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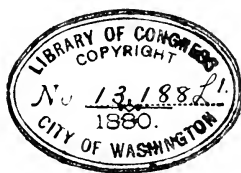
VOICES

OF

HOPE AND GLADNESS.

BY

RAY PALMER.



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TO THE REVEREND

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, D.D., LL.D.,

WHOSE ADMIRABLE GIFTS, AND EMINENT SERVICES TO THE CHURCH
OF CHRIST AND TO CHRISTIAN LITERATURE AND
CULTURE, ARE EVERYWHERE KNOWN
AND HONORED ;

WITH ENDURING MEMORIES OF HIS LONG AND GREATLY VALUED
FRIENDSHIP,

These Sacred Lyrics

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

RAY PALMER.

PREFACE.



THE following sacred lyrics are meant to be simple expressions of true and healthful religious feeling, such as any heart in sympathy with God may find awakened in it wherever his presence is felt. So far as they are indeed such they are sure to find a response in the hearts of Christian people who may chance to read them, to whatever particular communion these may belong. In the wide variety of subjects and of rhythmic structure presented in the volume there may perhaps be found a special element of interest. While a considerable number of the pieces are intended only to be read, the writer has ventured to offer, as a slight additional contribution to Christian hymnology, a number of new hymns adapted to the service of song both in public and private worship. The great value of genuine devotional literature as a means of religious culture seems coming to be more generally understood ; and the author hopes that some of his fellow-disciples may find in these pages somewhat of quickening and helpful spiritual power. A few miscellaneous pieces are added at the close, which, however, are not materially different in their character and spirit from the rest.



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VOICES OF HOPE AND GLADNESS.

VOICES OF HOPE AND GLADNESS.



A PSALM OF PRAISE.

PRAISE God! Praise God!
Praise Him who from his ancient throne,
Since when creation sprang to birth,
And Adam trod the earth alone,
In righteousness hath ruled the earth!
Praise Him, from age to age the same,
Whose love — one everlasting flame —
Hath reached and cheered the sons of men,
And waked the lost to hope again.
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Praise God! Praise God!
Praise Him whose all unsleeping care
E'er waits to make his children blest ;
To heal the wounded heart, and bear
The weak and helpless on his breast ;
To hear the wretched when they cry,
To dry the tear in sorrow's eye,
To seek the wayward when they roam,
And guide their wandering footsteps home.
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Praise God! Praise God!
Praise Him who, while long ages rolled,
Prepared the promised Saviour's way ;
Till, as by holy men foretold,
Dawned on the world Messiah's day ;
Praise Him who left the throne on high,
With men to live, for men to die ;
By whose dear cross and sacrifice
The dead to endless life may rise.
Glory to God! Glory to God!

Praise God! Praise God!
Praise Him who liveth and was dead!

Be His all majesty and power,
Where, as the whole creation's head,
He waits the grand triumphal hour,
When, to the earth's remotest end,
Before Him kings and nations bend ;
When heaven and earth together raise
One chorus of resounding praise !
Glory to God ! Glory to God !

TO THE SUN.

AT THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

O SUN of Nature ! Fount of life !
From whom full floods of splendor flow !
O'er the round world, with wonders rife,
All forms to thee their beauty owe ;
Beneath thy glance all being woke
And joy the primal silence broke ;
Without thee, earth, enwrapped in gloom,
Were dark and dismal as the tomb,
Thou gladdening Sun !

When, in thy course, thy full-orbed beams
Awhile recede from northern skies,
Falls the sear leaf, enchained the streams,
And earth all cold and barren lies ;

The groves are hushed, their songsters fled ;
Reign cold and storm and tempest dread,
 And through stern winter's snows and sleet
The traveller plods with weary feet,
 And longs for thee.

But when once more thy kindling ray
 Streams brighter with each waking morn,
And higher mounts the path each day,
 No more all Nature lies forlorn.
Again, beneath thy genial smile,
She dons her gorgeous robes, the while
 She greets thee, as a maiden greets
A sighed-for lover when she meets
 His warm embrace.

Old ocean, on whose heaving breast,
 Without thee, mist and darkness fell,
Whose troubled waters found no rest,
 Again looks calmly up, and well
Returns, with placid face, thy glance ;
Or welcomes the soft beams that dance
 Where silvery ripples shimmering lie,
Like stars grown tremulous in the sky,
 Or scattered gems.



“ In the deep wilderness, the shade
Where hides the fawn beneath the brake.”

In the deep wilderness, the shade
Where hides the fawn beneath the brake,
Thy gleams each secret haunt invade,
And at their touch the wild flowers wake ;
The quivering leaves seem tipped with light,
That, through each passage streaming bright,
Bids all fair forms luxuriant grow :
E'en there, beneath thy quickening glow,
Fresh beauty lives.

Insect and worm, and bird and beast,
The teeming myriads of the sea,
From monster shapes to atoms least,
All that hath life is born of thee.
Proud man himself, creation's head,
Without thy vital ray were dead ;
His power, his genius, and his thought
Were idle gifts, bestowed for nought,
Thy smile withdrawn.

Ay, e'en the globe itself by thee
Is steadied in its mighty sweep,
And with its fellows yet shall be
For ages taught its path to keep.

Not day alone ; the night is thine,
 For by thy light yon planets shine,
 That from creation's dawn have shone,
 As set to guard thy central throne,
 Thou lord of light !

O wondrous orb ! Thy secrets strange,
 In part to Science's searching eye
 Revealed, hide yet beyond her range,
 Howe'er she tempts the blazing sky,
 Where fiery storms eternal rage,
 Where flashing flames from age to age
 Shoot upward from thy burning breast
 Ten thousand leagues, nor ever rest,
 Thou quenchless fire.

And yet, O Sun, not thine the power
 That Nature owns through all her frame ;
 'T is but to thee a glorious dower
 That from the Power Eternal came, —
 The uncreated Light whose ray
 Fills all the infinite with day !
 'T was He that lit thy fires, and still
 Feeds and controls them as He will.
 Of Him thou art.

An emblem thou! I look on thee,
And in thy splendors I behold
His glory whose it is "to be,"
And all things in himself infold,—
Suns, worlds and systems, forces, laws;
Of all that is the living cause.
In Him, the one eternal mind,
The one eternal sun I find,
That shines for aye!

Thou Sun Divine! Thy radiance fills
The whole wide universe of things;
All being it pervades and thrills,
To all it life and gladness brings.
The burning seraph, near the throne,
Bathes in that flood with bliss unknown,
And countless ranks of spirits bright
Bask ever in the changeless light,
Supremely blest!

Where'er thy beams unclouded fall,
There faultless love and goodness yield
All precious fruits; and graces all
Bloom like the lilies of the field.

E'en in man's darkling soul, forlorn
Without thee, hope and joy are born ;
 And godlike strength and beauty blend
 With godlike purpose, aim, and end ;
 All — all of thee.

Ah ! who the secrets deep and high
 Hid in thy being can explore ?
Who, who could gaze — what mortal eye —
 Were the full glory hid no more ?
But thou the fulness of thy light
Dost kindly veil from mortal sight,
 That so the softened rays may steal
 Through golden clouds, and thee reveal,
 Divinely fair.

Thou, Nature's Sun, whose undimmed fire
 The worlds hath lit through cycles past,
Shalt with slow waste grow dim — expire,
 And time shall see thee quenched at last ;
But O Eternal Sun ! thy flame,
Beyond all cycles still the same,
 Shall o'er all being, at thy will,
 Pour its exhaustless splendors still,
 To endless years !

THE UNIVERSE UNSEEN.

O WONDROUS realm unseen,
What hidest thou within thy silent
breast?—

Asks the waked soul, with questionings opprest ;
Dark hangs the veil between

These eyes of blinded sense
And thy mysterious depths that hidden lie,
Whither nor wing nor mortal thought can fly,
Or pierce, to gather thence

That which the soul would know ;—
How it should rise to that Eternal One
Who was before creation's work begun,
Or star or sun did glow ;—

If spirits blest do live ; —
If there be fountains purest whence, at will,
With ever fresh delight they drink their fill
 Of that which life doth give ; —

If from her deepest mines
Be drawn truth's richest treasures all unbought ;
If wisdom's light divine on all, unsought,
 Resplendent ever shines ; —

If tasks there be that wake
To noblest action high immortal powers ;
If joys divine shall fill the eternal hours,
 And being blissful make.

Tell me, O mother earth !
When thou didst from the primal chaos rise,
And robe thyself with lands and seas and skies, —
 Day of creation's birth, —

What voices didst thou hear,
What secret whispers or what loud acclaim,
That told thee aught of life, or form, or name,
 Within that close-veiled sphere ?

Tell me, ye stars that burn !
That all unceasingly your watches keep ;
Solve me the mysteries of the unfathomed deep ;
I wait attent to learn.

Tell me, thou ancient sun !
What secrets of the infinite unseen,
From mortals hid, to thee revealed have been,
While cycles round have run ?

In vain! — I ask in vain! —
In vain, by sense enchained, my spirit tries
To reach what thy deep mystery denies
My tireless search to gain.

And art thou then unknown? —
What though great Nature to the listening ear
Utters no voice, — no word that sense can hear —
Nor hath thy secrets shown ?

Out of the stillness, He
To whom the visible worlds are but the screen
Behind which hides the infinite unseen,
Filling immensity —

To longing souls hath spoke,
 Who waited for Him while yet all concealed ;
 Spirit to spirit hath Himself revealed,
 And the long silence broke !

Hath whispered truths profound —
 Truths to the soul all other truths above ; —
 God liveth — all things ruleth — God is love !
 Man is immortal crowned !

Know that the unseen hides
 Truth, beauty, goodness, love, all being's best
 And noblest wisdom. Whate'er maketh blest,
 Forever there abides.

There trained to tasks sublime,
 The quenchless spirit, kindling all her fires,
 Ascends, achieves, yet evermore aspires
 The eternal heights to climb

Of undecaying life ;
 And, fainting never, mounts from strength to
 strength,
 In conscious power exultant, till at length
 No task she dreads, — no strife

Seems more than joyous play !
As when the eagle sweeps with daring flight
Upward through sun or storm, in tireless might
Cleaving his royal way !

