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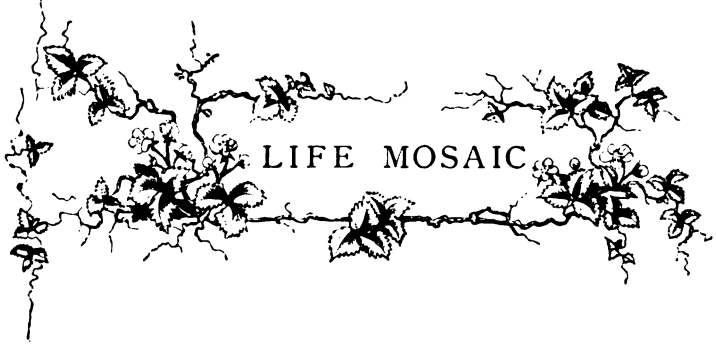
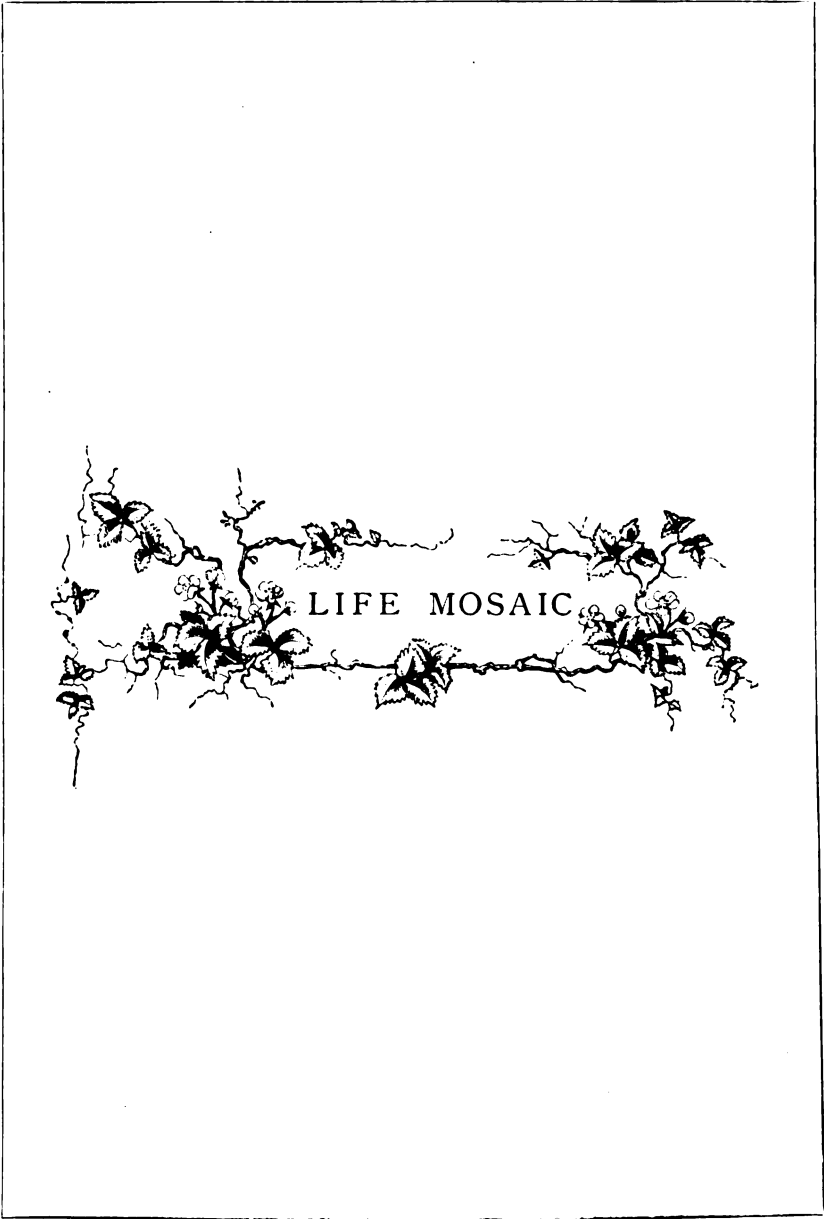
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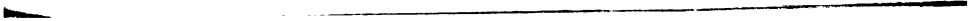
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**"OH BE MY VERSE A HIDDEN STREAM, WHICH SILENTLY MAY FLOW
WHERE DROOPING LEAF AND THIRSTY FLOWER IN LONELY VALLEYS GROW."**



-





"OH BE MY VERSE A HIDDEN STREAM, WHICH SILENTLY MAY FLOW
WHERE DROOPING LEAF AND THIRSTY FLOWER IN LONELY VALLEYS GROW."





LIFE MOSAIC

THE MINISTRY OF SONG

AND

UNDER THE SURFACE

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

With Twelve Illustrations by

THE BARONESS HELGA VON CRAMM

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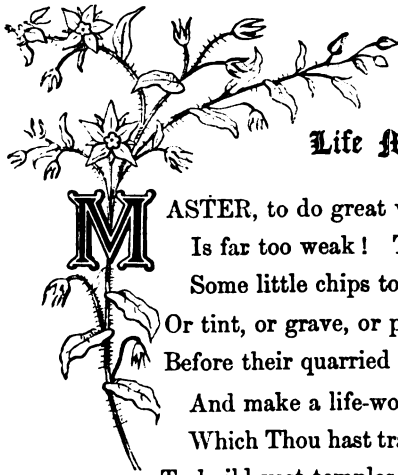
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Life Mosaic.

M

ASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which Thou hast traced; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.





CONTENTS.




THE MINISTRY OF SONG.

	PAGE
Prelude,	1
The Ministry of Song,	2
Our Hidden Leaves,	6
Threefold Praise,	9
Not Yet,	17
Thanksgiving,	19
Life-Crystals,	21
Not your Own,	22
Whose I am,	24
Whom I serve,	25
Peace,	26
God's Message to him that is far off,	28
God's Message to him that is near,	29
A Great Mystery,	30
Be not Weary,	32
The Great Teacher,	34
Rest,	37
One Question, Many Answers,	38
Content,	41
Misunderstood,	43
The Star Shower,	46
Treasure Trove,	49
Coming Summer,	50
September, 1868,	52
Early Faith,	54
Our Father,	56
Disappointment,	61
The Song Chalice,	64
Silent in Love,	65
Light and Shade,	66



	PAGE
No Thorn without a Rose,	69
Christ's Recall,	71
Faith's Question,	73
I did this for thee! What hast thou done for Me?	76
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.	78
God the Provider,	79
Wait patiently for Him,	82
This same Jesus,	83
Mary's Birthday,	85
The Right Way,	87
Thy Will be done,	88
The Things which are behind,	90
Everlasting Love,	91
Master, say on!	93
Remote Results,	95
On the Last Leaf,	96
How should they know me?	99
Making Poetry,	101
The Cascade,	104
Fairy Homes,	107
More Music,	109
New Year's Wishes,	110
My Sweet Woodruff,	111
Our Gem Wreath,	113
My Name,	121
Faith and Reason,	124
Lynton,	127
A Lull in Life,	129
Adoration,	131



UNDER THE SURFACE.

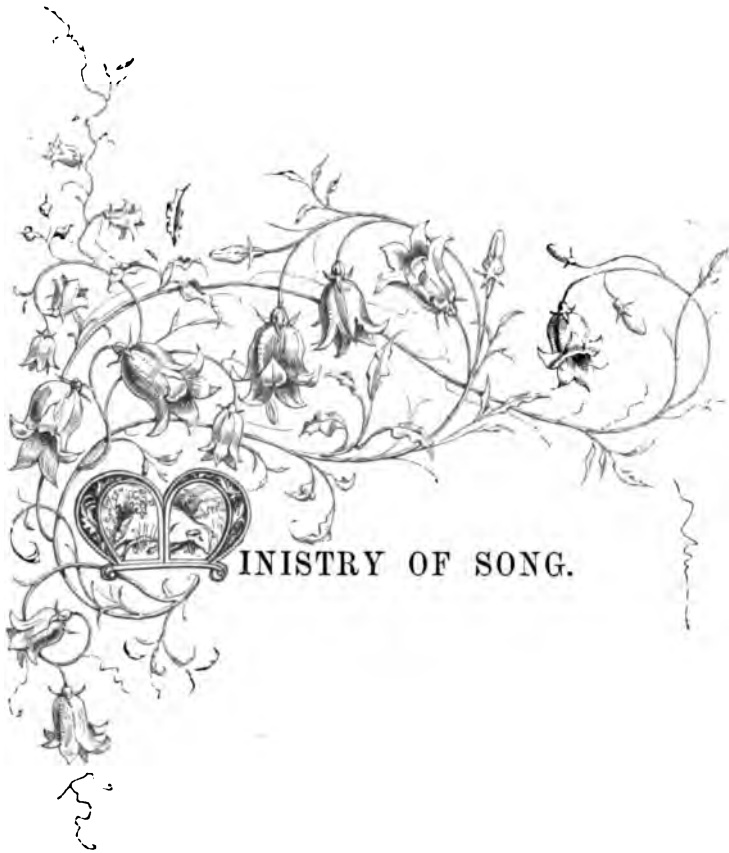
I. UNDER THE SURFACE—	
Under the Surface,	135
Autobiography,	137
Compensation,	142
The Moonlight Sonata,	145

	PAGE
II. OUR GOD—	
The Infinity of God,	162
The Spirituality of God,	163
The Eternity of God,	164
The Sovereignty of God,	165
The Essential Blessedness of God,	166
Thine is the Power,	167
III. OUR SAVIOUR—	
The One Reality,	170
To Thee,	171
Confidence,	172
I could not do without Thee,	173
Jesus only,	175
Is it for me?	175
Hidden in Light,	177
He is thy Lord,	177
Our King,	180
Ascension Song,	181
Advent Song,	183
IV. OUR WORK—	
Have you not a Word for Jesus?	186
A Worker's Prayer,	189
A Silence and a Song,	190
The Coming of the Healer,	192
Another for Christ,	195
How Wonderful!	197
A Plea for the Little Ones,	197
Tell it out,	202
Sisters,	203
An Indian Flag,	205
The Lull of Eternity,	207
The Sowers,	209
V. OUR BLESSINGS—	
Everlasting Blessings,	224
Accepted,	225
Fresh Springs,	226
Faithful Promises,	227
The Faithful Comforter,	229
Under His Shadow,	230
The Triune Presence,	232



	PAGE
VI. NOW AND AFTERWARD—	
Now and Afterward,	233
Tempted and Tried,	234
Not Forsaken,	236
Listening in Darkness—Speaking in Light,	237
Peaceable Fruit,	238
Right !	240
The Col de Balm,	248
Eye hath not seen,	249
VII. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST—	
Chosen in Christ,	252
Called,	253
Justified,	254
Sanctified,	255
Joined to Christ,	256
Presented Faultless,	257
Glorified,	258
VIII. MISCELLANEOUS—	
The Message of an Æolian Harp,	260
The Children's Triumph,	269
The Sunday Book,	270
Two Rings,	272
Bells across the Snow,	275
Singing at Sunset,	277
Singing for Jesus,	278
She waits for me,	280
The Mountain Maidens,	282
A Seeing Heart,	298
July on the Mountains,	301
My Window,	302
Candlemas Day,	303
Now !	305
Yet Speaketh,	310
From Glory to Glory,	312





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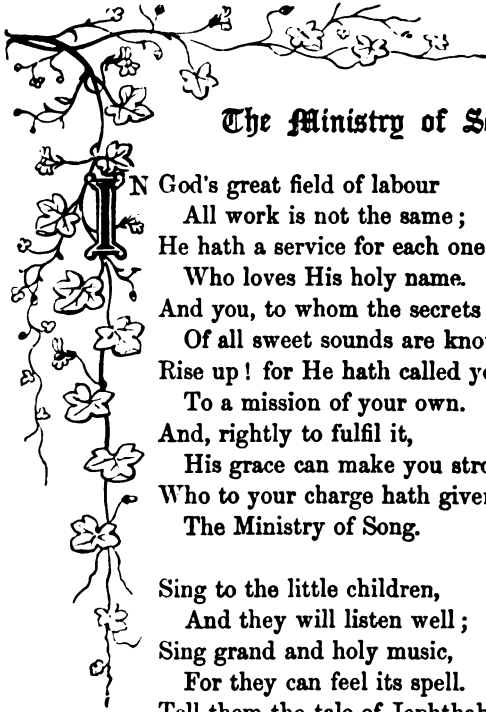
T H E
M I N I S T R Y O F S O N G .



P r e l u d e .

A M I D the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,
Oh, be my verse an answering gleam from higher
radiancè caught ;
That where through dark o'erarching boughs of sorrow,
doubt, and sin,
The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,
Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision
turn
To that enkindling Light for which all earthly shadows
yearn.

Oh, be my verse a hidden stream, which silently may flow
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys grow ;
And often by its shady course to pilgrim hearts be brought
The quiet and refreshment of an upward-pointing thought ;
Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified
endeavour,
God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.



The Ministry of Song.

IN God's great field of labour
All work is not the same ;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.
And you, to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up ! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.
And, rightly to fulfil it,
His grace can make you strong,
Who to your charge hath given
The Ministry of Song.

Sing to the little children,
And they will listen well ;
Sing grand and holy music,
For they can feel its spell.
Tell them the tale of Jephthah ;
Then sing them what he said,—
' Deeper and deeper still,' and watch
How the little cheek grows red,
And the little breath comes quicker :
They will ne'er forget the tale,
Which the song has fastened surely,
As with a golden nail.

I remember, late one evening,
How the music stopped ; for hark !

Charlie's nursery door was open,
He was calling in the dark,—
'Oh no! I am not frightened,
And I do not want a light;
But I cannot sleep for thinking
Of the song you sang last night.
Something about a "valley,"
And "make rough places plain,"
And "Comfort ye;" so beautiful!
Oh, sing it me again!'

Sing at the cottage bedside;
They have no music there,
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.
Sing of the gentle Saviour
In the simplest hymns you know,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten
As the soothing verses flow.
Better than loudest plaudits
The murmured thanks of such,
For the King will stoop to crown them
With His gracious 'Inasmuch.'

Sing, where the full-toned organ
Resounds through aisle and nave,
And the choral praise ascendeth
In concord sweet and grave.
Sing, where the village voices
Fall harshly on your ear;
And, while more earnestly you join,
Less discord you will hear.
The noblest and the humblest
Alike are 'common praise.'



And not for human ear alone
The psalm and hymn we raise.

Sing in the deepening twilight,
When the shadow of eve is nigh,
And her purple and golden pinions
Fold o'er the western sky.
Sing in the silver silence,
While the first moonbeams fall ;
So shall your power be greater
Over the hearts of all.
Sing till you bear them with you
Into a holy calm,
And the sacred tones have scattered
Manna, and myrrh, and balm.

Sing ! that your song may gladden ;
Sing like the happy rills,
Leaping in sparkling blessing
Fresh from the breezy hills.
Sing ! that your song may silence
The folly and the jest,
And the 'idle word' be banished
As an unwelcome guest.
Sing ! that your song may echo,
After the strain is past,
A link of the love-wrought cable
That holds some vessel fast.

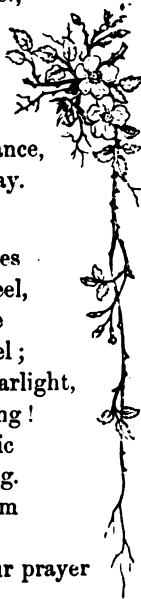
Sing to the tired and anxious ;
It is yours to fling a ray,
Passing indeed, but cheering,
Across the rugged way.



Sing to God's holy servants,
Weary with loving toil,
Spent with their faithful labour
On oft ungrateful soil.
The chalice of your music
All reverently bear,
For with the blessed angels
Such ministry you share.

When you long to bear the Message
Home to some troubled breast,
Then sing with loving fervour,
'Come unto Him, and rest.'
Or would you whisper comfort,
Where words bring no relief,
Sing how 'He was despised,
Acquainted with our grief.'
And, aided by His blessing,
The song may win its way
Where speech had no admittance,
And change the night to day.

Sing, when His mighty mercies
And marvellous love you feel,
And the deep joy of gratitude
Springs freshly as you kneel ;
When words, like morning starlight,
Melt powerless, rise and sing !
And bring your sweetest music
To Him, your gracious King.
Pour out your song before Him
To whom our best is due ;
Remember, He who hears your prayer
Will hear your praises too.



Sing on in grateful gladness !
 Rejoice in this good thing
 Which the Lord thy God hath given thee,
 The happy power to sing.
 But yield to Him, the Sovereign,
 To whom all gifts belong,
 In fullest consecration,
 Your Ministry of Song,
 Until His mercy grant you
 That resurrection voice,
 Whose only ministry shall be
 To praise Him and rejoice.



Our Hidden Leaves.

H the hidden leaves of Life !
 Closely folded in the heart ;
 Leaves where Memory's golden finger,
 Slowly pointing, loves to linger ;
 Leaves that bid the old tears start.

Leaves where Hope would read the future,
 Sibylline, and charged with fate ;
 Leaves which calm Submission closeth,
 While her tearless eye repositeth
 On the legend, 'Trust, and wait !'

Leaves which grave Experience ponders,
 Soundings for her pilot-charts ;
 Leaves which God Himself is storing,
 Records which we read, adoring
 Him who writes on human hearts.

All our own, our treasured secrets,
Indestructible archives !
None can copy, none can steal them,
Death itself shall not reveal them,
Sacred manuscripts of lives.

Some are filled with fairy pictures,
Half imagined and half seen ;
Radiant faces, fretted towers,
Sunset colours, starry flowers,
Wondrous arabesques between.

Some are traced with liquid sunbeams,
Some with fire, and some with tears ;
Some with crimson dyes are glowing,
From a smitten life-rock flowing
Through the wilderness of years.

Some are crossed with later writing,
Palimpsests of earliest days ;
Old remembrance faintly gleaming
Through the thinking and the dreaming.
Outlines dim in noontide haze.

One lies open, all unwritten,
To the glance of careless sight ;
Yet it bears a shining story,
Traced in phosphorescent glory,
Only legible by night.

One is dark with hieroglyphics
Of some dynasty of grief :



Only God, and just one other,
Dearest friend or truest brother,
Ever read that hidden leaf.

Many a leaf is undeciphered,
Writ in languages unknown ;
O'er the strange inscription bending,
(Every clue in darkness ending,)
Finding no 'Rosetta Stone,'

Still we study, always failing !
God can read it, we must wait ;
Wait until He teach the mystery,
Then the wisdom-woven history
Faith shall read, and Love translate.

Leaflets, now unpagged and scattered,
Time's great library receives ;
When eternity shall bind them,
Golden volumes we shall find them,
God's light falling on the leaves.



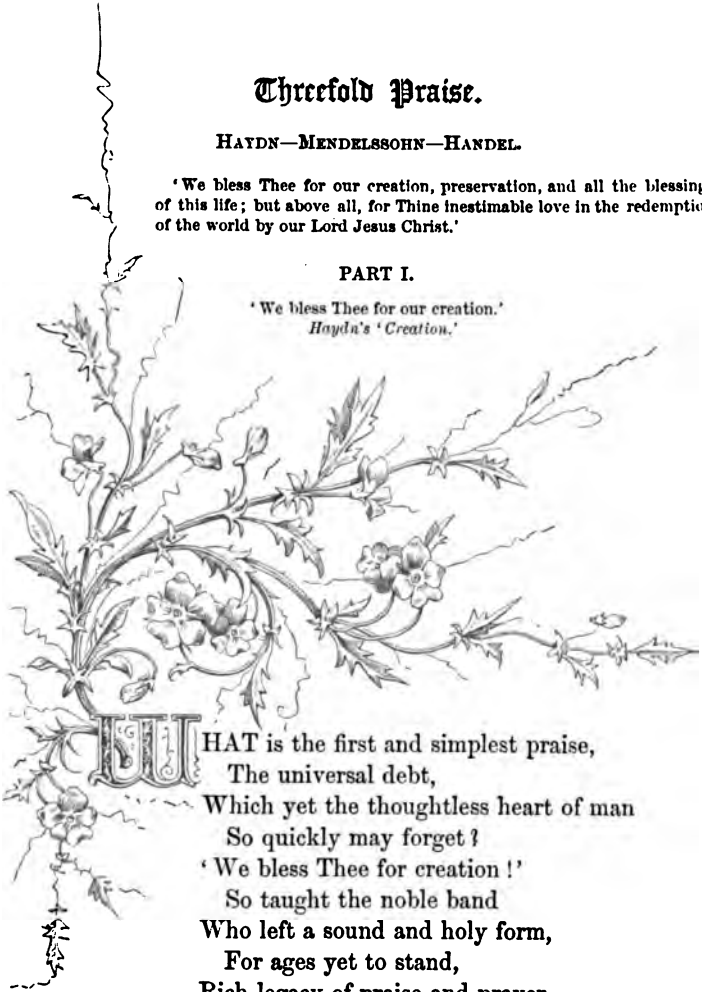
Threifold Praise.

HAYDN—MENDELSSOHN—HANDEL.

'We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.'

PART I.

'We bless Thee for our creation.'
Haydn's 'Creation.'



WHAT is the first and simplest praise,
The universal debt,
Which yet the thoughtless heart of man
So quickly may forget?
'We bless Thee for creation!'
So taught the noble band
Who left a sound and holy form,
For ages yet to stand,
Rich legacy of praise and prayer,
Laid up through ages past,
Strong witness for the truth of God:
Oh, may we hold it fast!

'We bless Thee for creation !'
So are we blithely taught
By Haydn's joyous spirit ;
Such was the praise he brought.
A praise all morning sunshine,
And sparklets of the spring,
O'er which the long life-shadows
No chastening softness fling.

A praise of early freshness,
Of carol and of trill,
Re-echoing all the music
Of valley and of rill.
A praise that we are sharing
With every singing breeze,
With nightingales and linnets,
With waterfalls and trees ;
With anthems of the flowers,
Too delicate and sweet
For all their fairy minstrelsy
Our mortal ears to greet.

A mighty song of blessing
Archangels too uplift,
For their own bright existence,
A grand and glorious gift.
But such their full life-chalice,
So sparkling and so pure,
And such their vivid sense of joy,
Sweet, solid, and secure,
We cannot write the harmonies
To such a song of bliss,
We only catch the melody,
And sing, content with this.



We are but little children,
And earth a broken toy ;
We do not know the treasures
In our Father's house of joy.
Thankgivings for creation
We ignorantly raise ;
We know not yet the thousandth part
Of that for which we praise.

Yet, praise Him for creation !
Nor cease the happy song,
But this our Hallelujah
Through all our life prolong ;
'Twill mingle with the chorus
Before the heavenly throne,
Where what it truly is TO BE
Shall first be fully known.



PART II.


... preservation, and all the blessings of this life.'
Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.'

FELIX! happy in thy varied store
Of harmonies undreamt before,
How different was the gift
Of praise 'twas thine to pour,
Whether in stately calm, or tempest strong and
swift !

Mark the day,
 In mourning robe of grey,
 Of shrouded mountain and of storm-swept vale,
 And purple pall spread o'er the distance pale,
 While thunderous masses wildly drift
 In lurid gloom and grandeur : then a swift
 And dazzling ray bursts through a sudden rift ;
 The dark waves glitter as the storms subside,
 And all is light and glory at the eventide.

O sunlight of thanksgiving ! Who that knows
 Its bright forth-breaking after dreariest days,
 Would change the after-thought of woes
 For memory's loveliest light that glows,
 If so he must forego one note of that sweet praise ?

For not the song
 Which knows no minor cadence, sad and long ;
 And not the tide
 Whose emerald and silver pride
 Was never dashed in wild and writhing fray,
 Where grim and giant rocks hurl back the spray ;
 And not the crystal atmosphere,
 That carves each outline sharp and clear
 Upon a sapphire sky : not these, not these,
 Nor aught existing but to charm and please,
 Without acknowledging life's mystery,
 And all the mighty reign
 Of yearning and of pain
 That fills its half-read history,
 Fit music can supply
 To lift the wandering heart on high
 To that Preserving Love, which rules all change,
 And gives 'all blessings of this life,' so dream-like and
 so strange.



And his was praise
Deeper and truer, such as those may raise
Who know both shade and sunlight, and whose life
Hath learnt victorious strife
Of courage and of trust and hope still dear,
With passion and with grief, with danger and with fear.

Upriseth now a cry,
Plaintive and piercing, to the brazen sky :
Help, Lord ! the harvest days are gone ;
Help, Lord ! for other help is none ;
The infant children cry for bread,
And no man breaketh it. The suckling's tongue for thirst
Now cleaveth to his mouth. Our land is cursed ;
Our wasted Zion mourns, in vain her hands are spread.

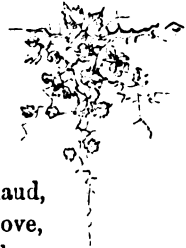
A mother's tale of grief,
Of sudden blight upon the chief,
The *only* flower of love that cheered her widowed need :
O loneliest ! O desolate indeed !
Were it not mockery to whisper here
A word of hope and cheer ?

A mountain brow, an awe-struck crowd,
The prayer-sent flame, the prayer-sent cloud,
A mighty faith, a more than kingly power,
Changed for depression's darkest hour ;
For one lone shadow in the desert sought
A fainting frame, a spirit overwrought,
A sense of labour vain, and strength all spent for nought.

Death hovering near,
With visible terror-spear
Of famine, or a murder-stained sword,
A stricken land forsaken of her Lord ;

While, bowed with doubled fear,
 The faithful few appear ;
 O sorrows manifold outpoured !
 Is blessing built upon such dark foundation ?
 And can a temple rising from such woe,
 Rising upon such mournful crypts below,
 Be filled with light and joy and sounding adoration ?
 O strange mosaic ! wondrously inlaid
 Are all its depths of shade,
 With beauteous stones of promise, marbles fair
 Of trust and calm, and flashing brightly, there
 The precious gems of praise are set, and shine
 Resplendent with a light that almost seems Divine.

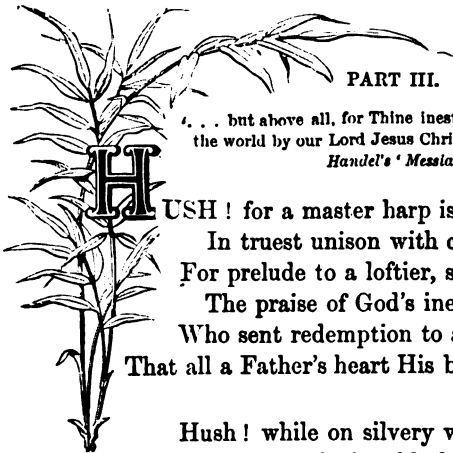
Thanks be to God !
 The thirsty land He laveth,
 The perishing He saveth ;
 The floods lift up their voices,
 The answering earth rejoices.
 Thanks be to Him, and never-ending laud,
 For this new token of His bounteous love,
 Who reigns in might the waterfloods above :
 The gathering waters rush along ;
 And leaps the exultant shout, one cataract of song,
 Thanks be to God !



Thus joyously we sing ;
 Nor is this all the praise we bring.
 We need not wait for earthquake, storm, and fire
 To lift our praises higher ;
 Nor wait for heaven-dawn ere we join the hymn
 Of throne-surrounding cherubim ;
 For even on earth their anthem hath begun,
 To Him, the Mighty and the Holy One.

We know the still small Voice in many a word
Of guidance, and command, and promise heard ;
And, knowing it, we bow before His feet,
With love and awe the seraph-strain repeat,
Holy, Holy, Holy ! God the Lord !
His glory fills the earth, His name be all-adored.

O Lord, our Lord ! how excellent Thy name
Throughout this universal frame ;
Therefore Thy children rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
A shelter safe and blest ;
And tune their often tremulous strings
Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,
The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally The Same.



PART III.

... but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of
the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.

Handel's 'Messiah.'

HUSH ! for a master harp is tuned again,
In truest unison with choirs above,
For prelude to a loftier, sweeter strain,
The praise of God's inestimable love ;
Who sent redemption to a world of woe,
That all a Father's heart His banished ones might know.

Hush ! while on silvery wing of holiest song
Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace,—
His coming, the Desire of Ages long,
To wear our chains, and win our glad release.
Our wondering joy, to hear such tidings blest,
Is crowned with 'Come to Him, and He will give you rest.'

Rest, by His sorrow ! Bruisèd for our sin,
Behold the Lamb of God ! His death our life.
Now lift your heads, ye gates ! He entereth in,
Christ risen indeed, and Conqueror in the strife.
Thanks, thanks to Him who won, and Him who gave
Such victory of love, such triumph o'er the grave.

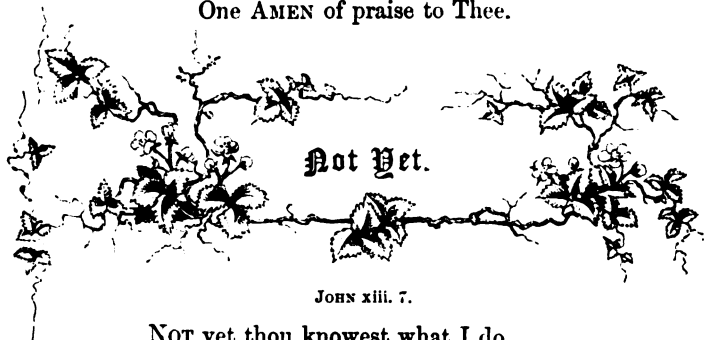
Hark ! 'Hallelujah !' O sublimest strain !
Is it prophetic echo of the day
When He, our Saviour and our King, shall reign,
And all the earth shall own His righteous sway ?
Lift heart and voice, and swell the mighty chords,
While hallelujahs peal to Him, the Lord of lords !

'Worthy of all adoration
Is the Lamb that once was slain,'
Cry, in raptured exultation,
His redeemed from every nation ;
Angel myriads join the strain,
Sounding from their sinless strings
Glory to the King of kings ;
Harping, with their harps of gold,
Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling
Rise around His throne of might,
All our highest laud excelling ;
Holy and Immortal, dwelling
In the unapproachèd light,
He is worthy to receive
All that heaven and earth can give ;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
All are His by glorious right.



As the sound of many waters
Let the full Amen arise !
HALLELUJAH ! Ceasing never,
Sounding through the great FOR EVER,
Linking all its harmonies ;
Through eternities of bliss,
Lord, our rapture shall be this,
And our endless life shall be
One AMEN of praise to Thee.



JOHN xiii. 7.

NOT yet thou knowest what I do,
O feeble child of earth,
Whose life is but to angel view
The morning of thy birth !
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
The wild bee's honey-cell,
Have lessons of My love and power
Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold
The little thou dost scan ;
And how much less canst thou unfold
My universal plan,
Where all thy mind can grasp of space
Is but a grain of sand ;—
The time thy boldest thought can trace,
One ripple on the strand !

Not yet thou knowest what I do
 In this wild, warring world,
 Whose prince doth still triumphant view
 Confusion's flag unfurled ;
 Nor how each proud and daring thought
 Is subject to My will,
 Each strong and secret purpose brought
 My counsel to fulfil.

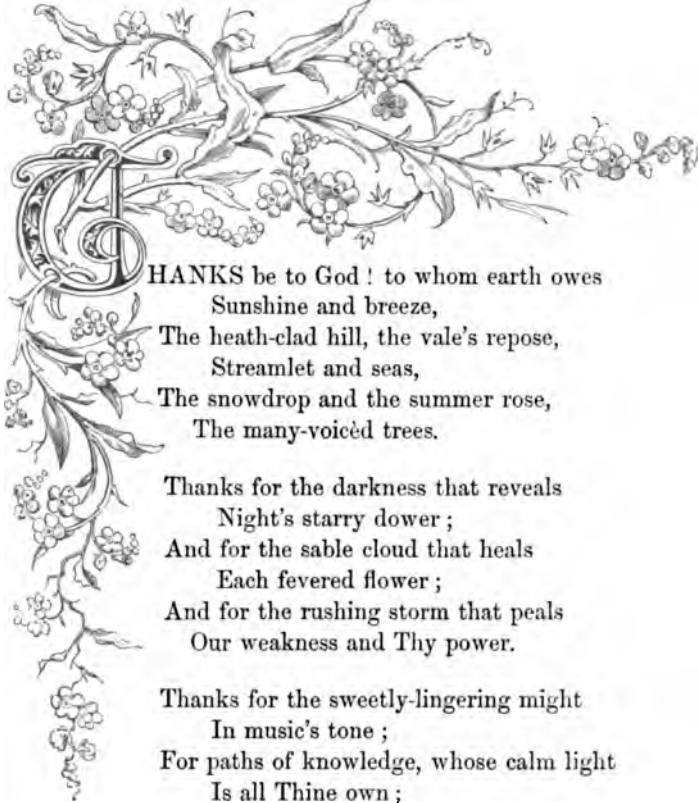
Not yet thou knowest how I bid
 Each passing hour entwine
 Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
 In one great love-design ;
 Nor how I lead thee through the night,
 By many a various way,
 Still upward to unclouded light,
 And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do
 Within thine own weak breast,
 To mould thee to My image true,
 And fit thee for My rest.
 But yield thee to My loving skill ;
 The veiled work of grace,
 From day to day progressing still,
 It is not thine to trace.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
 Fast clinging to My hand ;
 Content to feel My love and might,
 Not yet to understand.
 A little while thy course pursue,
 Till grace to glory grow ;
 Then what I am, and what I do,
 Hereafter thou shalt know.



Thanksgiving.



THANKS be to God ! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower ;
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower ;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might
In music's tone ;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all Thine own ;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dewlike store ;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our lore ;

Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust Thee all the more !

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below ;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow ;
Thanks for the light of love which shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
Which none may flee ;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea ;
And for the weariness of heart
Which only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessed Word.
And Sabbath rest ;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest ;
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin ;
Till, when the thanks of Earth shall end,
The thanks of Heaven begin.

NOTE.—It may be well to say, that these verses were in print before the writer either saw or heard of the beautiful little poem by Adelaide Procter on the same theme.

Life-Crystals.

THE world is full of crystals. Swift, or slow,
Or dark, or bright their varying formation ;
From pure calm heights of fair untrodden snow,
To fire-wrought depths of earliest creation.
And life is full of crystals ; forming still
In myriad-shaped results from good and seeming ill.

Yes ! forming everywhere ; in busiest street,
In noisiest throng. Oh, how it would astound us,
The strange soul-chemistry of some we meet
In slight and passing talk ! For all around us,
Deep inner silence broods o'er gems to be.
Now, in three visioned hearts trace out the work with me !

A heart that wonderingly received the flow
Of marvels and of mysteries of being,
Of sympathies and tensions, joy and woe,
Each earnestly from baser substance freeing :
A great life-mixture, full, and deep, and strong :
A sudden touch, and lo ! it crystallized in song.

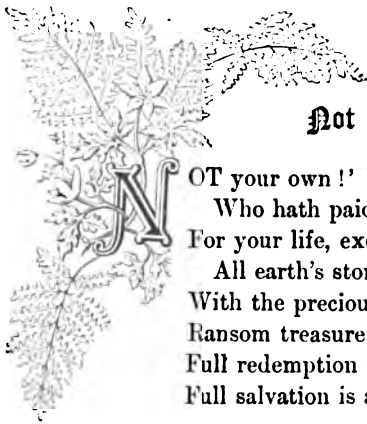
Then forth it flashed among the souls of men
Its own prismatic radiance, brightly sealing
A several rainbow for each several ken ;
The secrets of the distant stars revealing ;
Reflecting many a heart's clear rays unknown,
And, freely shedding light, it analysed their own.

A heart from which all joy had ebbed away,
And grief poured in a flood of burning anguish,
Then sealed the molten glow ; till, day by day,
The fires without, within, begin to languish :
Then ' afterward ' came coolness ; all was well,
And from the broken crust a shining crystal fell.

A mourner found, and fastened on her breast
 The soft-hued gem, the prized by mourners only ;
 With sense of treasure gained she sought her rest,
 No longer wandering in the twilight lonely ;
 The sorrow-crystal glittering in the dark,
 While faith and hope shone out to greet its starry spark.

A heart where emptiness seemed emptier made
 By colourless remains of tasteless pleasure ;
 ONE came, and pitying the hollow shade,
 Poured in His own strong love in fullest measure ;
 Then shadowed it with silent-falling night,
 And stilled it with the solemn Presence of His might.

A little while, then found the Master there
 Love-crystals sparkling in the joyous morning ;
 He stooped to gaze, and smiled to own them fair,
 A treasured choice for His own rich adorning ;
 Then set them in His diadem above,
 To mingle evermore with His own light and love.



Not your Own.

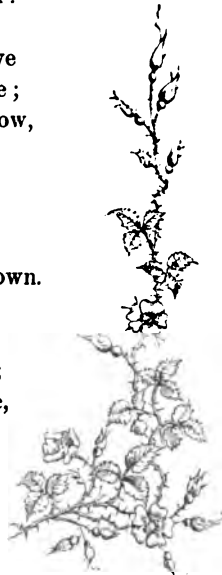
NOT your own !' but His ye are,
 Who hath paid a price untold
 For your life, exceeding far
 All earth's store of gems and gold.
 With the precious blood of Christ,
 Ransom treasure all unpriced,
 Full redemption is procured,
 Full salvation is assured.

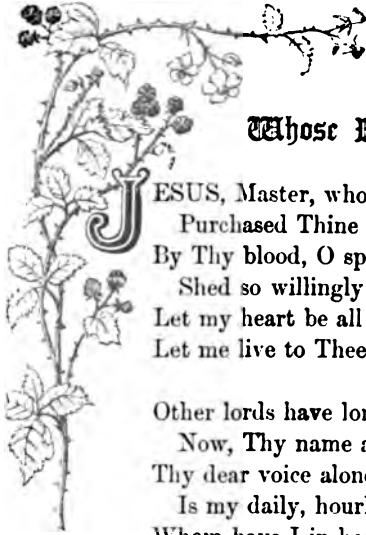
'Not your own !' but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now,
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for his brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

'Not your own !' but His, the King—
His, the Lord of earth and sky—
His, to whom archangels bring
Homage deep and praises high.
What can royal birth bestow ?
Or the proudest titles show ?
Can such dignity be known
As the glorious name, 'His own !'

'Not your own !' to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love ;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee ;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify ;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone !



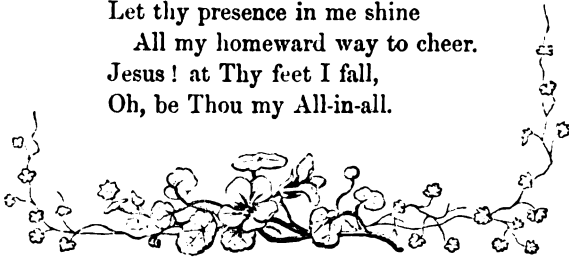


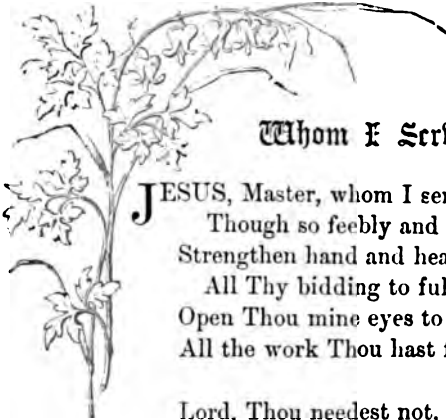
Whose I am.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be,
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me ;
 Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway ;
 Now, Thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee !
 Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master ! I am Thine ;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
 Let thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus ! at Thy feet I fall,
 Oh, be Thou my All-in-all.





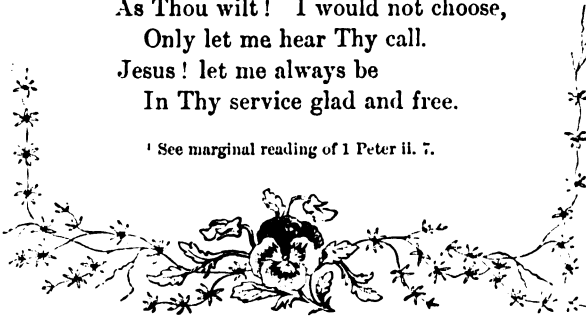
Whom I Serve.

JESUS, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour¹ art to me,
Let me be a praise to Thee.

Jesus, Master! wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus! let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

¹ See marginal reading of 1 Peter ii. 7.





Peace.

Is this the Peace of God, this strange, sweet calm ?
 The weary day is at its zenith still,
 Yet 'tis as if beside some cool, clear rill,
 Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,
 And all the noise of life were hushed away,
 And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
 With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed ;
 Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
 While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
 Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
 And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no strength to meet,
 Nor power to flee : my present, future, past,
 My self, my sorrow, and my sin I cast
 In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet ;
 Then bent me to the storm, if such His will.
 He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, ' Peace, be still !

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
 That Thou to help and save art *really* near !
 How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,
 And all distress ? The cross is not removed ;
 I must go forth to bear it as before,
 But, leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed Thy Peace? I have not tried
To analyse my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim Thy Peace. But Thou hast died ;
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on Thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength ; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with Thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough ! And now
All fluttering thought is stilled ; I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am blest.



God's Message.

TO HIM THAT IS FAR OFF.

PEACE, peace !

To him that is far away.

Turn, O wanderer ! why wilt thou die,
 When the peace is made that shall bring thee nigh ?
 Listen, O rebel ! the heralds proclaim
 The King's own peace through a Saviour's name ;
 Then yield thee to-day.

Peace, peace !

The word of the Lord to thee.

Peace, for thy passion and restless pride,
 For thy endless cravings all unsupplied,
 Peace for thy weary and sin-worn breast ;
 He knows the need who has promised rest,
 And the gift is free.

Peace, peace !

Through Him who for all hath died !

Wider the terms than thy deepest guilt,
 Or in vain were the blood of our Surety spilt :
 Even because thou art far away,
 To thee is the message of peace to-day,
 Peace through the Crucified.



God's Message.

AND TO HIM THAT IS NEAR.

PEACE, peace !

Yea, peace to him that is near.
The crown is set on the Victor's brow,
For thy warfare is accomplished now ;
And for thee eternal peace is made
By the Lord on whom thy sins were laid :
Then why shouldst thou fear ?

Peace, peace !

Wrought by the Spirit of Might.
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,
It is thine, beloved ! Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest ;
It is now thy right.

Peace, peace !

Look for its bright increase,
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear ;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work shall never fail,
And ' He is our Peace.'





'A Great Mystery.'

THERE is a hush in earth and sky,
 The ear is free to list aright
 In darkness, veiling from the eye
 The many-coloured spells of light.

Not heralded by fire and storm,
 In shadowy outline dimly seen,
 Comes through the gloom a glorious Form,
 The once despised Nazarene.

Through waiting silence, voiceless shade,
 A still, small Voice so clearly floats,
 A listening lifetime were o'erpaid
 By one sweet echo of such notes.

'Fear not, beloved! thou art Mine,
 For I have given My life for thee;
 By name I call thee, rise and shine,
 Be praise and glory unto Me.

'In Me all spotless and complete,
 And in My comeliness most fair
 Art thou; to Me thy voice is sweet,
 Prevailing in thy feeblest prayer.

'Thy life is hid in God with Me,
I stoop to dwell within thy breast ;
My joy for ever thou shalt be,
And in My love for thee I rest.

' O Prince's daughter, whom I see
In bridal garments, pure as light,
Betrothed for ever unto Me,
On thee My own new name I write.'

Lo ! 'neath the stars' uncertain ray
In flowing mantle glistening fair,
One, lowly bending, turns away
From that sweet voice in cold despair.

