

“UNDER HIS SHADOW.”

*THE LAST POEMS*

OF

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

---

ONE HUNDREDTH THOUSAND.

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"Then the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold I have put My words in thy mouth."—*Jer.* i. 9.

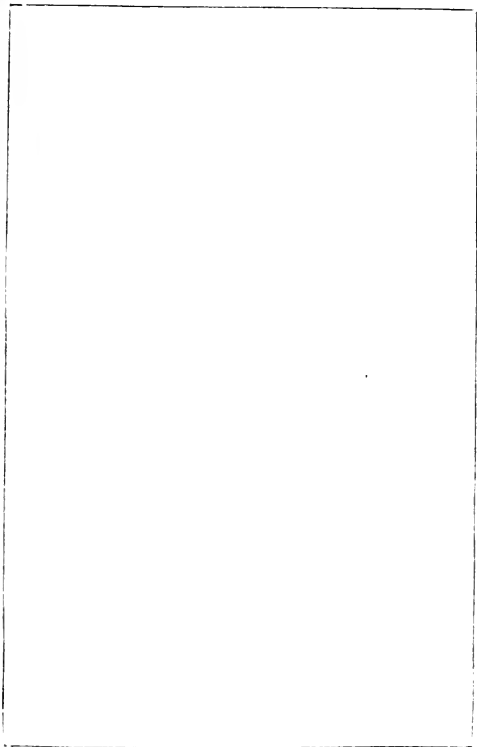
"Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."—*Ps.* cxix. 49.

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"I will direct their work in truth."—*Isa.* lxi. 8.

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*(Written on the first pages of F. R. H.'s last  
Manuscript Books.)*





## PREFACE.

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My dear sister Frances had intended writing an opening poem to this volume, showing *why* she chose its title of

“UNDER HIS SHADOW.”

Only these fragmentary lines, written in pencil, were found :—

“Faint footsteps tracked the burning sand  
Far o'er the wild white waste,

A thirsting band, lessening each hour ;  
Lost was all energy for hopeful haste,

Lost e'en despair's convulsive power,  
Although the dangerous glare  
Fell fiercely through heat-quivering air,

Although the way was strewn with bleaching bones,  
And treasure dropped by hands that could not care  
For gold or precious stones ;  
When very life evaporated, and although  
There was no safety in that terrible plain,  
No point of pause, but death. For swift or slow,  
Advance or halt, seemed all alike in vain ;—

\* \* \* \* \*

Happily I have preserved in writing the recollection of a conversation, in which she gave me an outline of what she intended the volume to be.

Three years ago, when we were in Switzerland, and she was recovering from illness, she said to me: "Marie, I think my third volume of poems will be my 'Nunc Dimittis'! Do you remember my poem, 'Threefold Praise'? I think my first volume, 'Ministry of

Song,' was like Haydn; then 'Under the Surface,' like Mendelssohn; and I want my third volume to be 'Messiah,' all to His praise!

"I should like the title to be 'Under His Shadow.' I seem to see four pictures suggested by that: under the shadow of a rock in a weary plain; under the shadow of a tree; closer still, under the shadow of His wing; nearest and closest, in the shadow of His hand. Surely that hand must be the pierced hand, that may oftentimes press us sorely, and yet evermore encircling, upholding, and shadowing!"

Only the day before my dear sister died she asked me to collect and publish all her MS. poems. I said, "Shall the title be 'Under His Shadow'?"

and she answered: "Oh, yes; I am so glad you remembered it."

And now she more than realizes her own words:

"As we fall c'erawed  
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher  
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher  
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand  
Even *in* the hollow of His hand:  
Nay, more! we lean upon His breast:  
There, there we find a point of perfect rest  
And glorious safety!"

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

OAKHAMPTON, STOURPORT,

*November, 1879.*

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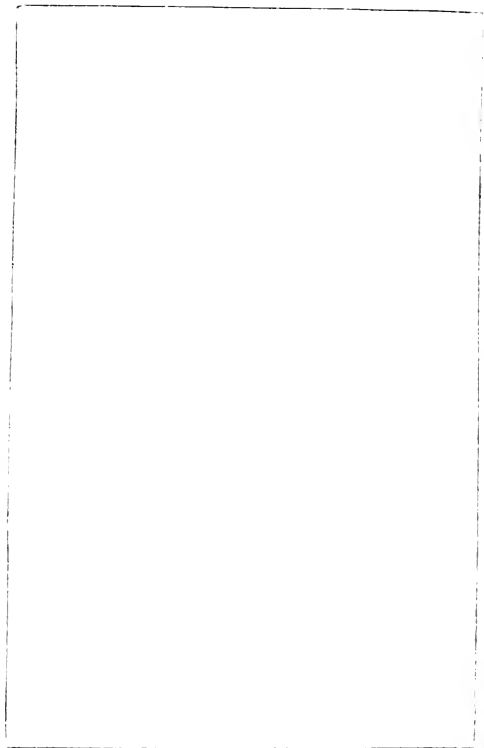
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## “ UNDER HIS SHADOW.”



### *AN INTERLUDE.*

*T*HAT part is finished ! I lay down my  
pen,

And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast  
Through the more difficult defile. For the last

Was easy, and the channel deeper then.

My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest ;  
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that will be  
my best !

How can *I* tell the varied, hidden need

Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,  
Who at some future time may come and read  
What I have written ! All are known to  
Thee.

As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end ;  
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to  
send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,  
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask  
To understand the "wherefore" of each line ;  
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task  
Just to look up to Thee for every word,  
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I  
am heard.

*September 11th, 1877.*

The above "Interlude" was written after many of  
the poems in this volume, and immediately *preceding*  
"Zenith."—*M. V. G. H.*

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*THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.*

THY thoughts, O God ! O theme Divine !  
Except Thy Spirit in my darkness shine,  
And make it light,  
And overshadow me  
With stilling might,  
And touch my lips that I may speak of  
Thee,—  
How shall I soar

To thoughts of Thy thoughts? and how dare  
to write  
Of Thine?

Thou understandest mine  
Far off and long before.

Thou searchest, knowest, compassest! Thy  
hand is laid

Upon me. Whither shall I flee  
From Omnipresence and Omniscience? If I  
fly

To heaven, Thou art there also! If I take  
The wings of morning, and my dwelling  
make

In the uttermost parts of the great sea,  
Even there Thy hand shall lead me, Thy right  
hand

Shall hold me. If I say  
Surely the night

Shall cover me, it shall be light

About me. Yea, the shade

Of darkness hideth not from Thee,

Night shineth as the day;

The darkness and the light are both alike to  
Thee.

Thee I will praise: for I am fearfully  
And wonderfully made.

My substance was not hid from Thee  
When I was made in secret, curiously wrought  
And yet imperfect. Then  
Thine eyes did see me. In Thy book  
Were all my members written, when  
Not one of them was into being brought.  
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,  
Too excellent, too high. Yet 'tis but one  
Keen ray of Thy great sun  
Touching an atom in a dusty nook !

One ray ! while others traverse depths profound  
Of possible chaos ; and illumine  
The boundless bound  
Of space ; and vivify worlds all unguessed,  
To whom  
Our farthest eastern spark,  
Caught by the mightiest telescope that ever  
pierced the dark,  
Is farthest west.

One ray ! while others overflow  
The countless hosts of angels with celestial  
blaze ;  
With still diviner glow,  
Flooding each heart with adoration sweet ;

And yet too glorious for the gaze  
Of seraphim, who cover face and feet  
    With burning wings,  
While through the universe their "Holy,  
    Holy," rings.

Only one ray! Yet doth it come  
So close to us, so very near,  
    Our inmost selves enfolding,  
Discerning, penetrating,—we, beholding  
    Its terrible brightness, well might fear,  
    But for the glow  
Of known and trusted Love that pulseth warm  
    below.

    And so  
The psalm ariseth, strong and clear,  
"How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O  
    God!  
    How great their sum!"  
Uncounted, marvellous, and very deep and  
    broad,  
Unsearchable and high!  
    Infinity  
Of holiest, mightiest mystery,  
    That never sight  
Or tongue of mortal seer  
    Could see or tell,

That never flight  
Of flame-like spirits that in strength excel  
Hath reached ! The very faith that brings  
us near  
Reveals new distances, new depths of light  
Unfathomed,—seas of suns that never eye  
Created hath beheld, or ever can behold !

What know we of God's thoughts? One  
word of gold  
A volume doth enfold.  
They are—“Not ours !”  
Ours ? what are they? their value and their  
powers?  
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet  
Across the busy brain,  
Only a few remain  
To set their seal on memory's strange con-  
sistence.  
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,  
That we would fain forget ;  
And very few are rich and great and sweet ;  
And fewer still are lasting gain,  
And these most often born of pain,  
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong  
existence.



What else? Even in their proudest strength  
so weak,  
So isolated and so rootless,  
So flowerless and so fruitless ;—  
We think, and dare not do,—we think, and  
cannot speak !

A thought alone is less than breath,  
Only the shudder of a living death,  
A thing of scorn,  
A formless embryo in chaos born  
It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,  
With swiftness and with skill,  
And moulded on life's anvil, ere it glow  
With any fire or force ;  
And wrought with many a blow  
And welded in the heat by toiling strength  
With many another, ere it go at length  
The humblest mission to fulfil.  
And then its tiny might  
Is not inherent, but alone dependent  
Upon the primal source  
And spring of power, First, Sole, Supreme,  
Transcendent !

What else? So circumscribed in flight !  
Like bats in sunshine, striking helpless wings  
Against the shining things,

That to their dazzled sight  
Appear not ; hindered everywhere  
By unseen obstacles with puzzling pain.  
Or like the traveller, toiling long to gain  
An Alpine summit, white and fair,  
With far-extending view ; but still withheld,  
And to the downward track with fainting step  
compelled,  
By an intangible barrier ; for the air  
Is all too rare,  
Too keenly pure  
For valley-dweller to endure.  
For thus our thoughts rebound  
From the Invisible-Infinite, on every side  
Hemmed ever round  
By the Impassable, that never mortal pinion  
Hath over-soared, that mocks at human  
pride,  
Imprisoned in its own supposed dominion.

What else? So mingled, so impure ;  
So interwoven with the threads of sin,  
Visible or invisible as the sight  
Is purged to see them in God's light ;  
So subtle in their changeful forms, now dark,  
now bright ;

Such mystery of iniquity within,  
That we must loathe our very thoughts, but  
for the cure

He hath devised,—the blessed Tree  
The Lord hath shown us, that, cast in, can  
heal

The fountain whence the bitter waters flow.

Divinest remedy

Whose power we feel,  
Whose grace we comprehend not, but we  
know.

What else? So fallible, so full of errors,—  
No certainty! In aught unproved and new,  
Treading volcanic soil o'er smothered terrors;  
Spectral misgivings rising to the view,

As each step crushes through  
Some older crust of truth assumed. And this  
is all

That human thoughts can do,  
Leaning on human strength and reason  
solely;

Now wrong, now right, now false, now  
true,

As may befall!

And even the truest never reaching wholly  
Truth Absolute,

That still our touch eludes,  
And vanishes in deeper depths when man in-  
trudes  
Within her awful solitudes.  
Where many a string is mute  
And many a-wanting, all the rest  
Imperfectly attuned at best,—  
We can but wait for truth of tone,  
For truth of modulation and expression,  
With lowliest confession  
Of utter powerlessness, content  
To trust His thoughts and not our own,—  
Until the Maker of the instrument  
Shall tune it in another sphere,  
By His own perfect hand and ear.

Now turn we from the darkness to the  
light,  
From dissonance to pure and full accord !  
" My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith  
the Lord,  
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the  
height  
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,  
My thoughts, to yours ;—out of your sight,  
Above your praise."  
Oh, oracle most grand !

Thus teaching by sublimest negative  
What by a positive we could not understand,  
Or, understanding, live!  
And now, search fearlessly  
The imperfections and obscurity,  
The weakness and impurity,  
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery  
Write, "NOT as ours!" Then, in every  
line,  
Behold God's glory shine  
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view  
*His* thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy,  
Infinite, and True.

---

And now, what have we of these thoughts of  
God,  
So high, so deep, so broad?  
What hath He given, and what are we re-  
ceiving?  
A revelation  
Dim, pale, and cold  
Beside their hidden fire, yet gorgeously en-  
scrolled  
Upon His wide Creation.  
He would not all withhold,  
His children in the silent darkness leaving;

Nor would He overwhelm our heart  
And strike it dumb ;  
And so He hath enfolded some  
In fair expressions for the eye and ear ;  
Though faint, yet clear ;  
Such as our powers may apprehend in  
part.

Thus hath He wrought  
The dazzling swiftness of the thought  
That veiled itself for mortal ken in light.  
And thus the myriad-handed might  
Of that from which the million-teeming ocean  
fell,

No greater toil to Him,  
From silent depth to surfy rim,  
Than the small crystal drop which fills a rosy  
shell.

And thus the Infinite Ideal  
Of perfect Beauty, (only real  
In Him and through Him, pure concep-  
tion  
Too exquisite for our perception.)  
He hath translated, giving us such lines  
As we can trace,  
In mountain grandeur and in lily grace,  
In sunset, cloudland, or soul-moulded face,  
Such alphabets and signs

As we, His little ones, may slowly, softly read,  
Supplying thus a deep, true spirit-need.

What know we more? One thought He  
hath expressed

In that great scheme  
Of which we, straining, catch a glimpse or  
gleam

In light or shadow ;—scheme embracing all,  
Star-system cycles and the sparrow's fall ;—  
Scheme all-combining, wisest, grandest, best.  
We call it Providence. And each may deem  
Himself a tiny centre of that thought ;

For how mysteriously enwrought  
Are all our moments in its folds of might,  
Our own horizon ever bounding

And yet not limiting, but still surrounding  
Our lives, while reaching far beyond our  
quickest sight.

A thought of consummated harmony !  
Each life is one note in that symphony,  
Without which were its cadence incomplete :  
Yet each note complex, formed of many a  
reed ;

And each reed quivering with vibrations pass-  
ing count,

And each vibration blending

In mystic trinities ascending  
Through weird harmonics that recede  
Into the unknown silences, or meet  
In clashing thrills unanalysed, and mount  
In tangled music, yet all plain and clear  
    Unto the Master's ear.  
O thought of consummated melody  
And perfect rhythm ! though its mighty beat  
    Transcend angelic faculty,  
    And though its mighty bars  
May be the fall of worlds, the birth of stars,  
    Its measure—all eternity—  
    One echo, calm and sweet,  
Our clue to this great music of God's plan,  
Sounds on in ever-varying repeat—  
Glory to God on high, peace and goodwill to  
    man !

What have we more ? Scan we the blinding  
    blaze

    Of the refulgent rays  
Outpourèd from the Very Fount of Light ?  
One thought of God in undiluted splendour,  
    Flashed on our feeble gaze,  
Were never borne by mortal sight.  
    He knew it, and He gave,  
    In mercy tender,



All that the soul unwittingly doth crave,  
All that it can receive. He robed  
In finite words the sparkles of His thought,  
The starry fire englobed  
In tiny spheres of language, shielding, softening  
thus  
The living, burning glory. And He brought  
Even to us  
This strange celestial treasure that no prayer  
Had asked of Him, no ear had heard,  
Nor heart of man conceived. He laid it  
there,  
Even at our feet, and said it was His Word.  
O mystery of tender grace !  
We find  
God's thoughts in human words enshrined,  
God's very life and love with ours entwined.  
All wonderingly from page to page we  
pass,  
Owning the darkening yet revealing glass ;  
In every line we trace,  
In fair display,  
Prismatic atoms of the glorious bow  
Projected on the darkest cloud that e'er  
O'ergloomed the world that God had made  
so fair,  
The rainbow of His covenant ; each one

Reflecting perfectly a sevenfold ray,  
    Shot from the sun  
    Of His exceeding love,  
    Strong and serene above,  
Upon a tremulous drop of tearful life below.

One thought, His thought of thoughts,  
    awakes our song  
Of endless thanks and marvelling adoration  
More than aught else. For Providence,  
    Creation,  
All He hath made and all He doth prepare,  
    Thoughts grand and wise, and strong,  
    Thoughts tender and most fair,  
Are pale beside the glory of Salvation,  
Redemption's gracious plan and glorious revelation :—

    The focus where all rays unite ;  
Each attribute arrayed in sevenfold light,  
    Each adding splendour to the rest.

    The meeting blest  
Of His great love and foreseen human woe  
Struck forth a mighty fire, that sent a glow  
Throughout the universe ;—an overflow  
    To the dim confines that none know  
Save He who traced them ; lit up gloriously  
The farthest vistas of Eternity ;

And, flooding heaven itself with radiance  
new,  
Revealed the heart of God, all-merciful, all-  
true.

---

Thus are the thoughts of God made known  
to men.

Yet is all revelation bounded  
First by its vehicle, and then  
By its reception. Unseen things  
Remain unfathomed and unsounded,  
And hidden as the springs  
Of an immeasurable sea,  
Because His thought, sublime and great,  
No language finds commensurate  
With its infinity ;

And when compressed in any finite mould,  
'Tis but a fraction that the mind of man  
Receiveth. For we hold  
But what we span,  
We only see

What feeble lenses and weak sight may scan.  
And thus a double lessening, double veiling  
Of the unimagined glory of a thought of Him  
Who dwells between the cherubim !  
First, suffering and paling

By its necessitate transition  
From Infinite to Finite, for that all expression  
Is by its nature finite ; then the vision  
Which angels might receive straightway,  
Unshorn of any ray,  
And hold in full possession,  
Must enter by the portal  
Of faculties sin-paralyzed and mortal ;  
And in the human breast's low-vaulted gloom  
It finds no room  
For any high display.

This is no guess-work. It is even so  
With our poor thoughts. For they are  
always more  
Than any form or language can convey.  
We know  
Things that we cannot say ;  
We soar,  
Where we could never map our flight.  
We see  
Flashes and colourings too quick and bright  
For any hand to paint. We meet  
Depths that no line can sound. We hear  
Strange far-off mental music, all too sweet,  
Too great for any earthly instrument ;  
Gone, if we strive to bring it near.