Unseen ! Thou art the true ;
Thou 'bidest ever through the changeful flow
Of Time's vast epochs, as they come and go,
Repeating old and new.

The seen is of to-day ;
The wondrous forms, the grandeur and the grace
That fill the earth, or glow in boundless space,
Whate'er the eyes survey,

E'en as a dream shall pass ;
Suns waste with age and shall in darkness die ;
Man's mightiest works, as the swift years go by,
Shall perish as the grass !

But thou, O Living Soul,
Art in thine essence vital, — cannot die,
But in the unseen, shalt time and death defy,
While ages ceaseless roll !

O God, unveiled and known !
The realm of spiritual being full of Thee
And finite life forevermore shall be ;
All changeless as thy Throne !

THE EVER-WATCHING.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. — Ps. xxxiv. 6.

NIGHT.

O GLORIOUS Night! to me 'tis given in charge,
While thy deep shades o'erhang and nature sleeps,
And like far distant watch-fires countless orbs
Blaze o'er me on the immeasurable arch,
My ministry to keep, a watch of love ;
To guard a sleeping world, lest, bent on ill,
The powers of darkness seize the favoring hour
To harm the sons of men. Since He, in whom
Is light eternal, all my being fills,
Thou art to me as day. I joy to serve
Amid thy solemn grandeur, and with praise
To Him who ruleth all, through thy still hours
All offices of grace will I fulfil.

Rest! rest secure, O mortals! The Most High,
Whose eye that sleepeth not, but noteth all,

In the thick darkness as the blaze of noon,
E'er keepeth all who trust Him, — all who seek
The shelter of his ever-brooding wing.
Without his leave, no evil spirit hath power
By art or spell malign to work their hurt,
Or e'en in dreams to haunt. His faithful love
To each abode a ministering spirit sends,
Who all untiring through the livelong night
Stands sentinel. He on the care-lined brow
Sheds grateful slumber, that the fretted nerve
Its wasted force regains ; gives healthful play
To languid pulses, that they throb again
And drive the vital tide through all the frame.
'T is thus the Father infinite sends forth
His servants who, as the swift winds, delight
In heaven and earth alike to do his will.
By Him commissioned leader of the host
That all unseen are on their welcome task
From night to night intent, 't is mine to pass
With wide survey o'er the still realm of sleep ;
To cheer the heavenly watchers, or to aid,
Should ill impend, or come the threatening foe.

In trustful peace, ye weary ones, lie down ;
God with his countless hosts doth guard you well.

DAYBREAK.

NIGHT and Silence, sisters kind,
Ye with hallowed influence bind
Mortal thought and wish and will,
While yon stars their courses fill ;
While yet lasts your peaceful reign,
Slumbering man forgets his pain ;
Labor sweats not o'er his task ;
Pleasure hath no boon to ask ;
Own your sceptres bird and beast,
Till fair dawn shall tinge the east.

Dimly o'er the mountain's brow
Day's first beam is darting now ;
Faint the glimmer, cold and gray,
Where thick night-shades yield it way ;
Now, with every moment growing
Brighter — brighter — richer flowing,
Falls o'er earth and sea the glow ;
Night and Silence, taught to know

When to lay their sceptres by,
Hide before the kindling sky.

Brooding mists, that all the dale
Thick o'erhung like beauty's veil,
Scenes of loveliness concealing,
Now are lifted, all revealing ;
One by one o'er Nature's face
Brighten lineaments of grace ;
While from insect, beast, and bird,
Sounds, like soft low music, heard,
Slowly to full chorus swell,
And creation's raptures tell !

Welcome, Dayspring ! that again
From deep slumber callest men,
Send'st them forth with willing feet
Day's appointed tasks to meet ;
Thy cool airs fresh life inspire,
Lend new strength and whet desire ;
While all being seems new-born,
With the calmly opening morn,
Let all creatures homage pay
To the Lord of Night and Day.

ATTENDING SPIRITS.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? — HEB. i. 14.

FLY, ye spirits of night,
 'Bide not the day ;
Ye are not of the light,
 Haste ye away !

Come, blest spirits of heaven,
 Of the light born ;
Ye our watchers are given,
 Go not with morn.

If our footsteps would stray,
 Let the winds bear
Voices that whisper the way,
 Bid us beware !

Give our wishes good speed,
When we aspire ;
Aid us in each good deed,
Wake pure desire.

Send the sorrow-stung breast
Healing and peace ;
Give the faithful heart rest
Never to cease.

Near us on well-balanced wing,
Watch o'er us still ;
Help in each need to bring,
Shielding from ill.

Though, like odors, in air
Viewless ye float ;
Though the vestments ye wear
Sense cannot note —

From ye, unseen yet near,
Sweet airs we seem
In deep stillness to hear,
As when we dream.

Thanks, great Father of all !
Sent from above,
Come so oft as we call,
Angels of love.

SUNRISE.

Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. — Ps. lxxiv. 16.

LO! in the kindling east the sun ascendeth,
Tingeing the rising mists with streaming
splendors,
Empurpled clouds around him float in glory ;
A king he cometh!

The king of day ! all nature pays him homage ;
The mountains lift their heads to catch his glances,
The eager valleys wait his smiles descending
To chase their shadows.

The forests clap their hands in rapturous greeting,
The fields put on the gay attire of gladness,
The gardens open all their blooming treasures,
Breathing sweet incense.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

And Jesus left them and went out of the city into Bethany, and he lodged there. — MATT. xxi. 17.

O JESUS, who didst love of old
One home that welcomed thee,
Our waiting welcome now behold,
And deign our guest to be.

Not now may mortal eyes, as then,
Gaze on that face divine ;
Nor mortal ears may hear again
That gracious voice of thine !

But thou canst whisper in each heart
Sweet words of holy cheer ;
That shall celestial joy impart,
And tell that thou art here.

Around this household altar now
With loyal hearts we meet,
To thee, unseen, in faith we bow,
And worship at thy feet.

While these blest moments swiftly run,
Our souls, on joyful wing,
Glad as the lark that greets the sun,
Would soar, and soaring sing.

O make this home thy place of rest,
Nor turn thy feet aside ;
Let thine own love warm every breast,
Thy peace in each abide.

•

CHILDHOOD'S ORISONS.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom. — ISA. xl. 11.

BRIGHTLY o'er us breaks the morning,
Soft the sunshine round us lies ;
Nature, in her rich adorning,
With fresh beauty greets our eyes.

Hark ! her sweetly blending voices
Swell in chorus on the ear ;
Each warm throbbing heart rejoices
Her grand morning hymn to hear.

So all calmly o'er us breaking,
Life's fair morn its glory flings ;
In each soul bright dreams are waking,
In each breast deep gladness springs.

Years that stretch afar before us,
Dim in distance, peaceful seem ;
Yet too soon all darkly o'er us
Storms may gather, lightnings gleam.

Jesus, who from Bethlehem's manger
Didst thy path of sorrow tread,
O'er us, in each hour of danger,
Let thy wing of love be spread.

Faithful Shepherd, leave us never
From thy blessed fold to stray ;
By thy hand O lead us ever,
Till shall dawn the perfect day.

VOICES OF NATURE.

And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good. — GEN. i. 31.

THROW open the casement
With ivy o'ermantled,
The lattice entwining ;
Near by the evergreen
Where she hath hid her nest,
Hark ! how the robin sings,
Greeting the morning bright ;
While the gay oriole
On the tall sycamore
Warbles his richer note,
Clear as the shepherd's pipe.
E'en as if night had sown
Gems of the orient
All o'er the grassy lawn,
Glitter the dewy pearls.



“Hark! how the robin sings,
Greeting the morning bright!”

Hark! how from summer fields,
How from the pastures sweet,
How from the mountains blue,
How from the leaping brooks,
How from the murmuring sea,
Nature, of rapture full,
Lifts her impassioned voice.
'Tis as if even now
His work God had finished,
Had smiled on its beauty,

And said — while the stars sang,
And, for joy, all together
The sons of God shouted —
“ All good — the creation ! ”

Thy works all do praise thee,
Thou glorious Creator !

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. — LUKE ii. 10.

WHEN o'er the plains of Galilee
The stars their watch were keeping,
Nor ripple stirred its deep blue sea,
And weary men were sleeping ;
Burst on the silent night the song
That airy lips were singing ;
The hour by prophets promised long,
That blessed dawn was bringing.

To him, the new-born Christ, that day
In Bethlehem's manger lying,
The wondering shepherds sped their way,
Ere morning dews were drying ;
And wide and far the echoes flew,
The joyful tidings bearing ;
And saints that waited for him knew
'T was God his Christ declaring.

To distant Elam's sunny clime
The rapturous news was carried,
That now at last — fulfilled the time —
The Christ no longer tarried !
And sages, all divinely taught,
Their steps to seek him turning,
To old Judea's hills were brought,
The star before them burning.

He came — he lived — he died for men,
Immortal life bestowing
Through death itself ; then rose again,
With life immortal glowing !
Then forth his witnesses were sent
To tell the wondrous story,
While up, through parting clouds, he went
To take the throne of glory.

Peace — peace on earth — to men good will,
Down through the long-gone ages,
Have sounded forth — are sounding still,
From out the holy pages ;
The words to life have waked the dead,
The cross is still life-giving,

And hope and joy o'er earth shall spread
From Christ the ever-living !

And oft as sacred hours return,
With holy welcome greeted,
Our love shall at thine altars burn,
O Christ, in glory seated !
Till earth again shall see Thee come,
The angel hosts attending,
Thy vanquished foes before Thee dumb,
Thy saints with Thee ascending.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. — LUKE ii. 11.

STROPHE.

'T IS come! 't is come! the gladsome morn!
The waiting ages wait no more;
To-day the Christ of God is born!
Him let all earth and heaven adore!

Hail, Star of promise! Jacob's Star,
That in its destined hour appears!
Hail, longed-for Dayspring, seen afar
Down the dim track of lingering years!

The Son of David! lo, he sleeps,
On the sweet mother's bosom laid;
No princely guard the manger keeps,
No royal homage there is paid.

