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**SEQUENCES, HYMNS,  
ETC.**



# SEQUENCES, HYMNS,

AND OTHER

## Ecclesiastical Verses.

BY THE



REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.



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## P R E F A C E.

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It had been long my wish, especially when I have had occasion to notice the great favour which God has bestowed on my translations from mediæval Hymnology, to collect some of my own Hymns and Sequences as a poor little offering to the Great Treasury.

Laid aside, in Spring last, from all active work by a severe and dangerous illness, the wish was more strongly impressed on my mind, and I felt that no kind of composition could be more suitable for one who might soon be called to have done with earthly composition for ever.

The result is before the reader. The first two parts contain only such hymns as might, perhaps, with more or less alteration be not unsuitable for the worship of the Church. The third can only be employed in private. The *Seven Sleepers* is, I believe, the first attempt to apply to primi-

tive Christianity that which to my mind is the noblest of our measures.

Many of the following verses were written before my illness, some more than forty years ago, and several have been printed elsewhere. The rest are the work of a sick bed.

Such as they are, I commit them to God's blessing; and shall be heartily thankful if in any way they set forward the great cause of Hymnology.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE.

*In the Octave of S. James, 1866.*

---

The presentiment expressed in the Preface was fulfilled within a few days, and the wreath of song in this small volume is the last gift laid by its writer at the feet of that Mother in whose service and for whose honour his life was freely rendered. On the Feast of the Transfiguration the veil was withdrawn from before his eyes, and the song hushed on earth is now swelling the chorus of Paradise.

R. F. Littledale

*Feast of the Most Holy Name, 1866.*

Julien  
catalogue

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**Prologue.**

**IN DEAR MEMORY OF**

**JOHN KEBLE:**

**WHO DEPARTED**

**ON MAUNDY THURSDAY, 1866.**

---

**If they who fought themselves the fight,  
If they who ran themselves the race,  
Are circled with the crown of light,  
And see their Master face to face :**

**What guerdon his, who others too  
Arms, aids, encourages in strife ?  
Who keeps their Country in their view,  
And points in midst of death to life ?**

Such was thy task, O sweetest soul,  
That ever join'd CHRIST's minstrel band,  
To make those broken-hearted whole,  
Whom There thou stand'st with hand to hand.

How many a thought of saintly act,  
How many a bravely dashed-off tear,  
Has strengthened into iron fact,  
Or vanished, at the "Christian Year!"

And those, the Saints to whom thy lay  
Still hovered near, as birds their nest,—  
Were they not at the last thy stay?  
Did they not lead thee to thy rest?

Was it not, as in days of old,  
With thee in thy departure so?  
(As in thy legend it is told,  
O loveliest Archipelago!)

A pilgrim sought some Martyr's shrine  
For help against disease or ill :  
For sure, Faith whispered, Love Divine  
Hath pleasure in its Martyrs still.

Three days he knelt, three days he prayed,  
And yet, no token sent from high  
Gave promise of especial aid  
Or sign God's Saints do wondrously.

But ere he left that distant strand  
To tread once more his bootless way,  
There flashed around on either hand  
A light beyond the light of day.

There stood the Martyr whom he sought  
In all the glory of his arms,  
His scars as fresh from battle fought,  
His spear that now knew no alarms.



Thus spake the Athlete : " Know, to-day  
Another Saint hath crossed Life's seas ;  
He, who best knew to build CHRIST'S lay,  
Our sweetest bard, Theophanes.

" And I, and all the Martyr throng  
Went with him to the further Shore ;  
And Virgins sang the Unknown Song,  
As conquerors to a conqueror.

" We have but newly left him now,  
Strains sweeter than his own to share,  
Th' eternal song of heaven : do thou  
Receive, through God's great power, thy prayer."

O, glorious sight ! in that thy need  
When holiest fellow arts-men came,  
Who to eternal years shall lead  
The Song of Moses and the LAMB !

He first who twined the mystic notes  
Of Synagogue and Church in one ;  
And he, whose thrilling music floats  
A down the *Peristephanôn* !

He too, who watched from Alpine height  
The samphire-gatherer, and with breath  
Bated in terror, learnt to write—  
“ In midst of life we are in death.”

And Bernard, minstrel of the Cross ;  
And Bernard, who with home-sick view  
Counting all other joys but loss,  
Jerusalem the Golden drew.

From lowest up to highest peer  
What scene on dying eyes to burst !  
There Adam stands, my Master dear,  
My dear and reverend Master, first :

They also bring each Orient gift,  
John, Art's great Doctor and her gem ;  
And Cosmas, he that loves to lift  
The gentle soul to Bethlehem.

And last—but who should dare say least  
Where every Prince-loved song is new ?—  
The bards who now in union feast  
After mistakes they struggled through.

Severed in nation and in more,  
Their notes were harsh, sometimes were wrong ;  
But fully, nobly, all that o'er,  
They keep the one-ness of their song.

So him they lead to Courts of Day,  
So him they lead to warless rest :  
While we commit, for some short stay,  
Our lark of sweetness to her nest.

Oh, called of God to seize His lyre  
With art, and love, and hope more dim ;  
So ask for that celestial fire,  
That ye may say, and He inspire,  
“ And I too know to build the hymn.”



# SEQUENCES.



**Sequence for Passion-tide.**

---

NIGHT is on the unransomed nations :  
night without a single ray :  
Night of anguish, night of terror :  
night, and not a hope of day.

And the captives weep in fetters :  
and their spirits in them melt,  
At the fullness of the darkness :  
darkness such as may be felt.

But in other sort, that midnight  
round their watch-fires' blaze they feast,  
Gabal, Ammon, Moab, Edom,  
all the children of the East.\*

---

\* Psalm lxxxiii. 7.



There in fiercest wise they revel :  
there they pitch, secure from dread :  
Ah ! they little know the Puissance  
of the Cake of Barley Bread !\*

Ah ! they little guess the wonder,  
far beyond an angel's ken,  
Wine that blossoms into virgins,—  
Corn that feeds the mighty men !

Lo, He comes, the promised Gideon,—  
comes to turn the world's new page,  
Angel of the Mighty Counsel,  
Father of the Future Age :

Comes to gather round His standard  
those three hundred, faint and few :  
' Set the lamps within the pitchers :  
what I do, shall ye do too.'

\* Judges vii. 18.

Comes to storm the foeman's trenches,  
in our weakness, not His might ;  
Shattered is that Mortal Pitcher :  
freed is that Eternal Light.

Till His warfare be accomplished,  
till He drain the bitter cup,  
Let my LORD, the King of Israel,  
stay Him in His chariot up ;\*

Stay Him till He deal the death-blow—  
stay Him till He bow the Head—  
Stay Him till He smite the smiter  
with the " IT IS FINISHED."

Then, as Satan and his legions  
on their headlong ruin shoot,  
Let their way be dark and slippery,—  
let the Angel persecute ;

\* 1 Kings xxii. 35.

Let the Light that from the Victor  
now streams forth on ransomed eyes,  
(Like the Beatific Vision  
on the hills of Paradise,)

Be for them, the abiding terror :  
be for them, the anguish sore ;  
Be the fullness of the blackness  
of the darkness evermore !

We have heard, O Son of David,  
Thou from Whom all comfort springs,  
That the kings of Israel's sceptre  
still are mercifullest kings :\*

Though Thine own Arm wrought salvation  
when hell's squadrons were o'erthrown ;  
Though alone Thy followers left Thee,  
Master, leave not *us* alone ;

\* 1 Kings xx. 31.

For in vain we gird our armour,  
    those Thy foes and ours to check,  
For in vain descend the valley,  
    There to fight with Amalek,\*

Unless Thou, upon the mountain,  
    Fellow-feeler with distress,  
Lift for us Thy hands in pleading,  
    lift them also us to bless.

Grant us patience, grant us courage,  
    grant us this one true intent,  
If we take hard blows, to deal them :  
    both to spend and to be spent.

Joyful if the mortal pitcher  
    in Thy cause be dashed away,  
So the light may do Thee service,  
    Which Thy glory shall repay :

\* Exodus xvii. 12.

Victors if, with victor brethren,  
by the Sea of Glass we stand,  
See the King in all His beauty,  
and the very Far-off Land.\*

\* Rev. xv. 2.

**Sequence for Low Sunday.**  

---

THOUGH the Octave-rainbow sometimes  
of our Easter has been dimmed,  
While earth's thoughts, like passing vapours,  
o'er the heavenly Vision skimmed :

Now its pure and perfect circle  
in full beauty we behold ;  
And unstained by earthly contact  
we have touched the Shrine of Gold.\*

\* Allusion is made to the Sussex proverb : " Go to the other end of the rainbow, and you will find a crock of gold."

Thou, whose doubt was our conviction,  
thou, whose "I will not believe,"  
Turned to faith, has made ten thousand  
wavering mourners cease to grieve :

Though, poor trembling doves, we cannot  
yet in that dear Cavern hide ;  
Though our hands as yet may wash not  
in the Well-spring of that Side :

Still the word remains unshaken,  
still shall be as it hath been ;  
"Thou hast seen, and thence believèd ;  
blessèd they that have not seen."

Sunday, towering o'er all others,  
save when gauged by Easter's height,  
Bright as are thy brightest compeers,  
but for that surpassing light ;

Teach to worship that we see not ;  
teach to see, but not by eye ;  
Handling, touching, holding, tasting,  
Certainty in Mystery.

Teach us, O Thou Day of Wonders,  
how to cleave to that He said,  
To His Primal Benediction,  
First born Victor o'er the dead.

So let Pharaoh's hosts and princes  
join His Blessing to deny,  
So let all the fiends of falsehood  
band in giving God the lie :

We more clearly, we more dearly,  
we with more assured intent,  
Onward press to see Him, only  
then without a Sacrament.



**Follow Thou Me.**

A SEQUENCE FOR THE FESTIVAL OF S. PETER OR S. JOHN.

---

[It need hardly be said that the main thought of the following sequence is taken from the sublime conclusion of S. Augustine's Commentary on S. John's Gospel. The English reader may need to be informed that the Vulgate translation of our LORD's saying, omits the *If*; and simply runs thus: "I will that he tarry till I come . . . . follow thou Me."]

---

ART thou fainting in the tempest,  
While thy bark the huge waves toss ?  
Art thou faintly, feebly, dreaming  
Of the gain without the loss ;  
Longing, O degenerate Christian,  
For the Crown before the Cross ?

It had come, that glorious Morning :  
    JESUS stood upon the Shore :  
Scourging, Mocking, Coronation,  
    Crucifixion—all were o'er :  
With His own the Prince of princes  
    Tarried yet a while once more.

Stood His chief Apostle by Him :  
    All in love, but half in doubt :  
Answering, till the thrice Confession  
    Blot the thrice Denial out ;  
Listening, how his own departure  
    CHRIST'S dear Cross shall bring about.

“ Follow Me,” saith He. And straightway  
    Went that Mighty following on :  
But the lov'd one came behind him  
    In the way which He had gone :  
Cephas turned ; and there unbidden,  
    But still loving, seeth John.

“LORD, and how shall this man serve Thee ?”

Peter, let the question be :

Hear :—“ I will that *he* shall tarry

Till I come :—*thou* follow Me : ”

—O sweet words of golden comfort

That shall last eternally !

—These the Two Lives ; one, the fleeting ;

One, that cannot pass away :

One in exile ; one in Mansions

That can never more decay :

This in faith, and that in vision

Of the Beatific Ray.

This gives battle to the foeman ;

That no foeman hath to fight :

This is bathed in tears for failings ;

That, in torrents of delight :

This is misery, this is weakness ;

That perpetual joy and might.

This forgives and is forgiven ;  
Pardon that nor gives nor needs ;  
This rolls on in ceaseless action ;  
That in contemplation speeds :  
That with joy shall reap the harvests ;  
This in tears had sown the seeds.

Hear it then, your Captain's watch-word,  
Christians militant on earth :  
Ye who sometimes think the glory  
Of the labour scanty worth ;  
How He tells you, that hereafter  
Is the banquet, here the dearth.

“ Ye,” saith He, “ at once would quit you  
Of the struggle and the pain :  
Ye at once change pain and sorrow  
For the Life that shall remain :  
But—My Will is *that* shall tarry,  
Tarry till I come again.

“ Follow Me meanwhile.”—And answer :  
(Spite of battle and distress)

“ Whatsoever snares beset us,  
Whatsoever toils oppress,  
When Thou puttest forth Thine own sheep,  
If Thou go before them—Yes.”

**Sequence**

FOR THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY AND THE  
FOLLOWING SUNDAYS TILL ADVENT.

---

If Death's ministration be so glorious,  
If so much of beauty rest on earth—  
Autumn's loveliness be so victorious  
O'er the sin which gave to Autumn birth,

What must that be, Life's true ministration  
Fancy cannot paint, nor eye can see,  
Theirs, — each kindred, people, tongue, and  
nation,—  
Living Waters and the Living Tree ?

Shall the crimson glory of the Forest  
Teach us of the Victor-Martyr's gore,  
Nor, if telling of his need when sorest,  
Also tell his joy for evermore ?

When these leaves the autumn winds shall wildly  
Hunt through dark wood avenues and glades,  
Till the snow, so lovingly and mildly,  
In its purity their relics shades ;

So, we think, the body of the Martyr,  
From the arena dragged in foul disgrace,  
Did but go the shame and scars to barter :  
For the gladness of a better place.

Who may not believe the old, old story,  
How this saplessness shall flush to green ?  
Can we not then trust Life's touch of glory,  
How it ministers the things unseen ?

**Sequence for All Saints.**

---

REAR the column, high and stately,—  
set it up to crown the steep ;  
That from Europe's southern headland  
it may tell the Atlantic deep ;

“ Crushed is now the Arch-deceiver ;  
CHRIST is but a word of shame ;  
And the ‘ execrable madness ’  
is a history and a name.

For the Cæsars, on whose footsteps  
Rome's eternal guardians wait,  
Pious, Victors, Ay-Augusti,  
stamped its doom and sealed its fate.”



Ranks of Martyrs, nobly falling  
in your several fields of fight,  
Ranks of Martyrs, brightly glittering  
in your various rings of light ;

As from earth's tumultuous voices  
swelled the fierce impulsive strain,  
“ Let us break their bonds asunder,  
let us cast away their chain.”

Joined ye not that voice of triumph  
to the Throne of Glory sent :  
“ He shall reign, shall reign for ever,  
King and Lord Omnipotent ?”

