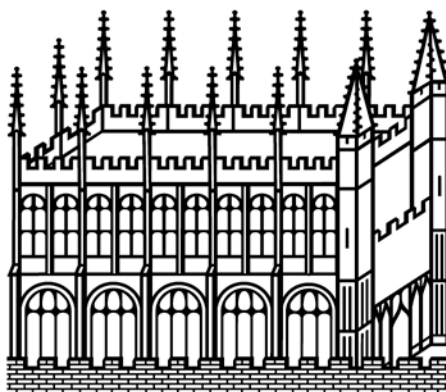




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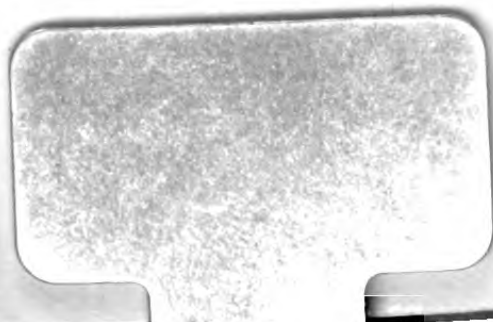


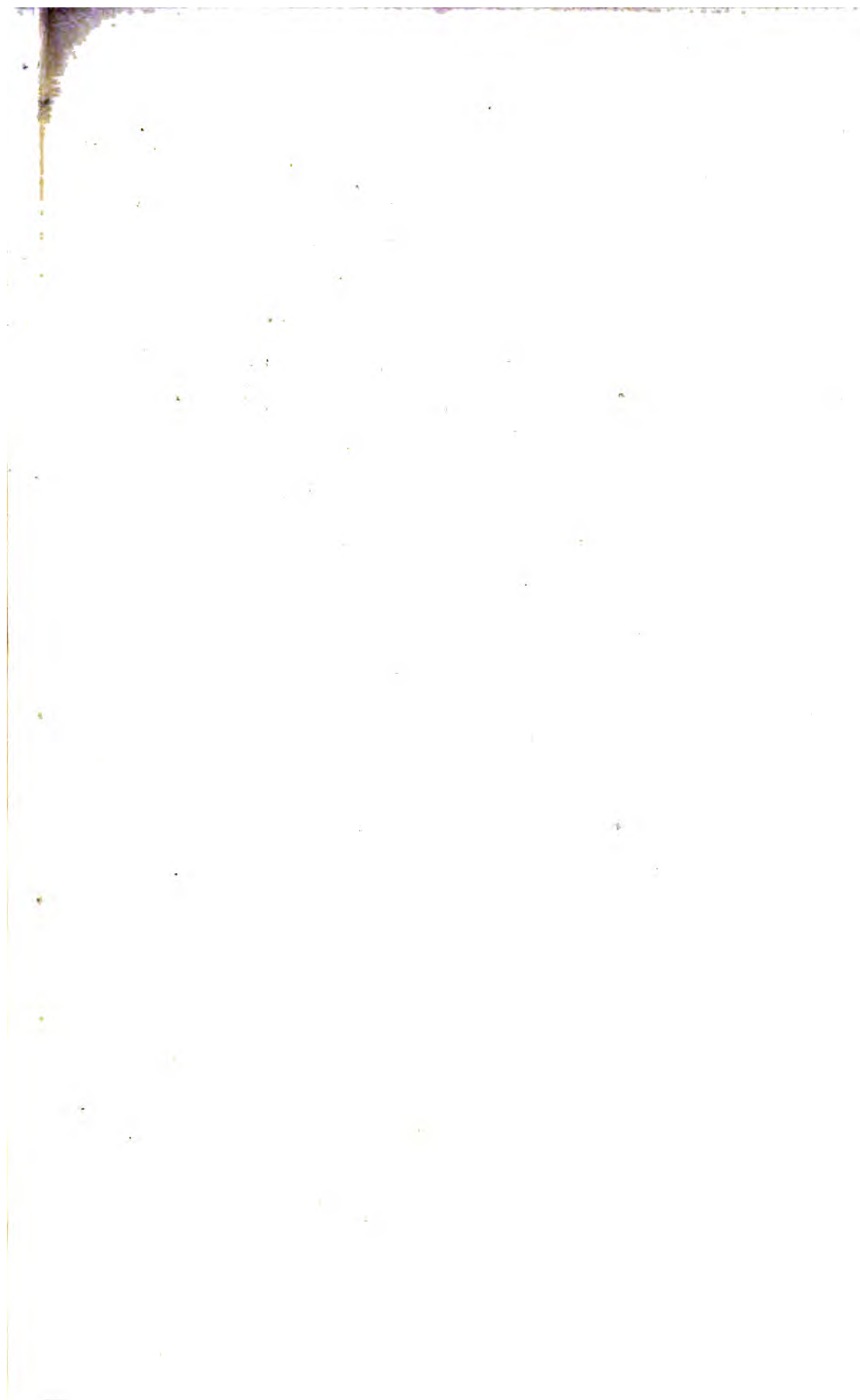
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THE TIME OF THE END,