But softly on the quivering air
Floats the low hum of rustling wings !
The hosts of God glad tidings bear,
And wake glad strains from myriad strings.

Glad tidings of great joy to men !
Glad tidings ! shout them earth around ;
Till desert waste and lonely glen
Shall catch and echo back the sound.

ANTISTROPHE.

Welcome, O mortals, Christ your King !
Jesus, Redeemer, call his name ;
All grace and truth He comes to bring,
Life, pardon, peace his lips proclaim.

Where sin and death and sorrow spread
O'er peopled realms the gloom of night,
He, the bright Morning Star, shall shed
O'er the wide world celestial light.

Ye troubled hearts that long have borne
The weary weight of guilt and fears ;
Ye wanderers hopeless and forlorn,
Behold your Saviour ! dry your tears !

Earth long accursed shall smile again,
 Enrobed with Eden's primal bloom ;
And God himself shall dwell with men,
 And hope immortal cheer the tomb !

CHORUS.

O Son of God ! O Prince of peace !
 We hail thy reign of love begun ;
Thy name, thy kingdom, shall not cease
 Till time's last hour shall quench the sun !

THE UNHARMED ROCK.

MY home in boyhood was beside the sea ;
And evermore, far as the eye could sweep,
Old Ocean lay outstretched. It was my joy
Aimless to stroll along the pebbly beach,
Or idly sit through many a listless hour,
Watching his changeful moods. I shared the peace,
When sleeping winds chafed not his face serene ;
When on him — calm reposing — at high noon
The sun, as if in friendly greeting, poured
Full flooding splendors from the clear blue heaven.
I marked his gathering frown when envious clouds
Day's gladdening orb did veil ; the waking rage
That heaved his breast, when storm and tempest
wild
Beat rudely ; till, to direst passion roused,
He tossed himself in fury, and his voice,
In mighty roar uplifted, woke afar
Echoes resounding from the surf-beat shore.

There was a grand old rock that, from the main
Off a few furlongs, lifted its huge form
Up from the deep, o'erspreading many a rood,
And rearing high in air its craggy head.
All gray with time, and scarred with fissures rude,
It seemed, where stood its ponderous masses piled
Compact together, as if giant hands,
At some forgotten date, had heaped them there
To stand amidst the sea a monument
Of giant might, in mockery of weak man ;
Or as some wandering star, its orbit lost,
Had into earth been hurled, and plunging down
Sheer through the startled waters, had itself
Fast planted in its bed to move no more.

O hoary rock! 't is many and many a year
Since, in my boyhood's sports, I climbed thy sides,
Hid in thy clefts, or from some angle cast
The tempting bait, or on thy summit stood
Well pleased and yet half awed, beneath my feet
To feel thee motionless 'mid tumbling floods.
E'en then came deeper thoughts, that, stirred by
 thee,
Chastened my lighter moods ; thoughts of the years,

The ages, through which thou hadst changeless
 lain,
Thy rough stern features to the sky upturned ;
Thy cliffs unyielding, which ten thousand times
Huge billows had assailed that thundering came
With mighty onset and o'erwhelming seemed.
Weary ye not, ye billows, of the strife ?
Yourselves dashed ever into feathery foam,
Or spray and mist, swept by the winds afar ?
How long, with might combined, will ye contend,
Ye elements ? Ye do but waste your force,
Forever baffled by unconquered strength.
And thou, strong Rock, that liest in calm repose,
All undisturbed, unharmed, I half believe
Thou feel'st exultant, and dost laugh to scorn
The wrath all puny of the bellowing deep !
So spake within itself my boyish heart.

The memory of thee, grand rock, instructs
My riper thought. For me to-day thou stand'st
Of Truth the symbol ; Truth by God unveiled
In majesty divine ; the Word from heaven ;
The Truth itself, whose name is CHRIST, a name
Sounded through ages by prophetic lyres ;

Foundation sure of man's immortal hope.
Builted on this, Church of the living God,
Securely hast thou through the centuries stood,
And standest still, amid time's surging seas,
And shalt, till time itself shall be no more !

Dark unbelief, dim wisdom born of earth,
Still, if thou wilt, thy venturous charge renew !
A thousand times repulsed, go yet again
And try the bootless onset. Learn once more,
To thine own shame, how impotent thou art,
When from God's Truth, unharmed, thy blows
 recoil,
And shivered at thy feet thy weapons lie ;
As backward from the surge-repelling rock —
Itself unmoved — are flung the headlong waves !

SABBATH BELLS.

COME to God's temple ! on the still air swelling,
Softly and sweetly floats the morning chime ;
Dear Sabbath bells ! their echoing tones are telling
That now to worship calls the holy time.

Borne on the breezes, hark ! their notes come
flowing,

Like liquid music, on the listening ear !

“ Come to God's house, each heart with rapture
glowing ;

Come praise heaven's King ; behold he waits to
hear !

“ Come, aged pilgrims, who with years are bending ;
Come, ye whose strong arms life's sore burdens
bear ;

Young men and maidens, your fair presence lending,
Come ye, with childhood, throng the house of
prayer.

“Come, ye whose hearts are freighted deep with
 sorrow,
 Whose cheeks are wet with many a bitter tear ;
Ye who are careworn, anxious for the morrow,
 Lose on your Father’s bosom every fear.

“Come not with incense, myrrh and spices bringing,
 Come to God’s throne with loving hearts and
 pure ;
Lift your glad voices his high praises singing,
 He waits to bless — his promise standeth sure.”

So speak the church bells in their sweet vibration,
 So to God’s temples summon they our feet ;
With all the holy, we for his salvation
 Will pay our homage at the mercy-seat.

THE HOLY PLACE.

Honor and majesty are before Him ; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary. — Ps. xcvi. 6.

BEHOLD the Highest stoops to mortal men
Who tread with joy his courts, intent to pay
Their homage at his feet ! The Holy One,
Whom through the eternities the heavens adore,
The earthly temple with his glory fills,
And to each waiting, trusting heart reveals
The beauty of his goodness. As of old
When o'er the mercy-seat, within the veil
The dread Shekinah, — light ineffable, —
Voiceless and formless, told that God was there ;
So where true worshippers his presence seek,
He still himself, without or form or voice,
To souls sincere reveals, by contact blest
Of finite with the Infinite, and grants
The fellowship of his own perfect love.

How amiable thy tabernacles, Lord !
How blessed they who dwell within thy gates !
Who at thine altars pay their sacred vows,
And with glad hearts their grateful offerings bring.
E'en Baca's thirsty vale, for them, becomes
A gushing fountain whence flow living streams,
At which each fainting pilgrim drinks revived,
And presses on his way. From strength to strength,
From height to height they climb, till each at last
On Zion's heavenly hill securely stands.

How beautiful, upon the mountains seen,
The feet of them that joyful tidings bear ;
That publish peace ; that unto Zion say —
“ Rest in thy God ; he reigneth evermore ! ”

HYMN OF THE CONGREGATION.

My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation. — Ps. xxii. 25.

THY glory, O thou God of grace,
Of old did all thy temple fill ;
So let that glory fill the place
Where we thy people praise thee still.

All honor, Lord of boundless might !
We worship thee, the Lord alone ;
No dazzling splendors blind our sight,
No flaming sword defends thy throne.

We at thy mercy-seat appear,
The mercy-seat all sprinkled o'er ;
And thy forgiving voice we hear,
That bids us go and sin no more.

Our hearts with grateful love o'erflow,
Touched by thy grace so rich and pure;
No change thy faithful love shall know,
Thy promise stands forever sure.

'Tis thine to call the wanderer home,
To heal the wounded, aching heart,
To bid the worn and weary come,
And strength and hope and peace impart.

Lord, in thine earthly courts with joy
Our praises shall thy goodness tell,
Till nobler songs our lips employ,
When we mid thy full glory dwell.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

LOOKING WITH SYMPATHY AND JOY ON THE ASSEMBLY OF TRUE
WORSHIPPERS.

ALL glory to God !
To men it is given
To taste, e'en on earth,
The manna of heaven !

And mortals may drink
At life's blessed fountain,
Whose pure waters flow
From God's holy mountain.

The joy of the blest
Who ever adore him,
He giveth true hearts
That worship before him.

How swells the grand strain !
The chorus of voices,
With organ's loud peal
Exulting rejoices !

Well pleased art thou, Lord,
With praises ascending,
With prayers of all saints
Before thee low bending.

O mortals thrice blest
While in his courts dwelling!
All angels with you
His glories are telling !

AFTER WORSHIP.

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. — Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

AS when of old, 'neath Elim's spreading palms
And by her cooling fountains, Israel sought
Rest and refreshment on their desert way,
And thence, with strength renewed and courage
firm,
Trode on where'er the wondrous symbol led;
So, Lord, thy waiting servants in thy courts
To-day beneath thy shade have found repose,
And from the crystal wells with joy have drawn
The waters of salvation. In thy praise
Hearts fired with love, as on seraphic wings,
Have mounted far above the earth-born cares
That cling so close about them, and have found —
In fellowship with all the hosts of God
In their true worship — pure, celestial joy.
With hallowed lips they at thy feet have told

The cares and griefs that wearily did press ;
The heart-aches and heart-longings, the desires
For wisdom and the life divine from thee
Who art thyself their life ; and thou hast heard ;
Hast with divinest blessings blest them there,
And given sweet foretaste of the eternal rest.

REST AT HOME.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. — Ps. cxvi. 7.

SIX days shalt thou labor, and shalt bear,
With firm heart and hand,
Life's perennial round of toil and care ;—
'T is thy Lord's command.

For thyself, thy household, and thy kind,
Faithful day by day,
Sheaves of blessings thou shalt strive to bind,
Gathered on thy way.

Nobly for life's prizes to contend
Thine own manhood calls ;
Battles bravely fought in glory end,
Honored he that falls.

But the strong bow evermore kept bent
 Soon hath lost its spring ;
Arrows, though well aimed, are harmless sent
 From the slackened string.

Rest—rest—thy needs demand it, and kind Heaven
 Hath, in love to thee,
From earth's weary toils one day in seven
 Kindly set thee free.

