for however the weather is in my journey, I shall have time enough when I come there, to sit down and rest me, and dry me. . . .”

So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river-side. The last words that she was heard to say, were, “I come, Lord, to be with Thee, and bless Thee.” *John Bunyan*

TWO angels, one of Life and one of
Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning
broke ;

The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of
smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt
oppressed,

“Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's
shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength
again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's
voice ;

And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with
light,

“My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at
mine,

The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened
room,

Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
loud,

Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold
o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing
this,
Against His messengers to shut the door ?

H. W. Longfellow

PERHAPS our death may be a calm dying
into life ; a summer wave gently rippling
to the shore.

Rev. R. Watson

BLESSED are the dead which die in the
Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the
Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ;
and their works do follow them

Revelation xiv. 13

LOOK again !—Death is not the Grim
Monster we took him to be, but one
who wears Christ's livery and merely obeys
the Master's will. He comes not to wrench
us from Christ, but to guide us to Him.

Rev. Albert E. Sims

NOTHING is our own : we hold our
pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled :
One by one life robs us of our treasures ;
Nothing is our own except our Dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales ; truth fades ; stars fall from
heaven ;
Human are the great whom we revere :
No true crown of honour can be given,
Till we place it on a funeral bier.

How the Children leave us : and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band ;
Gone, forever gone ; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours ;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with
flowers,
On their dead white faces, long ago.

When our Joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains ;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, to make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow, fond regret ;
We shall find, in some far, bright to-
morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is Love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our
own ?

Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead Hearts forsake us never ;
Death's last kiss has been the mystic
sign

Consecrating Love our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when Fate would fain besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the Angel, comes in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

Adelaide A. Procter

IT is as natural to die as to be born ; and to a
little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful
as the other.

Francis Bacon

LET us not doubt that God has a father's pity toward us, and that in the removal of that which is dearest to us He is still loving and kind. Death separates, but it also unites. It reunites whom it separates.

Abraham Coles

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is
 Death,
 And with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he ;
 “Have nought but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet
 to me,
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 “Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

H. W. Longfellow

SUCH a thing as a funeral knell was never heard in heaven. No angel was ever carried to his grave—though angels have been in the sepulchre, for there sat two, at the head and the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain ; but they were visitors, not dwellers there. No sepulchre could encase their free spirits, and the bonds of death could not hold them for a moment. So it is with the freed ones who have passed through the grave and are now with Christ—they cannot die. Ages upon ages may roll on, eternity’s

ceaseless cycles may continue, but there shall be no grey hairs of decay upon the heads of the immortals. Celestials shall never decay.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

IT is not death, that—sometime—in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its
 speechless flight ;
 That—sometime—these bright stars, that now
 reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish
 quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal
 sprite
 Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below :
 It is not death to know this,—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new
 graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
 Over the past-away, there may be then
 No resurrections in the minds of men.

Tom Hood

YEA, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil :
for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff
they comfort me.

Psalms xxxiii. 4

I WANT to meet my God awake.

*Carlyle attributes this to Maria Theresa,
who refused to take morphine.*

THERE is no Death ! What seems so is
transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

H. W. Longfellow

TO die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tem-
pests roar ;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

Sir Samuel Garth

THERE'S nothing terrible in death ;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night, without a breath,
To break repose till dawn of day.

James Montgomery

THAT golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

John Milton

MEN fear Death, as children fear to go
in the dark ; and as that natural fear
in children is increased with tales, so is the
other.

Francis Bacon

THE death-change comes.

Death is another life. We bow our
heads

At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect,
The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes,
Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure, all.

Philip J. Bailey

WE must all die !

All leave ourselves, it matters not
where, when,
Nor how, so we die well ; and can that man
that does so
Need lamentation for him ?

Beaumont and Fletcher

THANK God for death : bright thing with
dreary name,
We wrong with mournful flowers her
pure, still brow.

Susan Coolidge

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my Spirit, draws my breath !
Tell me, my Soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes—it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

Alexander Pope

THOSE who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love still; and you love them always. They are not really gone—those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you, and you will be no more seen.

W. M. Thackeray

NOW the labourer's task is o'er:
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton

HUSH! blessed are the dead
In Jesu's arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er;
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

But soon, at break of day,
His calm, almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

E. H. Bickersteth

AND, as she looked around, she saw how
Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had
healed it forever.

H. W. Longfellow

BLESSED be God ! for He created Death !"
 The mourners said, "and Death is
 rest and peace" ;
 Then added, in a certainty of faith,
 "And giveth Life that nevermore shall
 cease."

H. W. Longfellow

OFATHER ! grant Thy love divine
 To make these mystic temples Thine !
 When wasting age and wearying
 strife

Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
 When darkness gathers over all,
 And the last tottering pillars fall,
 Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms
 And mould it into Heavenly forms.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

TO die ? it is to rise
 To fairer, brighter skies,
 Where death no more shall his dread
 harvests reap ;
 To soar on angel wings
 Where life immortal springs,
 For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

I. N. Tarbox

YOU never know what life means till
you die ;

Even through life, it's death that makes life
live—

Gives it whatever the significance.

Robert Browning

DEATH is the crown of life ;
Were death denied, poor man would
live in vain ;

Were death denied, to live would not be life ;

Were death denied, ev'n fools would wish to
die.

Edward Young

DEATH'S but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

Thomas Parnell

YE children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-
brother is he, and is only

More austere to behold. With a kiss upon
lips that are fading

Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked
in arms of affection,

Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore
the face of its Father.

H. W. Longfellow

THE grave itself is but a covered bridge,
 Leading from light to light through a
 brief darkness.

H. W. Longfellow

HE whom we thought dead, is only gone
 before us. *Seneca*

I WITH uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. Say
 not so!

.

We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exaltations blow!
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
 We find in our dull road their shining track:

In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration:

They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted
 ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation.

James Russell Lowell

HIS hands with earthly work are done,
His feet are done with roving,
We bring him now to thee, and ask
The loved to take the loving.

Part back thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

Thy cheerful birds, thy liberal flowers,
Thy woods and waters, only,
Gave him their sweet companionship,
And made his hours less lonely.

Then part thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

Phæbe Cary

TOO soon, too soon comes Death to show
We love more deeply than we know!
The rain, that fell upon the height
Too gently to be called delight,
Within the dark vale reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be!

Coventry Patmore

I WAGE not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face;
 No lower life that earth's embrace
 May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
 From state to state the spirit walks;
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth:
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

Lord Tennyson

L ORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may still obey:
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before;
 He that unto God's Kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.