Is it Humility, who sees
Herself unworthy of such grace,
Who dares not hope her Lord to please,
Who dares not look upon His face ?

Nay, where that mantle fleeting gleams,
'Tis Unbelief who turns aside,
Who rather rests in self-spun dreams,
Than trust the love of Him who died.

Faith casts away the fair disguise,
She will not doubt her Master's voice,
And droop when He hath bid her rise,
Or mourn when He hath said, ' Rejoice !'

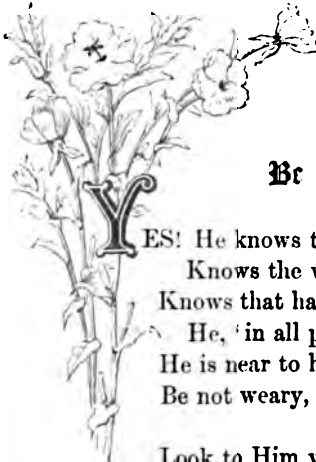
Her stained and soiled robes she leaves,
And Christ's own shining raiment takes ;
What His love gives, her love receives,
And meek and trustful answer makes :



'Behold the handmaid of the Lord !
 Thou callest, and I come to Thee ·
 According to Thy faithful word,
 O Master, be it unto me !

'Thy love I cannot comprehend,
 I only know Thy word is true,
 And that Thou lovest to the end
 Each whom to Thee the Father drew.

'Oh ! take the heart I could not give
 Without Thy strength-bestowing call ;
 In Thee, and for Thee, let me live,
 For I am nothing, Thou art all.'



Be not Weary.

YES! He knows the way is dreary,
 Knows the weakness of our frame,
 Knows that hand and heart are weary ;
 He, 'in all points,' felt the same.
 He is near to help and bless ;
 Be not weary, onward press.

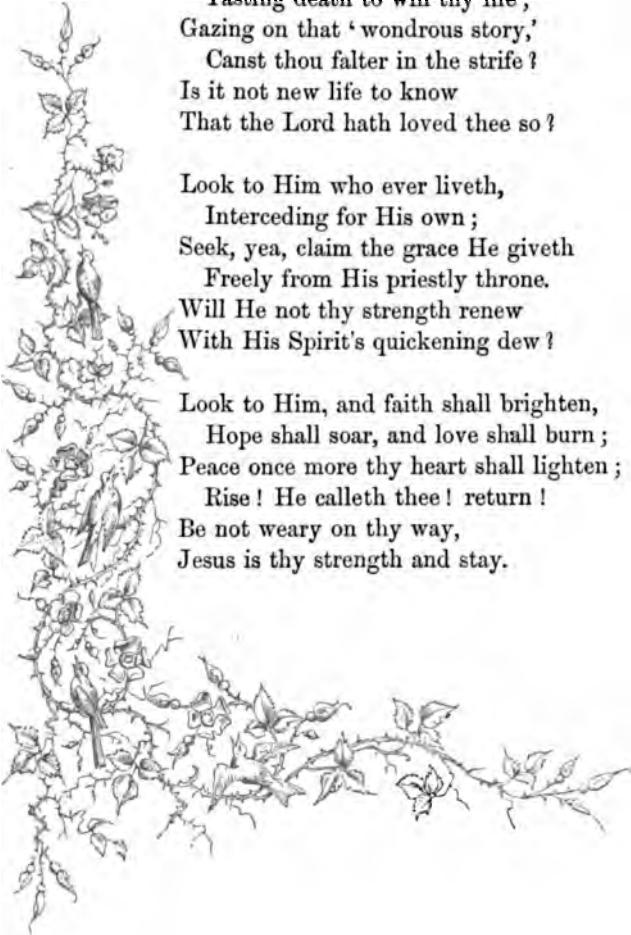
Look to Him who once was willing
 All His glory to resign,
 That, for thee the law fulfilling,
 All His merit might be thine.

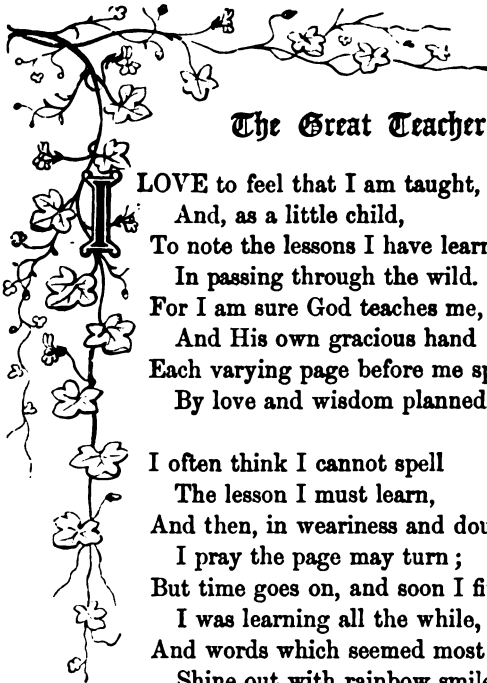
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life ;
Gazing on that ' wondrous story,'
Canst thou falter in the strife ?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so ?

Look to Him who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own ;
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew ?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn ;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten ;
Rise ! He calleth thee ! return !
Be not weary on thy way,
Jesus is thy strength and stay.





The Great Teacher.

LOVE to feel that I am taught,
 And, as a little child,
 To note the lessons I have learnt
 In passing through the wild.
 For I am sure God teaches me,
 And His own gracious hand
 Each varying page before me spreads,
 By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell
 The lesson I must learn,
 And then, in weariness and doubt,
 I pray the page may turn ;
 But time goes on, and soon I find
 I was learning all the while,
 And words which seemed most dimly traced
 Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,
 And, learning o'er and o'er
 A lesson all with tear-drops wet,
 Which I had learnt before,
 He chides me not, but waits awhile,
 Then wipes my heavy eyes :
 Oh, what a Teacher is our God,
 So patient and so wise !

Dark silent hours of study fall,
And I can scarcely see ;
Then one beside me whispers low
What is so hard to me.
'Tis easier then ! I am so glad
I am not taught alone ;
It is such help to overhear
A lesson like my own.

Sometimes the Master gives to me
A strange new alphabet ;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
One whom He may commission me
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard and new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or, had I learnt it long before,
My toil is overpaid,
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear His voice,
And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it, and rejoice.
There is a music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key ;
There is a Presence with our souls,
We know that it is He.



His loving teaching cannot fail ;
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
When learning time is past.
Oh ! may we learn to love Him more,
By every opening page,
By every lesson He shall mark
With daily ripening age.

And then, to 'know as we are known
Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise.
O joy untold ! Yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be ;
The travail of His soul in us
Our Saviour-God shall see.



Rest.

'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.' - *St. Augustine.*

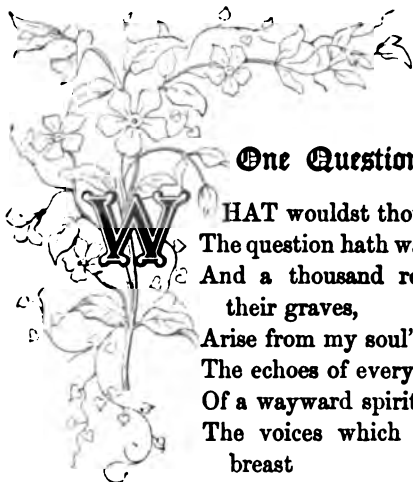
MADE for Thyself, O God !
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight ;
 Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;
 Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud ;
 O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
 A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away
 From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
 'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
 Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
 Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
 'This is not rest !'

Nor can the vain toil cease,
 Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
 One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
 To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
 In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled ;
 Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
 (Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
 'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
 We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet ;
 Then lean our love upon His loving breast,
 And know God's rest.






One Question, Many Answers.

'WHAT wouldst thou be?'
 The question hath wakened wild thoughts in me,
 And a thousand responses, like ghosts from
 their graves,
 Arise from my soul's unexplored deep caves,
 The echoes of every varying mood,
 Of a wayward spirit all unsubdued ;
 The voices which thrill through my inmost
 breast
 May tell me of gladness, but not of rest.
 What wouldst thou be ?
 'Tis well that the answer is not for me.

'What wouldst thou be ?'
 An eagle soaring rejoicingly.
 One who may rise on the lightning's wing,
 Till our wide, wide world seem a tiny thing ;
 Who may stand on the confines of boundless space.
 And the giant form of the universe trace,
 While its full grand harmonies swell around,
 And grasp it all with mind profound.
 Such would I be,
 Only stayed by infinity.

'What wouldst thou be ?'
 A bright incarnation of melody.
 One whose soul is a fairy lute,
 Waking such tones as bid all be mute,



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"LIKE A LAUGHING FLOWERET ON MOUNTAINS WILD."



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Breathing such notes as may silence woe,
Pouring such strains as make joy o'erflow,
Speaking in music the heart's deep emotion,
Soothing and sweet as the shell of the ocean.

Such would I be,
Like a fountain of music, all pure and free.

'What wouldst thou be?'

A living blossom of poesy.
A soul of mingled power and light,
Evoking images rare and bright,
Fair and pure as an angel's dream ;
Touching all with a heavenly gleam,
And royally claiming from poet-throne
Earth's treasure of beauty as all mine own.

Such would I be—
My childhood's dream in reality !

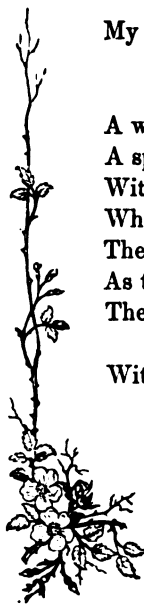
'What wouldst thou be?'

A wondrous magnet to all I see.
A spirit whose power may touch and bind
With unconscious influence every mind ;
Whose presence brings, like some fabled wand,
The love which a monarch may not command,
As the spring awakens from cold repose
The bloomless brier, the sweet wild rose.

Such would I be,
With the love of all to encircle me !

'What wouldst thou be?'

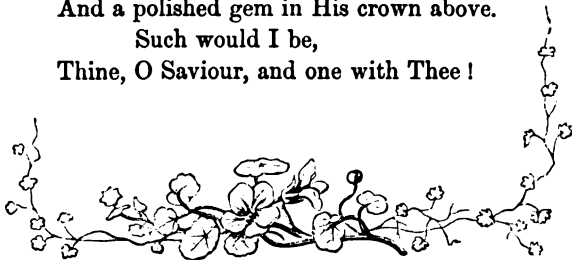
A wavelet just rising from life's wide sea.
I would I were once again a child,
Like a laughing floweret on mountains wild ;
In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,
The golden moments for sunbeams selling ;



Ever counting on bright to-morrows,
And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows.
Such would I be,
A sparkling cascade of untiring glee.

‘What wouldst thou be?’
A blessing to each one surrounding me;
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,
A nightingale song in the darkest night,
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul :
Such would I be.
Oh that such happiness were for me !

‘What wouldst thou be?’
With these alone were no rest for me.
I would be my Saviour’s loving child,
With a heart set free from its passions wild,
Rejoicing in Him and His own sweet ways ;
An echo of heaven’s unceasing praise,
A mirror here of His light and love,
And a polished gem in His crown above.
Such would I be,
Thine, O Saviour, and one with Thee !



Content.

“WHAT wouldst thou be?”

A wavelet just rising from life's wide sea.
I would I were once again a child,
Like a laughing floweret on mountains wild ;
In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,
The golden moments for sunbeams selling ;
Ever counting on bright to-morrows,
And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows :
 Such would I be,
A sparkling cascade of untiring glee.’

Not so, not so !

For longings change as the full years flow.
When I had but taken a step or two
From the fairy regions still in view ;
While their playful breezes fanned me still
At every pause on the steeper hill,
And the blossoms showered from every shoot,
Showered and fell, and yet no fruit,—
 It was grief and pain
That I never could be a child again.

Not so, not so !

Back to my life-dawn I would not go.
A little is lost, but more is won,
As the sterner work of the day is done.
We forget that the troubles of childish days
Were once gigantic in morning haze.
There is less of fancy, but more of truth,
For we lose the mists with the dew of youth ;
 And a rose is born
On many a spray which seemed only thorn.



Not so, not so !
 While the years of childhood glided slow,
 There was all to receive and nothing to give
 Is it not better for others to live ?
 And happier far than merriest games
 Is the joy of our new and nobler aims :
 Then fair fresh flowers, now lasting gems ;
 Then wreaths for a day, but now diadems,
 For ever to shine,
 Bright in the radiance of Love Divine.

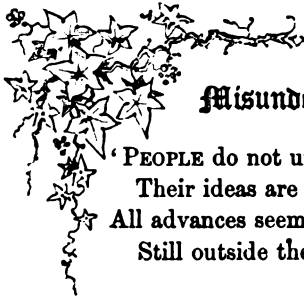
Not so, not so !
 I would not again be a child, I know !
 But were it not pleasant again to stand
 On the border-line of that fairy land,—
 Feeling so buoyant and blithe and strong,
 Fearing no slip as we bound along,
 Halting at will in the sunshine to bask,
 Deeming the journey an easy task,
 While Courage and Hope
 Smooth with 'Come, see, and conquer' each
 emerald slope ?

Not so, not so !
 Less leaping flame, but a deeper glow !
 There is more of sorrow, but more of joy,
 Less glittering ore, but less alloy ;
 There is more of pain, but more of balm,
 And less of pleasure, but more of calm ;
 Many a hope all spent and dead,
 But higher and brighter hopes instead ;
 Less risked, more won ;
 Less planned and dreamed, but perhaps more done.



Not so, not so !
Not in stature and learning alone we grow.
Though we no more look from year to year
For power of mind more strong and clear,
Though the table-land of life we tread
No widening view before us spread,
No sunlit summits to lure ambition,
But only the path of a daily mission,
We would not turn
Where the will-o'-the-wisps of our young dreams burn.

Then be it so !
For in better things we yet may grow.
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day ;
Nearer and nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear ;
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above !
Thus we look back,
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.



Misunderstood.

' PEOPLE do not understand me,
Their ideas are not like mine ;
All advances seem to land me
Still outside their guarded shrine.'

So you turn from simple joyance,
Losing many a mutual good,
Weary with the chill annoyance
So to be misunderstood.





Let me try to lift the curtain
 Hiding other hearts from view ;
 You complain, but are you certain
 That the fault is not with you ?

In the sunny summer hours,
 Sitting in your quiet room,
 Can you wonder if the flowers
 Breathe for you no sweet perfume ?

True, you see them bright and pearly
 With the jewelry of morn ;
 But their fragrance, fresh and early,
 Is not through your window borne.

You must go to them, and stooping,
 Cull the blossoms where they live ;
 On your bosom gently drooping,
 All their treasure they will give.

Who would guess what fragrance lingers
 In verbena's pale green show !
 Press the leaflet in your fingers,
 All its sweetness you will know.

Few the harps Æolian, sending
 Unsought music on the wind :
 Love and skill are ever blending,
 Music's full response to find.

'But my key-note,' are you thinking,
 'Will not modulate to theirs' ?
 Seek! and subtle chords enlinking,
 Soon shall blend the differing airs.

Fairly sought, some point of contact
 There must be with every mind ;

And, perchance, the closest compact
Where we least expect we find.

Perhaps the heart you meet so coldly
Burns with deepest lava-glow ;
Wisely pierce the crust, and boldly,
And a fervid stream shall flow.

Dialects of love are many,
Though the language be but one ;
Study all you can, or any,
While life's precious school-hours run.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,
All its treasure long concealed ?
One key fails, then try another,
Soon the rusty lock shall yield.

Few have not some hidden trial,
And could sympathize with thine ;
Do not take it as denial
That you see no outward sign.

Silence is no certain token
That no secret grief is there ;
Sorrow which is never spoken
Is the heaviest load to bear.

Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

'Twill not be a fruitless labour,
Overcome this ill with good ;
*Try to understand your neighbour,
And you will be understood.*





The Star Shower.

NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

H ! to raise a mighty shout,
 And bid the sleepers all come out !
 No dreamer's fancy, fair and high,
 Could image forth a grander sky.
 And oh for eyes of swifter power,
 To follow fast the starry shower !
 Oh for a sweep of vision clear,
 To grasp at once a hemisphere !

The solemn old chorale of Night,
 With fullest chords of awful might,
 Re-echoes still in stately march
 Throughout the glowing heavenly arch :
 But harmonies all new and rare
 Are intermingling everywhere,
 Fantastic, fitful, fresh, and free ;
 A sparkling wealth of melody,
 A carol of sublimest glee,
 Is bursting from the starry chorus,
 In dazzling exultation o'er us.

O wondrous sight ! so swift, so bright,
Like sudden thrills of strange delight ;
As if the stars were all at play,
And kept ecstatic holiday ;
As if it were a jubilee
Of glad millenniums fully told,
Or universal sympathy
With some new-dawning age of gold.

Flashing from the lordly lion,
Flaming under bright Procyon ;
From the farthest east up-ranging,
Past the blessed orb¹ unchanging ;
Ursa's brilliance far out-gleaming,
From the very zenith streaming ;
Rushing, as in joy delirious,
To the pure white ray of Sirius ;
Past Orion's belted splendour,
Past Capella, clear and tender ;
Lightening dusky Polar regions,
Brightening pale encircling legions ;
Lines of fiery glitter tracing,
Parting, meeting, interlacing ;
Paling every constellation
With their radiant revelation !
All we heard of meteor glory
Is a true and sober story ;
Who will not for life remember
This night grandeur of November ?



¹ 'That admirable Polar Star, which is a blessing to astronomers.'
Professor Airy's 'Popular Lectures on Astronomy.'

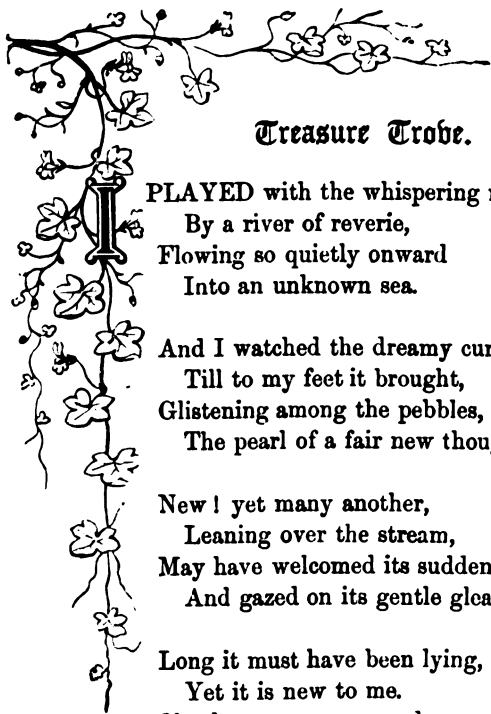
'Tis over now, the once-seen, dream-like sight !
With gradual hand the clear and breezy dawn
Hath o'er the marvels of the meteor night
A veil of light impenetrable drawn.
And earth is sweeping on through starless space,
Nor may we once look back, the shining field to trace.

Ere next the glittering stranger-throng we meet,
How many a star of life will seek the west !
Our century's dying pulse will faintly beat,
The toilers of to-day will be at rest ;
And little ones, who now but laugh and play,
Will weary in the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, is there nothing beautiful and glad
But bears a message of decay and change ?
So be it ! Though we call it stern and sad,
Viewed by the torch of Love it is not strange.
'Tis mercy that in Nature's every strain
Deep warning tones peal out, in solemn, sweet refrain.

And have not all created things a voice
For those who listen further,—whispers low
To bid the children of the light rejoice
In burning hopes they yet but dimly know ?
What will it be, all earthly darkness o'er,
To shine as stars of God for ever—evermore !





Treasure Trove.

PLAYED with the whispering rushes
By a river of reverie,
Flowing so quietly onward
Into an unknown sea.

And I watched the dreamy current,
Till to my feet it brought,
Glistening among the pebbles,
The pearl of a fair new thought.

New! yet many another,
Leaning over the stream,
May have welcomed its sudden shining.
And gazed on its gentle gleam.

Long it must have been lying,
Yet it is new to me.
Oh, the treasures around us,
If we could only see!

I have broken the smooth dark water
Into ripples and circles bright,
Lifting my pearl from the pebbles,
Bearing away its light.

I am so glad to have found it !
 I shall treasure it safely awhile,
 It will brighten the niche that is darkest
 In my spirit's loneliest aisle.

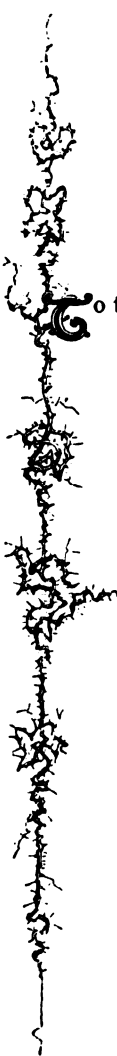
And then, it may be, a dear one
 Will wear it a long, long time,
 Fastened firm on her bosom,
 In a setting of silver rhyme.



Coming Summer.

WHAT will the summer bring ?
 Sunshine and flowers,
 Brightness and melody,
 Golden-voiced hours ;
 Rose-gleaming mornings
 Vocal with praise ;
 Crimson-flushed evenings,
 Nightingale lays.

What may the summer bring ?
 Gladness and mirth,
 Laughter and song,
 For the children of earth ;
 Smiles for the old man,
 Joy for the strong,
 Glee for the little ones
 All the day long.



What will the summer bring
Coolness and shade,
Eloquent stillness
In thicket and glade ;
Whispering breezes,
Fragrance oppressed ;
Lingering twilight,
Soothing to rest.

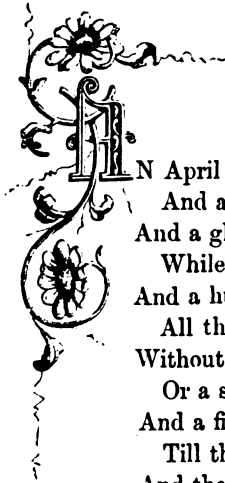
What may the summer bring ?
Freshness and calm,
To the care-worn and troubled,
Beauty and balm.
O toil-weary spirit,
Rest thee anew,
For the heat of the world-race
Summer hath dew !

What will the summer bring ?
Sultry noon hours,
Lurid horizons,
Frowning cloud-towers ;
Loud-crashing thunders,
Tempest and hail,
Death-bearing lightnings,
It brings without fail.

What may the summer bring ?
Dimness and woe,
Blackness of sorrow
Its bright days may know ;
Flowers may be wormwood,
Verdure a pall,
The shadow of death
On the fairest may fall.

Is it not ever so ?
 Where shall we find
 Light that may cast
 No shadow behind ?
 Calm that no tempest
 May darkly await ?
 Joy that no sorrow
 May swiftly abate ?

Will the story of summer
 Be written in light,
 Or traced in the darkness
 Of storm-cloud and night ?
 We know not—we would not know
 Why should we quail ?
 Summer, we welcome thee !
 Summer, all hail !



September 1868.

MIN April burst of beauty,
 And a May like the Mays of old,
 And a glow of summer gladness
 While June her long days told ;
 And a hush of golden silence
 All through the bright July,
 Without one peal of thunder,
 Or a storm-wreath in the sky ;
 And a fiery reign of August,
 Till the moon was on the wane ;
 And then short clouded evenings,
 And a long and chilling rain.

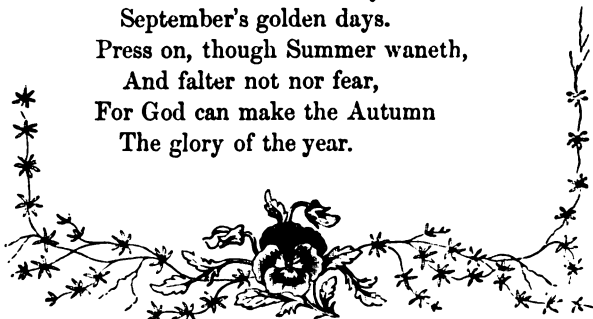
I thought the Summer was over,
And the whole year's glory spent,
And that nothing but fog and drizzle
Could be for Autumn meant ;—
Nothing but dead leaves, falling
Wet on the dark, damp mould,
Less and less of the sunshine,
More and more of the cold.

But oh ! the golden day-time ;
And oh ! the silver nights ;
And the scarlet touch on the fir trunks
Of the calm, grand sunset lights ;
And the morning's bright revealings,
Lifting the pearly mist,
Like a bridal veil, from the valley
That the sun hath claimed and kissed ;
And oh ! the noontide shadows
Longer and longer now,
On the river margin resting,
Like the tress on a thoughtful brow.
Rich fruitage bends the branches
With amber, and rose, and gold,
O'er the purple and crimson asters,
And geraniums gay and bold.
The day is warm and glowing,
But the night is cool and sweet,
And we fear no smiting arrows
Of fierce and fatal heat.
The leaves are only dropping,
Like flakes of a sunset cloud,
And the robin's song is clearer
Than Spring's own minstrel-crowd ;
A soft new robe of greenness
Decks every sunny mead,



And we own that bright September
Is beautiful indeed.

Is thy life-summer passing ?
Think not thy joys are o'er !
Thou hast not seen what Autumn
For thee may have in store.
Calmer than breezy April,
Cooler than August blaze,
The fairest time of all may be
September's golden days.
Press on, though Summer waneth,
And falter not nor fear,
For God can make the Autumn
The glory of the year.



Early Faith.

WHOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving Faith can bring,
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph wing ?
It is not oftenest they who long have wrestled with temptation,
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation.

Perhaps, in life's great tapestry, the darkest scenes are where
The golden threads of Faith glance forth most radiant and fair ;
And gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs may
bring,
We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lustre fling.

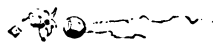
Thank God ! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,
A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,
An ivy-wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,
A staff for weary, trembling ones, when youth and health are
past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusky mine,
When 'mid the sunny sands of youth they wait to flash and
shine ?
Neglect the fountain of Christ's joy till woe-streams darkly flow,
Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold frown we
know ?

Nay ! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled brow,
The sparkling dewdrop on the grass, the blossom on the
bough ;
The gleam of pearly light within the snowy-bosomed shell,
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh, let it be the sunlight of the pleasant summer hours,
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant
flowers ;
That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-murmuring tree,
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-crested sea !

Oh, let it be the key-note of the symphony of gladness,
Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem of sadness :
For they who melodies of heaven in hours of brightness
know,
Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's discordant woe.





Our Father.

H that I loved the Father
 With depth of conscious love,
 As stedfast, bright, and burning
 As seraphim above !
 But how can I be deeming
 Myself a loving child,
 When here, and there, and everywhere,
 My thoughts are wandering wild ?

' It is my chief desire
 To know Him more and more,
 To follow Him more fully
 Than I have done before :
 My eyes are dim with longing
 To see the Lord above ;
 But oh ! I fear, from year to year,
 I do not truly love.

' For when I try to follow
 The mazes of my soul,
 I find no settled fire of love
 Illumining the whole ;
 'Tis all uncertain twilight,
 No clear and vivid glow :
 Would I could bring to God my King
 The perfect love I owe ! '

The gift is great and holy,
 'Twill not be sought in vain ;
But look up for a moment
 From present doubt and pain,
And calmly tell me how you love
 The dearest ones below.
'This love,' say you, 'is deep and true !'
 But tell me how you know.

How do you love your father ?
 ' Oh, in a thousand ways !
I think there's no one like him,
 So worthy of my praise.
I tell him all my troubles,
 And ask him what to do :
I know that he will give to me
 His counsel kind and true.

' Then every little service
 Of hand, or pen, or voice,
Becomes, if he has asked it,
 The service of my choice.
And from my own desires
 'Tis not so hard to part,
If once I know I follow so
 His wiser will and heart.

' I know the flush of pleasure
 That o'er my spirit came,
When, far from home with strangers,
 They caught my father's name ;
And for his sake the greeting
 Was mutual and sweet,
For if they knew my father too,
 How glad we were to meet !



‘ And when I heard them praising
 His music and his skill,
 His words of holy teaching,
 Life-preaching holier still,
 How eagerly I listened
 To every word that fell !
 ’Twas joy to hear that name so dear
 Both known and loved so well.

‘ Once I was ill and suffering
 Upon a foreign shore,
 And longed to see my father
 As I never longed before.
 He came : his arm around me ;
 I leant upon his breast ;
 I did not long to feel more strong,
 So sweet that childlike rest.

‘ The thought of home is pleasant,
 Yet I should hardly care
 To leave my present fair abode,
 Unless I knew him there.
 All other love and pleasure
 Can never crown the place ;
 A home to me it cannot be
 Without my father’s face.’

This is no fancy drawing,
 But every line is true,
 And you have traced as strong a love
 As ever daughter knew.
 But though its fond expression
 Is rather lived than told,
 You do not say from day to day,
 ‘ I fear my love is cold !’



You do not think about it ;
'Tis never in your thought—
' I wonder if I love him
As deeply as I ought !
I know his approbation
Outweighs all other meed,
That his employ is always joy,
But do I love indeed ?'

Now let your own words teach you
The higher, holier claim
Of Him who condescends to bear
A Father's gracious name.
No mystic inspiration,
No throbbings forced and wild
He asks, but just the loving trust
Of a glad and grateful child.

The rare and precious moments
Of realizing thrill
Are but love's blissful blossom,
To brighten, not to fill
The storehouse and the garner
With ripe and pleasant fruit ;
And not alone by these is shown
The true and holy root.

What if your own dear father
Were summoned to his rest !
One lives, by whom that bitterest grief
Could well be soothed and blessed.
Like balm upon your sharpest woe
His still small voice would fall ;
His touch would heal, you could not feel
That you had lost your all.



But what if He, the Lord of life,
 Could ever pass away !
 What if His name were blotted out,
 And you could know to-day
 There was no heavenly Father,
 No Saviour dear and true,
 No throne of grace, no resting-place,
 No living God for you !

We need not dwell in horror
 On what can never be,
 Such endless desolation,
 Such undreamt misery.
 Our reason could not bear it,
 And all the love of earth,
 In fullest bliss, compared with this,
 Were nothing, nothing worth.

Then bring your poor affection,
 And try it by this test ;
 The hidden depth is fathomed,
 You see you love Him best !
 'Tis but a feeble echo
 Of His great love to you,
 Yet in His ear each note is dear,
 Its harmony is true.

It is an uncut jewel,
 All earth-encrusted now,
 But He will make it glorious,
 And set it on His brow :
 'Tis but a tiny glimmer,
 Lit from the light above,
 But it shall blaze through endless days,
 A star of perfect love.



Disappointment.

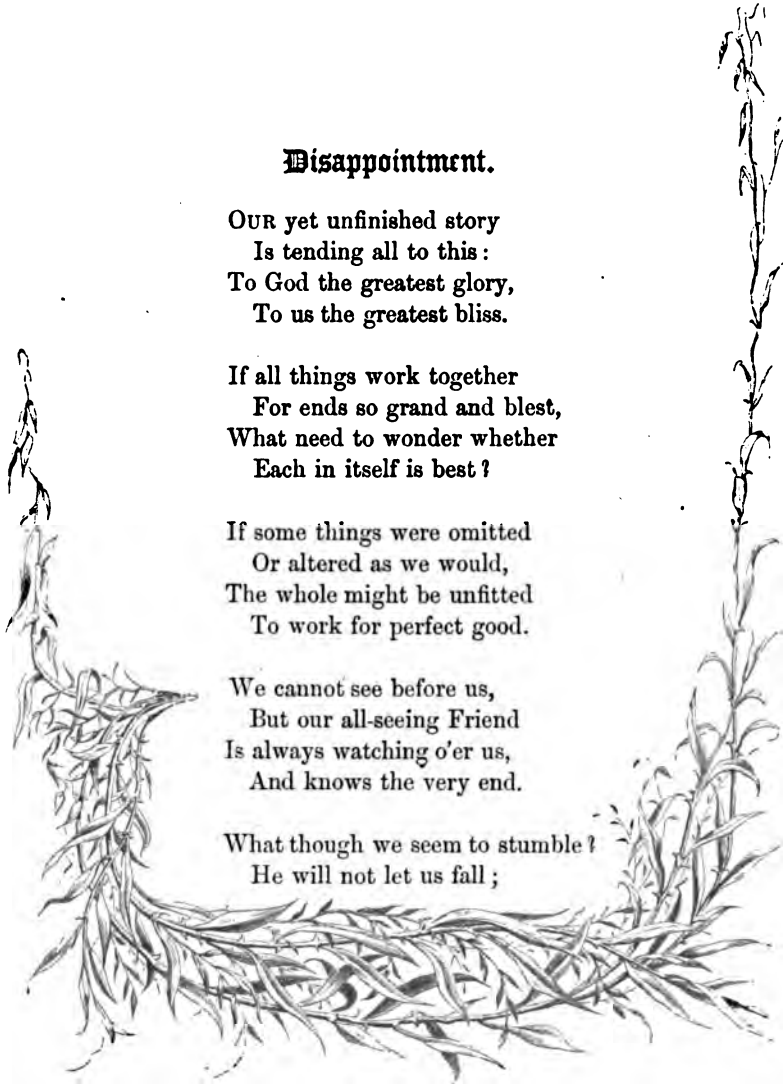
OUR yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this :
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together
For ends so grand and blest,
What need to wonder whether
Each in itself is best ?

If some things were omitted
Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
To work for perfect good.

We cannot see before us,
But our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble ?
He will not let us fall ;



And learning to be humble
Is not lost time at all.

And when amid our blindness
His disappointments fall,
We trust His loving-kindness
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes
That hide His glorious feet ;
They are the fire-wrought hinges
Where truth and mercy meet :

By them the golden portal
Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
The songs of faith and hope.

From broken alabaster
Was deathless fragrance shed,
The spikenard flowed the faster
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odours yet.

The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolveth
In richest harmony.

We hush our children's laughter
When sunset hues grow pale ;



Then, in the silence after,
They hear the nightingale.

We mourned the lamp declining,
That glimmered at our side ;—
The glorious starlight shining
Has proved a surer guide.

Then tremble not and shrink not
When Disappointment nears ;
Be trustful still, and think not
To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling,
We shall behold her rise,
Our Father's love revealing,
An angel in disguise.





'YOU bear the chalice.' Is it so, my friend ?
Have I indeed a chalice of sweet song,
With underflow of harmony made strong,
New calm of strength through throbbing veins to send ?
I did not form or fill,—I do but spend
That which the Master poured into my soul,
His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,
That service so with praise might meekly blend.
May He who taught the morning stars to sing,
Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,
And grant me so with loving hand to bring
Refreshment to His weary ones,—to meet
Their thirst with water from God's music-spring ;
And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.



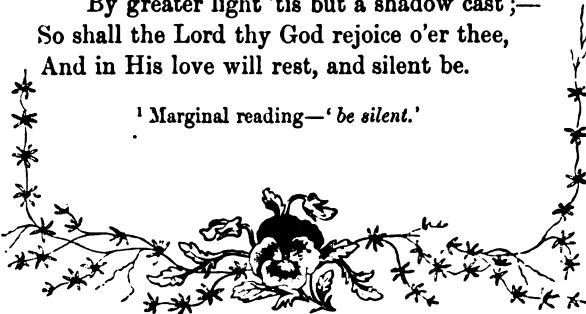


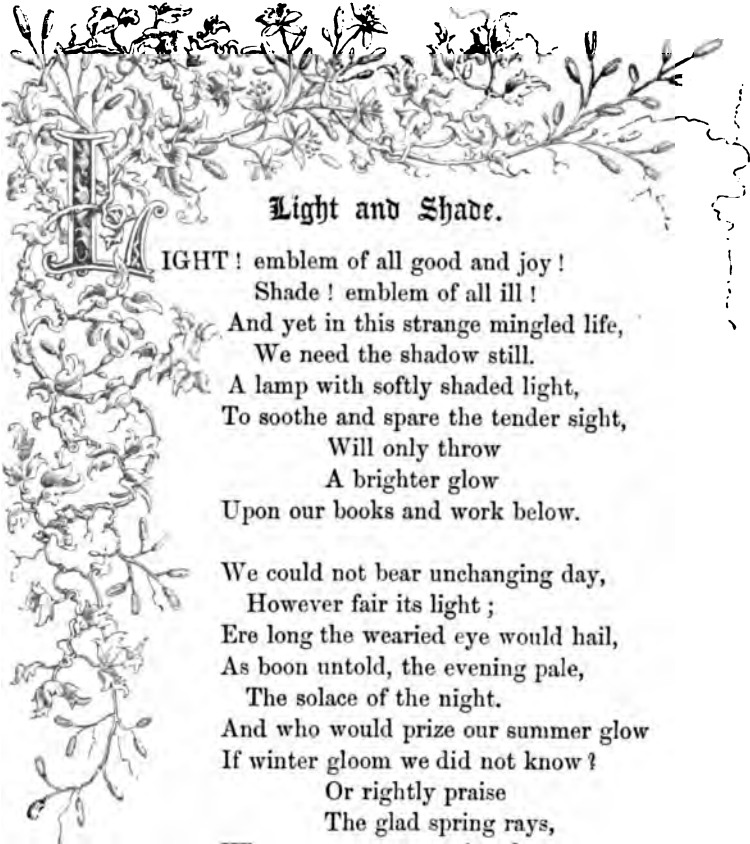
Silent in Love.

'HE WILL REST¹ IN HIS LOVE.'

LOVE culminates in bliss when it doth reach
A white, unflickering, fear-consuming glow ;
And, knowing it is known as it doth know
Needs no assuring word or soothing speech.
It craves but silent nearness, so to rest,
No sound, no movement, love not heard but felt,
Longer and longer still, till time should melt
A snowflake on the eternal ocean's breast.
Have moments of this silence starred thy past,
Made memory a glory-haunted place,
Taught all the joy that mortal ken can trace ?
By greater light 'tis but a shadow cast ;—
So shall the Lord thy God rejoice o'er thee,
And in His love will rest, and silent be.

¹ Marginal reading—' *be silent.*'





Light and Shade.

LIGHT ! emblem of all good and joy !

Shade ! emblem of all ill !

And yet in this strange mingled life,
We need the shadow still.

A lamp with softly shaded light,
To soothe and spare the tender sight,
Will only throw
A brighter glow
Upon our books and work below.

We could not bear unchanging day,
However fair its light ;

Ere long the wearied eye would hail,
As boon untold, the evening pale,
The solace of the night.

And who would prize our summer glow
If winter gloom we did not know ?

Or rightly praise
The glad spring rays,
Who never saw our rainy days ?

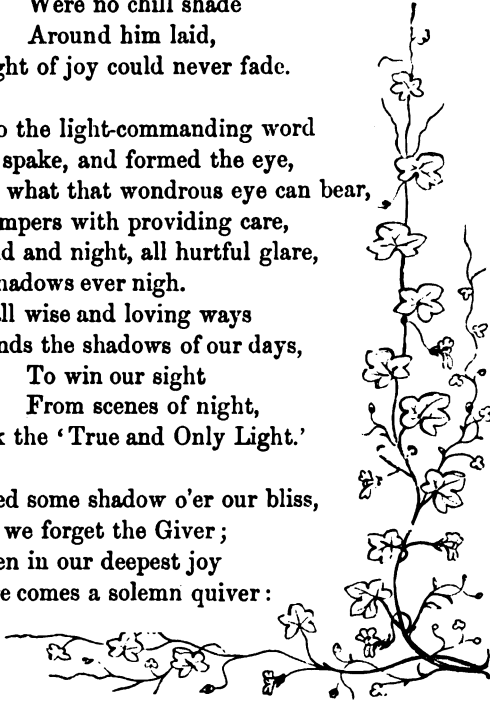
How grateful in Arabian plain
Of white and sparkling sand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Across the weary land !

And where the tropic glories rise,
Responsive to the fiery skies,
 We could not dare
 To meet the glare,
Or blindness were our bitter share.

Where is the soul so meek and pure,
Who through his earthly days
Life's fullest sunshine could endure,
 In clear and cloudless blaze !
The sympathetic eye would dim,
And others pine unmarked by him,
 Were no chill shade
 Around him laid,
And light of joy could never fade.

He who the light-commanding word
 Erst spake, and formed the eye,
Knows what that wondrous eye can bear,
And tempers with providing care,
By cloud and night, all hurtful glare,
 By shadows ever nigh.
So in all wise and loving ways
He blends the shadows of our days,
 To win our sight
 From scenes of night,
To seek the 'True and Only Light.'

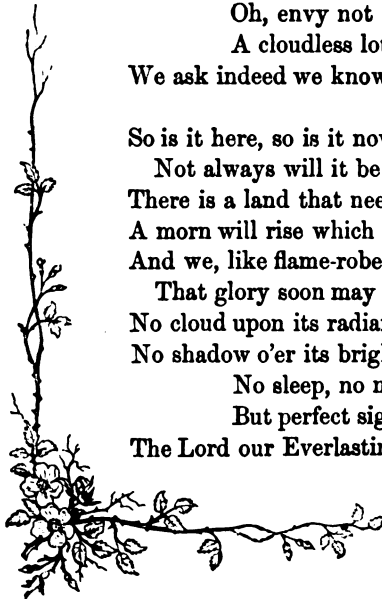
We need some shadow o'er our bliss,
 Lest we forget the Giver ;
So, often in our deepest joy
 There comes a solemn quiver :




We could not tell from whence it came,
 The subtle cause we cannot name ;
 Its twilight fall
 May well recall
 Calm thought of Him who gave us all.

There are who all undazzled tread
 Awhile the sunniest plain ;
 But they have sought the blessed shade
 By one great Rock of Ages made,
 A sure, safe rest to gain.
 Unshaded light of earth soon blinds
 To light of heaven sincerest minds :
 Oh, envy not
 A cloudless lot !
 We ask indeed we know not what.

So is it here, so is it now !
 Not always will it be !
 There is a land that needs no shade,
 A morn will rise which cannot fade ;
 And we, like flame-robed angels made,
 That glory soon may see.
 No cloud upon its radiant joy,
 No shadow o'er its bright employ,
 No sleep, no night,
 But perfect sight,
 The Lord our Everlasting Light !





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"THERE IS NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

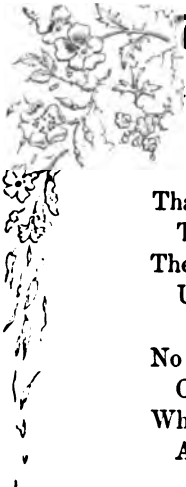


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No Thorn without a Rose.




THERE is no rose without a thorn !'
Who has not found this true,
And known that griefs, of gladness born,
Our footsteps still pursue ?

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise ;
The brightest bow we only trace
Upon the darkest skies ?

No thornless rose ! So, more and more,
Our pleasant hopes are laid
Where waves this sable legend o'er
A still, sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love, with angel-might,
Break up life's dismal tomb,
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose ;
Their happy song floats full and long,
'No thorn without a rose !'



‘ No shadow, but its sister light
 Not far away must burn !
 No weary night, but morning bright
 Shall follow in its turn.

‘ No chilly snow, but safe below
 A million buds are sleeping ;
 No wintry days, but fair spring rays
 Are swiftly onward sweeping.

‘ With fiercest glare of summer air
 Comes fullest leafy shade ;
 And ruddy fruit bends every shoot
 Because the blossoms fade.

‘ No note of sorrow, but shall melt
 In sweetest chord unguessed ;
 No labour all too pressing felt,
 But ends in quiet rest.

‘ No sigh, but from the harps above
 Soft echoing tones shall win ;
 No heart-wound, but the Lord of Love
 Shall pour His comfort in.

‘ No withered hope, while loving best
 Thy Father’s chosen way ;
 No anxious care, for He will bear
 Thy burdens every day.

‘ Thy claim to rest on Jesu’s breast
 All weariness shall be,
 And pain thy portal to His heart
 Of boundless sympathy.