For who that knows  
The sudden surging and the startling throes  
Of subterranean soul-fires with no vent,  
That seek an Etna all in vain ;—  
Or the slow forming of some grand, fair  
thought,  
With exquisite lingering outwrought,  
Only to melt before the touch of effort or of  
pain :—  
(Like quivering rose-fire 'neath a filmy veil  
In mountain dawn,  
That grows all still and pale  
When the transparent silver is withdrawn.)  
Oh ! who that knows but owns the meagre  
dower  
Of poor weak language married to thought's  
royal power—  
Oh ! who that knows but needs must  
own,  
If it be thus  
Even with us,  
Groping and tottering alone  
Around the footstool of His throne,  
With limited ideas and babe-like powers,  
What must it be with Him, whose thoughts  
are not as ours !

And now  
We only bow,  
And gaze above  
In raptured awe and silent love ;  
For mortal speech  
Can never reach  
A word of meetly-moulded praise  
For one glimpse of the blessed rays,  
Ineffable and purely bright,  
Outflowing ever from the Unapproachèd Light.

---

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,  
A point of coolness and repose  
Within the centre of a flame, where life might  
dwell  
Unharmèd and unconsumed, as in a luminous  
shell,  
Which the bright walls of fire enclose  
In breachless splendour, barrier that no foe  
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest  
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,  
A silence at its secret source ;—  
A little child might slumber undistressed,

Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,  
In that strange central calm amid the mighty  
whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,  
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—  
As we fall o'erawed

Upon our faces, and are lifted higher  
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher  
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand  
Even in the hollow of His hand.

Nay, more ! we lean upon His breast—  
*There*, there we find a point of perfect rest  
And glorious safety. There we see

His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace  
That stoop in tenderest love ; that still increase  
With increase of our need ; that never change,  
That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite !

O royal mercy free !

O gentle climax of the depth and height  
Of God's most precious thoughts, most won-  
derful, most strange !

“ For I am poor and needy, yet  
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me !* ”

*ZENITH.*

## I.

**WE** watched the gradual rising of a star,  
Whose delicate, clear light outshone  
the crowd,

Gleaming between the rifts of parting  
cloud,

Brighter above each dusky veiling bar :  
The fairy child, the glimpse of girlish face,  
Rising to woman's dower of fairest, fullest grace.

And still she rose, and still she calmly shone,  
Walking in brightness ever brightening  
still,

Gladdening, attracting at her queenly will,  
With starlike influence. The years wore on,  
And Isabel, the star, the pearl, the flower,  
Could not but know her gift, the secret of her  
power.

"Never so lovely as to-night," they said,  
Again and yet again ! There came a night  
When many owned afresh the royal might  
Of beauty, as she came with snowfall tread,  
And summer smile, and simple maiden dress,  
Crowned only with the light and her own  
loveliness.



And the next day she was a little tired,  
And the next night the rose had somewhat  
paled ;  
The fair pearl glistened, yet it somewhat  
failed

Of the past gleam, the radiance all-admired.  
From the soft emerald of the wind-waved grass,  
How soon the diamond sparkle of the dew must  
pass !

And the next week the sunbeams vainly  
sought

An entrance, where their merry rival lay  
Fevered and weary ; while, from day to  
day,

The quick pulse wasted what short slumber  
brought

Of slow renewing. So the dark mist fell,  
And hid the starry fire that all had loved so  
well.

Again she shone, when from that dark mist  
freed,

But with that singular radiance never  
more ;

The brightening upward path so quickly  
o'er,

The solemn westward curve begun indeed !

The unconscious zenith of her lovely light  
For ever left behind on that gay triumph-  
night !

## II.

Ho ! for the Alps ! The weary plains of  
France,  
And the night shadows, leaving far be-  
hind,  
For pearl horizons with pure summits  
lined,—  
On through the Jura-gorge, in swift advance  
Speeds Arthur, with keen hope and buoyant  
glee,—  
On to the mountain land, home of the strong  
and free !

On ! to the morning flush of gold and  
rose ;  
On ! to the torrent and the hoary pine ;  
On ! to the stillness of life's utmost line ;  
On ! to the crimson fire of sunset snows.  
Short starlit rest, then with the dawn's first  
streak,  
On ! to the silent crown of some lone icy  
peak !

'Twas no nerve-straining effort, then, for  
him

To emulate the chamois-hunter's leap  
Across the wide rock-chasm, or the deep  
And darkly blue crevasse with treacherous  
rim ;

Or climb the sharp arête, or slope of snow,  
With Titan towers above, and cloud-filled  
gulfs below.

It was no weariness or toil to count

Hour after hour in that weird white realm,  
With guide of Alp-renown to touch the  
helm

Of practised instinct ; rocky spires to mount,  
Or track the steepest glacier's fissured length,  
In the abounding joy of his unconquered  
strength.

But it was gladness none can realize

Who have not felt the wild Excelsior  
thrill,

The strange exhilarate energies, that fill  
The bounding pulses, as the intenser skies  
Embrace the infinite whiteness, clear and fair,  
Inhaling vigorous life with that quick crystal  
air.

That Alpine witchery still onward lures  
Upward, still upward, till the fatal list  
Grows longer of the early mourned and  
missed ;

Leading where surest foot no more ensures  
The life that is not ours to throw away  
For the exciting joys of one brief summer day.

For there are sudden dangers none fore-  
know ;

The scarlet-threaded rope can never mock  
The sound-loosed avalanche, frost-cloven  
rock,

Or whirling storm of paralyzing snow.

But Arthur's foot was kept ; no deathward  
slips

Darkened the zenith of his strength with dire  
eclipse.

So year by year, as his rich manhood filled,  
Herevelled in health-giving mountain feats ;  
Spurning the trodden tracks and curious  
streets,

As fit for old men, and for boys unskilled  
In Alpine arts, not strong nor bold enough  
To battle with the blast and scale the granite  
bluff.

One glowing August sun went forth in might,  
And smote with rosy sword each snowy  
brow,—  
Bright accolade of grandeur ! Now, oh  
now,  
Amid that dazzling wealth of purest light,  
His long ambition should be crowned at last,  
And every former goal rejoicingly o'erpast !

For ere the white fields softened in the glow,  
He stood upon a long-wooded virgin peak,  
One of the few fair prizes left to seek ;  
Each rival pinnacle left far below !  
He stood in triumph on the conquered  
height :  
And yet a shadow fell upon his first delight !

For well he knew that he had surely done  
His utmost ; and that never summer day  
Could bring a moment on its radiant way  
Like the first freshness of that conquest,  
won  
Where all had lost before. A sudden tear  
Veiled all the glorious view, so grand, so calm,  
so clear !

## III.

An hour of song . of musical delight  
To those whose quick . instructed ear could  
trace,  
Through complex harmonies, the artistic  
grace,

The finest shades of meaning, and the might  
Of order and of law. Nor less to those  
Who loved it as we love the fragrance of the  
rose.

And Cecil stood, with all the added ease  
Of ripe experience and of sure success ;  
With all her glad instinctive consciousness  
Of natural gift that could not fail to please ;  
With all her rich maturity of tone,  
Like sun-glow of the South on purple clusters  
thrown.

She sang rejoicing in her song,—each bar  
A separate pulse of pleasure. Were there  
none  
To listen and applaud, or only one,  
As freely she had poured it. For a star  
Shines, not because we watch it ! Only blaze  
Of artificial light reserves its measured rays.

Yet who, that ever tasted, does not know  
The witchery of any phase of power,  
Ascendancy unsought, magnetic dower  
Of influence? And Cecil found it so,  
And though but vaguely conscious of her  
    might,  
Lived in her own strong spell, a glamour of  
    delight.

Nor only joy of power and joy of song  
To fill the singer's chalice were com-  
    bined ;  
But sympathetic influences of mind,  
Acting, re-acting, as the charmed throng  
Followed the wave of her swift magic wand,  
Yet lured her ever on to fair heights still  
    beyond.

And so the song passed to its dying fall,  
As the electric interchanges crossed.  
What marvel that the closing chord was  
    lost  
In rush of quick applause and fond recall !  
And Cecil rose once more, and poured again,  
From fuller gushing fount, the doubly welcomed  
    strain.

Higher and higher rose the glorious song,  
Deeper and deeper grew the silence  
round ;  
All unrestrained the free, full notes resound,  
In splendid carol-gladness ; holding long  
Unwearied listeners in chains unseen,  
As willing captives led by their victorious  
queen.

Tribute of wondering smile was freely paid ;  
And then, as subtle modulation wrought  
Soft shadows in the sunny strain, some  
brought  
The deeper homage of a tear, and, swayed  
Beyond confession, strove in vain to hide  
The unconquerable rush of sweet emotion's tide.

Then once again the clear tones rose and  
swelled,  
While flashed the singer's eye with inward  
fire ;  
And still the spirit of the song soared  
higher,  
Until the closing cadence, as she held  
All hearts entranced, till like a sunset ray  
The last, long, sweet note thrilled, and softly  
died away.



And all was over ! Ah, she had not guessed  
That she had touched the zenith of her  
song,  
That gradual declining, slow and long,  
Must mark the path now trending to the west !  
No boundary line is seen, and yet we cross  
In one veiled hour, from gain, to sure though  
lingering loss.

She often sang again. But oftener fell  
Apologies of unaffected truth.  
There was more effort, yet less power, in  
sooth !  
The ringing tone less like a golden bell.  
“Not quite in voice of late. I'll do my best ;  
Do not expect too much ;—I think my voice  
needs rest.”

So one by one the songs no more were seen  
That called for grandest tone and clearest  
trill.  
And when she sang, though old friends  
loved it still,  
The stranger wondered what the spell had  
been.  
And then they spoke of how she *used* to sing !  
Passing or passed away is every earthly thing.

## IV.

A silent house beneath a dome of stars ;  
A deeply shaded lamp, a lonely room ;  
A fire whose fitful whispers through the  
gloom  
In rhythmic cadence leapt athwart the bars ;  
A broad, worn desk ; a broad, worn, bending  
brow ;  
Yet a bright eye beneath, full of strange bright-  
ness now.

A rapid hand, that wrote swift words of  
flame,  
Far-glowing words to kindle other fires ;  
Words that might flash along Time's  
mystic wires,  
And thrill the ages with a deathless name ;  
Barbed words, that fasten where they fall, and  
stay  
Deep in the souls of men, and never pass away.

Little recked Theodore of fame that night,  
And less of gold. The current was too  
strong  
For such vain barques to launch. It  
swept along,

Whither he hardly knew ; the impulse  
bright—

Passing at every turn some opening view,  
Some echoing mountain height, some vista  
far and new.

Lost memories trooped in amid the crowd  
Of happiest images : ethereal forms  
Of weirdly prescient fancy, spectral  
swarms,

Before him in oppressive beauty bowed,  
And beckoned him, with gleaming hands, to  
grasp  
Their fleeting loveliness in firm and joyous  
clasp.

And inward music rose, and wreathed  
around

Each thought that shaped itself to outline  
clear ;

The royal chimes rang on, more sweet,  
more near,

With every gust. He caught the silver  
sound,

And cast its fairy mantle o'er the flow  
Of his melodious lines, in all their fiery  
glow.

Such times are but the crystallizing hours  
That make the rainbow-bearing prism.  
They change  
Long-seething soul-solutions into strange  
And startling forms;—new properties and  
powers  
And beauties hardly dreamt, yet latent there,  
The poet-touch evokes, strong, marvellous,  
and fair.

For there are long, slow overtures before  
Such bursts of song; much tension un-  
confessed,  
Much training and much tuning,—years  
compressed,  
Concentrated in ever-filling store ;  
Till thoughts, that surged in secret deep  
below,  
Rise from volcanic fount in sudden overflow.

Much living to short writing ! such the law  
Of living poems, that have force to reach  
Depths that are sounded by no surface  
speech,  
And thence the sympathetic waters draw,  
With golden chain of many a fire-forged link,  
Gently, yet mightily, up to the pearly brink.

Was it the stillness of the lonely night  
That set his spirit free, with wizard hand,  
Opening the gates of more than fairy-  
land?

Oft had he known the pulse of poet-might,  
But never quite the free, exultant power,  
In which he revelled now through that en-  
chanted hour.

Was it not rather that the harvest-time,  
After the sowing and the watering long,  
Was fully come; the golden sheaves of  
song  
Falling in fulness, and that royal chime  
Pealing the harvest-home of wealth unseen,  
Where the remaining years might only come  
and glean?

At length the last page lay beneath the  
light,  
From wavering erasure free, and wrought  
Too perfectly for any after-thought.  
He rose, threw up the sash, and on the  
night,—  
The brilliant, solemn night,—looked forth and  
sighed,  
And felt the immediate ebb of that unwonted  
tide.

For it was over ! and the work was done  
For which his life was lived ! unconscious  
yet !

The blossom fell because the fruit was  
set ;

The standard furred because the field was  
won.

And, with the energy, the gladness passed,  
And left him wearied out and sorrowful at last.

For only work that is for God alone

Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,

A guerdon unaffected by the sight

Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.

All else is vanity beneath the sun,

There may be joy in *doing*, but it palls when  
*done*.

v.

Once more. A battle-field of mental might,

A broad arena for the utmost skill

Of world-famed gladiators, echoing still

With praise or cruel blame, beyond the sight

Of each day's keen spectators, to the verge

Of widest continents and ocean's farthest  
surge.

A great arena, whence the issues flow  
Not only through an empire, but a world,  
Moulding the centuries : wherein are hurled  
Thunders whose ultimate havoc none can  
know,  
Striking not names but nations :—such the  
scene  
Of conflict and renown, long entered by  
Eugene.

Many a time his weighty sword he threw  
Into the scale of victory, and swayed  
The critical turns, the great events that  
made  
The era's history. For well he knew  
Each subtle art of eloquence, combined  
With rarest gifts of speech, and native powers  
of mind.

His patriotism earned a noble meed  
Of trust and honour, more than any fame,  
And sweeter. Yet some thought his hard  
won claim  
Not meetly recognised. Perchance indeed  
The shadow crossed his own thought, as he  
found  
Less kingly orators with heavier laurels  
crowned.

At length a contest of long doubtful end  
Drew to a climax : and his soul was  
stirred,  
And every generous faculty was spurred  
To utmost energy. For he could spend  
His very self upon the cause that seemed  
Clear justice and clear right ! or rather, so he  
deemed !

For there are few who care to analyse  
The mingled motives, in their complex  
force,  
Of some apparently quite simple course.  
*One* disentangled skein might well surprise.  
Perhaps a "single heart" is *never* known,  
Save in the yielded life that lives for God  
alone,—

And that is *therefore* doubted, as a dream,  
By those who know not the tremendous  
power  
Of all-constraining love ! So in that hour  
Of fierce excitement, 'mid the flashing gleam  
Of measured glaive, I will not dare to say  
That Eugene's purest zeal no party claim  
might sway.



---

Still, all combined to bid the eagle soar  
Beyond the common clouds, the shifting  
mists  
Of every-day debate, the very lists  
Of strong opponents strengthening him the  
more.

As the strong pinion finds the opposing breeze  
The very means of rising over land and seas.\*

So Eugene rose in his full manly strength,  
Reining at first the fiery courser in,  
That with calm concentration he might win  
The captious ear ;—reserve of power at length,  
At the right moment from the wise curb freed,  
Triumphantly burst forth with grand impetuous speed.

And as the great speech mounted to a pause  
Some foes were silenced, some were wholly  
gained,  
And all were spellbound, stilled, and  
marvel-chained,  
And, more than all the clatter of applause,  
The cause was won ! “ Eugene was at his best  
To-night ! ” So much they knew ! They did  
not know the rest !

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\* See Duke of Argyll's “Reign of Law.”

For they who watched with envy or delight  
The moment of his zenith little knew  
It was the moment of his setting too ;  
For fell paralysis drew near that night.  
Never again Eugene might proudly stand,  
And sway the men who swayed the sceptre of  
his land.

## VI.

A simple Christmas-Day at home ! And yet  
It was the very zenith of two stars  
That rose together through the cloudy  
bars,  
In bright perpetual conjunction met,  
A day whose memory should never cease,—  
A Coronation-day of Love and Joy and Peace.

The culmination of two lives that passed  
Through many a chance and change of  
chequered years,  
Each shining for the other, hopes and  
fears  
Centred within their home ! And now at last  
They gazed upon a clear, calm sky around,  
And rested in their love, that day serenely  
crowned.

Bernard and Constance had no wish beyond  
Each other's gladness, and the fuller good  
Of those belovèd ones who blithely stood  
Around the Christmas fire,—the fair and fond,  
The strong and merry, sons and daughters  
grown  
In closest unity,—rich treasures all their own.

Bright arrows of full quiver ! still unshot  
By ruthless bow of Time and scattered  
wide,  
Still in the sweet home-bundle tightly tied,  
Though feathered for the flight from that  
safe spot.  
Flight when? and whither? Ah me ! who  
might say  
What should befall before another Christmas-  
Day !

Closer they clustered in the twilight fall,  
And talked of pleasant memories of the  
year,  
And then of pleasant prospects far and  
near ;  
Each name responding at each gleeful call.  
The merry mention of a dear name there  
Had never yet been hushed by any empty chair.

But, most of all, the gladness and the pride  
Circled around the eldest brother's name ;  
His first success, his rising college fame,  
Made merriest music at that warm fireside ;  
And in the parent-hearts deep echoes thrilled,  
As the repeated chord proclaimed fond hopes  
fulfilled.

No dim presentiment of sorrow fell  
Upon that zenith hour of happiness,  
Perhaps the brightest that could ever bless  
A merely earthly lot ; the purest well  
Of natural joy, unselfish, undefiled,  
Up-springing to the day, while heaven above it  
smiled.

And so the evening hours sped swiftly by,  
And Christmas carols closed the happy time,  
And Christmas bells, in sweet wind-wafted  
chime,  
Stole softly through the shutters. Not a sigh  
With music of the gay good-night was blent.  
No discord in that full, harmonious content.

What then ? Bernard and Constance wake-  
ful lay

A long, long while, unwilling each to tell  
That, as the midnight tolled, it seemed the  
knell

Of the great gladness of that Christmas-Day.  
“ Oh, what if it should prove too bright to last,  
Clear shining that precedes the wild and rainy  
blast ! ”

And they were right. It *could* not come again !  
Sickness, and scattering, and varied woe,  
Yet nothing but the lot of most below,  
Soon marred the music of that perfect strain,  
And though the westering path had many a  
gleam,  
That zenith joy was but an oft-remembered  
dream.

## VII.

A soft spring twilight. Cherry blossoms white  
Whispered about the summer they were told  
Was coming, when the beech trees would  
unfold

Their horny buds, and chestnuts would be  
dight

In great green leaves. “ What will become of  
us ? ”

They wondered ! And they shivered as they  
questioned thus.