Richard Baxter

MAN'S life is but a working day,
 Whose tasks are set aright :
 A time to work, a time to pray,
 And then a quiet night.
 And then, please God, a quiet night,
 Where palms are green and robes are white,
 A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,—
 And all things lovely on the morrow.

Christina G. Rossetti

POOOR harp, how desolate!—The loving
 hand
 That wind-like wandered o'er thy
 tremulous strings,
 Culling sweet sheaves of sound or whisperings
 Aeolian, at the Master's mute command
 Drops lifeless. In that unresponsive land
 What music He from earthly sufferings
 Evoketh and the stress of mortal things,
 Wistful we seek but may not understand.
 Yonder may dwell continual peace, but here
 All peace begetteth and is born of strife,
 And every smile is sister to a tear ;
 Death only can the missing note supply
 That shall resolve the discord of this life ;
 Silence alone is perfect harmony.

Alfred Hayes

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim
 When the heart beats low, and the eyes
 grow dim,
 And pain has exhausted every limb—
 The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the life-long aim,
 And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
 And a man is uncertain of his own name
 The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last
 tear shed,
 And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
 And the widow and child forsake the dead
 The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall
 The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
 And the love of the dearest friends grow
 small—
 But the glory of the Lord is all in all.
 R. D. B. in memoriam M. F. G.

SLEEP that no pain shall wake,
 Night that no morn shall break,
 Till joy shall overtake
 Her perfect peace.

Christina G. Rossetti

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days :
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh

THEY are fair resting-places
For the dear, weary dead on their way
up to heaven.

Joaquin Miller

GOOD-BYE, proud world ! I'm going home :
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

WOULD divine love more plentifully
pour itself upon my heart, how easy
would it be to leave this flesh and world !
Death and the grave would be but a triumph
for victorious love. It would be easier to die
in peace and joy, than to go to rest at night
after a fatiguing day, or eat when I am hungry.

Richard Baxter

SURELY the fear of dying intimates some contrary love that inclines the soul another way, and some shameful unbelief of the attractive glory of the world of love ; otherwise no frozen person longs more for the fire, none in a dungeon for light, than we should for heavenly light and love.

Richard Baxter

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground, God's Acre ! It is
just ;

It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's
blast

Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

H. W. Longfellow

IMMORTALITY

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

JOB xix. 25, 26

IMMORTALITY

I HAVE been dying for twenty years, now
I am going to live.

Jas. Drummond Burns

IMMORTALITY is the glorious discovery
of Christianity.

Wm. Ellery Channing

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just ;
Head and tongue, and hand and
heart,

All in guilt have borne their part ;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die ;
Soon the Spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove ;

And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light ;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save ;
Ransom'd by Thy Blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

John Hampden Gurney

BEHOLD, I shew you a mystery ; We
shall not all sleep, but we shall be
changed,

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,
at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound,
and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and
we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorrup-
tion, and this mortal must put on immor-
tality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on
incorruption, and this mortal shall have put
on immortality, then shall be brought to pass
the saying that is written, Death is swallowed
up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave,
where is thy victory ?

The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Corinthians xv. 51-57

WE shall but kneel down before Him who made us, and not we ourselves, and with bowed head, and sad yet kindling heart, shall pray, if possible, with yet deeper conviction, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." And when we thus believe in Him Whom we have not seen, all else follows. We believe that He did not befool with irresistible longings, that He did not deceive with imaginary hopes, the man whom He had made. We believe that the breath of life which came from Him shall not pass away. We believe that He sent His Son to die for us and to save us. We believe that because He lives we shall live also. We believe ; we are content ; we do not even ask for further proof. In this belief, which we believe that He inspireth, we shall console ourselves amid all the emptiness and sorrow of life ; we shall advance, calm and happy, to the very grave and gate of death.

Dean Farrar

NO ; I shall pass into the Morning Land
As now from sleep into the life of
morn ;

Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand ;

See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned
the dawn.

I shall behold it ; I shall see the utter
Glory of sunrise heretofore unseen,
Freshening the woodland ways with brighter
green,

And calling into life all wings that flutter,
All throats of music and all eyes of light,
And driving o'er the verge the intolerable
night.

O virgin world ! O marvellous far days !
No more with dreams of grief doth love
grow bitter,

Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays :

A moment—death's dull sleep is o'er ; and we
Drink the immortal morning air Earine.

Mortimer Collins

HIS triumph, then, becomes potentially
the triumph of humanity—"in Christ
shall all be made alive"—if only we unite
ourselves to Him by faith.


Rev. R. J. Campbell

HE who dies in Jesus, oh he dies safely. There is a hymn, . . . we sometimes sing it on a Saturday night, that hymn "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and you remember there is one verse that runs, "This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise." Yes, there will come the moment when we shall drop this robe of flesh, we shall wend our way up and the robe of flesh will be dropped to earth and the undertaker will take charge of it and it will be buried, and God will watch over it and keep it, and His eye will ever be upon that spot in God's acre, and in the resurrection morn that robe that I dropped shall be raised up in glory and in beauty, and I am not sure but what one of the meanings of the white robe in Revelation is, the resurrection body. My spirit shall not be a disembodied spirit throughout eternity. It shall be robed in a body that is made pure as the spirit that indwells it.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence: and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

Cicero


 JOY ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blessed ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast :

Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Black misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised !

But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us—cherish—and have power to
 make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

William Wordsworth

A GRIEF not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moon-light.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we
Are built, and smile in calm, and say—
“These little motes and grains shall be
Clothed with immortality
More glorious than the noon of day.”

Lord Tennyson

HIGHER than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

ONE short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death,
thou shalt die.

Rev. J. Donne

BUT all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love;
The years of Heaven with all earth's little
pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

Helen Hunt

I CAME from God, and I'm going back to
God, and I won't have any gaps of death
in the middle of my life.

George MacDonald

THE seeming nearness or distance of the Lord makes all the difference to the buoyancy or the weariness of our work. But our blessed dead know neither bridal-veil nor fog. They have died into the open glory, into the fellowship where there is no night, the land of which "the Lamb is the light thereof," and where service is always in the sunshine.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

DUST to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change unquenchably the same.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

1 Corinthians ii. 9

THERE is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

James Montgomery

MAN is so created that as to his inter-
 nal he cannot die ; for he is capable of
 believing in God, and thus of being conjoined
 to God by faith and love, and to be con-
 joined to God is to live to eternity.

Emanuel Swedenborg

HE ne'er is crowned
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices call.

John Keats

TIS immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, abasements, empti-
 ness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 That only, and that amply this performs.

Edward Young

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Lord Tennyson

WE see but dimly through the mists and
vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

H. W. Longfellow

BUT deep within my heart of hearts there
hid
Ever the confidence, amends for all,
That heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey
did,
When love from life-long exile comes at call.