Take the sweet repose of Sabbath hours
 In thy sheltering home ;
Loving hearts about thee, wearied powers
 Rest—nor wish to roam.

Rest with cheerful talk and genial smiles,
 As of quiet hearts ;
While the enchanted air itself beguiles,
 And deep peace imparts.

Let the fires of dear domestic love
 Here intenser glow,
Till all pure affections known above
 Fill the home below.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

STROPHE.

AT midnight, on the mountain's side,
The Holy Saviour bends in prayer ;
All silently the moments glide,
While for a world he wrestles there.

The friends that near him watch would keep,
While wore the lingering hours away,
Wearied, at length had sunk to sleep,
Nor heeded now his long delay.

But lo ! from heaven a sudden light
Poured dazzling splendors o'er the scene ;
As if on deepest gloom of night
The midday sun broke forth serene.

The sleepers woke ; their waking eyes
 Amazed the glorious vision saw.
 Behold ! bright heralds from the skies
 Confirm the Prophets and the Law.

With Christ, the Lord's Messiah, met,
 They hold with him communion high ;
 Speak of the joy before him set,
 Speak of the death that he shall die.

Then while, as from the eternal throne,
 On him celestial radiance streamed,
 White as the light his raiment shone,
 His face with Godlike lustre beamed.

And hark ! the voice that fills the air !
 Ere yet the wondrous scene is done !
 Hear God the Father's voice declare, —
 “ This is my well-beloved Son ! ”

ANTISTROPHE.

Breaks the glad morning from the skies,
 Glows on the mountain-tops the light ;
 Lo ! ye who wait with longing eyes,
 The sun ascendeth — ends the night !

Thou Christ of God ! from ages past
Thy glory has been all concealed ;
To mortal eyes and ears at last,
Behold that glory now revealed.

Thou art the Virgin's son foretold,
Of David's royal line thy birth ;
'T is thine, as sung the lyres of old,
To gladden all the groaning earth.

Thou art the Lord's Anointed ; thou
The Star of Jacob — Israel's King ;
To thee all thrones and powers shall bow,
To thee all princes tribute bring.

O Great Deliverer ! born to save,
Before thee shame and anguish rise ;
'T is past the throne, the cross, the grave,
The way to reach thy triumph lies

A world by thee redeemed and blest,
The trophy of thy love shall be ;
And thou, the Lord of lords confest,
Shalt wear the crown of victory.

CHORUS.

When thou, O Son of God ! for men,
 Hadst offered time's great sacrifice,
Up to thy Father's side again,
 The King of Glory, thou didst rise !

Not there, as on the mountain's brow,
 Thy splendors for a moment fall ;
Unveiled and full, thy glories now
 Pour one eternal day on all.

Angelic hosts of name unknown —
 The ransomed Church, thy spotless bride —
One grand assembly round the throne
 In that unclouded light abide.

To thine own rightful seat restored
 And robed in majesty divine,
By all in heaven and earth adored,
 Dominion, honor, might, are thine.

As God's unchanging truth is sure,
 The universe shall own thy sway ;
Forever shall thy throne endure,
 Though earth and heaven should pass away.

HOSANNAS.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord : Hosanna
in the highest. — MATT. xxi. 9.

WHO is this that rideth meek and lowly,
While the throng
Crowd about him — press him — as he cometh
Borne along ?

Hark ! how rends the air the shout of thousands
That rejoice !
How e'en children cry aloud “ Hosanna ! ”
With one voice.

'T is the Son of David ; lo, he cometh
Christ — a king !
Glory in the highest ! bid him welcome ;
Pæans sing.

Yet he cometh not to take the sceptre,
Now to reign ;
But, a sufferer, with his blood his raiment
He shall stain.

Changeful crowd! to-day their high hosannas
Echoes wake ;
Naught, perchance, to-morrow but hoarse curses
Silence break.

Yet the Christ by men despised, rejected,
Shall at length
Sit on David's royal throne triumphant,
Girt with strength.

Courage, ye who stand for God and goodness,
Bearing shame !
Ye but drink the cup that he hath drunken,
In his name.

Seek not human praises, fear not scorning —
Empty breath !
Called with Christ to suffer, all unshrinking
On to death !

Tread ye in his footsteps, never fainting
 In the strife ;
If for him thou diest, he shall give thee
 Endless life.

THE GRACE THAT TRIUMPHS.

My grace is sufficient for thee : for my strength is made perfect in weakness. — 2 COR. xii. 9.

THY pledge, dear Lord, was it not meant for me ?

Else were thy words unmeaning to my ear ;
For I am weak and helpless without thee,
Then only strong when I can feel thee near.

Thou givest strength when, weary of the way,
In spirit chafed with care, and dark and sad,
I lift to thee my tearful eyes, and say,
“ Thou only, Lord, canst make me strong and glad.”

“ Lo ! I am with thee.” Ah ! thy gracious voice
Wakes quicker throbbings in this fainting heart,
Rekindles hope, and bids my soul rejoice ;
And firmer grows my step, and fears depart.

With thee what sorrows can I not endure ?

What ills can daunt while thou art by my side ?
Strong in thy strength, at every step secure,
Thy peace shall in my tranquil soul abide.

From each sore cross thy grace new joy can bring ;
Can make each wearying toil yield sweeter rest ;
Mid deepest gloom can bid my spirit sing
With the sweet rapture of one fully blest.

Upon thine arm, O Strong One, let me lean ;
Then shall I triumph by thy love and might ;
For thou art ever with me, though unseen,
And thou at last shalt change my faith to sight.

THE BEST BELOVED.

My Beloved is mine, and I am his. — SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 16.

MY best Beloved, I am thine,
To thee my all I give ;
My best Beloved, thou art mine,
In thee alone I live.

Thy gracious voice methinks I hear
Within my glowing breast ;
Its gentle words calm every fear,
And soothe my soul to rest.

Thy love, beyond all mortal thought,
My restless soul hath won, —
Restless while earth's delights I sought ;
But now that search is done.

Like fragrant odors is the grace
Thou breathest o'er my heart ;
I catch but glimpses of thy face,
Yet bid all else depart !

O when I pass from faith to sight,
And rise with thee to dwell,
Not sweetest harps of seraphs bright
The rapture e'er can tell !

HYMN FOR EASTER.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. — 1 COR. xv. 20.

SWEET Sabbath stillness ! holy calm !
'T is as if sacred peace from heaven
On mortal hearts distilled like balm,
To heal and soothe in mercy given.

Hushed all the turmoil of the week,
No sound the restful silence breaks ;
So soft the breeze that fans the cheek,
That in the fir no whisper wakes.

So silence brooded o'er that morn
When to the tomb the Marys came,
Their heaving breasts with anguish torn,
Their souls with quenchless love aflame.

Their Lord they sought among the dead ;
But lo, the stone was rolled away !
And angels watched the lowly bed
Where late the sacred body lay.

The Lord is risen ! he lives again !
What transport seized each loving heart !
The Lord is risen ! he lives to reign !
O Death, the vanquished now thou art !

Thou that for man didst freely die,
Didst tear from conquering Death his crown,
And, mounting to thy throne on high,
Didst hurl the prince of darkness down !

Welcome this rising day of thine,
O Christ, triumphant Lord and King !
Be earth forgot ! to Love Divine
Let mortals their glad offerings bring.

Sweet memories of thy rising morn
Flow o'er our souls on this thy day ;
Sweet hopes and holy joys are born
Within us, while we praise and pray.

THE CLOSET HOUR.

I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you. — JOHN
xiv. 18.

O WONDROUS grace, my loving Lord,
That thou shouldst come to me !
O richer grace that, in thy Word,
Thou bidd'st me come to thee !

Ah ! what am I, that I should share
Thy pity and thy love, —
Thou who a conqueror's crown dost wear,
Adored by all above !

Yet thou dost deign my soul to meet ;
E'en now I feel thee near ;
My lips thy blessed name repeat,
Thy voice I seem to hear.

Nor yet kind words of cheer alone
Thou comest to impart ;
But priceless gifts, to sense unknown,
Thou leavest with my heart.

O be thou, Lord, a frequent guest
Within this soul of mine ;
Let me as on thy bosom rest,
And all for thee resign.

THE NEW-BORN.

Every one that loveth is born of God. — 1 JOHN iv. 7.

JESUS, Lord, I heard thee calling,
'T was, I knew, thy gracious voice,
That, mid death-shades o'er me falling,
Spake and bade my soul rejoice.

Now I praise the grace that sought me,
While from God and hope I strayed ;
Thy dear love, the love that bought me,
Heard me, saved me, when I prayed.

Now I feel within me glowing
Life — eternal life — begun ;
Fount of life ! from thy o'erflowing
Let me drink while ages run.

Onward now my spirit presseth,
Yearning heavenward, heavenward still ;
Grant me here the peace that blesseth,
Make me strong to do thy will.

When life's evening shadow falleth,
And deep darkness draweth nigh,
Sweet shall be the voice that calleth,
Safe in thy dear arms to die.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them : and that Rock was Christ.— 1 COR. x. 4.

O SMITTEN Rock ! on thee,
With oft-returning thirst,
We wait that we may see
The living fountain burst,
Where we may drink the crystal tide,
And find our longings satisfied.

The barren wastes we tread
Yield few refreshing streams ;
The way thy hand hath led
A weary wandering seems ;
And while with fainting feet we roam,
We pine to reach our promised home, —

Pine for the glorious land,
Where all sweet waters flow,
Where trees of life on every hand
And fruits immortal grow ;
Toward that our constant souls shall press,
Nor mind the howling wilderness !