Bishops, whose illustrious Mitre  
was a heavy Crown of Thorns,  
Priests, with whose brave words and actions  
Holy Church her page adorns ;

Virgins who, in spotless pureness,  
held your lilies to the close,  
Joined with such as, highlier favoured,  
blent those lilies with the rose ;

Teach us all to learn the lesson  
that ye learnt so long ago ;  
Teach us of the self-same battle,  
teach us of the self-same foe ;

Yea, and teach us, teach us rather,  
how to see Him, eye to eye,  
Who shed forth your Martyr-graces  
from the Hill of Calvary.

All Saints.

---

CHILDREN'S SEQUENCE.\*

---

CHRISTIAN children, hear me,  
Children, gather near me :  
    Of the children's LORD I sing ;  
Of the Child so glorious,  
Of the Child victorious,  
    Of the Child, the children's King.

---

\* This is written to the very lovely melody of *Laus devotâ mente*, in the Sarum Gradual.

He, on earth a stranger,  
Lying in a manger,  
Pillowed on His Mother's breast ;  
While that Virgin-Mother,  
Blest above all other,  
Gave Him food and gave Him rest ;

He had many a fervent  
Happy baby servant,  
Full of courage, full of love ;  
Many a baby martyr  
Who rejoiced to barter  
Life on earth for Life above.

Agnes leads the story,  
Agnes in her glory,  
Whom they cast amidst the flame ;  
But the flame, defeated,  
From her steps retreated  
At the Infant Monarch's Name.

From the heavenly regions,  
Girt with heavenly legions,  
Eight days past, her home she sought ;  
And a lamb, the whitest,  
Loveliest, purest, brightest,  
In her loving arms she brought.

“ These thou seest, my mother,  
These, and many another,  
Are my blest companions now ;  
Once so far above me,  
Dwell with me and love me,  
Palm in hand and Crown on brow.”

Lauded day by day be  
Cyriac, victor-baby,  
Cyriac and his mother blest ;  
How Julitta, tending  
Till his torments ending,  
Saw him enter into rest.

Happy lambs and glorious,  
Lambs o'er wolves victorious,  
Doves that put the hawks to flight ;  
Strength made firm in weakness,  
Victory won by meekness ;  
Faith that now is lost in sight.

Some day, some day, we too  
Your bright Home will flee to,  
In your song will bear our part ;  
Meanwhile, you above us  
Very dearly love us,  
As we you with all our heart.

**Sequence for All Souls.**

---

O THE vastness ! O the terror !  
O the launching on the sea !  
Sailing dangerous, tempest threatening—  
is there *no* help ? *must* it be ?

“ Even so : the Admiral’s flag-ship  
this same way hath sailed before,  
Leading to that waveless harbour,  
leading to that stormless shore.”

When the South-West wind blew softly,  
we supposed our purpose gained ;  
Full of hope, without a drawback,  
shrouds were set and sails were strained ;

For we deemed the pleasant breeze that  
from our native regions bore,  
Very, very soon would land us  
on the ever peaceful shore.

And we spake of that dear Country,  
And its Fourfold Streams that part,  
Carrying healing to the nations,  
joy to the distress'd in heart :

In the valleys where they delve it,  
how the gold is good indeed :  
In the pastures by Life's water,  
how the flocks lie down and feed :

How the LORD of that same Kingdom,  
once the Admiral of this sea,  
Brought His vessel to the harbour  
where He wills that we should be ;



Brought her through the sorest tempest,  
    anchored her in quiet tides ;  
Where in everlasting triumph  
    with her victor flag she rides.

While we thought and spake on this wise,  
    clouds drew in and night drew on ;  
Dashed upon our labouring bulwarks  
    that fierce wind Euroclydon ;

And our LORD's own dear assistance  
    scarcely kept our grace alive,  
When we saw the vessel caught up  
    in the wind and let her drive.

Yet He did not leave us wholly,  
    strengthening us for what remained,  
As, well getting under Clauda,  
    by hard work our boat we gained :

And though tempests of temptations  
made our vessel lurch and dip,  
By far mightier Words of Promise  
now we undergird the ship.

But far out the fearful Whirlpool  
stretched ahead before us lay ;  
Hour by hour our keel was driving  
for its ravenous jaws a prey.\*

And no blessed sun gave comfort,  
and no moon her gentler light,  
And the stars in all their courses  
sang no songs to cheer our night.

\* Acts xxvii. 17 : "Fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands." Rather, "into The Whirlpool:" that is, the great Libyan whirlpool, then lying south-west of them, and directly in their course.

Now when prayer and toil had failed, and  
no small tempest on us lay,  
All the hope of our salvation—  
once so bright—was ta'en away.

Then stood forth God's Priest amidst us,  
he whose faith could never swerve:  
"Hear," he said, "His holy message,  
Whose I am, and Whom I serve."

And he gave us Absolution,  
and he taught us that the strife,  
Though it cost the vessel's being,  
Should not cost a single life.

Midnight passed,—the shipmen, deeming  
that we drifted to some shore,  
Cast four anchors from the sternward  
longing that the night were o'er.

Four great anchors—tried sheet-anchors—  
each one in itself an host,  
Those infrangible Evangels,  
welded by the HOLY GHOST.

Bound by these, we there swung safely  
till the pitch-black passed away,  
And an Unknown Land they made out  
through the mirkiness and spray.

Ah ! unknown, unknown to mortals !  
Is it thus, with longing eyes,  
First we see thee, first we hail thee,  
First we have thee, Paradise ?

Is it thus, in form so differing  
from our fancied flowers and vales,  
In these rock-crests swept and shattered  
by the equinoctial gales ?

As the lingering day was breaking,  
stood our Captain forth and said,—  
(All Eternity before us,—)  
“ I beseech you, take some Bread.”

O that Bread ! that Bread of Angels !  
O that Corn of Mighty men !  
Never, never, had we tasted  
of its mightiness as then !

And at length the Master called us ;  
(for the time was come at last  
When the perils of the voyage  
should for evermore be past ;)

Called us to the latest effort ;  
bade us all, without delay,  
Plunge into that self-same sea-surge,  
Where our Admiral led the way.

Planks or spars or boards or splinters,  
each and all shall save from loss ;  
Anything Life's Tree hath hallowed ;  
any fragment of the Cross.

—Blest the Wood whereby salvation  
cometh to the shipwrecked race !

—Paradise ! made sure by angels,  
be henceforth our resting-place !

\* \* \*

There beside the Living Waters  
now they see Him Eye to eye,  
Where shall go no oarèd galley,  
no brave ship shall pass thereby ;

Living Waters, where at noon-day  
feed the flocks of that far land ;  
Glassy and triumphant ocean,  
where the guerdon'd Conquerors stand.



**HYMNS.**





**Maundy Thursday.**

---

“COUNT not,” the LORD’S Apostle saith,  
Who knew afflictions’ sting,

“The fiery trial of your faith  
As an unwonted thing.”

Yea, rather, CHRIST Himself would teach  
His people, ere He went,  
That they were mark’d for grief, by each  
Thrice-blessed Sacrament.

When we, endued with power on high,  
Began to live afresh,  
We vowed our wills to mortify,  
And crucify the flesh ;

To count all earthly gain as loss,  
All earthly honour shame ;  
And we were strengthened with the Cross,  
That we might bear the same.

Doth not the Altar call our thought  
To His expiring breath ?  
The woes that our Salvation bought,  
The love as strong as death ?  
His precious Body makes not whole  
Till broken on the Wood :  
The Chalice could not cleanse our soul,  
Except it were His Blood.

A Master suffering on the Tree,  
A servant at his ease !  
Far, O Thou LORD of Calvary,  
Such thoughts and hopes as these !  
In us, and by us, every day,  
Thy holy will be done,  
Till Thou shalt call our soul away,  
Eternal Three in One ! Amen.

H y m n

FOR A

LATE SERVICE ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.

---

Compare Isaiah xxxviii. 5 with S. Luke xxii. 42.

---

PROSTRATE fell the LORD of all things  
in His night of Agony ;  
While the Paschal Moon was lighting  
holiest Gethsemane :

And the torrents of His Passion  
deep and fierce above Him roll ;  
And the rivers of transgression  
overwhelm His Human Soul.

Sins unknown, sins unimagined,  
sins by day, and sins by night,  
Sins of blackest outer darkness  
press upon His purest sight ;

Sins, since o'er the Eastern Portal  
first the Cherub waved his sword,  
To the last that shall be written  
ere the Coming of the LORD.

Thence the Three-fold Supplication  
wrung from That Eternal Son :  
Thence the Blood-Sweat, thence the " FATHER,  
not My Will, but Thine be done."

Then the FATHER, from the Darkness  
where the Godhead dwells alone,  
Spake to one Celestial Brightness  
of the nearest to the Throne :

“Go and tell my people’s Captain,  
tell the Shepherd of My Flock,  
Tell the Man that is My Fellow,\*  
now become the Gentiles’ mock :

“I have heard Thy supplication,  
I have surely seen Thy tears ;  
I will add to this Thy life-time  
an eternity of years.

“This the sign: though by Thy Footsteps  
first the path of Death be trod,  
On the Third Day Thou shalt, rising,  
enter in the House of God.”

\* \* \* \*

Thence, sin vanquished, sorrow ended,  
the Assyrian power o’erthrown,  
Now our truer Ezechias  
reigns for ever on the Throne ! Amen.

\* Zechariah xiii. 7.

**Mauudy Thursday.**

---

**COMPLINE.**

---

CAN it, Master, can it be  
These shall be ashamed of Thee ?  
In the danger and the gloom  
On the pathway to Thy tomb ?  
Wilt Thou give their speech the lie,—  
“ If all leave Thee, yet not I ? ”

“ Yea, they did : but, faithless one,  
Thou thyself hast likewise done ;  
When *our* time of woe drew near,  
(For I suffered with thee here)

Look within thy heart, and say,  
Canst thou, dar'st thou, tell Me, nay?"

Can it, Master, can it be  
Such hard speech should come from Thee ?  
If Thine own would keep Thee nigh,  
They must leave Thee first and fly ?  
This the love that all things bears,  
All things ventures, all things dares ?

" Willing spirit, some one day,  
O'er weak flesh shall bear the sway :  
By the paths I shall have trod  
They shall then go home to God ;  
Rack or beast or flame or sea,  
All shall bring them Home to Me."

Amen.



**Easter Day.**

---

**P R I M E.**

---

THE Paschal moonlight almost past,  
Yet still the Angels hold their post,  
The outguards of an Army vast ;  
The picquets of the Spirit-host.  
The dawn in softest beauty wakes  
O'er regions very far away ;  
It glows, it brightens, and it breaks  
Into that everlasting Day.

Alleluia.

That Day, that one Day known to Him,  
That is not day, that is not night ;  
Whose earthly cradle is so dim,  
Whose Noon is such excess of light.  
Ring, earthly bells, in tones of love :  
Ring out again, and yet again ;  
And let your answer from above  
Waft us the Alleluiatic strain.  
Alleluia.

**S. Margaret's Day.**

---

**FIRST VESPERS.**

---

WHEN the earth was full of darkness,  
when the hope of man burnt low,  
In time's fulness came the Merchant  
seeking goodly pearls below ;  
Seeking them through toil and peril,  
seeking them through want and woe.

One He found beyond all others,  
Pearl of great and countless price ;  
Thee that He might make His own one,  
He devised a new device ;  
Gem of mothers, Pearl of maidens,  
witness of His Sacrifice.

For He sold His whole possessions,  
cast the goods He had away ;  
Left the glory, left the riches,  
clad Himself in mortal clay ;  
Sealed His title with His life-blood,  
so the needful cost to pay.

But to-day He found another,  
Margaret, both in deed and name ;  
Whom, because He dearly loved her,  
for our patron Saint we claim ;  
Finding in her pain our glory,  
and our triumph in her shame.

For she stood before the Prefect,  
spurning back those gods accursed,  
Marked, serene in virgin beauty,  
tyrants for her blood athirst ;  
And but saying, " *I am a Christian,*"  
bade Olybrius do his worst.

In the place that first knew Christians  
was the Christian Virgin tried ;  
Tried by shame and tried by torture,  
perfected and purified ;  
For she saw her JESUS standing  
for her at the FATHER's side.

Grant us all, then, Spouse of Virgins,  
by her pattern and her prayer,  
Trampling here the Ancient Dragon,  
to rejoin our jewel There ;  
And with her and all Thy blest ones,  
in the New Song have our share.

Glory be to GOD the FATHER ;  
glory be to GOD the SON,  
Heavenly Bridegroom, Crown of Martyrs,  
whose right arm this battle won ;  
Equal laud to GOD the SPIRIT  
now and evermore be done. Amen.

### Processional Hymn for All Saints.

---

CHRIST'S own Martyrs, valiant cohort,  
White-robed and palmiferous\* throng,  
Ye that, 'neath the heavenly Altar,  
Cry, "How long, O LORD ; how long ?"  
Tell us how the fiery struggle  
Ended in the Victor-song ?

\* This word has been objected to as not English. It occurs, however, in Cudworth, from whom, as an English writer, there is (I take it) no appeal. It has been characterised by Archbishop Trench, who quotes it from Cudworth, as "beautiful."

“ 'Twas His care that watched beside us,  
His Right Arm that brought us through ;  
So the fiercer waxed our torture,  
His bright love the sweeter grew :  
Till the men that killed the body  
Had no more that they could do.”

CHRIST'S Confessors, noble Victors  
O'er the world, and self, and sin,  
Tell us how ye faced the onset  
From without and from within :  
Ne'er the stretched-out lance withdrawing ;\*  
Resolute the Land to win ?

“ He, with each a Fellow Pilgrim,  
Was our more than sword and shield :  
So they two went on together,  
So they two won many a field ;  
If He for us, who against us ?  
If He succour, who can yield ?”

\* Joshua viii. 26.

CHRIST'S true Doctors, filled with wisdom,  
Tell us how the lore to gain  
That discerned the serpent's venom,  
Crushed down heresy amain ;  
Winning conflict after conflict  
Till ye reached the Golden Chain ?

“ In the Cross we found our pulpit,\*  
In the Seven great Words, our lore ;  
Dying gift of dying Master,  
Which, once uttered, all was o'er ;  
Pillars seven of sevenfold wisdom ;  
Sion's safeguard evermore.”

CHRIST'S dear Virgins, glorious lilies,  
Tell us how ye kept unstained  
Snowiest petals through the tempest,  
Till eternal spring ye gained :  
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson  
Some more precious leaves were stained.