ETC.



THE
TIME OF THE END,

AND

Other Poems.



LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, NEW BOND STREET.
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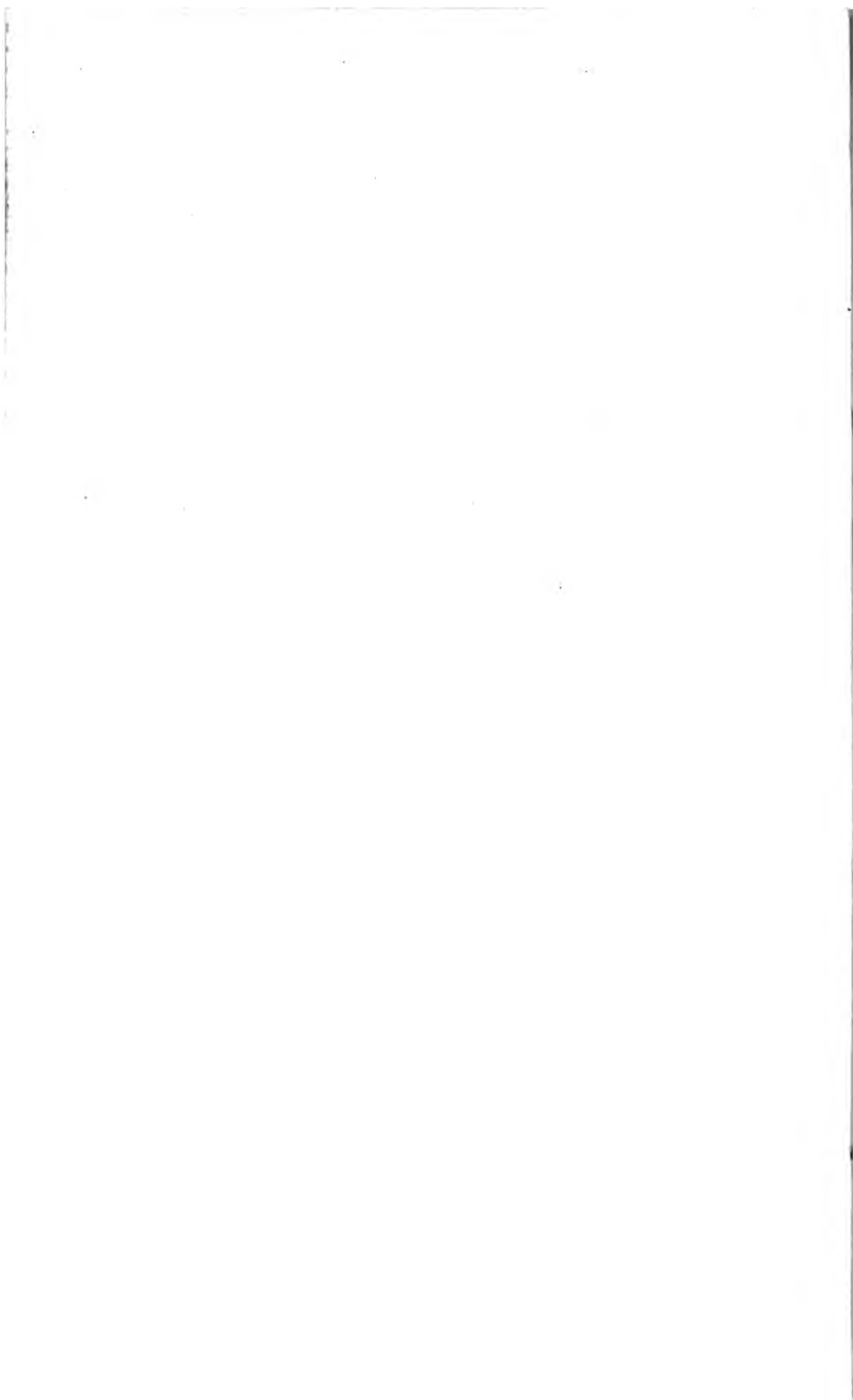
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TO MY MOTHER