Robert Browning

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Unfading day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts

IT must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Joseph Addison

AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God: and He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

Revelation xxi. 1-4

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown?
And the stars answered me,—“We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!”

.

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered,—“We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die!”

Felicia D. Hemans

LOVE

God is love

1 JOHN iv. 8

LOVE

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And here at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

Lord Tennyson

NO message is so swift and certain as Love; no Love has been so strong as that which has on it the imprint of the wounded hands and feet.

Rev. John Watson

ALL is of God, and God is good. Every wind blows from the quarter of His love; every storm wafts us nearer the harbour; every cup, though presented by the hand of Judas, is mixed by the Father of our Spirits. It is not possible for His brethren to thrust a man into a pit, unless God permit it, and therefore we may say with Joseph, "It was not you that sent me hither, but God."

Rev. F. B. Meyer

THE thing that seems
 Mere misery, under human schemes,
 Becomes, regarded by the light
 Of love, as very near, or quite
 As good a gift as joy before.

Robert Browning

YE this truth eternal know—
Every seed that's sown below
Hath its purpose to fulfil,
And that purpose naught can kill,
Though it may to finite eye,
Court decay and seem to die ;
Though it never germinate,
Nor appear to fructivate,
Something out of it doth grow,
For another hand to sow.
Of this truth lay also hold,
For it never doth grow old.
In the granaries above,
Where the sifting hand is Love,
E'en the weakest of grain,
That same hand will sow again.
Be your life so ever maimed,
Be your hand so ever stained,
Out of you will something grow,
That the hand of Love will sow.
Listen, brother, and be brave !
Love the meanest seed will save.
This the God of Love will reap
In his harvest time and keep."

H. M. Macnaughton-Jones

I WILL not doubt the love untold
 Which not my worth nor want hath
 bought,
 Which wooed me young and woos me old,
 And to this evening hath me brought.

H. D. Thoreau

O LOVE, that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee :
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
 I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee ;
 My heart restores its borrow'd ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me thro' pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee ;
 I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain,
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee ;
 I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson

EVERY message and mercy from God is fuel for love, and while we are short of perfection, stirs up our desires after more of God. The soul is where it loves. If our friends dwell in our hearts by love . . . surely God and Christ, heaven and holiness, dwell in the heart which loves them fervently.

Richard Baxter

WHO shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans viii. 35, 37-39

EVERY place I have lived in has its monument of divine love. Every year and hour of my life has been a time of love. Every friend, neighbour, and even enemy, have been the messengers and instruments of love. Every state and change of my life, notwithstanding my sin, have opened to me the treasures and mysteries of love. . . . God loved me when I was His enemy, to make me a friend.

Richard Baxter

WHAT is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried ;
 "A hidden hope," the voice replied ;

So heavenly toned, that in that hour
 From out my sullen heart a power
 Broke, like the rainbow from the shower.

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
 That every cloud that spreads above
 And veileth love, itself is love.

Lord Tennyson

PATIENCE

The trying of your faith worketh patience.

JAMES i. 3

PATIENCE

WHEN I consider how my light is
spent
Ere half my days, in this dark
world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God hath not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His
state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

John Milton

PATIENCE is sorrow’s salve.

Charles Churchill

TO bear is to conquer our fate.

Thomas Campbell

HOW much the heart may bear, and yet
not break !

How much the flesh may suffer, and
not die !

I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh ;
Death chooses his own time ; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering
life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill ;
We seek some small escape ; we weep and pray ;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are
still ;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life ;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own :
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone ;
But ah ! we do not die with those we mourn,—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine,
thirst,

Bereavement, pain ; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow ; life inflicts its worst

On soul and body,—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and
worn,—

Lo, all things can be borne !

Elizabeth Akers Allen

HIS patient soul endures what Heav'n
ordains,

But neither feels nor fears ideal pains.

George Crabbe

THE worst speak something good ; if all
want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

George Herbert

THERE are many gates into Blessedness,
if you cannot *do*, be patient to *en-*
dure ; and there will be ministered to you an
abundant entrance, here and now, into the
sapphire precincts of that Holy City, whose
walls are Salvation, and her gates Praise.

Rev. F. B. Meyer

MY Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace,
And wait with deep humility
For Thy revealing grace.

I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode ;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

So faith and patience ! wait a while !
Not doubting, not in fear ;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

Then Thou shalt end Time's short eclipse,
Its dim uncertain night ;
Bring in the grand apocalypse,
Reveal the perfect light.

G. Rawson

THOU knowest, O my Father ! Why
should I
Weary high heaven with restless prayers
and tears !
Thou knowest all ! My heart's unuttered cry
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached
Thine ears.

Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest! Then
what need,

O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,
And with persistent iteration plead

As one who crieth at some closèd door?

“Tease not!” we mothers to our children
say,—

“Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best.”
Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,
Begging for this and that in wild unrest?

I dare not clamour at the heavenly gate,
Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains
within;

O, Love Divine! I can but stand and wait
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in!

Julia C. R. Dorr

NOT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain:
Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest,
 Nor grudge the hours that roll ;
 The feet that wait for God
 Are soonest at the goal ;

Are soonest at the goal
 That is not gained by speed ;
 Then hold thee still, my heart,
 For I shall wait His lead.

Bayard Taylor (?)

JUST as God leads me, I abide,
 In faith, in hope, in suffering true ;
 His strength is ever by my side—
 Can aught my hold on Him undo ?
 I hold me firm in patience, knowing
 That God my life is still bestowing—
 The best in kindness sending.

Lampertius

ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great
 hearts. *James Russell Lowell*

HOW poor are they that have not
 patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

William Shakespeare

LET patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

James i. 4

PATIENCE; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection! Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike, Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!

H. W. Longfellow

LET us hold on though the land be miles away; let us hold on till the morning breaks. That speck on the distant horizon may be the vessel for which we must shape our course. Forward, not backward must we steer—forward and forward, till the speck becomes a friendly ship. Have patience and perseverance; believe that there is a future before us, and we shall at last reach the haven where we would be.

Dean Stanley

THOU oughtest, therefore, to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others, that so thou mayest the more easily bear thine own very small troubles. And if they seem unto thee not very small, then beware lest thine own impatience be the cause thereof. However, whether they be small or whether they be great, endeavour patiently to undergo them all.

Thomas à Kempis

PEACE

*Let the peace of God rule in your hearts . . .
and be thankful.*

COLOSSIANS iii. 15

PEACE

THERE is a beautiful sentence which we use in our service when we pray that the peace of God shall keep our hearts and minds. The real meaning is, shall garrison or guard them, like an army which comes and settles down in tents and garrisons the whole field. This is the answer to the complete surrender of the soul. Where the hosts of God settle down, complete peace reigns.