' No conflict, but the King's own hand
Shall end the glorious strife ;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life.'

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love !
Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above,
Till we have learnt our parts ;

Until we see your alchemy
On all that years disclose,
And, taught by you, still find it true,
'No thorn without a rose !'



Christ's Recall.

RETURN !

O wanderer from my side !
Soon droops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return ! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread, in this accepted day.

Return !

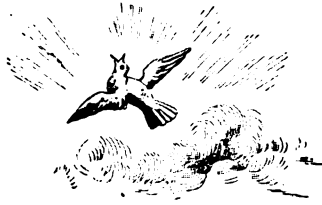
O erring, yet beloved !
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been ;
I wait to give thee pardon, love, and rest ;
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest ?
Return ! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

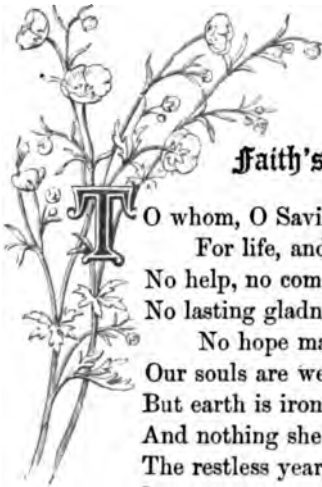
Return !

O fallen, yet not lost !
Canst thou forget the Life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown ?
When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy wakening heart within thee burn !
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return ?

Return !

O chosen of My love !
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view ,
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal ;
Now I have seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return ! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me ?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed thee.





Faith's Question.

TO whom, O Saviour, shall we go
For life, and joy, and light ?
No help, no comfort from below,
No lasting gladness we may know,
No hope may bless our sight.
Our souls are weary and athirst,
But earth is iron-bound and cursed,
And nothing she may yield can stay
The restless yearnings day by day ;
Yet, without Thee, Redeemer blest,
We would not, if we could, find rest.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
We gaze around in vain.
Though pleasure's fairy lute be strung,
And mirth's enchaining lay be sung,
We dare not trust the strain.
The touch of sorrow or of sin
Hath saddened all, without, within ;
What here we fondly love and prize,
However beauteous be its guise,
Has passed, is passing, or may pass,
Like frost-fringe on the autumn grass.



To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
Our spirits dimly wait,
Imprisoned in our mortal frame,
And only one of direful name
Can force its sin-barred gate.
Our loved ones can but greet us through
The dungeon grate, from which we view
All outward things. They enter not :
Thou, Thou alone canst cheer our lot.
O Christ, we long for Thee to dwell
Within our solitary cell !

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
Unless Thy voice we hear,
All tuneless falls the sweetest song,
And lonely seems the busiest throng
Unless we feel Thee near.
We dare not think what earth would be,
Thou Heaven-Creator, but for Thee ;
A howling chaos, wild and dark—
One flood of horror, while no ark,
Upborne above the gloom-piled wave,
From one great death-abyss might save.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
The Tempter's power is great ;
E'en in our hearts is evil bound,
And, lurking stealthily around,
Still for our souls doth wait.
Thou tempted One, whose suffering heart
In all our sorrows bore a part,
Whose life-blood only could atone,
Too weak are we to stand alone ;
And nothing but Thy shield of light
Can guard us in the dreaded fight.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
The night of death draws near ;
Its shadow must be passed alone,
No friend can with our souls go down,
The untried way to cheer.
Thou hast the words of endless life ;
Thou givest victory in the strife ;
Thou only art the changeless Friend,
On whom for aye we may depend :
In life, in death, alike we flee,
O Saviour of the world, to THEE.



**'I did this for thee! What hast thou done
for Me?'**

*(Motto placed under a Picture of our Saviour in the study of
a German divine.)*



GAVE My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead.	Gal. ii. 20. 1 Pet. i. 19. Eph. i. 7. Eph. ii. 1.
I gave My life for thee; What hast thou given for Me?	Tit. ii. 14. John xxi. 15-17.
I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe, That an eternity Of joy thou mightest know.	1 Tim. i. 15. Isa. liii. 3. John xvii. 24. John xvi. 22.
I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for Me?	John i. 10, 11. 1 Pet. iv. 2.
My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left, for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone.	John xvii. 5. Rev. iv. 3. Phil. ii. 7. Matt. vii. 20.
I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for Me?	2 Cor. viii. 9. Luke x. 29.

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue may tell.
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee ;
What canst thou bear for Me ?

Isa. liii. 5.
Matt. xxvi. 39.
Luke xxi. 44.
Rom. v. 9.
1 Pet. ii. 21-24.
Rom. viii. 17, 18.

And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee ;
What hast thou brought to Me ?

John iv. 10, 14.
John iii. 13.
Rev. xxi. 6.
Acts v. 31.
Ps. lxxviii. 18.
Rom. xii. 1.

Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave Myself for thee :
Give thou thyself to Me !

Rom. vi. 13.
2 Cor. v. 15.
Phil. iii. 8.
1 Pet. iv. 13-16.
Eph. v. 2.
Prov. xxiii. 26.



Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

THINE eyes shall see ! Yes, thine, who, blind erewhile,
 Now trembling towards the new-found light dost flee ;
 Leave doubting, and look up with trustful smile—
 Thine eyes shall see !

Thine *eyes* shall see ! Not in some dream Elysian,
 Not in thy fancy, glowing though it be,
 Not e'en in faith, but in unveiled vision,
 Thine *eyes* shall see !

Thine eyes *shall* see ! Not on thyself depend
 God's promises, the faithful, firm, and free ;
 Ere they shall fail, earth, heaven itself, must end :
 Thine eyes *shall* see !

Thine eyes shall *see* ! Not in a swift glance cast,
 Gleaning one ray to brighten memory,
 But while a glad eternity shall last,
 Thine eyes shall *see* !

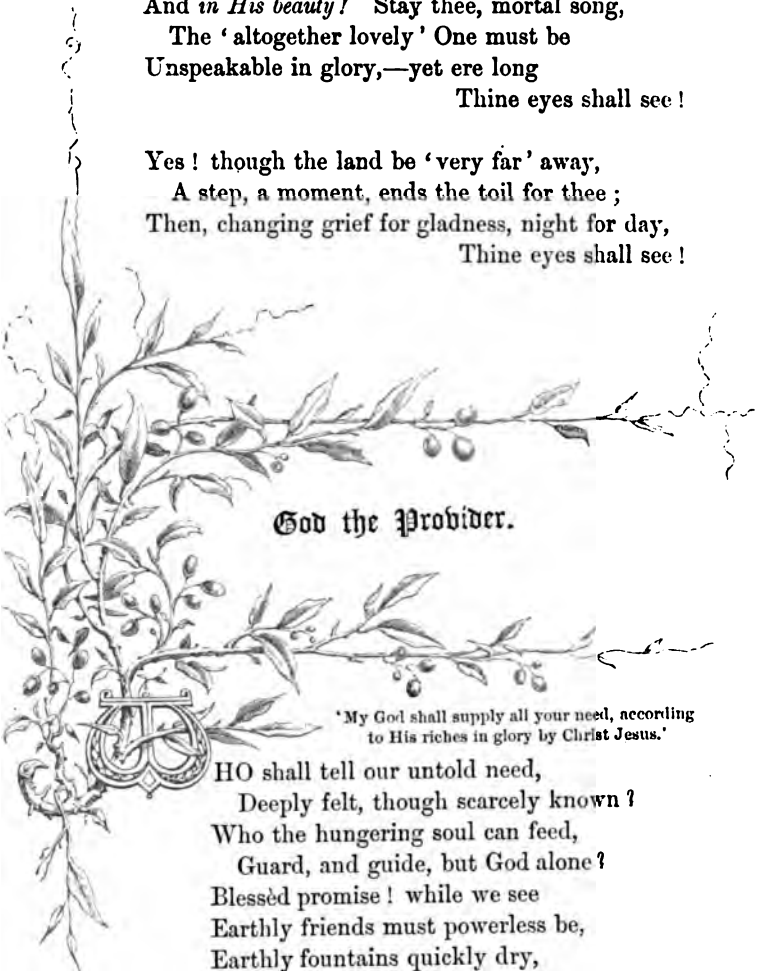
Thine eyes shall see *the* King ! the very same
 Whose love shone forth upon the curseful tree,
 Who bore thy guilt, who calleth thee by name ;
 Thine eyes shall see !

Thine eyes shall see the *King* ! the mighty One,
 The Many-crowned, the Light-enrobed ; and He
 Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won :
 Thine eyes shall see !



And in His beauty! Stay thee, mortal song,
The 'altogether lovely' One must be
Unspeakable in glory,—yet ere long
Thine eyes shall see!

Yes! though the land be 'very far' away,
A step, a moment, ends the toil for thee;
Then, changing grief for gladness, night for day,
Thine eyes shall see!



God the Provider.

'My God shall supply all your need, according
to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'

HO shall tell our untold need,
Deeply felt, though scarcely known?
Who the hungering soul can feed,
Guard, and guide, but God alone?
Blessèd promise! while we see
Earthly friends must powerless be,
Earthly fountains quickly dry,
'God' shall all your need supply.

He hath said it! so we know
Nothing less can we receive.

Oh that thankful love may glow
 While we restfully believe,—
 Ask not how, but trust Him still ;
 Ask not when, but wait His will :
 Simply on His word rely,
 God '*shall*' all your need supply.

Through the whole of life's long way,
 Outward, inward need we trace ;
 Need arising day by day,
 Patience, wisdom, strength, and grace.
 Needing Jesus most of all,
 Full of need, on Him we call ;
 Then how gracious His reply,
 God shall '*all*' your need supply !

Great our need, but greater far
 Is our Father's loving power ;
 He upholds each mighty star,
 He unfolds each tiny flower.
 He who numbers every hair,
 Earnest of His faithful care,
 Gave His Son for us to die :
 God shall all '*your*' need supply.



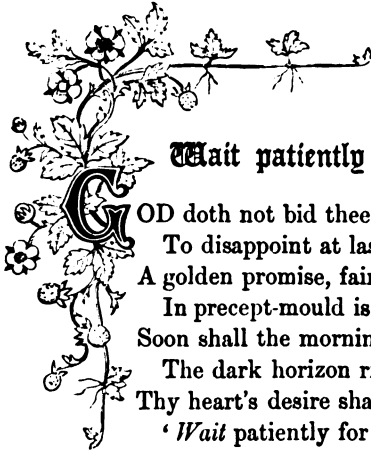
Yet we often vainly plead
 For a fancied good denied,
 What we deemed a pressing need
 Still remaining unsupplied.
 Yet from dangers all concealed,
 Thus our wisest Friend doth shield ;
 No *good* thing will He deny,
 God shall all your '*need*' supply.

Can we count redemption's treasure,
Scan the glory of God's love ?
Such shall be the boundless measure
Of His blessings from above.
All we ask or think, and more,
He will give in bounteous store ;
He can fill and satisfy,
God shall all your need '*supply.*'¹

One the channel, deep and broad,
From the Fountain of the Throne,
Christ the Saviour, Son of God,
Blessings flow through Him alone.
He, the Faithful and the True,
Brings us mercies ever new :
Till we reach His home on high,
'*God shall all your need supply.*'

¹ The Greek word is much stronger than the English,—*πληρώσει*—'will supply to the full,' 'fill up,' 'satisfy.'





Wait patiently for Him.

GOD doth not bid thee wait
 To disappoint at last ;
 A golden promise, fair and great,
 In precept-mould is cast.
 Soon shall the morning gild
 The dark horizon rim,
 Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled—
 'Wait patiently for him.'

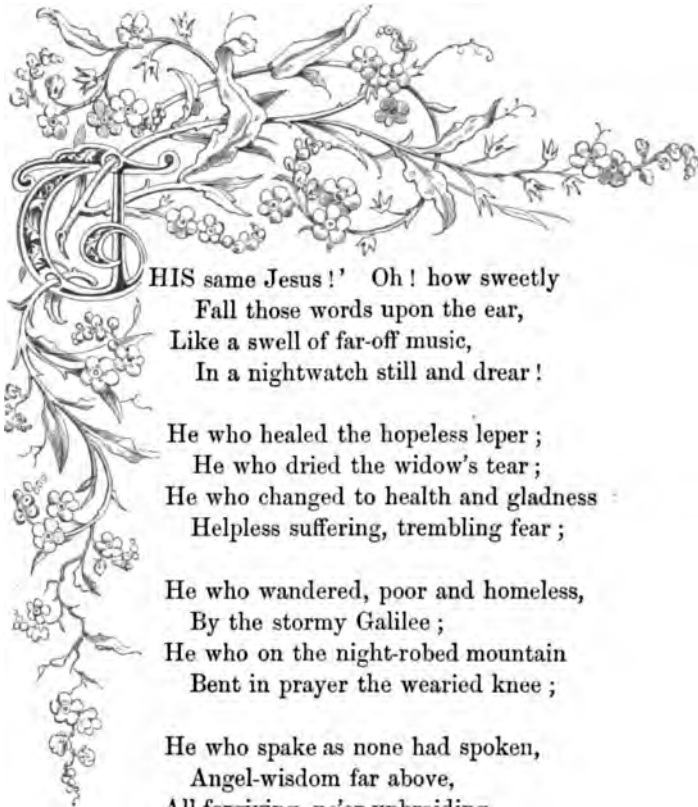
The weary waiting times
 Are but the muffled peals,
 Low preluding celestial chimes,
 That hail His chariot wheels.
 Trust Him to tune thy voice
 To blend with seraphim ;
 His 'Wait' shall issue in 'Rejoice !'
 'Wait patiently for Him.'

He doth not bid thee wait,
 Like driftwood on the wave,
 For fickle chance or fixed fate
 To ruin or to save.
 Thine eyes shall surely see,
 No distant hope or dim,
 The Lord thy God arise for thee :
 'Wait patiently for Him.'



This same Jesus.

ACTS I. 11.



HIS same Jesus !' Oh ! how sweetly
Fall those words upon the ear,
Like a swell of far-off music,
In a nightwatch still and drear !

He who healed the hopeless leper ;
He who dried the widow's tear ;
He who changed to health and gladness
Helpless suffering, trembling fear ;

He who wandered, poor and homeless,
By the stormy Galilee ;
He who on the night-robed mountain
Bent in prayer the wearied knee ;

He who spake as none had spoken,
Angel-wisdom far above,
All-forgiving, ne'er upbraiding,
Full of tenderness and love ;

He who gently called the weary,
 'Come, and I will give you rest !'
 He who loved the little children,
 Took them in His arms and blest ;—

He, the lonely Man of Sorrows,
 'Neath our sin-curse bending low
 By His faithless friends forsaken
 In the darkest hours of woe ;—

'This same Jesus !' When the vision
 Of that last and awful day
 Bursts upon the prostrate spirit,
 Like a midnight lightning ray ;

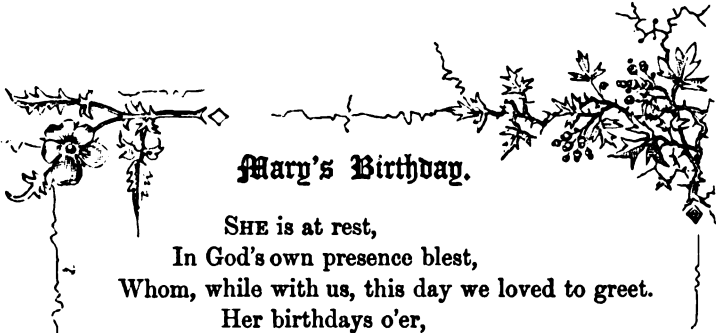
When, else dimly apprehended,
 All its terrors seem revealed,
 Trumpet knell and fiery heavens,
 And the books of doom unsealed ;

Then we lift our hearts, adoring
 'This same Jesus,' loved and known ;
 Him, our own most gracious Saviour,
 Seated on the great white Throne ;

He Himself, and 'not another,'
 He for whom our heart-love yearns
 Through long years of twilight waiting,
 To His ransomed ones returns !

For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee,
 Bless our Master's changeless name ;
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
 Jesus Christ is still the Same !





Mary's Birthday.

SHE is at rest,
In God's own presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet.
Her birthdays o'er,
She counts the years no more ;
Time's footfall is not heard along the golden street.

When we would raise
A hymn of birthday praise,
The music of our hearts is faint and low ;
Fear, doubt, and sin
Make dissonance within,
And pure soul-melody no child of earth may know.

That strange ' new song,'
Amid a white-robed throng,
Is gushing from her harp in living tone ;
Her seraph voice,
Tuned only to rejoice,
Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne. ¹

No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud,
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;
No line of care
Her sealèd brow may wear,
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

¹ Rev. iv. 3.

No stain is there
 Upon the robes they wear,
 Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;
 Like woven light,
 All beautiful and bright,
 Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought
 May in that home be wrought,
 To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;
 No tear, no sigh,
 No pain, no death, be nigh
 Where she hath entered in, no more to 'know in part.'

Her faith is sight,
 Her hope is full delight,
 The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain :
 Her untold bliss—
 What thought can follow this !
 To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen
 The King, no veil between,
 In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed :
 No earth-breathed haze
 Can dim that rapturous gaze ;
 She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

A little while,
 And they whose loving smile
 Had melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,
 Shall reach her home
 Beyond the star-built dome ;
 Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall know.



The Right Way.

LORD, is it still the right way, though I cannot see Thy face,
Though I do not feel Thy presence and Thine all-sustaining
 grace ?

Can even this be leading through the bleak and sunless wild
To the City of Thy holy rest, the mansions undefiled ?

Lord, is it still the right way ? A while ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than the last ;
Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with every morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross I knew was laid on Thee ;
So I could still press on, secure of Thy deep sympathy.
Our upward path may well be steep, else how were patience
 tried ?

I knew it was the right way, for it led me to Thy side.

But now I wait alone amid dim shadows dank and chill ;
All moves and changes round me, but I seem standing still ;
Or every feeble footstep I urge towards the light
Seems but to lead me farther into the silent night.

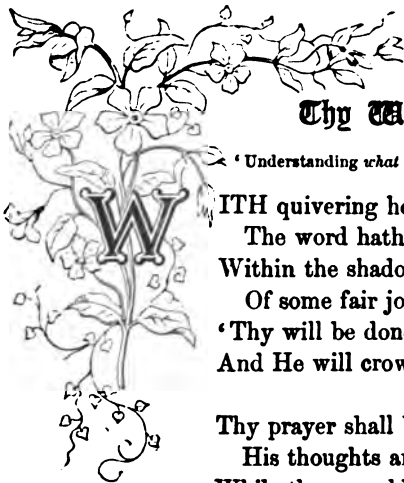
I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord ! dost Thou still hear my cry ?
I cling to Thine assurance that thou art ever nigh ;
I know that Thou art faithful ; I trust, but cannot see,
That it is still the right way by which Thou leadest me.

I think I could go forward with brave and joyful heart,
Though every step should pierce me with unknown fiery smart,
If only I might see Thee, if I might gaze above
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of Thy love.

Is it really leading onwards? When the shadows flee away,
 Shall I find this path has brought me more near to perfect day?
 Or am I left to wander thus that I may stretch my hand
 To some still wearier traveller in this same shadow-land?

Is this thy chosen training for some future task unknown?
 Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word alone?
 Whate'er it be, oh! leave me not, fulfil Thou every hour
 The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee, and, trusting in Thy word,
 Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast heard.
 To that blest City lead me, Lord (still choosing all my way),
 Where faith melts into vision as the starlight into day.



Thy Will be done.

'Understanding what the will of the Lord is.'—Eph. v. 17.

WITH quivering heart and trembling will
 The word hath passed thy lips,
 Within the shadow, cold and still,
 Of some fair joy's eclipse:
 'Thy will be done!' Thy God hath heard,
 And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled; but how?
 His thoughts are not as thine;
 While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
 He saith, 'Arise and shine!'
 Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
 But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above :
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one,
In whispering forth, 'Thy will be done.'

His will—each soul to sanctify
Redeeming might hath won ;¹
His will—that thou shouldst never die,
Believing on His Son ;²
His will—that thou, through earthly strife,
Shouldst rise to everlasting life.³

That one unchanging song of praise
Should from our hearts arise ;⁴
That we should know His wondrous ways,
Though hidden from the wise ;⁵
That we, so sinful and so base,
Should know the glory of His grace.⁶

His will—to grant the yearning prayer
For dear ones far away,⁷
That they His grace and love may share,
And tread His pleasant way ;
That in the Father and the Son
All perfect we may be in one.⁸

His will—the little flock to bring
Into His royal fold,

¹ 1 Thess. iv. 3. ² John vi. 40. ³ John vi. 39. ⁴ 1 Thess. v. 18.

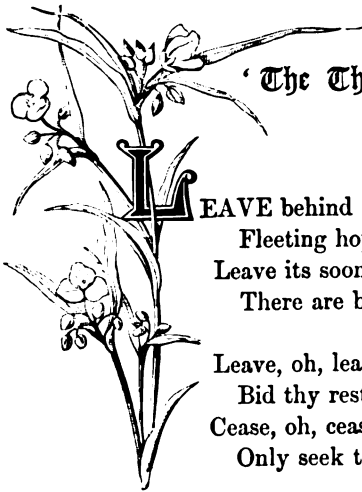
⁵ Matt. xi. 25, 26. ⁶ Eph. i. 5, 6, 11, 12. ⁷ 1 John v. 14-16.

⁸ John xvii. 23, 24.



To reign for ever with their King,¹
 His beauty to behold ;²
 Sin's fell dominion crushed for aye,
 Sorrow and sighing fled away.

This thou hast asked ! And shall the prayer
 Float upward on a sigh ?
 No song were sweet enough to bear
 Such glad desires on high !
 But God thy Father shall fulfil,
 In thee and for thee, all His will.



‘ The Things which are behind.’

LEAVE behind earth's empty pleasure,
 Fleeting hope and changeful love ;
 Leave its soon-corroding treasure :
 There are better things above.

Leave, oh, leave thy fond aspirings,
 Bid thy restless heart be still ;
 Cease, oh, cease thy vain desirings,
 Only seek thy Father's will.

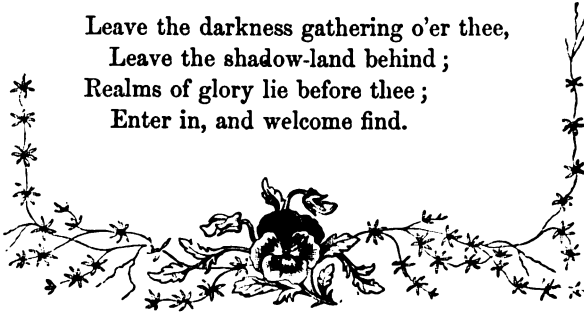
Leave behind thy faithless sorrow,
 And thine every anxious care ;
 He who only knows the morrow
 Can for thee its burden bear.

¹ Luke xii. 32.

² Isa. xxxiii. 17.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,
And thy crushing load of sin ;
By thy mighty Saviour's merit,
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee,
Leave the shadow-land behind ;
Realms of glory lie before thee ;
Enter in, and welcome find.



Everlasting Love.

'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, *therefore* with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' 'No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him.'

'God's everlasting love ! What wouldst thou more ?'
O true and tender friend, well hast thou spoken.
My heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,
And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token ;
And, like a child that knows not why it cried,
'Mid God's full promises it moaned, 'Unsatisfied !'

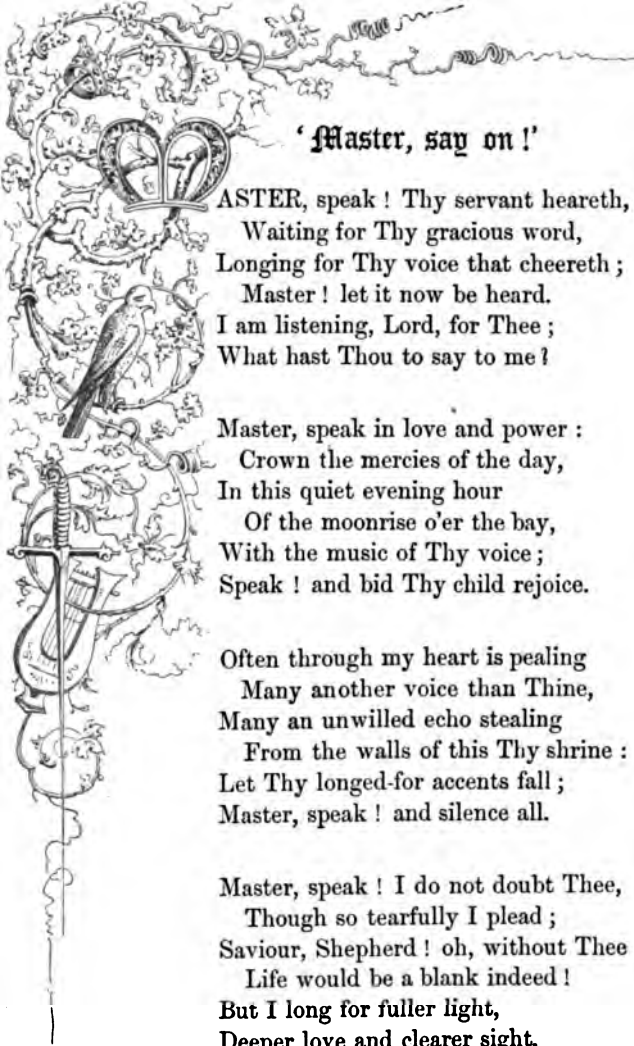
Yet there it stands. O love surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious ;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious !
And this great love for us in boundless store :
God's everlasting love ! What would we more ?

Yes, one thing more! To know it ours indeed,
To add the conscious joy of full possession.
O tender grace that stoops to every need!
This everlasting love hath found expression
In loving-kindness, which hath gently drawn
The heart that else astray too willingly had gone.

From no less fountain such a stream could flow,
No other root could yield so fair a flower:
Had He not loved, He had not drawn us so;
Had He not drawn, we had nor will nor power
To rise, to come;—the Saviour had passed by
Where we in blindness sat without one care or cry.

We thirst for *God*, our treasure *is* above;
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,
And that desire is pledge of His own love.
Sweet question, with no answer! oh, *how* sweet!
My heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er
Sings on,—'God's everlasting love! What wouldst thou
more?'





'Master, say on !'

ASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;
Master ! let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
What hast Thou to say to me ?

Master, speak in love and power :
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,
With the music of Thy voice ;
Speak ! and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine :
Let Thy longed-for accents fall ;
Master, speak ! and silence all.

Master, speak ! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead ;
Saviour, Shepherd ! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed !
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

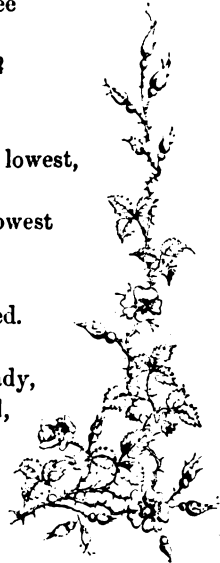
Resting on the 'faithful saying,'
 Trusting what Thy Gospel saith,
 On Thy written promise staying
 All my hope in life and death,
 Yet I long for something more
 From Thy love's exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
 Let me know it is to me ;
 Speak, that I may follow faster,
 With a step more firm and free,
 Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
 In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak ! I kneel before Thee,
 Listening, longing, waiting still ;
 Oh, how long shall I implore Thee
 This petition to fulfil ?
 Hast Thou not one word for me ?
 Must my prayer unanswered be ?

Master, speak ! though least and lowest,
 Let me not unheard depart ;
 Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest
 All the yearning of my heart,
 Knowest all its truest need ;
 Speak ! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak ! and make me ready,
 When Thy voice is truly heard,
 With obedience glad and steady
 Still to follow every word.
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
 Master, speak, oh, speak to me !





Remote Results.

WHERE are the countless crystals,
So perfect and so bright,
That robed in softest ermine
The winter day and night?
Not lost! for, life to many a root,
They rise again in flower and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests
And giant ferns of old,
That in primeval silence
Strange leaf and frond unrolled?
Not lost! for now they shine and blaze,
The light and warmth of Christmas days.

Where are our early lessons,
The teachings of our youth,
The countless words forgotten
Of knowledge and of truth?
Not lost! for they are living still,
As power to think, and do, and will.

Where is the seed we scatter,
With weak and trembling hand,
Beside the gloomy waters,
Or on the arid land?
Not lost! for after many days
Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow,
 And lonely hours of pain,
 When work is interrupted,
 Or planned and willed in vain ?
 Not lost ! it is the thorniest shoot
 That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons,
 His teachings dark or bright ?
 Not lost ! but only hidden,
 Till, in eternal light,
 We see, while at His feet we fall,
 The reasons and results of all.



On the **Last Leaf.**¹

FINISHED at last !
 Yet for five years past
 My book on the dusty shelf hath lain,
 And I hardly thought that ever again
 My thoughts would follow the pleasant chime
 Of musical measure and ringing rhyme.

I remember well when I laid it by,
 Closed with a sort of requiem sigh.
 Spring in her beauty had swept along,
 And left my spirit all full of song :
 The wakening depths of my heart were stirred,
 Voices within and without I heard,
 Whispering me
 That I might be

¹ Written at the close of a manuscript volume.

A messenger of peace and pleasure ;
That in my careless minstrelsy
Lay something of poetic treasure,
Which, wrought with care, I yet some day
At all my loved ones' feet might lay.

Perhaps 'twas a vain and foolish dream,
A fancy-lit, illusive gleam !
And yet I cannot quite believe
That such bright impulse could deceive.
I felt I had so much to say,
Such pleasant thoughts from day to day ;
Sang, lark-like, with each morning ray,
Or murmured low in twilight grey,
Like distant curfew pealing.
And then, for each, fair Fancy brought
A robe of language ready wrought,
The smile of every wingèd thought
Half veiling, half revealing.
And I only waited, with longing gaze,
For the golden leisure of summer days,
Which I thought to crown with happiest lays.

God thought not so ! Ah no ! He knew
There was other work for me to do,
There were other lessons for me to learn :
Another voice fell, low and stern,
Upon the too reluctant ear.
Before the solemn voice of Pain
My visions fled, nor came again,
With all their glad and lovely train,
My summer-tide to cheer.

Well is it when, at high command
Of wisest Love, she takes her stand



At the heart's busy portal,
 And warns away each noisy guest
 Whose presence chases calm and rest,
 Our powers, the brightest and the best,
 Proclaiming weak and mortal.
 That so the way may be more clear
 For Him, the Prince of Peace, to come,
 That which is left all void and drear
 To make His palace and His home.

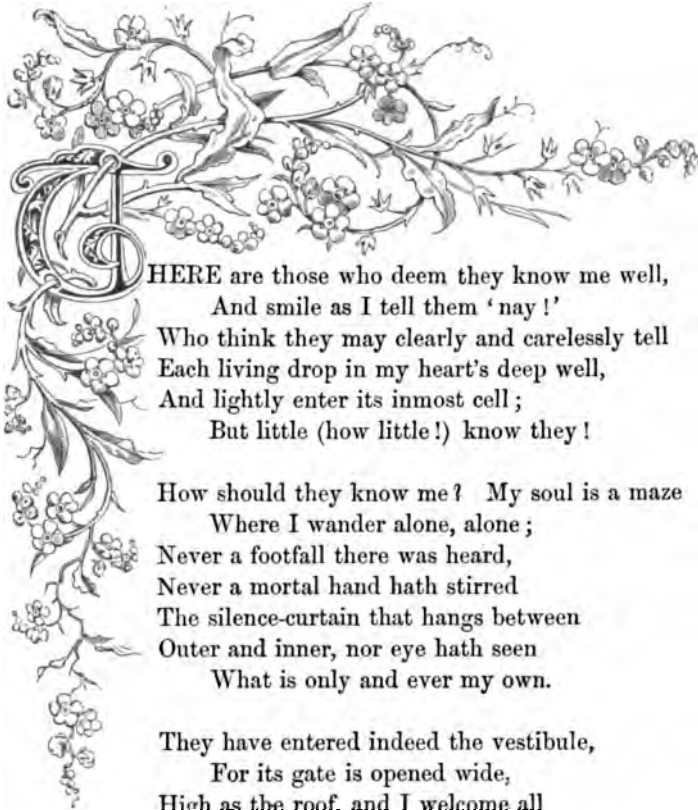
And so the song of my heart was hushed,
 And the chiming thoughts were stilled :
 Summer flew by, but the hope was crushed,
 Swiftly onward my life-tide rushed,
 But my book remained unfilled.
 For an aching head and a weary frame,
 Poetry is but an empty name,
 Yet I am sure it was better so ;
 I *trusted* then, and now I *know*.

For ever, I think, the gift is fled
 Which once I fancied mine :
 So be it ! a 'name' is not for me ;
 Loving and loved I would rather be,
 With power to cheer and sympathize,
 Bearing new light for tear-dimmed eyes ;
 But I do not care to shine.

So if aught I write may tend to this,
 My fairest hope of earthly bliss,
 Content with humblest rhyme I'll be,
 And, striving less and trusting more,
 All simple, earnest thoughts outpour,
 Such as my God may give to me.



How should they Know me ?



HERE are those who deem they know me well,
And smile as I tell them ' nay !'
Who think they may clearly and carelessly tell
Each living drop in my heart's deep well,
And lightly enter its inmost cell ;
But little (how little !) know they !

How should they know me ? My soul is a maze
Where I wander alone, alone ;
Never a footfall there was heard,
Never a mortal hand hath stirred
The silence-curtain that hangs between
Outer and inner, nor eye hath seen
What is only and ever my own.

They have entered indeed the vestibule,
For its gate is opened wide,
High as the roof, and I welcome all
Who will visit my warm reception-hall,
And utter a long and loving call
To some who are yet outside.

I would lead each guest to a place of rest ;
All should be calm and bright ;
Then a lulling flow of melody,
And a crystal draught of sympathy,
And odorous blossoms of kindly thought,
With golden fruit of deed, be brought
From the chambers out of sight.

Some I would take with a cordial hand,
And lead them round the walls,
Showing them many a storied screen,
Many a portrait, many a scene,
Deep-cut carving, and outlined scroll ;
Passing quickly where shadows roll,
Slowly where sunshine falls.

They do not know and they cannot see
That strong-hinged, low-arched door,
Though I am passing in and out,
From gloom within to light without,
Or from gloom without to light within ;
None can ever an entrance win,
None ! for evermore.

It is a weird and wondrous realm,
Where I often hold my breath
At the unseen things which there I see,
At the mighty shapes which beckon to me,
At the visions of woe and ecstasy,
At the greetings of life and death.

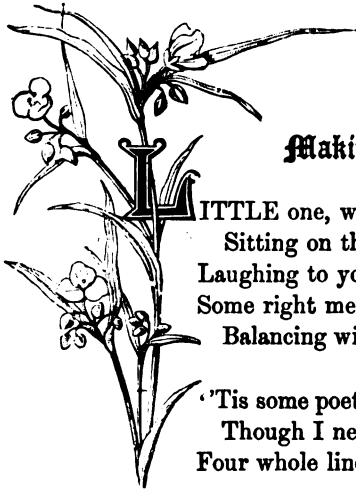
They rise, they pass, they melt away,
In an ever-changing train ;
I cannot hold them or tell their stay.



Or measure the time of their fleeting sway ;
As grim as night, and as fair as day,
They vanish and come again.

I wander on through the strange domain,
Marvelling ever and aye ;
Marvelling how around my feet
All the opposites seem to meet ;
The dark, the light, the chill, the glow,
The storm, the calm, the fire, the snow :
How can it be ? I do not know ;
Then how, oh, how can they ?

What am I, and how ? If reply there be,
In unsearchable chaos 'tis cast.
Though the soaring spirit of restless man
Might the boundary line of the universe scan,
And measure and map its measureless plan,
The gift of self-knowledge were last !



Making Poetry.

LITTLE one, what are you doing,
Sitting on the window-seat ?
Laughing to yourself, and writing,
Some right merry thought inditing,
Balancing with swinging feet.

'Tis some poetry I'm making,
Though I never tried before :
Four whole lines ! I'll read them to you.



Do you think them funny, do you?
Shall I try to make some more?

'I should like to be a poet,
Writing verses every day;
Then to you I'd always bring them,
You should make a tune and sing them;
'Twould be pleasanter than play.'

Think you, darling, nought is needed
But the paper and the ink,
And a pen to trace so lightly,
While the eye is beaming brightly,
All the pretty things we think?

There's a secret,—can you trust me?
Do not ask me what it is;
Perhaps some day you too will know it,
If you live to be a poet,
All its agony and bliss.

Poetry is not a trifle,
Lightly thought and lightly made;
Not a fair and scentless flower,
Gaily cultured for an hour,
Then as gaily left to fade.

'Tis not stringing rhymes together
In a pleasant true accord;
Not the music of the metre,
Not the happy fancies, sweeter
Than a flower-bell, honey-stored.

'Tis the essence of existence,
Rarely rising to the light ;
And the songs that echo longest,
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
With your life-blood you will write.

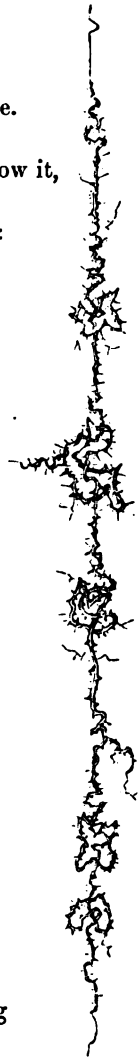
With your life-blood ! None will know it,
You will never tell them how.
Smile ! and they will never guess it :
Laugh ! and you will not confess it
By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension
Ere the tone be full and true ;
Shallow lakelets of emotion
Are not like the spirit-ocean,
Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,
If the charge indeed be yours,
First is gained by earnest learning,
Carved in letters deep and burning
On a heart that long endures.

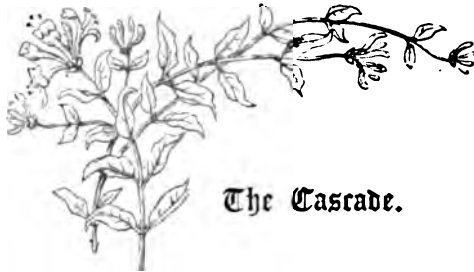
Day by day that wondrous tablet
Your life-poem shall receive,
By the hand of Joy or Sorrow ;
But the pen can never borrow
Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript
Of a life-line here and there—
Only just a spray-wreath springing
From the hidden depths, and flinging
Broken rainbows on the air.



Still, if you but copy truly,
 'Twill be poetry indeed,
 Echoing many a heart's vibration,
 Rather love than admiration
 Earning as your priceless meed.

Will you seek it? Will you brave it?
 'Tis a strange and solemn thing,
 Learning long before your teaching,
 Listening long before your preaching,
 Suffering before you sing.



The Cascade.

WHO saith that Poetry is not in thee,
 Thou wild cascade, bright, beautiful, and free?
 Who saith that thine own sunny gleaming waters
 Are not among 'sweet Poesie's' fair daughters?
 No Poetry in thee! then tell, oh tell,
 Where is the home where she delights to dwell?
 But what is Poetry? Some aerial sprite,
 Clothed in a dazzling robe of wavy light,
 Whose magic touch unlocks the gates of joy
 In dreamland to some vision-haunted boy?
 Or is she but a breath from Eden-bowers,
 Charged with the fragrance of their shining flowers,
 Which, passing o'er the harp-strings of the soul,
 Awakes new melody, whose echoes roll

In waves of spirit-music through the heart,
Till tears and smiles in mingling sweetness start ?
It may be so, but still she seems to me
Most like a God-sent sunlight, rich and free,
Bathing the tiniest leaf in molten gold,
Bidding each flower some secret charm unfold,
Weaving a veil of loveliness for earth,
Calling all fairy forms to wondrous birth.

Our sweet soul-Artist ! Many a fair surprise
Her colour-treasures bring to waiting eyes ;
Her pictures, sudden seen, oft seem to dwell
Like pearls within the rugged ocean shell ;
They tell of something purer and more fair
Than earth can boast, and gleam forth everywhere,—
Star-glimpses through the trees, or flashes bright
Of meteor glory in a northern night.

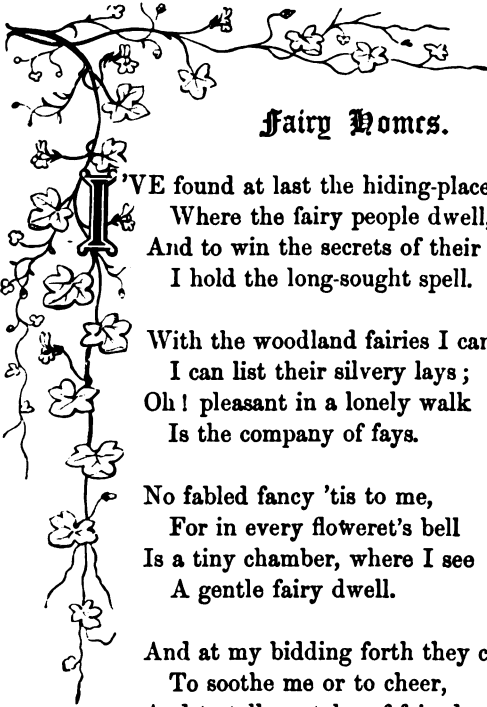
Our sweet soul-Harpist ! linking winds with sighs,
And blending both with spirit-melodies,
And adding chords that come we know not whence,
Dream-echoes mingling with the wakeful sense.
O strange, O beautiful ! though all unknown,
The music-fount of every lovely tone,
The colour-fount of every lovely thought,
By this bright ministrant so freely brought,
Save that we own their true and soothing might,
One of His perfect gifts, whose names are Love and Light.

Oh ! she is often where we least surmise,
And scorns the dimness of our heavy eyes ;
We catch the ruby sparkles of her wing,
And she is gone like dewdrops of the spring ;
Again, to glad us with her smile she stays,
And shows her brightness to our loving gaze.

No cave so dark but she may gain its porch,
And gild the shadows with her quenchless torch ;
No dell so silent but her pealing voice
Can bid a leafy orchestra rejoice ;
No waste so lonely but she there may hold
Her gorgeous court in splendour all untold.
And where those waters murmur as they leap
A song of gentleness, and calm, and sleep,
Within the sounding music of their tone
I hear a voice, and know it is her own.

And where the fair, fond sunbeams blithely play
Amid the hazy wreaths of dancing spray,
A form of fairy grace shines forth to me ;
I hail the vision, for I know 'tis she.
She loves that changeful, yet unchanging foam,
Within its arching bowers she finds a home,
And reads beneath its roof of fleeting snow
The secrets of the shadowy depth below.
Then who shall say that she is not in thee,
Thou wild cascade, bright, beautiful, and free !





Fairy Homes.

I'VE found at last the hiding-place
Where the fairy people dwell,
And to win the secrets of their race
I hold the long-sought spell.

With the woodland fairies I can talk,
I can list their silvery lays ;
Oh ! pleasant in a lonely walk
Is the company of fays.

No fabled fancy 'tis to me,
For in every floweret's bell
Is a tiny chamber, where I see
A gentle fairy dwell.

And at my bidding forth they come,
To soothe me or to cheer,
And to tell me tales of fairydom
With voices soft and clear.