\* Neh. viii. 4.



“ In the place where He was buried  
There was found a garden nigh ;  
In that garden us He planted,  
Teaching us with Him to die,  
Till to Paradise He moved us,  
Here to bloom eternally.”

All CHRIST'S Saints, that none may number,  
Out of every land and tongue,  
Ye that by the fire and crystal  
Have your crowns in worship flung :  
Tell us how ye gained the region  
Where the Unknown Song is sung ?

“ Glory, honour, adoration,  
To the LAMB That once was slain ;  
Virtue, riches, power, the Kingdom,  
To the Prince That lives again,  
His entirely, His for ever,  
His we were, and His remain. Amen.”

\* S. John xix. 41.

†, Rev. v. 5, 6.

**All Saints.**  

---

**FIRST VESPERS.**  

---

NEED it is we raise our eyes  
Up from earth toward the skies ;  
Thinking of the Saints that rest  
After toil in Abraham's breast ;  
Lest we faint, in our distress,  
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O LORD Most High,  
Them in Thee we glorify :  
Thine Apostles, worthy found  
Of the keys that loosed and bound ;

And the Truth, that none resists,  
Of Thine own Evangelists ;

And Thy Athletes, that went Home  
Through the sea of Martyrdom ;  
And the Saints, through toil and shame,  
Brave Confessors of Thy Name ;  
And the Doctors, helped from high  
In confounding heresy ;

And the Teachers, sent to win  
To the faith, the realms of sin ;  
And the Bishops, now with Thee ;  
And the Virgins' Purity ;  
And the Priests, Thy Truth's defence ;  
And all holy Innocents.

Glory, LORD, to Thee alone,  
Who hast glorified Thine own ;  
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,  
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,

Faithful lips and fearless breast,  
Love and beauty, toils and rest !

Let their praises, Threefold King,  
Let the blessed Hymn they sing,  
Some, though faintest, echo gain  
In our own poor broken strain :  
Till one day shall join all powers  
In One Anthem—theirs and ours.

Amen.

**All Souls.**  

---

V E S P E R S.  

---

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,  
Think they of their brethren more ?  
They before the Throne who bow,  
Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the dead in CHRIST have still  
Part in all our joy and ill ;  
Keeping all our steps in view,  
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We, by enemies distrest,—  
They in Paradise at rest ;  
We the captives,—they the freed,—  
We and they are one indeed :

One, in all we seek or shun ;  
One, because our LORD is One ;  
One in heart, and one in love ;  
We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,  
Many mountains, many tides,  
Have they with each other part ?  
Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,  
Wide apart their lots be thrown ;  
Differing tongues their lips may speak,  
One be strong, and one be weak :

Yet in Sacrament and prayer  
Each with other hath a share ;  
Hath a share in tear and sigh,  
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

With each other join they here  
In affliction, doubt and fear ;  
That hereafter they may be  
Joined, O LORD, in bliss with Thee !

So with them our hearts we raise,  
Share their work and join their praise ;  
Rendering worship, thanks, and love,  
To the TRINITY above !

Amen.

---

**Festival of Hermits.**

---

**FIRST VESPERS.**

---

THY Servants Militant below

- Have each, O LORD, their post ;  
As Thou appoint'st, Who best dost know  
The soldiers of Thine host :

Some in the van Thou call'st to *do*,  
And the day's heat to share ;  
And in the rearward not a few  
Thou only bidd'st to *bear*.

No brighter Crown, we know, is theirs  
To the mid-battle sent ;  
For he their equal glory shares  
Who waits beside the tent :\*

---

\* 1 Sam. xxx. 24, 25.



More bravely done, in human eyes,  
The foremost post to take ;  
The Man of Griefs will not despise  
The sufferers for His sake.

The Hermits, in their cave or den,  
They fought a quiet fight ;  
But playing none the less the men,  
Made manifest His might.

They followed Thee in Thy distress ;  
Were with Thee all alone ;  
And they that shared the wilderness  
Shall also share the Throne.

Amen.

**Harvest Hymn.**

---

GOD the FATHER ! Whose Creation  
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,  
Thou whose yearly operation  
Brings the hour of harvest Mirth,  
Here to Thee we make oblation  
Of the August-gold of earth.

GOD the WORD ! the Sun, maturing  
With his blessed ray the corn,  
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,  
Thee, O everlasting Morn !  
Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,  
Thee, that liftest up our horn !

GOD the HOLY GHOST ! the showers  
That have fattened out the grain,  
Types of Thy celestial powers,  
Symbols of baptismal rain,  
Shadowed out the grace that dowers  
All the Faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation  
Severs righteousness from sin,  
And Archangel proclamation  
Bids to put the sickle in,  
And each age and generation  
Sink to woe, or glory win ;

Grant that we, or young or hoary,  
Lengthened be our span or brief,  
Whatsoever the life-long story  
Of our joy or of our grief,  
May be garnered up in glory  
As Thine Own elected Sheaf !

Laud to Him, to Whom Supernal  
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee :  
Laud to Him, from Whom infernal  
Powers and dominations flee :  
Laud to Him, the Co-Eternal  
Paraclete, for ever be. Amen.

**At the Consecration of a Church.**

---

O GOD, who lovest to abide  
In Sion's chosen gate,  
More than the thousand tents beside,  
Where Israel's faithful wait ;

Accept our works, and hear our vows,  
Unworthy though we be ;  
And look in mercy on the House  
We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,  
Thy people when they pray ;  
Here in the waters of Thy font  
Let sin be washed away ;

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal  
For ghostly strength and good ;  
Here give Thy faithful, as they kneel,  
Their SAVIOUR'S Flesh and Blood ;

Let never evil thing divide  
The hearts Thou here mak'st one ;  
By danger or affliction tried,  
Here let thy servants run ;

Here find they refuge from their foes,  
And grace and peace alway ;  
Here let their dust in hope repose  
Until the Judgment-day.

If after sin they seek Thy Face,  
And by Thy precepts live,  
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
And when Thou hear'st, forgive !

If there be famine in the land,  
Or pestilence, or foe,  
Stretch out from Heaven Thy strong right Hand,  
When here Thy flock fall low.

Bless those, O LORD, and hear their cry,  
That raised Thy Temple here :  
That in Thy House beyond the sky  
With joy they may appear ;

And whoso seeks, by guile or might,  
To wrong Thy holy place ;  
Thou shalt avenge, O God, Thy right  
On him and all his race.

Wisdom and power to GOD alone ;  
Praise to the FATHER be,  
And to the precious Corner-stone,  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee ! Amen.

### At a Funeral.

---

WHY march ye forth with hymn and chant,  
Ye veteran soldiers jubilant,  
As though ye went to lay to rest  
Some warrior that had done his best ?  
— Because we do but travel o'er  
The road the Victor trod before ;  
Himself knows well the way we go :  
The Son of Man is LORD also  
Of the grave-path.

Commit your loved one to the surge,  
Without a wail, without a dirge ?



To the wild waves' perpetual swell,  
To depths where monstrous creatures dwell?  
— Yes; for we lay him but to sleep  
Where those blest Feet have calmed the deep:  
Little we reck its ebb and flow:  
The Son of Man is LORD also  
Of the Ocean.

Leave him with thousand corpses round,  
Thus buried in unhallowed ground,  
Interred in that same scene of strife  
Where man and steed gasped out their life?  
— Yes: for our King and Captain boasts  
His own elect, His glorious hosts;  
His Victors, crowned o'er many a foe:  
The Son of Man is LORD also  
Of the Battle.

Why, as across the dewy grass,  
Ye through the evening Church-yard pass,  
Why welcome in your bells a guest,  
With chimings, not of woe, but rest?

— Where'er their twilight warblings steal,  
We do but ring a Sabbath peal ;  
And, till the glorious Sunday glow,  
The Son of Man is LORD also  
Of the Sabbath.

### Cattle Plague Hymn.

---

“And shall not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein  
are . . . also much cattle?”

---

ALL Creation groans and travails :  
Thou, O GOD, shalt hear its groan :  
For of man and all Creation  
Thou alike art LORD alone.

Pity then Thy guiltless creatures,  
who, not less, man's suffering share :  
For our sins it is they perish :  
let them profit by our prayer.

Cast thine eye of love and mercy  
on the misery of the land :  
Say to the destroying Angel :  
“ 'Tis enough : stay now thine hand.”

In our homesteads, in our valleys,  
through our pasture lands give peace ;  
Through the Goshen of Thine Israel  
bid the grievous murrain cease.

But, with deeper, tenderer pity,  
call to mind, O Son of God,  
Those in Thine own Image fashioned,  
ransomed with Thy Precious Blood.

Hear and grant the supplications,  
like a cloud of incense sent  
Up toward Thy seat of mercy,  
through the Forty Days of Lent ;

For the widow, for the orphan,  
for the helpless, hopeless poor :  
Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not  
of their basket and their store.

So—while these her earnest accents,  
day by day Thy Church repeats—  
That our sheep may bring forth thousands  
and ten thousands in our streets :

That our oxen, strong to labour,  
may not know nor fear decay :  
That there be no more complaining,  
and the plague have passed away.

And, at last, to all Thy servants,  
when earth's troubles shall be o'er,  
Threefold GODHEAD, give a portion  
with Thyself for evermore. Amen.

### Hymn for the Dedication of a Bell.

---

LIFT it gently to the steeple,  
Let our bell be set on high ;  
There fulfil its daily mission,  
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

As the birds sing early matins  
To the God of Nature's praise,  
This its nobler daily music  
To the God of Grace shall raise.

And when evening shadows soften  
Chancel-cross, and tower and aisle,  
It shall blend its vesper summons  
With the day's departing smile.

Christian men shall hear at distance,  
In their toil or in their rest,  
Joying that in one communion  
Of one Church they too are blest.

They that on the sick bed languish,  
Full of weariness and woe,  
Shall remember that for them too  
Holy Church is gathering so.

Year by year the steeple-music  
O'er the tended graves shall pour,  
Where the dust of Saints is garnered,  
Till the Master comes once more :

Till the day of sheaves in-gathering,  
Till the harvest of the earth,  
Till the Saints arise in order,  
Glorious in their second birth :

Till Jerusalem, beholding  
That His glory in the east,  
Shall, at the Archangel trumpet,  
Enter in to keep the feast.

Lift it gently to the steeple,  
Let our bell be set on high ;  
There fulfil its daily mission,  
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

CHRIST, to Thee, the world's redemption,  
FATHER, SPIRIT, unto Thee,  
Low we bend in adoration,  
Ever blessed One and Three. Amen.

The above hymn is taken from an Office for the Benediction of a Bell, compiled by the writer for that of one, by the Bishop of Oxford, at Aston-Bampton, Oxon ; the first example, it is believed, of such a service, if not since the Reformation, at all events since Caroline times. It was again used by the Bishop of Salisbury, at the Benediction of the newly recast Wolsey bell, at Sherborne Minster.





**ECCLESIASTICAL VERSES.**



**Carol for S. Clement's Day.**

---

It was about November-tide,  
A long, long time ago,  
When good S. Clement testified  
The faith that now we know.  
Right boldly then he said his say  
Before a furious king :  
And therefore on S. Clement's day  
We go a-Clementing.

Work in the mines they gave him then,  
To try the brave old Saint ;  
And there two thousand Christian men  
With thirst were like to faint.

He prayed a prayer, and out of clay  
He made the waters spring ;  
And therefore on S. Clement's day  
We go a-Clementing.

An anchor round his neck they tied,  
And cast him in the sea ;  
And bravely as he lived, he died,  
And gallantly went free.

He rests a many miles away,  
Yet here his name we sing,  
As all upon S. Clement's day  
We go a-Clementing.

Our fathers kept it long ago,  
And their request we make,  
Good Christians, one small mite bestow,  
For sweet S. Clement's sake ;  
And make his feast as glad and gay  
As if it came in spring,  
When all upon S. Clement's day  
We go a-Clementing.

**Christmas Carol.**

TO THE TUNE OF "GOOD KING WENCESLAS."

---

YOUNG and old must raise the lay  
That their heart engages :  
For the Child is born to day  
Who is King of ages :  
For the God, by all adored,  
Comes to His elected ;  
For the Babe that is the LORD,  
Hastes to be rejected.

If the purple proves the King,  
Where is goodly raiment ?  
If man needeth ransoming,  
Who shall make the payment ?

For the purple here is grass :  
For the throne, the manger :  
For the Courtiers, ox and ass  
Kneel before the Stranger.

Joshua hastes to meet the foes,  
Boastful and defiant ;  
David to his brethren goes,  
And shall slay the giant :  
Help is nigh to change our fate,  
Help we may rely on :  
Solomon, with royal state,  
Shall be crowned in Gihon.

Through the desert as we go,  
Sorrowful and fearing,  
From the Rock the waters flow,  
That shall work our cheering.  
Manna, wherewith all are fed,  
Comes for our salvation ;  
Born in Bethlehem, " House of Bread,"  
By interpretation.

Young and old must raise the lay  
That their heart engages :  
For the Child is born to day  
Who is King of ages :  
Young and old their deeds so frame,  
That, as He came hither,  
They, when He their lives shall claim,  
May to Him go *thither*.

[Imitated from the *Spirituale Rosetum* of John Mauburn  
circ. 1460.]



**A Christmas Carol.**

---

**FOR HOLY INNOCENTS.**

---

'Tis at Christmas time, when frost is out,  
And the year is very old,  
And icicles and snowdrifts make  
This cold world seem more cold ;  
At Christmas time that He was born,  
Who came that He might bring  
All them that love Him to the Land  
Of everlasting Spring.

'Tis at Christmas time, when holly shines  
With green and prickly leaves,  
And on its boughs a coronet  
Of scarlet berries weaves,—

At Christmas time we keep His feast  
Who wore the robe of red,  
Whereby the Martyr's blessed Crown  
Alone is purchasèd.

'Tis at Christmas time, when all things seem  
So very pure and bright,  
And fields are sparkling with the frost,  
And earth is spotless white :  
At Christmas time his day comes round,  
Who purity put on  
As fields and trees their robe of snow,—  
The Apostle, sweet S. John.

And at Christmas time is our own bright day,  
When all those children dear  
Who died for CHRIST went up on high  
To begin a happier year ;  
Blest Innocents ! like the flowers that now  
In the ground so long have lain ;  
But surely, soon as April comes,  
Shall wake and bloom again.