For the east wind came by, with curfew bell  
Upon his wings, and touched them  
stealthily,  
Shrivelling the tender leaves. And silently  
In their sweet white array the blossoms fell.  
Ah for the zenith of the cherry tree !  
Yet *is* it past, although the snowy glories be ?

Wait for the shining of the summer day ;  
Wait for the crimson glow amid the green ;  
Wait for the wealth of ruby ripeness, seen  
After the fitful spring has passed away.  
Wait till the Master comes, with His own hand  
To find His pleasant fruit in clusters rich and  
grand.

Yes, soft spring twilight ! And a bowing  
head ;  
A kneeling form amid the shadows grey ;  
A heart from which the hopes had passed  
away,  
That made life exquisite as the blossoms  
shed  
Around that open window ;—and a throb  
Of dull grey pain, that rose, and forced one low  
deep sob.

Only the zenith of his youth had passed,  
And scarcely that. Yet perhaps the  
saddest time  
Is while the echo of the matin chime  
Has hardly died away in silence vast :  
Sadder to realize the noonday height,  
Than the slow-gathering shades of long im-  
pending night.

It did not seem that there could ever be  
Another zenith, different, and bright  
With grander hopes, and far more glorious  
light  
Than all the spells of syren minstrelsy,  
And all the love and gladness that entwined  
The merry paths of youth for ever left behind.

For Godfrey had no special powers to start  
To emulation in the great world-race,  
No special gifts or aims ;—the open  
space  
A possible joy had filled—the dream of her  
Who might have been and yet was not to be  
Queen of his life ! and now—the dark-draped  
throne was free !

Free! Yet Another claimed that empty  
throne,  
And in the twilight He was drawing near,  
'Mid all those shadows of dim grief, and fear,  
And sense of vanity. The King unknown,  
Unrecognised as yet, was come to reign,  
And yet to crown the life that owned its life  
was vain.

And while the spring airs trembled through  
the trees,  
The gracious Wind that bloweth where it  
lists  
Dispersed the fallacies, the world-breathed  
mists  
That hid unseen realities. That Breeze  
Unveiled the mysteries of hidden sin,  
And let the all-searching Light flash startlingly  
within.

Then the vague weariness was roused indeed  
And passed away for ever, as he saw  
The nearer lightnings of the holy law  
Through suddenly deepening darkness; then  
the need,  
More of a Saviour than mere safety, dawned  
In lurid daybreak, as he glimpsed the gulf that  
yawned



Close at his feet—those careless feet that trod  
So merrily a harmless-seeming course  
Of merely useless pleasure, by the force  
Of custom, and yet never came to God,  
Never yet stepped upon the Living Way,  
That only leads to life and everlasting day.

Again that holy Breeze swept by in might,  
And fanned each faint desire to stronger  
flame ;  
He said, " O bid me come to Thee !"  
He came,  
Just as he was, that memorable night ;  
And lo ! the King, who waited at the door,  
Entered to save, to reign, and to go out no  
more.

And then he saw those awful lightnings fall  
Through the cleft heavens upon a lonely  
Tree  
That stood upon a mount called Calvary,  
And knew that stroke had spent the fiery  
ball :  
And then the earthquake closed the gulf below,  
While he stood all unscathed, safe from the  
overthrow.

"Stood," said I? Nay! in wonder and in  
love  
As on that more than vision Godfrey  
gazed,  
He fell at his Deliverer's feet, and praised  
With a new sweetness, sweet as harps above,  
The Glorious One, whose royal grace had saved  
The aimless wanderer, who never grace had  
craved.

Far in the night this wondrous watch he kept  
With the unslumbering Shepherd, while a  
joy,  
The first he ever knew without alloy,  
Filled all his soul with light. At last he  
slept,  
Wrapped in this strange new peace, whose  
steady beam  
Made all his past life seem a sinful, troubled  
dream.

What then? It was no zenith, though the  
star  
Of life shone out at radiant height, that  
dimmed  
Each previous gleam to gloom that barely  
rimmed

The shifting clouds, with something, that,  
from far,  
Might have been fancied light, yet only made  
The darkness more discerned, the spirit more  
afraid.

Rather it was the rising ! the first hour  
Of the true shining, that should rise and  
rise  
From glory unto glory, through God's  
skies,  
In strengthening brightness and increasing  
power.  
A rising with no setting, for its height  
Could only culminate in God's eternal light.

The feeble glimmer of the former days,  
The hope, the love, the very glee, that  
paled  
Just at their seeming zenith, and then  
failed  
Of fuller sparkling,—all the scattered rays  
Were caught up and transfigured, in the blaze  
Of the new life of love, and energy, and  
praise.

The joy of loyal service to the King  
Shone through them all, and lit up other  
lives

With the new fire of faith, that ever  
strives.

Like a swift-kindling beacon, far to fling  
The tidings of His victory, and claim  
New subjects for His realm, new honour for  
His Name.

And so the years flowed on, and only cast  
Light, and more light, upon the shining  
way,

That more and more shone to the perfect  
day;

Always intenser, clearer than the past;  
Because they only bore him, on glad wing,  
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of the  
King.

Who recks the short recession of a wave  
In the strong flowing of a tide? And so  
Without a pang could Godfrey leave below  
Successive earthly zeniths, while he gave  
A glad glance upward to the rainbow Throne,  
And joyously pressed on to nobler heights  
alone.

Or if awhile a looming sorrow-cloud  
He entered, still he found the Glory  
there,  
Shechinah-brightness resting still and fair  
Within the holy curtains, as he bowed  
Before the Presence on the Mercy-seat ;  
Then forth he came with sound of golden bells  
most sweet.

And then the music floated on the wind,  
A constant carol of glad tidings told,  
Of how the lives the One Life doth unfold  
Are ever with that Life so closely twined,  
That nought can separate, below, above,  
And life itself is one long miracle of love.

At last the gentle tone was heard, that falls  
In all-mysterious sweetness on the ear  
That long has listened, longing, without  
fear,  
Because so well it knows the Voice that  
calls ;  
Though only once that solemn call is heard,  
While angel-songs take up the echoes of the  
word.

"Friend, go up higher!" So he took that  
night

The one grand step, beyond the stars of  
God,

Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,  
Into the everlasting joy and light.

The zenith of the earthly life was come :

What marvel that the lips were for the moment  
dumb !

What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath  
not heard !

Wait till thou too hast fought the noble  
strife,

And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown  
of life !

*Then* shalt thou know the glory of the word,  
*Then* as the stars for ever—ever shine,  
Beneath the King's own smile,—perpetual  
Zenith thine !

September 11th, 1877.



*THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.*

THERE is no holy service  
But hath its secret bliss :  
Yet, of all blessèd ministries,  
Is one so dear as this?  
The ministry that cannot be  
A wondering seraph's dower,  
Enduing mortal weakness  
With more than angel-power ;  
The ministry of purest love  
Uncrossed by any fear,  
That bids us meet At the Master's feet  
And keeps us very near.

God's ministers are many,  
For this His gracious will,  
Remembrancers that day and night  
This holy office fill.  
While some are hushed in slumber,  
Some to fresh service wake,  
And thus the saintly number  
No change or chance can break.  
And thus the sacred courses  
Are evermore fulfilled,  
The tide of grace By time or place  
Is never stayed or stilled.

Oh, if our ears were opened  
To hear as angels do  
The Intercession-chorus  
Arising full and true,  
We should hear it soft up-welling  
In morning's pearly light ;  
Through evening's shadows swelling  
In grandly gathering might ;  
The sultry silence filling  
Of noontide's thunderous glow,  
And the solemn starlight thrilling  
With ever-deepening flow.

We should hear it through the rushing  
Of the city's restless roar,  
And trace its gentle gushing  
O'er ocean's crystal floor :  
We should hear it far up-floating  
Beneath the Orient moon,  
And catch the golden noting  
From the busy Western noon ;  
And pine-robed heights would echo  
As the mystic chant up-floats,  
And the sunny plain Resound again  
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Who are the blessed ministers  
Of this world-gathering band ?



All who have learnt one language,  
Through each far-parted land ;  
All who have learnt the story  
Of Jesu's love and grace,  
And are longing for His glory  
To shine in every face.  
All who have known the Father  
In Jesus Christ our Lord,  
And know the might And love the light  
Of the Spirit in the Word.

Yet there are some who see not  
Their calling high and grand,  
Who seldom pass the portals,  
And never boldly stand  
Before the golden altar  
On the crimson-stainèd floor,  
Who wait afar and falter,  
And dare not hope for more.  
Will ye not join the blessèd ranks  
In their beautiful array ?  
Let intercession blend with thanks  
As ye minister to-day !

There are little ones among them,  
Child-ministers of prayer,  
White robes of intercession  
Those tiny servants wear.

First for the near and dear ones  
Is that fair ministry,  
Then for the poor black children,  
So far beyond the sea.  
The busy hands are folded,  
As the little heart uplifts  
In simple love, To God above,  
Its prayer for all good gifts.

There are hands too often weary  
With the business of the day,  
With God-entrusted duties,  
Who are toiling while they pray.  
They bear the golden vials,  
And the golden harps of praise,  
Through all the daily trials,  
Through all the dusty ways.  
These hands, so tired, so faithful,  
With odours sweet are filled,  
And in the ministry of prayer  
Are wonderfully skilled.

There are ministers unlettered,  
Not of Earth's great and wise,  
Yet mighty and unfettered  
Their eagle-prayers arise.  
Free of the heavenly storehouse !  
For they hold the master-key

That opens all the fulness  
Of God's great treasury.  
They bring the needs of others,  
And all things are their own,  
For their one grand claim Is Jesu's name  
Before their Father's throne.

There are noble Christian workers,  
The men of faith and power,  
The overcoming wrestlers  
Of many a midnight hour ;  
Prevailing princes with their God,  
Who will not be denied,  
Who bring down showers of blessing  
To swell the rising tide.  
The Prince of Darkness quaileth  
At their triumphant way,  
Their fervent prayer availeth  
To sap his subtle sway.

But in this temple service  
Are sealed and set apart  
Arch-priests of intercession,  
Of undivided heart.  
The fulness of anointing  
On these is doubly shed,  
The consecration of their God  
Is on each low-bowed head.

They bear the golden vials  
With white and trembling hand ;  
In quiet room Or wakeful gloom  
These ministers must stand,—  
To the Intercession-Priesthood  
Mysteriously ordained,  
When the strange dark gift of suffering  
This added gift hath gained.  
For the holy hands uplifted  
In suffering's longest hour  
Are truly Spirit-gifted  
With intercession-power.  
The Lord of Blessing fills them  
With His uncounted gold,  
An unseen store, Still more and more  
Those trembling hands shall hold.

Not always with rejoicing  
This ministry is wrought,  
For many a sigh is mingled  
With the sweet odours brought.  
Yet every tear bedewing  
The faith-fed altar fire  
May be its bright renewing  
To purer flame, and higher.  
But when the oil of gladness  
God graciously outpours,

The heavenward blaze, With blended praise  
More mightily upsoars.

So the incense-cloud ascendeth  
As through calm, crystal air,  
A pillar reaching unto heaven  
Of wreathèd faith and prayer.  
For evermore the Angel  
Of Intercession stands  
In His Divine High Priesthood,  
With fragrance-fillèd hands,  
To wave the golden censer  
Before His Father's throne,  
With Spirit-fire intenser,  
And incense all His own.

And evermore the Father  
Sends radiantly down  
All-marvellous responses,  
His ministers to crown ;  
The incense cloud returning  
As golden blessing-showers,  
We in each drop discerning  
Some feeble prayer of ours,  
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,  
By Him who giveth thus  
The glory all to Jesus Christ,  
The gladness all to us !

*September, 1877.*

*THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.*

FAR away I heard it,  
Stealing through the pines,  
Like a whisper saintly,  
Falling dimly, faintly,  
Through the terraced vines.

Freshening breezes bore it  
Down the mountain slope;  
So I turned and listened.  
While the sunlight glistened  
On the snowy cope.

Far away and dreamy  
Was the voice I heard;  
Yet it pierced and found me,  
Through the voices round me—  
Song without a word.

All the life and turmoil,  
All the busy cheer,  
Melted in the flowing  
Of that murmur, growing,  
Claiming all my ear.

What the mountain message  
I could never tell;

Such Æolian fluting  
Hath no language suiting  
    What we write and spell.

Rather did it enter  
    Where no words can win,  
Touching and unsealing  
Springs of hidden feeling  
    Slumbering deep within.

Voice of many waters  
    Only heard afar!  
Hushing, luring slowly,  
With an influence holy,  
    Like the Orient star.

---

Following where it leadeth,  
    Till we stand below,  
While the noble thunder  
Wins the hush of wonder,  
    Silent in its glow.

Light and sound triumphant  
    Fill the eye and ear,  
Every pulse is beating  
Quick, unconscious greeting  
    To the vision near.

Rainbow flames are wreathing  
In the dazzling foam,  
Fancy far transcending,  
Power and beauty blending  
In their radiant home.

All the dreamy longing  
Passes out of sight,  
In a swift surrender  
To the joyous splendour  
Of this song of might.

Self is lost and hidden  
As it peals along ;  
Fevered introspection,  
Paler-browed reflection  
Vanish in the song.

For the spirit, lifted  
From the dulling mists,  
Takes a stronger moulding,  
As the sound, enfolding,  
Bears it where it lists.

Voice of many waters !  
Must we turn away  
From the crystal chorus  
Now resounding o'er us  
Through the flashing spray ?



Far away we hear it,  
    Floating from the sky ;  
Mystic echo, falling  
Through the stars, and calling  
    From the thrones on high.

There are voices round us,  
    Busy, quick, and loud ;  
All day long we hear them.  
We are still so near them,  
    Still among the crowd.

Yet amid the clamour  
    Falls it, faint and sweet,  
Like the softest harp-tone  
Passing every sharp tone  
    Down the noisy street.

To the soul-recesses  
    Cleaving then its way,  
Waking hidden yearning,  
Unwilled impulse turning  
    To the Far-away.

Far away and viewless,  
    Yet not all unknown—  
In the murmur tracing  
Soft notes interlacing  
    With familiar tone.

So we start and listen  
While the murmur low  
Falleth ever clearer,  
Swellleth ever nearer  
In melodious flow.

Voice of many waters  
From the heights above ;  
Hushing, luring slowly  
With its influence holy,  
With its song of love.

---

Following where it leadeth,  
Pilgrim feet shall stand,  
Where the holy millions  
Throng the fair pavilions  
In the Glorious Land ;

Where the sevenfold "Worthy"  
Hails the King of kings,  
Blent with golden clashing  
Of the crowns, and flashing  
Of cherubic wings ;

Rolls the Amen chorus,  
Old, yet ever new :

Seal of blest allegiance,  
Pledge of bright obedience,  
Seal that God is true.

Through the solemn glory  
Alleluias rise,  
Mightiest exultation,  
Holiest adoration,  
Infinite surprise.

There immortal powers  
Meet immortal song;  
Heavenly image bearing,  
Angel-essence sharing,  
Excellent and strong.

Strong to bear the glory  
And the veil-less sight,  
Strong to swell the thunders  
And to know the wonders  
Of the home of light.

Voice of many waters !  
Everlasting laud !  
Hark ! it rushes nearer,  
Every moment clearer.  
From the Throne of God.

*January 18th, 1873.*

*"FREE TO SERVE."*

SHE chose His service. For the Lord of Love  
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price  
For her redemption ; and had sought her out,  
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,  
And put His royal ring upon her hand,  
And crowns of lovingkindness on her head.  
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not  
yield

The fuller measure other lives could bring ;  
For He had given her a precious gift,  
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,  
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced  
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.  
And there was not much room for other lines.  
For time and thought were spent, (and rightly  
spent.

For He had given the charge,) and hours and  
days  
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new  
gem  
But many, for His crown ;—not one fair sheaf,  
But many, she should bring. And she should  
have

A richer, happier harvest-home at last,  
Because more fruit, more glory and more praise,  
Her life should yield to Him. And so He  
came,

The Master came Himself, and gently took  
The little hand in His, and gave it room  
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came  
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,  
And made it very still, that He might write  
Invisible words of power—"Free to serve!"  
Then through the darkness and the chill He  
sent

A heat-ray of His love, developing  
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone  
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—  
The happy service of a yielded heart.  
With comfort that He never ceased to give  
(Because her need could never cease) she filled  
The empty chalices of other lives,  
And time and thought were thenceforth spent  
for Him  
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts  
With His unerring pen. They are His own,  
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,  
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!

Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word  
 But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave  
 One that shall shine for ever to His praise,  
 And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.  
 The tearful eye at first may read the line  
 “ Bondage to grief !” but He shall wipe away  
 The tears, and clear the vision, till it read  
 In ever-brightening letters “ Free to serve !”  
 For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,  
 But by withholding, doth the Master write  
 These words upon the heart. Not always needs  
 Erasure of some blessed line of love  
 For this more blest inscription. Where He  
 finds  
 A tablet empty for the “ lines left out,”  
 That “ might have been ” engraved with  
 human love  
 And sweetest human cares, yet never bore  
 That poetry of life, His own dear hand  
 Writes “ Free to serve !” And these clear  
 characters  
 Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed space,  
 Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be  
 The motto of our lives until we stand

In the great freedom of Eternity,  
Where we "shall serve Him" while we see  
His face,  
For ever and for ever "Free to serve."

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*COMING TO THE KING.*

2 CHRONICLES ix. 1-12.

I CAME from very far away to see  
The King of Salem; for I had been told  
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,  
And condescension infinite and free.  
How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,  
In that dark lonely land of death from whence  
I came?

I came, (but not like Sheba's queen,) alone!  
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring;  
No friend at court, save One, that One the  
King!

I had requests to spread before His throne,  
And I had questions none could solve for me,  
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,  
And told Him all my heart ; I cannot say,  
In mortal ear, what communings were they.  
But wouldst thou know, go too, and meekly  
bring  
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear  
His voice of love and power, His answers sweet  
and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest !  
He told me all I needed, graciously ;—  
Enough for guidance, and for victory  
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest ;  
And when some veiled response I could not  
read,  
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough  
indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before  
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation ;  
The house that He had built, its strong  
foundation,  
Its living stones ; and, brightening more and  
more,  
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,  
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him  
for aye.



True the report that reached my far-off land  
Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame ;  
Yet I believèd not until I came,—  
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.  
The half was never told by mortal word ;  
My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard !

Oh, happy are His servants ! happy they  
Who stand continually before His face,  
Ready to do His will of wisest grace !  
My King ! is mine such blessedness to-day ?  
For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,  
Thy ever brightening words in holy radiance  
shine.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord thy God, who set  
Our King upon His throne ! Divine delight  
In the Belovèd crowning Thee with might,  
Honour, and majesty supreme ; and yet  
The strange and Godlike secret opening thus,—  
The kingship of His Christ ordained through  
love to us !

What shall I render to my glorious King ?  
I have but that which I receive from Thee ;  
And what I give, Thou givest back to me,  
Transmuted by Thy touch ; each worthless  
thing

Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,  
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoe'er  
I ask! Was ever mythic tale or dream  
So bold as this reality,—this stream  
Of boundless blessings flowing full and free?  
Yet more than I have thought or asked of  
Thee,  
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and tell  
What I myself have seen and heard of  
Thee,  
And give Thine own sweet message,  
"Come and see!"

And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell  
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,  
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.

"Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be,  
whether in death or life, even there also wil thy  
servant be."—2 *Sam.* xv. 21.

"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."—  
*John* xii. 26.

*FAR MORE EXCEEDING.*

*καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν.—2 Cor. iv. 17.*

“FROM glory unto glory !” Thank God,  
that even here

The starry words are shining out, our heaven-  
ward way to cheer !

That e'en among the shadows the conquering  
brightness glows,

As ever from the nearing Light intenser radi-  
ance flows.

“From glory unto glory !” Shall the grand  
progression fail

When the darkling glass is shattered as we pass  
within the veil ?

Shall the joyous song of “Onward !” at once  
for ever cease,

And the swelling music culminate in monotone  
of peace ?

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of  
its bliss,

From the principle of growth entwined with  
every nerve of this ?

Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly  
    repealed,  
And the moment of releasing see our sum of  
    glory sealed?

---

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit  
    quickly run,  
The lustre of the planet, circling slowly round  
    the sun,  
The mighty revolutions of its million-heated  
    blaze,  
"From glory unto glory" lead our far-expand-  
    ing gaze.

Then onward, ever onward, through the un-  
    explored abyss,  
(Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds  
    and this,)  
Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of  
    human thought,  
And space and time commingle while the clue  
    is feebly sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto  
    deep,  
Star-glories with attendant worlds, forth-flash-  
    ing as they sweep

Around their unseen centre, that point of mystic  
power,

In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then ! onward and yet onward ! for the dim  
revelings show

That systems unto systems in grand succession  
grow,

That what we deemed a volume but one golden  
verse may be,

One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's  
great poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-  
thrilling bar

Through aisles of His great temple resounding  
full and far ;

That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow  
by the shore !

Then ! onward yet, in eagle flight, through the  
Infinite we soar—

“From glory unto glory,” till the spirit fails ;  
and then

Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,  
Mysterious immensities of order and of light,  
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as  
thought beyond our sight.

---

But the starting-point in heaven shall be no  
"glory of the moon,"  
No planet gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of  
tropic noon ;  
From "glory that excelleth " all that human  
heart hath known,  
Our "onward, upward," shall begin in the  
presence of the Throne.

"From glory unto glory" of loveliness and  
light,  
Of music and of rapture, of power and of  
sight,  
"From glory unto glory" of knowledge and  
of love,  
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

"From glory unto glory" that ever lies  
before,  
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and  
more,  
Still following where He leadeth, from shining  
field to field,  
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Re-  
vealed !

“ From glory unto glory ” with no limit and  
no veil,  
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that  
cannot fail ;  
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as  
we soar ;  
And never interruption to the endless “ more  
and more ” !

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah’s love and  
grace,  
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His  
face,  
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of His  
will,  
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite  
spirit still.

---

O Saviour, hast Thou ransomed us from death’s  
unknown abyss,  
And purchased with Thy precious blood such  
everlasting bliss ?  
Art Thou indeed preparing us, with love ex-  
ceeding great,  
And preparing all this glory in such “ far  
exceeding weight ” ?

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest  
joys are found,  
And let our burning, loving praise, yet more  
and more abound ;  
And, gazing on the " things not seen," eternal  
in the skies,  
" From glory unto glory," O Saviour, let us  
rise !

---

*"THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD'S WILL."*

I N the freshness of the springtime,  
In the beauty of the May,  
When the swift-winged breezes carolled,  
And the lambs were all at play,  
And the birds were blithe and busy,  
Upon her couch she lay.

Like a lily bruised and drooping,  
Before its early flower  
Had fully opened to the sun,  
Or reached a noontide hour ;  
Broken and yet more fragrant  
For the heavy-beating shower.



It was not the first springtime  
Passed without one glad sight  
Of a starry primrose growing,  
Or a brooklet swift and bright,  
And without one bounding footstep  
On a field with daisies white.

It was not the first springtime ;  
And it might not be the last  
In weariness and suffering  
Thus to be slowly passed ;  
For when the young feet cannot move  
Months do not travel fast.

And yet she saw what others  
Have never sought or seen,  
A splendour more than spring-light  
On fair trees waving green,  
And more than summer sunshine  
On Ocean's silver sheen.

Her pencil, tracing feebly  
Words that shall echo still,  
Perchance some unknown mission  
May joyously fulfil :—  
“I think I just begin to see  
The *splendour* of God's will !”

O words of golden music  
Caught from the harps on high,  
Which find a glorious anthem  
Where we have found a sigh,  
And peal their grandest praises  
Just where ours faint and die!

O words of holy radiance  
Shining on every tear,  
Till it becomes a rainbow,  
Reflecting, bright and clear,  
Our Father's love and glory  
So wonderful, so dear!

O words of sparkling power,  
Of insight full and deep!  
Shall they not enter other hearts  
In a grand and gladsome sweep,  
And lift the lives to songs of joy  
That only droop and weep?

For her, God's will was suffering.  
Just waiting, lying still;  
Days passing on in weariness,  
In shadows deep and chill;  
And yet she had begun to see  
The splendour of God's will!

And oh, it is a splendour,  
A glow of majesty,  
A mystery of beauty,  
If we will only see ;  
A very cloud of glory  
Enfolding you and me.

A splendour that is lighted  
At one transcendent flame,  
The wondrous Love, the perfect Love,  
Our Father's sweetest name ;  
For His very Name, and Essence,  
And His will, are all the same.

A splendour that is shining  
Upon His children's way,  
That guides the willing footsteps  
That do not want to stray,  
And that leads them ever onward  
Unto the perfect day.

A splendour that illumines  
The' abysses of the Past  
And marvels of the Future,  
Sublime and bright and vast ;  
While o'er our tiny Present  
A flood of light is cast.

No twilight falls upon it,  
No shadow dims its ray,  
No darkness overcomes it,  
No night can end its day ;  
It hath unending triumph  
And everlasting sway.

Blest will of God ! most glorious,  
The very fount of grace,  
Whence all the goodness floweth  
That heart can ever trace—  
Temple whose pinnacles are love,  
And faithfulness its base.

Blest will of God ! whose splendour  
Is dawning on the world,  
On hearts in which Christ's banner  
Is manfully unfurled,  
On hearts of childlike meekness,  
With dew of youth impearled.

O Spirit of Jehovah,  
Reveal this glory still !  
That many an empty chalice  
Sweet thanks and praise may fill,  
When, like this “ little one,” they see  
“ The splendour of God's will ”:

That faith may win the vision  
That hers hath early won,  
And gaze upon the splendour,  
And own the cloudless sun,  
And join the seraph song of love,  
And sing "Thy will be done!"

1874.

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*THE TWO PATHS.*

VIA DOLOROSA and VIA GIOIOSA.

[*Suggested by a Picture.*]

**M**Y Master, they have wronged Thee and  
Thy love!  
They only told me I should find the path  
A Via Dolorosa all the way!  
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang  
Of pressing onward through the same sharp  
thorns,  
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark  
mist,  
Following and struggling till they reach the  
light,  
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.  
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set

In most pathetic minors, exquisite,  
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise ;  
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make  
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,  
Until the listeners thought that this was all  
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps  
That halted where the two ways met and  
crossed,  
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,  
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass  
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee ;  
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,  
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,  
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.  
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed  
From entering the only path of peace !  
Master, forgive them ! Tune their harps anew,  
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,  
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy  
love.

---

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all  
The Via Dolorosa,—and for us !  
No artist power or minstrel gift may tell  
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,  
When love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,  
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.

And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us  
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word  
About the path which Thou hast marked for us.  
Narrow indeed it is ! Who does not choose  
The narrow track upon the mountain side,  
With ever-widening view, and freshening air,  
And honeyed heather, rather than the road,  
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of  
view,  
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the  
noise

Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,  
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why  
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make  
“Narrow” synonymous with “very hard”?

For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said  
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all  
Thy paths are peace ; and that the path of him  
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness  
Is as the light that shineth more and more  
Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given  
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,\*  
Because it is too bright for our weak faith :  
“ If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend  
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend

\* Job xxxvi. 11.

Their years in pleasures." All because Thy  
days  
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years  
Were passed in grief's acquaintance—all for us!

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,  
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed!  
And I would send a ringing challenge forth,  
To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,  
Thy faithfulness to every written word,  
Thy lovingkindness crowning all the days,—  
To say and sing with me: "The Lord is good,  
His mercy is for ever, and His truth  
Is written on each page of all my life!"  
Yes! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power  
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,  
But they have kept us in the narrow way,  
The King's highway of holiness and peace.  
And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love  
Flows through it; and would any trusting heart  
Forego the chastening and forego the love?  
And every step leads on to "more and more,"  
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass  
and sing  
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,  
From glory unto glory, even here!



*“VESSELS OF MERCY, PREPARED  
UNTO GLORY.”*

(ROM. ix. 23.)

VESSELS of mercy, prepared unto glory !  
This is your calling and this is your joy !  
This, for the new year unfolding before ye,  
Tells out the terms of your blessed employ.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,  
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill ;  
(Love can accept the mysterious token !)  
Marred but to make them more beautiful  
still.

JER. xviii. 4.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden ;  
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,  
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place upholden,  
Never to shiver and never to fall.

ISA. xxii. 23, 24.

Vessels to honour, made sacred and holy,  
Meet for the use of the Master we love,  
Ready for service all simple and lowly,  
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

2 TIM. ii. 21.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and earthen,  
 God hath commanded His glory to shine ;  
 Treasure resplendent henceforth is our burthen,  
 Excellent power, not ours but Divine.

2 COR. iv. 5, 6.

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,  
 Chosen for Him, to be filled with His grace,  
 Chosen to carry the streams of salvation  
 Into each thirsty and desolate place.

ACTS ix. 15.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,  
 Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be  
 Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,  
 Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

PROV. xxv. 4.

*Caswell Road, Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1878.*

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*ONLY FOR JESUS.*

**O**NLY for Jesus ! Lord, keep it for ever  
 Sealed on the heart and engraved on  
 the life !

Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavour,  
 Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.

DAILY AFTERWARDS.

FROM F. R. H. TO K. T.

“THERE is no ‘afterward’ on earth for me !”

Belovèd, ’tis not so !

That God’s own “afterwards” are pledged to thee,

Thy life shall show.

No “afterward” indeed of great things wrought,  
By willing hands and feet ;

No sheaf is thine, from wider harvests brought,  
With singing sweet.

Fair flowing years of ease and laughing strength,  
With cloudless morning skies,  
Sweet life renewed, and active work at length,  
His love denies.

But living fruit of righteousness to Him  
His chastening shall yield,  
And constant “afterwards,” no longer dim,  
Shall be revealed.

Is it no “afterward” that in thy heart  
His *love* is shed abroad ?  
And that His Spirit breathes, while called apart,  
The *peace* of God ?

That *joy* in tribulation shall spring forth  
To greet His visits blessed,  
Whose wisdom wakes the south wind or the  
north,  
As He sees best !

Shall not *longsuffering* in thee be wrought,  
To mirror back His own ?  
His *gentleness* shall mellow every thought,  
And look and tone.

And *goodness* ! In thyself dwells no good thing,  
Yet from thy glorious Root  
An "afterward" of holiness shall spring—  
Most precious fruit !

The trial of thy *faith* from hour to hour  
Shall yield a grand increase ;  
He shall fulfil the work of faith with power  
That cannot cease.

And all around shall praise Him as they see  
The meekness of thy Lord ;  
Thus, even here and now, how blest shall be  
Thy sure reward !

This pleasant fruit it shall be thine to lay  
At thy Belovèd's feet,  
The ripening clusters growing day by day  
More full and sweet.

If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now  
Through many a suffering year,  
Watch for His daily "afterwards," and thou  
Shalt find them here :

Till, as refined gold, in thee shall shine  
His image, no more dim ;  
Then shall the endless "afterward " be thine  
Of rest with Him.

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*SUNDAY NIGHT.*

**R**EST him, O Father ! Thou didst send  
him forth  
With great and gracious messages of love ;  
But Thy ambassador is weary now,  
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us  
In sending him ; and cause him to lie down  
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.  
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
And Thine upholding right encircle him,  
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms  
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,  
Hushed like a little child, without one care ;  
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master ! He hath poured  
 for us  
 The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
 Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new  
 draughts  
 Of life and love, with Thine own hand ; be  
 Thou  
 His ministrant to-night ; draw very near  
 In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.  
 Oh speak to him ! Thou knowest how to speak  
 A word in season to Thy weary ones,  
 And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—  
 Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,  
 And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and  
 shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit ! Let Thy calm  
 Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,  
 Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him  
 rest  
 Beneath its shadow ; let him know afresh  
 The infinite truth and might of Thy dear  
 name—  
 "Our Comforter !" As gentlest touch will  
 stay  
 The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
 So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still

Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.  
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
And let Thy holy music overflow  
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

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*MEMORIAL NAMES.*

THE High Priest stands before the Mercy  
Seat,  
And on his breast bright mingling jewel-  
flames  
Reflect Shechinah light; twelve patriarch  
names  
Flash where the emerald and sapphire meet  
Sardius and diamond. With softer beam,  
From mystic onyx on his shoulder placed,  
Deep graven, never altered or erased,  
The same great names, in birthday order, gleam.  
May each name written here be thus engraved,  
Set in the place of power, the place of love,  
And borne in sweet memorial above,  
By Him who loved and chose, redeemed and  
saved.  
Be each dear name, the greatest and the least,  
Always upon the heart of our High Priest.

## PRECIOUS THINGS.

## I.

**O** WHAT shining revelation of His treasures God hath given !  
 Precious things of grace and glory, precious things of earth and heaven.  
 Holy Spirit, now unlock them with Thy mighty golden key,  
 Royal jewels of the kingdom let us now adoring see !

## II.

"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious."  
 —1 *Pet.* ii. 7.

Christ is precious, oh most precious, gift<sup>1</sup> by God the Father sealed ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Pearl<sup>3</sup> of greatest price and treasure,<sup>4</sup> hidden, yet to us revealed ;<sup>5</sup>  
 His own people's crown of glory, and resplendent diadem ;<sup>6</sup>  
 More<sup>7</sup> than thousand worlds, and dearer<sup>8</sup> than all life and love to them.

<sup>1</sup> John iii. 16 ; <sup>2</sup> Cor. ix. 15. <sup>2</sup> John vi. 27. <sup>3</sup> Matt. xiii. 46. <sup>4</sup> Matt. xiii. 44. <sup>5</sup> Gal. i. 16 ; John xiv. 21.  
<sup>6</sup> Isa. xxviii. 5. <sup>7</sup> Phil. iii. 7, 8. <sup>8</sup> Matt. x. 37-39.



## III.

“Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious.”—1 *Pet.* ii. 6.

Marvellous<sup>1</sup> and very precious is the Corner Stone Elect :

Though rejected<sup>2</sup> by the builders, chosen<sup>3</sup> by the Architect.

All-supporting,<sup>4</sup> all-uniting, and all-crowning, tried<sup>5</sup> and sure ;

True Foundation,<sup>6</sup> yet true Headstone<sup>7</sup> of His temple bright and pure.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxviii. 23. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxviii. 22 ; Isa. liii. 3. <sup>3</sup> 1 *Pet.* ii. 4. <sup>4</sup> Eph. ii. 20-22 ; iv. 15, 16. <sup>5</sup> Isa. xxviii. 16. <sup>6</sup> 1 *Cor.* iii. 11. <sup>7</sup> *Zech.* iv 7.

## IV.

“Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”—1 *Pet.* i. 18, 19.

Now, in reverent awe and wonder, touch the theme of deepest laud,<sup>1</sup>

Precious blood of Christ that bought<sup>2</sup> us and hath made us nigh<sup>3</sup> to God !

His own<sup>4</sup> blood, O love unfathomed ! shed for those who loved Him not ;<sup>5</sup>

Mighty fountain always open,<sup>6</sup> cleansing<sup>7</sup> us from every spot.

<sup>1</sup> *Rev.* v. 9. <sup>2</sup> *Acts* xx. 28. <sup>3</sup> *Eph.* ii. 13. <sup>4</sup> *Heb.* ix. 12. <sup>5</sup> *Rom.* v. 10. <sup>6</sup> *Zech.* xiii. 1. <sup>7</sup> 1 *John* i. 7.

## V.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"—*Ps. cxxxix. 17.*

Oh how wonderful<sup>1</sup> and precious are Thy thoughts to us, O God!

Outlined in creation, blazoned on redemption's banner broad;

Infinite and deep<sup>2</sup> and dazzling as the noontide heavens<sup>3</sup> above;

Yet more wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts of peace<sup>4</sup> and love.

<sup>1</sup> *Ps. xl. 5, 17.* <sup>2</sup> *Ps. xcii. 5; Rom. xi. 33, 34.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Isa. lv. 8, 9.* <sup>4</sup> *Jer. xxix. 11.*

## VI.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature."—*2 Pet. i. 4.*

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy promises Divine;

Given<sup>1</sup> by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with sweetest "All<sup>2</sup> are thine!"

Precious in their peace and power,<sup>3</sup> in their sure<sup>4</sup> and changeless might;

Strengthening,<sup>5</sup> comforting,<sup>6</sup> transforming;<sup>7</sup> suns by day and stars by night.

<sup>1</sup> *John xvii. 14; 2 Cor. i. 20.* <sup>2</sup> Compare *1 Cor. ii. 12* and *iii. 21.* <sup>3</sup> *1 Thess. ii. 13.* <sup>4</sup> *Heb. x. 23; Matt. xxiv. 35.* <sup>5</sup> *Matt. iv. 4.* <sup>6</sup> *Rom. xv. 4.* <sup>7</sup> *2 Pet. i. 4.*

## VII.

“To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”—*2 Pet. i. 1.*

Precious faith our God hath given : rich <sup>1</sup> in  
faith is rich indeed !