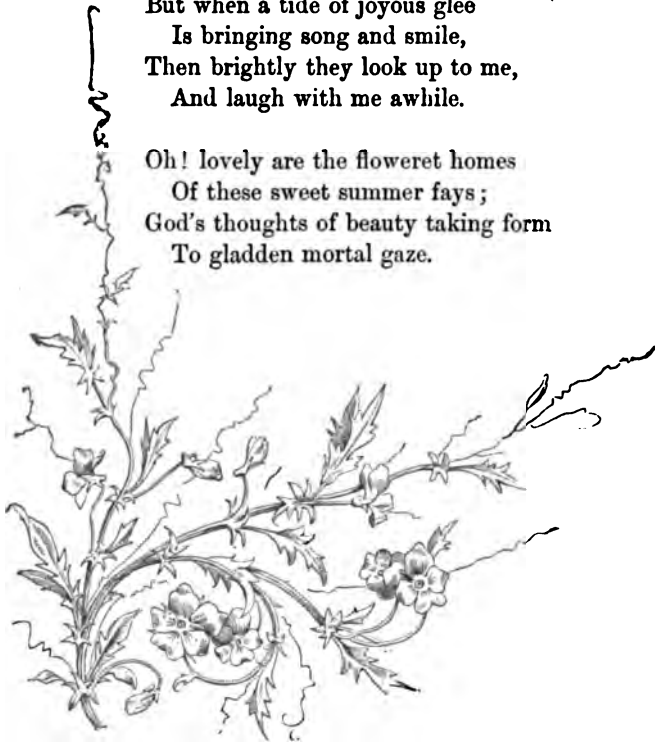
Full many a beauteous lesson, too,
Their rosy lips can teach ;
Great men would wonder if they knew
How well the fairies preach.



When thoughts of sorrow sadden me
They seem to sympathize,
And gaze upon me lovingly,
With tender, earnest eyes.

But when a tide of joyous glee
Is bringing song and smile,
Then brightly they look up to me,
And laugh with me awhile.

Oh! lovely are the floweret homes
Of these sweet summer fays;
God's thoughts of beauty taking form
To gladden mortal gaze.





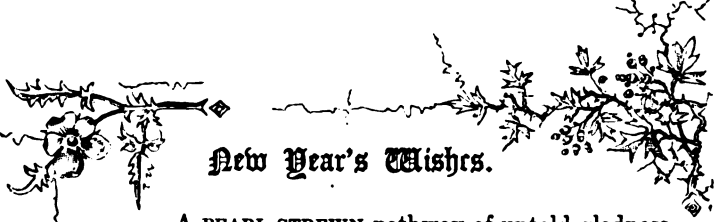
More Music.

OH for a burst of song,
Exultant, deep, and strong !
One gush of music's billowy might,
To bear my soul away
Into the realms of day,
From these dim glacier-caves of Life's cold night !

Oh for a sunset strain,
Wafted o'er slumberous main,
To enter, spirit-like, my prisoned heart,
And there, with viewless hand,
Unloose each mortal band,
That in the songs of heaven I too might learn a part !

The sweetest music here
Calls forth the quiet tear,
For grief and gladness flow in blended stream ;
Oh for the joyous day
(Can it be far away ?)
When one great Alleluia song shall chase Life's tuneless dream !



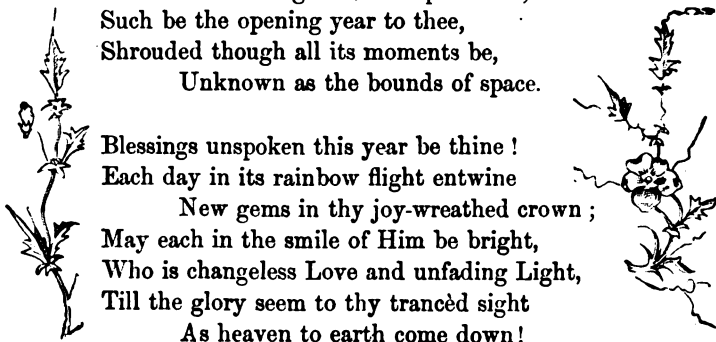


New Year's Wishes.

A PEARL-STREWN pathway of untold gladness,
 Flecked by no gloom, by no weary sadness,—
 Such be the year to thee !
 A crystal rivulet, sunlight flinging,
 Awakening blossoms, and joyously singing
 Its own calm melody.

A symphony soft, and sweet, and low,
 Like the gentlest music the angels know
 In their moments of deepest joy ;
 'Mid earths wild clamour thy spirit telling
 Of beauty and holiness, upward swelling,
 And mingling with the sky.

A radiant, fadeless Eden flower,
 Unfolding in loveliness hour by hour,
 Like a wing-veiled seraph's face ;—
 Such be the opening year to thee,
 Shrouded though all its moments be,
 Unknown as the bounds of space.



Blessings unspoken this year be thine !
 Each day in its rainbow flight entwine
 New gems in thy joy-wreathed crown ;
 May each in the smile of Him be bright,
 Who is changeless Love and unfading Light,
 Till the glory seem to thy tranced sight
 As heaven to earth come down !



My Sweet Woodruff.

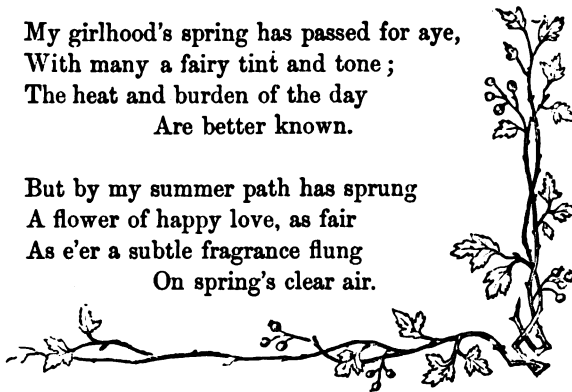
NO more the flowers of spring are seen,
And silence fills the summer noon ;
The woods have lost the fresh bright green
Of May and June.

But yesterday I found a flower,
Deep sheltered from the withering rays,
Which might have known the sun and shower
Of April days.

I did not think again to find
Such tender relic of the spring ;
It thrilled such gladness through my mind,
I needs must sing.

My girlhood's spring has passed for aye,
With many a fairy tint and tone ;
The heat and burden of the day
Are better known.

But by my summer path has sprung
A flower of happy love, as fair
As e'er a subtle fragrance flung
On spring's clear air.



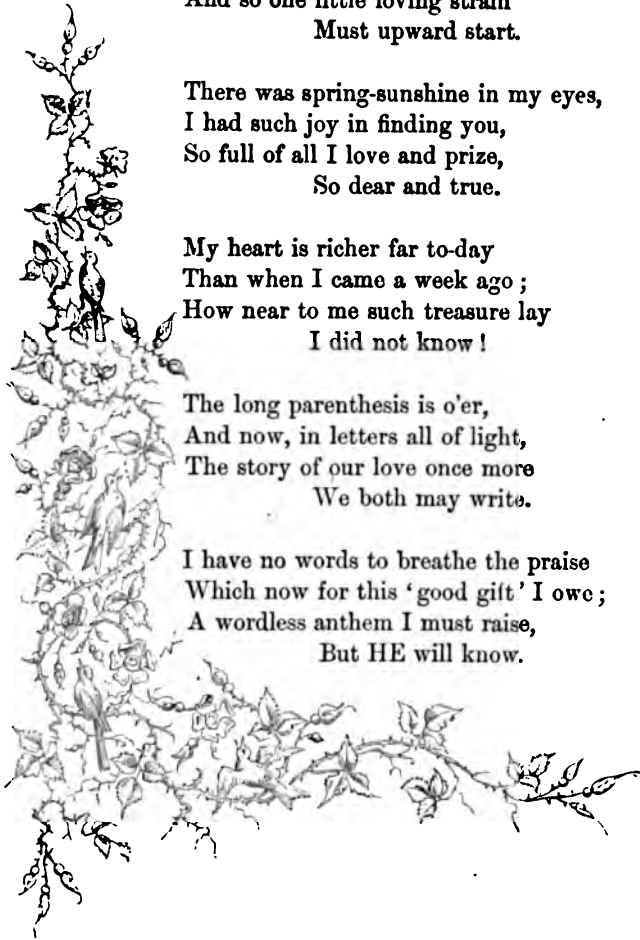
I hardly thought to feel again
Such dewy freshness in my heart,
And so one little loving strain
Must upward start.

There was spring-sunshine in my eyes,
I had such joy in finding you,
So full of all I love and prize,
So dear and true.

My heart is richer far to-day
Than when I came a week ago ;
How near to me such treasure lay
I did not know !

The long parenthesis is o'er,
And now, in letters all of light,
The story of our love once more
We both may write.

I have no words to breathe the praise
Which now for this 'good gift' I owe ;
A wordless anthem I must raise,
But HE will know.



Our Gem Wreath.



HEARD ye the sounds of joyous glee,
And the notes of merry minstrelsy ;
And the purling of low, sweet words which start
From the silent depths of a loving heart ;
And the gushing laugh, and the rippling song,
As the summer days sped swift along ?
Saw ye the gleam of sunny hair,
And the glancing of forms yet young and fair,
And the dancing light of happy eyes,
And smiles like the rosy morning skies ?
Saw ye and heard, and would ye not know
What made such mirth and music flow ?
There were maidens five, as blithe and free
As the curbless waves of the open sea :
They met ;—ye may liken their early greeting
To the dewdrops on a rose-leaf meeting ;
Then many a day flew uncounted by,
With Love like an angel hovering nigh,
While the ruby light of his sparkling wing
Flung a tint of joy on everything.
'In books, or works, or healthful play,'
As the merriest lips would often say,

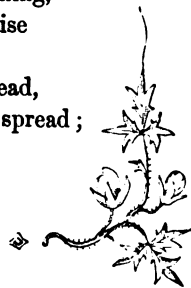
Or in strange attempts to weave a spell
 Which might bid the Muses among them dwell,
 Or in a stream of mingled song,
 Some of their hours have passed along,
 Bearing the sound of each pleasant lay,
 And the echo of many a laugh, away.

When the burning day is on the wane,
 They wander through some darkening lane,
 In quieter converse lingering awhile
 'Neath the arching roof of its shadowy aisle.

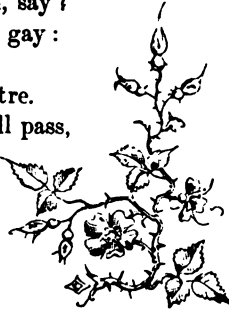
Where the latest sunbeams kiss the brow
 Of Malvern's Beacon, see them now ;
 Springing o'er moss-bed, and rock, and stone,
 As though the green earth were all their own,
 And singing forth to the fair wide scene,
 In a loyal chorus, '*God save the Queen !*'

Again, from out the busy street,
 They pass with gladly reverent feet
 Within the old cathedral's shade ;
 And feel the sacred silence laid
 Upon the lips, upon the heart,
 By time and place thus 'set apart.'
 Then the anthem fills the glorious fane,
 Till its solemn tones float back again,
 Round arch and column the sound enwreathing,
 Till they seem with holy music breathing,—
 Music and love ; while the choral praise
 Images better and holier days.

Yet once again ;—with low bent head,
 They are kneeling where the feast is spread ;
 Not one is absent, all are there,
 Its silent blessedness to share.
 Well may a bond of love be felt,
 When thus together they have knelt.



Would ye know the maidens five, oh, say ?
The meek, the merry, the grave, the gay :
Each jewel of all the sunlit cluster
Shines with its own unborrowed lustre.
Then listen and gaze, while each shall pass,
As a half-seen vision in magic glass.



L

A QUIET summer evening, when the daybeams' heat and glare
Have passed away, and coolness comes upon the cloudless air,
And the soft grey twilight wakes the stars to glisten o'er the hill,
And the only vesper-chime is rung by one low-murmuring rill :

Like such an evening is the soul of that one dark-eyed maid,
Amid earth's restless turmoil like a calm and pleasant shade ;
So soothing and so gently sweet her words of deep love fall
Upon the wearied spirit, like the ringdove's forest call.

Well hath she learnt to sympathize with every hope and fear,
Well hath she learnt the sorrowing heart to brighten and to
cheer ;

Long years of weary weakness have not passed away in vain,
If the holy art of sympathy they taught her to attain.

Her fairy footstep falleth as a noiseless flake of snow,
So violet-like and still that we her presence hardly know ;
But like a gleaming vessel-path, far glittering through the night,
She leaves a memory behind of soft and silvery light.

Within the crystal cavern of retirement ye find
That gem of inward radiance, her ' meek and quiet ' mind ;
Not like the flashing topaz, or the ruby's gorgeous glow,
She is a precious AMETHYST, whose value well we know.



II.

Now turn we to that merry maiden,
With azure eye and smooth bright hair ;
A lily blossom, fragrance-laden,
Is not more fair.

A dewdrop to the thirsty flower,
A sun-ray gilding every cloud,
A rainbow when the thunder-shower
Is rushing loud ;

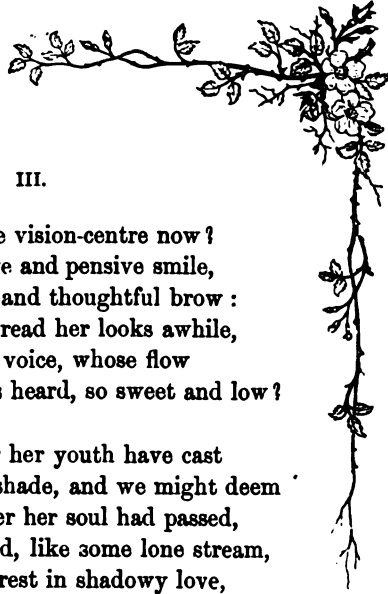
A spirit full of pleasant brightness,
That speaks from lip, and cheek, and brow,
To whose glad spell of cheering lightness
E'en grief must bow.

Her hand hath learnt with wondrous power
Scenes of rare loveliness to trace,
And picture forms with airy dower
Of beauteous grace.

The breath of flattery hath not tainted
Her simple thought with pride's dark stain ;
Because her leaves are richly painted,
Is the rose vain ?

Then as an orient EMERALD shining,
Long may her loveliness be set
Among the sister-gems entwining
Our coronet.





III.

SAY, who shall form the vision-centre now ?
She of the large, soft eye and pensive smile,
She of the earnest gaze and thoughtful brow :
Who would not love to read her looks awhile,
Or list that often silent voice, whose flow
Like distant waterfall is heard, so sweet and low ?


Not many summers o'er her youth have cast
Their varying sun and shade, and we might deem
No breath of sadness o'er her soul had passed,
But for that orb subdued, like some lone stream,
Where the sad willows rest in shadowy love,
While its blue depth reflects the sunlit heaven above.

All calmness, yet deep sorrow she hath known,
Dimming the star of hope which shone so clear ;
The song of life hath changed its joyous tone,
The pearl of life hath melted to a tear ;
But star and song shall rise in brighter day,
And hers that priceless PEARL which none may take away.



Her sorrow all unspoken doth but twine
Our earnest love more changelessly around her ;
While we look onward, upward, for the time
When Joy's fair garland shall again have crowned her,
Who as the PEARL of all our wreath is gleaming,
In mild and moonlit radiance softly 'mid us beaming.

IV.



LIKE a flash of meteor light,
Strangely gladdening and bright,
Is the youngest of the band,
Making every heart expand.

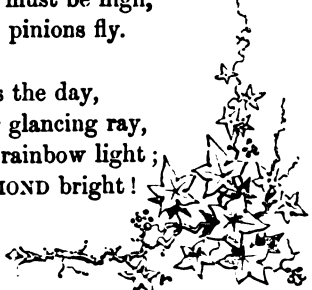
Like a petrel on the wave,
What to her though tempests rave ?
She will skim each foamy crest,
Making all around her blest.

Like a song-bird of the spring,
She is ever on the wing ;
Carolling in blithest glee,
Like the wild breeze, fresh and free.

Like a beautiful gazelle
Bounding over hill and dell ;
Like the scented hawthorn-flowers,
Ever scattering blossom showers.

Can a star of light be found,
Shedding aught but light around ?
Joy and gladness must be nigh,
Where her starry pinions fly.

Clear and open as the day,
All may trust her glancing ray,
All must love its rainbow light ;
Is she not a DIAMOND bright !



v.

AND the last maiden,—what is she ?
She sees not herself as others see,
 From an outward point of view ;
She only knows the scenes within,
The weary conflict and the sin,
The strivings a better life to win,
 And the gleams of gladness too.

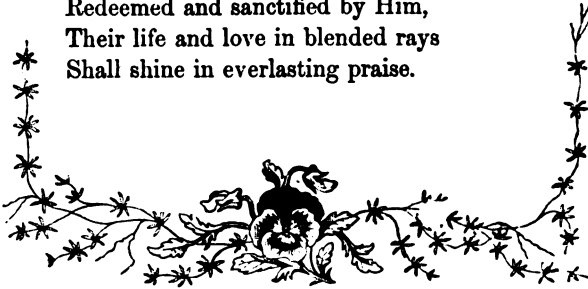
But little she knows of the secret cells,
Wherein lonely twilight the spirit dwells
 In an ever mysterious home ;
Where music, and beauty, and sweet perfume,
Grim storms, and the blackness of the tomb,
In morning brightness and midnight gloom,
 In an untracked labyrinth roam.

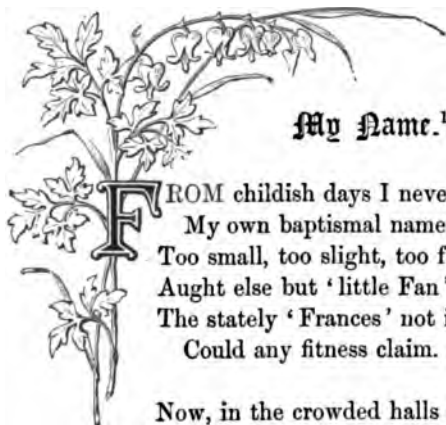
How many a chamber within is sealed !
How wondrous the little that is revealed
 In a scarce-caught whispering tone !
Strange thoughts come forth to her outer gaze,
Wild fancies flash with spectral rays,
And feelings glow with uncertain blaze ;
 But their fountain is all unknown.

Ah ! she would long to glean a ray
From each lovely gem of this summer lay,
 For her own are faint and few.
The tremulous OPAL'S changeful light
May emblem her, now dark, now bright,
Yet blending in love with each sister sprite
 In a union fond and true.



Such are the five, as now they seem
In the golden haze of Memory's dream.
But the future ! who may lift the veil
And read its yet unwritten tale ?
The rose, or the thorn, the sun, the cloud,
The gleeful heart, or the spirit bowed,
The song of joy, or the wail of woe,
Which shall be theirs we may not know.
Then sorrow and joy alike we leave
In the Hand which doeth all things well,
And calmly from that Hand receive
All that each coming year may tell.
Our jewel-garland lives by Him ;
We would not ask of life or death,
Who first shall break its shining rim ;
It shall be as the Master saith :
He only shall untwine the bond,
So fair and faithful, fresh and fond.
But oh that each who glistens now
In this verse-woven coronet,
Upon the Saviour's thorn-wreathed brow
May as a living gem be set !
Then never shall their light grow dim ;
Redeemed and sanctified by Him,
Their life and love in blended rays
Shall shine in everlasting praise.





*My Name.*¹

FROM childish days I never heard
My own baptismal name ;
Too small, too slight, too full of glee
Aught else but 'little Fan' to be,
The stately 'Frances' not in me
Could any fitness claim.

Now, in the crowded halls of life,
May it be mine to bring
Some gentle stir of the heated air,
Some coolness falling fresh and fair,
Like a passing angel's wing.

My father's name,—oh, how I love
Its else unwonted look !
For his dear sake right dear I hold
Each letter, changed, as he has told,
Long since from early Saxon mould,
'The rising of the brook.'²

Of music, holiness, and love,
That name will always tell,
While sacred chant and anthem rise,
Or mourners live whose deepest sighs



¹ Suggested by the question, 'What does the letter R in your initials (F. R. H.) represent?'

² 'Heavergill'—the heaving or rising of the brook, or gill.

To echoes of a Father's will
He tuned, or child or grandchild still
On his bright memory dwell.

But 'what the R doth represent'
I value and revere;
A diamond clasp it seems to be
On golden chains enlinking me
In loyal love to England's hope,
Bulwark 'gainst infidel and Pope,
The Church I hold so dear.

Three hundred years ago was one
Who held with steadfast hand
That chalice of the truth of God,
And poured its crystal stream abroad
Upon the thirsting land.

The moderate, the wise, the calm,
The learned, brave, and good,¹
A guardian of the sacred ark,
A burning light in places dark,
For cruel, changeless Rome a mark,
Our Bishop RIDLEY stood.

The vengeance of that foe nought else
But fiery doom could still:
Too surely fell the lightning stroke
Upon that noble English oak,
Whose acorn-memory survives
In forest ranks of earnest lives,
And martyr-souls in will.

¹ 'A man beautified with such excellent qualities, so ghostly inspired and godly learned, and now written doubtless in the book of life with the blessed saints of the Almighty, crowned and throned amongst the glorious company of martyrs.'—*Foxe's Acts and Monuments.*



Rome offered life for faith laid down :
Such ransom paid not he !
' As long as breath is in this frame,
My Lord and Saviour Christ His name
And His known truth I'll not deny :'
He said (and raised his head on high)
' God's will be done in me.'¹

He knelt and prayed, and kissed the stake,
And blessed his Master's name
That he was called His cross to take,
And counted worthy for His sake
To suffer death and shame.²

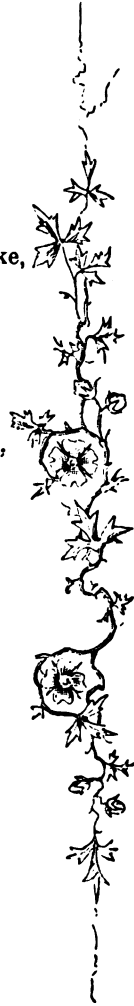
Though fierce the fire and long the pain,
The martyr's God was nigh ;
Till from that awful underglow
Of torture terrible and slow,
Above the weeping round about,
Once more the powerful voice rang out
His Saviour's own last cry.

O faithful unto death ! the crown
Was shining on thy brow,
Before the ruddy embers paling,
And sobbing after-gusts of wailing
Had died away, and left in silence
That truest shrine of British Islands,
That spot so sacred now !

In dear old England shineth yet
The candle lit that day ;
Right clear and strong its flames arise,

¹ See Works of Bishop Ridley.—*Parker Society*, pp. 295 and 296.

² *Ibid.*



Undimmed, unchanged, toward the skies ;
 By God's good grace it never dies,
 A living torch for aye.

'Tis said that while he calmly stood
 And waited for the flame,
 He gave each trifle that he had,
 True relic-treasure, dear and sad,
 To each who cared to claim.
 I was not there to ask a share,
 But reverently for ever wear
 That noble martyr's name.



Faith and Reason.

REASON unstrings the harp, to see
 Wherein the music dwells ;
 Faith pours a Hallelujah song,
 And heavenly rapture swells.
 While Reason strives to count the drops
 That lave our narrow strand,
 Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
 To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
 Where darkling mists enshroud ;
 The other is the wing that cleaves
 Each heaven-obscuring cloud.

Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast ;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The Future and the Past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore,
Who rose not from their night-bound place
On dark Egyptian shore.
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchymy in vain
Is golden treasure planned ;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.
While Reason is the labouring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light ;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lonely towering elm,
May fall before the blast ;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,



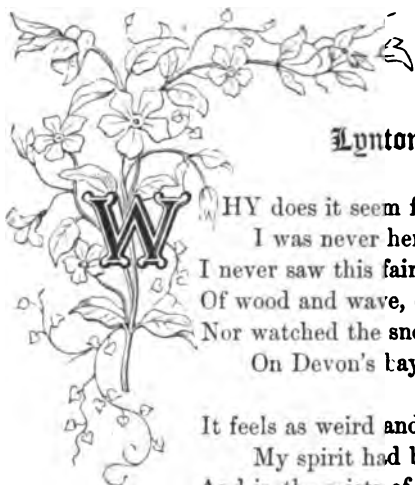
Faith, by a 'new and living way,'
 Hath gained the mercy-seat.
 While Reason but returns to tell
 That this is not our rest,
 Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
 A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts
 From Him who leads us home,
 Though in the wilds Himself hath trod
 A little while we roam.
 And, linked within the soul that knows
 A living, loving Lord,
 Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then
 Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
 O'er life's great temple springing,
 From which the chimes of love float forth,
 Celestially ringing ;
 While Reason stands below upon
 The consecrated ground,
 And, like a mighty buttress, clasps
 The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
 In white and pure array ;
 Reason, the handmaid who may share
 The gladness of the day.
 Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
 To follow in her train,
 Till, step by step, the goal is reached,
 And death is glorious gain.





Lynton.

WHY does it seem familiar ground ?
I was never here before ;
I never saw this fairy dream
Of wood and wave, of rock and stream,
Nor watched the snowy foam-line gleam
On Devon's bay-loved shore.

It feels as weird and strange as though
My spirit had been here ;
And in the mists of long ago
An outline wavers to and fro,
Now colourless, now all aglow,
Now faint, now wondrous clear.

I know it now—the tender spell
On all this pleasant scene ;
For memory's first pale flickering light
Falls on a long-forgotten night,
Though conscious lifetime, dark and bright,
Lies all outstretched between.

The dearest name I ever spoke
Was on my lips that eve ;
We gave her ' welcome home ' once more,
Unknown, the last short absence o'er ;
And now she is but ' gone before '
The palm-branch to receive.



I know it now,—she told me all ;
 I sat upon her knee,
 And heard about the cliff so tall,
 The craggy path, the rocky wall,
 The ever-chanting waterfall,
 The silver autumn sea :

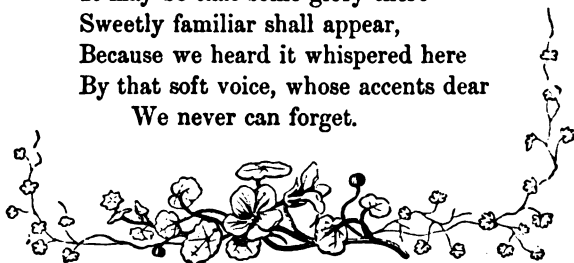
The steep and dangerous way above,
 The winding dell below ;
 The rushing Lyn, the shadowy trees,
 The hills that breast the Channel breeze,
 The white ships bound for western seas,
 The tides that come and go.

A little picture she had brought
 Of Lynmouth's lovely vale :
 I fastened it upon my wall,
 Half deeming I had seen it all ;
 While colours came at fancy's call
 To deck those outlines pale.

Hers then the charm, so strangely sweet,
 Which made me sit and gaze ;
 'Tis like a breeze from far-off hills,
 Or midnight anthem of wild rills,
 That cools the fever-fire which fills
 Our hot and hurried days.

It may be that the parting time
 Has more than half gone by,
 That ere another twenty years
 Have mingled all their smiles and tears,
 We may have passed all griefs and fears,
 And her dear welcome greet our ears
 To her blest home on high.

Oh, might it be! That far-off land
Is all unseen as yet ;
But when we pass its portals fair,
It may be that some glory there
Sweetly familiar shall appear,
Because we heard it whispered here
By that soft voice, whose accents dear
We never can forget.



A Lull in Life.

'And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.'—
MARK VI. 31.

OH for 'a desert place,' with only the Master's smile!
Oh for the 'coming apart,' with only His 'rest awhile!'
Many are 'coming and going' with busy and restless feet,
And the soul is hungering now, with 'no leisure so much as
to eat.'

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,
Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends ;
Pleasant the counsel sweet and the interchange of thought,
Welcome the twilight hour, with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,—
Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the
near,
Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friends,
Not that I turn aside from the work the Master sends ;
Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of time,
Longed for silence to fall instead of its merriest chime :

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought
Round each melodious strain that the harp of life hath caught,
And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,
Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless string :

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray,
And to leave its wavering mirror true to the Star above,
Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of 'perfect
love :'

Longed for a sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth,
For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy
truth ;
And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and sweet,
While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades of
night,
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of tropical
light,
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be cooled
and stilled ;
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a hurrying
tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside ;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear, and cool.







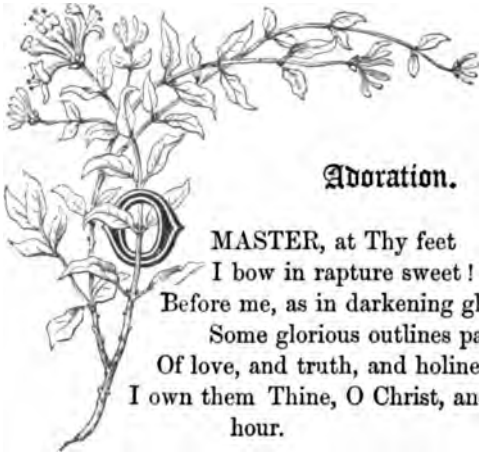
LAKE OF LUCERNE AND MOUNT PILATUS.

"LONGED FOR A CALM TO LET THE CIRCLES DIE AWAY
THAT TREMBLE OVER THE HEART.."



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Well ! I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind and
heart ;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's voice.



Adoration.

MASTER, at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet !
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines pass
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power ;
I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless thee for this
hour.

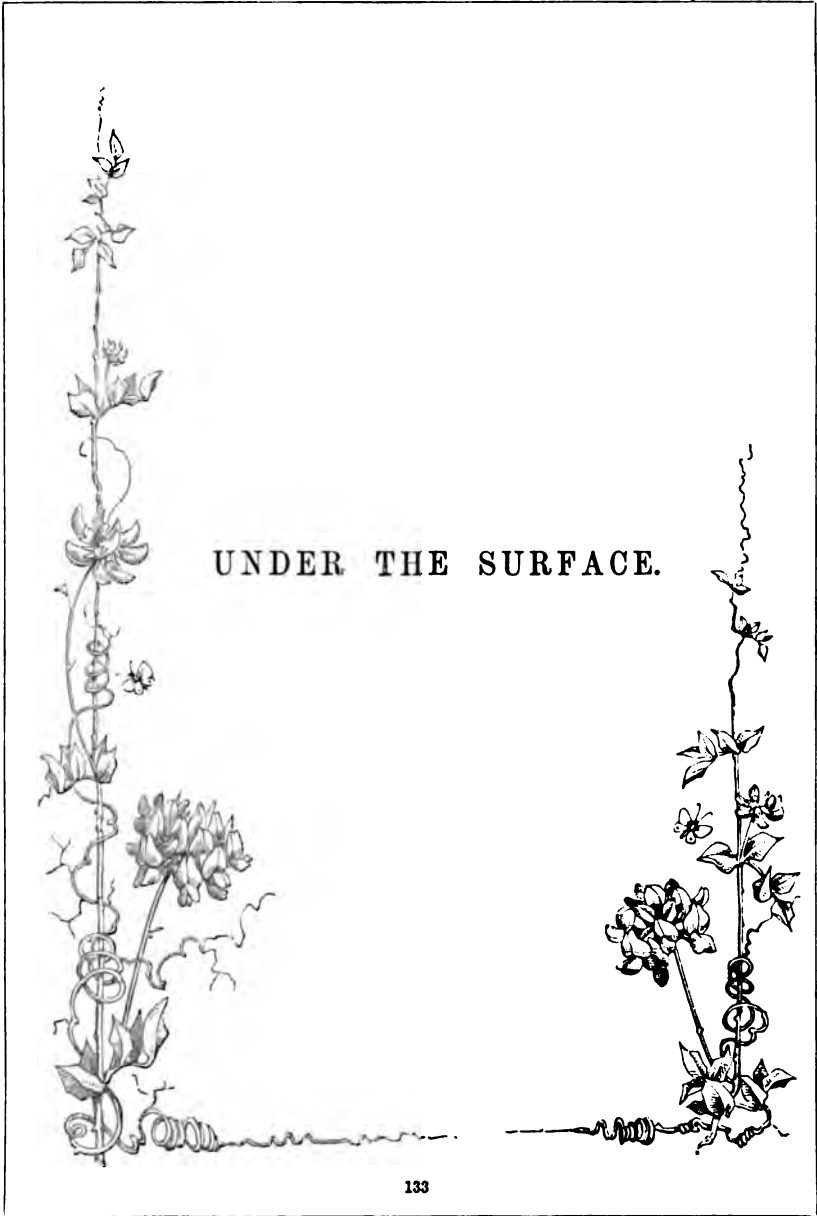
O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face !
O tenderest heart of love untold !
Who may Thy praise unfold ?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling wings.

I have no words to bring
Worthy of Thee, my King,
And yet one anthem in Thy praise
I long, I long to raise ;
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

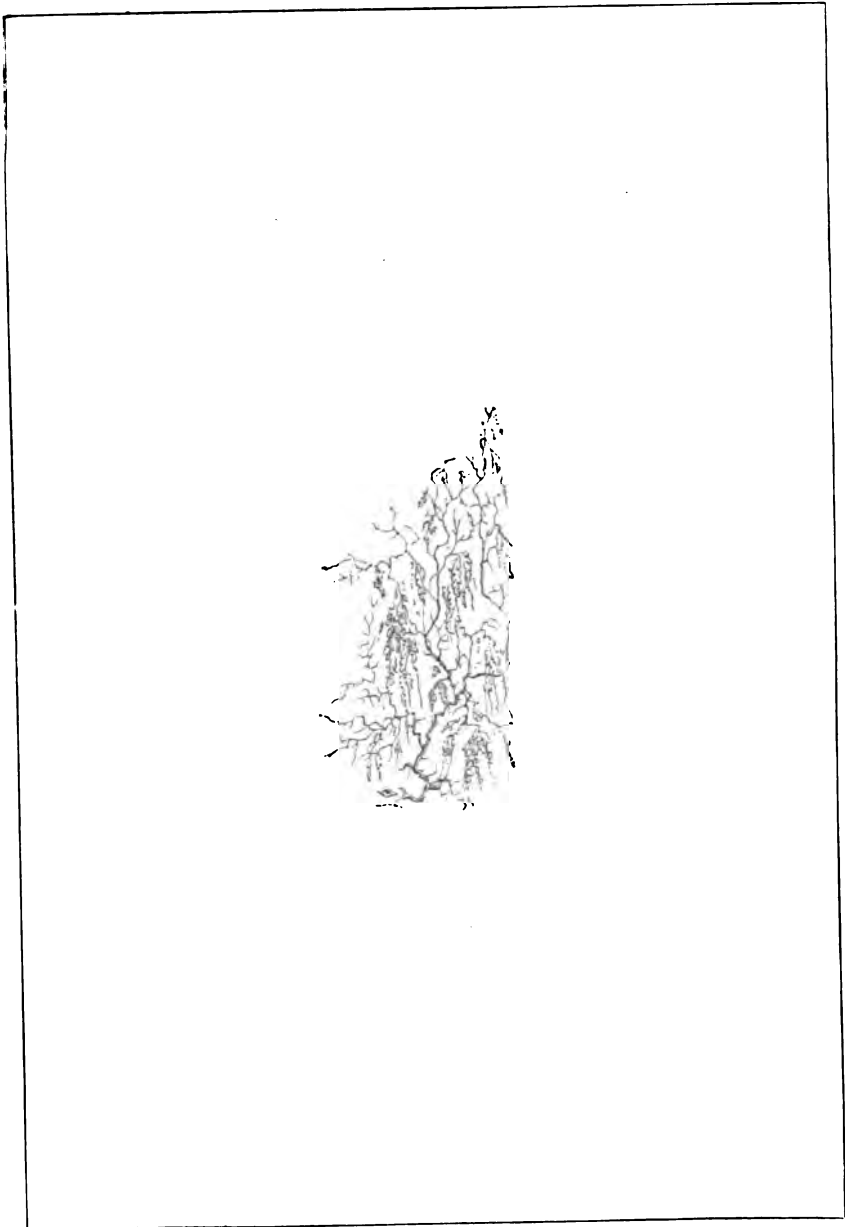
How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee the heart doth see and own
Her Lord and God alone ?
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And open Thou my lips that I may show Thy praise.

Yea, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee,
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife.
O Jesus, Master ! be Thy name supreme
For heaven and earth the one, the grand, the eternal
theme !





UNDER THE SURFACE.



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SUNBEAM AND DEWDROP.






I. UNDER THE SURFACE.



Under the Surface.

I.

A vertical decorative illustration on the left side of the page, featuring a circular emblem with a compass rose and a ship's wheel, surrounded by intricate floral and vine patterns.

ON the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle-rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves, from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.



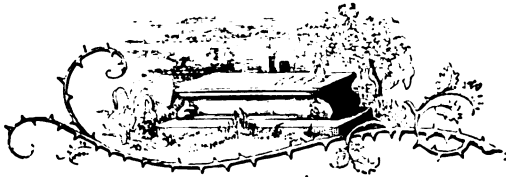
II.

On the surface, lilies white,
 A painted skiff with a singing crew,
 Sky-reflections soft and bright,
 Tremulous crimson, gold, and blue.

Under the surface, life in death,
 Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
 Creeping things with watery breath,
 Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
 A crystal couch for the moonbeams' rest,
 Starry ripples along the beach,
 Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,
 Treacherous currents swift and strong,
 Deafening rush in the drowning ears,—
 Have ye rightly read my song ?





AUTOBIOGRAPHY! So you say,
So do I not believe!
For no men or women that live to-day,
Be they as good or as bad as they may,
Ever would dare to leave,
In faintest pencil or boldest ink,
All they truly and really think,
What they have said and what they have done,
What they have lived and what they have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun.
At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
And the jewels are lost in the grass,
Though you count the blades as you pass.
At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
An innocent streak on a broken cloud;
And the thunder, that pealed so fierce and loud,
With musical echo is softly mixed.
Autobiography? No!
It never was written yet, I trow.
Grant that they try,
Still they must fail!
Words are too pale
For the fervour and glow of the lava-flow.

Can they paint the flash of an eye ?
 How much less the flash of a heart,
 Or its delicate ripple and glitter and gleam,
 Swift and sparkling, suddenly darkling,
 Crimson and gold tints, exquisite soul-tints,
 Changing like dawn-flush touching a dream !

Where is the art
 That shall give the play of blending lights
 From the porphyry rock on the pool below ?
 Or the bird-shadow traced on the sunlit heights
 Of golden rose and snow ?

You say 'tis a fact that the books exist,
 Printed and published in Mudie's list,
 Some in two volumes, and some in one—
 Autobiographies plenty. But look !
 I will tell you what is done
 By the writers, confidentially !
 They cut little pieces out of their lives
 And join them together,
 Making them up as a readable book,
 And call it an autobiography,
 Though little enough of the life survives.

What if we went in the sweet May weather
 To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,
 And reaches down to a tinkling brook,
 That sings the flowers to sleep at night,
 And calls them again with the earliest light !
 Under the delicate flush of green,
 Hardly shading the bank below,
 Pale anemones peep between
 The mossy stumps where the violets grow ;

Wide clouds of blue-bells stretch away,
And primrose constellations rise,—
Turn where we may,
Some new loveliness meets our eyes.
The first white butterflies flit around,
Bees are murmuring close to the ground,
The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.
Hark again !
Was it echo, or was it bird ?
All the air is full of song,
A carolling chorus around and above ;
From the wood-pigeon's call, so soft and long,
To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,
Every one sings 'at his own sweet will,'
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely ! is it not ?
But we must not stay on the fairy spot,
So we gather a nosegay with care :
A primrose here and a blue-bell there,
And something that we have never seen,
Probably therefore a specimen rare ;
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,
The white-veined wood-sorrel, and a spray
Of tender-leaved and budding May.
We carry home the fragrant load,
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road :
The sun grows hotter every hour,
Already the wood-sorrel pines for the shade ;
We watch it fade,
And throw away the fair little flower ;
We forgot that it could not last an hour
Away from the cool moss where it grows.
Then the stitchworts droop and close ;

There is nothing to show but a tangle of green,
For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.
Then the anemones, can they survive ?
Even now they are hardly alive.
Ha ! where is it, our unknown spray ?
 Dropped on the way !
Perhaps we shall never find one again.
At last we come in with the few that are left,
 Of freshness and fragrance bereft ;
 A sorry display.
 Now, do we say,
‘ Here is the wood where we rambled to-day.
 See, we have brought it to you ;
 Believe us, indeed it is true.
This is the wood ! ’ do we say ?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.
There is another. We did not bring
All that was hidden under the wing
Of the radiant-plumaged spring.
 We never tried
To spy, or watch, or away to bear
Much that was just as truly there.
 What have we seen ?
 Hush ! ah, hush !
Curled and withered fern between,
And dead leaves under the living green,
Thick and damp. A clammy feather,
All that remains of a singing thrush,
Killed by a weasel long ago
In the hungry winter weather.
Nettles in unfriendly row,
And last year’s brambles, sharp and brown,
Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.

A pale leaf trying to reach the light
By a long weak stem, but smothered do
Dying in darkness with none to see.
The rotting trunk of a willow-tree,
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank.
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
And a hemlock growing strong and rank.
A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,
Only, perhaps, to be caught again.
No specimens we bring of these,
Lest they should disturb our ease,
And spoil the story of the May,
And make you think our holiday
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no! We write our lives, indeed,
But in a cipher none can read,
Except the author. He may pore
The life-accumulating lore
 For evermore,
And find the records strange and true
Bring wisdom old and new.
But though he break the seal,
 No power has he to give the key,
 No licence to reveal.
 We wait the all-declaring day,
When love shall know as it is known.
Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and God's alone.





Compensation.

OH, the compensating springs! Oh, the balance-wheels of life,
 Hidden away in the workings under the seeming strife!
 Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the whirl and the
 force,
 Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess a part?
 How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the heart?
 How shall we measure another, we who can never know
 From the juttings above the surface the depth of the vein
 below?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
 Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and stone;
 But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain scene,
 Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

How shall we judge their present, we who have never seen
 That which is past for ever, and that which might have been?
 Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we,
 Measuring what we know by what we can hardly see.

Ah! if we knew it all, we should surely understand
 That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with an even hand;
 That the scale of success or loss shall never overflow,
 And that compensation is twined with the lot of high and low.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view ;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the stars
of light.

Launch on the foaming stream that bears you along like a
dart,—
There is danger of rapid and rock, there is tension of muscle
and heart ;
Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm, and slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe and quiet flow.

Oh, the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony rings !
But oh, the wail and the discord, when one and another is
rent,
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished instrument.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache with many a
cross ;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam and glow ;
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless summer days,
This had been dimmed by the dust and the veil of a brooding
haze.

Who would dare the choice, neither or both to know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe ?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to this.

Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be great ;
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight ;
Never a treasure without a following shade of care ;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the strong,
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the long ;
The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only neap.

Then hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father knows what thou
knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the fairest
lot ;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou couldst
not bear.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father portioneth as He will
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be still ?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best ?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest ?

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father, whose ways are true and
just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy perfect
trust ;
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to the brim,
And infinite compensations for ever be found in Him.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father hath fulness of joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for evermore ;
Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite bliss ;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou not wait for
this ?



The Moonlight Sonata.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ills we see,—
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—
Have all one key :
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school ;
All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end !
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

He traineth thus
That we may teach the lessons we are taught ;
That younger learners may be further brought,
Led on by us :
Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,
For His dear service so to be made fit and strong.

He traineth so
 That we may shine for Him in this dark world,
 And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled :
 That we may show
 His praise, by lives that mirror back His love,—
 His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

Nor only here
 The rich result of all our God doth teach
 His scholars, slow at best, until we reach
 A nobler sphere :
 Then, not till then, our training is complete,
 And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

Are children trained
 Only that they may reach some higher class ?
 Only for some few school-room years that pass
 Till growth is gained ?
 Is it not rather for the years beyond,
 To which the father looks with hopes so fair and fond ?

Bold thought, flash on
 Into the far depths of Eternity !
 When Time shall be a faint star-memory,
 So long, long gone !
 Only not lost to our immortal sight,
 Because it ever bears Redemption's quenchless light.

Flash on, and stand
 Among thy bright companions,—spirits blest,
 Inhabiting through ages of glad rest
 The Shining Land !
 Each singing bliss into each other's hearts,—
 Outpouring mighty joy that God's full hand imparts.