### No Nightingales.

---

“How glorious were the nightingales last night,  
'Neath the dim, April, warm, half moonlit, sky!  
As from wood-choirs and temples of delight,  
The dewy streamside grass, the black-thorn nigh,  
They poured their melody!”

“Indeed! I heard it not! I looked around,  
And deemed that night and silence had their fill:  
From forest, fallow, distant lane, no sound,  
Save the dull dronings of the watermill:  
The Nightingales were still.”

“O dull of ear to hear! but mark thou this:  
*My* ears were sharpened by a bed of pain;  
Thus, out of sorrow, God works often bliss,  
And that flits by, and this shall still remain:  
—The Nightingales no strain!!”

But *sursum corda* ! may it not be so,  
That those sweet strains on Jordan's further side,  
Unheard by souls who only this world know,  
May yet to them not wholly be denied  
Who drink the cup of woe ?

**Home Sickness.**

(IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

---

I COME from yon hills far away,  
The glades are hushed, the sea is gray ;  
And still I wander here and there,  
And still a sigh will question—Where ?

Where art thou, sweetest Land of mine,  
Towards whom I press, for whom I pine ;  
The Land with loveliness aglow,  
The Land where all my roses blow ?

Dear vision, ever in my sight !  
To thee my dreams fly home by night,  
To thee in toil they speed for rest,  
In thee, in peril, build their nest.

The Land where, under brighter skies,  
All my beloved dead shall rise ;  
The Land, all other lands among,  
That only speaks my native tongue.

And still I wander here and there,  
And still a sigh will question—Where ?  
—O pilgrim, though thou canst not see,  
Thy Home yet *is*, and is for thee !

### The Battle of the Alma.

---

By the faint and dying watchfires,  
wounded, harassed, wearied out,  
If we hear the vengeful trumpets,  
if we catch the foeman's shout,—

What great wonder, though the Eagle  
Russia crushed in height of pride,  
Should to-day have better fortune  
with the "Leopards" at her side?

Think, beside the Borodino,  
(ninety thousand fell that day,)  
Russian peasants kept the Old Guard  
twelve long dreadful hours at bay :

When we fired our holy Moscow,  
how behind their rout and rack  
Hung the standards of the Ukraine,  
and the vengeful Don Cossack!

If this world were all,—how gallant  
was that storming of the height,  
With the Chasseurs in the centre,  
and Saint Arnaud to the right :

When around the dying Marshal  
formed their lines and rose their cheers :  
And the chief that burnt the captives  
in the cavern by Algiers.

Though outnumbered, outmanœuvred,  
something comforts us within,  
Whispering : It is sometimes nobler  
to be conquered than to win :



Nobler to be conquered, fighting  
for each home and wife and pet,  
Nobler to be conquered, leaving  
names our land will not forget,—

Than, for greed of gold or glory,  
on the hardwon field to say,  
God Himself approves aggression,  
for to Him we owe the day.

France and England, sing *Te Deum*,  
that *Te Deum* so disgraced,  
For the homes by you made homeless,  
for the hearths by you laid waste :

And to serve both God and Mammon,  
—this world's gain, but that world's loss,—  
High above your very Altars  
wreathe the Crescent with the Cross :

There remains a dreder Judgment  
where this wrong shall be repaid ;  
Juster scales than those of glory  
where this battle shall be weighed.]

On the Vigil of S. Matthew  
Russian lips shall ever pray  
For the men that died by Alma  
when the Crescent won the day.

Courage, brethren ! France's tyrant,  
through the good path oped by you,  
May have yet his Saint Helena,  
Alma yet her Waterloo !

**The Martyrdom of the Archbishop of Paris,**

JUNE 25, 1848.

A DAY of clouds and darkness! a day of wrath  
and woe!

The war of elements above, the strife of men  
below!

Through the air rings shout and outcry—through  
the streets a red tide pours,—

To the booming of the cannon the ancient city  
roars:

For wilder than the tempest is human passion's  
strife,

And deadlier than the elements the waste of  
human life:

No breathing time for pity; 'tis the long stern  
tug of might :

The war of poor against the rich, and both  
against the right :

Each street and lane the artillery sweeps,—the  
rifle enfilades,—

With stone and bar, with beam and spar, they  
pile the barricades ;

And women-fiends, with blood-specked arms,  
fierce eye, and frenzied mien,

Cry “ Up the Red Republic ! ” and “ Up the Guil-  
lotine ! ”

Now forth and on them, *Garde Mobile* ! stout heart,  
firm hand, quick eye !

No mercy know, no quarter show ; to pity is to die !  
To the last worst fate of cities,—the murder and  
the rape,

'Tis yours to give one answer, the sabre and the  
grape :

Where'er the strife is hottest, on first and foremost, there !

On to the Quai du Palais! on to the Rue d'Enfer !

Where'er on high the blood red flag and the Marseillaise may be,

Beneath must come the tricolor, and *Mourir pour la Patrie !*

There is tearing up of pavements, there are shrieks of them that bleed,

There is firing from the windows, there is spurring of the steed :

There is stepping into places of the fallen in the rank,

There is breaking down the house-wall to take the foe in flank :

There is lust, and hate, and murder,—they have filled Rebellion's cup :

And to the God of Vengeance the city's cry goes up !

And more, and more, on, on, they pour ;—there's  
the battery's thicker flame,

And the quicker ring of musketry, and the rifle's  
deadlier aim :

Go, hurry to the Assembly,—for the bravest chiefs  
are there,—

Bedeau, and Bréa, and Cavaignac, and Lamori-  
cière.

And in and out the frequent scout goes hastening  
as he may :

“At the Rue d'Antoine the Garde Mobile have  
the better of the day ”—

“Some succour to the Port au Bled—they scarce  
can hold their own ”—

“Help, help! or all is over at the Barrière du  
Trône !”—

And out and forth, east, west, and north, the hur-  
rying chiefs advance,

To combat with the combatants, and to die, if  
needs, for France.

Who come towards the barricade with steady steps  
and slow,  
With prayers, and tears, and blessings to aid them  
as they go ?  
Among the armed no armour the little cohort  
boasts,  
Their leader is their Prelate, their trust the Lord  
of Hosts !  
And the brave Archbishop tells them in voice  
most sweet and deep,  
How the Good Shepherd layeth down His life to  
save the sheep ;  
How some short years of grief and tears were no  
great price to give,  
That Peace might come from discord and bid these  
rebels live :  
Rebels so precious in His eyes, that He, Whose  
word is fate,  
Alone could make, alone redeem, alone regenerate !

One moment's lull of firing, and near and  
nearer goes  
That candidate for martyrdom to the midmost of  
his foes :  
And on he went, with love unspent, toward the  
rifled line,  
As calm in faith, in sight of death, as in his  
church's shrine :  
And the war closed deadlier round him, and more  
savage rose the cheer,  
And the bullets whistled past him, but still he  
knew no fear :  
And calmer grew his visage, and brighter grew  
his eye,  
He could not save his people, for his people he  
could die :  
And, following in the holy steps of Him That  
harrowed hell,  
By death crushed death, by falling upraised the  
men that fell.



They bear him from his passion, for the prize of  
peace is won :

His warfare is accomplished, his godlike errand  
run :

They kneel before his litter, in the midst of  
hottest strife ;

They ask his prayers, the uttermost, who gave  
for them his life.

So, offering up his sacrifice to God with free  
accord,

The city's Martyr-Bishop went home to see his  
LORD !

Now God be praised that even yet His Promise  
doth not fail !

The gates of hell can never more against His  
Church prevail :

When human ties are slackened, and earthly  
kingdoms rock,

And thrones and sceptres crumble, like potsherds,  
in the shock :

There's that, unearthly, though on earth, that  
ne'er shall be o'erthrown :

Laud to the King of Martyrs for the Victory of  
His Own !

The Consecration of S. Augustine's,  
Canterbury.

SAINT PETER'S DAY, 1848.

---

'Tis the vigil of Saint Peter—but the vesper bell  
is still ;

No peasant group moves churchward through  
valley or o'er hill ;

The priest hath left his people ; the office is un-  
said ;

The ancient aisle resounds not beneath the  
entering tread.

'Tis the vigil of Saint Peter ; but all the livelong  
day

Through England's thousand valleys her priests  
are on the way :

By the haycock, through the cornfield, by the  
hedgerow, past the tree,  
They are shooting through the tunnel, they are  
dashing o'er the lea :  
They pause not at the city whose cathedral rises  
fair ;  
They stop not at the landscape in its veil of  
summer air :  
From the rocky glens of Cumberland, from Snow-  
don's mountain hoar,  
From where Saint German taught the faith to  
Mona's sea-girt shore ;  
From Lincoln's holy minster their onward course  
is bent,  
From the forest lanes of Sussex, from the sunny  
hills of Kent ;  
One heart is theirs, their goal is one, through  
many a various way,  
In that august primatial church to keep Saint  
Peter's day.

Ay, 'tis a glorious gathering!—They are meeting  
face to face,  
Who have fought the selfsame battle, who have  
run the selfsame race :  
Glad greeting as of brethren from friends un-  
known till then,  
Who far apart, but one in heart, for the Church  
had played the men :  
They are flocking on together to keep that Feast  
of feasts,  
The goodly band of bishops, the exceeding host of  
priests ;  
Men that had taught the peasant how to live and  
how to die,  
Men that had foiled earth's wisest, and had  
crushed down heresy :  
That alone, among the wicked, had dared to  
stand at bay,  
That alone had borne the heat and the burden of  
the day :

By an evil generation for scorn and byword  
named,

They had set their faces like a flint, and would  
not be ashamed.

For once it was not warfare ;—there were nought  
but words of love,

And some faint foretaste of the joy of them that  
dwell above ;

Let the strife wax hotter round us—but who shall  
know despair,

Remembering what true hearts, firm hands, and  
loving souls were there ?

We were strong in one another,—we were  
stronger far in her,

The Church that cannot be destroyed—the  
Church that cannot err !

Ay, thunder out our welcome, old Christchurch,  
from thy tower !

Give the greeting, give the gladness, give the  
music of the hour !

The sky itself smiles on us—the tempest flies at  
length,  
The sun comes as a giant rejoicing in his  
strength ;  
And through the ancient city the crowd is flocking  
quick,  
But a brighter vision o'er us is gathering fast  
and thick ;  
We might see, would angels scatter the veil that  
films our eyes,  
Yon cathedral's saintly prelates in glorious order  
rise :  
We might mark thee, reverend Elphege, with thy  
hair like driven snow,  
In a martyr's blood once dabbled, now bright  
with heaven's own glow ;  
And Saint Thomas, with that visage pale, so  
calm and stern to see,  
That trampled down the lust and rage of lawless  
Majesty ;

And Saint Edmund, as when once on earth those  
stately aisles he trod ;  
And Warham, in a faithless age, found faithful  
to his God :  
And him that on the traitor's hill, as calm as on  
a bed,  
Midst mocking troops, and quenchless rage, bowed  
down his reverend head ;  
But chiefly thee, O Patron Saint!—from soft  
lands far away,  
Whose name to hail, whose House we come to  
dedicate this day :  
And, as we saw their glory, that no human fancy  
paints,  
We might know, as yet we know not, the  
Communion of the Saints.

Peal loud, peal louder, Christchurch!—the long  
procession waits :



In God's Name, on! Lift up your heads, ye  
everlasting gates!  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, resumes  
His ancient right;  
Here will I dwell for ever: for here is My delight!  
Pass on, pass on, attending Him upon His  
glorious way,  
O ye His chosen servants, in bishopful array;  
Where the red light glows, and the grey roof  
towers, and the altar stands in view,  
The goal to close, the shrine to bless, the holy  
avenue;  
Then let him offer all these lands, approaching to  
the Throne,  
Whose heart the God of hearts hath touched to  
rescue back His Own;  
And sign the deed, and seal with speed—few  
words and brief suffice,  
Till England's Primate offer up the Mystic  
Sacrifice!

But, as in fearful silence they fulfil the closing  
rite,

The Church's glorious future bursts full upon my  
sight :

I see the white-winged vessels, that, bound to  
realms afar,

Go, conquering and to conquer, upon their holy  
war ;

No loud-voiced cannon bear they, those mes-  
sengers divine

Of England's merchant-princes, and England's  
battle-line ;

Yet they breast the broad Atlantic, the Polar  
zone they brave,

They dash the spray-drops from their bow in  
that Antarctic wave ;

The fiend that haunts the Lion's Bay, the dagger  
of Japan,

The thousand wrecks they laugh to scorn of  
stormy Magellan ;

Where earthly arms were weakness, and earthly  
gold were dross,  
Safe go they, for they carry the unconquerable  
Cross ;  
The Cross that, planted here at first, now planted  
here again,  
Shall bloom and flourish in the sight of angels  
and of men ;  
Another Saint Augustine this holy house shall  
grace,  
Another English Boniface shall run the Martyr's  
race,  
Another brave Paulinus for heathen souls shall  
yearn,  
Another Saint Columba rise, another Kenti-  
gern !  
Awake, and give the blind their sight, teach  
praises to the dumb,  
O Mother Church ! arise and shine, for lo ! thy  
light is come !

Till all the faithful through the world, God's one  
elected host,

Shall welcome the outpouring of a brighter Pente-  
cost :

And there shall be, and thou shalt see, through-  
out this earthly ball,

One Church, one Faith, one Baptism, one God  
and LORD of all !

**In Memoriam.****April 14, 1865.**  

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**THERE** must, in every cause, be some first Martyr  
To suffer and to fall :

**There** must be also those content to barter  
Their victory for their all.

**And** now it was so. He whose wisdom guarded  
Their fear amidst distress ;

**He**, whose dear succour had so oft awarded  
Great help to great success :

**He**, who, to risk himself so long forbidden  
Against the rebel foe,—

**Was**, in the hour of victory warned, that hidden  
Murderers might lay him low.

He, fully prescient of that utter danger,  
Went forth in all his state :  
And she, to that same peril not a stranger,  
Stood by, to share his fate :

He fell — when could he better fall ? — most  
glorious  
After the end of strife :  
He fell — when could he better fall ? — victorious ;  
The work done of his life.

Weep not for him ; There is small cause for  
weeping ;  
He is but laid to rest  
Who, after such long trouble, is but sleeping  
Upon a heavenly breast.

Rebellion so crushed out, that they who feel it,  
Are gnawing their heart's core :  
It was, perchance, but meet his blood should seal it,  
Whose name lives evermore.