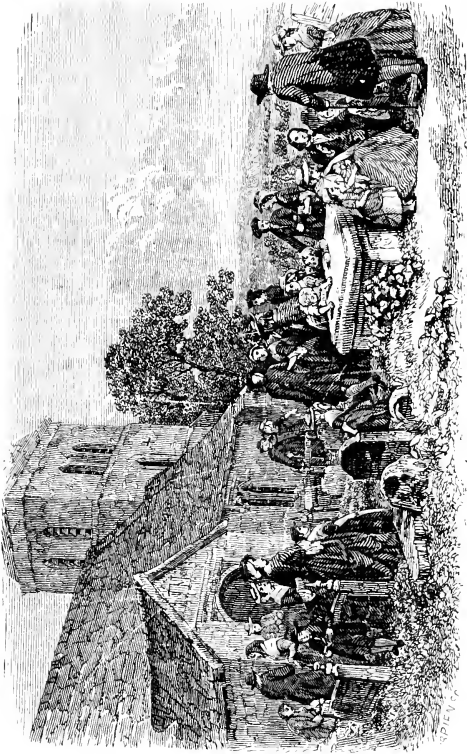
O Christ, thou smitten rock !
Attend us all the way ;
On burning sands, in battle's shock,
Be thou our strength and stay ;
Till, deserts wild and Jordan past,
We tread the longed-for land at last.

THE GLORIFIED.

That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. — HEB. vi. 12.

O WHERE are they, the saintly,
That oft with me have trod,
With each returning Sabbath,
The holy courts of God ;
With whom I took sweet counsel,
When with one heart we came
To worship at his altars
And speak the sacred name ?

With these still, peaceful moments
Fond memories oft come back,
Of faces that once gladdened
Life's all too shaded track ;
Again I hear their voices,
Once more I catch their smile,
I greet them in the vision,
And clasp them as erewhile !



Ah! they are with the blessed,
Earth's weary travails past,

And where they need no temple,
Exulting serve at last ;
To do God's will they cease not,
Yet evermore they rest ;
All tireless as the angels,
They evermore are blest.

Robed in its summer glories,
This earth to-day is fair ;
But one eternal beauty
Blooms ever faultless there.
Here mortal vigor faileth,
Is lost in quick decay ;
There life's full fount o'erfloweth,
And wasteth not away.

Oft, oft my spirit yearneth
To reach that goodly land ;
To join the grand assembly,
God's own immortal band ;
To see, in clear full vision,
Him whom I love unseen ;
Yet must I wait, — unparted
Hangs the dark veil between !

O welcome the glad rising
Of that bright blissful morn,
When, life's long toils all ended,
Its latest evening gone,
Thou, Lord, the veil dividing,
Shalt bid me come to thee,
And I, with all thy ransomed,
Shall serve eternally!

But till the summons cometh, —
The years will not be long, —
What ills soe'er befall me,
All patient, faithful, strong,
Let me in love still serving,
Without one lingering fear,
Tread on my way unshrinking,
Till thy kind voice I hear.

O blessed, blessed meeting
With those who in thee died!
With faithful saints and martyrs
Who for thee death defied!
Methinks when their full chorus
That mighty host shall raise,
Each farthest star shall echo
The hymn of rapturous praise!

HYMN OF GLADNESS.

Rejoice in the Lord always : and again I say, Rejoice. — PHIL.
iv. 4.

O CHILD of God ! dismiss thy fears ;
Hark ! 't is thy Father's voice ,
Too oft thine eyes are filled with tears,
In me — in me rejoice.

Yes, Lord ! this heart, that trusts thy word,
Shall praise thee every hour ;
Shall make its song of gladness heard,
If thou but give the power.

The wide creation praiseth thee,
Sun, moon, and stars are glad ;
And shall all nature joyous be,
And I alone be sad ?

The love that for the sparrow cares,
That paints the lily's brow,
For me each daily burden bears,
And gives me joy as now.

The grace that hath the world redeemed
Hath taught my thoughts to rise ;
Hath winged my soul, that hopeless seemed,
For flight beyond the skies.

Let notes of gladness tune my tongue
Till earth's brief dream is o'er,
Then will I soar to swell the song
Of gladness evermore.

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety. — Ps. iv. 8.

SOFT be my pillow and peaceful my sleep!
O'er me, O Father, thy watch thou wilt keep ;
Thou sleepest never, thou ever art near,
'Neath thy wing nestled, no evil I fear.

Mid the deep darkness, defenceless, I rest
Safe as if folded to thy loving breast ;
Dreams bright and blissful my slumbers may fill,
While, all unfettered, thought wanders at will.

E'en in the visions that float through my soul,
O Ever-blessed, my spirit control !
Give me, though sleeping, thy goodness to see ;
Sleeping, as waking, abide thou with me.

When morn her eyelids again shall uncloze,
Fresh let me waken from grateful repose ;
Then to thee, Father, while lowly I bend,
Warm shall my praises like incense ascend !

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. — ISA. xxxii. 2.

IN the shadow of the Rock
Let me rest,
When I feel the tempest's shock
Thrill my breast ;
All in vain the storm shall sweep
While I hide,
And my tranquil station keep
By thy side.

On the parched and desert way
Where I tread,
With the scorching noontide ray
O'er my head,
Let me find the welcome shade
Cool and still,
And my weary steps be stayed
While I will.

I in peace will rest me there
Till I see
That the skies above are fair
Over me ;
That the burning heats are past,
And the day
Bids the traveller at last
Go his way.

Then my pilgrim staff I'll take,
And once more
I'll my onward journey make
As before ;
And with joyous heart and strong
I will raise
Unto thee, O Rock, a song
Glad with praise.

THE HOPE OF AGES.

Surely, I come quickly : Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. —
REV. xxii. 20.

JESUS, thou hope of ages past,
Hope of the lost to-day,
O come, in all thy might, at last, —
Come, end the long delay !

When thou didst mount from Olivet
Thou saidst, “ All power is mine ” ;
And thou dost wield the sceptre yet,
A sceptre all divine.

But still, behold the nations groan,
And still thy foes are strong ;
Ah ! when shall earth its Saviour own,
When cease the reign of wrong ?

Thy Church lifts up to thee her cry,
Hear thou her fervent prayer ;
Give her thy banner lifted high,
Through all the world to bear !

Then triumph unto triumph add,
Till the great conflict end ;
Till o'er the earth, redeemed and glad,
Thy reign of love extend.

HYMN OF YOUNG HEARTS.

I love them that love me : and those that seek me early shall find me. — PROV. viii. 17.

JESUS, Lord, we hail thee king !
To thy name hosannas sing !
Ever with thy day's return,
Thoughts of thee within us burn ;
Till we seem thy voice to hear,
Till we know that thou art near.

Mid life's opening scenes we stand,
Far off lies the pleasant land ;
Dangers wait where'er we go,
Lurks on every hand a foe ;
Strait and steep the heavenward way,
Saviour, leave us not to stray.

Faithful Shepherd, let us share
Day by day thy tender care ;
In temptation's fearful hour
Save us from its deadly power ;
Thou for us thyself didst give,
Teach us how for thee to live.

Father, be our daily guide ;
Jesus, keep us near thy side ;
Spirit, while we search the mine
Opened in the Word divine,
Let the sacred page grow bright,
Glowing in thy perfect light.

THE RETURN.

I will arise and go to my Father. — LUKE xv. 18.

FAR I've wandered, O my Father, —
Wandered long from peace and thee ;
Vainly have I sought to gather
Sweets from each forbidden tree.

Bitter proved the fruits I tasted
While with wayward feet I strayed ;
While through pleasure's maze I hasted,
Oft bewildered, oft betrayed.

Now this famished soul is aching,
Weary of its sin and shame ;
Now to nobler thoughts awaking,
Father, it repeats thy name !

Father, is thy love still burning
Toward thy homeless, lonely child ?
Hath it yet some tender yearning ?
Waits it to be reconciled ?

O my Father, now behold me !
Hath not Jesus for me died ?
Let thy loving arms infold me,
Let me in thy love abide.

“JESU DULCISSIME.”¹

From an old Latin hymn.

JESUS, most gracious ! from thy throne of glory
Thou didst, good Shepherd, come the lost ones
seeking ;
To thyself draw me, that I thee may follow,
O thou most blessed !

¹ There are some of our English hymns which, as expressing the profoundest spiritual emotions, have been specially precious to multitudes of Christian disciples and eminently effective in drawing contrite hearts to Christ, and yet have been severely censured by an unspiritual and so unappreciative criticism. Take as an example that favorite hymn of Cowper's :

“ There is a fountain filled with blood.”

This has been pronounced, by some, gross and repulsive in its conception and language, or, to say the very least, highly objectionable in point of taste.

Such criticism seems to us superficial. It takes the words as if they were intended to be a literal prosaic statement. It forgets that what they express is not only poetry, but the poetry of intense and impassioned feeling, which naturally embodies itself in the boldest metaphors. The inner sense of the soul, when its deepest affections are moved, infallibly takes these metaphors in their true signifi-

I am a lost one, straying, doomed to perish ;
 O Jesus, from the jaws of death deliver !
 From sin's deep stains by thine own blood now
 cleanse me, —

Blood all availing.

Soother of griefs, of every joy the rapture,
 Lover, of grace the fount, of earth the gladness,
 Saviour most dear, and Guardian ever faithful,
 Shield thou and save me.

cance ; while a cold critic of the letter misses that significance entirely. He merely demonstrates his own lack of the spiritual sympathies of which, for fervent Christian hearts, the hymn referred to is an admirable expression.

It is one of the peculiar charms of many of the mediæval Latin hymns that they use with such felicity those figurative and symbolic forms of speech which best express what is true to a sanctified imagination and a devoutly fervent heart. Many of them have been made familiar to English readers. We offer the reader translations of two more, by way of illustration. Nothing can well be more touching than the conception, in the former, of the sinful soul finding its "refuge in the Saviour's wounded side" ; and, in the latter, of the exquisite tenderness of the *dulcissime* and the *suavissime*, and other epithets expressive of intense and pure affection. Some of these terms in the Latin bear about them a subtle flavor, one may almost say a fragrant perfume, which no translation can retain. But, though much in these hymns, when rendered into English, must necessarily be lost, there is much, after all, to be enjoyed, much to give them a hold upon the Christian heart.

Jesus, thou fairest ! of thy Church the husband,
Brighter than sunshine, than the honey sweeter,
Grace and forgiveness grant till life is ended,
Then joy eternal !

“DIGNARE ME, O JESU.”

From an old Latin hymn.