Fire-tried <sup>2</sup> gold from His own treasury, fully  
meeting every need :

Channel <sup>3</sup> of His grace abounding ; bringing  
peace <sup>4</sup> and joy and light ;

Purifying, <sup>5</sup> overcoming ; <sup>6</sup> linking <sup>7</sup> weakness  
with His might.

<sup>1</sup> Jas. ii. 5. <sup>2</sup> Rev. iii. 18. <sup>3</sup> Heb. xi. 33 ; Rom. v. 2. <sup>4</sup> Rom. v. 1, 2. <sup>5</sup> Acts xv. 9. <sup>6</sup> I John v. 4. <sup>7</sup> Isa. xxvii. 5 ; 2 Cor. xii. 9.

## VIII.

“The precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments.”—*Ps. cxxxiii. 2.*

Precious ointment, very costly, <sup>1</sup> of chief <sup>2</sup>  
odours pure and sweet, <sup>3</sup>

Holy gift for royal priesthood, <sup>4</sup> thus for temple-  
service meet ;

Such the Spirit’s precious unction, <sup>5</sup> oil of glad-  
ness <sup>6</sup> freely <sup>7</sup> shed,

Sanctifying and abiding <sup>8</sup> on the consecrated  
head. <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John xii. 3. <sup>2</sup> Exod. xxx. 23. <sup>3</sup> Exod. xxx. 34, 35. <sup>4</sup> Exod. xxx. 30 ; I Pet. ii. 9. <sup>5</sup> I John ii. 20. <sup>6</sup> Isa. lxi. 3. <sup>7</sup> Titus iii. 5, 6. <sup>8</sup> I John ii. 27. <sup>9</sup> Lev. viii. 12.

## IX.

"How excellent (*marg.* precious) is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."—*Ps.* xxxvi. 7; *Isa.* liv. 8, 10.

Who shall paint the flash of splendour from  
the opened casket bright,  
When His precious loving-kindness beams  
upon the quickened sight!  
Priceless jewels ever gleaming with imperish-  
able<sup>1</sup> ray,  
God will never take it from<sup>2</sup> us, though the  
mountains<sup>3</sup> pass away.

<sup>1</sup> *Ps.* xxv. 6. <sup>2</sup> *Ps.* lxxxix. 33. <sup>3</sup> *Isa.* liv. 10.

## X.

"It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies."—*Job* xxviii. 16, 18.

Far more precious<sup>1</sup> than the ruby, or the  
crystal's<sup>2</sup> rainbow light,  
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl  
and sapphire bright,  
Freely<sup>3</sup> given to all who ask it, is the wisdom  
from above,  
Pure and peaceable and gentle,<sup>4</sup> full of fruits  
of life and love.

<sup>1</sup> *Prov.* iii. 15; xx. 15; xxiv. 4. <sup>2</sup> *Job* xxviii. 17.  
<sup>3</sup> *Jas.* i. 5. <sup>4</sup> *Jas.* iii. 17.

XI.

“Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth.”—*Deut.* xxxiii. 13-16.

Nor withhold we glad thanksgiving for His  
mercies ever new,<sup>1</sup>  
Precious things of earth and heaven, sun and  
rain and quickening dew ;  
Precious fruits and varied crowning<sup>2</sup> of the  
year His goodness fills,  
Chief things of the ancient mountains, precious  
things of lasting hills.

<sup>1</sup> Lam. iii. 23.   <sup>2</sup> Ps. lxxv. 11.

XII.

“If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth.”—*Jer.* xv. 19.

Such His gifts : but mark we duly our responsibility  
Unto Him whose name is Holy, infinite in  
purity ;  
Sin and self no longer serving, take the pre-  
cious from the vile,  
So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt  
dwell beneath His smile.

## XIII.

"The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold."—*Lam. iv. 2.*

Sons of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly  
Father's sight,<sup>1</sup>

Ye are His peculiar<sup>2</sup> treasure, ye His jewels<sup>3</sup>  
of delight ;

Sought<sup>4</sup> and chosen, cleansed and polished,<sup>5</sup>  
purchased with transcendent cost,<sup>6</sup>

Kept<sup>7</sup> in His own royal casket, never, never<sup>8</sup>  
to be lost.

<sup>1</sup> Isa. xliii. 4. <sup>2</sup> Ps. cxxxv. 4. <sup>3</sup> Mal. iii. 17. <sup>4</sup> Isa. lxii. 12. <sup>5</sup> Ps. cxliv. 12. <sup>6</sup> Matt. xiii. 46 ; Gal. i. 4. <sup>7</sup> 1 Pet. i. 5. <sup>8</sup> John x. 28.

## XIV.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—*1 Pet. i. 7.*

Precious, more than gold that wasteth, is the  
trial of your faith,

Fires<sup>1</sup> of anguish or temptation<sup>2</sup> cannot dim  
it, cannot scathe !

Your Refiner<sup>3</sup> sitteth watching till His image<sup>4</sup>  
shineth clear,

For His glory, praise and honour, when<sup>5</sup> the  
Saviour shall appear.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Pet. iv. 12. <sup>2</sup> Jas. i. 12. <sup>3</sup> Mal. iii. 3 ; Zech. xiii. 9. <sup>4</sup> Rom. viii. 29. <sup>5</sup> 1 Pet. iv. 13.

## XV.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”—*Ps.* cxvi. 15.

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep; <sup>1</sup>

He is with them in the passing <sup>2</sup> through the waters cold and deep :

Everlasting <sup>3</sup> love enfolds them softly, sweetly to His breast,

Everlasting love receives <sup>4</sup> them to His glory and His rest. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *1* Thess. iv. 14. <sup>2</sup> *Isa.* xliii. 2. <sup>3</sup> *Jer.* xxxi. 3.  
<sup>4</sup> *Ps.* lxxiii. 24. <sup>5</sup> *Isa.* xi. 10 (*marg.*).

## XVI.

“He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious ; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.”—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11.

Pause not here,—the Holy City, glorious in God's light, behold !

Like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, pure as gold :

Strong foundations <sup>1</sup> fair <sup>2</sup> with sapphires, sardius and chrysolite,

Blent with amethyst and jacinth, emerald and topaz bright.

<sup>1</sup> *Rev.* xxi. 19, 20. <sup>2</sup> *Isa.* liv. 11.

## XVII.

“A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”—*Heb.* xi. 10.

Glorious dwelling of the holy, where no grief<sup>1</sup>  
or gloom of sin<sup>2</sup>

Through the pure and pearly portals<sup>3</sup> ever-  
more shall enter in :

Christ its light<sup>4</sup> and God its temple,<sup>5</sup> Christ  
its song<sup>6</sup> of endless laud !

O what precious consummation of the precious  
things of God !

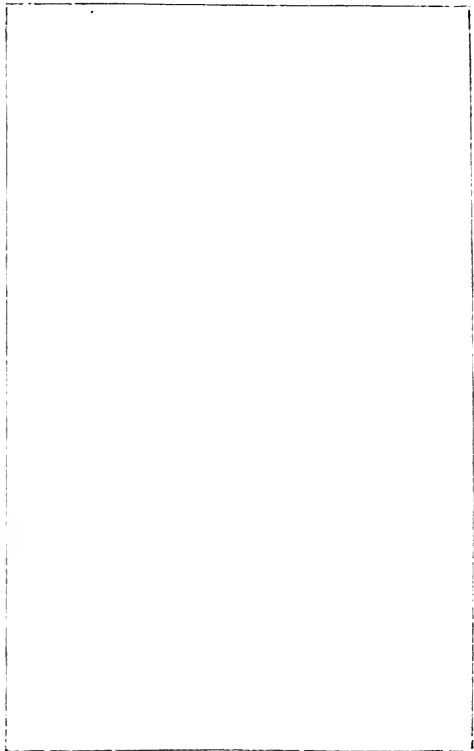
<sup>1</sup> *Isa.* xxxv. 10. <sup>2</sup> *Isa.* li. 1 ; *Rev.* xxi. 27. <sup>3</sup> *Rev.* xxi. 21. <sup>4</sup> *Isa.* lx. 19, 20. *Rev.* xxi. 23. <sup>5</sup> *Rev.* xxi. 22

<sup>6</sup> *Psa.* cxviii. 14 ; *Rev.* v. 9-14.



Æ.

MISCELLANEOUS.



*TINY TOKENS.*

THE murmur of a waterfall  
A mile away,  
The rustle when a robin lights  
Upon a spray,  
The lapping of a lowland stream,  
On dipping boughs,  
The sound of grazing from a herd  
Of gentle cows,  
The echo from a wooded hill  
Of cuckoo's call,  
The quiver through the meadow grass  
At evening fall :—  
Too subtle are these harmonies  
For pen and rule,  
Such music is not understood  
By any school :  
But when the brain is overwrought,  
It hath a spell,  
Beyond all human skill and power,  
To make it well.

## II.

The memory of a kindly word  
    For long gone by,  
The fragrance of a fading flower  
    Sent lovingly,  
The gleaming of a sudden smile  
    Or sudden tear,  
The warmer pressure of the hand.  
    The tone of cheer,  
The hush that means "I cannot speak,  
    But I have heard!"  
The note that only bears a verse  
    From God's own word:—  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
    As ministry;  
The givers deeming they have shown  
    Scant sympathy;  
But, when the heart is overwrought,  
    Oh who can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
    To make it well!

*MISCHIEF MAKING.*

ONLY a tiny dropping  
From a tiny hidden leak ;  
But the flow is never stopping,  
And the flaw is far to seek.

Only some trickling water,  
Nothing at all at first ;  
But it grows to a valley-slaughter,  
For the reservoir has burst !

The wild flood once in motion,  
Who shall arrest its course ?  
As well restrain the ocean  
As that ungoverned force !

Mourn for the desolations,  
And help the ruined men !  
Till next spring's fair creations  
Make the valley smile again.

Help with a free, pure pity,  
For your hands in this are clean,  
You dwelt in the far-off city,  
With many a mile between.

You did not watch the flowing  
Of the treacherous, trickling rill ;  
You did not aid the growing  
Of the tiny rifts in the hill.

What if you had? I leave it,  
It is too dark a thought;  
How could the heart conceive it?  
How came it, all unsought?

## II.

A look of great affliction,  
As you tell what one told you,  
With a feeble contradiction,  
Or a "hope it is not true!"

A story quite too meagre  
For naming any more,  
Only your friend seems eager  
To know a little more.

No doubt of explanation,  
If all was known, you see;  
One might get information  
From Mrs. A. or B.

Only some simple queries  
Passed on from tongue to tongue,  
Though the ever-growing series  
Has out of nothing sprung.

Only a faint suggestion,  
Only a doubtful hint,  
Only a leading question  
With a special tone or tint.

Only a low "I wonder!"  
Nothing unfair at all;  
But the whisper grows to thunder,  
And a scathing bolt may fall;  
And a good ship is dismasted,  
And hearts are like to break,  
And a Christian life is blasted,  
For a scarcely-guessed mistake!

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*LEANING OVER THE WATERFALL.*

A young lady, age 20, fell over the rocks at the Swallow Waterfall in the summer of 1873, and was lost to sight in a moment. The body was not recovered till four hours afterwards.

**L**EANING over the waterfall!  
Lured by the fairy sight,  
Heeding not the warning call,  
Watching the foam and the flow,  
Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,  
Here in the shade and there in the light!  
Oh who could know  
The coming sorrow, the nearing woe!

Leaning over the waterfall !

Only a day before

She had spoken of Jesu's wondrous call,

As He trod the waves of Galilee.

They asked, as she gazed from the sunset  
shore,

"If He walked that water, what would you  
do?"

Then fell the answer, glad and true,

"If He beckoned me,

I would go to Him on the pathless sea."

Leaning over the waterfall

Only a moment before !

And then the slip, the helpless call,

The plunge unheard in the pauseless roar

By the startled watchers on the shore ;

And the feet that stood by the waterfall

So fair and free,

Are standing with Christ by the crystal sea.

Leaning over the waterfall !

Have you not often leant—

(What should hinder? or what appal?)

Freely, fearlessly, over the brink,



Merrily glancing adown the stream,  
Or gazing rapt in a musical dream  
At the lovely waters? But pause and think—  
Who kept *your* feet,  
And suffered you not such death to meet?

Leaning over the waterfall!

What if *your* feet had slipped?  
Never a moment of power to call,  
Never a hand in time to save  
From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave!  
Hearken! would it be ill or well  
If thus *you* fell?  
Hearken! would it be heaven or hell?

Leaning over the waterfall!

Listen, and learn, and lean!  
Listen to Him whose loving call  
Soundeth deep in your heart to-day!  
Learn of Jesus, the only way,  
How to be holy, how to be blest!  
Lean on His breast,  
And yours shall be safety and joy and rest.

*FOREST VOICES.*

THE forest hath its voices,  
Whose sweetness aye rejoices,  
Or soothes the spirit wondrously ;  
Borne on their leafy wings,  
They tell of quiet things  
And mingle in strange harmony.

There is a murmuring song,  
A cadence soft and long,  
Evoking dreams of still delight ;  
There is a clarion note,  
Whose blithesome echoes float  
Chasing the darkling spells of grief and night.

There is a whispering sound  
Within the forest-bound,  
Telling the heart of things unseen ;  
That nameless holy thrill  
Passeth o'er vale and hill  
And through the dark and lone ravine.

It is a harp sublime  
With ever-varying chime,  
Awakening feelings ever new ;  
For, tuned by Him who made  
The all-harmonious shade,  
Each forest-voice is sweet and true.

*THE TURNED LESSON.*

“I THOUGHT I knew it!” she said,  
“I thought I had learnt it quite!”  
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,  
With a grave yet loving light  
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,  
As she gave the book  
With the mark still set in the self-same  
place.

“I thought I knew it!” she said;  
And a heavy tear fell down,  
As she turned away with bending head,  
Yet not for reproof or frown,  
Not for the lesson to learn again,  
Or the play hour lost;—  
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,  
But her Teacher understood,  
As God understands the chirp of the birds  
In the depth of an autumn wood.  
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek  
Was quite enough;  
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,  
    " Now I will try you again !"  
And the lesson was mastered,—every word !  
    Was it not worth the pain ?  
Was it not kinder the task to turn,  
    Than to let it pass,  
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,  
    That we only learn in part,  
And the Master's testing-time may show  
    That it was not quite " by heart " ?  
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,  
    That lesson again  
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side  
    Till the page is really known,  
It may be we failed because we tried  
    To learn it all alone.  
And now that He would not let us lose  
    One lesson of love,  
(For He knows the loss,)— can we refuse ?

But oh ! how *could* we dream  
    That we knew it all so well !

Reading so fluently, as we deem,  
What we could not even spell !  
And oh ! how could we grieve once more  
That Patient One  
Who has turned so many a task before !

That waiting One, who now  
Is letting us try again ;  
Watching us with the patient brow  
That bore the wreath of pain ;  
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,  
Line upon line,  
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts "be still,"  
Though our task is turned to-day.  
Oh let Him teach us what He will,  
In His own gracious way.  
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,  
As we learn each line,  
The hardest is found all clear and sweet !

*March 28th, 1876.*

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## TO HELGA.

COME down, and show the dwellers far  
below

What God is painting in each mountain  
place !

Show His fair colours, and His perfect grace,  
Dowering each blossom born of sun and snow :  
His tints, not thine ! Thou art God's copyist.

O gifted Helga ! His thy golden height,  
Thy purple depth, thy rosy sunset light,  
Thy blue snow-shadows, and thy weird white  
mist.

Reveal His works to many a distant land !

Paint for His praise, oh paint for love of Him !  
He is thy Master, let Him hold thy hand,

So thy pure heart no cloud of self shall dim.  
At His dear feet lay down thy laurel-store,  
Which crimson proof of thy redemption bore.

*September 19th, 1876.*

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*IN LOYAL AND LOVING REMEM-  
BRANCE OF PRINCESS ALICE.*

[Written to accompany a memorial wreath of white roses and palm leaves, painted by the Baroness Helga von Cramm. Published by Caswell and Sons.]

**T**WO nations mourn ! The same great  
grief is known

By human hearts on either side the sea,  
Mourning with those who yet must mourn  
alone

Upon the silent height where only He  
Can come and whisper comfort, who hath worn  
The lonely diadem of cruel thorn.

Mourning for her whose royal love had shown  
Secrets of comfort in the darkest days ;  
Who, like her Master, stooping from a throne  
The suffering or the lost could heal or raise ;  
Leaving, like Him, example pure and bright,  
For court or cottage home a starry light.

Two nations mourn ; a hand from each would  
lay  
Fair flowers and simple verse upon her tomb  
to-day.

*December 23rd, 1879.*

*OUR RED LETTER DAYS.*

**M**Y Alpine staff recalls each shining  
height,  
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,  
Carved with a lengthening record, self explained,  
Of mountain-memories sublime and bright.  
No valley-life but hath some mountain days,  
Bright summits in the retrospective view,  
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,  
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.  
Grave on thy heart each past “red letter day!”  
Forget not all the sunshine of the way  
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered  
prayers,  
And joys unasked; strange blessings, lifted cares,  
Grand promise-echoes. Thus thy life shall be  
One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

*THE AWAKENING.*

**S**O it has come to you, dear,  
Come so soon!  
Come in the sunshine early,  
Come in the morning pearly,  
Not in the blaze of noon.



Yes, it has come to you, dear,  
    Strange and sweet ;  
Come ere the merry May-time  
Melts to the glowing hay-time,  
    Hushed in the sultry heat.

Come—with mysterious shadow,  
    Weird and new—  
Come with a magic lustre  
Hung on the shining cluster  
    Ripening fast for you.

Come! and the exquisite minor,  
    Rich and deep,  
Swells with Æolian blending  
Chords of the spirit, ending  
    Boyhood's enchanted sleep.

Sleep that is past for ever !  
    Is it gain?  
What does the waking seem like?  
Love that is only dream-like  
    Sings not a truthful strain.

Hearts that have roused and listened  
    Never more,  
(Though they may miss the crossed tones,  
Though they may mourn the lost tones,)  
    Sleep as they slept before.

Come ! and the great transition

Now is past !

Never again the boy-life,

Only the pain—and joy-life,

More of the first than last.

Come ! and they do not guess it,

Why such a change !

Why should the mirth and riot

Tone into manly quiet !