He never can, in this world, see the vision  
    He hoped of peace and love ;  
But who can tell his more complete fruition  
    Of that same peace, above ?

**The Good News from Serbia.**

August 1865.

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"PEACE I leave you : My peace give I to you :  
Not as this world giveth give I peace :  
For the Paraclete, That shall renew you,  
He shall make all brethren's quarrels cease."

O, sweet Rainbow, yearn'd for long and dearly,  
That some day One Onely Church shall span,  
Dim and broken, and incipient merely,  
Yet not less God's covenant with man :

What are we, that we should see thee faintly  
Gleaming on our dark tempestuous sky ?  
Thee, whom Seers, Confessors, Doctors Saintly,  
Did so long for, would have dared to die ?



We shall never see thy perfect beauty ;  
We shall never trace thy sevenfold form :  
Others' be the triumph,—ours the duty,—  
Others' be the sunshine,— ours the storm.

None the less we do, we do behold thee,—  
Thee, our wishes' full and perfect sum :  
None the less our loving hopes enfold thee ;  
We can suffer so thou wilt but come.

Shew us, LORD, Thy work ; our sons Thy glory :  
Yet of us, though that be all we ask,  
May be said, perchance, in future story,  
" These were men that then did Union's task :

" Men, whom satire could not move, and ban not ;  
Men, who *would* work on, and would not cease ;  
These were men who never said—' I cannot :'  
These were men who prayed the Church to  
peace."

Yes! we fling the dastard question from us—

“How,—speak Common Sense!—*can* this be  
done?”

For we knew the everlasting promise,  
FATHER, *My will is they shall* be one!

So once more we hail thee, glorious vision!  
Though as yet saluting thee from far:  
God, He grant us all thy full fruition  
On the other side the golden bar!

And, perchance, as years their course shall speed  
on,  
With those names whose memory cannot fade,  
Ephesus, Nicæa and Chalcedon,  
Holy Church may some day set Belgrade!

**The good Old Times of England.**

---

OH, the good old times of England! ere, in her  
evil day,  
From their Holy Faith and their ancient rites  
her people fell away;  
When her gentlemen had hands to give, and her  
yeomen hearts to feel;  
And they raised full many a bede-house, but  
never a bastile:  
And the poor they honoured, for they knew that  
He, Who for us bled,  
Had seldom, when He came on earth, whereon  
to lay His Head;

And by the poor man's dying bed the Holy  
Pastor stood,

To fortify the parting soul with that celestial  
Food ;

And in the mortal agony the Priest ye might  
behold,

Commending to his Father's hands a sheep of  
His own fold ;

And, when the soul was fled from earth, the  
Church could do yet more ;

For the chanting Priests came slow in front,  
and the Cross went on before,

And o'er the poor man's pall they bade the sacred  
banner wave,

To teach her sons that Holy Church hath  
victory o'er the grave.

But times and things are altered now ; and  
Englishmen begin

To class the beggar with the knave, and poverty  
with sin :

We shut them up from tree and flower, and from  
the blessed sun ;

We tear in twain the hearts that God in wedlock  
had made one,

The hearts that beat so faithfully, reposing side  
by side

For fifty years of smiles and tears from eve till  
morning tide ;

No gentle Nun with her comfort sweet, no Friar  
standeth by,

With ghostly strength and holy lore to close the  
poor man's eye ;

But the corpse is thrown into the ground, when  
the prayers are hurried o'er,

To rest in peace a little while, and then make  
way for more !

We mourn not for our abbey-lands ; e'en pass  
they as they may !

But we mourn because the tyrant found a richer  
spoil than they ;

He cast away, as a thing defiled, the remem-  
brance of the just ;

And the relics of the martyrs he scattered to the  
dust ;

Yet two at least, in their holy shrines, escaped  
the spoiler's hand,

And S. Cuthbert and S. Edward might alone  
redeem a land !

And still our Litanies ascend like incense, as  
before ;

And still we hold the one full faith Nicæa taught  
of yore ;

And still our children, duly plunged in that bap-  
tismal flood,

“Of water and the HOLY GHOST, are born the  
sons of God ;”

And still our solemn festivals from age to age  
endure,

And wedded troth remains as firm, and wedded  
love as pure ;

And many an earnest prayer ascends from many  
a hidden spot ;

And England's Church is Catholic, though  
England's self be not !

England of Saints! The hour is nigh—far  
nigher may it be

Than yet I deem, albeit that day I may not live  
to see,—

When all thy commerce, all thy arts, and wealth,  
and power, and fame,

Shall melt away—at thy most need—like wax  
before the flame ;

Then shalt thou find thy truest strength thy  
martyrs' prayers above,

Then shalt thou find thy truest wealth their holy  
deeds of love ;

And thy Church, awaking from Her sleep, come  
glorious forth at length,

And in sight of angels and of men display Her  
hidden strength :

Again shall long processions sweep through  
Lincoln's minster pile :

Again shall banner, cross and cope gleam thro'  
the incensed aisle ;

And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the  
Church's thankful prayer,

And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered  
there ;

And Tierce, and Nones, and Matins, shall have  
each their holy lay ;

And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close  
the day.



England of Saints! the peace will dawn,—but  
not without the fight;  
So, come the contest when it may,—and God  
defend the right!

**THE**  
**SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.**



## The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

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### I.

LISTEN, all ye who rejoice in a tale of the days of  
the Martyrs!

Listen, for that same grace which rendered them  
mighty in battle

Worketh from age to age. Not alone in the  
conquering athletes,

Dyed in their best heart's blood, when the "valiant  
men were in purple,"

Clashing their red-stained shields : but in that  
long line of Confessors,

Turning to flight the armies of aliens, Kingdoms  
subduing,

Stopping the mouths of the lions, escaping the  
blast of the furnace,

Heated one sevenfold more than before it was  
wont to be heated :

But in all Saints of the LORD, in Doctors and  
Virgins,—in all these

Wrought that effectual grace, which brought  
them through great tribulation.

These are not names of the past: they are  
leaders and guides of the present,

Teaching the way we must tread, and showing us  
how we must tread it ;

Champions on earth of the Church and her  
Intercessors in Heaven.

No! nor a moment believe that, going, they left  
not behind them

Others to fight their fight, though changed in  
array and in danger.

These we have now, and shall have, fit men in fit  
place for their contest :

Strong in their lion-like spirits, each valiantly  
laying about him,  
Giving and taking of scars, doing good and en-  
durant of evil.

Listen, all ye who rejoice in a tale of the days of  
the Martyrs !

Listen attentlier yet ; it more nearly concerns  
you, my Sisters.

There, in the region of bliss, where the saint and  
the painter together\*

Caught, for one brief sweet space, into Paradise,  
saw and depicted

Him, the Immaculate Lamb, and the Five Wounds  
flowing of mercy,

\* Allusion is of course made to the picture by the Van Eycks, of the Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb, the greater part of which is preserved in a chapel of the Cathedral of Ghent.

Him, That is set in the midst, true Tree of Life  
in the Garden :

There are the cohorts of Saints, not confusedly  
mingled together,

Keeping their ranks distinct, as they loved and  
they conquered in this world.

Priests that were pure in the spirit, awaiting the  
Shepherd of Shepherds,

Meekly outfacing the proud, and as meekly ab-  
solving the sinner,

Bishops who, bearing their Cross, though con-  
cealed, in Staff or in Crozier,

Spake God's word, for they were not ashamed, in  
the great congregation.

Kings of the earth stand together, whose sceptres  
were sceptres of meekness ;

Judges of right, who have long since found the  
tribunal of mercy ;

Pilgrims who, strong in faith, looking up from  
Salem to Salem,

Strained to the LORD's own shrine ; and dwellers  
in caverns and deserts.

Warriors of truth there also, who, toiling in  
battles of justice,

Tore from the hand of the Church the glorious  
guerdon of Martyr ;

Widows, who yielding them up to Him That was  
widowed of glory,

Joyed in His comfort below, as now they reign in  
His Kingdom.

—Ah, but look on ! Who are these, that next  
the unclosable portals,

Nearest the domes and tourelles, where sapphire  
is mingled with jasper,

Gather in one, truer lilies themselves, in the  
midst of the lilies ?

There, and beyond such a rustling of boughs, as  
Paradise-breezes

Draw with a kiss from the foliage of youth,—there,  
bulwark on bulwark,



Rises the City that hath the foundations ;\* whose  
Builder and Maker,  
Maker before all worlds—is for ever its King and  
its glory,  
Light everlasting and pure, and the days of its  
mourning are ended ;  
Ended, how should they not be ? in the great  
Beatifical Vision.  
Dare not to ask who are these—you know it  
already, my Sisters ;  
These are your truest of friends, your own sweet  
future companions ;  
Each had the pearl in her hands, which the  
Prince in His love had prepared her,  
Each had the pearl that you bring, and the Prince  
in His love will accept it.

\* Much more forcible is the Greek, as given here, with its double definite article, than the English: "A city which hath foundations."

Each in her turn heard the words whereafter can  
never be sorrow—

Sworn in His royal abode by the great King  
Ahasuerus,—

‘ What is thy prayer, Queen Esther ? I grant  
thee the half of My Kingdom.’

Why should I tell their names, as they pass by  
their hundreds and thousands,

All graved deep in the Hands of the LORD, of  
Calvary’s Monarch ?

Many the gems of the Church that she hath in  
eternal remembrance ;

Why should I tell who they are ; why Thecla,  
and Lucy, and Agnes,

Her of the snow-white lamb, and Catherine dear  
to the angels ?

Them that were torn by the scourge, and them  
that defied the *plumbatae*,

Thrown to the lions, or racked, or exposed to the  
pitiless glances

Cast from the benches of stone, where the scented  
silk waved to the breezes.  
Oh, when the King shall come, with His angels  
in judgment around Him,  
Then shall each city bring forth with emulous  
joy and present Him  
Jewels of silver and jewels of gold, her Virgins  
and Martyrs,  
Relics enshrined in her earth till the day of the  
final Appearing ;  
Far as the gales can blow, or the Catholic Faith  
can be died for.\*

\* Cum Deus dextram quatiens coruscam  
Nube subnixus veniet rubente,  
Gentibus justam positurus æquo  
Pondere libram,  
Orbe de magno caput excitata  
Obviam Christo properanter ibit  
Civitas quæque, pretiosa portans  
Dona canistris.

*Prudent. Peristeph., 4. 9.*

There in the foremost array stands happiest  
Andalusia,  
Rich in her untold gifts ; and the Province and  
Gallia Prima  
Next to her, next but by little ; then Italy,  
Mother of Martyrs ;  
Carthage, fertile in torture, but far more fertile  
in glory.

Yet not of these would I tell ; we must wing our  
flight to the eastward :  
Wing it at that same hour when the faith seems  
utterly ruined :  
Knowing the promise of life, that was true, and  
is true, and that shall be ;  
“ Here have I set my King ! Be confounded, ye  
portals of Hades ! ”

Listen, then ! ye that rejoice in a tale of the  
days of the Martyrs :

Listen! and say in your hearts, as we mix in the  
heat of the battle,  
“ Why do the kings stand up, and the people  
imagine a vain thing ?”

## II.

Ephesus lies all abask in Mediterranean noon-  
day :

While to her quays and wharves with lovingest  
silvery kisses,

Creep up the ripples and kiss them, saluting the  
Queen of the Ocean.

This is the Bank of the world ; its thousand  
vessels at anchor

Heavy with corn, and with wine, and with oil ;  
corn, drawing its fatness

From the enrichment of Nile, the glory and pride  
of the Delta ;

Wine that the maidens of Spain trod out in the  
vats of Huesca ;

Oil that exuded itself from the full-juiced Syrian  
berry.

These are but shreds of her wealth, her pledges  
and counters of commerce.

Right in her central of Docks, and nearer the  
mouth of Cayster,

Ranged in their priceless array, all the Red Sea  
merchantmen bring her

Jewels and ingots of silver and spices of Kedar  
and Sheba.

Coasters are there that have hung o'er the calm  
green depths of the ocean,

Hazarding vessel and life for the blue pearl,  
perfect in beauty ;

Others, yet bolder of soul, that have rounded the  
pillars of Atlas,

Skirting that loveliest land ; and seeking the  
treasures of Lisbon,

Laughing the bay to scorn, and exploring the  
Cape of Namancus ;

Then, on a south-west wind, touched the bar-  
barous island of Britain.

Ay, but look up, where the mountains, incurring  
themselves round the City,

Tower, to the unflecked blue, and are crowned by  
the mightiest Tmolus :

Tmolus, whose head still wears its coronal, glo-  
rious and sparkling,

Where the late winter's snows have not yielded  
as yet to the summer.

Winding its way round the base, by palm tree  
and chesnut and platane,

Specked 'with its myriads of swans, flows the  
sweetest of rivers, Cayster :

Oh! what a work of God! how lovely and beau-  
tiful wholly!

But where the spice-fields end, that girdle the  
centremost mountain,

Breathing an odour afar on the sea, like Paradise-  
breezes,  
Down to the main itself, and with all the glory  
of this world,  
Man, too has done his part, and has built him a  
city of idols.  
Tier above tier they rise, with portico, column  
and pillar,  
Glowing in marble as bright and as varied as  
forests in autumn ;  
Statues of brass and of gold, the curious work of  
the artist,  
Flashing the noon-ray back undimmed, undi-  
minished in brightness ;  
Zeus, king of gods and of men, and the tamer of  
horses Poseidon ;  
Here, with her terrible Ægis, and long lance, Pal-  
las Athene,  
Strong in her father's strength, as she scatters  
the ranks of the heroes :



Here, too, purest amongst the impure, stands  
Phœbus Apollo,

Laughing the laugh of might, as he slew the ter-  
rible Python.