*The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington
Ingram*

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take
from me
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see :
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
 And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
 Like quiet night :
 Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
 Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Procter

WE have here Christ's last legacy to His people. We find Him saying, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Peace is Christ's peculiar gift to His people. He seldom gives them money, or worldly ease, or temporal prosperity. These at best are very questionable possessions. Who can wonder that a legacy like this should be backed by the renewed emphatic charge, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid?" There is nothing lacking on Christ's part for our comfort, if only we will come to Him, believe and receive.

Bishop Ryle

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 While these hot breezes blow ;
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in my hour of pain ;
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain.

Rev. Horatius Bonar

DROP Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and
 stress ;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb, its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and
 fire,
 O still small voice of calm.

John G. Whittier

ACQUAINT thyself with Him, and be at
 peace.

Job xxii. 21

A CHRISTIAN ought to be a trustful, happy man, possessing a deep peace within his heart,—a peace that has come to him consciously because he has absolutely rested on a fact. Do you catch it? Peace has an experience that has come from his accepting peace as God's great fact. And what is to be the measure of it! Filled. . . . "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace." Am I *filled* with peace? If I am there will be a great quietness. This water-bottle here has only a little water in it; consequently I have only to move it about and the water washes to and fro. I am afraid that is an illustration of how I am too often spiritually. There is just enough peace to wash about in my soul. But if this decanter were filled to the full, so that you could not get another drop into it, and then corked up, you would be able to turn it about any way, but there would be no wash within. Why not? Because it *would be too full to be anything else than still*. That is what God would have us to be. Filled . . . filled . . . filled with all joy and peace—every form of joy, every possible manifestation of peace; the love of God shed abroad in my heart, heaven infused into my spirit, a perfect calm.

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

CALM Soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of Thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar !
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold

HOLD thee still
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life.
Death alone he means to kill,
Hold thee still.

Anonymous

THE world's peace consists in the absence
of untoward circumstance ; Christ's
is altogether independent of circum-
stances, and consists in the state of the heart.
The wildest conjunction of outward things
cannot break the perfect peace of the soul that
nestles to His heart, as Noah's dove to the
hand that plucked it from the weltering
waters.

Rev. F. B. Meyer

O LAMB of God ! that tak'st away
 Our sin, and bidd'st our sorrow cease,
 Turn Thou, oh, turn this night to day
 Grant us Thy peace !

The troubled world hath war without ;
 The restless wayward heart within
 Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
 And death and sin.

And there are needs that none can know
 And tears no eye but Thine can see ;
 Hopes nought can satisfy below ;
 We look to Thee.

Alessie Faussett

THE peace which others seek they find ;
 The heaviest storms not longest last ;
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
 An amnesty for what is past.

William Wordsworth

PERSEVERANCE

*Praying always with all prayer and supplication
in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all
perseverance.*

EPHESIANS vi. 18

PERSEVERANCE

A RELIGIOUS life is a struggle and not a hymn. ✓

Madame De Staël

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
“Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day. ✓

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been, they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough

THEN life is—to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

Robert Browning

HAST thou o'er the clear heaven of thy
soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watched all the hopes thou
wouldst have won
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine
eyes
To bluer skies.

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light,

No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the
plain,

No friend, save pain?

Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most
forlorn,

Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,

And wasted sacred hopes and precious
tears?

Yet calm thy fears,

For thou canst gain, even from the bitterest
part,

A stronger heart.

Has Fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden
blow?

Let thy tears flow;

But know when storms are past, the heavens
appear

More pure, more clear;

And hope, when farthest from their shining
rays,

For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in
vain

Its iron chain?

Has thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy
bond?

Look thou beyond ;

If life is bitter—*there* forever shine

Hopes more divine.

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain ?

Not vainly does he live who can endure.

O be thou sure,

That he who hopes and suffers here, can earn

A sure return.

Hast thou found naught within thy troubled
life

Save inward strife ?

Hast thou found all she promised 'thee, Deceit,

And hope a cheat ?

Endure, and there shall dawn within thy
breast

Eternal rest !

Adelaide A. Procter

WE are not angels, which have their dulcimers ever on the choral pitch. We are mortals, attaining the celestial accord with effort, through a stage of pain.

George Meredith

FOILED by our fellow-men, depress'd,
 outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its
 way,

And, *Patience! in another life, we say,
 The world shall be thrust down, and we up-
 borne.*

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
 The world's poor, routed leavings? or will
 they,

Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
 And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing only he,
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold

LET not him that putteth his hand to the
 plough look backward;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the
 flowers of life to its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and
 the hearts of the living,
 It is the will of the Lord; and His mercy
 endureth forever!

H. W. Longfellow

I WONDER whether I am talking to someone who is on the point of giving all up. You are so down, so depressed. . . . You have completely lost heart. . . . If so, will you allow me to read to you a little twentieth-century fable that was sent me by post? You can make your own application of it. There were two little frogs, and there were two bowls of milk. One fell into one bowl, and one fell into the other. One worked his little feet up and down for a little while, but he got tired, and said, "It is hopeless, it is no use trying," and he gave it up. In the morning he was a dead little frog lying at the bottom of the bowl of milk. The other little frog swam round and round, on and on. He got very tired, but he struck out, and never gave in; and in the morning he was a live little frog sitting comfortably on a pat of butter. He was not drowned in the milk,—he kept on till he churned the milk into butter. You are ready, are you, to give it all up and sink to the bottom and drown? There is something better than being drowned. It is in the power of God to enable you to keep on and on and on, and overcome every obstacle, waiting patiently for the morning. "Lift up the hands which hang down, and confirm the feeble knees."

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

THE man who though his fights be all
 defeats
 Still fights,

Enters at last

The heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets,
 Where glory more and more triumphant rites
 Than always conquering Joshua's when his
 blast

The frightened walls of Jericho downcast ;

And, lo, the glad surprise

Of peace beyond surmise

More than in common saints for ever in his
 eyes !

Coventry Patmore

YET, human Spirit, bravely hold thy
 course,
 Let virtue teach thee firmly to
 pursue

The gradual paths of an aspiring change :
 For birth, and life, and death, and that
 strange state

Before the naked soul has found its home,
 All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
 The restless wheels of being on their way,
 Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite
 life,

Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

PROVIDENCE

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

ROMANS viii. 28

PROVIDENCE

LIFE'S every circumstance, trivial or great, contains a garden—if we handle the circumstance aright. Our circumstances are what we make them—contain what we put into them: the lightning flash or the smile of God; the roar of thunder or the voice of God. Let us read God into all our circumstances and—where God is, is Eden!