Is it not passing strange ?

Come ! 'Tis a night of wonder

At this call.

Characters cabalistic,

Writings all dim and mystic

Tremble upon the wall.

Come ! am I glad or sorry ?

Wait and see !

Wait for God's silent moulding,

Wait for His full unfolding,

Wait for the days to be.

---

*GOLDEN LAND.*

(SONG. For music by TITO MATTEI.)

FAR from home alone I wander,  
Over mountain and pathless wave;  
But the fair land that shineth yonder  
Claimeth the love that erst it gave.  
Golden Land, so far, so nearing!  
Land of those who wait for me!  
Ever brighter the vision cheering,  
Golden Land, I haste to thee!

On my path a golden sunlight  
Softly falls where'er I roam,  
And I know it is the one light  
Both of exile and of home.  
Golden Land, so far, so near,  
On my heart engraven clear,  
Though I wander from strand to strand,  
Dwells my heart in that Golden Land.

*September 15th, 1876.*

---

*APRIL.*

O THE wealth of pearly blossom, O the  
woodland's emerald gleam!  
O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the  
diamond-sparkling stream

- O the carol from the hawthorn and the trill  
from dazzling blue !
- O the glory of the springtime, making all things  
bright and new !
- O the rosy eve's surrender  
To the Easter moonlight tender !
- O the early morning splendour,  
Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,  
In the rising of the year !
- O the gladness of the children after all the  
dismal days,  
In the freedom and the beauty and the heart-  
rejoicing rays !
- Do we chill the gleeful spirit, check the pulses  
bounding fast,  
By the mournful doubt suggested : " Ah, but,  
darling, *will it last ?* "

Though we know there may be tempests, and  
we know there will be showers,  
Yet we know they only hasten summer's richer  
crown of flowers.  
Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud  
to foliage soon ;  
April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the  
glorious glow of June.

April leads to joyous May time,  
With its ever lengthening daytime ;  
This again to joyous haytime,  
    When the harvest-home is near  
    In the zenith of the year.

So we only tell the children of the summer  
    days in store,

Of the treasures and the beauties that shall open  
    more and more.

So the silver carol rises, for the winter time is  
    past !

When the summer days are coming, need we  
    ask if spring shall last ?

O the gladness of the spirit, when the true and  
    only Light

Pours in radiant resplendence, making all  
    things new and bright !

When the love of Jesus shineth in its over-  
    coming power,

When the secret sweet communion hallows  
    every passing hour.

O the calm and happy resting,  
Free from every fear molesting !

O the Christ-victorious breasting  
    Of the tempter's varied art,  
    In the springtime of the heart !

O the freedom and the fervour after all the  
faithless days !  
O the ever-new thanksgiving and the ever-  
flowing praise !  
Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a  
doubting shadow cast,  
Satan's own dark word suggesting by the  
whisper "*if* it lasts" ?

Though we know there must be trials and  
there will be tears below,  
Yet we know His glorious purpose, and His  
promises we know !  
Only ask—"What saith the Master?" and  
believe His word alone,  
That "from glory unto glory" He shall lead,  
shall change His own.  
Ever more and more bestowing,  
Love and joy in riper glowing,  
Faith increasing, graces growing—  
Such His promises to you !  
He is faithful, He is true !  
Each Amen becomes an anthem, for we know  
He will fulfil  
All the purpose of His goodness, all the  
splendour of His will.

Only trust the living Saviour, only trust Him,  
all the way,  
And your springtide path shall brighten to  
the perfect summer day !

*February 9<sup>th</sup>, 1877.*

---

*MIZPAH.*

MESSAGES FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.

ONLY a leaf, yet it shall bear  
A wealth of love, of mintage true !  
Only a simple earnest prayer,  
That silently goes up for you ;  
Yet you and I may never know  
What blessings from that prayer may flow.

---

“GRACE, mercy, peace.”  
Triple blossom, rainbow-hued,  
Fresh and fragrant, heaven bedewed,  
Brightening desert solitude,  
Springing from the Love Divine,  
Love that ever shall entwine  
With our own, with yours and mine.

UPON the same bright morning star  
Our gaze may meet, though severed far ;  
The Star of Bethlehem to-day  
Shines brightly on our wintry way ;  
And, gazing on its radiance clear,  
Our hearts may meet, and we are near !

---

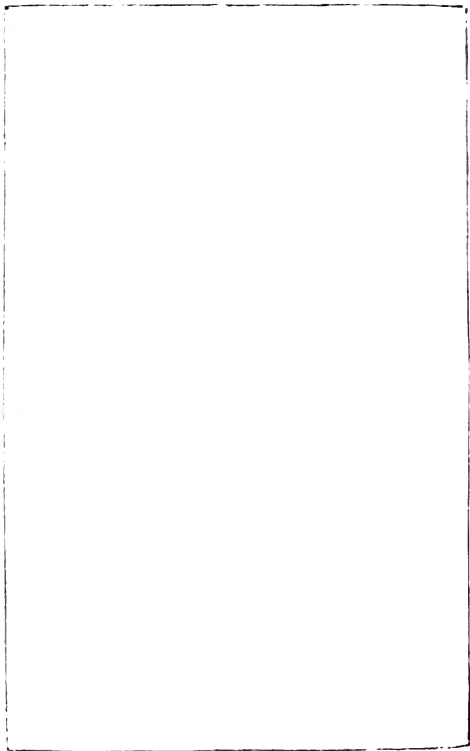
AS the sounding shell conveys  
The murmur of the sea,  
So let this tiny token raise  
Some memory of me,  
For loving thought of prayer and praise  
Fail not to rise for thee.

---

THOUGH the circling flight of time may find us  
Far apart, or severed more and more  
Yet the farewell always lies behind us  
And the welcome always lies before.  
Meanwhile God is leading, surely, slowly,  
Through the shadows with a hand of love,  
To the house where, 'mid the myriads holy,  
Only welcomes wait us both above.



III.  
LEAFLETS.



*HYMN FOR MARCH 31, 1873.*

BEING THE DAY APPOINTED FOR SPECIAL  
AND UNITED PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

“The isles shall wait upon Me, and on Mine arm shall  
they trust.”—*Isa.* li. 5.

FATHER, we would plead Thy promise,  
    bending at Thy glorious throne,  
That the isles shall wait upon Thee, trusting  
    in Thine arm alone !  
One bright isle we bring before Thee, while in  
    faith Thy children pray  
For a full and mighty blessing, with united  
    voice to-day.

Gracious Saviour, look in mercy on this island  
    of the West,  
Win the wandering and the weary with Thy  
    pardon and Thy rest :  
As the *only* Friend and Saviour let Thy blessed  
    name be owned,  
Who hast shed Thy blood most precious, and  
    for ever hast atoned.

Blessèd Spirit, lift Thy standard, pour Thy  
grace, and shed Thy light !

Lift the veil and loose the fetter ; come with  
new and quickening might ;

Make the desert places blossom, shower Thy  
sevenfold gifts abroad ;

Make Thy servants wise and steadfast, valiant  
for the truth of God.

Triune God of grace and glory, be the isle  
for which we plead,

Shielded, succoured with Thy blessing, strong  
in every hour of need ;

Flooded with Thy truth and glory (glowing  
sunlight from above),

And encompassed with the ocean of Thine  
everlasting love.

Oh, surround Thy throne of power, with Thine  
emerald bow of peace :

Bid the wailing, and the warring, and the wild  
confusion cease.

Thou remainest King for ever,—Thou shalt  
reign, and earth adore !

Thine the kingdom, Thine the power, Thine  
the glory evermore.

## REALITY.

"FATHER, WE KNOW THE REALITY OF JESUS CHRIST."—*Words used by a workman in prayer, October 14th, 1875.\**

REALITY, reality,  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
From the spectral mists and driving clouds,  
From the shifting shadows and phantom  
crowds ;  
From unreal words and unreal lives,  
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives ;  
From the passings away, the chance and change,  
Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,  
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,  
Who art the grand Reality.

\* At another prayer meeting on the same day a young Christian who had been witnessing for this "reality" among those who called religion a "phantom" and a "sham" prayed earnestly, "Lord Jesus, let Thy dear servant write for us what Thou art—Thou living, bright Reality !" And, urging His plea with increasing vehemence, he added, "and let her do it *this very night.*" That "very night" these verses were flashed into my mind ; while he was "yet speaking," they were written and *dated.* Does not this show the "reality of prayer" ?

Reality in greatest need,  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed !  
Is the pilot real, who alone can guide  
The drifting ship through the midnight tide?  
Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,  
And the saved ones leap from the parting  
deck?  
Is the haven real, where the barque may flee  
From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea?  
Reality indeed art Thou,  
My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven now.

Reality, reality,  
In brightest days art Thou to me !  
Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,  
Thou art the heaven above my earth,  
The spring of the love of all my heart,  
And the Fountain of my song Thou art ;  
For dearer than the dearest now,  
And better than the best, art Thou,  
Belovèd Lord, in whom I see  
Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,  
Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me,  
When I thought the dream of life was past,  
And “ the Master’s home-call ” come at last ;

When I thought I only had to wait  
A little while at the Golden Gate,—  
Only another day or two,  
Till Thou Thyself should'st bear me through.  
How real Thy presence was to me !  
How precious Thy Reality !

Reality, reality,  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,  
Thy words are better than "most fine gold."  
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,  
Thy life is grander than poet-story :  
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,  
Art more than words and life and name !  
*Thyself* Thou hast revealed to me,  
In glorious Reality.

Reality, reality,  
Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.  
In Thee is every type fulfilled,  
In Thee is every yearning stilled  
For perfect beauty, truth, and love ;  
For Thou art always far above  
The grandest glimpse of our Ideal,  
Yet more and more we know Thee real,  
And marvel more and more to see  
Thine infinite Reality.

Reality, reality

Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.  
How real Thy mercy and Thy might !  
How real Thy love, how real Thy light !  
How real Thy truth and faithfulness !  
How real Thy blessing when Thou dost bless !  
How real Thy coming to dwell within !  
How real the triumphs Thou dost win !  
Does not the loving and glowing heart  
Leap up to own how real Thou art ?

Reality, reality !

Such let our adoration be !  
Father, we bless Thee with heart and voice,  
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign  
choice,  
That patiently, gently, sought us out  
In the far-off land of death and doubt,  
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might,  
That opened our eyes to see the light  
That arose in strange reality,  
From the darkness falling on Calvary.

Reality, reality,

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !  
My glorious King, my Lord, my God,  
Life is too short for half the laud,



For half the debt of praise I owe  
For this blest knowledge, that "I know  
The reality of Jesus Christ,"—  
Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced !  
Will I not praise Thee when I see  
In the long noon of Eternity,  
Unveiled, Thy "bright Reality!"—

---

*SEULEMENT POUR TOI.*

[Written for and sung by some Swiss peasants at a  
Sunday afternoon Bible reading, July 23rd, 1876.]

**Q**UE je sois, O cher Sauveur,  
Seulement à Toi ! ' Ios. iii. 1.  
Soit l'amour de tout mon cœur Matt. xxii. 37.  
Seulement pour Toi.  
Je reviens à mon Père John xiv. 6.  
Seulement par Toi,  
Ma confiance entière Ps. cxviii &  
Sera en Toi,  
Seulement en Toi.  
Le péché Tu as porté 1 Pet. ii. 24.  
Seul, seul pour moi ;  
Et Ton sang Tu as versé  
Seul, seul pour moi.

Toute gloire, toute joie Sera pour Toi ;	Rev. v. 12.
L'espérance et la foi Seront en Toi, Seulement en Toi.	Acts iv. 12
Aujourd'hui, O cher Seigneur, Acceptes-moi !	2 Cor. vi. 2. Ej h. i. 6.
Tu es seul mon grand Sauveur, Tu es mon Roi.	Isa. xix. 20. Ps. xlv. 4.
Tous mes moments, tous mes jours Seront pour Toi !	2 Cor. v. 15.
Jésus, gardes-moi toujours Seulement pour Toi, Seulement pour Toi.	Isa. xxvii. 3.
Que je chante et que je pleure Seulement pour Toi !	Ps. xx. 13.
Que je vive et que je meure Seulement pour Toi !	Rom. xiv. 8.
Jésus, qui m'as tant aimé Mourant pour moi,	Gal. ii. 20.
Toute mon éternité Sera pour Toi, Seulement pour Toi.	1 Thess. iv. 17.

FINS-HAUT.

*A SONG IN THE NIGHT.*

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,  
From Thine own hand,  
The strength to bear it bravely  
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,  
So let me rest,  
In hush of sweet submission,  
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As proof indeed  
That Thou art watching closely  
My truest need ;

That Thou, my Good Physician,  
Art watching still ;  
That all Thine own good pleasure  
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;  
What Thou dost choose  
The soul that really loves Thee  
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time  
I trust to-day ;  
For Thee my heart has never  
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;  
But what beside?  
'Tis no unmingled portion  
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness  
My cup runs o'er  
With faithfulness and mercy,  
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,  
As Thine own gift ;  
And true though tremulous praises  
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,  
But Thou dost hear  
The whisper from the pillow,  
Thou art so near !

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,  
That presseth sore,  
The hand that bears the nail-prints  
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,  
Hidden by Thee,  
The pressure only tells me  
Thou lovest me!

---

*WHAT WILL YOU DO WITHOUT  
HIM?*

I COULD not do without Him!  
Jesus is more to me  
Than all the richest, fairest gifts  
Of earth could ever be.  
But the more I find Him precious—  
And the more I find Him true—  
The more I long for you to find  
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,  
For He is passing by,  
He is waiting to be gracious,  
Only waiting for your cry:  
He is waiting to receive you—  
To make you all His own!  
Why will you do without Him,  
And wander on alone?

Why will you do without Him?

Is He not kind indeed?

Did He not die to save you?

Is He not all you need?

Do you not want a Saviour?

Do you not want a Friend?

One who will love you faithfully,

And love you to the end?

Why will you do without Him?

The Word of God is true!

The world is passing to its doom—

And you are passing too.

It may be no to-morrow

Shall dawn for you or me;

Why will you run the awful risk

Of all eternity?

What will you do without Him,

In the long and dreary day

Of trouble and perplexity,

When you do not know the way,

And no one else can help you,

And no one guides you right,

And hope comes not with morning,

And rest comes not with night?

You could not do without Him,

If once He made you see

The fetters that enchain you,  
Till He hath set you free.  
If once you saw the fearful load  
Of sin upon your soul ;--  
The hidden plague that ends in death,  
Unless He makes you whole !

What will you do without Him,  
When death is drawing near?  
Without His love—the only love  
That casts out every fear ;  
When the shadow-valley opens,  
Unlighted and unknown,  
And the terrors of its darkness  
Must all be passed alone !

What will you do without Him,  
When the great white throne is set,  
And the Judge who never can mistake,  
And never can forget,—  
The Judge whom you have never here  
As Friend and Saviour sought,  
Shall summon you to give account  
Of deed and word and thought ?

What will you do without Him,  
When He hath shut the door,  
And you are left outside, because  
You would not come before ?

When it is no use knocking,  
No use to stand and wait ;  
For the word of doom tolls through your  
heart,  
That terrible "Too late!"

You cannot do without Him !  
There is no other name  
By which you ever *can* be saved,  
No way, no hope, no claim !  
Without Him—everlasting loss  
Of love, and life, and light !  
Without Him—everlasting woe,  
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh ! *with Jesus!*  
Are any words so blest ?  
With Jesus, everlasting joy  
And everlasting rest !  
With Jesus—all the empty heart  
Filled with His perfect love ;  
With Jesus—perfect peace below,  
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him ?  
It is not yet too late ;  
He has not closed the day of grace,  
He has not shut the gate.



He calls you!—hush! He calls you!  
He would not have you go  
Another step without Him,  
Because He loves you so.

Why will you do without Him?  
He calls and calls again—  
“Come unto Me! Come unto Me!”  
Oh, shall He call in vain?  
He wants to have you with Him;  
Do you not want Him too?  
You cannot do without Him,  
And He wants—even you.

---

*THY FATHER WAITS FOR THEE.*

**W**ANDERER from thy Father's home,  
So full of sin, so far away,  
Wilt thou any longer roam?  
Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?  
*Wilt* thou? Oh, He knows it all,  
Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!  
*Wilt* thou? Hear His tender call,  
“Return, return!” while He is near.

He is here ! His loving voice  
Hath reached thee, though so far away !

He is waiting to rejoice,  
O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.

Waiting, waiting to bestow  
His perfect pardon, full and free ;  
Waiting, waiting till thou know  
His wealth of love for thee. for thee !

Rise and go ! Thy Father waits  
To welcome and receive and bless ;  
Thou shalt tread His palace gates  
In royal robe of righteousness.

Thine shall be His heart of love,  
And thine His smile, and thine His home  
Thine His joy, all joys above—  
O wandering child, no longer roam !

---

*WILL YOU NOT COME ?*

**W**ILL you not come to Him or *Life* ?  
Why will ye die, oh why ?

He gave His life for you, for you !  
The gift is free, the word is true !

Will you not come ? oh, why will you die ?

Will you not come to Him for *Peace* ?

Peace through His cross alone.

He shed His precious blood for you ;

The gift is free, the word is true :

He is our Peace—oh, is He your own ?

Will you not come to Him for *Rest* ?

All that are weary, come !

The rest He gives is deep and true,

'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you !

Rest in His love, and rest in His home.

Will you not come to Him for *Joy*,

Will you not come for this ?

He laid His joys aside for you,

To give you joy, so sweet, so true :

Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss !

Will you not come to Him for *Love*,

Love that can fill the heart !

Exceeding great, exceeding free !

He loveth you, He loveth me !

Will you not come ? Why stand you apart ?

Will you not come to Him for *ALL* ?

Will you not "taste and see" ?

He waits to give it all to you,

The gifts are free, the words are true !

Jesus is calling, "Come unto Me !"

*"THE SHINING LIGHT, THAT  
SHINETH MORE AND MORE  
UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."*

(PROV. iv. 18.)

**T**O-DAY the golden sunlight  
Is full and broad and strong ;  
The glory of the One Light  
Must overflow in song ;  
Song that floweth ever,  
Sweeter every day,  
Song whose echoes never,  
Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer  
That is so bright to-day ?  
How shall the hope be dearer  
That pours such joyous ray ?  
I am only waiting  
For the answer golden,  
What faith is antedating  
Shall not be withholden.