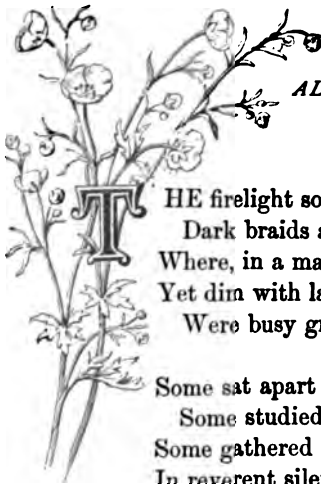
If sweet below
To minister to those whom God doth love,
What will it be to minister above !
His praise to show
In some new strain amid the ransomed choir,
To touch their joy and love with note of living fire.

With perfect praise,
With interchange of rapturous revelation
From Christ Himself, the burning adoration
Yet higher to raise,
For ever and for ever so to bring
More glory and still more to Him, our gracious King.

Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss ;
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial-season ?—
Trust and obey :
And, like the child whose story follows here,
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.



*ALICE'S STORY.*

PART I.

THE firelight softly glanced upon
 Dark braids and sunny curls,
 Where, in a many-windowed room,
 Yet dim with late November gloom,
 Were busy groups of girls.

Some sat apart to learn alone ;
 Some studied side by side ;
 Some gathered round a master's chair
 In reverent silence ; others there
 For readiest answer tried.

For one young name a summons came,
 And Alice quickly rose :
 The rapid pen aside is laid ;
 The call once heard must be obeyed
 At once,—as well she knows.

Yet with no joyous step or smile
 She hastens now away,
 A teacher's earnest look to meet,
 Whose hand is filled with music sweet,
 As hers shall be one day.

Beside her at the instrument
A place her teacher takes,
With patient eye, yet keenest ear ;
And Alice knows that he will hear
The slightest fault she makes.

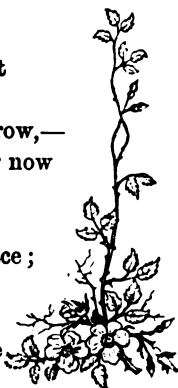
Oh, such a music-task as this
Was never hers before !
So long and hard, so strange and stern,—
A piece she thinks she cannot learn,
Though practised o'er and o'er.

It is not beautiful to her,—
She cannot grasp the whole :
The Master's thought was great and deep,—
A mighty storm, to seize and sweep
The wind-harp of the soul.

She only plays it note by note,
With undeveloped heart ;
She does not glimpse the splendour through
Each chord, so difficult and new,
Of veiled and varied art.

Unwonted beat and weird repeat
She cannot understand ;
She stumbles on with clouded brow,—
Her cheek is flushed, and aching now
The weary little hand.

She looked up in her teacher's face ;
Tears were not far away :
'Must I go on till it is done ?
Oh, let me change it, sir, for one
That I can better play.



'I cannot make it beautiful,—
 It has no tune to sing ;
 And when I am at home, I fear
 My friends will never care to hear
 This long and dreary thing.'

He said, 'If you might freely choose,
 My child, what would you learn ?'
 'Oh, I would have the "Shower of Pearls,"
 Or "Soldiers' March," like other girls,
 And quick approval earn ;

'Or sweet Italian melodies,
 With brilliant run and shake :
 If you would only give me such,
 I think that I could please you much,—
 Such progress I should make !'

'Learn this, and it will please me more,'
 Said he, with kindest voice :
 'And though 'tis now so hard to play,
 Trust me, you will be glad some day
 That I have ruled your choice.'

Tears trembled on the lash, and now
 His face she could not see ;
 Once more she pleaded, as they fell,
 'But I shall never play it well,
 It is too hard for me !'

'One thing I grant,' he said : 'that you
 May fully, freely tell
 Your father, who is kind and wise ;
 And, Alice, what he shall advise,
 Say, will it not be well ?'



Again she came, and stumblingly
The hard sonata played ;
Another week had passed away,
With toilsome practice every day,
Yet small the progress made.

Her father's writing, bold and clear,
Lay on the instrument :
'Your letter safely came to me,
And now shall answer lovingly
To my dear child be sent.

'The hardest gained is best retained ;
You learn not for to-day :
I cannot grant your fond request ;
Your teacher certainly knows best,
So trust him and obey.'

The teacher spoke ; she listened well,
No word of his to miss :
'Alice, I want to make of you
An artist, noble, high, and true ;
And no light thing is this.

'There's happier, better work in store
Than merry tunes to play :
You have a mission to fulfil,—
You do not know it ; but I will
Prepare you as I may.

'Will you believe that I know best,
And persevere, my child ?'
She answered with a little sigh,
'Yes, I will trust and I will try ;'
And then her teacher smiled.



PART II.

Long has the school been left behind,
 For years have passed away :
 We find her now where evening light
 Fades not into the darksome night,
 But melts into the day.

There, in an arched and lofty room,
 She stands in fair white dress ;
 Where grace and colour and sweet sound
 Combine and cluster all around,
 And rarest taste express.

'Tis Alice still, but woman grown
 In hand and head and heart ;
 And those who now around her throng
 Are skilled in music and in song,
 In learning and in art.

It was an evening of delight
 To be remembered long,
 With many a reach of vivid thought,
 And many a vision artist-wrought,
 And—crown of all that friendship brought—
 The eloquence of song.

The North is bright, with lingering light
 To Northern summers given,—
 A tender loveliness that stays
 When twilight falls upon the days,
 As silence falls in heaven.

' Now, Alice, now the time is come :
 Sweet music you have poured ;



But, in this gentle twilight fall,
Give now the very best of all
That in your heart is stored.

‘Give now the Master’s masterpiece ;
All silent we will be :
And you shall stir our inmost souls,
While, like a fiery river, rolls
Beethoven’s harmony.’

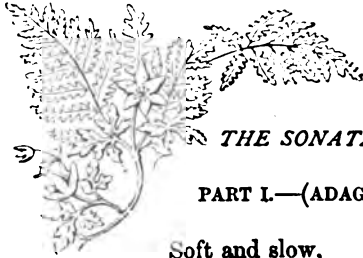
An instrument was by her side,—
A new and glad possession,
Whose perfect answering conveyed
Each delicate and subtle shade
Of varying expression.

She needed no reminding score,
For memory was true ;
And what is learnt in childish years,
Deep graven on the mind appears
Our life’s whole journey through.

And so she only had to let
The long-known music flow
From happy heart and steady hand,
As with a magic flame-command,
Enkindling in the listening band
A full responsive glow.

Through shade more beautiful than light,
Through hush of softest word,
Through calm and silence, still and deep
As angel-love or seraph sleep,
The opening notes were heard.



*THE SONATA.*

PART I.—(ADAGIO.)

Soft and slow,
 Ever a gentle underflow ;
 Soft and slow,
 Murmuring peacefully on below.
 A twilight song ; while the shadows sleep
 Dusk and deep,
 Over the fountain, under the fern,
 Solemn and still :
 Waiting for moonlight over the hill
 To touch the bend of the lulling burn,
 And make it show
 As a diamond bow,
 Shooting arrows of glancing light,
 In luminous flight,
 To the gloomy head of the waterfall ;
 Again to break,
 In silvery flake,
 Under the wild and grim rock-wall.
 A twilight song, a song of love,
 Softer than nightingale, sweeter than dove ;
 Loving and longing, loving and yearning,
 With a hidden flow of electric burning
 Ever returning ;
 Melting again in calm repeat
 Slow and sweet,
 Sweet and slow ;





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FALL OF THE HANDECK BY MOONLIGHT.

-- "THE GLOOMY HEAD OF THE WATERFALL



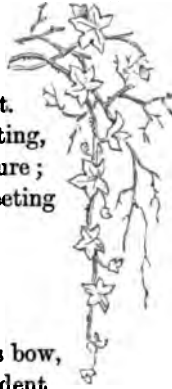
THE NEW YORK
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While ever the gentle underflow
Murmurs lovingly on below,
In notes that seem to come from far,—
 From the setting star
 In the paling west,
 Faint and more faint,
Like the parting hymn of a dying saint
 Sinking to rest.

A moment of deep hush ; then wakes again
With sudden sparkle of delight,—a new and joyous strain.

PART II.—(ALLEGRETTO.)

Awake ! awake !
 For life is sweet :
Awake ! awake !
 New hopes to greet.
The shadows are fleeting,
 The substance is sure ;
The joys thou art meeting
 Shall ever endure.
Awake ! awake !
 For twilight now,
That veiled the lake
 Where dark woods bow,
In moonlight resplendent
 Is passing away ;
For brightness ascendant
 Turns night into day.
Oh, listen ! yet listen !
 The moonlight song,
Where still waters glisten,
 Is floating along :



A melodious ripple of silver sound
 In golden rhythm of light-bars bound,
 Linked with the loveliness all around.

A song of hope,
 That soars beyond
 The farthest scope
 Of a vision fond ;

While the loneliest silence of solemn night,
 And the depth of shadow beneath our feet,
 Only make the song more sweet,—
 Only make the sacred light
 Yet more tender, yet more bright ;
 And song and radiance both entwining
 In radiant singing and musical shining

Float on and on
 Till the night is gone,
 Ever for rest
 Far too blest.
 Then wake, then wake
 From slumberous leisure !
 Arise and take
 Thy truest pleasure !

A life is before thee which cannot decay ;
 A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
 Of glory and music not far away.
 Take the bliss that is offered thee :
 Hope on, hope ever, and thou shalt be
 Blest for aye !



Once more a pause is made ;
 While deeper still the silence, deeper yet the shade.



PART III.—(PRESTO AGITATO.)

Now in awful tempest swelling,
Fallen hosts anew rebelling,
Battle shout and lava torrent
Mingle in a strife abhorrent.
Fiery cataracts are leaping,
Passion-driven stars are sweeping
In a labyrinth of courses ;
Space is torn with clashing forces :
'Tis a fearful new rehearsal
Of old chaos universal.

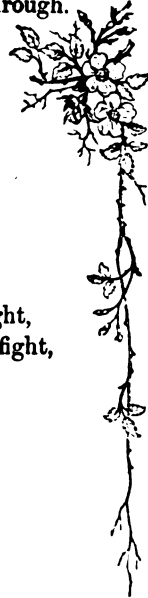
Hush ! and hark ! and hear aright
And you shall know
It is not so !
'Tis the roar of chariot wheels,
That nothing hinders, nothing bars,
Whose flint-sparkles are the stars
Flashing bright ;
And the mighty thunder-peals
Are the trampling of its steeds.
On it speeds,
Crushing wrongs like river-reeds,
By the grandly simple might
Of Eternal Right.

'Tis a song—a battle song—
And a shout of victory,
Darting through the conflict strong
Terror to the enemy.

Rising, while the moon is setting
 That beheld the struggle sore ;
 Rising still, while not forgetting
 That the battle is not o'er ;
 Rising, while the day is breaking
 O'er the hills, serene and strong ;
 Rising, while the birds are waking
 With their myriad-throated song
 Rising ! yet with much to do
 Ere the strife be ended !
 For loud confusion
 And wild delusion

Are rampant still, and still are blended
 With the song of triumph bursting through.

It rises to fall again ;
 Falls, but to rise ;
 Hushed, but to call again
 Loud to the skies.
 Resounding like thunder
 In conquering march,
 That reverberates under
 The resonant arch.



Sternly triumphant o'er wrongful might,
 In whirlwind of battle, in tempest of fight,
 See the singers before us,
 In warrior chorus,
 Never despairing,
 Never yielding ;
 Ever preparing
 And faithfully wielding
 Weapons kept bright,
 And armour of light ;
 Shattering barriers that seemed adamantine,
 Spurning the depth and scaling the height ;

While over all the turmoil and fray
Shines, in the dawn that heralds the day,
Star-lit, a crown amaranthine.

Yea : a mighty song,
Of joy and triumph strong ;
Magnificent in madness,
And glorious in gladness.
Every obstacle is hurled
To an infinite abyss ;
Giant standards are unfurled, —
Banners of a far-off world
Calling followers from this ;
Calling, calling : shall it be
To noble failure and heroic death ?
Lifted with a parting breath.

Is the shout of victory
Failing fast ?
Is the only crown at last
Death—death ?

No !
'Tis not so !

For light and life

End the war and crown the strife.

Joy to the faithful one full shall be given !
Rising in splendour that never shall set,
The morning of triumph shall dawn on thee yet,
When gladness and love for ever have met
In heaven.



She ended. For a little space
The music still seemed swelling,
As it were too sweet and rare
Like common sound to leave the air
As a deserted dwelling.

Then, through the flow of loving thanks
And murmuring delight,
And marvel at the Master's art,
One rich approval reached her heart
More than all else that night.

One, who had also freely brought
His own high gift of song,
Drew near and spoke : 'For many a year
That marvellous work has been most dear,—
Known, loved, and studied long.

'I own, like you, allegiance true,
And deemed my insight clear ;
But never guessed until to-night
The depths of meaning and the might
Of what you rendered here.

'The Master has been much to me ;
But more than ever now I see
That there none is above him.
You have been his interpreter :
To you it has been given to stir
The souls of all who love him.'



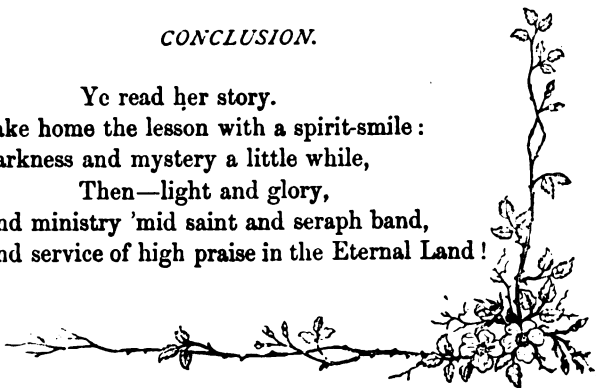
Then swift up-flashed a memory,—
A long-forgotten day ;
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head,
And of the father's word that said,
‘Trust and obey.’

The lesson learnt in patience then
Was lit by love and duty ;
The toiling time was quickly past,
The trusting time had fled fast,
And Alice understood at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

O glad, perpetual harvest-time,
After the sowing days !
For all her life rich joy of sound,
And deep delight to loved ones round,
And to the Master,—praise !

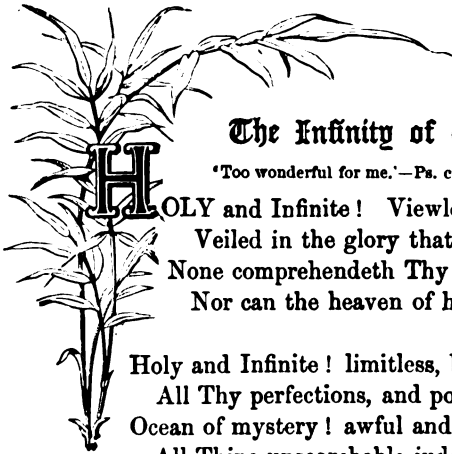
CONCLUSION.

Ye read her story.
Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile :
Darkness and mystery a little while,
Then—light and glory,
And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
And service of high praise in the Eternal Land !





II. OUR GOD.



The Infinity of God.

"Too wonderful for me."—Ps. cxxxix. 6.

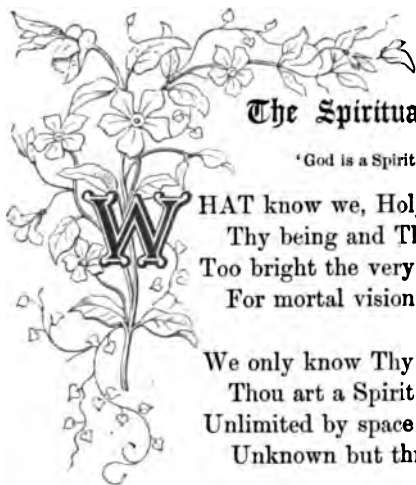
HOLY and Infinite! Viewless, Eternal!
 Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
 None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
 Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and Infinite! limitless, boundless,
 All Thy perfections, and power, and praise!
 Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless
 All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways!

King of Eternity! what revelation
 Could the created and finite sustain,
 But for Thy marvellous manifestation,
 Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain!

Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
 Seraphim, cherubim love and admire;
 Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
 Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud ?
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite ! Father and God !



The Spirituality of God.

'God is a Spirit.'—JOHN IV. 24.

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
Thy being and Thine essence pure ?
Too bright the very mystery
For mortal vision to endure.

We only know Thy word sublime,
Thou art a Spirit ! Perfect ! One !
Unlimited by space or time,
Unknown but through the eternal Son.

By change untouched, by thought untraced,
And by created eye unseen,
In Thy great Present is embraced
All that shall be, all that hath been.

O Father of our spirits, now
We seek Thee in our Saviour's face ;
In truth and spirit we would bow,
And worship where we cannot trace.



The Eternity of God.

'The King eternal, immortal, invisible.'—1 TIM. i. 17.

KING Eternal and Immortal !
 We, the children of an hour,
 Bend in lowly adoration,
 Rise in raptured admiration,
 At the whisper of Thy power.
 Myriad ages in Thy sight
 Are but as the fleeting day ;
 Like a vision of the night,
 Worlds may rise and pass away.

All Thy glories are eternal,
 None shall ever pass away ;
 Truth and mercy all victorious,
 Righteousness and love all glorious,
 Shine with everlasting ray :
 All resplendent, ere the light
 Bade primeval darkness flee ;
 All transcendent, through the flight
 Of eternities to be.

Thou art God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting art !
 Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
 Dimly guessed by angel sages,
 Ere the beat of seraph-heart,
 Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
 And Thy years shall have no end ;
 Changeless nature, changeless name,
 Ever Father, God, and Friend !



The Sovereignty of God.

'Be still, and know that I am God.'—Ps. xlv. 10.

GOD Almighty! King of nations! earth Thy footstool, heaven
Thy throne!
Thine the greatness, power, and glory; Thine the kingdom,
Lord, alone!
Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy will ordaineth all,
From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen insect's fall.

Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling myriad worlds of
light;
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy hand of might!
Working all things by Thy power, by the counsel of Thy will,
Thou art God! enough to know it, and to hear Thy word:
'Be still!'

In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children bow and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and true, are all Thy
ways.

While Thy heart of sovereign mercy and Thine arm of
sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation, in Thy sovereign grace
unite.



The Essential Blessedness of God.



'Dwelling in the light.'—1 TIM. vi. 16.

GLORIOUS God and King !

O gracious Father, hear
The praise our hearts would bring
To Thee, who, ever near,
Yet in eternity dost dwell,
Immortal and invisible.

Around Thee all is light,
And rest of perfect love,
And glory full and bright,
All human thought above :
Thyself the Fountain infinite
Of all ineffable delight.

O depth of holy bliss,
Essential and Divine !
What thought can measure this,—
Thy joy, Thy glory,—Thine !
Yet such our treasure evermore,
Thy fulness is Thy children's store.

O Father, Thy great grace
We magnify and praise ;
Called to that blessed place,
With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see !



Thine is the Power.

OUR Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might ;
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found :
Our Refuge, our Helper in conflict and woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the power !

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name,
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world,
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou wilt,
For Thine is the power !

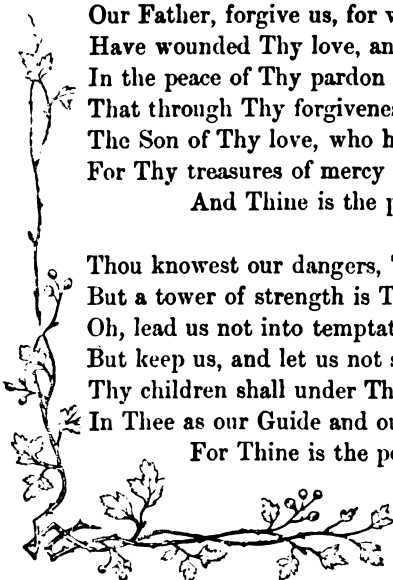
Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.
Oh hasten Thy kingdom, oh show forth Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the power !

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
 For full acquiescence is heaven begun ;—
 Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
 In word and in action, in spirit and thought ;
 And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfil,
 With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
 For Thine is the power !

Our Father, Thou carest ; Thou knowest indeed
 Our inmost desires, our manifold need ;
 The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
 For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply ;
 Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
 And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
 And Thine is the power !

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
 Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast ;
 In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
 That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive ;
 The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray,
 For Thy treasures of mercy hath opened the way,
 And Thine is the power !

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,
 But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name ;
 Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,
 But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;
 Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide,
 In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
 For Thine is the power !



Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong,
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong ;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the power !

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the power !



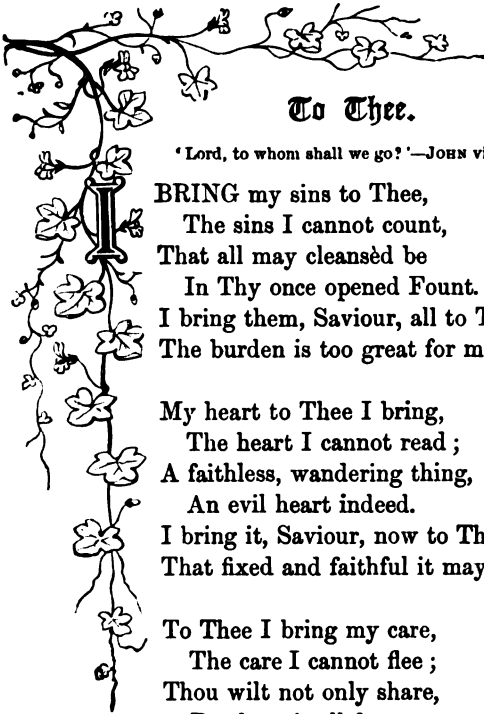


III. OUR SAVIOUR.

The One Reality.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies drifted,
 Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,
 Shadowless shadows where warm lives were sought,
 Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted
 On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted !
 What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,
 To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
 From which the real and restful is out-sifted !
 Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove
 Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,
 The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
 Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrollèd tree,
 And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love
 The Son of God, who gave Himself for me !





To Thee.

'Lord, to whom shall we go?'—JOHN vi. 68.

BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read ;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

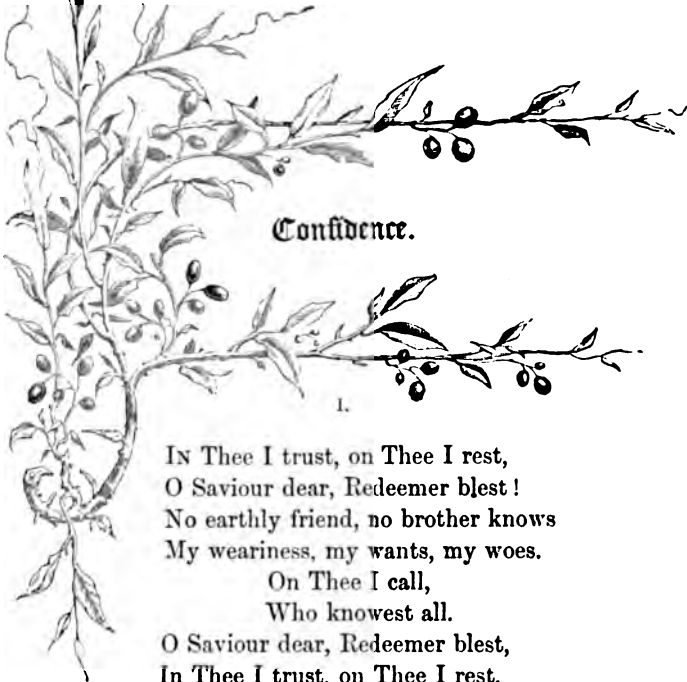
To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee ;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.



My joys to Thee I bring,
 The joys Thy love hath given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
 I would not be my own ;
 O Saviour, let me be
 Thine ever, Thine alone.
 My heart, my life, my all I bring
 To Thee, my Saviour and my King !



Confidence.

1.

In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
 O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest !
 No earthly friend, no brother knows
 My weariness, my wants, my woes.
 On Thee I call,
 Who knowest all.
 O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
 In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

II.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness,
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power
 In darkest night,
 In fiercest fight.
With lip and life I long to bless
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

I could not do without Thee.



COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost !
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea !

I could not do without Thee !
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.



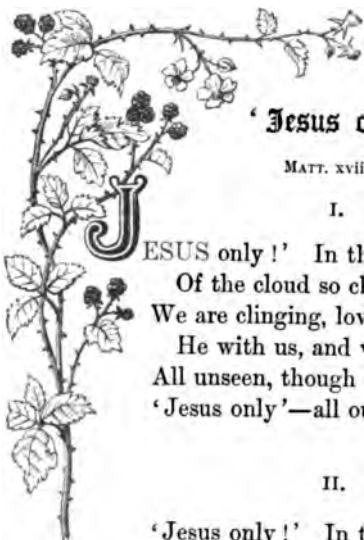
I could not do without Thee !
 For oh ! the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without Thee ?
 I do not know the way ;
 Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear !
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near.
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee !

I could not do without Thee !
 No other friend can read
 The spirit's strange deep longings,
 Interpreting its need.
 No human heart could enter
 Each dim recess of mine,
 And soothe and hush and calm it,
 O blessed Lord, but Thine !

I could not do without Thee !
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon, in solemn loneliness,
 The river must be passed.
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And, though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, 'It is I.'





'Jesus only.'

MATT. XVII. 8.

I.

JESUS only !' In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him ;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
'Jesus only'—all our cry.

II.

'Jesus only !' In the glory,
When the shadows all are flow
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone ;
May we join His ransomed throng,
'Jesus only'—all our song !

'Is it for me ?

'O Thou whom my soul loveth.'—CANT. i. 7.

Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest ?
For me, so weak and sinful,
Oh, shall I thus be blessed ?



Is it for me to see Thee
 In all Thy glorious grace,
 And gaze in endless rapture
 On Thy beautiful Face?

Is it for me to listen
 To Thy beloved Voice,
 And hear its sweetest music
 Bid even me rejoice?
 Is it for me, Thy welcome,
 Thy gracious "Enter in!"
 For me, Thy "Come, ye blessed!"
 For me, so full of sin?

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
 My heart is at Thy feet;
 I bless Thee and I love Thee,
 And Thee I long to meet.
 A thrill of solemn gladness
 Has hushed my very heart,
 To think that I shall really
 Behold Thee as Thou art;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
 Behold Thee face to face;
 Behold Thee in Thy glory,
 And know Thy smile of grace;
 And be with Thee for ever,
 And never grieve Thee more!
 Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee,
 And lovingly adore.



Hidden in Light.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy. We say, 'How fair they are,
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and bright!'
But when the sun draws near in westering might,
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light but Thine the world may see,
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.



He is thy Lord.

'So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship
thou Him.' - Ps. xlv. 11.

JESUS, beloved Master, art Thou near?
My heart goes forth to Thee! Thy precious Word
Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch
Of living light, all through my silent soul.
I had not looked for it. I was too tired
For earnest search, and could not rise above
A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil
Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes.

But as I lay and waited for the sleep
 That had been asked, the Book beside my hand
 Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.
 Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance
 That fell upon the unsought word of power :
 'He is Thy Lord!' So simple, yet so strong,
 So all-embracing! oh, it was enough
 To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

'HE is Thy Lord!' Thyself, O Saviour dear,
 And not another. Whom have I but Thee
 In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire?
 For Thou hast said, 'So shall the King desire thee!
 And well may I respond in wondering love,
 'Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee.'

'He is thy Lord!' So certainly! I know
 My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,
 Because Thine all-compelling love and grace
 Have won the citadel which else had stood
 Defiant, till God's wrath had laid it low.
 So certainly! a fact which cannot change,
 Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

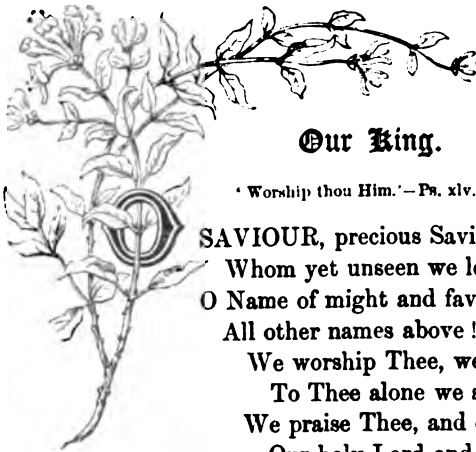
'He is THY Lord!' Oh, mine! though other lords
 Have had dominion, now I know Thy name,
 And its great music is the only key
 To which my soul vibrates in full accord,
 Blending with other notes but as they blend
 With this. Oh, mine! But dare I say it, I,
 Who fail and wander, mourning oftentimes
 Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string?
 It would be greater daring to deny,
 To say, 'Not mine,' when Thou hast proved to me
 That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

'*He is thy LORD!*' Oh, I am glad of this,
Right glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King!
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.
So glad,—because it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord!
And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause
To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of Thy full and visible reign:
Thou reignest now—'*He is thy Lord*' to-day!

My Lord! My heart hath said it joyfully.
Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart
'Tis comfort to remember that we have
No will or power to think one holy thought,
And thereby estimate His power in us,—
'*No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,
But by the Holy Ghost.*' Then it must be
That all the sweetness of the word, '*Thy Lord,*'
And all the long glad echoes that it woke,
Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal
Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

'*My Lord, my God!*' Thou hearest, blessed Lord,
Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend
At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here!
'If Thou wert here?' But surely Thou art here,
And I believe it, though I cannot see.

I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
 Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet
 Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,
 Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
 To work for Thee with single heart and eye.



Our King.

* Worship thou Him. — Ps. xlv. 11.

SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love !
 O Name of might and favour,
 All other names above !

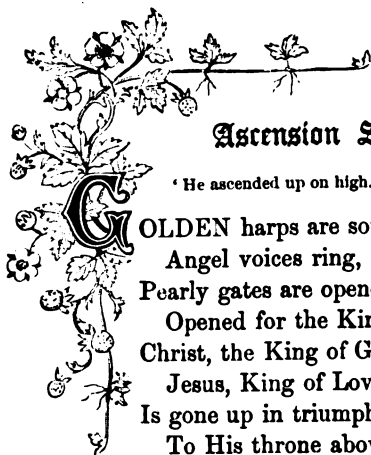
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and King !

O Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought :
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our gracious Lord and King !

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine ;

The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King !

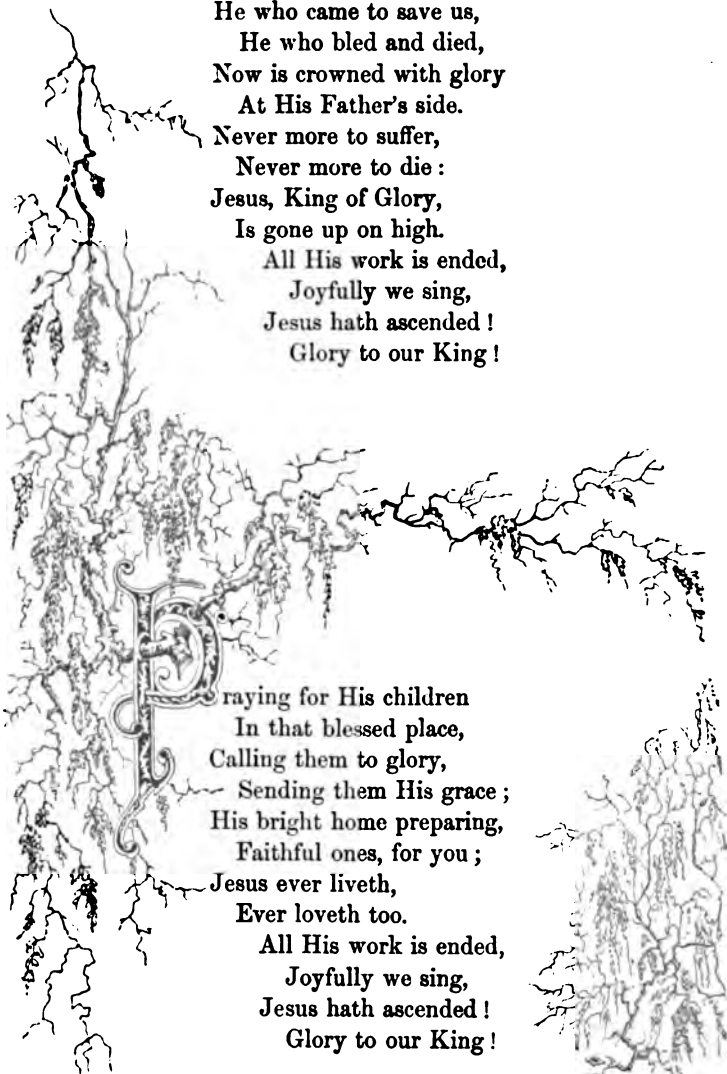
Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love :
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King !



Ascension Song.

'He ascended up on high.' - EPH. iv. 8.

GOLDEN harps are sounding
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King ;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !



He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

Prayer for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

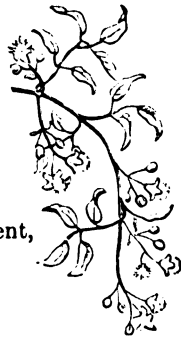


Advent Song.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say '
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

Thou art coming! Rays of glory,
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.

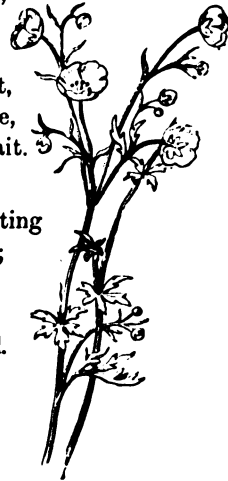


Earth is brightened when this gleam
 Falls on flower and rock and stream ;
 Life is brightened when this ray
 Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
 Not a mist and not a tear,
 Not a sin and not a sorrow,
 Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
 For that sunrise grand and clear !
 Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee,
 Nothing else seems worth a thought !
 Oh, how marvellous will be
 All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

Thou art coming ! At Thy table
 We are witnesses for this,
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss.
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming and Thy throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming ! We are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail ;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure :
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure !



Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord !
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord !
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned !
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned !





IV. OUR WORK.

Have you not a Word for Jesus?

'O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'—Ps. li. 15.

HAVE you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for Him?
He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim!
HE IS LISTENING; does He hear you speaking of the things of
earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth?
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to
you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet
and true:

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,
Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold?

Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise
proclaim?

Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love His
name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to
be,

Will you tell your gracious Master, 'Lord, we cannot speak
for Thee'?

'Cannot!' though He suffered for you, died because He loved
you so !
'Cannot!' though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as
snow !
'Cannot!' though His grace abounding is your freely promised
aid !
'Cannot!' though He stands beside you, though He says, 'Be
not afraid !'

Have you not a word for Jesus ? Some, perchance, while ye
are dumb,
Wait and weary for your message, hoping you will bid them
'come ;'
Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door,
Longing for your hand to lead them into rest for evermore.
Yours may be the joy and honour His redeemed ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to
share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to dare ?

What shall be our word for Jesus ? Master, give it day by
day ;
Ever as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience ; grant us deep humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of
Thee ;
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning, make us
wise,
Single-hearted, strong, and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we
will rise !
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving word ;
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always
heard !

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious 'Come
to Me.'

Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and, to prove our love,
would lay

Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open at Thy blessed feet to-day.
Many an effort it may cost us, many a heartbeat, many a fear,
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is
always near.

Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame,
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for
Thee,

And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would hence-
forth be ;

In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave
above,

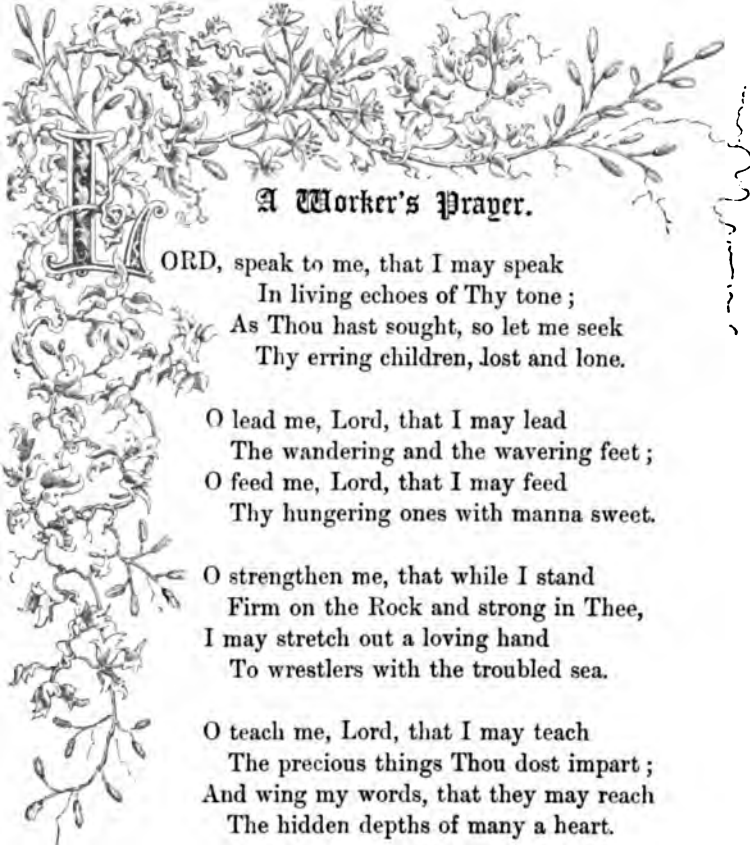
With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden Name of
Love.

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the brightening
'little while.'

Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here accept and
own,

And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy
throne.





A Worker's Prayer.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

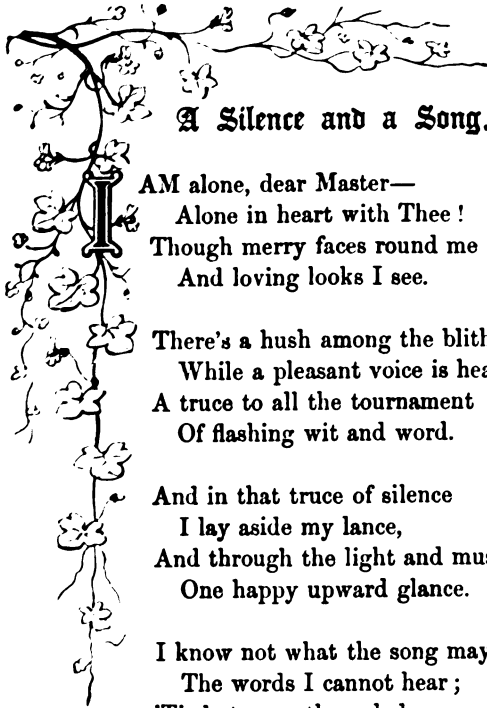
O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
 Until Thy blessed Face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.



A Silence and a Song.

AM alone, dear Master—
 Alone in heart with Thee !
 Though merry faces round me
 And loving looks I see.

There's a hush among the blithe ones,
 While a pleasant voice is heard,
 A truce to all the tournament
 Of flashing wit and word.

And in that truce of silence
 I lay aside my lance,
 And through the light and music send
 One happy upward glance.

I know not what the song may be,
 The words I cannot hear ;
 'Tis but a gentle melody,
 All simple, soft, and clear.



But the sweetness and the quiet
Have set my spirit free,
And I turn in loving gladness,
Dear Master, now to Thee.

I know I love Thee better
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

I know that Thou art nearer still
Than all this merry throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad !
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

I bless Thee for these pleasant hours
With sunny-hearted friends,
But more for this sweet moment's calm
Thy loving-kindness sends.

O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee ?

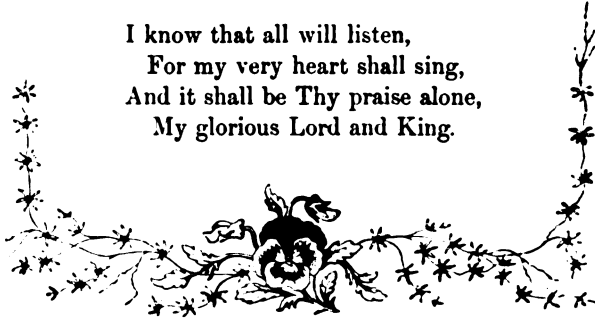
'Tis ending now, that gentle song,
And they will call for me ;
They know the music I love best,—
My song shall be for Thee !



For Thee, who hast so loved us,
 And whom, not having seen,
 We love ; on whom in all our joy,
 As in our grief, we lean.

Be near me still, and tune my notes,
 And make them sweet and strong,
 To waft Thy words to many a heart
 Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,
 For my very heart shall sing,
 And it shall be Thy praise alone,
 My glorious Lord and King.



The Coming of the Healer.

'They came into the land of Gennesaret. And when the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment ; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.'—*MATT. xiv. 34-36.*

FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer, in gathering storm
 and blast—
 From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er waters wild
 and vast,
 HE came, the glorious Son of God, with healing, love, and
 light,
 To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in shadowy night.

Oh blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that gloomy shore !
Where they who walked in darkness long, the Light of Life
adore.

Oh blessed coming to the land of Death's usurping sway ;
For where those shining footsteps fall, the shadows flee
away !

But when the Light had touched the hills by slumbering
Galilee,
The golden wave must roll afar towards the western sea :
And when the men had knowledge of the Holy One of
God,
Then they sent out through all the land, and spread His fame
abroad.

And then they brought the suffering ones, the lonely, or the
dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far away, or near ;
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and earnestly besought
That they might only touch the hem around His garment
wrought.

He heard the prayer, and gave the will and strength to touch
the hem ;
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed from Him, and healed
them :
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met the Saviour's
power,
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that accepted hour.

O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art The Same to-day !
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou art waiting
still
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, ' whosoever will !'

We know Thee, blessed Saviour, who hast 'filled us with
good things ;'
Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in Thy wings ;
Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and life divine ;
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us 'arise and shine !'

Oh, let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, that we may now 'send out,'
And tell that Thou art come 'in all the country round
about,'—
That Thou art waiting now to heal, that Thou art strong to
save,
That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and triumphed o'er
the grave.

Oh, make us fervent in the quest, that we may bring them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers from sin ;
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them out for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healèd they may be.

Oh, pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of Thy grace,
That we may plead with Thee to show the brightness of Thy
face,
Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength and faith to
such
As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem to touch.

And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that they may rise
and bring
New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer and our King ;
Yea, let Thy saving health be known through all the earth
abroad,
So shall the people praise Thy Name, our Saviour and our
God.

Another for Christ.

ANOTHER called, another brought, dear Master, to Thy feet !
Oh, where are words to tell the joy so wonderful and sweet !
Oh, where are words to give Thee thanks that Thou indeed
hast heard,
That Thou hast proved and sealed anew Thy faithful promise-
word !

We prayed so long, with fervent hope and patient faith, that
she
With all her early wealth of love might give herself to Thee ;
Well knowing that our prayer must be the echo of Thy will,
Itself the earnest and the pledge that Thou wilt all fulfil.

And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with the angel-
throng,
Who even now are pouring forth a new and joyful song,
Our hearts ascend, our whispers blend, in deepest thrill of
praise,
The happiest Alleluia-hymn that human heart can raise.

Oh, joy to know that Thou hast found Thy fair and weary dove,
Rejoicing o'er the wanderer now, and resting in Thy love,
That Thou art glad that Thou hast seen the travail of Thy
soul,
Thy blessed Name emblazoned on a new and living scroll !

O Master, blessed Master, it is hard indeed to know
That thousands round our daily path misunderstand Thee so !
Despised and rejected yet, no beauty they can see,
O King of glory and of grace, beloved Lord, in Thee !