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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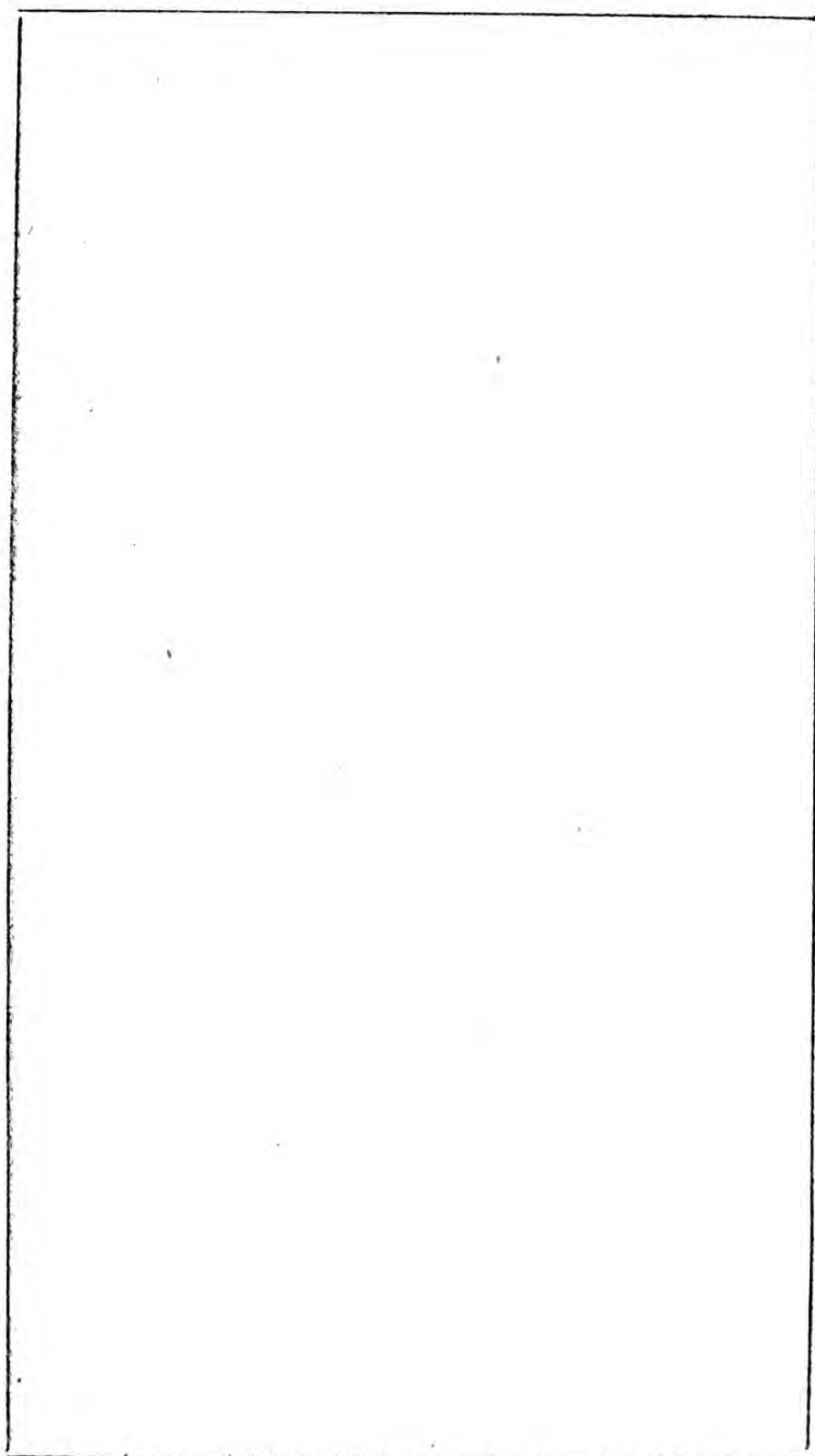
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Part I.