Rev. Albert E. Sims

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

William Wordsworth

CONSIDER
The sparrows of the air of small
account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.

Christina G. Rossetti

THAT very law which moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers

WHAT in me is dark,
 Illumine ; what is low, raise and
 support ;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

John Milton

BEHOLD the fowls of the air : for they
 sow not, neither do they reap, nor
 gather into barns : yet your heavenly
 Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better
 than they ? Which of you by taking thought
 can add one cubit to his stature ? And why
 take ye thought for raiment ? Consider the
 lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not,
 neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you
 that even Solomon in all his glory was not
 arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God
 so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is,
 and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He
 not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

Matthew vi. 26-32

WHO sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Alexander Pope

AND pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to
 perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the
 storm.
Joseph Addison

TO a close shorn sheep, God gives wind by
 measure.
George Herbert

BEHIND the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keep-
 ing watch above his own.
James Russell Lowell

HIS providence
Out of our evil seeks to bring forth
good.

John Milton

AND I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine.

John G. Whittier

THERE is a divinity that shapes our
ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

William Shakespeare

RESIGNATION

*Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from
Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.*

LUKE xxii. 42

RESIGNATION

WE see not, know not ; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is
day ;

From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint ;
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
As minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !

John G. Whittier

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty
 garlands by
 So piteously, yet with a humble
 mind ;

Sailors, who, when their ship rocks in the
 wind,

Cast out her freight with half-averted eye,
 Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
 Lest they should never gain the wished-for
 shore ;—

Thus we, O Father, standing Thee before,
 Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh
 Each after each our precious things and rare,
 Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
 Perhaps Thou knewest that the flowers would
 die,

And the long-voyaged hoards be found but
 dust :

So took'st them, while unchanged. To Thee
 we trust,

For incorruptible treasure : Thou art just.

Dinah Mulock Craik

THE Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
 away ; blessed be the Name of the
 Lord.

Job i. 21

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill ;

Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all !

Rev. Horatius Bonar

DARE to look up to God and say, Deal with me in the future as Thou wilt ; I am of the same mind as Thou art ; I am Thine ; I refuse nothing that pleases Thee ; lead me where Thou wilt ; clothe me in any dress Thou choosest.

Epictetus

CAN loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs those they trust
and love ?

My Father, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee :
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

O ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me, or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams

THAT is simply best what God willeth ;
and therefore to live here is best, whilst
I do live here ; and to depart is best, when the
time for my departure cometh.

Richard Baxter

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause ; complain-
ing on—

Restless with rest—until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
Of our ripe peach ; or let the wilful sun
Shine westward of our window,—straight we
run

A furlong's sigh, as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through
the brain

God hath transfixed us,—we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of
pain,

We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore ;
And hear, submissive, o'er the stormy main,
God's chartered judgments walk for ever-
more.

E. B. Browning

AND weep not, though the Beautiful
decay
Within thy heart, as daily in thine
eyes ;

Thy heart must have its Autumn, its pale
skies,

Leading, mayhap, to Winter's cold dismay.

Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away ;
 Her form departs not, though her body dies.
 Secure beneath the earth the snowdrop lies,
 Waiting Spring's young resurrection day,
 Through the kind nurture of the Winter cold.
 Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
 The Summer time, when roses were alive :
 Do thou thy work—be willing to be old ;
 Thy sorrow is the husk that doth enfold
 A gorgeous June for which thou need'st not
 strive.

George MacDonald

OH, leave thyself to God ! and if, indeed,
 'Tis given thee to perform so vast a
 task,

Think not at all—think not, but kneel and
 ask.

O friend, by thought was never creature
 freed

From any sin, from any mortal need :

Be patient ! not by thought canst thou
 devise

What course of life for thee is right and wise ;
 It will be written up, and thou wilt read.

Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light,
 Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood,

Will shoot, amid our troubles infinite,
 The spirit's voice ; oft, like the balmy flood
 Of morn, surprise the universal night
 With glory, and make all things sweet and
 good.

Thomas Burbidge

LORD, our times are in Thy hand ;
 All our sanguine hopes have planned
 To Thy wisdom we resign,
 And would mould our wills to Thine.

Josiah Conder

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's
 rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say
 "Thy will be done !"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
 Let me "be still" and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done !"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prized,—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
 "Thy will be done !"

RESIGNATION

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
 “Thy will be done !”

Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine ; and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 “Thy will be done !”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
 “Thy will be done !”

Charlotte Elliott

TO will what God doth will, that is the
 only science
 That gives us any rest.

François De Malherbe

SORROW

*Ye sorrow not, even as others which have
no hope.*

I THESSALONIANS iv. 13

SORROW

OH, well it has been said, that there is
no grief like the grief which does not
speak !

H. W. Longfellow

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

Lord Tennyson

TELL me what you think of Christ as a Comforter. He is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. The weary may find a resting-place upon that breast, and the friendless may reckon Him their best friend. He never varies, He never fails. He never dies. His sympathy is ever fresh. His love is ever free. Oh, widows and orphans, oh, sorrowing and mourning, will you not thank God for Christ the Comforter?

D. L. Moody

OH! let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

When the mourner weeping
Sheds his secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief you languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in Heaven shalt know,—

When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love.

H. S. Oswald

THE Lord will not cast off for ever : but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

Lamentations iii. 31-33

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers
slumber,—

But o'er their silent sister's breast

The wild flowers who will stoop to
number?

A few can touch the magic string,

And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—

Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone

Whose song has told their heart's sad
story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known

The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep

O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,

But where the glistening night-dews weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign

Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

Till Death pours out his cordial wine

Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing
presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord

To every hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were poured,

As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE only cure for grief is action.

George Henry Lewes

ONE by one thy griefs shall meet thee.
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Adelaide A. Procter

WEeping can only stay for the brief
summer night, and in the early morn-
ing must hasten veiled away, stealing through
the back-door ; because Joy cometh at the
dawn, with his shout of joy, and bearing the
herald-beams of the long, happy summer day,
on which Night can never draw her dusky
shadows.

Rev. F. B. Meyer

S OON and for ever,
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away ;

Soon and for ever

We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.

When fightings without us,
And fears from within,

Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin ;

Where fears, and where tears, and
where

Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever

The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won ;

Soon and for ever

The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown.

Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,

A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near ;

When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.

J. S. B. Monsell

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you
languish,

Come, at the shrine of God fervently
kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish—

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
heal.

Joy of the disconsolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and
pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,

“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
cure.”

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can
reveal,

Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings
us—

“Earth has no sorrow that God cannot
heal.”