DEIGN, Jesus, Lord, my soul to hide
Within thy pierced and bleeding side !
O give me in thy wounded heart
My rest to find, nor thence depart !

When Satan's wiles would work me harm,
And earth with her delights would charm,
Within thy heart I safely rest,
Within thy side secure and blest.

When sense with every art beguiles,
And tempts me with her treacherous smiles,
I will not fear, since still for me
Thy side a refuge safe shall be.

When fate shall end my mortal breath,
And close these eyes in darksome death,
O Jesus, let my soul abide
E'en then within thy bleeding side !

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. — Ps. lxxxiv. 7.

WHEN troubled thoughts invading
 Forbid my soul to rest,
And gloomy fears o'ershading
 Drive comfort from my breast,
O Jesus, be thou near me,
 Make firm my fainting heart ;
Let thy glad presence cheer me,
 Thy smile fresh hope impart !

For night shall come the dawning,
 If thou reveal thy face ;
Sweeter than dews of morning
 The dews of thy sweet grace.
My soul awakes to gladness,
 When thy dear voice she hears ;
No more she pines in sadness,
 But dries the falling tears.

O grant that, onward pressing
Where thou dost lead the way,
Thy peace my soul possessing,
I may mount up each day ;
From height to height ascending,
From strength to strength, with thee,
Till life's last sorrow ending,
I come thy face to see.

O blessed Sun, whose shining
Dispels all shades of night !
Sun that knows no declining,
In thy pure, cloudless light,
Where heaven's bright ranks are glowing,
Give me their song to raise ;
My cup of bliss o'erflowing,
My griefs all changed to praise !

THE BLESSED LAND.

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God · for he hath prepared for them a city. — HEB. xi. 16.

O HOLY dwelling-place of God !
O glorious city all divine !
Thy streets, by feet of seraphs trod,
Shall one glad day be trod by mine !

In thee no temple lifts its dome,
No sun its radiant beam lets fall ;
For there — of light the eternal home —
God and the Lamb illumine all !

There from exhaustless fountains flow
The living waters, gushing o'er,
Which whoso drinks thenceforth shall know
Earth's ever-craving thirst no more.

There fresh and fair on every hand,
Where one unfading summer lives,
The trees of life unwithering stand,
Whose fruit immortal vigor gives.

All lovelier flowers than Eden bare
When God pronounced his work complete,
All matchless forms of beauty, there
The never-wearied eye shall greet.

Within the burnished gates abide
Of God's redeemed the countless throng,
Who ever while the ages glide
Serve — in seraphic ardor strong.

To them the Lamb that fills the throne
In love divine unveils his face ;
While they, with bliss to earth unknown,
Adore the beauty and the grace.

No wasting sorrow there is found,
No cheek is wet with burning tears ;
Whom those eternal walls surround,
No foe can reach, no fears.

Land of the blest, on faith's keen eye
 Faint glimpses of thy glory break ;
O, when in earth's last sleep I lie,
 Mid thy full splendors let me wake !

MY REFUGE.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. — JOHN xii. 32.

LET me fly to Jesus' arms,
Let me find a refuge there,
When the foe my soul alarms,
And would tempt me to despair !
I will trust the changeless love
That hath pledged itself to save ;
Jesus, help me from above,
While life's beating storms I brave.

To thy cross I lift mine eyes,
There in thy dear wounds I see —
Though my sins before me rise —
That thy death is life to me !
On this rock my soul shall rest,
No keen dart shall reach me here ;
Leaning on thy loving breast,
Thou wilt calm each rising fear.

Jesus, near thy wounded side
Let me walk from day to day ;
Ever with my soul abide,
While I tread life's thorny way ;
When the evening shadows fall,
Fading into darksome night,
O be thou my all in all,
Thou my everlasting light !

THOU BIDD'ST ME COME.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. — MATT. xi. 28.

THOU bidd'st me come! — O gracious word!
It falls like music on my ear;
And hope awakes within me, Lord,
At the sweet voice of love I hear.

Oft, oft this restless, sinful soul
Thy tender, wooing love hath grieved;
Oft hath refused thy kind control,
And kept its anguish, unrelieved.

But now thy grace my heart subdues;
Behold, my Lord hath died for me!
No more can I thy call refuse,
Myself, my all, I yield to thee.

Take me, O Saviour, —call me thine,
Uphold and lead me by thy hand ;
Henceforth thy blessed will be mine,
Till, saved, before thy throne I stand.

WITH NATURE.

O SWEET these lonely walks to me,
When Summer her full splendor pours,
And Nature, simple, wild, and free,
Flings open wide her boundless stores !

O sweet to wander by the stream,
Or on the rustic bridge to stand,
And gaze on field and wood, that seem
All life and joy, on either hand !

O sweet to catch the blended notes,
Where, borne upon the tranquil air,
The changeful chorus ceaseless floats,
As Music's self were warbling there !

O sweet to linger when I feel
The wind's soft breath upon my brow,
While tremblingly it seems to steal,
As timorous, through the o'erarching bough !



“O sweet to wander by the stream,
Or on the rustic bridge to stand.”

Here, from the hurrying world withdrawn,
I yield me to the peaceful hour,
And in the soul's still depths are born
Thoughts rich and pure, — her priceless dower !

Ah ! Nature, on yon grassy bank,
I will lie down, as on thy breast ;

Will drink thy spirit in, and thank
Kind Heaven, that gives this holy rest.

'T is holy ; for full well I know
That, while I bow at Nature's shrine,
Through all my spirit thrills the glow
Of something infinite, divine !

As if the air I breathe were love,
Love, hope, and joy my bosom fill ;
I seem as borne all sense above,
On wings that waft me as I will !

So mastered by her mighty spell
Whom Nature men are wont to call,
His power I feel — I know it well —
Who is himself the life of all !

THE DECLINING DAY.

I must work the work of him that sent me, while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work. — JOHN ix. 4.

AS in the fresh morning,
O ever fair Nature,
Thy face in full beauty,
Seemed like a fair vision
The rising day greeting,
That as by enchantment
Charmed all eyes beholding,
And shed its own gladness
O'er each quickened spirit ;
So while the dark shadows
Across the fields lengthen,
And on toward his setting
The sun his path keepeth,
His beams at each moment
More chastened and mellow,

The bird-notes grown plaintive,
The winds breathing faintly ; —
How o'er the heart musing
Come thoughts calm and tender !
How wake purest wishes !
How stir the heart's yearnings
Toward whate'er is noblest, —
Toward God and all goodness !

Blest hours of devotion,
O might we detain ye,
All too swiftly flying !
But ye may not linger ;
And we on the mountain
Of transfiguration,
The glories beholding,
Too long may not tarry.
“ Forth ! — forth with the morrow,
Each armor fresh burnished,” —
A voice divine calleth. —
“ Go, bravely still urge on
The long-drawn life-battle,
Till comes the grand triumph,
And Christ the crown giveth !”

WAITING FAITH.

That where I am, there ye may be also. — JOHN xiv. 3.

WE are waiting, Jesus, waiting,
Till these shades of earth shall flee ;
Waiting till the morning breaketh,
Where thenceforth no night shall be.

We are waiting, Master, waiting,
Wayworn, pressed with toils and strife,
Waiting, hoping, watching, praying,
Till we reach the gates of life.

We are waiting, Saviour, waiting
Till those heavenly gates unfold ;
Till thy face — O longed-for vision ! —
Our enraptured eyes behold.

We are waiting, — not in sadness ;
Well we know the hour is near
When sweet notes of joy shall greet us,
That no mortal ear can hear.

While we wait, O Jesus, lead us !
Patient, faithful, would we be ;
Then — O day of joy ! — the fulness
Of thy glory we shall see.

SABBATH EVENING.

The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut . . . came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. — JOHN xx. 19.

SWEET day of rest, of holy pleasure
Pure as our mortal hearts can know, —
Gift, richer far than earth's best treasure,
Sent by kind Heaven to men below!

Now, while these hallowed hours are ending,
While evening shadows silent fall,
As if from golden clouds descending,
Soft dews of peace distil o'er all.

Lord, for life's toils, when dawns the morrow,
We who to-day have sought thy face
Would from our joys fresh courage borrow,
Strong in thy presence and thy grace.

Thy loving hand our footsteps leading,
We shall tread safely day by day ;
Waiting thy will, thy word still heeding,
Naught shall e'er tempt our feet astray.

O when, life's weary labors closing,
We from earth's scenes shall pass away,
Let us, in heaven's sweet home reposing,
Keep one eternal Sabbath day !

WHAT THE ACHING HEART SAID.

“**I** WOULD not live away,” thy aching heart
 said,
When life wore deep shadows, its sunshine all fled ;
When waited thee, weary, no blissful retreat,
But paths rough and flinty that chafed thy worn feet.

“ I would not live away,” thou saidst when in
 vain
Thou life’s offered prizes hadst wrestled to gain ;
Or, grasping in triumph its glory, its fame,
Hadst proved each but empty, a bubble, a name!

“ I would not live away,” thou saidst when thine
 eye
Saw life’s fairest blossoms unfold but to die ;
Saw hopes lie all withered, and felt the keen dart
By sorrow too often sent home to thy heart.

“ I would not live alway,” thou saidst when was
seen,

In faith’s clearer vision, the clime all serene,
That bathed in full splendors forever shall glow,
Nor aught of earth’s dimness and gloom can e’er
know.

Thy fainting, tired spirit — how oft hath it sighed
To tread the green pastures where still waters
glide ;

To reach the dear rest that remaineth, the shore
Where wild raging billows shall beat nevermore !

But lo ! nobler wishes awake in thy breast !
Desponding too often, too keenly distrest ;
Too much overmastered by thick-coming fears,
By throes of heart-anguish and fast-falling tears !

Now, taugt from thyself and thy sorrows to
cease,

Thou hast found that mid fightings thy heart may
have peace ;

That thy Lord, ever loving, by pangs can prepare
Thy spirit, transfigured, his beauty to wear !

Thou hast looked on the world in its madness and
 pride,
 Till touched with his pity who for the world died ;
 Hast glowed with his spirit who wept o'er the lost,
 And cried : Let me save them ! I heed not the cost !