The Time of the End.



The Time of the End.

"Then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."

It was an eve of autumn-tide
When nature's fairest flowers had died,
And rustling leaves began to fall,
While sorrow rested on them all.
The moon was like a bark of love,
And floated noiselessly above
Amid the shining hosts that glide
In heavenly beauty at her side.

Then, wrapt in musings as I went,
A silent path I found ;
Above me was the firmament,
And nature all around.

• 'Twas twilight yet : the naked trees
Were moaning in the western breeze ;
The merry birds that once were there
Their joyous flight had taken ;
'Twas silent all in earth and air,
And nature seemed forsaken.

A fleecy mist had gathered slow
On all the moon-lit plains below ;
It seemed upon the valley's breast
In wondrous loveliness to rest ;
With nought its peaceful calm to break,
Like some broad melancholy lake.

Sad autumn ! sad, yet lovely too,
In every fair but passing hue ;
Sad, as in every falling leaf
It seems to tell of nature's grief ;
While every mist, her daily tear,
Is whispering of her rising fear
Of winter's dark and joyless hour,
The tyrant with unloving power.
Yet shall there come another spring ;
And birds upon their merry wing
With all their gentle songs return,
And hills again the echoes learn.
Bright flowers shall laugh on mount and glen,
And all the trees be green again ;
When nature shall rejoice, and we
Ourselves be glad her joy to see !

'Twas such an eve in autumn-tide,
With all its symbols at my side—
While all creation's glories had
A touch so beautifully sad,

I mused, perhaps I slept:—
 The autumn of the world, methought,
 Its dreary scenes before me brought ;
 And as I gazed, I wept :
 For fearful thoughts and terrors seemed
 To gather round me as I dreamed :
 Trembling and fear came over me—
Time sank before my path—
 And round me gleamed mysteriously
 The *coming* days of wrath,—
 When unbelief shall enter in
 Through every path of mortal sin ;
 And men, refusing to be led *
 By Him who wears the crown,
 Against their Lord shall raise the head,
 And cast His altars down ;
 And human pride shall dare to rise
 Against Jehovah's mysteries.

I looked upon the earth, and saw
 Its dreadful ways with grief and awe ;
 While, bursting forth, the indignation
 Of God was poured on every nation ;
 And terribly the Vial fell
 On all who wrought the works of hell.—
 For now they drank delusion's cup, †
 In sin's dark prison-house shut up.

* Psalm ii. † 2 Thes. ii. 11.

The crowns they forfeited, no more
 Were held before them as of yore ;
 Shut up to sin, until the day
 When earth itself shall pass away ;
 Till in the " mountain of delights " *
 The hosts of God shall end their fights ;
 And o'er the kingdoms of this world
 Th' eternal banner be unfurled.

'Twas fearful ! but a sudden change
 Came o'er me as I slept :
 And visions indistinct and strange
 Around my spirit crept—
 Above the earth, above the sun,
 And where the circling planets run,
 And comets, clothed in burning light,
 Steer wondrously their mystic flight,
 Above them all I seemed to rise,
 And rested in the starless skies ;
 While all the shining worlds, of old
 By God's own word created,
 Beneath me in their glory rolled,
 And there alone I waited ;
 Until an ancient one came by,
 Who led my footsteps on ;
 There dwelt strange lustre in his eye,
 Strange meaning in his tone.

* Rev. xvi. 16. Armageddon signifies, " mountain of destruction," also " mountain of delights," and " mountain of the Gospel."

On some high charge he seemed to go,
In priestly garments white as snow.
I knew him not, but yet, methought
He looked so meek, so bold,
That haply he had bravely fought,
A warrior saint of old.

I followed onward as he led
'Mid regions silent as the dead.
The families of stars below
Were shining like a cloud of snow :
While ever as they moved along
I heard a soft and distant song ;
As if some angel stayed his flight
To praise the Lord of life and light ;
Or heavenly hosts in joy began
To magnify the Son of Man.