Thomas Moore

SORROW

MUST Man, with labour born, awake
 to sorrow
 When flowers rejoice and Larks with
 rival speed
 Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good
 morrow?
 They mount for rapture as their songs pro-
 claim
 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a
 sigh?
 Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or
 snares,
 A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than
 theirs.

William Wordsworth

TO him
 Who lives beyond earth's boundary,
 grief is dim,
 Sorrow is but a shadow.

John Keats

SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and
 carried our sorrows.

Isaiah liii. 4

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure Truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct Thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare the way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Rev. John Wesley

THE Life Radiant comes when one can
as sincerely thank God for pain as for
joy ; when, after long groping in the
darkness, clinging, indeed, to his faith in God
(for without that he could not live an hour,
though that faith be totally without sight), he
suddenly realises how a great sorrow has
wrought in him a great result ; that it has
perfected and crystallised all that was nebu-
lous in his faith, and that it has absolutely
brought him into perfect rest in the Divine
Will.

Lilian Whiting

THE ransomed of the Lord shall return,
 and come to Zion with songs and ever-
 lasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain
 joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing
 shall flee away.

Isaiah xxxv. 10

METHINKS we do as fretful children
 do,
 Leaning their faces on the window-
 pane

To sigh the glass dim with their own
 breath's stain,
 And shut the sky and landscape from their
 view :

And thus, alas, since God the Maker drew
 A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
 The life beyond us and our souls in pain,
 We miss the prospect which we are called
 unto

By grief we are fools to use. Be still and
 strong,
 O man, my brother ! hold thy sobbing
 breath

And keep thy soul's large window pure
 from wrong,

That so, as life's appointment issueth,

Thy vision may be clear to watch along
 The sunset consummation—lights of death !

E. B. Browning

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,
 I will not eat my heart alone,
 Nor feed with sights a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might
 To scale the heaven's highest height,
 Or dive below the wells of Death ?

What find I in the highest place,
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns ?
 And on the depths of death there swims
 The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
 Of sorrow under human skies :
 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

Lord Tennyson

O SACRED Sorrow ! by whom souls are
 tried,
 Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide ;
 If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly
 dare
 To tell his Maker he has had his share ?)
 Still let me feel for what thy pangs were sent,
 And be my guide and not my punishment.

George Crabbe

WE shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away!" Ah! but we sometimes never know each other until we meet together in the mist! It is in the common cloud that the family finds its kinship. It is in our sorrow that deep calleth unto deep, and our communion is revealed.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

BETTER in bitterest agony to lie
 Before Thy throne,
 Than thro' much increase to be
 lifted up on high,
 And stand alone.

Better by one sweet soul, constant and true,
 To be beloved,
 Than all the kingdoms of delight to trample
 thro',
 Unloved, unloved.

Yet best—the need that broke me at Thy
 feet,
 In voiceless prayer,
 And cast my chastened heart, a sacrifice
 complete,
 Upon Thy care.

John Oxenham

LOOK up, poor soul, out of the valley and know that on the top of yonder shining mountain lies folded safe the secret of your life, the oracle which would, if you could read it, solve all your mysteries and tell you just exactly how you ought to live. Look up out of the valley and know that it is there ; and then turn back again into the valley, for in the valley is the home where you must live, and you can never read the oracle which you know is there upon the mountain-top.

Rev. Phillips Brooks

DO not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
 “Grief will pass away,
 Hope for fairer times in future,
 And forget to-day.”—
 Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain ;
 Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
 “Soon she will forget,”—
 Bitter truth, alas ! but matter
 Rather for regret ;
 Bid her not “Seek other pleasures,
 Turn to other things” ;—
 Rather nurse her caged sorrow
 Till the captive sings.

SORROW

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
 And the stranger greet ;
 Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
 But as dear friends meet :
 Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
 By her dusky wings,
 Listening for the murmured blessing
 Sorrow always brings.

Adelaide A. Procter

WHEN remedies are past, the
 griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late
 on hopes depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from
 the thief ;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

William Shakespeare

O BROTHERS ! let us leave the shame
 and sin

Of taking vainly in a plaintive mood,
 The holy name of Grief—holy herein,
 That, by the grief of One, came all our good.

E. B. Browning

SET thyself therefore, like a good and faithful servant of Christ, to bear manfully the Cross of thy Lord, who out of love was crucified for thee.

Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers kinds of troubles in this miserable life ; for so it will be with thee, wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it, wheresoever thou hide thyself.

So it must be ; nor is there any remedy or means to escape from tribulation and sorrow, but only to endure thyself.

Drink of the Lord's cup with hearty affection, if thou desire to be His friend, and to have part with Him.

As for comforts, leave them to God ; let Him do therein as shall best please Him.

But do thou set thyself to suffer tribulations, and account them the greatest comforts ; for the sufferings of this present time, although thou alone couldest suffer them all, cannot worthily deserve the glory which is to come.

. . . .

And if thou couldest choose, thou oughtest rather to wish to suffer adversities for Christ, than to be refreshed with many consolations ; because thou wouldest thus be more like unto Christ, and more conformable to all the Saints.

For our worthiness, and the proficiency of

our spiritual estate consisteth not in many sweetnesses and comforts; but rather in thoroughly enduring great afflictions and tribulations.

Indeed if there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation, than suffering, surely Christ would have shewed it by word and example.

For both the disciples that followed Him, and also all who desire to follow Him, He plainly exhorteth to the bearing of the Cross, and saith, "If any will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow Me."

So that when we have thoroughly read and searched all, let this be the final conclusion, "That through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God."

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If thou bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee, to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be.

Thomas à Kempis

THE Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.

Isaiah xiv. 3

SUFFERING

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

ROMANS viii. 18

SUFFERING

THEY never learned to love who never
knew to weep.

Lord Tennyson

I SEE a universe, a solemn, a terrible, but
a very joyous and noble universe, where
suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted,
though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but
where it may be and generally is nobly borne ;
where, above all, any brave man may make
out a life which shall be happy for himself
and, by so being, beneficent to those about
him.

Robert L. Stevenson

GOOD men weep easily," says the
Greek poet ; and the better any
are, the more inclined to weeping,
especially under affliction. As you may see in
David, whose tears, instead of gems, were the
ornaments of his bed ; in Jonathan, Job, Ezra,
Daniel, &c. "How," says one, "shall God wipe
away all tears in heaven if I shed none on
earth ? And how shall I reap in joy if I sow
not in tears ? I was born with tears, and
I shall die with tears ; and why then should
I live without them in this valley of tears ?"

Rev. Phillips Brooks

OH well for him whose will is strong !
 He suffers, but he will not suffer
 long ;

He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
 For him nor moves the loud world's random
 mock,

Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seem a promontory of rock,
 That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

Lord Tennyson

WHEN we are pierced with afflictions,
 the way is not to go to God, and say,
 "Take away this thorn!" God says, "No, I
 put it there to bleed you where you are
 plethoric." Suffering well borne is better
 than suffering removed.