These, and a thousand such ; but not on these  
would they linger,

Ephesus' daughters and sons, when they tell of  
their beautiful mother :

One above all, one temple on earth, unrivalled in  
glory :

Treasury this of the world, gem of Asia, marvel  
of nations ;

Rich, with the gifts of Kings, with the prime  
of the spoil of the battle ;

Rich, with the offerings of maidens, whose topaz  
and emerald bracelets,

Gladly were laid at the Shrine, some lustre to  
add to the Goddess ;—

Artemis, Queen of the City, and Queen of the  
hearts of its people.—

Who has not heard of a title o'er others that  
Ephesus boasts in,  
Shrinekeeper she of the Goddess? And holiest  
and chiefest of treasures,  
Who has not heard of the image that fell from  
Zeus in Olympus?  
But it is not to the Temples to-day, it is not to  
the Altars,  
Men hurry forward in groups, one goal, one ob-  
ject before them;  
Thither must we with the rest,—to the theatre,  
mighty erection,  
Mightiest far among those, that have reeked  
with the blood of the Martyrs;  
Yielding, no not for a moment, to Rome's earth-  
famed Colosseum.  
Here an Apostle had planted the cross; here  
Paul of the Gentiles  
Fighting with beasts had triumphed: here multi-  
tudes, following after,

Went from the dust of the strife to the still cool  
waters of Heaven ;  
Tier above tier of the seats rose high in their  
sumptuous marble :  
Awnings were up, well bleached in the sun ; and  
jets from beneath them  
Ready to shed their perfume when it drew to the  
heat of the noon-day.  
Curtained and canopied richly and laden with  
silver and jewels,  
Slightly projected the Asiarch's throne ; Rome's  
Genius above it.  
Here let us leave the crowd to enter by hundreds  
and thousands,  
Eager for this day's sports ; the might and the  
glory of this world  
All on one side arrayed, and a virgin alone on the  
other.  
Watch they, who list, the theatre still : let us go  
to the Martyr.

## III.

Yes, let us go to the Martyr : she lies as yet in  
her thralldom,

She, who so soon shall become the Free Citizen,  
fettered and pinioned,

Deep in a rock-hewn den,—no room for sitting or  
standing,

Down, in the lowest pit, in the place of utter-  
most darkness.

Hail to the patience of martyrs ! Not only the  
courage of action,

Face to face called as they were to the rack  
or the stake or the lion :

But in the long drear hours, most trying-heroic  
endurance,

When in the pitch black den, in nakedness, cold  
and in hunger,

Creatures of slime around, and the cold drip fall-  
ing above them,

Never a sound to be heard and never a friend  
that might comfort,  
Memories of pain for the past, for the future, ex-  
pectance of torture,  
Severed from all but their God, they slept in the  
bed of their glory !  
Hundreds of shrines have I seen, upreared when  
the faith was triumphant,  
Sending their hymns of glory to heaven from  
ages to ages,  
Temples, inspired themselves by the Spirit of  
Wisdom and Beauty :  
Rheims, the peerless in Art, and Bourges, un-  
rivalled in boldness ;  
Chartres, whose fair twin spires look down  
from the hill which they hallow ;  
Her too, Seville, that mirrors herself in the broad  
Guadalquiver ;  
Dearer to me by far, more worthy the goal of a  
pilgrim,

That rock pit I have entered, so utterly, hope-  
lessly, rayless ;

Here, where the Rhone gives the Arar her bridal  
meeting in Lyons—

Here were the Martyrs in bonds, whose praise is  
in all of the Churches ;

Here Blandina before she preached from a pulpit  
of torture ;

Rendered his spirit to God even here, Pothinus  
the aged :

This was the very same rock, and this is the very  
same darkness.

—Such was the dungeon where now they came  
and set loose Theodora :

Bolts flew back, and the rough locks creaked, and  
the bars were unstapled,

While with no gentle touch they unmanacled cold  
hands and numbed feet.

Then to the chamber they led her that opened  
right on to the Arena,

Whence the last earthly steps, that thousands had  
taken to glory.

Mighty its huge rough stones, the theatre's very  
foundations,

Gloomy the single and doubled-barred window ;  
on this and on that side

Ran in a circle the dens, each barred with its  
wicket of iron :

Facing the spot, but across the Arena, the throne  
of the Præfect.

Here Theodora was led : she deemed by herself  
to have suffered ;

Lo ! as she entered, a child, himself, too, it seemed,  
as a victim,

Standing alone : seven summers would number  
his little existence.

“ Here,” quoth the jailer, “ who list, may see the  
Art-magic of Christians ;

This is the lesson ye learn from the crucified  
God of Judæa.

Father and mother stood firm to the last, and  
yesterday suffered,

Racked, and exposed to the beasts; and the  
Præfect, in mercy, gave order

This, the child of their love, might witness their  
passion; if mayhap

He might be frightened to wisdom, and sprinkle  
the Altar with incense.

Yester-eve I myself did my best to change him in  
purpose,

Leading him round and showing the Caveæ: then  
too Placilla,

(She has a gentle heart, has my wife) tried her  
woman's persuasions.

All was in vain, all nought. And say we not  
well it is magic?"

"You," said the child forthwith, not heeding the  
words of the jailer,

"You,"—and he fixed his eyes on the Virgin—  
"are found with the Martyrs."



“Yea,” she replied, “by God’s grace ; that grace  
which can strengthen us weak ones,  
Just as it strengthened the mightiest of saints  
that have gone on this journey.”—

“Tell me then more,” said Philemon, “while  
yet there is time for the telling ;

Tell me yet more of the glory they now have, my  
father and mother :

All the night long I dreamt, or, more frightful, I  
saw in my waking

That long scene of their passion ; the spring of  
the lion upon him,

Dragging him out in the midst ; the sound never  
left me a moment,

Crash of devouring his prey ; and her, how the  
leopard flew at her,

Wounding her over and over again, till he sent  
her to glory.

These sounds ring in my ears ; these sights are  
ever before me ;

What they suffered I saw ; you tell me what I  
can *not* see."

Then, half-kneeling, half-propped by the stool  
where they fetter the victims,

Throwing one arm round the child, once more  
she told him the story,

Writ for the sake of the Saints, in the great  
Evangel of Patmos.

Nor did the gathering rush of the multitudes,  
tramping by thousands,

No, nor the roar and the yell, sometimes single,  
and sometimes responsive,

Cause that the voice should tremble, or tale  
should falter an instant.

So she declared how the joys that they two were  
in Paradise sharing,

"Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor heart of man  
hath conceived them :

Joys, not only for them, as you know, but for us  
when our turn comes,

If we be only found faithful as they ; for the  
    LORD That was with them,  
He will be also with us ; for His we have been  
    and we now are,  
Children of God, and it doth not yet appear what  
    we shall be.  
Look, then, my child ; we too are beginning a  
    dangerous journey,  
Dangerous and painful besides ; but the bright  
    Home rises before us.  
Though we may not, as yet, tell what it will cost  
    to attain it,  
This we know and are sure, 'twill be worth much  
    more than the attaining.  
Though by the way we pass we have not passed  
    heretoforetime,  
Courage, my own dear child, for the God of  
    courage is with us."

Hastily ended she thus ; for now the flourish  
of trumpets

Warned that the Asiarch was near, and the  
spectacle drew to its opening.

Clanged yet again the gate of that prison cham-  
ber, and entered

Two of the theatre slaves, and this the last of  
their missions.

One in his hand bare a net ; the other, the key  
that admitted

On to the scene of the strife. Then, rising, to  
whom Theodora :

“ Which of us suffers the first ? Or are we to  
conquer together ? ”

“ Conquer ! ” half-sneered the slave. “ The  
child is exposed to the lion

First by himself ; then you, in your turn, to the  
net and the wild cow.”

Fearfulness then and a horror there fell on the  
little Philemon ;

Pale were his cheeks as death, and he trembled  
as trembles the aspen.

Him Theodora with words of love and encourage-  
ment, holding

Fast by the child's cold hand, did all that she  
might do to comfort ;

Told him to hold out yet,—that the crown would  
be safe in a minute,

Told him how Father and Mother were waiting  
in rapture to meet him

There on the other side, where sorrow is ended  
for ever.

Yet not the less the flesh was weak though the  
spirit was willing ;

So when the slave had opened the panel that  
showed the Arena,

Marking if all were in place, and waiting the  
Asiarch's signal,

Then took the key that must open the way the  
child should return not ;

Utterly failed his heart. "I must yield—I can-  
not endure it."

Brief was the space for words. "My child," said  
brave Theodora,

"If you draw back, I myself, when we stand at  
the Judge's tribunal,

Will be the first to accuse you to Him, and to  
call you apostate.

Go in His strength, not your own—two minutes,  
and what will it matter ?

Go, for His time is come, and remember me when  
you are with Him.

"Yes, I will go," said the child. "LORD JESUS,  
receive Thou my spirit."

Thus in the arena he stood by himself, one  
minute, not longer :

Here on this side a child ; on the other ten  
myriad pagans.

Then did the Christians in place send up one  
deep supplication

God would again show His praise in the mouth  
of babes and of sucklings :

Trembling nor fear none now ; but Philemon  
came forward a little

Nearer the mouth of the den, where the creaking  
winch told was the lion.

Back flew the gate : black-maned, the beast, with  
the roar of his fury

Sprang in one bound on the child,—and the  
child was in Abraham's bosom.

Then, when the theatre-slaves had driven him in  
with his victim,

Forth Theodora was led, all calm in her maidenly  
palla.

—Close now your eyes, Christian maidens ; a  
maiden is spoiled of her vestments\*  
All in the gaze of thousands, a sight both to men  
and to angels :  
Open them rather ; despoiled CHRIST'S Bride may  
be, never dishonoured ;  
Finding more perfect reward, a more beautiful  
garment hereafter.  
Her in a net well woven and waxed, and with  
intricate meshes,  
Staking it fast in the ground with the pegs, they  
bound as in prison.  
Then they retired. And again the incense of  
prayer floated upwards,  
All for the Conqueror's meed in one deep agony  
striving.  
Open the cavern flew ; and the wild cow, sorely  
tormented,

\* S. Ambrose de Virgin. V.



Fiery darts in her neck, and smarting with flame  
and with brimstone,

Rushed, if it might, to revenge, and it speedily  
fell on the Martyr.

Why should I tell—all is past—how this way and  
that way it gored her,

Tearing the flesh from the bones, for the net  
protracted her torments ?

Scarcely one word could the Scribes of the Church  
catch ; only they fancied

One brief prayer for herself, and one—so it  
seemed—for the tyrants.

Ah ! in those moments of strife what years of  
agony crowded ;

Ah ! in the Land without time that they led to,  
what pleasures eternal !

## IV.

So was the battle concluded, and so the Victor  
was guerdon'd.

Then with a rush like the sea, from the deep  
*Vomitoria* rolling,

Eastward and Westward the crowd poured forth,  
half sated with anguish :

Some to the bath or Palæstra, and some to pre-  
pare for the banquet.

Lightly they spake of the Victor, and wondered  
how long she had held them ;

Lightly they counted her wounds. *Locarii*\*  
reckoned their earnings ;

They in the theatre furled their awning, and  
opened the sluices,

\* As the rule in the theatre was that the first come was the first seated, poor men occupied the best places as soon as admission was given, which they afterwards disposed of or money.

Sprinkling the saw-dust afresh for the terrible  
work of the morrow.

Drawn was the body, God's temple of old, now  
doubly His temple,

Out by the ass and the hook, a prey to the dogs  
and to foul birds.

There let the angels attend it; 'tis safe in their  
guardian keeping.

Still, not wholly forsaken of God, O Lady of  
Nations,

Rul'st thou in this thy pride! though Artemis  
lord it around thee,                   •

Hundreds there are that have not bowed down at  
the throne of an idol,

Hundreds amidst thee now. There were those in  
the theatre lately

Busily writing each word of the Martyr, and  
noting each action ;

Actions and Words that shall soon be set down  
in Ephesian annals.

These pass slow, 'mid the rest, with expression half  
sorrow, half triumph.

Moving along with the crowd, there were Seven,  
a mystical number,

Tried and expert in toil, and proved in the heat  
of the battle,

Known right well to the flock of the LORD as  
leaders and patterns.

Three persecutions ere this they had seen; and  
in this, and in those too,

Martyrdom sought for themselves; in so far as a  
Christian may seek it.

Now when they came to the limes that bloomed  
by the gate of Caÿster,

Seemed as with one consent they passed right  
under the portal :

Taking the path to the East that winds by the  
rivulet, nameless

Now, but it then was termed (though far un-  
worthy) Orontes.

Little they reck'd as they went how the birds  
were singing their Vespers,

How, from the grey field-wall, the lizard ex-  
panded his beauty,

Beryl bedropped with gold; how the dragon-  
fly, soaring to heaven,

Sent back a flash of its light (like a Saint) to the  
Sun that bestowed it.

No! far away were their thoughts; no beauty of  
earth could enchain them;

Far, far away in the gardens of Paradise where  
*She* had entered.

Thus the ascending path led them up to a  
beautiful teal-tree:

Turf-surrounded it was; no lovelier spot in the  
evening

Whence to behold each sail as it skimmed the  
face of the ocean ;  
Coast-line and head-land and rock and Medi-  
terranean glory.

Here by consent they sat down and pondered  
the past and the future :

Till to the rest spake out Maximian, mighty in  
Scripture :

“ Brethren, ye see how the LORD pours forth His  
fullest of vials

Over His Church for her trial ; from Parthia to  
uttermost Britain.

Not one City escapes : not one refuses the  
Edict.

Surely, if ever, 'tis now, that the LORD in His  
mercy predicted,

How the elect themselves, should, if it were  
possible, perish.

This, too, ye know ; we have borne long years of  
patient endurance,  
Standing by many a Martyr, ner sought for the  
meed of the Martyrs.  
Still not as yet have we dared to rush uncalled to  
the conflict,  
Dwelling in toil with the poor, and surrounded  
with jeopardy alway.  
What say ye then ? Forestalling our call, shall  
we back to the City,  
Stand by the Asiarch's chair, and boldly say, We  
are Christians ?  
Thus we escape these visions of evil ; apostasies,  
whelming  
Them that were strong in the faith, and that  
chiefly seemed to be pillars :  
Visions of anguish, too, such as to-day's, and the  
long, long story  
How, to the last, man bore, and the bearer went  
up in a whirlwind.

Were it not well, our conflict endured, our victory  
certain,  
Thus to sit down in His rest, where sin and where  
sorrow are ended ? ”

Answered and spake to his brethren, Iamblichus,  
equal of angels ;

“ True it is, all that thou sayest ; but yet re-  
member, my brother,

How it is writ of the LORD by the Seer that we  
tarry His leisure.

What if we fall ourselves, as our betters have  
fallen before us ;

What, with the goal in view, if we never inherit  
the “ Well done ? ”

Call He us soon or late, as He saith, let us tarry  
His leisure,

Serving Him, while we can, here ; for we know  
we shall serve Him hereafter.”



Constantine spake the third ; and his words were  
as gentle as snow-flakes.