Let me be, like the angels sent forth from above,
 Swift-winged to bear blessings, an angel in love ;
 All pains and all crosses that wait for me yet
 The joy of love's service shall make me forget.

O grant me, thou Saviour, thy patience, thy zeal,
 To bear to the wounded the balm that can heal ;
 To tell the heart-broken that thou canst forgive ;
 To bid e'en the dying behold thee and live !

For thee, with the faithful, the strong, let me stand ;
 To toil, or to suffer, be thine heart and hand ;
 Earth's glories I ask not, to gain them were loss ;
 Its thorns I can welcome, beholding thy cross !

“ I would not live always,” but yet let me see
 Years stay till is finished my life-work for thee ;
 O let me, still serving, in blessing be blest,
 And wait, all unanxious, the oft sighed-for rest.

I shall not live alway! — This mortal at length
Decay surely wasting shall spoil of its strength ;
Then, then let me, dying, earth's last duty done,
Find the day-dawn of glory about me begun.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



THE NEW YEAR.

GONE art thou, in thy turn, thou fleeting Year,
E'en as the spent wave dies upon the shore !
I backward glance and drop a silent tear,

As for a friend whose feet shall come no more :—
Till Time of earth's last day shall sound the knell,
I bid thee, vanished Year, farewell — farewell !

But farewell said, and Memory charged to keep
In her still depths the annals of the past,
Which — howsoe'er they for a time may sleep —
Unlost, shall all again be read at last,
Once more to Duty's call my ear I lend,
And onward, where she leads, my steps I bend.

Year newly born ! I hail thee at the goal
 Whence thou dost count thy swiftly numbered
 days,
Whence tell thy months and seasons as they roll,
 And date the summer solstice's scorching blaze ;
Which left behind, thou too by slow decline
Shalt waste and die — the fate of others, thine !

But ah ! thou hast thy secrets — unrevealed !
 Thou bear'st a scroll wherein the pen of Heaven
Hath written mysteries to be unsealed ;
 Unroll and read, young Year, — to thee 'tis given !
What fates or fortunes, say, shall each befall
In thy swift course ? — that record hides them all !

No ! Heaven permits thee not, before their hour,
 Of hidden things to speak in mortal ear !
Eternal Love hath kept in its own power
 The things that kindle hope or waken fear ;
'T is life's great lesson, that man live to-day,
And learn to watch and wait, to trust and pray !

Yet this I know, that, in thy measured round,
 Whatever hath been yet shall be to men ;

The changeful earth shall oft with songs resound,
And oft with groans shall echoes wake again ;
All lights and shades on mortal faces rest,
And pangs and pleasures mingle in each breast.

Sweet as the first notes of the early bird,
That tremble on the tranquil morning air,
Childhood's soft merry voices shall be heard
In many a happy home, safe sheltered there ;
While many a mother bows her throbbing head,
And weeps heart-broken o'er her loved one dead.

Exultant youth shall lead the joyous bride,
Fair as the orange-blossoms on her brow,
Up to God's altar, proudly at her side
To plight with fervid lip the changeless vow ;
While manhood's strength, with toils and conflicts
worn,
Or wrung with anguish, yields and sinks o'erborne.

Thy course full many a noble deed shall show,
Wrought by heroic love that self forgot,
And hidden streams of mercy through thee flow,
That reach and cheer the lowliest in his lot ;

Yet many a shameful crime shall stain thy page,
And murder grim with brutal passions rage !

Peace, here, shall fling her welcome banner wide,
And wealth and taste and art shall life adorn ;
War, there, shall count his thousands that have
died

On bloody fields, or, maimed, shall live forlorn !
And rich Abundance shall her garners fill,
The while devouring Famine wastes at will.

To-day shall sails of prosperous commerce sweep
O'er friendly waves, where distant marts invite,
The next, wrecked argosies enrich the deep,
Ingulfed by billows tossing in their might.
Success, that yesterday his treasures kept,
To-morrow finds a waste, by ruin swept !

Such good and ill, such fortunes all untold,
Such ecstasies of joy or dark despair,
O youthful Year ! thy bosom doth infold ;
Unsealed as yet, they sleep unheeded there ;
But, day by day, the tale by thee begun
'T is thine to tell till thy last sands are run.

I greet thee not with clouded, anxious brow,
Nor pass thy portals with a bodeful dread ;
But calm in hope — since hope thou dost allow —
That thou shalt pour rich blessings on my head ;
Or, e'en should ills o'ertake, and shadows fall,
That Love Divine shall send me good in all !

O kindly Heaven ! that from our mortal sight
Veils in thick clouds what future days shall bring,
Nor robs the present of its golden light,
Nor checks the music when the heart would sing ;
Courage, O mortal ! bid thy soul be strong ;
Nor deem Eternal Wisdom chooseth wrong !

What saith to thee the brightly dawning year ?
“ Live wisely, man, thou livest not to dream !
Life's toils await thee, its rewards are near ;
Think not the seeming ills the ills they seem !
For God and duty make each moment tell,
Till thou this year, or earth, shalt bid farewell !”

THE HIDDEN.

'T IS mid fair summer days
When the broad firmament is purpled deep
And all unclouded, and the winds asleep,
That, 'neath the noontide blaze,
The harvests wither and the blossoms die,
And the scorched fields all waste and faded lie.

'T is when thick clouds have spread
O'er all the darkened heaven, and storms that slept
Have waked and burst their bounds and wildly
swept,
And o'er the lands have shed
Their flooding waters, that the fields again
Glow with fresh life and laugh with waving grain.

'T is in the gladsome hours
When favoring Fortune on each purpose smiles,

With many a lure the eager heart beguiles,
 And weaves her fairest bowers,
 That oft the soul's best hopes and joys decay,
 And gloom and sadness chase glad thoughts away.

'T is when Misfortune's shade
 Has darkly gathered, and the burning tears
 Of sorrow hourly fall, and rising fears
 Have Courage half dismayed,
 That oft within the breast sweet voices sing,
 And new-born graces strength and comfort bring.

Strange mystery of life !
 The seeming and the true, how sundered wide !
 The seeming e'en doth oft the substance hide ;
 And men, in heedless strife,
 Grasp at the phantoms that but mock their sight,
 And miss angelic forms enrobed in light !

O Wisdom all divine,
 Ever thyself thou veilest ! Let my thought
 But read thy secrets. Be thy words inwrought
 And made forever mine ;
 That, whatsoe'er the masque thy face may hide,
 I may embrace thee and with thee abide !

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

On the 2d of June, 1880, the Congregational Church in Little Compton, Rhode Island, the author's native place, celebrated the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of its organization ; and, by special request, he delivered, in connection with an able historical discourse by the pastor, and other interesting services, a discourse of reminiscences relating to the church and covering the last sixty years. Standing amidst the scenes of his early life and just by the graves of his ancestors for several generations, he was led to close his address with the following stanzas.

DEAR scenes of my childhood! in life's early
dawning

Ye seemed like an Eden all peaceful and fair ;
While o'er you there rested the freshness of morning
When all her rich fragrance exhales on the air.

Not lovelier the vision when, o'er the hills streaming,
The rising sun floods all the landscape with light,
Than seemed to these eyes, with the light of joy
beaming,
Field, pasture, and ocean that here met my sight!

No palace that monarch hath builded in glory
 Hath splendors that ever for me can compare
 With the dear humble dwelling, whose whole simple
 story
 Is this, — that the home of my childhood was
 there!

'T was there that the loved names of father and
 mother
 First tempted to stammer my yet untaught
 tongue ;
 'T was there that the fond arms of sister and brother
 About my neck oft were in tenderness flung.

O memory ! thoughts in thy dim cells are waking,
 That might I now utter, these lips would not dare ;
 My mother, ere noontide the silver cord breaking,
 'T was given thee the form of the angels to wear !

'Neath yonder fresh turf long thine ashes have
 slumbered,
 Of earth's beating tempests unheeded the roar ;
 Long, long hast thou been with the shining ones
 numbered,
 Let the robe of thy beauty be worn evermore !

Thine own gentle hand e'en in infancy brought me
To God's holy temple, beside thee to bend ;
Thine own blessed lips, in their sweet accents,
taught me
To know the dear God as my father and friend.

O brothers ! — like me, from the loved and true-
hearted
Long severed, still wanderers o'er life's rugged
way,
Ye too are now greeting the long since departed,
For you too they hover about us to-day.

Ah ! well may they join in our thanks, that still
flowing
We find here the fountain whose waters oft gave,
When their feet on the desert way weary were
growing,
New hope and new courage, — the strength of the
brave !

O Church of our fathers ! right gladly we find thee,
Not like the ship stranded, deserted, and lone,
But rather with tempests all weathered behind thee,
And thy canvas, well-trimmed, to the breezes
free thrown.

On, on in thy course o'er the yet troubled waters,
Though it still should be given thee rough billows
to breast ;

Peace be to thee! — peace to thy sons and thy
daughters !

Henceforth, through the ages, in Christ be thou
blest.

AUTUMN DAYS.

THOU comest, Autumn, like a dark-eyed maid.
With quiet step and sober, shaded brow ;
So hast thou come to myriads that have stayed
Their steps to greet thee, e'en as I do now.

Thy voice to me hath e'er a kindly tone,
In grateful cadence falling on the ear ;
Nor seemeth, as to some, a saddening moan
That melancholy breathes, and starts the tear.

And yet all tenderly I hear thee tell
The destiny that cometh as a dream ;
Vernal and summer hours — dies far their knell !
But as fast fading memories now they seem.

The forests, late resounding with the voice
Of melodies that filled the enchanted air,
No more with echoing life and love rejoice,
But lonely stand, — a brooding stillness there !

September, fitful, — some brief fervors past, —
 Brings skies that fairest climes might envy well ;
 Then tempests that sweep earth with forces vast,
 And lash the deep till whelming billows swell.

Yet hath his fury many a charm for me
 When I may brave it, and may hear the roar —
 Seated on some huge cliff beside the sea —
 That comes in thunders from the surf-beat shore.