Rev. Henry W. Beecher

I ONLY polished am in mine own dust—
 Naught else against my hardness will
 prevail :

And thou, O man, in thine own sufferings
 must

Be polished : every meaner art will fail.

Richard Chenevix Trench

REGRET is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are
flown,

For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

No longer half-akin to brute,

For all we thought and loved and
did,

And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit.

Lord Tennyson

IF we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.

2 Timothy ii. 12

I KNOW enough of gardening to understand,
that, if I would have a tree grow up
upon its south side, I must cut off the
branches there. Then all its forces go to
repairing the injury ; and twenty buds shoot
out, where, otherwise, there would have been
but one. When we reach the garden above,
we shall find that, out of those very wounds
over which we sighed and groaned on earth,
have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious
fruit, a thousand-fold.

Rev. Henry W. Beecher

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor
keep ;

The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops of rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant

IT is a memorable tribute that is paid to the martyrs in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 35) : "Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance." May we not accuse ourselves that we are too apt to accept deliverance, any kind of deliverance, and from any quarter, if only it be deliverance. Infinitely better, my brother, my sister, cry for grace to "endure unto the end."

Grosart

SOME lessons we learn in the sunshine and some in the shadow ; some in the thousand glories of a summer morning, and the deep eternal peacefulness of a cloudless sky, and some from the scowl of a tempest amid the barren desolation of the wintry blast ; some we learn over the cradle in laughter and song and prophecy, and some at the graveside, in mourning and with tears.

Rev. T. Rhondda Williams

SUFFERING is not a mark of God's anger, but of His love.

Rev. R. J. Campbell

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and
 venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
William Shakespeare

UNTO you it is given on behalf of Christ,
 not only to believe on Him, but also to
 suffer for His sake.

Philippians i. 29

THE great God wants our conspicuous
 crises to be occasion of conspicuous
 testimony. He wants our seasons of
 darkness to be opportunities for the unveiling
 of the Divine. He wants duty to shine more
 resplendently because of the environing
 shadows. He wants tribulations only to fur-
 bish and burnish our signs. He wants us to
 manifest the sweet grace of continuance amid
 all the sudden and saddening upheavals of our
 intensely varied life.

Rev. J. H. Jowett

THANK God for grace.
 Ye who weep only ! If, as some have
 done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
 And touch but tombs,—look up ! Those tears
 will run
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and
 sun.

E. B. Browning

THROUGH much tribulation, we pass to
 our reward. No cross, no crown ; no
 Gethsemane, no emptied grave ; no cup of
 sorrow, no chalice of joy ; no cry of forsaken-
 ness, no portion with the great, or spoil with
 the strong. The comet that stands longest
 nearest the sun, must have plunged furthest
 into the abyss.

Rev. F. B. Meyer

AH ! when the infinite burden of life
 descendeth upon us,
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the
 earth, in the graveyard,—
 Then it is good to pray unto God ; for His
 sorrowing children
 Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals
 and helps and consoles them.

H. W. Longfellow

THE flowers live by the tears that
fall

From the sad face of the skies,
And life would have no joys at all,
Were there no watery eyes.
Love thou thy sorrow ; grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years ;
The rainbow !—see how fair a thing
God hath built up from tears.

Henry Septimus Sutton

THEY that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Psalms cxxvi. 5

IT is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly,—made to feel his need of God ; to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in Heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in Heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in Heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.

Charles Kingsley

SOMETIMES I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles, and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for each day ; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

John Newton

I HAVE found already some of the "sweetness" that belongs only to what is called trouble, which is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life.

George Eliot

IN the world ye shall have tribulation but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

John xvi. 33

FOR in the time of trouble He shall hide
me in His pavilion : in the secret of His
tabernacle shall He hide me ; He shall set me
upon a rock.

Psalms xxvii. 5

BUT peace to vain regrets ! We see but
darkly
Even when we look behind us, and
best things
Are not so pure by nature that they
needs
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
Their highest promise. If the mariner,
When at reluctant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the
ills
That must have fallen upon him had he
brought
His bark to land upon the wished-for
shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the
surf
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind
that blew
Inexorably adverse.

William Wordsworth

THE tears you shed will be changed into wine, which you will drink with unconceivable delight in heaven; or they will become pearls, and adorn your crown of honour in the life eternal.

Rev. Henry W. Beecher

YOU have only got to bear that trouble one day at a time. God promises strength for the day. Make the law of Day by Day one of the laws of your life.

*The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington
Ingram*

SUFFERING was a curse from which man fled; now it becomes a purification of the soul, a sacred trial sent by Eternal Love . . . a strange initiation into happiness. Oh, power of belief! All remains the same, and yet all is changed. A new certitude arises to deny the apparent and the tangible; it pierces through the mystery of things, it places an invisible Father behind visible nature, it shows us joy shining through tears, and makes of pain the beginning of joy.

Amiel

GOD shall wipe away all tears.

Revelation vii. 17

BLESSED be Thy Name, O Lord, for ever ; for that it is Thy will that this temptation and tribulation should come upon me.

I cannot escape it, but must needs flee to Thee, that Thou mayest help me and turn it to my good.

Lord, I am now in affliction, and my heart is ill at ease, for I am much troubled with the present suffering.

And now, O beloved Father, what shall I say? I am caught amidst straits ; save Thou me from this hour.

Yet therefore came I unto this hour, that Thou mayest be glorified, when I shall have been greatly humbled, and by Thee delivered.

Let it please Thee, Lord, to deliver me ; for, poor wretch that I am, what can I do, and whither shall I go without Thee?

Grant me patience, O Lord, even now in this emergency. Help me, my God, and then I will not fear, how grievously soever I be afflicted.

Thomas à Kempis

WHAT is it that promotes the most and the deepest thought in the human race? It is not learning ; it is not the conduct of business ; it is not even the impulse of the affections. It is suffering : and that, perhaps, is the reason why there is so much suffering in the world.

Sir Arthur Helps

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

JOB xiii. 15

TRUST

TRUST

WEAK and wounded in spirit you may be, but you must not despair ; rest in God, and the bruised reed shall become a polished shaft of His quiver.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson

COME unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

Matthew xi. 28-30

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
 The sounds my ear that greet,
 Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in my hour of pain,
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
 Like Him Who bore my shame,
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
 Who hate Thy holy name ;

Calm when the great world's news with power
 My listening spirit stir ;
 Let not the tidings of the hour
 E'er find too fond an ear ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
 Which storms assail in vain,
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

Rev. Horatius Bonar

SOME trust in chariots, and some in
 horses ; but we will remember the
 name of the Lord our God.