“ Whether to rush on the rack at once, or to tarry  
till summoned,

This is the thing that demands best prayer, O  
brethren, and fasting.

List to the rede I propose ; and accept it, or give  
me a better.

There is a cave in a rock, half up the side of  
Mount Latmos,

Promising shelter and rest ; nor ever dare heathen  
approach it,

Fearing the great god Pan, and the fauns and the  
satyrs and dryads ;

Two hours hence—not more—does it lie to a  
well-girt pilgrim.

Thither let us to-night : sufficient of day is before  
us.

I will go down and bring such stock as we need  
from the city ;

Ye shall remain till I come. That done, we will  
hie us to Latmos,  
Giving this night to repose, and the week to  
prayer and to fasting ;  
Then, on the eighth day hence, we may see what  
the LORD shall ordain us."

Constantine spake and was silent, and all ac-  
cepted his saying :  
Full of the HOLY GHOST was he, and they hung  
on his wisdom.  
Back to the city he went ; they, under the beau-  
tiful teal-tree,  
Chanted their Vesper prayer, and abode till they  
saw him returning.  
Then he led on o'er the mountain ; they cheerfully  
followed his footsteps.  
Eastward and upward the goat-path ran ; to the  
right was the ocean,

Whither the turf sloped down to the black rocks,  
beetling above it ;

While to the left the hill, still turf-clad, towered  
and towered

Up to the heights of the Syrian range, and the  
summit of Latmos.

Sweet, beyond measure, to heaven rose the  
evening incense of Cistus,

Incense that cheers the heart of the pilgrim,  
though lonely his footsteps :

Joined to the Chorus of earth, its great Magni-  
ficat sharing.

Lovely, too, lone in her bush, the song of the  
nightingale ; lovely

Down to the right on the beach, the wavelets'  
monotonous murmur.

Lovelier far the pathway of gold unbroken, un-  
ruffled,

Stretching from shoreward right out, and paving  
the sea with its brightness.

This he beheld with a glance, Dionysius, full of  
the SPIRIT ;

Stood for a moment of time,—then briefly ex-  
pressed him in this wise :

“Blest, who has trodden that path, and has gained  
its mystic Horizon !”

Now had they reached the cavern. 'Twas  
where the trend of the sea-cliffs

Southward and eastward, exposed another bay of  
the Ocean ;

Bounded itself, in its turn, by a scarred and  
stormbeaten headland.

—Turn and look back for awhile by the way that  
the brethren have trodden ;

Right then across that bay, and beneath the  
opposite foreland

Ephesus lies in part (for the chief of her domes  
are beyond it),

Visible yet in the eve, but mistily, hazily, darkly.  
Look again forward ; and there, the opposite  
precipice crowning,

Standeth a temple of Zeus, who mightily reigneth  
in Ida ;

Raised by an artist of fame, and wrought in  
Pentelican marble.

Pinkly and faintly the sun (now almost touching  
the waters)

Fell upon cornice and frieze, colonnaded with  
seventy columns :

Lighting them up with that tint of ravishing  
beauty, which only

Praises the LORD from the snow-capped height  
at Matins and Vespers.

As for the cavern itself. A rock-arch served for  
its entrance,

Gray with the lichens of years : and thence  
descending a little

Into the brethren's abode, a path gave easiest  
access.

Pure from all damp and dust, the fine white sand  
was its pavement,

While on the sand-rock walls no symbol nor  
figure was graven,

Save one sign of the Cross ; the work it may be  
of a Hermit,

Who in the days that were past had here found  
shelter and home-stead.

Joyfully enter they in : they bring the six *collybi*\*  
with them,

Those which the provident care of Constantine  
bought in the city ;

Brought too their vessel of lattan. No need to be  
anxious for water :—

Since from the foot of the rock a rivulet, bounding  
and bounding,

\* A kind of long loaves, much like those which are so  
usual in Northern France.

Dashed down the hill in its course till lost in the  
sand of the ocean.

Over the source hung a platane, in prime of its age  
and its beauty,

Singing the faint sweet song of its leaves to the  
breezes' caressing.

Forth came the brethren again, and stood in the  
mouth of the cavern.

Set was the Sun indeed, and the semi-tropical  
twilight

Stole in its beauty along and covered the earth as  
a vestment ;

Only the great stars yet dared to peep on the  
darkening landscape :

Cassiopeia was there and the Cynosure ; minute  
by minute

Hundreds of heavenly worlds flashed forth into  
brilliance around them.

Nightingales hurried their lay in its sweetness,  
and doubled their gladness,  
While from the mossy old stone the glow-worm  
lighted her pale lamp,  
Leaving the fire-fly to dance through the fields of  
the sweetest of æther.  
Out spake, noting the beauty, Iamblichus, equal  
of angels ;  
“ God, Who hast hitherto kept, Who hast hitherto  
guarded our footsteps,  
Guard us, we pray Thee, to-night in the cave as  
Thou hast in the City !  
Grant, as Elijah of old, we too may know Thee and  
hear Thee ;  
Give us the sleep and repose that we need ; that  
to-morrow may find us  
Brisklier girding our loins for a week of prayer  
and of fasting.  
FATHER, Thy Love be on us, and Thy Love be on  
those in the City ;



Strengthening the called of to-morrow for Martyr-  
dom ; showing to all men

There, where weakness aboundeth, Thy Grace  
shall be much more abundant.

Hear Thou the groans of Thy flock ; in due time  
smite down the oppressor,

So that in all sweet peace from the world's one  
end to the other

Thou may'st be worshipped in earth as Thou also  
art worshipped in Heaven."

Scarce had he finished his prayer, when at once  
from the opposite headland,

Rose up the loud harsh hymn from the shrine of  
Pentelican marble ;

Words were all lost in the distance ; 'twas only  
the sound of the anthem

Floated across the waves, thus soiled with the  
praise of an idol.

“ Zeus father,” thee they sang, “ most glorious,  
compeller of tempests,  
Thee, the subduer of giants,—serene in the  
heights of Olympus,  
Great in thine own great strength—”

The brethren gave audience no longer ;  
Crossing themselves as they turned they entered  
the cavern together.  
First did they sing the *Holiest Light*\* and the  
Creed of Apostles ;  
Then they addressed them to rest. Ah me ! what  
a rest fell upon them !  
Sweeter than mariner's is whose long tired  
watch is completed :

\* The earliest-known hymn of the Eastern Church, and probably of Apostolic times. The reader must be acquainted with it from some one of its many English translations.

Sweeter than sick man's sleep, when his pain for  
the moment is over,  
Blessedly dropping away into dear forgetfulness,  
feeling  
Just as if Angels' wings were hushing and sooth-  
ing and rocking ;  
Heavenlier still was the sleep that they took, for  
in verity Angels  
Filled them with deep consolation and rest, like  
the rest of the happy.  
All through the long, long night, the platane tree  
sang them its anthem ;  
Anthem,—wherewith the responses of ministering  
spirits are mingled.  
All through the long long night they lay in that  
calmness of slumber,  
Stillness and beauty around, and their Guardians  
watching about them.

## V.

Constantine issued the first from the Cavern ; the  
morning in glory

Reigned, like the Queen of the East ; the blue  
waves rippled more darkly,

Where, not as yet, the Sun had capped the ridges  
of Tmolus.

Princeliest galleys bedropped the main, bound  
outward or inward ;

Nearer the shore crept in, well laden, and heavy,  
the trawlers.

He, when his prayers were prayed, and he cast  
his eyes to the rock-arch,

Much was his heart perplexed, and he hastily  
called to his brethren :

“Brethren and friends! Was the error mine own,  
that a beautiful platane

Full in its foliage, and tall, stood overhanging  
the cavern ?

Platane is none, but a stump with its moss in the  
beauty of ages."

Forth they came in their turn. All wondered, all  
owned to have seen it,

Marvelling much at the mist that thus had been  
cast o'er their eyelids.

Next ascended the prayer of the morn, and the  
infant *Te Deum*.\*

Then when the hymn had been sung, said Maxi-  
mian, mighty in Scripture ;

"Keep we the fast till the ninth hour wanes ;  
meanwhile for the City,

Each, in his several place, and for us, shall make  
intercession.

Nooks there are many at hand where all, as it  
was with Elijah,

\* *Infant*, because the germ of the Western *Te Deum* is of Eastern origin, beginning: "Day by day will I magnify Thee."

Communing deeply with God, may have grace  
to be heard and be answered."

All went slowly their way, each choosing the path  
he thought meetest :

John alone entered the cave for a moment : him  
needed some matter,

Left when he issued that morn, but he swiftly  
returned to his brethren.

"I too shall tell of a marvel ; the *Collybi* stored  
for consumption

Deep in the innermost cave, have vanished. What  
beast of the forest

Stealing through men undisturbed has dragged  
them away to his hiding ?

Us, too, why did he spare, fitter morsel for such a  
marauder ?"

Mused they awhile : till out spake Constantine,  
prudent in counsel :

"This is a morning of wonders ; but let whatsoe'er  
be the lesson

Mine is the duty of action ; I bought them ; and  
I will rebuy them ;

Wending my way to the City, nor less in your  
orisons joining.”

Each one offered himself for the danger ; for  
perilous surely

Was it for those so known to enter in Ephesus  
boldly.

Till at the last “ Be it so,” said Maximian, “ as  
thou hast offered ;

Go, and the Lord be with thee.” And Constantine  
bowed and departed.

Wrapped in his prayer he went, nor turned to the  
right nor the left hand,

While the high morn was pouring down beauty  
on hill side and Ocean,

Till to the teal-tree he came. Then presently,  
skirting the way-side,

Cottages, three parts roof, went straggling through  
vine-yard or garden.

But when he came on his way, to the line of  
cottages sloping  
Up to the side of the hill, or down to the brink of  
the Ocean,  
Cottages, each like each, half hidden in foliage  
and fruitage,  
Each with its low white wall, where the helio-  
trope basked in the sunbeam,  
Each with its mountain of roof where the pump-  
kin ripened and goldened,  
Then was he 'ware by degrees of a change inde-  
scribable ; something  
Felt by him rather than seen ; a strangeness was  
over the landscape ;  
Dresses were quaint and uncouth ; and the old  
and familiar faces  
Peeped o'er the wicket no more ; and the children  
whose heads he had patted  
Hailed not his footsteps at all, nor delighted his  
ear by their prattle.



Language, though brokenly heard, it seemed him,  
was alien and faltering,

Nor did he not perceive that himself was a  
stranger with strangers.

Whispers and smiles said as much, and the  
finger, though secretly pointed.

Children forsook their sports, and followed with  
wonder and laughter.

Still he passed on through the hamlet ; but when  
he came to the rye-fields

Stretched between that and the City, his thoughts  
took form in his bosom :

“ Can it be God’s good will that some charm  
should have puissance upon me ;

Turning the new to the old, and blotting the old  
from remembrance ?

—Charms are for those that believe them ; let  
pagans, if so they will, trust them ;

I will go forth in the strength of the LORD,  
Whose Name is ALMIGHTY,

Now and through all my days : and will mention  
His righteousness only."

Thus did he speak in his heart as he tightened  
his girdle a little,

Then strode brisklier on, till he came to the gate  
of Cayster.

Marvel of marvels ! Above the entablature,  
delicate marble,

Rose at the summit of all the Cross, as the Crown  
of the portal :

Golden the letters beneath : *Christo regnante per  
ævum.*

Still not then did the faith that had manfully  
faced persecution

Fail, nor the hope grow faint : " If it seems Thee,  
O LORD, in Thy Wisdom

Good, that enchantments like this should shadow  
my vision and reason,

Still Thy Will be done : I have said it a thousand  
times ; once more

Now I repeat it ; Thy Will be done, whatsoever,  
not my will."

Thus as he spake, he entered. He sought the  
shop of Almirus,

(*Libellatic*\* was he, but hoping in due time for  
penance.)

He in a street obscure, unnamed, but fast by the  
sea-wall,

Catered the poorest of food, as he might, for the  
poorest of workmen,

Collybi, fish of the sun, oil, dates, assafœtida,†  
garlic.

\* The term applied to those who, unwilling to sacrifice themselves, yet afraid to face the consequences of down-right refusal, paid some pagan to personate them in the act, and then received a *libellus* that they had obeyed the magistrate.

† The difference of the modern and ancient estimate of

Swept were each alley and lane out of memory ;  
never a waymark \*

Guided his steps as he went, save the street of  
Artemis only,

Leading right on to the Agora's self from the gate  
of Cayster.

But when he came to the spot where it wont to  
debouch on the shambles,

Marvel again beyond marvels ! the whole had  
utterly vanished ;

There was a stately erection, with wings of  
cruciform beauty,

---

*assafoetida* does not arise from difference of taste. There is a very interesting letter of Bentley's (235), in which he enters into the subject. "That the modern *assa*, corrupted from *laser*, is the ancient *Silphium*, I have long been convinced ; but our merchants import commonly the worst rotten stuff, which has deservedly given it the epithet of *fetida*. I once met with a quantity so good, that I convinced Dr. Mead and other physicians that it was genuine *silphium*," &c.

Crowned by a towering dome, and the dome by a  
Cross was surmounted.

While through the portico hastened a multitude,  
gravely and slowly,

Bent, as it seemed, on some rite, that all had in  
common a share in.

Constantine held no longer at that: but sum-  
moning courage

Spake and addressed a youth, who himself was  
one of the enterers ;

“ Something a stranger I am, though long I  
have dwelt in the City :

This is the end,—is it not?—of the street of  
Artemis? Tell me.”

“ Truly, good sir,” said the youth, his eyes dis-  
tended with wonder,

“ Truly a memory you have for the old, old times  
that are bygone ;

Artemis’ name it bore once, but now it is called  
from S. Clement.”

Constantine turned, sick at heart : who was he ?  
and what his companions ?

Now did he deem 'twas a dream, and now that  
his senses were failing.

Still he retained his faith, and his prayer went up  
to the Highest :

“ As in Thee I have trusted, so let me not now  
be confounded.”

Just as he turned him away, he beheld the like  
place he was seeking ;

Food for the poor man on sale, and the seller  
awaiting a bidder.

Great was that seller's amaze, when his customer  
came to the street-board,

Drew some coins from his pouch, and asked for  
the *Collybi* needed.

“ Stranger—,” he said, “ good sir, I perceive, both  
by garb and by accent.”

Constantine paused one moment in prayer,  
then answered on this wise :

“Ephesus here was my birthplace, and long, long years was my dwelling.”