---

*CHURCH MISSIONARY JUBILEE  
HYMN.*

“He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.”—*Isa. liii. 11.*

REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,  
All ye who love His holy sway!  
The travail of His soul is past,  
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed!  
For He shall see His chosen seed.  
But ours the trust, the grand employ,  
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,  
They shall be gathered one by one;  
He gathereth the smallest grain,  
His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work! arise and pray  
That He would haste the dawning day!  
And let the silver trumpet sound,  
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,  
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled.  
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,  
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see  
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee!  
His harvest joy is filling fast,  
He shall be satisfied at last.

*Good Friday, 1877.*

---

*A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!*

**N**EW mercies, new blessings, new light  
on thy way ;  
New courage, new hope, and new strength  
for each day ;  
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of  
delight,  
New praise in the morning, new songs in the  
night ;  
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise ;  
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of  
praise ;  
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from  
His face ;  
New streams from the Fountain of infinite  
grace ;

New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of  
love ;  
New gleams of the glory that waits thee  
above ;  
New light of His countenance full and un-  
priced ;  
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ !

---

*ANOTHER YEAR.*

**A**NOTHER year is dawning !  
Dear Master, let it be  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace ;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise ;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence "all the days "

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning !  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee !

---

*NEW YEAR'S WISHES.*

WHAT shall I wish thee?  
Treasures of earth?  
Songs in the springtime,  
Pleasure and mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway,  
Skies ever clear?  
Would this ensure thee  
A Happy New Year ?



What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright;  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear;  
These shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at His feet,  
Smile of His countenance  
Radiant and sweet,  
Joy in His presence!  
Christ ever near!  
This will ensure thee  
A Happy New Year!

*"FORGIVEN—EVEN UNTIL NOW."*

(NUM. xiv. 19.)

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY 1879.

**T**HOU hast forgiven—even until now !"  
 We bless Thee, Lord, for this,  
 And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow  
 In depth of sorrowing bliss ;  
 While over all the long, regretful past  
 This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign  
 hand doth cast.

"Forgiven until now !" For Jesus died  
 To take our sins away ;  
 His blood was shed, and still the infinite  
 tide  
 Flows full and deep to-day.  
 He paid the debt ; we own it, and go free !  
 The cancelled bond is cast in Love's unfathomed  
 sea.

"Forgiven until now !" For God is true ;  
 Faithful and just is He !  
 Forgiving, cleansing, making all things new !  
 "Who is a God like Thee ?"  
 O precious blood of Christ that saves and heals,  
 While all its cleansing might the Holy Ghost  
 reveals.

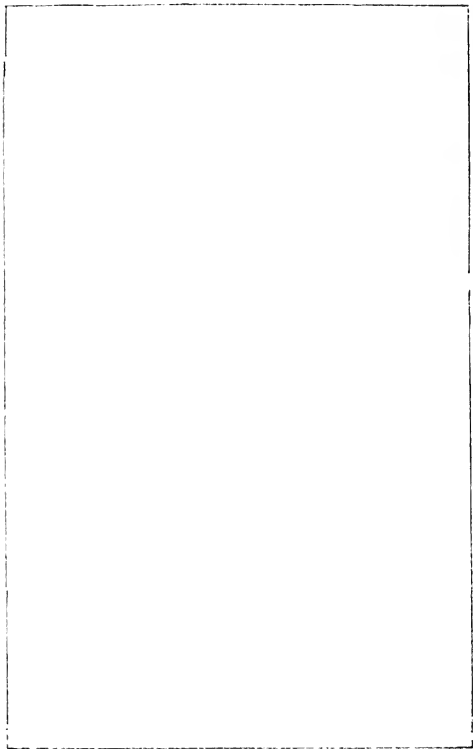
Yes, "even until now!" And so we  
stand,

Forgiven, loved, and blessed,  
And, covered in the shadow of God's hand,  
Believing, are at rest.

The one great load is lifted from the soul,  
That henceforth on the Lord all burdens we  
may roll.

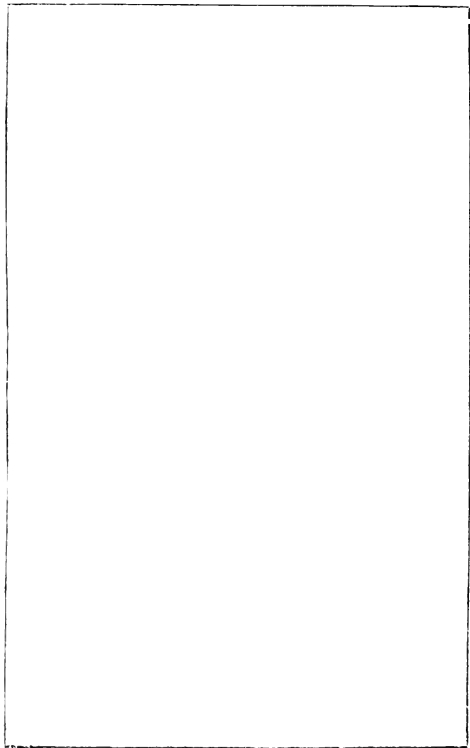
Yes, "even until now!" Then let us press  
With free and willing feet  
Along the King's highway of holiness,  
Until we gain the street

O golden crystal, praising purely when  
We see our pardoning Lord; forgiven until  
then!



Æ.

POEMS OF EARLIER DATE.



*MATTHEW XIV. 23.*

**I**T is the quiet evening time, the sun is in the west,  
And earth enrobed in purple glow awaits her nightly rest ; .  
The shadows of the mountain peaks are lengthening o'er the sea,  
And the flowerets close their eyelids on the shore of Galilee.  
The multitude are gone away, their restless hum doth cease,  
The birds have hushed their music, and all is calm and peace ;  
But on the lonely mountain side is One, whose beauteous brow  
The impress bears of sorrow and of weariness e'en now.  
The livelong day in deeds of love and power He hath spent,  
And with them words of grace and life hath ever sweetly blent.

Now He hath gained the mountain top, He  
standeth all alone,  
No mortal may be near Him in that hour of  
prayer unknown.  
He prayeth.—But for whom? For Himself,  
He needeth nought ;  
Nor strength, nor peace, nor pardon, where of  
sin there is no spot ;  
But 'tis for us in powerful prayer He spendeth  
all the night,  
That His own loved ones may be kept and  
strengthened in the fight ;  
That they may all be sanctified, and perfect  
made in one ;  
That they His glory may behold where they  
shall need no sun ;  
That in eternal gladness they may be His  
glorious bride :  
It is for this that He hath climbed the lonely  
mountain side.  
It is for this that He denies His weary head the  
rest  
Which e'en the foxes in their holes, and birds  
have in their nest.  
The echo of that prayer hath died upon the  
rocky hill ;



But on a higher, holier mount that Voice is  
pleading still ;  
For while one weary child of His yet wanders  
here below,  
While yet one thirsting soul desires His peace  
and love to know,  
And while one fainting spirit seeks His holiness  
to share,  
The Saviour's loving heart shall pour a tide of  
mighty prayer ;  
Yes ! till each ransomed one hath gained His  
home of joy and peace,  
That fount of blessings all untold shall never,  
never cease.

1854.

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*MATTHEW XXVI. 30.*

“ And when they had sung an hymn they went out.”

**T**HE sun hath gilded Judah's hills  
With his last gorgeous beam ;  
Ghostlike the still grey mists arise  
From Jordan's sacred stream.  
The stars, bright flowers of the sky,  
Unfold their beauties now,

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

Mysterious sadness, on that brow  
So pure and calm, doth lie ;  
And untold stores of deepest love  
Are beaming from His eye.  
What wonder if the strain was sweet  
Above all other lays ?  
Seraphic well might seem the hymn  
Which Jesu's voice did raise.  
The angels hush their lyres and bend  
To hear the thrilling tone,  
And heaven is silent,—with that song  
They mingle not their own.  
The sorrowing ones around have heard  
Their blessed Master tell,  
That He with them no longer now  
As heretofore may dwell.  
And they have sadly shared with Him  
The last, last evening meal,  
And heard the last sweet comfort which  
Their mourning hearts may heal.  
They do not know the fearful storm  
Which on His head must burst ;  
They know not all,—He hath not told  
His loving ones the worst.  
How could He? E'en an angel's mind  
Could never comprehend

The weight of woe 'neath which for us  
The Saviour's head must bend ;  
Ere long the voice, which waketh now  
Such touching melody,  
Shall cry, "My God, My God, oh why  
Hast Thou forsaken Me?"  
The hour is come; but ere they meet  
Its terrors,—yet once more  
Their voices blend with His who sang  
As none e'er sang before.  
Why do they linger on that note?  
Why thus the sound prolong?  
Ah! 'twas the last! 'Tis ended now,  
That strangely solemn song.  
And forth they go:—the song is past;  
But, like the roseleaf, still,  
Whose fragrance doth not die away,  
Its soft low echoes thrill  
Through many a soul, and there awake  
New strains of glowing praise  
To Him who, on that fateful eve,  
That last sweet hymn did raise.

*February 27th, 1855.*

TO JOHN HENRY C— ON HIS  
THIRD BIRTHDAY.

BLESSINGS on thee, darling boy,  
Peace and love and gentle joy!  
May the coronal they twine  
Through the dream of life be thine!

Little hast thou known of life,  
Of its sorrow, of its strife,  
Thine not yet dark Future's blast,  
Thine not yet a shadowy Past.

While we reck of coming years,  
Strangely mingling hopes and fears,  
What are sober thoughts to thee,  
In the tide of birthday glee!

Thou art beautiful and bright,  
Daily wakening new delight,  
Would that we the prize could hold,  
Always keep thee three years old!

No, not always, thou may'st be  
Something brighter yet to see,  
Noble hearted, lofty souled,  
When more years have o'er thee rolle'd

Love is watching round thee now,  
Tracing sunbeams on thy brow ;  
Never be her mission done  
To thy father's only son.

Yet a higher, deeper love  
Watcheth o'er thee from above ;  
Then, thy fount of motive be  
Love to Him who loveth thee.

Darling, may thy years below  
Like a strain of music flow,  
Ever sweeter, purer, higher,  
Till it swell the angel choir.

Be thy life a star of light,  
Glistening through earth's stormy night,  
Shining then with glorious ray  
Through the One Eternal Day.

*November 27th, 1858.*

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*"COMING OF AGE."*

**W**HAT do we seek for him to-day, who,  
through such golden gates  
Of mirth and gladness, enters now where life  
before him waits ?

'Mid light and flowers the feast is spread, and  
young and old rejoice :  
Let beam and wall speak out for all, with  
earnest, loving voice.

The threefold blessing Israel heard three thou-  
sand years ago,  
Oh ! grant it may on him to-day in power  
and fulness flow ;  
For, faithful and unchangeable, each word of  
God is sure,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,  
His promises endure.

The Angel of the Covenant, redeeming from  
all ill  
Both son and father, bless the lad, and every  
prayer fulfil ;  
Nor only bless, but make him, too, a blessing,  
Lord, from Thee :  
With length of days, O satisfy ; let him Thy  
glory see.

Through all the journey of his life, Thy pre-  
sence with him go ;  
Rest *in* Thee here, and *with* Thee there, do  
Thou, O Lord, bestow.

Oh, keep him faithful unto death, then grant  
to him, we pray,  
The crown of glory and of life, that fadeth not  
away.

So shall the father's soul be glad for him he  
holds so dear,  
A son whose heart is truly wise in God's most  
holy fear ;  
And hallowed be our festal joy with gratitude  
and praise ;  
Forget not all His benefits, whose kindness  
crowns our days.

Then glory in the highest be to Him, our  
Strength and Song ;  
May every heart uplift its part, in blessings  
deep and long.  
Through Him who died that we might live,  
our thanks to God ascend,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, our  
Saviour and our Friend.

*September 26th, 1865.*



## EVELYN.

D YING? Evelyn, darling !  
Dying? can it be?  
Spring so joyous all around,  
*Such* a spring, so early crowned,  
Heralding all summer glee,  
Life for everything but thee !  
Evelyn darling, dying?  
Yet it is no phantom sound,  
Though the word is haunting me ;  
Thou art lying  
Now, where life and death do meet,  
Thorny path and golden street.

I thought I had no heart to write,  
But the pencil near me lay,  
Which has traced me many a day,  
Dipped in colours dark or bright,  
Lays I guessed would meet the sight  
Of at least some loving eye,  
And perchance be heard again,

Winning echoes far and nigh,  
Touching chords of sympathy  
In the weary souls of men.  
And I took it in my hand,  
For it seemed to be relief,  
After this long week of grief,  
Just to let the thought expand,  
And the word that haunted me  
Just to write; though none shall see  
What is written, only He  
Who is gently leading thee,  
Evelyn darling, without fears,  
Through the vale of death,—and me  
Through the vale of tears.

All so calm;—a hazy veil  
Falling on the golden west;  
Silence, like a minstrel pale,  
Preluding the Sabbath rest.  
There is night before the dawn  
Rise for *us* of Sabbath morn:  
Is there any night for *thee*  
Ere thine eyes the glory see?  
Are the angels, bright and strong,  
Bearing thy free soul away,  
Teaching thee the glad new song,  
On the grand star-paven way?

Art thou even now at rest,  
Lying on the Saviour's breast?  
Evelyn darling, is it so?  
Would, oh would that I could know!  
I can only wait in sorrow  
For the tidings of the morrow.

Evelyn darling, laid so low!  
Only three short months ago  
Thou wert full of life and glee,  
Round the laden Christmas tree;  
Foremost in the carol-singing,  
Fun and frolic gaily flinging.  
Tallest, fairest of the troop,  
    Opening rose on slender stem,  
Reigning 'mid the bright-eyed group,  
    Queen without a diadem;  
In thy robe of snowy sheen,  
Decked with silken emerald green.  
Few there are who ever knew  
    Merrier holidays than thine,  
Whether summer breezes blew,  
    Or the winter stars did shine.  
Evelyn darling, can it be,  
    Was that Christmas tree the last?

How believe it, that for thee  
Christmas holidays are past !  
And that summer leaves will wave,  
And the Easter moon will shine,  
Over the first household grave,  
First,—and *thine!*

I am not praying,—prayer is hushed,  
God's hand is laid upon my heart ;  
The earthly hope for ever crushed,  
The heavenly *answered*, not in part,  
But fully, perfectly ! I prayed  
For life, and He hath given the life  
Which triumphs o'er the grave's cold  
shade ;  
For peace, and He hath ended strife  
And spoken love. There have been tears  
And earnest pleadings through long years ;  
But He is faithful to His word,  
I *know* at last that He has heard.  
But not, oh not as I had thought  
In ignorant and selfish love,  
The Master calls,—she tarries not,  
For He hath need of her above.  
The lambs He gathers with His arm,  
No grief, no sin, no death can harm,

So safely folded on His breast,  
For ever and for ever blest.  
Could God Himself give more? His will  
Is best, though we are weeping still.

Yet the old cry comes again,  
Evelyn, darling, dying!  
Is it true, or is it dreaming?  
Is it only ghastly seeming  
Of a sorrow far away,  
Not to fall for many a day?  
If I saw thee lying,  
I might realize it so!  
Last I saw thee in the glow  
Of thy brightest health and bloom;  
Was it only for the tomb?  
Then the sorrow grows with this—  
Not a word of fond good-bye,  
Not one tender parting kiss,  
Not one glance of loving eye!  
Well, I know it could not be!  
God's appointed way for me  
Was assuredly—"Be still,  
Wait in silence for His will."  
Father, I have said Amen,  
Said it often, now again!

Father, strengthen it and seal !  
 Let my weary spirit feel  
 I am very near to Thee,  
 For Thy hand is laid on me—  
 Though the shadows gather deep,  
 Thou canst calm and aid and keep.

Father, where the shadows fall  
 Deeper yet, deepest of all,  
 Send Thy peace, and show Thy power  
 In affliction's direst hour ;  
 To each mourning heart draw near,  
 Soothe and bless, sustain and cheer.  
 Thou *wilt* hear, I know not *how* !  
 Thou canst help, "and only Thou."  
 This my prayer I leave with Thee.  
 Father ! hear and answer me  
 For the sake of Him who knows  
 All our love and all our woes.

*April 6th, 1868.*

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*FAITHFUL PROMISES.*

ISAIAH xli. 10.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

**S**TANDING at the portal  
 Of the opening year,

Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.

Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day!  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away!

I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid!  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed!  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand.

Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day!  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away!

For the year before us,  
Oh what rich supplies!

For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise ;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound ;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.

Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake ;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break !  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear ?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !



*THE MAIDENS OF ENGLAND,*  
ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE TO  
THEIR PRINCESS ROYAL.

ERE the pathless ocean waters  
Bear thee far from England's shore,  
Come we, England's youthful daughters,  
Warmly greeting thee once more.

Rarest jewels, lustre flinging,  
Grace thy royal diadem ;  
Yet we come, an offering bringing  
Richer than its richest gem.

While with prayerful love unspoken,  
Princess ! glows each maiden heart,  
Deign to take this sacred token,  
Brightest lamp and surest chart.

May its holy precepts guide thee  
In each hour of joy or sadness ;  
Yet may he who stands beside thee  
Share with thee unfading gladness.

Ever on thy pathway shining,  
Living stars 'mid earthly night,  
May its peace and grace entwining  
Gird thee with a robe of light.

Rose of England ! fragrance breathing,  
To thy far new home depart.  
Round thy early bloom enwreathing  
All the love of England's heart.

Be thy gladness ever vernal  
'Mid the wintry scenes below,  
Till a crown of life eternal  
Gleams upon thy royal brow !

Father, be Thou ever near her !  
Saviour, fill her with Thy love !  
Let Thy constant presence cheer her,  
Joy-imparting Holy Dove !

January, 1858.

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*SCOTLAND'S WELCOME TO THE  
PRINCESS LOUISE.*

**S**WEET Rose of the South ! contented to  
rest  
In the fair island home which thy presence  
has blessed :  
From the Highlands resounding, glad welcome  
shall float,  
And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

Merry England has loved thee and cherished  
thee long,  
Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in  
song ;  
Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy  
feet  
Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet.

*Chorus.* — Our own bonnie Scotland with  
welcome shall ring,  
While greeting and homage we loyally bring ;  
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for  
thee.

Then come, like the sunrise that gilds with a  
smile  
The dark mountains and valleys of lonely  
Argyle ;  
Golden splendour shall fall on the pale north-  
ern snow,  
And with rose light of love the purple shall  
glow.