Not even as a lovely song of pleasant voice appears
The story of Thy wondrous love in dull and drowsy ears ;
'Tis nothing to the passers-by, who coldly turn aside,
That Thou hast poured Thy precious blood, that Thou wast
crucified.

O Saviour, precious Saviour, come in all Thy power and grace,
And take away the veil that hides the glory of Thy face !
Oh, manifest the marvels of Thy tenderness and love,
And let Thy Name be blessed and praised all other names
above.

Oh, vindicate Thyself, and show how perfect are Thy ways,
Untraceable, because too bright for weak and mortal gaze ;
Shine forth, O Sun, and bid the scales of darkening evil fall,
Thou Altogether Lovely One, Thou glorious All-in-all !

Yet conquering Thy word goes forth on all-triumphant way !
'Ye shall be gathered one by one,' 'tis true afresh to-day !
And so we hush the yearning cry, 'How long, O Lord, how
long ?'
A sweet new token Thou hast given to change it into song.

So once again we praise Thee, with Thy holy ones above,
Because another heart has seen Thy great and mighty love ;
Another heart will own Thee Lord, and worship Thee as King,
And grateful love and glowing praise and willing service bring.

Another voice to 'tell it out' what great things Thou hast
done,
Another life to live for Thee, another witness won,
Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side enrolled,
Another heart to read aright Thy heart of love untold !

'How Wonderful!'


HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,
With blessing more than I had asked or thought—
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered, 'Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought ?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought !
How wonderful that He hath answered me !'
O faithless heart ! He said that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear ?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word ?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.



A Plea for the Little Ones.

IT was Easter Monday morning,
A dull and showery day ;
We were sorry for the children,
Who could not run and play.

I heard the sound of singing
As I passed along the street—
An unseen tiny chorus
Of tiny voices sweet.



Beneath a sheltering doorway,
 Safe from the April weather,
 Eight happy little singers
 Sat lovingly together.

Five crowding on the doorstep
 With arms entwined, and three
 On broken stool or baby chair,
 Close clustering knee to knee.

They sang about the 'happy land,'
 So very 'far away,'
 And happier faces never shone
 In any game of play.

And then they sang it all again,
 And gently rocked each other ;
 Then said the little leader,
 'Now let us sing another !'

'Now I will say a hymn to you !'
 (Oh, the sixteen eyes were bright !)
 So I said them 'Little Jessie,'
 As they listened with delight.

JESSIE'S FRIEND.

'Little Jessie, darling pet,
 Do you want a Friend ?
 One who never will forget,
 Loving to the end ?

One whom you can tell, when sad,
Everything that grieves ?
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves ?

‘Such a loving Friend is ours,
Near us all the day,
Helping us in lesson-hours,
Smiling on our play ;
Keeping us from doing wrong,
Guarding everywhere ;
Listening to each happy song,
And each little prayer.

‘Jessie, if you only knew
What He is to me,
Surely you would love Him too,
You would “come and see.”
Come, and you will find it true,
Happy you will be !
Jesus says, and says to you,
“Come, oh, come to Me.”’

‘Now tell me who, if you can guess,
Was little Jessie’s Friend ?
Who is the Friend that loves so much,
And loveth to the end ?’

I would that you had seen the smile
On every sunny face ;
It made a palace of delight
Out of that dismal place,



As, reverently yet joyously,
 They answered without fear,
 'It's Jesus!' that beloved Name
 Had never seemed more dear.

And then we talked awhile of Him—
 They knew the story well;
 His holy life, His precious death,
 Those rosy lips could tell.

All beautiful, and wonderful,
 And sweet and true it seemed,
 Such hold no fairy tale had gained
 That ever fancy dreamed.

So, to be good and kind all day
 These little children tried,
 Because they knew He was so good,
 Because He bled and died.



Best knowledge! Oh, what human lore
 Can be compared with such!
 'Who taught you this, dear little ones?
 Where did you learn so much?'

Again the bright eyes cheerily
 Looked up from step and stool;
 They answered (mark the answer well!),
 'We learnt it all at school!'

At school, at school! And shall we take
 The Book of books away?
 Withhold it from the little ones?
 Leave them at will to stray—





Upon dark mountains, helplessly,
Without the guiding light
That God entrusts to us, until
They perish in the night ?

What was the world before that Book
Went forth in glorious might ?
Availed the lore of Greece and Rome
To chase its Stygian night ?

We send the messengers of life
To many a distant strand,
And shall we tie the tongues that teach
The poor of our own land ?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,
And not the Bread of Life ?
And shall the Word of Peace become
A centre of mad strife ?

Shall those who name the Name of Christ
His own great gift withhold ?
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold !

Why would ye have ' no Bible taught ' ?
Is it for fear ? or shame ?
Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name !

If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten !

With battle-cry of valiant faith,
 Let Britain's sons arise,—
 'Our children shall be taught the Word
 That only maketh wise !'

So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl
 Our banner bright and broad,
 The cause of His dear Word of Life
 Our cause the Cause of God.



Tell it Out.

'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.'—Ps. xcvi. 10.
 (*Prayer Book Version.*)

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King !
 Tell it out, tell it out !
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing !
 Tell it out, tell it out !
 Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase ;
 That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.
 Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
 That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for ever-
 more !

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns !
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains !
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above !
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love !
Tell it out, tell it out !
Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home ;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam ;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !

*Sisters.*

OH ! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder might,
To startle the silken dreams of English women at ease,
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth and
light
Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western
breeze !

Oh ! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest,
With the story of sisters' woes, gathering day by day
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the
stone away.

Sisters ! Scorn not the name, for ye cannot alter the fact !
Deem ye the darker tint of the glowing South shall be
Valid excuse above for the Priest's and Levite's act,
If ye pass on the other side, and say that ye did not see ?

Sisters ! Yea, and they lie, not by the side of the road,
But hidden in loathsome caves, in crushed and quivering
throings,
Down-trodden, degraded, and dark, beneath the invisible load
Of centuries echoing groans, black with inherited wrongs.

Made like our own strange selves, with memory, mind, and
will ;

Made with a heart to love, and a soul to live for ever !
Sisters ! Is there no chord vibrating in musical thrill,
At the fall of that gentle word, to issue in bright endeavour ?

Sisters ! Ye who have known the Elder Brother's love,—
Ye who have sat at His feet, and leant on His gracious
breast,
Whose hearts are glad with the hope of His own blest home
above,
Will ye not seek them out, and lead them to Him for rest ?

Is it too great a thing ? Will not one rise and go,
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them down ?
Seeking His lone and lost in the veiled abodes of woe,
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His glorious crown !



An Indian Flag.



THE golden gates were opening
For another welcome guest ;
For a ransomed heir of glory
Was entering into rest :

The first in far Amritsur
Who heard the joyful sound,
The first who came to Jesus
Within its gloomy bound.

The wonderers and the watchers
Around his dying bed
Saw Christ's own fearless witness
Safe through the valley led.

And they whose faithful sowing
Had not been all in vain,
Knew that the angels waited
Their sheaf of ripened grain.

He spoke : ' Throughout the city
How many a flag is raised
Where loveless deities are owned,
And powerless gods are praised !





' I give my house to Jesus,
That it may always be
A flag for Christ, the Son of God,
Who gave Himself for me.'

And now in far Amritsur
That flag is waving bright,
Amid the heathen darkness,
A clear and shining light ;

A house where all may gather
The words of peace to hear,
And seek the only Saviour
Without restraint or fear ;

Where patient toil of teaching
And kindly deeds abound ;
Where holy festivals are kept,
And holy songs resound.

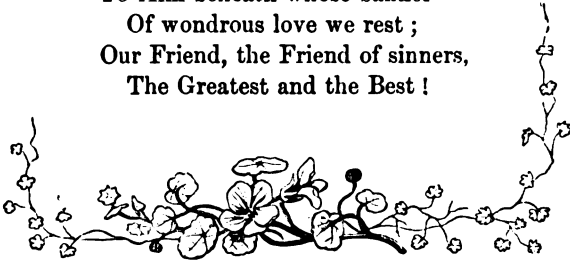
First convert of Amritsur,
Well hast thou led the way ;
Now, who will rise and follow ?
Who dares to answer ' Nay' ?

O children of salvation !
O dwellers in the light !
Have ye no ' flag for Jesus,'
Far-waving, fair, and bright ?

Will ye not band together,
And, working hand in hand,
Set up a ' flag for Jesus '
In that wide heathen land ?

In many an Indian city,
Oh, let a standard wave,
Our gift of love and honour,
To Him who came to save ;

To Him beneath whose banner
Of wondrous love we rest ;
Our Friend, the Friend of sinners,
The Greatest and the Best !



The Lull of Eternity.¹

MANY a voice has echoed the cry for ' a lull in life,'
Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the strife.
Is it the wisest longing ? is it the truest gain ?
Is not the Master withholding possible loss and pain ?

Perhaps if He sent the lull, we might fail of our heart's desire !
Swift and sharp the concussion striking out living fire,
Mighty and long the friction resulting in living glow,
Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful in flow.

What if the blast should falter ? what if the fire be stilled ?
What if the molten metal cool ere the mould be filled ?
What if the hands hang down when a work is almost done ?
What if the sword be dropped when a battle is almost won ?

¹ Sequel to 'A Lull in Life.' See p. 129

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind drives the
skiff,

When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl or cliff.

Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbidding repose,

When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid Alpine snows.

The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in lonely night,

But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full calm light ;

The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep, and cold,

But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a thousand-fold.

Here, it is ' calling apart,' and the place may be desert indeed,

Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our busy need ;

There !—why should I say it ? hath not the heart leapt up,

Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full cup ?

Still shall the key-word, ringing, echo the same sweet ' Come !'

' Come ' with the blessed myriads safe in the Father's home ;

' Come '—for the work is over ; ' come '—for the feast is spread ;

' Come '—for the crown of glory waits for the weary head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in hope is past,

The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last.

No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,

But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away.

Time with its pressure of moments, mocking us as they fell

With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour the knell

Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed away,

Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of time or place,

Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite space ;

Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,

Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly joy.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek and to know
Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can show ;
Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's will,
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is far off still ?
Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it may be, near ?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday glare and
heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and sweet ?
What though ' a lull in life ' may never be made for thee ?
Soon shall a ' better thing ' be thine, the Lull of Eternity !



The Sowers.

IN the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at evening
hour,
Never asking which shall prosper—both may yield thee fruit
and flower :
Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest ; though thy grain be
small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases for the harvest full and fair ;
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from thy yearning
sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripening in celestial
light ;

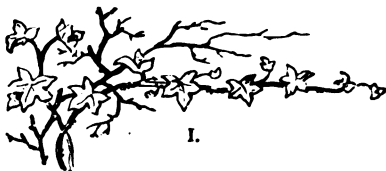
Ever springing, ever ripening ;—not alone in earthly soil,
 Not alone among the shadows, where the weary workers toil,
 Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of the reaping-time
 begun ;

But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Uncreated Sun,
 First the fulness of the blessing shall the faithful labourer see,
 Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark their tiny grain,
 Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness or in
 pain ;

Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from unseen
 things,

Where the golden sheaves are bending and the harvest anthem
 rings.



'Such as I have I sow, it is not much,'
 Said one who loved the Master of the field ;
 'Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
 Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
 No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak
 For Him who knows the heart, so loving, yet so weak.'

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
 Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell
 On soil prepared, which she would never know
 Until the tender blade sprang up, to tell
 That not in vain her labour had been spent ;
 Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.



II.

I had much seed to sow,' said one ; ' I planned
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring
And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring,
Is laid upon His labourer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

' Now I have nothing, only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done ;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One ;
And some strange things to learn, unlearnt before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.'

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated wingèd seeds of thought and prayer :
These, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear ;
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessing from on high.



III.

'What can I sow?' thought one, to whom God gave
 Sweet notes and skilful fingers. 'Can my song
 Be cast upon the waters, as they lave
 My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,
 Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud?
 Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee, my God?'

He sang, and all were hushed. Oh, sweeter fall
 The notes that pour from fervent fount of love,
 Than studied flow of loveliest madrigal!
 He sang of One who listened from above,
 He cast the song at His beloved feet;—
 Some said, 'How strange!' and others felt, 'How sweet!'



IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,
 And powerful hand both full and faithful found,
 And cast God's own imperishable seed
 Upon the darkly heaving waste around:
 Yet oft in weariness, and oft in woe,
 Did that good sower store, and then go forth to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebb'd and flow'd,
 Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea;
 He saw not where it fell, and yet he sow'd:
 'Not void shall it return,' said God, 'to Me!'
 The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,
 A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves one day.

v.

Another watched the sowers longingly :
‘ I cannot sow such seed as they,’ he said ;
‘ No shining grain of thought is given to me,
No fiery words of power bravely sped.
Will others give me of their bounteous store ?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.’

So by the wayside he went forth to sow
The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,
With glad humility ; content to know
The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,
The message placed in stranger hands, were all
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrow’s fall.



vi.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living Spring
Before the thirst of earth was felt ; who knew
The children’s Saviour, and the children’s King,—
Said, ‘ What can I sow, mother ?’ ‘ Darling boy,
Show all how glad He makes you ; scatter love and joy !’

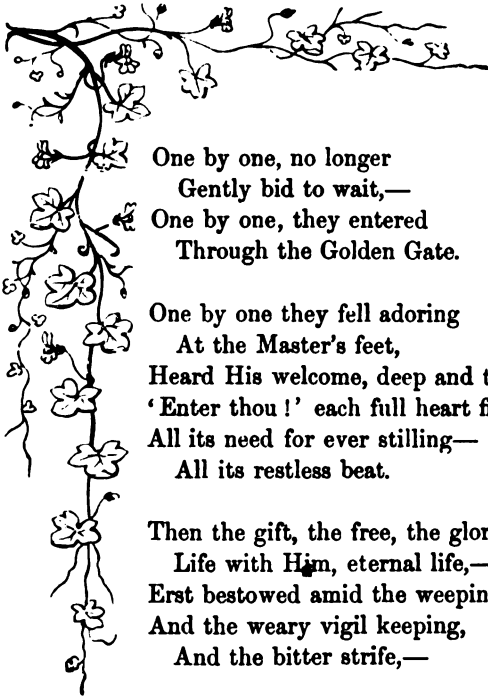
That sparkling seed he took in his small hand,
And dropped it tenderly beside the flow
Of sorrows that he could not understand,
And cast it lovingly upon the snow
That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously
Upon the dancing waves of playmates’ thoughtless glee.

VII.

'What seed have I to sow?' said one. 'I lie
 In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low;
 The silent days and silent nights pass by
 In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
 Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
 It would be life again, a blessed life indeed!'

And so she lay through lingering month and year,
 No word for Him to speak, no work to do;
 Only to suffer and be still, and hear
 That yet the Golden Gate was not in view;
 While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,
 Must leave the whitening plain, where others now would reap.

Such the sowing; what the reaping? Many a full and precious
 ear
 Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the patient sowers'
 cheer.
 Not without some gracious witness of God's faithfulness and
 love
 Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the harvest-home above;
 Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet, found, though after
 many days,
 Quickening energy and courage, brightening hope and wakening
 praise.
 Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under foot, and left to
 die,
 Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by human eye;
 Many a worker meekly saying, 'Lord, how thankful will I be,
 If but one among a thousand may bring forth good fruit to
 Thee!'



One by one, no longer
Gently bid to wait,—
One by one, they entered
Through the Golden Gate.

One by one they fell adoring
At the Master's feet,
Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,
'Enter thou!' each full heart filling,
All its need for ever stilling—
All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious,
Life with Him, eternal life,—
Erst bestowed amid the weeping,
And the weary vigil keeping,
And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,
First in all its fulness known,
Dower of glory all transcendent,
Everlasting and resplendent,
Is their own!

All their own, through Him who loved them,
And redeemed them unto God!
New and living revelation
Of the marvels of salvation,
Wakes new depths of adoration,
New and burning laud.



Now they see their gracious Master,
 See Him face to face !
 Now they know the great transition
 From the veiled to veil-less vision,
 In that bright and blessed place.

What a change has passed upon them !
 Made like Him, the Perfect One,—
 Made like Him whose joy they enter,
 Him, the only Crown and Centre
 Of the endless bliss begun.

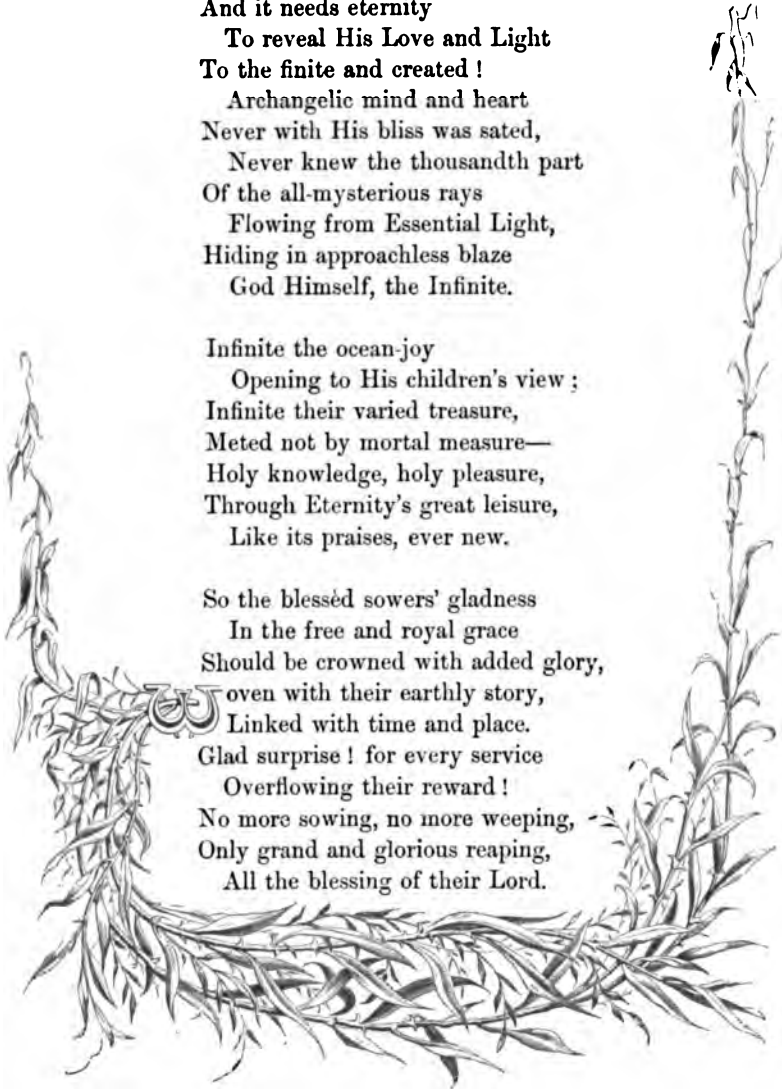


But Eternity is long,
 And its joys are manifold !
 Though the service of its song
 Never falters or grows cold,
 Though the billows of its praise
 Never die upon the shore,
 Though the blessed harpers raise
 Alleluias evermore,
 Though the eye grows never dim
 Gazing on that mighty Sun,
 Ever finding all in Him,
 Every joy complete in one,—
 Yet **THE INFINITE** is He,
 In His Wisdom and His Might ;

And it needs eternity
To reveal His Love and Light
To the finite and created !
Archangelic mind and heart
Never with His bliss was sated,
Never knew the thousandth part
Of the all-mysterious rays
Flowing from Essential Light,
Hiding in approachless blaze
God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy
Opening to His children's view ;
Infinite their varied treasure,
Meted not by mortal measure—
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
Through Eternity's great leisure,
Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessed sowers' gladness
In the free and royal grace
Should be crowned with added glory,
oven with their earthly story,
Linked with time and place.
Glad surprise ! for every service
Overflowing their reward !
No more sowing, no more weeping,
Only grand and glorious reaping,
All the blessing of their Lord.



I.

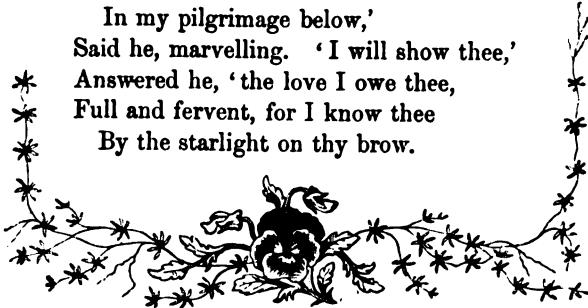
She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
And the sacred courage clearer,
Now her Master's own voice heard.

Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found ;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With His radiant smile of blessing
All her dower of gladness crowned.

II.

'Welcome thou, whose heavenly message
Came with quickening power to me !
O most welcome to the portals
Of this home of bright immortals,
I have waited long for thee !'

'Who art thou ? I never saw thee
In my pilgrimage below,'
Said he, marvelling. 'I will show thee,'
Answered he, 'the love I owe thee,
Full and fervent, for I know thee
By the starlight on thy brow.'



' Words that issued from thy chamber
Turned my darkness into light ;
Guided footsteps, weak and weary,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Through the valley of the night.

' Come ! for many another waits thee !
All unfolded thou shalt see,
Through the ecstatic revelation
Of their endless exultation,
What our God hath wrought by thee.'



III.

Hark ! a voice all joy-inspiring
Peals adown the golden floor,
Leading on a white-robed chorus,
Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous
As the many waters' roar.

He who sang for Jesus heard it !
' 'Tis the echo of thy song !'
Said the leader. ' As we listened,
Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,
And we learned to love and long—

'Till the longing and the loving
Soared to Him of whom you sang ;
Till our Alleluia, swelling,
Through the glory all-excelling,
Up the jasper arches rang.'

IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,
 Like a star of purest flame,
 Shining with exceeding brightness,
 Robed in snowy-glistening whiteness,
 Now a singing reaper came ;

Came with fulness of rejoicing
 That beloved smile to meet :
 'Master, lo, I come with singing,
 Myriad sheaves of glory bringing
 To Thy dear and blessed feet.'

Followed o'er the golden crystal
 Glittering hosts with crown and palm ;
 Joining him whose voice had taught them,
 To the praise of Him who bought them,
 In a new and rapturous psalm.



V.

He who humbly watched the sowers,
 Watched the reapers of the Lord ;
 Sharing all their jubilation,
 Hailing every coronation,
 Gladdened by their great reward.

'Seed of others long I scattered,
 Now their harvest joy is mine,
 Kindling holy contemplation
 Into glowing adoration,
 Into ecstasy divine.'



So he chanted. But the Master
Beckoned through the shining throng ;
While the praises of the choir
Rose into that silence, higher
Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken
Of his faithful service done,
By the Voice that thrills all heaven ;
And mysterious rule was given
To that meek and marvelling one.



VI.

Found the little child rich harvest
From his tiny seed of love ;
Little footsteps followed surely
In the footprints marked so purely,
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners
Felt the solace of his smile ;
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,
Battled on with courage brighter,
Through the lessening ' little while,

Till they too had joined the mansions
Where the weary are at rest.
Could that little one forget them ?
Oh, how joyously he met them
In his dear home safe and blest !



And the Saviour, who had called him,
 Smiled upon His little one ;
 On his brow, so fair and tender,
 Set a crown of heavenly splendour,
 With the gracious word, ' Well done !'

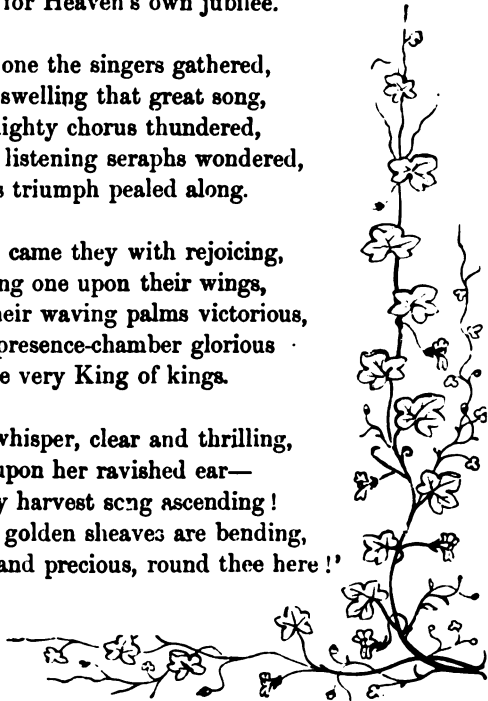
VII.

Yet again a wondrous anthem
 Rang across the crystal sea ;
 Harps and voices all harmonious,
 Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,
 Meet for Heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,
 Ever swelling that great song,
 Till a mighty chorus thundered,
 Till the listening seraphs wondered,
 As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
 Bearing one upon their wings,
 With their waving palms victorious,
 To the presence-chamber glorious
 Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,
 Fell upon her ravished ear—
 'Lo, thy harvest song ascending !
 Lo, thy golden sheaves are bending,
 Full and precious, round thee here !'

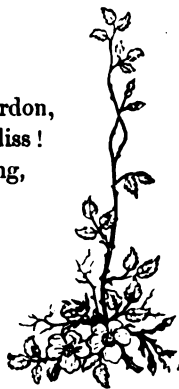
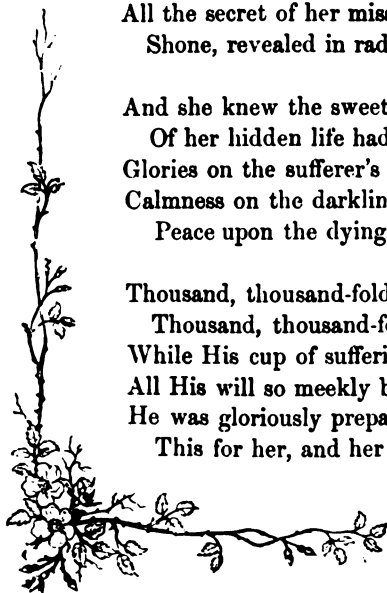


'Nay,' she said, 'I have no harvest,
For I had no power to sow ;
Burdening others, daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
Still and silent, lone and low.'

Then a flash of sudden glory
Lit her long life-mystery ;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
Shone, revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials
Of her hidden life had shed
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,
Calmness on the darkling billow,
Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
This for her, and her for this !



He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in sorrow
bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless shall return with
singing.



V. OUR BLESSINGS.

Everlasting Blessings.

'I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.'—ECCLES. iii. 14.

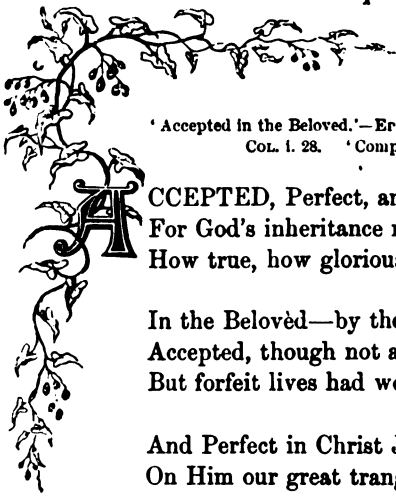
OII, what everlasting blessings God outpoureth on His own!
 Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken from the eternal
 throne ;
 Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had place ;
 Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and royal grace.

With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He shall bless
 With the largess of Messiah, everlasting righteousness ;
 Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous dealings prove ;
 Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlasting love.

In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting strength have we,
 He Himself our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting Light shall be ;
 Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The Life laid down,
 And our heads, oft bowed and weary, everlasting joy shall
 crown.

We shall dwell with Christ for ever, when the shadows flee
 away,
 In the everlasting glory of the everlasting day.
 Unto Thee, beloved Saviour, everlasting thanks belong,
 Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and song !

Accepted.



'Accepted in the Beloved.'—ERR. 1. 6. 'Perfect in Christ Jesus.'—
COL. 1. 28. 'Complete in Him.'—COL. II. 10.

ACCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!

In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid
We in His righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raised from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led!

O blessèd Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee!



Fresh Springs.

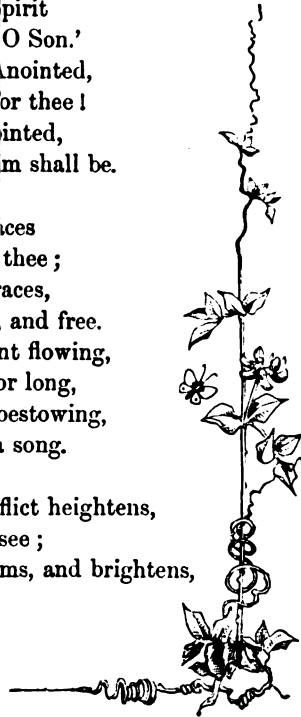
'All my fresh springs shall be in Thee.'—Ps. lxxxvii. 7.
(Prayer Book Version.)



HEAR the Father's ancient promise !
Listen, thirsty, weary one !
'I will pour My Holy Spirit
On Thy chosen seed, O Son.'
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee !
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.

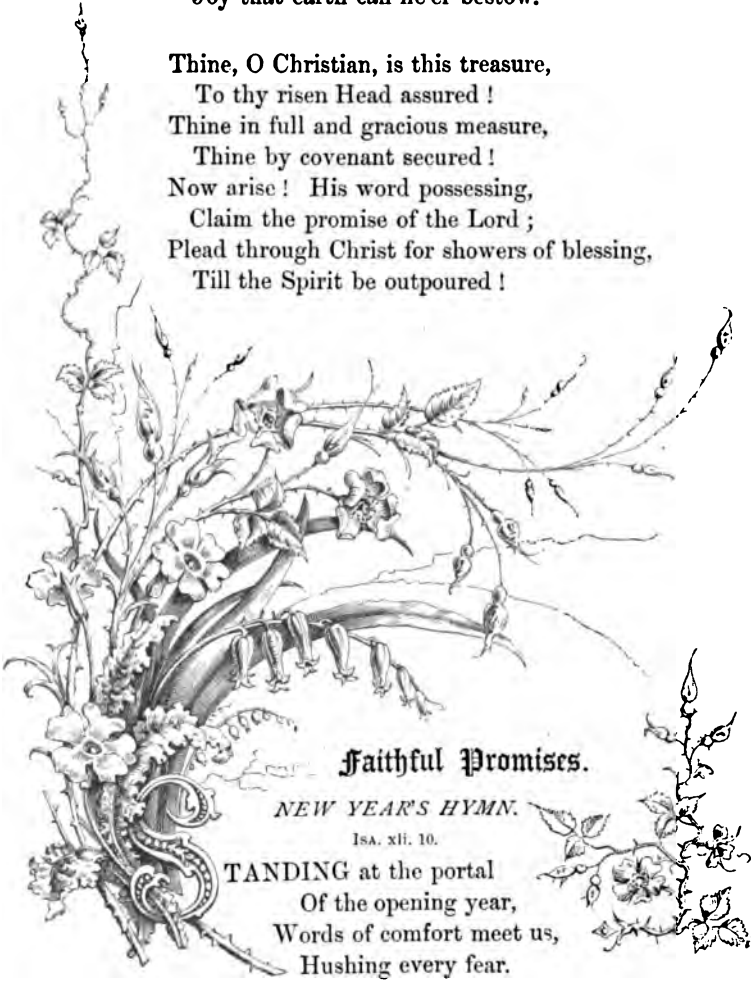
Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee ;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dew-like, healing, sweet, and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labour with a song.

Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see ;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace itself a victory.



Springs of comfort, strangely springing
Through the bitter wells of woe ;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.

Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To thy risen Head assured !
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured !
Now arise ! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord ;
Plead through Christ for showers of blessing,
Till the Spirit be outpoured !



Faithful Promises.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

ISA. xli. 10.

STANDING 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.

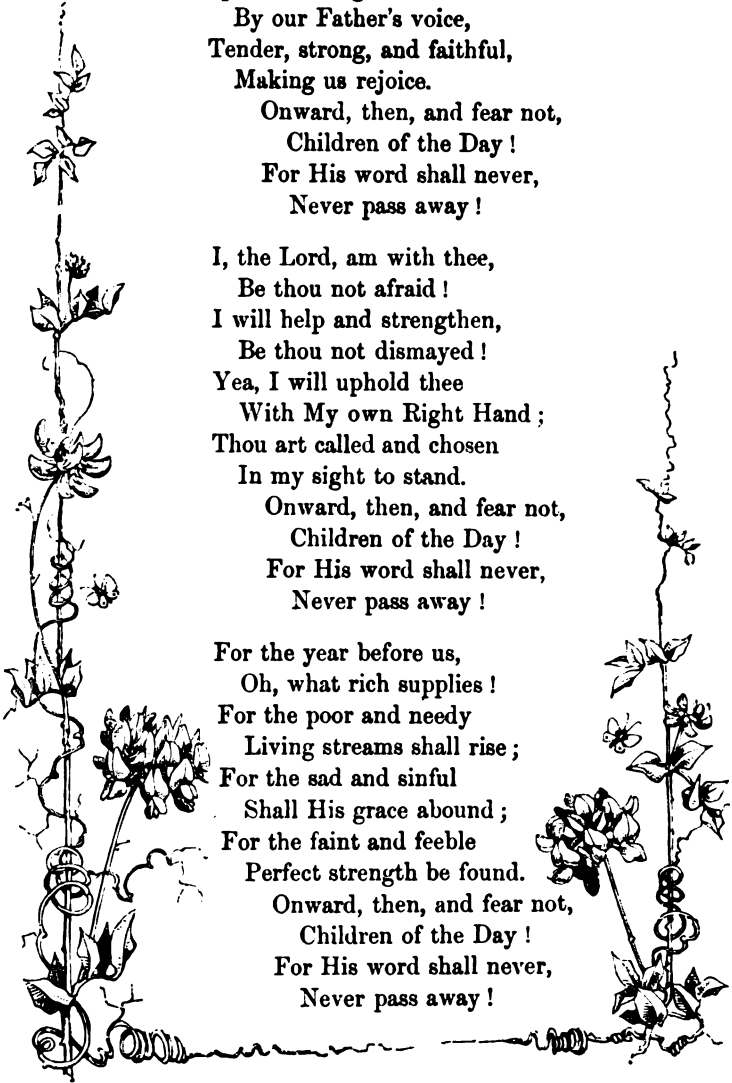
Onward, then, and fear not,
 Children of the Day !
 For His word shall never,
 Never pass away !

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 Faithful Comforter.

' The Holy Ghost—He is faithful.'—HEB. ix. 15, 23.

 O Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia ! Amen !



'I sat down under his shadow with great delight.'—CANT. ii. 3.

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight ;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free ;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief,
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief.

His righteousness 'all glorious'
Thy festal robe shall be ;
And love that passeth knowledge,
His banner over thee.

A little while though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above ;

Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed !



The Triune Presence.*BIRTHDAY OR NEW YEAR'S HYMN.*

'Certainly I will be with thee.'—Ex. iii. 12.

'CERTAINLY I will be with thee!' Father, I have found it true :

To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help indeed
hast been,
Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and hour hath seen.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Let me feel it, Saviour dear,
Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace my spirit fill.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Blessèd Spirit, come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy temple be ;
Through the trackless year before me, Holy One, with me
abide !
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-present Guide.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' Starry promise in the night !
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light.

'Certainly I will be with thee!' He hath spoken : I have
heard !

True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah's word.





VI. NOW AND AFTERWARD.

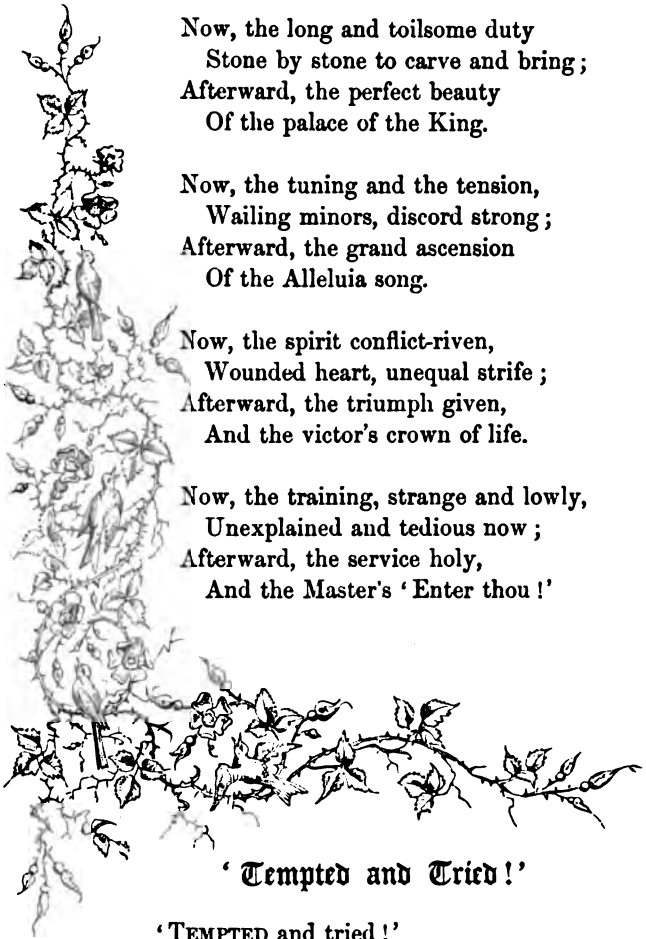


Now and Afterward.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long ;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.



Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now ;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's 'Enter thou !'

'Tempted and Tried !'

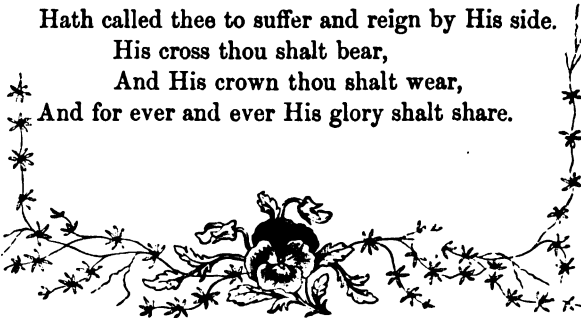
'TEMPTED and tried !'
Oh ! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide !
Yet its fury is vain,
For the Lord shall restrain,
And for ever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

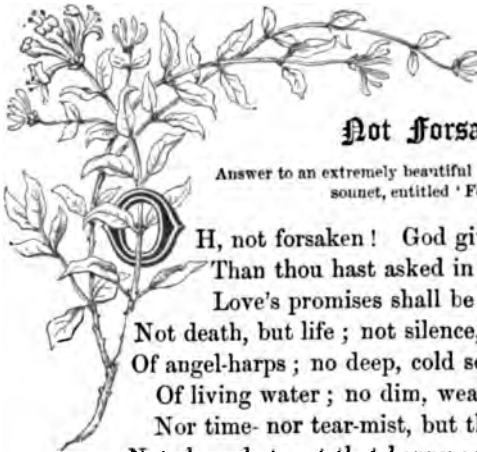
'Tempted and tried!'
There is One at thy side,
And never in vain shall His children confide!
He shall save and defend,
For He loves to the end,
Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

'Tempted and tried!'
Whate'er may betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide!
'Neath the shadowing wing
Of Eternity's King
His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

'Tempted and tried!'
Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward!
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord!

'Tempted and tried!'
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And for ever and ever His glory shalt share.

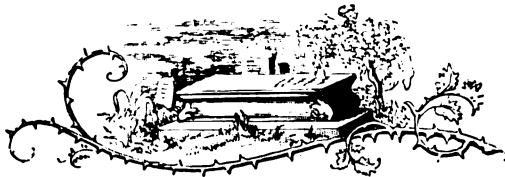




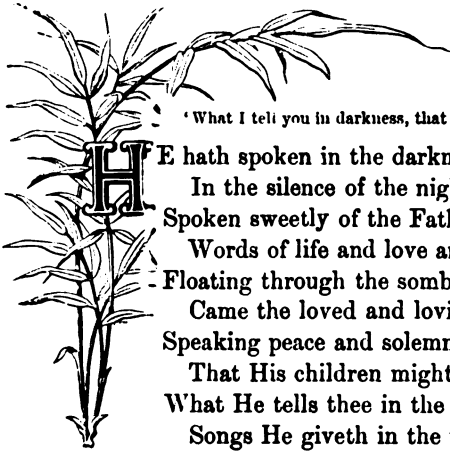
Not Forsaken.

Answer to an extremely beautiful but utterly melancholy sonnet, entitled 'Forsaken.'

NH, not forsaken! God gives better things
 Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest hour.
 Love's promises shall be fulfilled in power.
 Not death, but life; not silence, but the strings
 Of angel-harps; no deep, cold sea, but springs
 Of living water; no dim, wearied sight,
 Nor time- nor tear-mist, but the joy of light;
 Not sleep, but rest that happy service brings;
 And no forgotten name thy lot shall be,
 But God's remembrance. Thou canst never drift
 Beyond His love. Would I could reach thee
 where
 The shadows droop so heavily, and lift
 The cold weight from thy life!—And if I care
 For one unknown, oh, how much more doth HE!



Listening in Darkness—Speaking in Light.



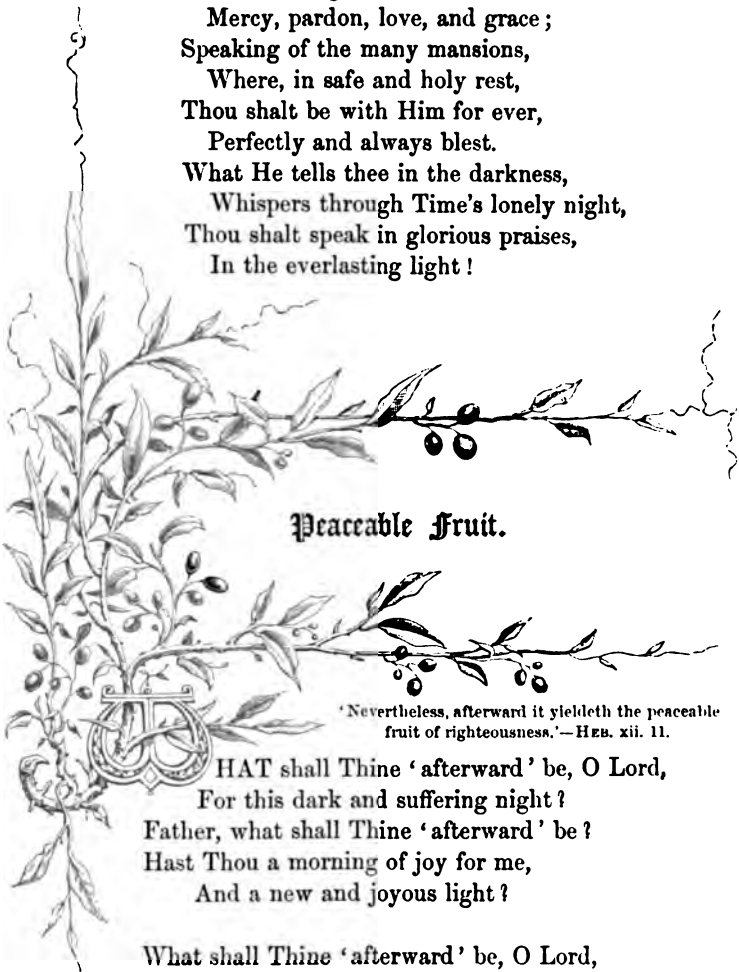
‘What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.’—MATTH. x. 27.

HE hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of the night,
Spoken sweetly of the Father,
Words of life and love and light.
Floating through the sombre stillness,
Came the loved and loving Voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light !

He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,
Sympathy so deep and tender,
Mighty for thy heart relief ;
Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,
Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.



He is speaking in the darkness,
 Though thou canst not see His face,
 More than angels ever needed,
 Mercy, pardon, love, and grace ;
 Speaking of the many mansions,
 Where, in safe and holy rest,
 Thou shalt be with Him for ever,
 Perfectly and always blest.
 What He tells thee in the darkness,
 Whispers through Time's lonely night,
 Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
 In the everlasting light !