Psalms xx. 7

IN spiritual trials, which are the sharpest and most fiery of all, when the furnace is within a man, when God doth not only shut up His loving kindness from his feeling, but seems to shut it up in hot displeasure, when he writes bitter things against Him, yet then to depend upon Him and wait for His salvation, and the more He smites the more to cleave to Him—this is not only a true, but a strong and very refined faith indeed. Well might he say, “When I am tried I shall come forth as gold”; who could say that word, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him”? Though I saw as it were His hand lifted up to destroy me, yet from that same hand would I expect salvation.

Robert Leighton

FOR myself alone I doubt ;
All is well, I know, without ;
I alone the beauty mar ;
I alone the music jar.
Yet, with hands by evil stained,
And an ear by discord pained,
I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies ;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair.

John G. Whittier

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right ;
 His will is ever just ;
 Howe'er He orders now my cause,
 will be still and trust.

He is my God ;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 He never will deceive ;
 He leads me by the proper path,
 And so to Him I cleave,
 And take content
 What He hath sent ;
 His hand can turn my griefs away,
 And patiently I wait His day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 He taketh thought for me ;
 The cup that my Physician gives
 No poisoned draught can be,
 But medicine due ;
 For God is true ;
 And on that changeless truth I build,
 And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Though I the cup must drink
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear or shrink ;

Tears pass away
With dawn of day ;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
My Light, My Life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good ;
I trust Him utterly ;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our Guardian here.

Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make
earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there ;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Catherine Winkworth

THERE is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.

John Ruskin

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best !

How far from this our daily life,
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms !
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, Who is nigh,
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in what we fear !

We cannot trust Him as we should :
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
 And all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,

Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice

FATHER, I know that all my life,
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

Anna L. Waring

NONE but God can satisfy the longings
of an immortal soul ; that as the
heart was made for Him, so He only can
fill it.

Richard Chenevix Trench

TRUST

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure Truth and tender
 care,
 Who earth and Heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey.
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His Work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To Him commend Thy cause ; His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismay'd ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.

* * * * *

Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

Rev. John Wesley

BEGONE, unbelief ;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.

By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform :
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine food ;
Though painful at present
'Twill cease before long ;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

John Newton

BROTHER men, there Rest is in Christ,
because He is Love ; because His are
the everlasting verities of Humanity. God
does not cease to be the God of Love because
men are low, sad, and desponding. In the
performance of duty, in meekness, in trust in
God, is our rest—our only rest.

Rev. F. W. Robertson

SOMEWHERE, I know not where,
 Our broken thoughts must meet ;
 The discord that our lives unceasing
 make,
 Be harmony complete ;
 Somewhere, the colours crude
 That startle our dim eyes must blend ;
 Somewhere, the joys to fulness grow
 Which now seem but to end ;
 Somewhere, the hands which outstretched
 yearn
 To grasp a treasure
 And find it not—they shall be filled
 Measure upon measure.
 I know not where this happy land may be
 In which completeness
 In all things doth dwell ; but sometimes catch
 A little sweetness
 Falling soft upon the sad, sad air,
 And know that Love and Right must conquer,
 Somewhere.

Dorothy Whittingham

SLEEPE after toyle, port after stormie
 seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
 please.

Edmund Spenser

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, however
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish *fix* not where the
seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme,
For time and for eternity—by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections ; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone
To the dishonour of His holy name.
Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world,
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart !
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !
William Wordsworth

TRUST

AS helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm,
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness'
To Thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace,
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society,
So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

Jas. Drummond Burns

STILL will we trust, though earth seem
dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His
chastening rod ;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn
and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly still by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief
and pain ;
Through Him alone Who hath our way
appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast
designed ;
Choose for us, God ! Thy wisdom is unerr-
ing,
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the
loss ;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh

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

I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord! dost Thou
 still hear my cry?
 I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art
 ever nigh;
 I know that Thou art faithful; I trust but
 cannot see
 That it is still the right way by which Thou
 leadest me.

Frances R. Havergal

THOUGH Thou slay me, I will trust,
 Thou art God, but I am dust;
 Though Thou grieve, Thy grace I'll prove,
 I am loveless, Thou art love.
 Any sorrow I can bear,
 Save the sorrow of despair;
 Anything Thou ask'st resign,
 Save the bliss of being Thine.

J. S. B. Monsell

ON Thy compassion I repose,
 In weakness and distress ;
 I will not ask for greater ease,
 Lest I should love Thee less.
 Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing for me
 To need Thy tenderness.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,—
 My heart is strong to bear ;
 I will be joyful in Thy love,
 And peaceful in Thy care.
 Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
 According to His prayer.

Anna L. Waring

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart :
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art ;
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond its own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone :
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton

REST is not quitting the busy career ;
 Rest is the fitting of self to its
 sphere.

John S. Dwight

REST in the Lord, and wait patiently for
 Him.

Psalms xxxvii. 7

THE Shadow of the Rock !
 To weary feet,
 That have been diligent and fleet,
 The sleep is deeper and the shade more
 sweet.

O weary, rest !

Thou art sore pressed—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

F. W. Faber

O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest
 When all without tumultuous seems,
 That trusts a higher will, and deems
 That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees
 Whatever change the years may bring ;
 A mercy still in everything,
 And shining through all mysteries.

W. T. Matson

ALL through life there are wayside inns,
where man may refresh his soul with
love;

Even the lowest may quench his thirst at
rivulets fed by springs from above.

H. W. Longfellow

AS a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child
to bed,

Half willing, half reluctant to be led,

And leave his broken playthings on the
floor,

Still gazing at them through the open door,

Nor wholly reassured and comforted

By promises of others in their stead,

Which, though more splendid, may not
please him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away

Our playthings one by one, and by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently, that we go

Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,

Being too full of sleep to understand

How far the unknown transcends the what
we know.

H. W. Longfellow

ONLY—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in
ours,
When, jaded with rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our
breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies
plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we
would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun,
the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

Matthew Arnold

ARE you tired? Are there men and women who feel mentally jaded? Let me ask you, Have you ever stopped to ask whether the explanation may not be found in this,—you are not living enough in the “presence”? In proportion as God’s smiling face is ever before me, so I must find an ever deepening rest. Presence and rest. Rest and presence. You cannot have presence and worry. No; it is doubt and worry; backsliding and misery; wandering and wretchedness: but it is, “My presence *and* rest.”

Rev. Archibald G. Brown

ALTHOUGH the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18

ON every mountain height
Is rest.

Goethe

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart,
goes forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well
spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that
Death

Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

H. W. Longfellow

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