Beneath his sapphire heavens — where snow-white
 clouds
 Float e'en as swans upon the sleeping lake,
 Or pile like mimic Alps that snow enshrouds —
 I wander pleased through meadow, copse, and
 brake.

With mellow light the calm October days
 Invite to thought, and dreamy influence lend ;
 The distant mountains, dim in purple haze,
 Seem with the sky their tinted tops to blend.

Steals on the steady waste of slow decay,
 The blighted leaves more beautiful in death ;
 Like sunset hues, that at the dying day
 Fade silently with its departing breath.



“ With mellow light the calm October days
Invite to thought, and dreamy influence lend.”

The sheaves that stood the glory of the fields,
Emblems of ripened wisdom’s reverend form,

Are safely garnered, their rich stores to yield
Mid coming dreary days of sleet and storm.

Too soon November pale brief sunshine brings,
And hangs dull leaden clouds o'er all the scene ;
His crystals o'er the fields the hoar-frost flings,
And fades beneath his touch the mantling green.

The insect tribes that in the noontide played,
Or darted on the bosom of the stream
While genial airs a soft Elysium made,
Die in the chill winds 'neath the sun's faint
beam.

So, Autumn, thou thyself — thy glories lost —
At last art wrapped in winter's cold embrace ;
Till on thy bier lie wreaths of snow and frost,
And death seems written o'er all Nature's face.

Yet comest thou ever welcome ; and I love
Thy sober aspect and thy lessons wise,
That to my heart sweet benedictions prove,
And stir my soul on nobler wing to rise.

Thou mind'st me that in life's unceasing round
Of waste and change eternal currents flow,
That hide within their silent depths profound
Unmeasured good that circling years shall show.

Mid all the withered charms that round me lie
Fair forms of beauty wait the vernal morn :
'T is in the semblance only that they die ;
Unharm'd they sleep, and shall anew be born !

So dost thou kindle hope, O autumn sear ;
So in decay fresh life and bloom I see ;
So springs my joyous thought from Nature's sphere
To find, Eternal One, all good in thee.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY,

ANDOVER, MASS.

“ Hominum mater veneranda.”

I.

MOTHER of mighty men ! long, long thy name
Shall stand fair-written on the scroll of
time ;

Ages to come shall read of lives sublime,
Whose inspirations from thy bosom came :
Great souls from thee have caught the living flame
Of aspiration high that in them glowed ;
Genius, enriched by thee, hath overflowed
With treasures for mankind and conquered fame ;
Like some gemmed constellation set by Night
In her dark concave, shine thy cultured sons
Amid earth's shadows, an illustrious band —
Stars that sweet influence shed and gladsome light ;
And long as Heaven leads forth her shining ones
Shalt thou, in thine, bear life to every land !

II.

AH! dear the memories of those distant years,
When thy still shades, with dewy blossoms
 strown,
'T was mine to tread; life's keener pangs unknown,
And Hope's fresh cheek as yet unwet with tears;
Warm throbb'd each heart, unchilled by boding
 fears;
With quenchless thirst we sought each classic
 stream,
Parnassus climbed, in many a waking dream,
Or scaled Olympus. All transformed appears
Each vision now; the purple lights all fled!
Friends of my heart, I call! where are ye? where?
The many sleep; hoary with age, the few,
With faltering step and hand and bending head,
Wait the glad day that shall youth's strength
 renew,
And of man's nobler powers all waste repair.

TO MRS. E. A. BRINCKERHOFF,

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

I.

LADY, 't was nobly done, that deed of thine,
Born of pure filial love that warmed thy
breast!

Nor less of love to him whose lips have blest
Such service with a blessing all divine :

Methinks two reverend forms, with look benign,
O'er thee bent pleased and grateful, — if per-
chance,

Back through the veil once passed, to cast a
glance,

'T is given the immortals, — when thou saidst,
“ Be mine,”

Be mine alone, the task a fane to raise,
Whither God's faithful ones may oft repair
With hearts that thirst for him, and words of
praise,
While children sing their glad hosannas there ;
Where Christ, the Lord adored, his own may
greet
With gifts of grace from off the mercy-seat."

II.

THOUGH in thy tranquil eye the tear may start,
At thought of those thou never canst forget,
Whose sun of life hath all serenely set,
Yet from such memories never wouldst thou
part :
Long, long as life shall last thy faithful heart
Shall keep the vision of the vanished years, —
Of parents, home, and childhood without tears, —
All thine, unfelt as yet keen sorrow's dart :
Father and Mother ! need was not to prove
How worthily they bore an honored name ;
Yet such memorial — witness of her love —
A daughter's hand to rear it well became ;
In thought she built their monument alone,
But, self-forgetting, built as well her own !

III.

YET, lady, fairest shines thy generous deed,
As done for his dear sake who bore the cross ;
Who e'en the Godhead's glory counted loss,
And stooped — the Lamb of God — for man to
 bleed !

So love's great lesson thou hast learned to read, —
The lesson of divine self-sacrifice ;
So thy heart moved thee, when his flock had
 need,
To bid yon massive walls and turrets rise.
Those massive walls may waste by slow decay,
The firm tower crumble with revolving time,
But of thy work the record still shall be
Clear written on the roll of deeds sublime ;
And thou shalt hear the voice thou lovest say :
 “ As done to mine, *thou didst it unto me !* ”

THE CLIMBER.

“Sic itur ad astra.”

AS one who climbs the rugged mountain's side,
O'er craggy steep and gorge, through tarn
and brake,
Whose courage fails not, whatsoe'er betide,
Whose steady purpose peril cannot shake,
Intent to tread the loftiest peak, and make
The wide, wide landscape's glories all his own ;
So have I seen thee each low aim forsake,
And on the height that heavenward towers alone,
Where wisdom, truth, and goodness have their seat,
Unflinching fix thine eye ; have seen thee climb
As if from cliff to cliff, with patient feet,
And ever widening sweep of views sublime ;
Till, won the summit, thou at length dost stand
With wonders all divine on every hand !

WAR.

Bella — horrida bella ! — VIRGIL.

I.

WITH shuddering have ye heard, O listening
skies !

With horror hast thou quaked, O blood-stained
Earth !

While murderous War, of Hell the hideous birth,
Hath strode, with furious mien and wrathful eyes,
O'er wasted lands. What sounds of anguish rise !

What groans of thousands wailing o'er the dead,
Or wounded left to die ! What myriads led
Captive, to whom their fate all joy denies !

'T is as if demons, from Tartarean night,
Had sallied forth with leave to work their will,
And with Satanic hate and baleful might
Revelled in woes, yet all unsated still :

While Famine gaunt and Pestilence combine
Their blasting malice, hateful War, with thine !

II.

O SAD, sad world ! where oft foul passions reign,
And mortal lips breathe cruelty and hate !
Where, haply, base Injustice sits in state,
And Love and Truth lift up their voice in vain.
Is there no hope for man ? O God ! shall pain
And grief and tears make dismal ever all
That thou hast made so fair ? Shall the dread
pall,
Dark, gloomy, deathlike, that so long hath lain
Spread o'er the suffering lands, forever rest
Unlifted, and mankind pass moaning on
Through cycles yet to come, hopeless, unblest,
As if thy love had left its work undone,
As if the cries of ages reached thee not,
Or thy great Fatherhood had man forgot ?

III.

No, thou forgettest not. Throughout all time,
Though waves of ruin oft have wasted earth,
Counsels of love, that in thy heart had birth,
Have o'er all changes ruled with might sublime.
Thou canst call good from all things, e'en from
crime ;

On gory fields canst old oppressions break,
Bid hopes, through ages crushed, once more
awake,

And a glad dayspring visit every clime.

Thine is the power unseen by which is stayed
The flood of woes, surge it howe'er so strong ;
The hand that on the helm is firmly laid,
And steers the bark when storms would drive her
wrong.

Patience, O Earth ! thy realms shall yet behold
Love's peaceful, joyous reign, — true " AGE OF
GOLD."

TO MRS. A. E. N.,

NEWARK, N. J.

A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

LADY, words cannot speak thy gift so rare,
In which each element most pure and fair,
All shapes of beauty, and all perfumes sweet,
All loveliest hues, divinely blended, meet
To charm the sense, and to the soul impart
A pleasure that refines, exalts the heart.
O wondrous Artist He, whose peerless skill
Each petal painted, shaped each flower at will !
Who bade unconscious nature, blind, untaught,
In matchless loveliness express his thought !
Who by each flower the open heart can teach
Truths that no mortal wisdom e'er could reach !
In each fair form while we his skill admire,
To know the Infinite Beauty we aspire.

O thou All-perfect, give our souls to see
And love the beautiful and good in thee !

THE FIRST ROBIN.

AH, welcome wanderer ! missed so long
When morn's first blush was glowing ;
So long unheard at eve thy song
Through the charmed twilight flowing.

I chide thee not that thou didst fly
When autumn blights were falling,
When drear November's leaden sky
For winter storms was calling.

Say, didst thou linger ere thy flight,
With fond regrets delaying,
Thy summer home, so dear, so bright,
With one last look surveying ?

And whither didst thou speed thy way,
When, thy loved haunts forsaken,
These groves and fields behind thee lay,
Thy final farewell taken ?

Was there some voice within thy breast
Thy course directing ever ?
Or rose bright dreams of regions blest,
Where frost and storm come never ?

Perchance thou didst descend awhile
And rest thy weary pinion
Where noble woods and fresh fields smile
In the proud " Old Dominion."

Then on and on I follow thee,
Some kinder clime yet craving,
Beyond where flows the bright Santee,
Its Georgian meadows laving.

'Mid Florida's sweet-scented bowers
Methinks thy quest was ended,
Where with the gladsome sunny hours
All best delights were blended.

And yet thou hast come back once more,
On yonder fir aspiring
To build thy nest, as oft before,
With patience all untiring.

There thou through long June days again
Wilt sit, no danger fearing,
And my charmed ear shall drink thy strain,
While thou thy young art rearing.

O welcome, ay, thrice welcome thou,
Dear songster, sent to cheer me ;
Each day I shall be glad as now
To know that thou art near me!





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