Peaceable Fruit.

'Nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.'—HEB. xii. 11.

WHAT shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
 For this dark and suffering night ?
 Father, what shall Thine 'afterward' be ?
 Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
 And a new and joyous light ?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
 For the moan that I cannot stay ?

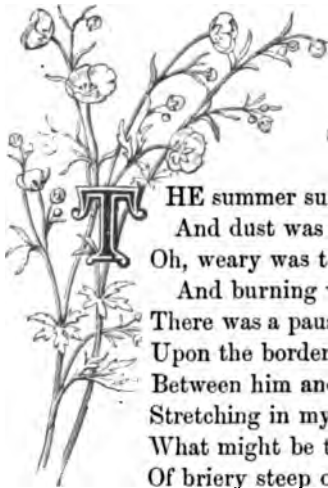
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away ?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain ?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love ?
Shall this be my lasting gain ?

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord ?
How long must Thy child endure ?
Thou knowest ! 'Tis well that I know it not !
Thine 'afterward' cometh, I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine 'afterward' be, O Lord ?
I wonder and wait to see
(While to Thy chastening Hand I bow)
What 'peaceable fruit' may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for Thee !





Right!

SCENE I.

THE summer sun was high and strong,
 And dust was on the traveller's feet ;
 Oh, weary was the stage and long,
 And burning was the early heat !
 There was a pause. For Ernest stood
 Upon the borders of a wood.
 Between him and his home it lay,
 Stretching in mystery away ;
 What might be there he could not tell
 Of briery steep or mossy dell,
 Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,
 All hidden by the dim green shade.
 He had not passed that way before,
 And wonderingly he waited now,
 While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,
 Soft whispered on from bough to bough.
 Oh, was it only wind and trees
 That made such gentle whisperings !
 Or was it some sweet spirit breeze
 That bore a message on its wings,
 And bid the traveller that day
 Go forward on his woodland way ?





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FOREST AT LES PLANS.

"AND MORE THAN ONE FAIR OPERING LAY
..... AND ROAD BOUGHS THERE



[The main body of the page is almost entirely blank, with only a few scattered, very small black specks or artifacts visible.]



How should he know ? He had no clue,
And more than one fair opening lay
Before him, where the broad boughs threw
Cool, restful shade across the way.
Which should he choose ? He could not trace
The onward track by vision keen ;
The drooping branches interlace,
Not far the winding paths are seen.
Oh for a sign ! Were choice not right,
Was no return, for well he knew
The hours were short, and swift the night ;
Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be
As if it had not been at all ;
We gaze, but never more can we
Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.
Oh, how we need from day to day
A guiding Hand for all the way !
Oh, how we need from hour to hour
That faithful, ever-present Power !

Which should he choose ? He pondered long,
And with the sounds of bird and bee
He blent an oft-repeated song,
A soft and suppliant melody :

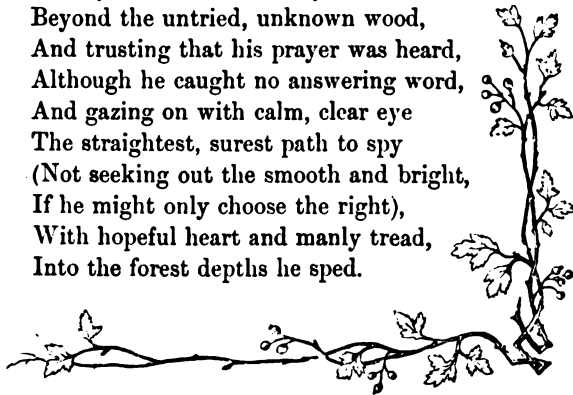
' Oh for a light from heaven,
Clear and divine,
Now on the paths before me
Brightly to shine !
Oh for a hand to beckon !
Oh for a voice to say,
" Follow in firm assurance—
This is the way ! "





‘ Listening to mingling voices,
 Seeking a guiding hand,
 Watching for light from heaven,
 Waiting I stand ;
 Onward and homeward pressing,
 Nothing my feet should stay,
 Might I but plainly hear it,—
 “ This is the way ! ” ’

Was it indeed an answer given,
 That whisper through the tree-tops o'er him ?
 Was it indeed a light from heaven
 That fell upon the path before him ?
 Or was it only that he met
 The wayward playing of the breeze,
 Parting the heavy boughs, to let
 The sunshine fall among the trees ?
 Again he listened—did it say,
 ‘ This is the onward, homeward way ’ ?
 Perhaps it did. He would not wait,
 But pressing towards a Mansion Gate
 That, yet unseen, all surely stood
 Beyond the untried, unknown wood,
 And trusting that his prayer was heard,
 Although he caught no answering word,
 And gazing on with calm, clear eye
 The straightest, surest path to spy
 (Not seeking out the smooth and bright,
 If he might only choose the right),
 With hopeful heart and manly tread,
 Into the forest depths he sped.



SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of day ;
Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans o'er
the ridge ;
Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,
Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering bridge.

Under the shivering pine-trees, over the slippery stone,
Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,
Ernest the traveller passeth, storm-beaten, weary, and lone,
Only following faintly whither the path may lead.

Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of death,
Leading on through the briers, poisonous, keen, and sore ;
Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting breath,
Only to gain a glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty, and chill,
Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled brake,
Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-grown
hill,
Brave heart and bright eye and strong limb, well may they
quiver and ache !

Was it indeed the right way ? Was it a God-led choice,
Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for ease ?
Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking voice,
That fell on the woodland pathway, and murmured among
the trees ?

Oh, the dire mistake ! fatal freedom to choose !
Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level, and straight,
Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,
Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate !

Was it the wail of a wind harp, cadencing weird and long,
 Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying to wake again ?
 Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter in song
 Agony, prayer, and reliance, courage and wonder and pain ?

· Onward and homeward ever,
 Battling with dark distress,
 Faltering, but yielding never,
 Still shall my faint feet press.
 Why was no beckoning hand
 Sent in my doubt and need ?
 Why did no true guide stand
 Guiding me right indeed ?
 Why ? They will tell me all
 When I have reached the gate,
 Where, in the shining hall,
 Many my coming wait.

· Oh the terrible night,
 Falling without a star !
 Darkness anear, but light—
 Glorious light afar !
 Oh the perilous way !
 Oh the pitiless blast !
 Long though I suffer and stray,
 There will be rest at last.
 Perhaps I have far to go,
 Perhaps but a little way !
 Well, that I do not know !
 Onward ! I must not stay





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BERNESE OBERLAND WITH LAKE OF LUCERNE.



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'Splinter and thorn and brier
Yet may be sore and keen ;
Rocks may be rougher and higher,
Hollows more chill between.
There may be torrents to cross,
Bridgeless, and fierce with foam ;
Rest in the wild wood were loss,
There will be rest at home.
Battling with dark distress,
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press
Onward and homeward ever !'

Pulsing under the pine-trees, dying, dying,—and gone,—
Gone the Æolian cadence, silent the firm refrain ;
Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on—
Has the traveller fallen, vanquished by toil and pain ?



SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains, golden-vestured, snowy-
browed !
Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth without a
cloud ;
Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the crystal air ;
Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and fair.

At the portals of the mansion, Ernest stands and gazes back.
There is light upon the river, light upon the forest track ;
Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sternest height ;
Light upon the brake and bramble, everywhere that glorious
light.

Strong and joyous stands the traveller in the morning glory
now,
Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and peaceful brow ;
Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of lingering pain,
Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering hours again.

Onward by the winding pathway, many another journeyed fast,
Hastening to the princely mansion by the way that he had
passed ;
Spared the doubting and the erring by those footsteps bravely
placed
In the clogging mire, or trampling on the wounding bramble-
waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing to the selfsame
mark,
Cheered and guided by the refrain of that singer in the dark ;
Some were near him in the tempest, while he thought himself
alone,
And regained a long-lost pathway, following that beckoning
tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to reach that mansion
too,
Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on with vigour new ;
Some, exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill and
deep,
Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from their
fatal sleep.

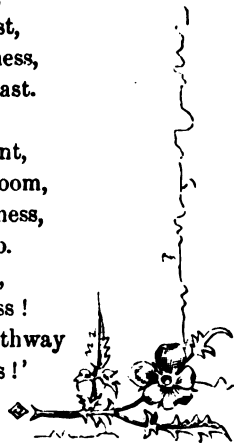
Now they meet and gather round him, and together enter in,
Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home begin ;
Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the wanderings
are past,
Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel storm,
Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine bright and
warm,
Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy song,
While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full and
long.

' Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

' Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

' Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss !
Right was the pathway
Leading to this !'





The Col de Balm.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de Balm !
I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light, a seen though silent psalm;—

Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love
Cried out, and would be heard : ' If ye were here,
O friends, so far away and yet so near,
Then were the anthem perfect ! ' And the cry
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry, if first I stand
Upon the mountain of our God, and long,
Even in the glory, and with His new song
Upon my lips, that you should come and share
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones ! shall it be mine to watch you come
Up from the shadows and the valley mist,
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light ?





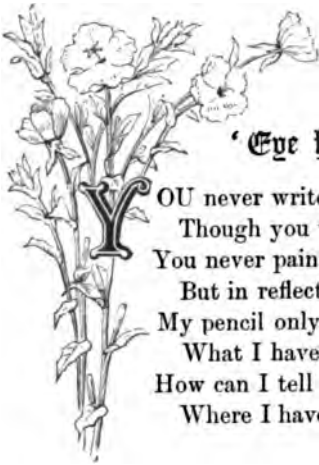


MONT BLANC FROM THE COL DE BALM.

"WHEN ONE MARVELLOUS HUSH
FILLED GOD'S GREAT MOUNTAIN TEMPLE, VAST AND CALM

THE ...
PUBLISHED ...

ASST. ...
TIL ...
R ...



'Eye hath not Seen.'

YOU never write of heaven,
Though you write of heavenly themes ;
You never paint the glory
But in reflected gleams !'
My pencil only pictures
What I have known and seen :
How can I tell the joys that dwell
Where I have never been ?

I sing the songs of Zion,
But I would never dare
To imitate the chorus,
Like many waters, there.
I sketch the sunny landscape,
But can I paint the sun ?
Can that by art, which human heart
Conceiveth not, be won

The Laplander, that never
Hath left his flowerless snows,
Might make another realize
The fragrance of the rose :
The blind might teach his brother
Each subtle tint to know
Of lovely lights and summer sights,
Of shadows and of glow.





VII. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Chosen in Christ.

'He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world.'—*EPH. i. 4.*

O THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious, blessèd, and secure,
 Founded on the One Foundation, which for ever shall endure ;
 Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and safety be,
 But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah lovèd thee.

Chosen—by His own good pleasure, by the counsel of His will,
 Mystery of power and wisdom working for His people still ;
 Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of quickening light
 Beamed upon the chaos, waiting for the Word of sovereign
 might.

Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the sanctifying
 grace
 Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened for the heavenly
 place ;
 Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be holy in His sight ;
 Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto life and light.

Blessèd be the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings, all uncounted and
unpriced !

Let our high and holy calling, and our strong salvation, be
Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign grace, to
Thee !



Called.

'Partakers of the heavenly calling.'—HEB. iii. 1.

HOLY brethren, called and chosen by the sovereign Voice of
Might,
See your high and holy calling out of darkness into light !
Called according to His purpose and the riches of His love ;
Won to listen by the leading of the gentle heavenly Dove !

Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to run His race ;
Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness and grace ;
Called to fellowship with Jesus by the Ever-Faithful One ;
Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of His Son.

Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His glory they shall see ;
He is faithful that hath called you—He will do it, fear not ye !
Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! thus ye make your calling
sure ;
For the prize of this high calling, bravely to the end endure.

**Justified.**

'This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.'

—JER. xxxiii. 16.

ISRAEL of God, awaken ! Church of Christ, arise and shine !
Mourning garb and soiled raiment henceforth be no longer
thine !

For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a new and
glorious dress,
With the garments of salvation, with the robe of righteousness.

By the grace of God the Father thou art freely justified,
Through the great redemption purchased by the blood of Him
who died ;

By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command exceeding broad,
By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of thy God.

Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which He hath given,
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth thy trial path to
heaven :

Unto Him betrothed for ever, who thy life shall crown and
bless,

By His name thou shalt be called, Christ, 'The Lord our
Righteousness !'





'Sanctified in Christ Jesus.'—1 COR. I. 2.

CHURCH of God, beloved and chosen, Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts and praise thy Giver!—'Ye are washed and sanctified.'

Sanctified by God the Father, and by Jesus Christ His Son,
And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, Holy Three in One.

By His will He sanctifieth, by the Spirit's power within ;
By the loving Hand that chasteneth fruits of righteousness to win ;
By His truth and by His promise, by the Word, His gift unpriced ;
By His own blood, and by union with the risen life of Christ.

Holiness by faith in Jesus, not by effort of thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken by the power of grace alone,—
God's own holiness within thee, His own beauty on thy brow,—
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, this thy blessed portion now.

He will sanctify thee wholly ; body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming in His glorious majesty !
He hath perfected for ever those whom He hath sanctified ;
Spotless, glorious, and holy is the Church, His chosen Bride.



Joined to Christ.

* Head over all things to the church, which is His body. — EPH. i. 22, 23.

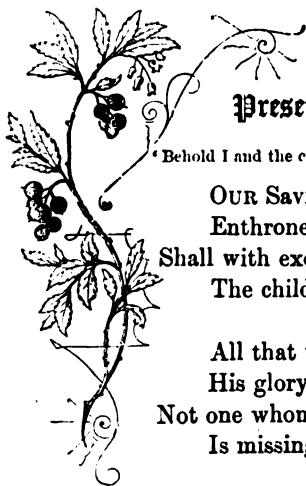
JOINED to Christ in mystic union,
 We Thy members, Thou our Head,
 Sealed by deep and true communion,
 Risen with Thee, who once were dead—
 Saviour, we would humbly claim
 All the power of this Thy name.

Instant sympathy to brighten
 All their weakness and their woe,
 Guiding grace their way to lighten,
 Shall Thy loving members know ;
 All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
 All Thy gladness they shall share.

Make Thy members every hour
 For Thy blessèd service meet ;
 Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
 Skilful hands, and hastening feet,
 Ever ready to fulfil
 All Thy word and all Thy will.

Everlasting life Thou givest,
 Everlasting love to see ;
 They shall live because Thou livest,
 And their life is hid with Thee.
 Safe Thy members shall be found,
 When their glorious Head is crowned !





Presented Faultless.

'Behold I and the children which God hath given Me.'—HEB. ii. 13.

OUR Saviour and our King,
Enthroned and crowned above,
Shall with exceeding gladness bring
The children of His love.

All that the Father gave
His glory shall behold ;
Not one whom Jesus came to save
Is missing from His fold.

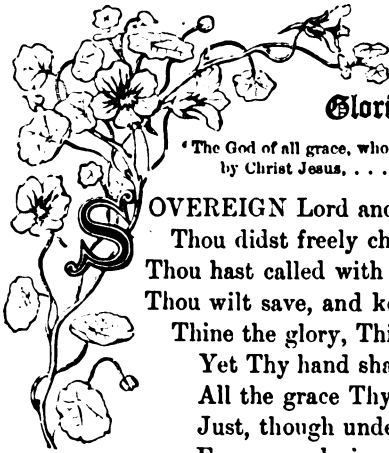
He shall confess His own,
From every clime and coast,
Before His Father's glorious throne,
Before the angel host.

'O righteous Father, see,
In spotless robes arrayed,
Thy chosen gifts of love to Me,
Before the worlds were made.

'By new creation Thine ;
By purpose and by grace,
By right of full redemption Mine,
Faultless before Thy face.

'As Thou hast lovèd Me,
So hast Thou lovèd them ;
Thy precious jewels they shall be,
My glorious diadem !'



**Glorified.**

'The God of all grace, who hath called you unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, . . . to Him be glory.'—1 PET. v. 10, 11.

OVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
 Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
 Thou hast called with mighty calling,
 Thou wilt save, and keep from falling ;
 Thine the glory, Thine alone !
 Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
 All the grace Thy love hath given ;
 Just, though undeserved, reward
 From our glorious, gracious Lord.

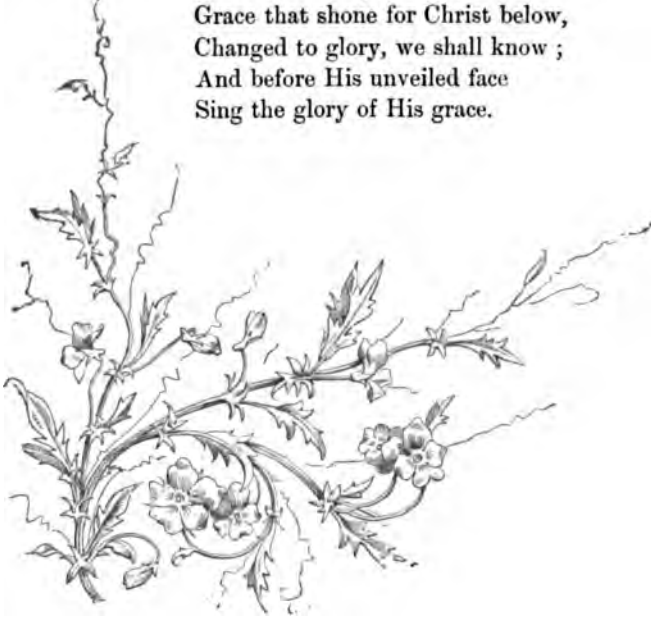
From the martyr and apostle
 To the sainted baby boy,
 Every consecrated chalice
 In the King of Glory's palace
 Overflows with holy joy.
 Sovereign choice of gift and dower,
 Differing honour, differing power,—
 Yet are all alike in this,
 Perfect love and perfect bliss.

In those heavenly constellations,
 Lo ! what differing glories meet ;
 Stars of radiance soft and tender,
 Stars of full and dazzling splendour,

All in God's own light complete ;
Brightest they whose holy feet,
Faithful to His service sweet,
Nearest to their Master trod,
Winning wandering souls to God.

Oh the rapture of that vision !
(Every earthly passion o'er),
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
Of the dear ones gone before.

Grace that shone for Christ below,
Changed to glory, we shall know ;
And before His unveiled face
Sing the glory of His grace.





VIII. MISCELLANEOUS.



The Message of an Aeolian Harp.

‘GOOD-BYE, my mother!’
 The brown-haired boy, with merry reverence,
 Turned from the window where she leant, to meet
 His holiday companions, blithely bound
 With bat and ball for healthy English sport.
 She watched his lithesome form, so slight yet strong,
 Till, passing from the gate, he waved his cap
 And vanished. Then she sighed.

Beside her sat
 A friend of years. A different portrait each
 Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits
 Shone out in turns as sympathetic gleams
 Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell
 The colour of her eyes, or grey or brown,
 Because the hue was lost in light or shade ;
 Nor if her mouth were large or small, because
 The play of thought made visible was there,
 Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
 Was dark, and she was rather tall : and this
 Was all in which most people would agree.

Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave ; for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting, like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's low sigh :—

‘When he comes home,
How full of cricket stories he will be !
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the match :
Only one needs a glossary of terms !
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear ! I mark, he intersperses all
With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,
As all his comrades know, but true heart too,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own,
And well for you ; for 'tis a blessed gift,
Not shared by all alike—the power to love :
And not less blessed for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.’

‘So seems it, Beatrice, to you, who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
How much I love him ; but I turn away
From thinking of it, just to love him more :—
Indeed, I fear, too much.’

‘Dear Eleanor,
Do you love him as much as Christ loves us ?



Let your lips answer me.'

'Why ask me, dear ?

Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.'

'Then, till you reach the standard of that love,
Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice
Distress you with "too much." For HE hath said—
How much—and who shall dare to change His measure ?—
"That ye should love as I have loved you."
Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !
A bare permission had been much ; but He,
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
Chose graciously to bid us do the thing
That makes our earthly happiness, and set
A limit that we need not fear to pass,
Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth, and length,
And depth, and height of love that passeth knowledge !
Yet Jesus said, "AS I have loved you."'

'O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine
That this should bring ; but there are other words
Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, "Keep
Yourselves from idols." How shall I obey ?'

'Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.
It is not that we love our precious ones
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow
Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
And has no glare against the summer sky,
So, set the tiny torch of our best love
In the great sunshine of the Love of God,
And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade
And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light.'

She watched in hope to see the pale lips curve
More peacefully in answer to her words.

But Eleanor's quick spirit bridged too soon
The gap between one ridge of anxious thought
And that beyond, to see the glen between,
Where pastures green and waters still were spread.
So, answering not her friend's thought, but her own,
She said, 'Tis but half true that love is power ;
'Tis sometimes weakness.'

 'Nay ! You have not found
It thus at all. See how the bold bright boy,
Wilful and wayward else, will follow prompt
The magnet of your wish, with sudden swerve
From his own bent or fancy.'

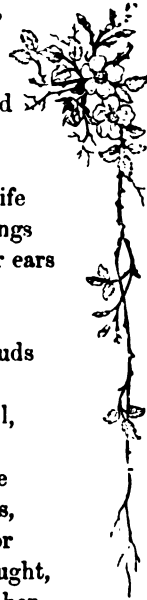
 'That is true,
And oh, so sweet to me ! But by the power
I gauge the weakness. Beatrice, your heart
Has ached with longing for some stranger soul,
That it might flee from danger to the One,
The Only Refuge ; you have felt keen pain
In calling those who will not come to Him
Who waits to give them life ; but I, I strive
For one far more than all the world to me,—
My boy, my only one, and fatherless,
Just entering the labyrinth of life
Without its only clue, with nothing but
My feeble hand to shield from powers of ill.

 'His mind is opening fast, and I have tried
To show the excellency of the knowledge
Of Jesus Christ our Lord : he listens well,
To please his mother, whom he would not grieve ;
But never pulse of interest I feel,
And echoless the name of Jesus falls,
While classic heroes stir him with delight.
My boy, my only one ! I taught him words,
When years ago his tiny feet peeped out
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush ;

And folding firm the busy little hands,
 He lisped "Our Father." But words are not prayer.
 I put the lamp of life in his small hand,
 Filling his memory with shining truths
 And starry promises. He learnt them all
 For love of me, just as he would have learnt
 Some uncouth string of barbarous names,
 Had I so wished : no more. They are no light
 To him, no strength, no joy. O Beatrice,
 'Tis this that presses on my weary heart,
 And makes it more than widowed. For I know
 That he who is not lost, but gone before,
 Is only waiting till I come ; for death
 Has only parted us a little while,
 And has not severed e'en the finest strand
 In the eternal cable of our love :
 The very strain has twined it closer still,
 And added strength. The music of his life
 Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs
 Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
 No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute
 As yet ; and what if all my tuning fail !'

And Eleanor looked up among the clouds
 With weary, wistful eyes, while Beatrice
 Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,
 Beyond the sunshine too.

A sudden smile
 Rose from within and overflowed her lips,
 And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor
 Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,
 Some message, it might be, from God to her,
 Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.
 We do not always know it when we have
 The privilege to be God's messengers,
 Nor who shall be His messengers to us.



Unconsciously a pale responsive smile
Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned
As unexpected change of subject came.

‘I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,
My beautiful Æolian harp?’

‘Oh no!

I was too full of mine, my boy, and you
Too full of ready sympathy with me.’

‘Nay, do not say “too full;” that could not be,
Yours is so great a gift, so great a care!
I shall not tire of thinking with you thus,
Until I do not love you, which means never.
But as we turn from gazing on the sea
To lift admiringly a tiny shell,
So you shall turn from your great interest
To hear of my Æolian treasure now.
Say, have you ever seen one?’

‘Never, dear;

But visible, and almost audible,
Your words shall make it.’

‘There’s not much to see:

Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,
With seven tensioned strings upon the under,
Just covered by the upper, and a space
That you might lay a finger in between.
Yet one can almost reverence the thing
For very marvel at its spirit tones
And mysteries of music, that we love
But cannot understand.’

‘But tell me more,

Dear Beatrice: what is its music like?
Whence comes it? and what does it say to you?’

‘Tis easier to answer what and whence
Than your third question, for not twice
I hear the same soul-message from its strings.



But I will tell you of the first it brought ;
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the under-thought.

I.

' A friend, a kind, dear friend
Gave me this harp, that should be all my own,
That it might speak to me in twilight lone
When other sounds were fled ; that it might send
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

' Upon the strings I laid my hand,
And all were tuned in unison ; one tone
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,
In quick obedience to my touch-command.
It could not be that this was all he meant
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

III.

' To win the tones I found the way
In his own letter, mine before the gift :
" You cannot wake its music till you lift
The closed sash. Take up and gently lay
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air.
Then wait and listen." This I did, and left it there.

IV.

' I waited till the sun had set,
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea ;
I watched, and saw the north wind touch a tree,
Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet
My harp was mute. I cried, " Awake, O north !
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth."

V.

'Like stars that tremble into light
Out of the purple dark, a low, sweet note
Just trembled out of silence, antidote
To any doubt ; for never finger might
Produce that note, so different, so new :
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

VI.

'It seemed to die ; but who could say
Whether or when it passed the border-line
'Twixt sound and silence ? for no ear so fine
That it can trace the subtle shades away ;
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

'Then strange vibrations rose and fell,
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem
Now near, now distant ; and a curfew bell,
Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

'Then delicately twining falls
Of silvery chords, that quiver with sweet pain,
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again,
Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,
And measured pulsings, soft and sweet and slow,
Which emphasizing touch love's quiet under-glow.

IX.

'A silence. Then a solemn wail,
Swelling far up among the harmonies,
And shattering the crystal melodies
To fleeting fragments glisteningly pale,
Yet only to combine them all anew
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

'Anon a thrill of all the strings ;
And then a flash of music, swift and bright,
Like a first throb of weird Auroral light ;
Then crimson coruscations from the wings
Of the Pole-Spirit ; then ecstatic beat,
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

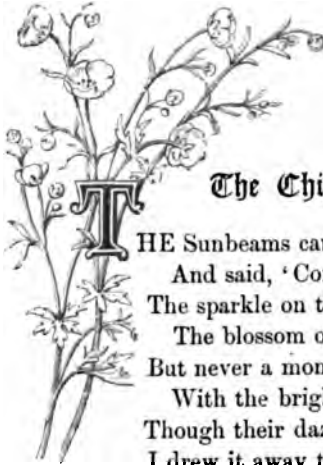
XI.

'Soon passed the sounding starlit march,
And then one swelling note grew full and long,
While, like a far-off old cathedral song,
Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and arch,
Float softest harmonies around, above,
Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

XII.

'Thus, while the holy stars did shine
And listen, these Æolian marvels breathed ;
While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed
With rich delight in one fair crown were mine.
The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought
This glory of harp-music,—not my skill or thought.'

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up,
And said, 'O Beatrice, I too have tried
My finger-skill in vain. But opening now
My window, like wise Daniel, I will set
My little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the Spirit of our God.'



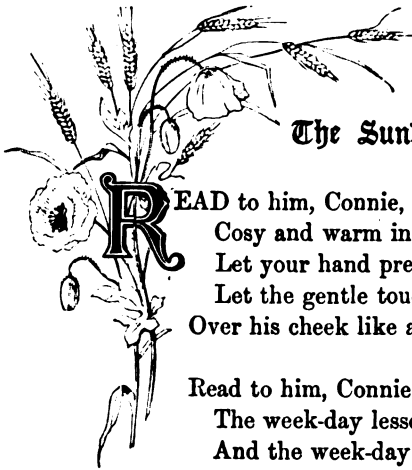
The Children's Triumph.

THE Sunbeams came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossom on the tree !'
But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call !
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
I drew it away to the curtain-shade,
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
And said, 'Come out and sing !
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of Spring !'
But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May ;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the Robins flew away.



The Children came to my window,
 And said, 'Come out and play!
 Come out with us in the sunshine,
 'Tis such a glorious day!
 Then never another word I wrote,
 And my desk was put away!
 When the Children called me, what could I do?
 The Robins might fail, and the Sunbeams too,
 But the Children won the day



The Sunday Book.

R EAD to him, Connie, read as you sit,
 Cosy and warm in the great arm-chair;
 Let your hand press lovingly, lightly there,
 Let the gentle touch of your sunny hair
 Over his cheek like a soft breeze flit.

Read to him, Connie! The house is still,
 The week-day lessons, the week-day play,
 And the week-day worries are hushed away
 In the golden calm of the Holy Day;
 He will listen now if ever he will.

Read to him, Connie, read while you may!
 For the years will pass, and he must go
 Out in the cold world's treacherous flow,
 Danger and trial and evil to know,—
 He may drift in the dark, far, far away!

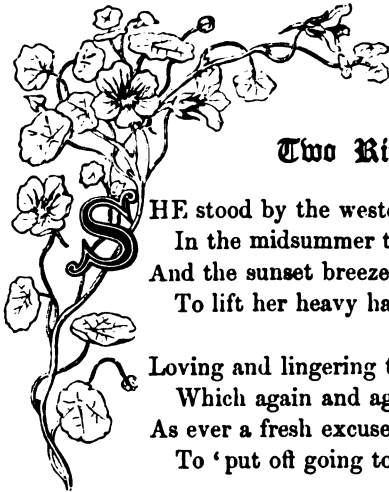
Now he is happy and safe in the nest,
Teach him to warble the songs of home,
Teach him to soar but never to roam,
Only to soar to a starry dome,
Linking with heaven the hearts he loves best.

Read to him, Connie ! Read what you love,
Holy and sweet be your Sabbath choice ;
And the music that dwells in a sister's voice
Shall lure him to listen while angels rejoice,
As the soft tones blend with the harps above.

Read to him, Connie ! Read of the ONE
Who loves him most, yes, more than you !
Read of that love, so great, so true,
Love everlasting, yet ever new ;
For who can tell but his heart may be won !

Read to him, Connie ! For it may be
That your Sunday book, like a silver bar
Of steady light from a guiding star,
May gleam in memory, clear and far,
Across the waves of a wintry sea.





Two Rings.

HE stood by the western window,
 In the midsummer twilight fair,
 And the sunset breeze leaped from the trees
 To lift her heavy hair.

Loving and lingering that good-night,
 Which again and again was said,
 As ever a fresh excuse was found
 To 'put off going to bed.'

She took a ring from the table,
 Blue, with a diamond eye;
 A forget-me-not that would never fade
 'Neath any wintry sky.

She placed it on her little hand,
 And danced with sudden glee:
 'Look at my ring, my pretty ring!
 It is mine just now, you see!'

She laughed her merry, ringing laugh,
 I answered with a sigh,
 Strange echo to my darling's mirth,
 Though scarcely knowing why.



Her childish beauty touched my heart,
And rose to a vision fair
Of far-off days, when another ring
That little hand might wear.

And mine—it might be pulseless then
Under the churchyard tree ;
So I drew her gently to my side,
And took her on my knee.

‘It shall be yours, my darling,’
I said, ‘but not to-day ;
It shall be yours, my darling,
When I am gone away.’

She glanced up quickly in my face,
Not sure that she heard aright ;
And the shadow that fell in the sweet brown eyes
Was sweeter than any light.

Then she bent her head and kissed the ring,
With a kiss both grave and long ;
Hardly the kiss of a little child,
So fervent and so strong.

And hardly the tones of a little child,
That spoke so earnestly,—
‘Yes ; I will always wear it,
Mine it shall always be.

‘But oh!’ (and the eyes, love-brightened,
Shone with a sudden tear),
‘I hope I shall never wear it,
Never, oh never, dear !’



Five summers smoothly passed away,
 And the sixth was drawing nigh,
 While herald glory woke the earth,
 And filled the dazzling sky.

An April morning, radiant
 With June-like gleam and glow,
 Arose as fair as if the world
 No shade of grief could know.

A tiny packet came for me,
 With many a dark-edged fold,
 And safe within it lay a ring,—
 A little ring of gold.

Oh, well I knew its carving quaint
 Of old ancestral days ;
 Last seen upon a waving hand,
 In slanting autumn rays.

O fair young hand, that waved good-bye
 With passing grace and glee !
 We knew not that it was farewell,—
 The last farewell for me.

The sweet bright spring that touched the earth
 With all-renewing might,
 For her eternal beauty brought,
 Eternal life and light.

All through the solemn Passion week
 She lay so still and sweet,
 A carven lily, white and pure,
 For God's own temple meet ;—



Until the day when Jesus died,
The Saviour whom she knew,
The Shepherd whom she followed home
The shadowy portal through.

And when the evening gently closed
That sad and sacred day,
They left the last kiss on her brow,
And took the ring away.

Two rings are always on my hand,
The azure and the gold,
And they shall gleam together till
My tale of life is told.



'Bells across the Snow.'

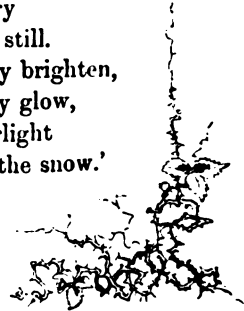
CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas !
Is it really come again ?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the ' bells across the snow.'

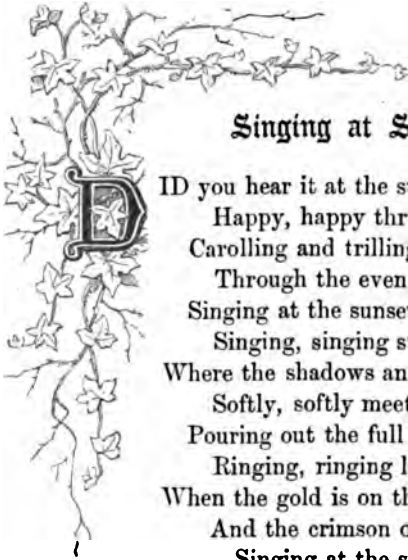


O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 'Tis not so very long
 Since other voices blended
 With the carol and the song !
 If we could but hear them singing
 As they are singing now,
 If we could but see the radiance
 Of the crown on each dear brow ;
 There would be no sigh to smother,
 No hidden tear to flow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the ' bells across the snow.'



O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 This never more can be ;
 We cannot bring again the days
 Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
 Sweet herald of goodwill,
 With holy songs of glory
 Brings holy gladness still.
 For peace and hope may brighten,
 And patient love may glow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the ' bells across the snow.'



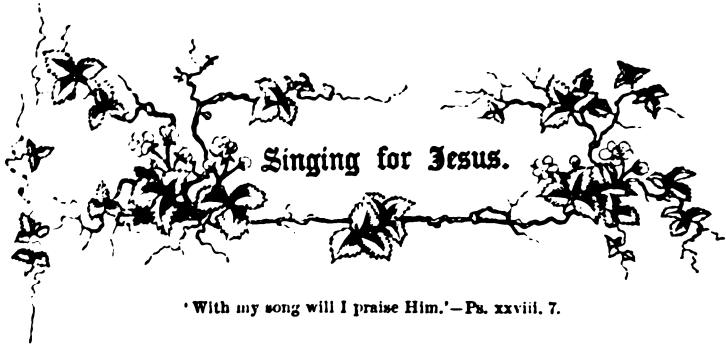


Singing at Sunset.

D ID you hear it at the sunset ?
Happy, happy thrush !
Carolling and trilling
Through the evening hush.
Singing at the sunset,
Singing, singing sweet,
Where the shadows and the splendour
Softly, softly meet ;
Pouring out the full notes,
Ringing, ringing loud,
When the gold is on the beeches,
And the crimson on the cloud !
Singing at the sunset !
Happy, happy song !

Shall we listen in the sunset,
Listen, listen long,
Silent for the glory,
Silent for the song ?
Singing at the sunset,
Angel voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers
Ringing, ringing clear ;
Nearing all the gladness,
Leaving all the gloom,
When the light is on the River,
And the glory on the tomb !
Singing at the sunset !
Happy, happy song !





'With my song will I praise Him.'—Ps. xxviii. 7.

SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love ;
 All adoration we joyously bring,
 Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
 Telling His love and His marvellous grace ;
 Love from eternity, love without end,
 Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
 Many to love Him, and join in the song ;
 Calling the weary and wandering in,
 Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

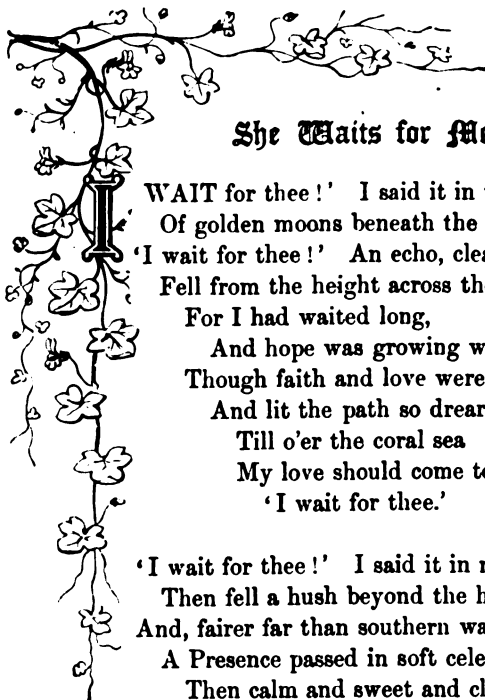
Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light,
 Singing for Him as we press to the mark ;
 Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
 Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.



Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives ;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.


Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy !
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.



She Waits for Me.


WAIT for thee !' I said it in the splendour
 Of golden moons beneath the lonely palms.
 'I wait for thee !' An echo, clear and tender,
 Fell from the height across the silver calms.
 For I had waited long,
 And hope was growing weary,
 Though faith and love were strong,
 And lit the path so dreary,—
 Till o'er the coral sea
 My love should come to me,
 'I wait for thee.'

'I wait for thee !' I said it in my dreaming,
 Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night ;
 And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming,
 A Presence passed in soft celestial light.
 Then calm and sweet and clear,
 A spirit voice came singing,
 Far, far away, yet near,
 Like star-bells' crystal ringing.
 Oh, well my own heart knew
 That voice so clear and true—
 'I wait for thee !'



'She waits for me!' I said it in my weeping,
For never more she cometh o'er the sea.
She waits for me! A glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the palm-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me.

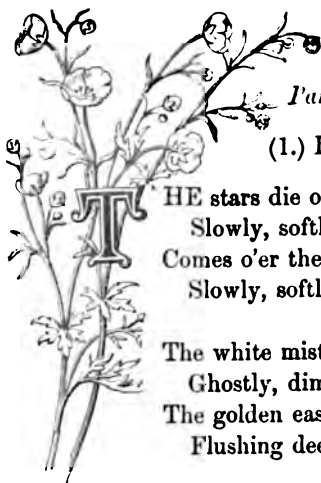




The Mountain Maidens.

(ZELLA, DORA, LISETTA.)

A CANTATA.



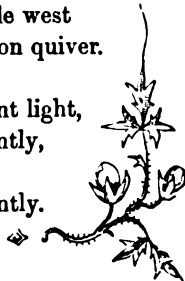
Part I.—Sunrise.

(1.) DAWN CHORUS.

THE stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
 Slowly, softly, the dark is paling !
 Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
 Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

The white mist floats in the vale at rest,
 Ghostly, dimly, a silver shiver ;
 The golden east and the purple west
 Flushing deep with a crimson quiver.

The mountains gleam with expectant light,
 Near and grandly, or far and faintly,
 In festal robing of solemn white,
 Waiting, waiting, serene and saintly.





SUNRISE ON THE RIGI.

"SLOWLY, SOFTLY, A BRIGHT UNVEILING."



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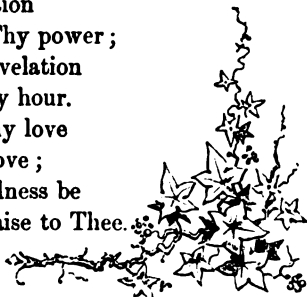
Lo! on the mountain-crest, sudden and fair,
Bright herald of morning, the rose-tint is there ;
Peak after peak lighteth up with the glow
That crowneth with ruby the Alpine snow.

Summit on summit, and crest beyond crest,
The beacons are spreading away to the west ;
Crimson and fire, and amber and rose,
Touch with life and with glory the Alpine snows.

(2.) CHORALE.

Father, who hast made the mountains,
Who hast formed each tiny flower,
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,
Who hast sent us sun and shower :
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,
Asking for Thy guardian care ;
Keep and guide us all the day,
Lead us safely all the way.

Let Thy glorious creation
Be the whisper of Thy power ;
New and wondrous revelation
Still unfolding every hour.
Let the blessing of Thy love
Rest upon us from above ;
And may evening gladness be
Full of thanks and praise to Thee.



(3.) RECITATIVE. — *Dora.*

Our pleasant summer work begins. You go,
 O merry Zella, with the obedient herd
 To upland pastures, singing all the way.
 And you, Lisetta, to the sterner heights,
 Where only foot of Alpine goat may pass,
 Or step of mountain maiden. It is mine
 To work at home, preparing smooth white cheese
 For winter store, and often needed gain.
 And mine the joy of welcoming once more
 My loving sisters when the evening falls.

(4.) SONG. — *Dora.*

The morning light flingeth
 Its wakening ray,
 And as the day bringeth
 The work of the day,
 The happy heart singeth ;
 Awake and away !

No life can be dreary
 When work is delight ;
 Though evening be weary,
 Rest cometh at night ;
 And all will be cheery,
 If faithful and right.

When duty is treasure,
 And labour a joy,
 How sweet is the leisure
 Of ended employ !
 Then only can pleasure
 Be free from alloy.

[Repeat v. 1.



(5.) SONG.—*Zella.*

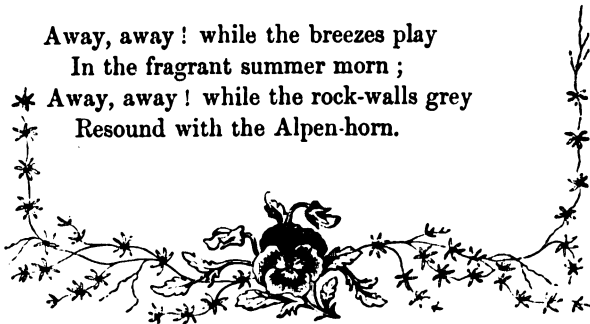
Away, away ! with the break of day,
To the sunny upland slope !
Away, away ! while the earliest ray
Tells of radiant joy and hope.

With the gentle herd that know the word
Of kindness and of care,
While with footsteps free they follow me,
As I lead them anywhere.

Away, away ! with a merry lay,
And the chime of a hundred bells ;
Away, away ! with a carol gay,
And an echo from the fells.

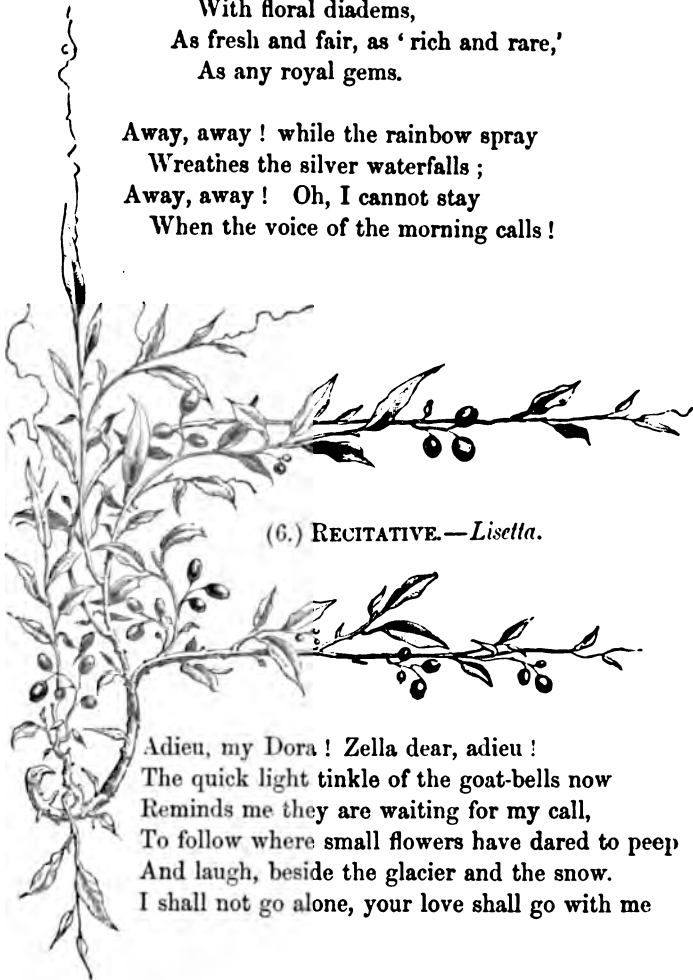
To the pastures high, where the shining sky
Looks down on a wealth of flowers ;
To the sapphire spots, where forget-me-nots
Smile on through the lonely hours.