Methought "the end" was come—the years,
The numbered years were o'er ;
And God had wiped away the tears
Of those who wept before.
Beneath was earth in all its woe,
In all its desolation ;
And round and in it was the foe, *
Who tempted men, and brought them low,
Then crushed by accusation.

* Revelations xii. 12.

While sin and death together trod
O'er all the heritage of God.

But, hidden in His "secret place," *
And rescued by His arm of grace,
In His "pavilion kept from strife," †
And sheltered by the "tree of life,"
E'en in the bosom of their Lord
His faithful sons had rest,
Where all their earthly tears were stored,
And all their labours blessed,
As in the everlasting portal,
Or ere they trod the ways immortal.

These were the warriors who had trod
Each in the foremost ranks of God,
The champions in the royal nation,
The patient ones in tribulation,
In joy or sorrow, dark or bright,
Clad in His armour day and night ;
The followers of the Lamb, content ‡
To go with Him where'er He went ;
And watch with thrilling joy the while
His bannered cross—His loving smile.
And what were earthly joys to them,
Crowned with that heavenly diadem,
The *smile* of God ? His beam of love
Had told them of the joys above,

* Psalm xci. Isaiah xxvi. 20. † Psalm xxvii. 5. ‡ Rev. xiv. 4.

The Sabbath of "the age to come,"
The mansions of their Father's home,
Where every tear their Lord would own,
Within the rainbow round His throne.

And them "had God the Father sealed,"
His own elected band ;
To them His secret ways revealed,
And "laid on them His hand."

Their pure baptismal robe of white
With sevenfold hues adorning,
Meet for the day of perfect light,
The resurrection morning.

Their love from fear had aye been freed,
Holding in son-like trust,
His promise, that the holy seed
Should not return to dust.

And what, though little men of earth
That promise had despised,
Forgetful of the Heavenly Birth
To which they were baptised :

To them, before their Father's face,
In glorious prospect lay
"A sure and certain resting place,"
A home of endless day.—

Before their Lord they loved to fall,
 And kneel beside His altar,
 With living hope, believing all
 In faith that would not falter ;

Receiving " daily bread " from Him,
 Who dwelt in " mystery " there,
 And though as yet their eyes were dim,
 They felt His watchful care ;

Still trusting,—till in *new creation*
 On *them* the change should come,
 In Heaven's great hour of " consecration,"
 In man's eternal home.

O'er them had dawned the glorious morn—
 (They did not hope in vain,)
 When, " in a moment," upward borne,
 They joined the Heavenly train.

Earth knew not that her " salt " was gone,
 And all her flowers must rot :—
 They left her silent and alone,
 Like Enoch, they " were not."

And men who erst had scorned their warning,
 Were left in all their mirth ;
 And knew not of that awful morning,
 Which bared the doomed earth,

And bore the chosen ones to rest,
 For whom the judgments tarried,
 Up to the mansions of the blest,
 With songs of angels carried.

And lost ye such a glorious birth,
 Ye little ones of fallen earth ?
 And left ye that eternal ray,
 For painted crowns of yesterday ?

Methought I heard a spirit-voice,
 That whispered of that reckless choice,
 And murmured, as I held my breath
 To hear it, " This is second death ;
 " And these the Evil one hath sealed,
 " What hindereth now, that all
 " The depths of sin should be revealed,
 " In man's tremendous fall ? "

I mused in silence—blessed are they
 Who kept their garments white,
 Accounted worthy on that day
 To enter into light,
 And gathered at His own right hand
 " Before the Son of man to stand "—.*
 Yet did I long to see again
 The strugglings of my fellow-men.
 And he, my guardian kind and true,
 Half seemed my thoughts to scan,

* Luke xxii. 36.

With his pure eye of piercing blue,
 That more than earthly man.
 He spoke not ; but in silence turned
 His glance on earth below ;
 As if his heart within him burned,
 Yet melted at her woe ;
 As He of old, who looked upon
 The city of the Lord,
 Where once the glory-cloud had shone,
 And angel-hosts adored ;
 While careless in her pride she slept,
 And knew not that her Saviour " wept : "

" How often had I gathered thee
 " Beneath the wings of God,
 " And crowned thy sons, and set them free
 " Where once their fathers trod !
 " Thou wouldest not, and now the wrath
 " Of God is gleaming on thy path.
 " My prophets, whom I sent to warn
 " Thy children, have they laughed to scorn,
 " And put to shame—thou stonedst them
 " Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! "

So stood, methought, my silent guide,
 In sorrowing musings at my side ;
 Perhaps recalling former years
 Of wandering in the " vale of tears,"
 In that lone, waste, and darkling earth,
 The island of his mortal birth ;

When childhood's hours were bright and gay,
The first glad streaks of manhood's day;
Or haply fearful visions rose
Of earth's dark days, her hastening woes.