Though the voice that should bless, and the  
hand that should seal,  
Is "away," and at rest in "the land o' the  
leal,"

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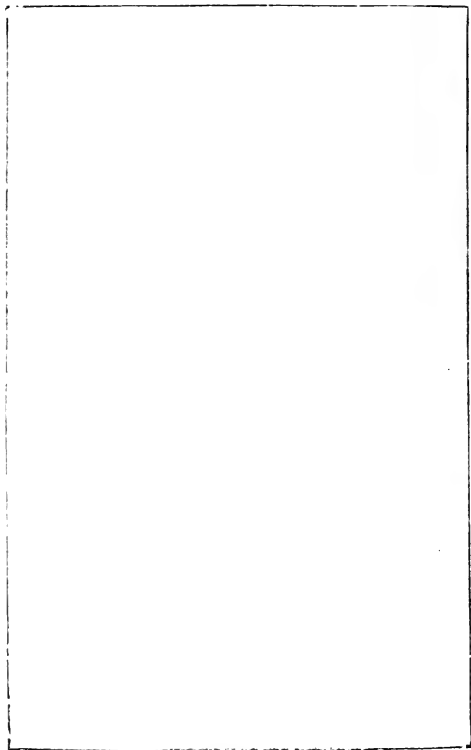
May the God of thy father look graciously  
down,  
With blessings on blessings thy gladness to  
crown.

*Chorus.* — Our own bonnie Scotland with  
welcome shall ring,  
While greeting and homage we loyally bring ;  
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,  
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for  
thee.

*March, 1871.*

5.

LATEST POEMS  
AND  
UNFINISHED FRAGMENTS.



## CHOSEN LESSONS.

'Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.'—*Ps.* xxv. 12.

I N the way that He shall choose  
He will teach us ;  
Not a lesson we shall lose,  
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed  
We may find it,  
But the blessing that we need  
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send  
Are the sweetest,  
And His training, in the end,  
Is completest.

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## HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH.

"The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—*Josh.* xvii. 14.

H I T H E R T O the Lord hath blessed us,  
Guiding all the way ;  
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,  
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,  
Caring for His own ;  
Henceforth let us love Him better,  
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,  
Crowning all our days ;  
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,  
Live to show His praise.

---

*CHRISTMAS GIFTS.*

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—*Ps. lxxviii. 18.*

**C**HRISTMAS gifts for thee,  
Fair and free !  
Precious things from the heavenly store,  
Filling thy casket more and more ;  
Golden love in divinest chain,  
That never can be untwined again ;  
Silvery carols of joy that swell  
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell ;  
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee  
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea ;  
Diamond promises sparkling bright,  
Flashing in farthest reaching light.



Christmas gifts for thee,

Grand and free !

Christmas gifts from the King of love,  
Brought from His royal home above ;  
Brought to thee in the far-off land,  
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.  
Promises held by Christ for thee,  
Peace as a river flowing free,  
Joy that in His own joy must live,  
And love that Infinite Love can give.  
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts  
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts !

*Written for Christmas Day 1879, for "Home Words."*

---

### *HE HATH DONE IT!*

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto Me ; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O heavens ; for the Lord hath done it."—*Isa.* xlv. 22, 23.

"I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever : nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it."—*Eccles.* iii. 14.

**S**ING, O heavens ! the Lord hath done it !  
Sound it forth o'er land and sea !  
Jesus says, "I have redeemed thee,  
Now return, return to Me !"

Oh return, for His own life blood  
Paid the ransom, made us free  
Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth  
Stands for ever, fixed and true ;  
Nothing can be added to it,  
Nothing left for us to do ;  
Nothing can be taken from it,  
Done for me and done for you  
Evermore and evermore.

Listen now ! the Lord hath done it !  
For He loved us unto death ;  
It is finished ! He has saved us !  
Only trust to what He saith.  
He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,  
Spend in praise your ransomed breath  
Evermore and evermore.

Oh believe the Lord hath done it !  
Wherefore linger ? wherefore doubt ?  
All the cloud of black transgression  
He Himself hath blotted out.  
He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,  
Swell the grand thanksgiving shout  
Evermore and evermore.

*December 3rd, 1878.*

*WHAT THOU WILT.*

**D**O what Thou wilt ! yes, only do  
What seemeth good to Thee :  
Thou art so loving, wise and true,  
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt ; or beating shower,  
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;  
Alike in still or stormy hour,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn  
Each lesson full and sweet,  
And deeper things of God discern  
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word  
My quick obedience win ;  
Let loyalty and love be stirred  
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know  
I shall be rich indeed :  
My King rejoices to bestow  
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, beloved Lord,  
For I have all in Thee !  
My own exceeding great reward,  
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

*December, 1878.*

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*THE KEY FOUND.*

THERE is a strange wild wail around, a  
wail of wild unrest,  
A moaning in the music, with echoes uncon-  
fessed,  
And a mocking twitter here and there, with  
small notes shrill and thin,  
And deep, low shuddering groans that rise  
from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies  
of God,  
And still the wailers wander through His fair  
lands, rich and broad ;  
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt  
and nameless pain,  
And careless feet among the flowers trip to  
the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless  
search for truth,  
They may squander in the quest all the fresh-  
ness of their youth,  
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's  
unresting sleep,  
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's  
unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and  
still in vain,  
Though they glory in the dimness and are  
proud of very pain ;  
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime  
mistake,  
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they  
cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest ! The Deliverer  
is near !  
Arise, go forth to meet Him ! Bow down, for  
He is here !  
Ye shall count your true existence from this  
first, blessèd tryst,  
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very  
God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,  
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,  
And the earthlights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,  
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness? Though ye scorn us, come and see!  
Come and hear Him for yourselves, and ye shall know that it is He!  
Ye shall find in Him the Centre, the Very Truth and Life,  
Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and strife.

Ye shall find a perfect fitness with your highest, deepest thought,  
In Him, the fair Ideal, that so long ye vainly sought,  
In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,  
In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye must adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the "aching  
void" within ;  
In Him the instant antidote for anguish and  
for sin ;  
In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's  
unuttered need ;  
In Him the *All* that ye have sought, the goal  
of life indeed.

As the light is to the eye, with its sensitive  
array  
Of delicate adjustments with their finely bal-  
anced play,  
With its instinct of perception, and its craving  
for the light,  
So is Jesus to the spirit, when He gives the  
inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some  
characters of fate,  
With their sibylline enfoldings, of dim mys-  
terious weight,  
And a haunting terror lest the real be darker  
than the guessed !  
So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the  
breast.

As the key is to the lock, when it enters quick  
and true,  
Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden  
from the view,  
Moving all the secret springs that no other finds  
or moves,  
So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power  
He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest  
anthems roll,  
With its corridors conveying every echo to the  
soul,  
With its exquisite discernment of vibration and  
of tone,  
So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him  
alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye  
receives the light !  
When the cipher is deciphered we know the  
clue is right ;  
The key is known by fitting the strange in-  
tricate wards ;  
And the ears must own the music when they  
recognise the chords.



No need to prove a Saviour, when once the  
heart believes  
And the light of God's own glory in Jesus  
Christ receives !  
No need for weary puzzle, with heart-lore  
strange and dim,  
When we find our dark enigmas are simply  
solved in Him !

We cannot doubt our finding the very Key  
indeed,  
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to  
every need,  
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him  
are revealed,  
And all the mystery of life, alone with Him,  
unsealed.

We cannot doubt, when once the ear of listen-  
ing faith has heard,  
With all-responsive thrill of love, the music of  
His word !  
*He* gives the witness that excels all argument  
or sign,—  
When we have heard it for ourselves we *know*  
it is Divine !

And then, oh then the wail is stilled, the wan-  
dering is o'er,  
The rest is gained, the certainty that never  
wavers more ;  
And then the full, unquivering praise arises  
glad and strong,  
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting  
song !

*December 14th, 1878. (Her last birthday.)*

---

*THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.*

A FEW months ago  
I was singing through the snow,  
Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope  
of summer shoots,  
And my persevering fall  
Seemed to be no use at all,  
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach  
the roots.

Then the mists hung chill  
All along the wooded hill,  
And the cold sad fog through my lonely dingles  
crept ;

I was glad I had no power  
To awake one tender flower  
To a sure swift doom ! I would rather that it  
slept.

Still I sang all alone  
In the sweet old summer tone,  
For the strong white ice could not hush me  
for a day ;  
Though no other voice was heard  
But the bitter breeze that whirred  
Past the gaunt, grey trunks on its wild and  
angry way.

So the dim days sped ;  
While everything seemed dead,  
And my own poor flow seemed the only living  
sign ;  
And the keen stars shone  
When the freezing night came on,  
From the far, far heights, all so cold and  
crystalline.

A few months ago  
I was singing through the snow !  
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the  
land,

And the memories are lost  
Of the winter fog and frost,  
In the presence of the summer with her full and  
glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink  
At my cool and pearly brink,  
And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow  
foam ;  
And the wild rose buds entwine  
With the dark-leaved bramble-vine,  
And the centuried oak is green around the  
bright-eyed squirrel's home.

O the full and glad content  
That my little song is blent  
With the all-melodious mingling of the cho-  
risters around !  
I no longer sing alone  
Through a chill surrounding moan,  
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of  
summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,  
Ere the south wind's whisper heard  
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary  
winter days,

Yet the blessing was secure,  
For the summer time was sure  
When the lonely songs are gathered in the  
mighty choir of praise.

*February 18th, 1879.*

---

*HOPE.*

WHAT though the blossom fall and die ?  
The flower is not the root ;  
The sun of love may ripen yet  
The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall  
Thy garments are defiled ?  
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;  
Fear not ! thou art His child.

Arise ! and, leaning on His strength,  
Thy weakness shall be strong ;  
And He will teach thy heart at length  
A new perpetual song.

Arise ! to follow in His track  
Each holy footprint clear,  
And on an upward course look back  
With every brightening year.

Arise ! and on thy future way  
His blessing with thee be !  
His presence be thy staff and stay,  
Till thou His glory see.

---

*FEAR NOT.*

ISAIAH xliii. 1-7.

**L**ISTEN ! for the Lord hath spoken !  
"Fear thou not," saith He !

"When thou passest through the waters,  
I will be with thee.

"Fear not ! for I have redeemed thee ;  
All My sheep I know :  
When thou passest through the rivers,  
They shall not o'erflow.

"Fear not ! by thy name I called thee,—  
Mine thy heart hath learned ;  
When thou walkest through the fire,  
Thou shalt not be burned.

"Thou art Mine ! oh, therefore, fear not :  
Mine for ever now ;  
And the flame shall never kindle  
On thy sealèd brow.

"Thou art precious, therefore fear not,  
Precious unto Me!  
I have made thee for My glory,  
I have lovèd thee."

---

*"THE SCRIPTURE CANNOT BE  
BROKEN."*

JOHN x. 35.

UPON the Word I rest,  
Each pilgrim day ;  
This golden staff is best  
For all the way.  
What Jesus Christ hath spoken,  
Cannot be broken !

Upon the Word I rest,  
So strong, so sure,  
So full of comfort blest,  
So sweet, so pure !  
The charter of salvation,  
Faith's broad foundation.

Upon the Word I stand !  
That cannot die !

Christ seals it in my hand,  
 He cannot lie !  
 The Word that faileth never !  
 Abiding ever !

*Chorus.*—The Master hath said it ! Rejoicing  
 in this,  
 We ask not for sign or for token ;  
 His word is enough for our confident bliss,  
 "The Scripture *cannot* be broken !"

*April, 1879.*

---

*NOTHING TO PAY !*

**N**OTHING to pay ! Ah, nothing to pay !  
 Never a word of excuse to say !  
 Year after year thou hast filled the score,  
 Owing thy Lord still more and more.  
 Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
 Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet  
 I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay ! the debt is so great ;  
 What will you do with the awful weight ?  
 How shall the way of escape be made ?  
 Nothing to pay ! yet it must be paid !



Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
“Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
All has been put to My account,  
I have paid the full amount.”

Nothing to pay ; yes, nothing to pay !  
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,  
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand !  
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,  
“Verily thou hast nothing to pay !  
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free !  
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou ME?”

*April, 1879.*

---

“*HE SUFFERED.*”

“**H**E suffered !” Was it, Lord, indeed  
for me,  
The Just One for the unjust ; Thou didst bear  
The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare  
To look upon, in dark Gethsemane ?  
“He suffered !” Thou, my near and gracious  
Friend,  
And yet my Lord, my God ! Thou didst  
not shrink

For me that full and fearful cup to drink  
 Because Thou lovedst even to the end !  
 "He suffered !" Saviour, was Thy love so  
     vast  
 That mysteries of unknown agony,  
 Even unto death, its only gauge could be,  
 Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed ?  
 Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane  
 Seal Thou my quivering love for ever unto  
     Thee.

1879.

---

*BEHOLD YOUR KING.*

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My  
 sorrow."—*Lam.* i. 12.

**B**EHOLD your King ! Though the moon-  
 light steals  
 Through the silvery sprays of the olive tree,  
 No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,  
 In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.  
     Only a form of prostrate grief,  
     Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf !  
 Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know  
 The depth of love in the depth of woe !

Behold your King ! Is it nothing to you,  
That the crimson tokens of agony  
From the kingly brow must fall like dew,  
Through the shuddering shades of Geth-  
semane ?

Jesus himself, the Prince of Life,  
Bows in mysterious mortal strife ;  
Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know  
The unknown love in the unknown woe !

Behold your King, with His sorrow crowned,  
Alone, alone in the valley is He !  
The shadows of death are gathering round,  
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.

Darker and darker the gloom must fall,  
Filled is the Cup, He must drink it all !  
Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know  
His wondrous love in His wondrous woe !

*Good Friday, 1879.*

---

*AN EASTER PRAYER.*

OH let me know  
The power of Thy resurrection ;  
Oh let me show  
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection ;

Oh let me soar  
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone  
before ;  
In mind and heart  
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

Oh let me give  
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest ;  
Oh let me live  
With life abundantly because Thou livest ;  
Oh make me shine  
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine ;  
Oh let me be  
A faithful witness for Thy truth and Thee.

Oh let me show  
The strong reality of gospel story ;  
Oh let me go  
From strength to strength, from glory unto  
glory ;  
Oh let me sing  
For very joy, because Thou art my King ;  
Oh let me praise  
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.

*EASTER DAWN.*

**I**T is too calm to be a dream,  
Too gravely sweet, too full of power,  
Prayer changed to praise this very hour !

Yes, heard and answered ! though it seem  
Beyond the hope of yesterday,  
Beyond the faith that dared to pray,  
Yet not beyond the love that heard,  
And not beyond the faithful word  
On which each trembling prayer may rest  
And win the answer truly best.

Yes, heard and answered ! sought and found !  
I breathe a golden atmosphere  
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear  
Within, above, and all around,  
The chime of deep cathedral bells,  
An early herald peal that tells  
A glorious Easter tide begun ;  
While yet are sparkling in the sun  
Large raindrops of the night storm passed,  
And days of Lent are gone at last.

*[Written in pencil the early dawn of her last  
Easter Day, April 1879.]*

*THE SEED OF SONG.*

THE seed of a song was cast  
On the listening hearts around,  
And the sweetly winning sound  
In a few short minutes passed.  
But a song of perfect praise,  
And a song of perfect love  
Was the harvest after many days,  
Beneath the everlasting rays  
Of the summer-time above.

The seed of a single word  
Fell among the furrows deep,  
In their silent wintry sleep,  
And the sower never an echo heard.  
But the "Come!" was not in vain,  
For that germ of Life and Love,  
And the blessèd Spirit's quickening rain,  
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain  
For the Harvest Home above.

Will you not sow that song?  
Will you not drop that word  
Till the coldest hearts be stirred  
From their slumber deep and long?  
Then your harvest shall abound,

With rejoicing full and grand,  
Where the heavenly summer-songs resound,  
And the fruits of faithful work are found,  
In the Glorious Holy Land.

---

*"BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM  
COMETH."*

MATTHEW xxv. 6.

**O** HERALD whisper falling  
Upon the passing night,  
Mysteriously calling  
The children of the light!

He cometh; oh, He cometh!  
Our own belovèd Lord!  
This blessèd hope up summeth  
Our undeserved reward.

He cometh! though the hour  
Nor earth nor heaven may know,  
Sure is the word of power,  
"He cometh!" Even so!

1879.

---

## UNFINISHED FRAGMENTS.

THE Master will guide the weary feet,  
 Choosing for each, and choosing aright  
 The noontide rest in the summer heat ;  
 For some the glory of Alpine height,  
 For some the breezes fresh and free  
 And the changeful charm of wave and sea ;  
 For some the hush and the soothing spells  
 Of harvest fields and woodland dells ;  
 For some it may be the quiet gloom  
 Of the suffering couch and the shaded room.  
 Master, *our* Master, oh let it be  
 That our leisure and rest be still with Thee,  
*With* Thee and *for* Thee each sunny hour

. . . . .  
*In pencil, May 1879.*

“ARISE, depart! for this is not your  
 rest!”  
 The Voice fell strangely on the sleeping fold,  
 As fell the starlight's quivering gold  
 Upon the dusky lake's untroubled breast.  
 And yet the Shepherd's hand had led them there,  
 And made them to lie down amid the pastures  
 fair.



“ Arise ye, and depart ! ” The morning rays  
Lit up the emerald slope and crystal pool,  
Sweet sustenance for many days,  
And quiet resting places, calm and cool.  
They knew not why nor whither, yet they  
went !  
His own hand put them forth, and so they were  
content.

And so they followed Him, they could not stay  
When He had risen, the Shepherd good and  
fair

. . . . .  
*In pencil, May 1879.*

---

WHAT are the tuneful voices  
That awake at early dawn ?  
Do they come from the orient portals  
Of the palace of the morn ?  
They tell of a Golden City  
With pearl and jasper bright,  
And of shining forms that beckon  
From the pure and dazzling light.  
Then a rush of far-off harpings  
Blends with the voices clear,  
And I know that the night is passing  
And I know that the day is near !

---

"MOST BLESSED FOR EVER."

## PSALM XXI. 6.

*(Though these lines were written after the death of her beloved father, they are chosen as the closing chord to F. R. H.'s songs on earth.)*

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,  
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled ;  
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,  
Now He hath answered : " Most blessed  
for ever ! "

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,  
You therefore sorrow now a little while ;  
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely  
aisle  
Comes the clear music : " Most blessed for  
ever ! "

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,  
Through the far vistas of Eternity,  
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,  
Sweetest and fullest : " Most blessed for  
ever ! "

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