Away, away ! while the breezes play
In the fragrant summer morn ;
* Away, away ! while the rock-walls grey
Resound with the Alpen-horn.



To the crags, all bright in the golden light
 With floral diadems,
 As fresh and fair, as 'rich and rare,'
 As any royal gems.

Away, away ! while the rainbow spray
 Wreathes the silver waterfalls ;
 Away, away ! Oh, I cannot stay
 When the voice of the morning calls !



(6.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Adieu, my Dora ! Zella dear, adieu !
 The quick light tinkle of the goat-bells now
 Reminds me they are waiting for my call,
 To follow where small flowers have dared to peep
 And laugh, beside the glacier and the snow.
 I shall not go alone, your love shall go with me

(7.) DUET.—*Zella and Dora.*

Adieu, adieu till eventide !
The hours will quickly pass,
The shadow of the rocks will glide
Across the sunny grass.
We shall not mourn the lessening light,
For we shall meet at home to-night.

Adieu, adieu till eventide !
The hour of home and rest,
The hour that finds us side by side,
The sweetest and the best.
For love is joy, and love is light,
And we shall meet at home to-night !

Adieu, adieu till eventide !
'Tis but a little while !
We would not stay the morning's pride,
Or noontide's dazzling smile ;
But welcome evening's waning light,
For we shall meet at home to-night !



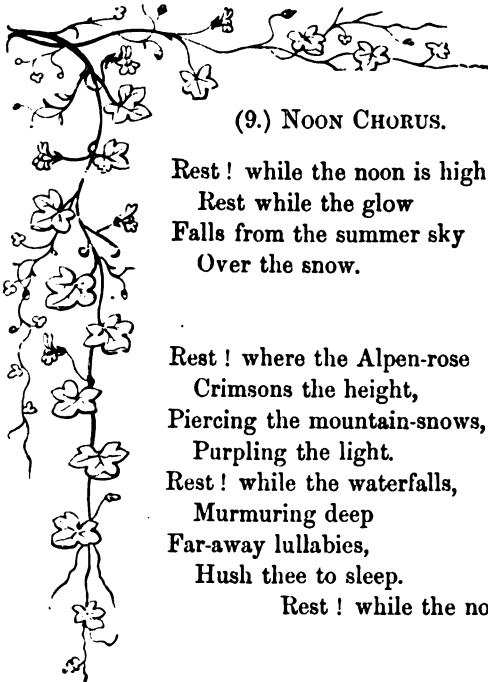
*Part II.—Noon.*(8.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

It is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze has died away,
And the rainbow of the morning passes from the torrent spray,
And a calm of golden silence falls upon the glistening snow,
While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest upon the glen
below.

It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the giant rocks ;
Hushed the tinkle of the goat-bells, and the bleating of the
flocks ;
They are sleeping on the gentians, and upon the craggy
height,
In the glow of Alpine noon-tide, in the glory of the light.

It is noon upon the mountain : I will rest beside the snow,
Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined glaciers far
below ;
I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet shadows creep,
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking me from pleasant
sleep.





(9.) NOON CHORUS.

Rest ! while the noon is high ;
Rest while the glow
Falls from the summer sky
Over the snow.

Rest ! where the Alpen-rose
Crimsons the height,
Piercing the mountain-snows,
Purpling the light.
Rest ! while the waterfalls,
Murmuring deep
Far-away lullabies,
Hush thee to sleep.
Rest ! while the noon, etc.

Rest ! where the mountains rise,
Shining and white,
Piercing the deep blue skies,
Solemn and bright.
Sleep while the silence falls,
Soothing to rest,
Sweetest of lullabies,
Calming and blest.
Rest ! while the noon, etc.





(10.) RECITATIVE.—*Lisetta.*

Where am I? I was sleeping by the snow
Upon the Alpen-roses in the noon.
But am I dreaming now? The sun is low,
'Tis twilight in the valley, and I hear
No music of the goat-bells. Oh, I fear
It is no dream, but night is coming soon,
And I am all alone upon the height;
And there are small faint tracks, too quickly lost,
That need sure foot and eye in fullest light,
And crags to leap, and torrents to be crossed!
I go! may Power and Love still guard and guide aright.





(11.) SONG.—*Lisetta.*

ALONE, alone ! yet around me stand
God's mountains, still and grand !
Still and grand, serene and bright,
Sentinels clothed in armour white,
And helmeted with scarlet light.
His Power is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the shadow of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone !

Alone, alone ! yet beneath me sleep
The flowers His hand doth keep.
Small and fair, by crag or dell,
Trustfully closing star and bell,
Eve by eve as twilight fell.
His Love is near,
I need not fear.
Beneath the rainbow of His Throne.
Alone, alone, yet not alone !

Alone, alone ! yet I will not fear,
For Power and Love are near !
Step by step, by rock and rill,
Trustfully onward, onward still,
I follow home with hope and will !
So near, so near,
I do not fear !
Beneath the Presence of His Throne,
Alone, alone, yet not alone !



*Part III.—Sunset.*

(12.) SUNSET CHORUS.

It is coming, it is coming,
 That marvellous up-summering
 Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :
 The great transfiguration,
 And the royal coronation,
 Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

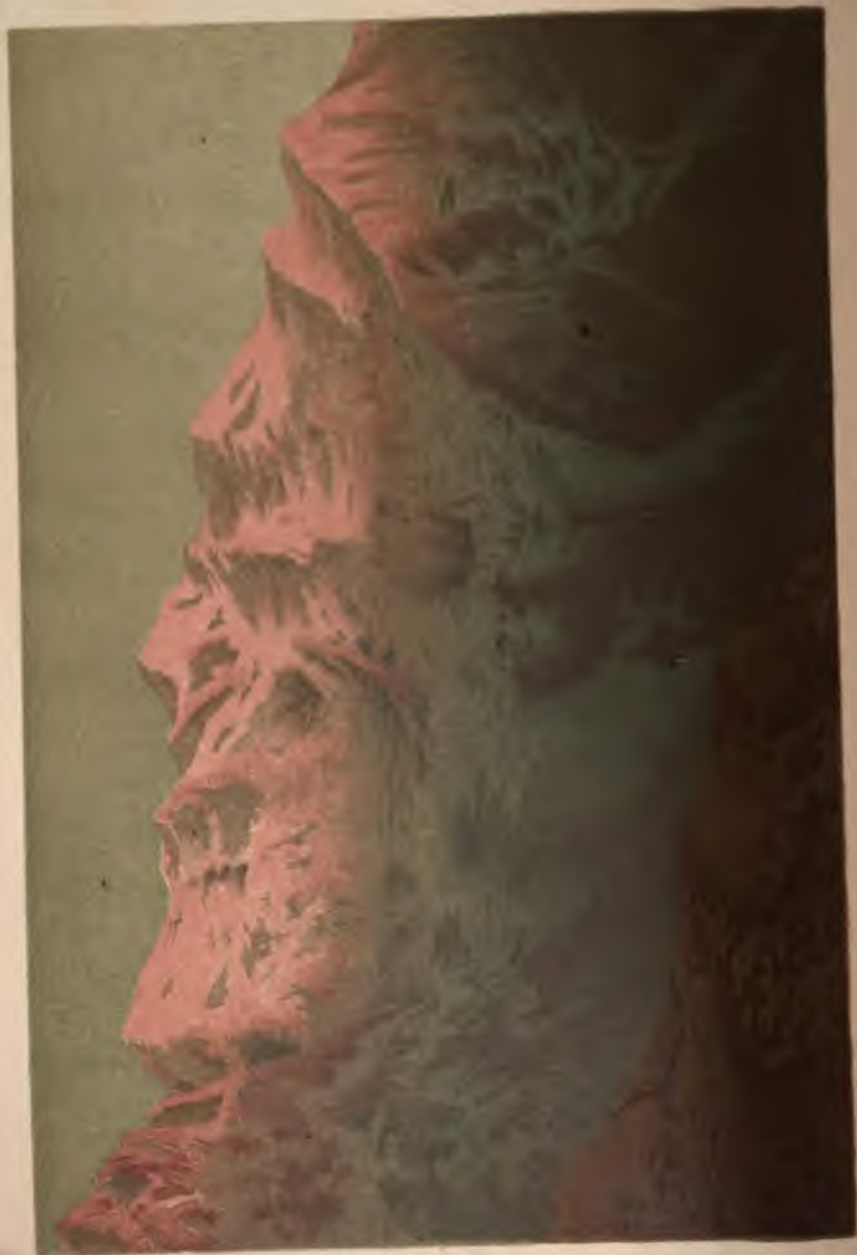
Watch breathlessly and hearken,
 While the forest throne-steps darken
 His investiture in crimson and in fire ;
 Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
 Not a pæan echo flingeth,
 There is music of a silence that is mightier far and higher.

Then in radiant obedience,
 A flush of bright allegiance
 Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all around ;
 And a thrill of mystic glory
 Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
 As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned.

Crowned with ruby of resplendence
 In unspeakable transcendence,
 Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
 With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
 While the glorious anointing
 Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

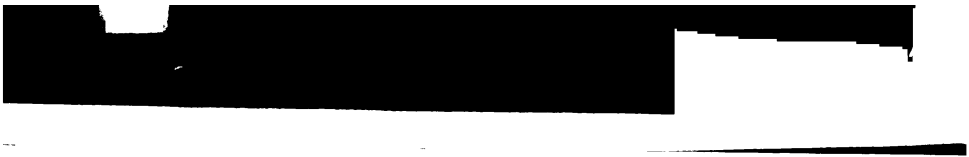


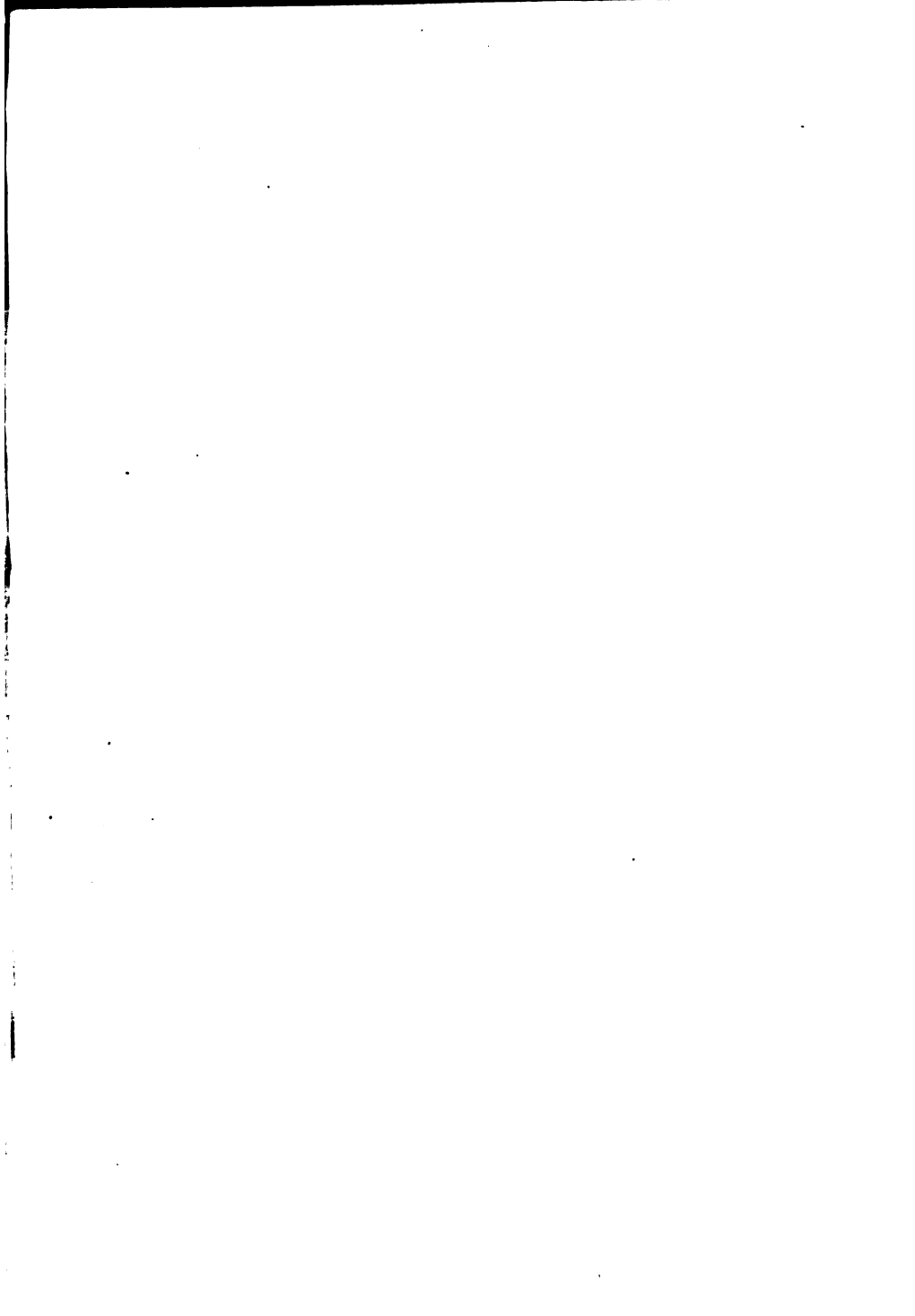
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SUNSET ON MONT BLANC.

—1865 THE PUBLISHER OF THE ILLUSTRATION





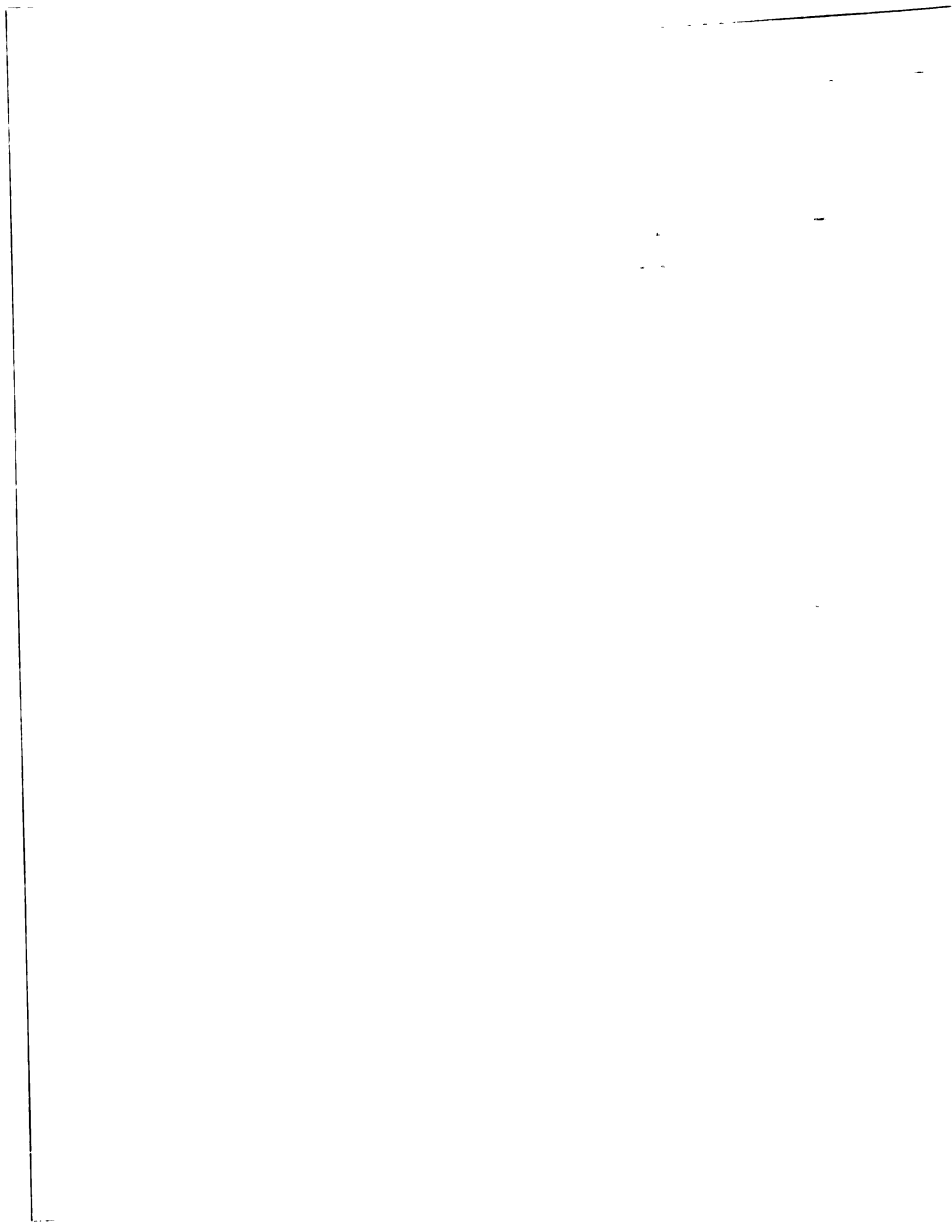
Then a swift and still transition
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away ;
But the paling of the splendour
Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before the day.

Oh to keep it, oh to hold it,
While the tremulous rays enfold it !
Oh to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst again !
Yet less lovely if less fleeting,
For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

It is passing, it is passing !
While the softening glow is glassing
In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose.
Ever faintly and more faintly,
Ever saintly and more saintly,
Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness !
O mystery of brightness
Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly abroad !
Like the calm and blessed sleeping
Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for their God !

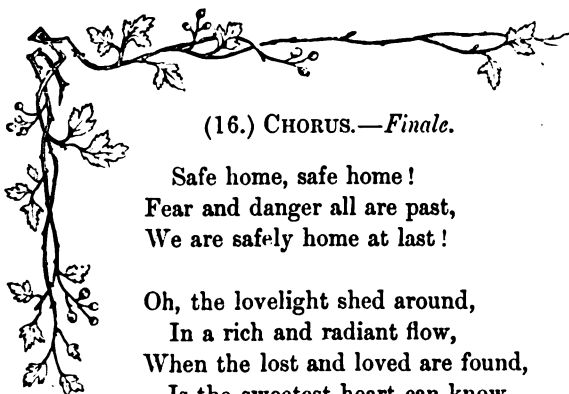




Follow where the Alpen-roses
 Make the mountain all aglow,
Follow, follow through the forest,
 Follow, follow to the snow !
And our Alpine call shall echo
 From the rock and from the height,
Till a gladder tone rebounding,
Thine own merry voice resounding,
 Fill us with a great delight,
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hush and hearken ! Call again !
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hearken, hearken ! All in vain !

We will seek thee, we will find thee,
 In the wary chamois' haunt ;
Toil and terror, doubt and danger,
 Loving hearts shall never daunt !
We will follow in the darkness,
 We will follow in the light ;
Follow, follow till we find thee,
 Through the noon or through the night.
We will seek thee, we will find thee,
 Never weary till we hear,
Over all the torrents' rushing,
Joyous answer clearly gushing,
 Thine own Alpine echo dear !
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hush and hearken ! All in vain !
 Lisetta ! Lisetta !
Hearken, hearken ! Call again !





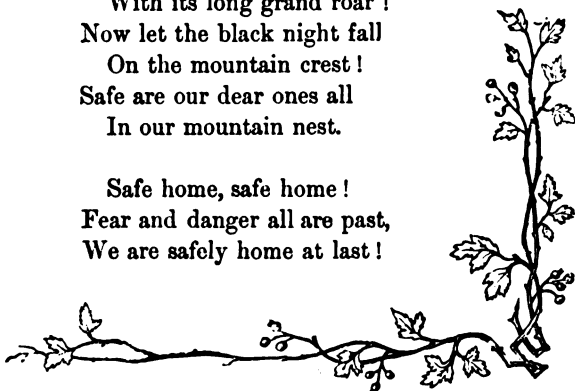
(16.) CHORUS.—*Finale.*

Safe home, safe home !
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last !

Oh, the lovelight shed around,
In a rich and radiant flow,
When the lost and loved are found,
Is the sweetest heart can know.
Fairer than the dawn-light tender,
Fuller than the noon-tide glow,
Brighter than the sunset-splendour,
Purer than the moonlit snow.

Now let the wild cloud sweep,
Let the wild rain pour !
Now let the avalanche leap
With its long grand roar !
Now let the black night fall
On the mountain crest !
Safe are our dear ones all
In our mountain nest.

Safe home, safe home !
Fear and danger all are past,
We are safely home at last !





A Seeing Heart.¹

TO FANNY CROSBY, AUTHOR OF 'SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.'

SWEET blind singer over the sea,
 Tuneful and jubilant ! how can it be,
 That the songs of gladness, which float so far,
 As if they fell from the evening star,
 Are the notes of one who never may see
 'Visible music' of flower and tree,
 Purple of mountain, or glitter of snow,
 Ruby and gold of the sunset glow,
 And never the light of a loving face ?
 Must not the world be a desolate place
 For eyes that are sealed with the seal of years
 Eyes that are open only for tears ?
 How can she sing in the dark like this,
 What is her fountain of light and bliss ?

¹ Many sweet hymns by Fanny Crosby have become known, and are warmly appreciated in England and Scotland. In answer to the inquiry, 'Who is Fanny Crosby?' the following beautiful reply was received :— 'She is a blind lady whose heart can see splendidly in the sunshine of God's love.' Hence the above greeting to a far-off fellow minister of song.

Oh, her heart can see, her heart can see !
And its sight is strong and swift and free.
Never the ken of mortal eye
Could pierce so deep and far and high
As the eagle vision of hearts that dwell
In the lofty, sunlit citadel
Of Faith that overcomes the world,
With banners of Hope and Joy unfurled,
Garrisoned with God's perfect Peace,
Ringing with pæans that never cease,
Flooded with splendour bright and broad,
The glorious light of the Love of God.

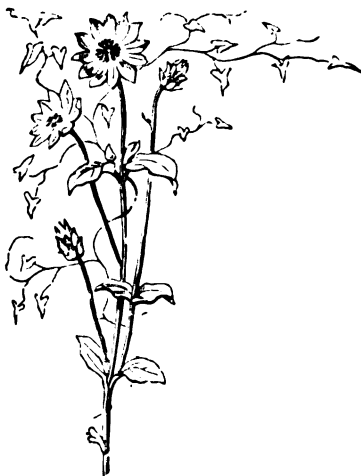
Her heart can see, her heart can see !
Well may she sing so joyously !
For the King Himself, in His tender grace,
Hath shown her the brightness of His face :
And who shall pine for a glow-worm light,
When the Sun goes forth in His radiant might ?
She can read His law, as a shining chart,
For His finger hath written it on her heart ;
She can read His love, for on all her way
His hand is writing it every day.
'Bright cloud' indeed must the darkness be,
Where 'Jesus only' the heart can see.

Her heart can see ! her heart can see,
Beyond the glooms and the mystery,
Glimpses of glory not far away,
Nearing and brightening day by day ;
Golden crystal and emerald bow,
Lustre of pearl and sapphire glow,
Sparkling river and healing tree,
Evergreen palms of victory,



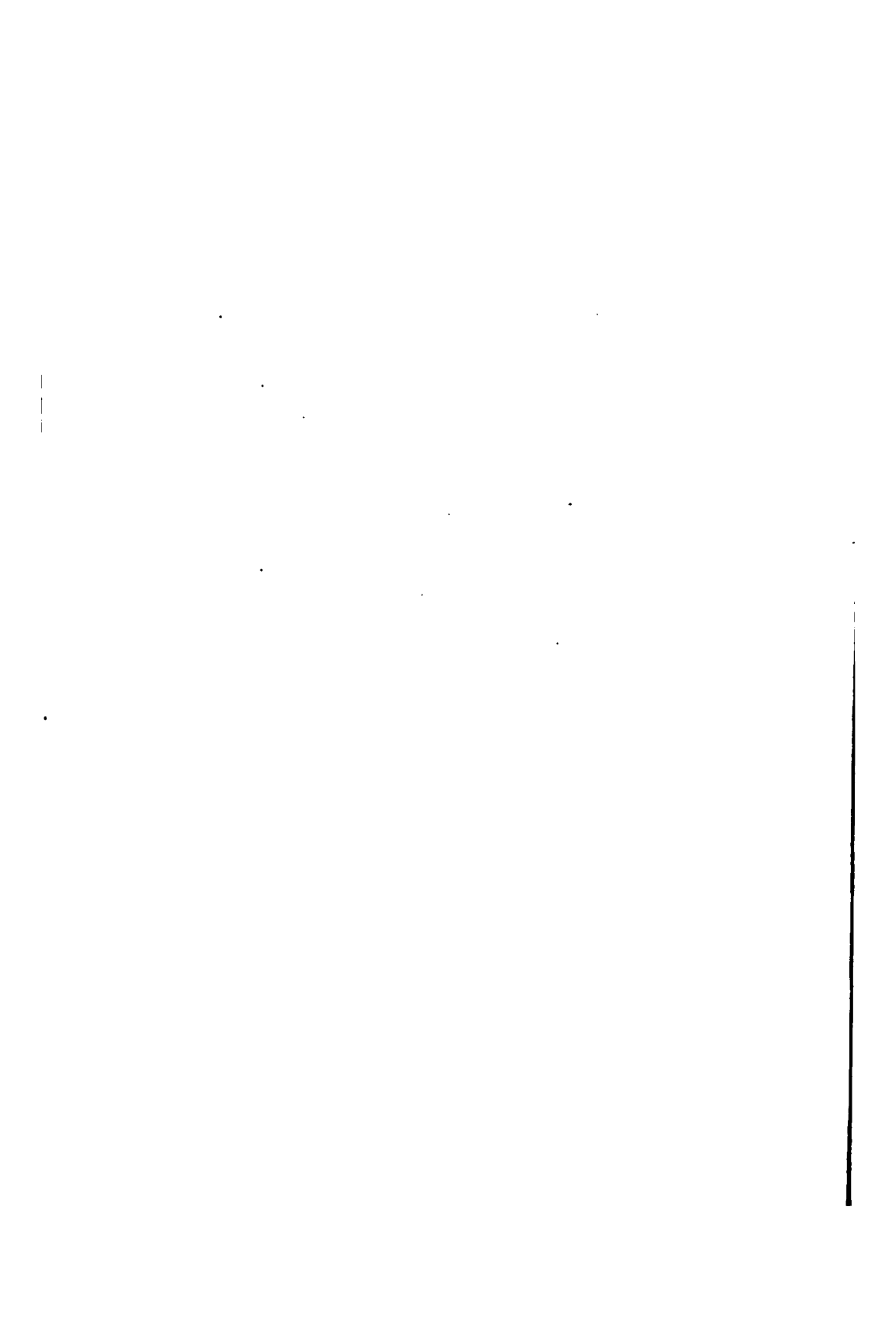
Harp and crown and raiment white,
Holy and beautiful dwellers in light ;
A throne, and One thereon, whose face
Is the glory of that glorious place.

Dear blind sister over the sea !
An English heart goes forth to thee.
We are linked by a cable of faith and song,
Flashing bright sympathy swift along ;
One in the East and one in the West
Singing for Him whom our souls love best,
'Singing for Jesus,' telling His love
All the way to our home above,
Where the severing sea, with its restless tide,
Never shall hinder, and never divide.
Sister ! what will our meeting be,
When our hearts shall sing and our eyes shall see !





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LAC DE CHAMPÉ.

"THERE ARE CLOUDS AND DARKNESS AROUND GOD'S WAYS."

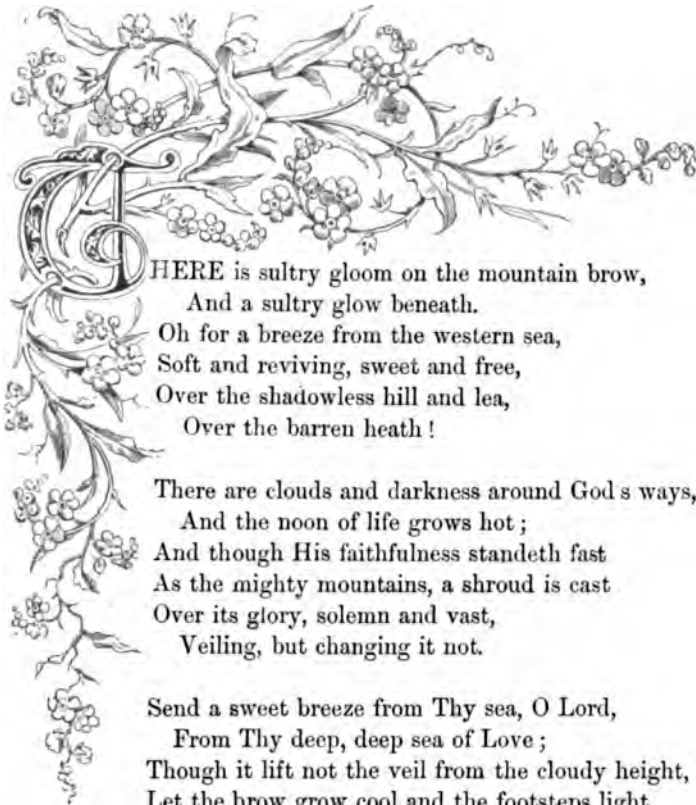




LAC DE CHAMPÉ.

CHAMPÉ 1900

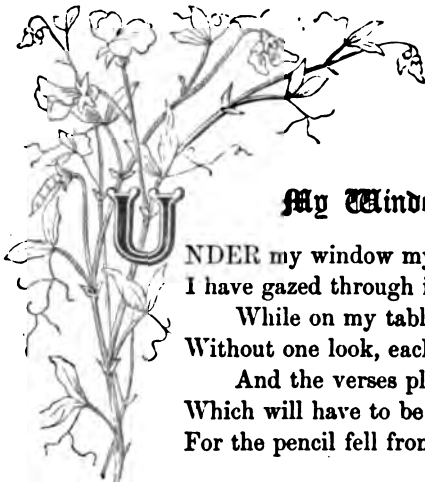
July on the Mountains.



HERE is sultry gloom on the mountain brow,
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath !

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot ;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of Love ;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove.

**My Window.**

UNDER my window my couch is set,
 I have gazed through it long, I am gazing yet ;
 While on my table lie,
 Without one look, each treasured book,
 And the verses planned,
 Which will have to be copied by and by,
 For the pencil fell from forgetful hand.

Though all that from my couch I see
 Is the topmost bough of a leafless tree,
 Clear pencilled where the blue
 Dies into white as it meets the light
 From the bright south-east,
 I have revelled in my morning view,
 My eyes have had a very feast.

Last night I sat without a lamp,
 When the clouds broke up their sullen camp.
 Through the tiny pointed arch,
 With its one cross-bar, I watched a star,
 As on unknown quest,
 Just touch the zenith of its march,
 And curve its path to the solemn west.



Now all the clouds have fled away,
The Dark has died, and the living Day
Has dropped the stars on her shroud ;
And as I lie, the shining sky
Is so grandly bright,
With so much radiance endowed,
That it trembles with its wealth of light.

A wealth that is enough for me—
I need not mountain, wood, or sea,
In many-tinted sight ;
This seven-rayed flow of pure white glow
Through the sapphire air,
This calming glory of the Light,
Is so unutterably fair.

It is not idle to employ
Quick-passing moments on a joy,
Like these sweet morning rays.
So I do not think, but rest and drink
From the crystal river,
While a dewdrop of rejoicing praise
Floats up to Him, the kind Light-Giver !

Candlemas Day.

YES, take the greenery away
That smiled to welcome Christmas Day,
Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

The holly leaves are dusty all,
Whose glossy darkness robed the wall,
And one by one the berries fall.



Take down the yew, for with a touch
The leaflets drop, as wearied much
With light and song, unused to such.

Poor evergreens ! Why proudly claim
The glory of your lovely name,
So soon meet only for the flame ?

Another Christmas Day will show
Another green and scarlet glow,
A fresh array of mistletoe.

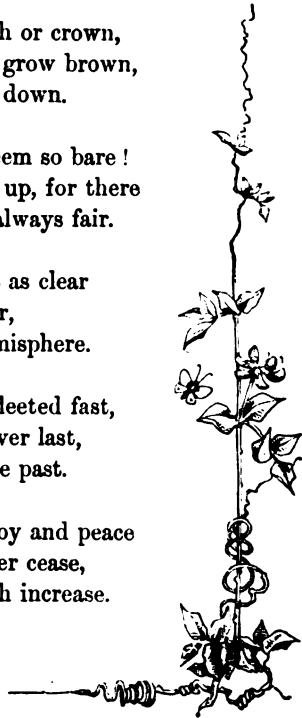
And this new beauty, arch or crown,
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,
And in its turn be taken down.

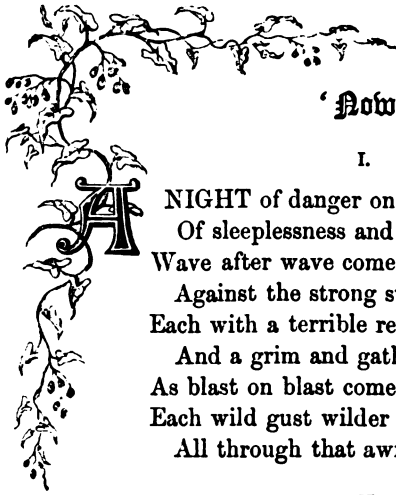
To-night the walls will seem so bare !
Ah, well ! look out, look up, for there
The Christmas stars are always fair.

They will be shining just as clear
Another and another year,
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

So Christmas mirth has fled fast,
The songs of time can never last,
And all is buried with the past.

But Christmas love and joy and peace
Shall never fade and never cease,
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.





‘ Now ! ’

I.

NIGHT of danger on the sea,
Of sleeplessness and fear !
Wave after wave comes thundering
Against the strong stone pier ;
Each with a terrible recoil,
And a grim and gathering might,
As blast on blast comes howling past,
Each wild gust wilder than the last,
All through that awful night.

II.

Well for the ships in the harbour now,
Which came with the morning tide ;
With unstrained cable and anchor sure,
How quietly they ride !
Well for the barque that reached at eve,
Though watched with breathless fear ;
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,
It is safe inside the pier !

III.

But see ! a faint and fitful light
Out on the howling sea !
’Tis a vessel that seeks the harbour mouth,
As in death-agony.





Though the strong stone arms are open wide,
 She has missed the only way ;
 'Tis all too late, for the storm drives fast,
 The mighty waves have swept her past,
 And against that sheltering pier shall cast
 Their wrecked and shattered prey.

IV.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,
 As over the deck they dash,
 Where sailors five are clinging fast
 To the sailless stump of the broken mast,
 Waiting the final crash.
 Is it all too late ? is there succour yet
 Those perishing men to reach ?
 Life is so near on the firm-built pier,
 That else must be death to each.

V.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,
 And swift and steady feet,
 And they rush as down to a yawning grave,
 In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,
 Treading that awful path to save,
 As they trod a homeward street.
 Over the boulders and foam they rush
 Into the ghastly hollow ;
 They fling a rope to the heaving wreck,
 The aim was sure, and it strikes the deck,
 As the shouts of quick hope follow.

VI.

Reached, but not saved ! there is more to do ;
A trumpet note is heard,
And over the rage and over the roar
Of billowy thunders on the shore,
Rings out the guiding word.
There is one chance, and only one ;
All can be saved, but how ?
*' The rope hold fast, but quit the mast
At the trumpet signal " NOW ! "'*

VII.


There is a moment when the sea
Has spent its furious strength ;
A shuddering pause with a sudden swirl,
Gathering force again to hurl
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl ;
That moment comes at length—
With a single shout the ' Now ' peals out,
And the answering leap is made.
Well for the simple hearts that just
Loosing the mast with fearless trust,
The strange command obeyed !

VIII.

For the rope is good, and the stout arms pull
Ere the brief storm-lull is o'er ;
It is but a swift and blinding sweep
Through the waters wild and dark and deep,
And the men are safe on shore ;—
Safe ! though the fiend-like blast pursue ;
Safe ! though the waves dash high ;
But the ringing cheer that rises clear
Is pierced with a sudden cry :



IX.




'There are but four drawn up to shore,
And five were on the deck !'
And the straining gaze that conquers gloom
Still traces, drifting on to doom,
One man upon the wreck.
Again they chase in sternest race
The far-recoiling wave ;
The rope is thrown to the tossing mark,
But reaches not in the windy dark
The one they strive to save.

X.

Again they rush, and again they fail,
Again, and yet again :
The storm yells back defiance loud,
The breakers rear a rampart proud,
And roar, ' In vain, in vain !'

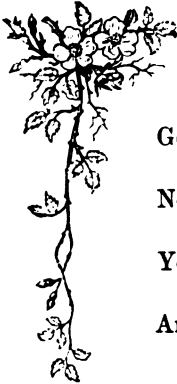
XI.

Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,
And bore it on its crest ;
One moment it hung quivering there,
In horrible arrest.
And the lonely man on the savage sea
A lightning flash uplit,
Still clinging fast to the broken mast
That he had not dared to quit.



XII.

Then horror of great darkness fell,
While eyes flashed inward fire ;
And over all the roar and dash,
Through that great blackness came a crash,
A token sure and dire.
The wave had burst upon the pier,
The wreck was scattered wide ;
Another ' Now ' would never reach
The corpse that lay upon the beach
With the receding tide.



XIII.

God's ' Now ' is sounding in your ears ;
Oh, let it reach your heart !
Not only from your sinfulness
He bids you part ;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.



XIV.

Now trust the one provided rope,
Now quit the broken mast,
Before the hope of safety be
For ever past.
Fear not to trust His simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe for evermore ;
Yes,—even you !



'Yet Speaketh.'

'YET speaketh!' though the voice is hushed that filled
 Cathedral nave or choir, like clearest bell,
 With music of God's truth,—that softly thrilled
 The silence of the mourner's heart,—that fell
 So sweetly, oh, so sweetly! on the ear
 Of those to whom that voice was dearest of the dear.

'Yet speaketh!' For the echo lingers yet
 Where fifty years ago his voice was heard;
 And old men weep, who never can forget
 Their early gladness through his faithful word;
 O'er all the waves and storms of life between,
 That voice floats on for them still powerful and serene.

'Yet speaketh!' Glowing hymns, like heavenly breeze,
 That stir us, and our soft Hosannas lift
 To Hallelujahs;—holy melodies,
 Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies, a gift
 Laid wholly on the altar of his God,
 Without one thought or care for this world's vain applaud:

Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,
 Things new and old in that great treasure found;
 A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,
 A trumpet with no pale, uncertain sound:—
 These shall not die, but live; his rich bequest
 To that beloved Church whose servant is at rest.

' Yet speaketh !' In the memory of those
To whom he was indeed ' a living song,'¹
The voice, that like fair morning light arose,
Rings on with holy influence deep and strong ;
Rings on, unmingled with another sound,
The sweetest, clearest still among all others found.

' Yet speaketh !' By that consecrated life,
The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,
Could all but sin so patiently endure.
O eloquence ! by this he speaketh yet ;
For who that knew and loved could evermore forget ?



' Yet speaketh !' E'en the shadow, poor and dim,
Of sun-traced portrait, and the cold, white stone
(All that the stranger-artist guessed of him),
Speak to our hearts in gentle spirit-tone,
Vocal with messages of faith and love,
And burning thoughts that fall like swift stars from above.

' Yet speaketh !' There was no last word of love,
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell ;
His bright translation to the home above
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell ;
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter there.

' Yet speaketh !' O my father, now more dear
Than ever, I have cried—' Oh, speak to me
Only once more, once more !' But now I hear
The far-off whisper of thy melody ;
Thou art ' yet speaking ' on the heavenly hill,
Each word a note of joy,—and shall we not ' be still ' ?



¹ A blind girl, who heard two or three of his last sermons, said, ' He was a living song to me.' She, too, is ' gone home.'



'From Glory to Glory.'

2 Cor. iii. 8.

'FROM glory unto glory!' Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along!
'From glory unto glory!' O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

Our own beloved Master 'hath many things to say ;'
Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day,—
To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,
To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

'From glory unto glory!' Our faith hath seen the King,
We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing ;
But He hath more to show us! O thought of untold bliss!
And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this :—

To marvellous outpourings of His 'treasures new and old,'
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own gold,
To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His face.

'From glory unto glory!' What great things He hath
done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He
hath won!

We marvel at the records of the blessings of the year !
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His promise
clear—

That 'greater things,' far greater, our longing eyes shall see !
We can but wait and wonder what 'greater things' shall be ;
But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in the power of the All-prevailing Name.

'From glory unto glory !' What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely
down !

Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide !

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way ;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day ;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

'From glory unto glory !' Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear ;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

'From glory unto glory !' Though tribulation fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all in all !
Whatever lies before us, there can be nought to fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near ?

'From glory unto glory !' O marvels of the word !
'With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,'
We, even we (O wondrous grace !) 'are changed into the
same,'
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
 And seeking to 'do always what is pleasing in His sight,'
 We look to Him to keep us 'all glorious within,'
 Because 'the blood of Jesus Christ is *cleansing* from all
 sin.'

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before,
 'From glory unto glory' that 'shineth more and more,'
 Because our Lord hath said it that such shall be our way,
 (O splendour of the promise!) 'unto the perfect day.'

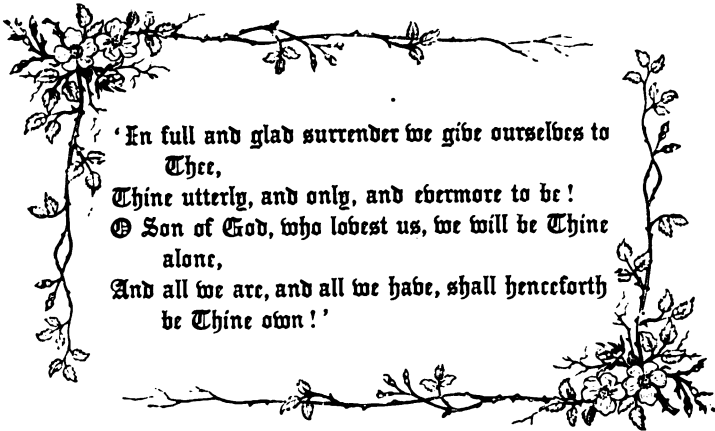
'From glory unto glory!' Our fellow-travellers still
 Are gathering on the journey! the bright electric thrill
 Of quick, instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,
 Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender
 beat.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,
 Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
 And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory glow,
 As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to
 know.

O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,
 Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above!
 No longer tread the valley, but, clinging to His hand,
 Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet tones more
 clear,
 Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world must
 hear!
 Oh, royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing
 Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children of the
 King!

Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are
one !
And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true ;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew !—



'In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to
Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be !
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine
alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth
be Thine own !'

Now onward, ever onward, from 'strength to strength' we
go,
While 'grace for grace' abundantly shall from His fulness
flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until his Very Presence crown our happiest New Year !



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