“Ay,” said the other, “indeed! By your speech I had held you Bithynian.

That must be long time since.”

But Constantine answered no further: Only demanded the price of the purchase, and paid and was going.

“Stay,” cried the dealer, “awhile; there is somewhat needs explanation:—

What are these coins? Here is Decius, and Decius, and Antonine; here too, Commodus, Decius again, and so with the rest of the number.

Sir, it is clear as the day: you have somewhere lit on a treasure;

Treasure belongs to the Cæsar by right; and the Cæsar shall have it.

This is a case for the Præfect to judge:—no use in resistance:

Help, men of Ephesus, help! Let us hence to  
the Asiarch straightway."

Meekly commending himself to the Father of  
men and of spirits,

Constantine, haled along, was hurried before the  
tribunal.

Stately and solemn it rose; all granite from  
pavement to cornice :

But o'er the pediment here was the Cross, as  
over the portal,

Girt with the mystical words, *Christo regnante per  
ævum.*

Up to the judgment seat, (for cause was none  
then in hearing)

Made they their way, the accused and accuser ;  
the multitude round them

Marvelled at that strange garb, and questioned  
what fellow might this be.

Then when a hush had been made, and the  
accusation been stated,



Calm from the Asiarch's chair spake Lucius  
Memmius Rufus :

“ Tell us, good fellow, what coins are these ?  
And how in thy keeping ?

Gathered together by chance ? Incredible ! Found  
as a treasure ?

Greater in value belike are behind, and the Cæsar  
must have them.”

Constantine held no longer ; his spirit was  
fainting within him.

“ God be my witness,” he said, “ Whom purely  
I serve from my fathers,

These were the coins that I had when I yestereve  
went from the city,

Seeking with others some rest for awhile from  
the great persecution.

Not that we feared for ourselves : (what boots to  
deny we are Christians ?)

But that we sought some little repose from such  
visions of anguish.

Yesterday only we saw Theodora, the glorious  
Martyr,

Render her spirit to God, the days of her agony  
over :

Then to the spot we had chosen for hiding we  
hastened together.

Back to the City this morning I came to purchase  
some victual :

Henceforth all is confusion and haze ; a dream  
and enchantment.

God only knows what it means ; and God only  
knows that I speak true."

Angrily thus from his chair the Asiarch Memmius  
Rufus :

" Yesterday, was it ? And saw Theodora ? And  
' great persecution ? '

This is a madman or knave ; but the prison shall  
teach him repentance."

Thus as he spoke, was a hush in the crowd, and  
a general rising ;

Entered with slow, grave steps the Exarch of  
Ephesus, Memnon.

Sixth was the rank that he held in God's Hierar-  
chical College ;

Asia bowed at his word, and he ruled like another  
Apostle.

Slowly he passed to the Bema, the multitude  
opening before him ;

There took his seat by the judge, and enquired  
the crime of the culprit.

(Part of the tale he had heard as he came, and  
therefore was present).

So when that tale was told, he addressed him in  
question and answer,

Tracing God's hand in this, and marvelling where  
it would lead to.

“ Tell me, my son, if you saw the passion of blest  
Theodora

Yesterday, what day was that? And who was  
the Præfect that judged her?

Who, too, the Bishop that governed the see I  
unworthily hold now?"

Constantine answered at once: "'Twas the fourth  
of the Kalends of August;

Celius Plancus the judge that day, and the Bishop  
was Rufus;

He whose blessing we asked before going down to  
the Arena."

Pondered the Bishop awhile; for this was the  
third of the Kalends;

Then he commanded his deacon, "Bring hither  
the Acts of the Martyrs."

While they were sought in the church, deep silence  
fell upon all men,

For that they saw their Prelate in prayer as be-  
seeching for wisdom.

When he had opened the book—"The stranger  
is right to the letter;

Plancus was judge, and Rufus, the afterward martyr, was prelate."

Then, as by some sudden impulse stirred up, he continued on this wise :

"Christian thou art, say'st thou ? Then repeat me the Creed of Nicæa."

Constantine marvelled, and said : " Such Creed, blessed Father, I never

Heard in our churches, nor took on my lips, nor have known of its mention :

Only the Creed of Apostles and Gregory's ; these are our landmarks."

"Hear, then," Memnon replied. He rose, and the multitude rose too ;

Then with a voice as solemn and grave, yet sweet as is honey,

(As when he stood in his place in the great Œcumenical Council),

Did he recite the Creed that told of the Consubstantial.

“ Dost thou believe, my son ? ”

“ I believe and adore and receive it ;  
Only the words I never have heard ; but the  
truths are my heart-truths.”

“ Where then are those other six whom you left,  
as you say, in the cavern ? ”

“ Three hours' hence in Mount Latmos ; and  
there they await my returning.”

Question was heaped upon question, and answer  
succeeded to answer ;

Making the sign more clear and revealing God's  
marvellous doings.

Forthwith was Constantine set, the multitude  
putting him forward,

Right in the Bema itself, in the seat next the  
seat of the Exarch.

Then rose Memnon and spake ; and he spake to  
a listening people.

“ See ye, my brethren, how God, our God Who  
    reigneth in heaven,  
Still worketh wonders for us, as He did in the  
    days of our Fathers ?  
Now that our love has grown weak, and faith  
    waxes fainter and fainter,  
Heresies, fears from without, and contentions  
    seething within us,  
So that we hardly dare to be called the seed of  
    the Martyrs,—  
Here have we one who, belonging to them, be-  
    longeth to us too,  
One who has noted the race and rejoiced in the  
    goal of the athletes,  
One who bindeth together the trial of bitter  
    affliction,  
After two hundred years, with the season of  
    gladness and triumph.  
Wherefore my rede is this ; that we go to the  
    cave in Mount Latmos,

Singing and praising the LORD, Who alone doeth  
wondrously ever ;

There to make known these things to the  
brethren, and solemnly bring them  
Back to the City in triumph, with Cross and with  
Banner and Anthem.

Then that we show them in turn our offices,  
altars, and Churches,  
Telling them all the good things that the LORD  
hath done for his people."

These were his words, and the people agreed  
with a great acclamation.

Constantine, sitting, then spake ; and his voice  
was broken and feeble :

"Brethren and friends, go you on: the way is  
easy without me ;

Right to the East ye must keep, to the utmost  
headland of Latmos ;



Me GOD seems to be calling, Who knoweth the times and the seasons."

"Not yet, brother, not yet," said the Exarch of Ephesus; "once more

Thou must behold the rest, that ye all may have gladness together :

Meanwhile here in the Church—hard by, of S. Babylas,—waiting,

Thou shalt have quiet and rest in the Sceuophylacion.\* Lead him

Some of you, down to the place, and give him due care and refreshment.

We will set forth meanwhile, as on some high festival season,

Singing together the "*Holy Almighty, have mercy upon us.*"†

\* *i.e.* Sacristy.

† The short hymn, "Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us," which has been transplanted in

So they set forth ; and the long street glowed with  
Banners and Crosses ;

Incense arose in clouds, and hymns antiphonally  
echoed.

So they set forth to the East ; they passed the gate  
of Cayster,

Kept the hill-path o'er the Mount, and still  
pressed onward to Latmos.

## VI.

Morning past over Mount Latmos. The brethren  
in orison bended,

Marked not the change of the scene, as from day-  
break it flitted to high noon :

How from the deep blue sky the delicate *rosicler*  
vanished,

its original language, to the Reproaches which are sung by  
the Western Church on Good Friday.

How, from the tenderest blade, the dew-drop ex-  
haled into æther,  
How birds ceased their matins, and sought in  
their green happy leaf-homes  
Rest from the burden and heat of the day ; while  
checkie-wise falling  
On to the turf beneath, the sun made richest  
confusion  
Mixed with the foliage' shadows, in loveliest  
beauty of motion  
Interlacing and intermingling and intertwin-  
ing.  
None of these things they saw. But when fell  
silence on nature,  
That deep silence of noon, save the shrill of the  
ceaseless cicada,  
Then from the arch of the cave, Maximian called  
to his brethren,  
Bidding them join in the prayers of the Hour.  
Then rose there to heaven

That great anthem of laud how He sitteth o'er  
all in the highest,  
How He hath made the round world, and the  
great and wide sea is His servant :  
How to all creatures that live He gives their  
breath, and he takes it :  
Waiting the day that shall see the fullness poured  
forth of His SPIRIT,  
So that the ransomed earth, then rejuvenescent in  
beauty,  
May be renewed in perfection, and glorious for  
ever and ever.

Now had the ninth Hour come ; when Iam-  
blichus, equal of Angels,  
Calling his brethren to prayer, thus afterwards  
spake and addressed them :  
“ Friends, it is all too plain ; our brother has  
certainly fallen

Into the hands of the wicked ; a prey at length to  
their malice.

Long hours since he might have been here, yet  
ye see he returns not.

God, the God of all strength, succour *him* whatso-  
ever he suffer !

God, the God of all comfort, support him and  
cheer him and crown him !

What say ye now ? Should we still remain here,  
by his counsel abiding ?

Leaving him there as he is, or at once return to  
the City,

Aiding him — if it may be even yet,—by our  
prayers and our presence ? ”

Thus did Iamblichus ask : to whom John an-  
swered on this wise ;

“ Let us obey to the last the advice he holily  
counselled—

Spending the hours in the prayer in which but  
now he was joining :

Long, it may be, ere we reach the Arena, his  
glorified spirit

Shall have its hard won place in the happy  
palmiferous number.

Tarry ye here, as before ; our prayer will aid him  
as dearly,

Whether as yet he be prisoner on earth, or Victor  
in Heaven.

I, as I give this rede, will offer myself to the  
peril ;

I will go down to the City, and bring those things  
we have need of."

Scarce had he spoke, when a soft sweet strain,  
like a Paradise-whisper,

Rose from the downward path, now swelling, now  
intermitting ;

Voices of praise, as it seemed, that, in Choral  
harmony joining,

Told of some joy or some triumph. And hark !  
they can catch it more clearly ;

Still is the cadence : "CHRIST liveth, CHRIST  
reigneth, CHRIST conquereth ever."

"These are the voices of Angels," Maximian  
said to his brethren ;

"Ministering spirits are singing our brother to  
Abraham's bosom."

Whiles he yet spake, the Cross that headed and  
guided the Column

Topping the little ascent, was halted in front of  
the Cavern.

Banners came on behind it and Choristers ;  
Banners displaying

Deeds of the Saints of old, or reciting the Scrip-  
tures of Mercy :

Choristers, thundering forth the Hymn of ulti-  
mate triumph

Won by the Church o'er the foe, when the Living  
One went to the battle.

“ How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer,  
Sop of the morning !  
How art thou here cast down to the ground which  
didst weaken the nations !  
If thou shalt rise yet again, yet again shalt thou  
fall and shalt perish ;  
Dashed like the sherd of a potter, in pieces ; for  
God is on our side.  
Hail to the happy ones now, the precursors and  
guides to the battle !  
Hail to the sufferers then ! to the people that  
walked in darkness,  
Darkness of dungeon, and darkness of sorrow,  
and darkness of death-shade.  
Now shall they need no candle, nor light of the  
Sun, for the LORD GOD  
Giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever  
and ever.”



All the way through in the pause came sweet  
young voices in cadence ;

“CHRIST is King ; CHRIST liveth, CHRIST reigneth,  
CHRIST conquereth alway.”

Fell on their faces the six ; not a moment they  
thought of enchantment ;

This they but deemed was the foretaste of  
heaven,—an angel-procession.

Hastily, therefore, stood forth the Exarch of  
Ephesus, Memnon.

“Hail to the Saints of an age that is past !  
rise, brethren, and hear me !

Little ye think how God hath laid bare the Arm of  
His glory.

Here, as ye deem, when ye entered, the yester-  
day's sun set beyond you ;

Thousands of yesterdays since have rolled on in  
the story of this world.

She, whose passion ye saw, hath now for two centuries rested,

While through the earth hath the Cross marched on from conquest to conquest.

Rome hath bowed down her neck to the Faith: the Cæsar is Christian.

Morning by morning the Great Oblation is made in our temple ;

Evening by evening doth incense arise midst Chorus and Anthem.

These whom ye see are here to behold the friends of the Martyrs ;

Here to take heart from the men that themselves dared face the Arena.

Come ye, then, brethren, with us : for Constantine waiteth your coming ;

Come ye, and see the good things which the LORD hath done for His people.

First, ere we go, receive the kiss of peace from your Bishop."

Thus they set forth to return ; with gladness subdued, in procession,

In that already they saw that wonderful change  
passing o'er them ;

Change they before had marked when Constan-  
tine sat in the Bema.

Silent the prayers that arose ; and the six fol-  
lowed also in silence,

Save for one cry of surprise as they entered the  
gate of Cayster.

Windows and house-tops were crammed ; the  
streets overflowed with the faithful ;

Still but one cry of prayer, that ascended like  
incense to heaven,

Solemn and low ; Holy God ! Holy Mighty !  
Have mercy upon us !

Now they drew nigh to the end of their course,  
to the Church of S. Clement ;

There, for the last time on earth, the Seven were  
gathered together.

Then did they lead them from Altar to Altar,  
from Temple to Temple ;

Shrines, that were dear for the blood themselves  
had seen poured as an offering ;

Temples enriched with the bodies that they had  
known cast to the vultures.

But when they came in due course to the Church  
of S. Babylas, forthwith

Thus for the last time spake Iamblichus, equal of  
Angels :

“ This is our rest for ever ; the place we have  
found to delight in.

Kneel, O brethren ; to God—God of wonders—  
commending your spirits.”

Forthwith the brethren knelt in front of the gate  
of the Bema ;

Fear and astonishment fell on the crowd, and a  
hush as of midnight.

Silently prayed they awhile ; then they sang their  
“ *Nun apolueis* ; ”\*

Clear and unbroken each voice, as the swan’s  
song ere her departure.

\* i.e., *Nunc Dimittis*.

Hushed was the strain at last, but still as in  
orison knelt they ;

Memnon alone drew near, and gently regarding  
the kneelers,

“Render to God all thanks : the Confessors,” he  
cried, “have been guerdoned.”

---

Ye who are fighting the battle for England’s  
Church and her glory,

Whenso that battle seems going against us, re-  
member the legend.

Time there will be, there *will* be, though we  
never shall see it in this world,

When by the hands of the men that come after us  
God shall upraise her ;

She whom we fight for now be no more despised  
and rejected,

But an eternal praise, and a joy of all generations !

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