Then silently, on bended knee,
He sought for Jesu's aid;
His hands were clasped, and holily
Like Him for men he prayed,
A man like them,—but he had striven,
And stood before the gate of Heaven,
Waiting, with those I marked before,
To enter through the golden door,
Till *all* their brethren, they who sleep,
And they who yet their watchings keep
In sorrowing paths, with them should come
Like children to their Father's home,
All cleansed and pure from fear and sin,
In robes of light to enter in.

Then keener gleamed his piercing eye,
He lifted up the cross on high;
On earth, as if in wrath and shame,
One lightning glance he hurled;
Swift as a meteor-beam, we came
To look upon the world;
Where sin indeed at length had found
Its frightful consummation,
And earth, which once was holy ground,

Had sunk in desolation ;
 And every face was wild and pale,
 And oaths were borne on every gale ;
 And dark despair, with haggard form,
 Was floating on the restless storm,
 Or rode, 'mid horrid screams, on high
 Upon the wings of blasphemy,
 Which bore it forth, at midnight hour
 O'er parting souls like ghosts to cower,
 And tell of sins yet unforgiven
 Against the fearful God of Heaven !

There was no rest, no comfort there,
 No sound of peace, no soothing prayer.
 The mighty multitudes were driven,
 Like sands before the blast of heaven.

E'en the dim prisons of the dead
 Their captives forth were giving,
 And sent them out discomforted,
 To dwell among the living ;
 And there they sat with empty eyes,
 That glared at dead of night
 While all who saw, with shrieks and cries,
 Were shuddering at the sight ;
 Yet e'en amid their horror laughed,
 And deeper drank the deadening draught
 Of earthly joy, the poisoned cup
 In pleasure's reckless hand,

Which sin's enchantments had filled up—
While aye, like Ocean's sand,
Each transient joy at once was broken—
Each promise lost as soon as spoken

Oh ! darkness hung o'er the ways of earth,
And wickedness wantoned there ;
And demons joined in her hours of mirth,
And mocked at the " hours of prayer."

And the jest went round in the Church of God,
And the pealing laughter rung,
Where of old the warriors of Christ had trod,
And the white-robed hosts had sung.

The marriage-ring was beneath the dust—
And the Altar-stone was broken ;
And friendship knew not the name of " trust,"
Nor of " promise," its holy token.

The Fount of washing was dashed to earth,
A sign of the wrath of Heaven ;
For men had despised the heavenly birth,
And their name was " unforgiven."

Oh ! where was a Priest, one word to bring,
On the tainted heart to fall ;
Or the pastoral voice of comforting
In the lowly confessional ?

Man's ruthless madness had broken down
All the "carved work of God :"
And darkly on earth's dishonored crown
Was written an "Ichabod"—

Yet the laugh was long, and the jest was loud —
Ah, where are the saints who weep ?
God's waiting ones, His witness-cloud,
Who pray, while the wicked sleep ?

Is there not one who fears the Lord,
In the midst of His fallen Sons ?
Not one to bow at His living word,
And shame the apostate ones ?

But then passed o'er me a thrilling sound—
Yet I knew not what it meant—
It seemed like the wail of a spirit bound,
And a heart in its longings rent.

But round it methought was the spirit of prayer,
And hope in her deepest anguish,
And the light on woe, that chides despair,
And dares not, and will not languish.

" Tell me, kind guardian, what was this,—
" This piercing earnest cry ?
" It came not from the homes of bliss,
" Yet came not hopelessly ;

“ Oh are there witnesses for Heaven,
“ Still left among the unforgiven ? ”

E'en as I spoke, he turned his head,
And gently read my looks and said :
“ The first ripe ears are borne away,
“ ‘ Waved ’ in the holy place,*
“ The earnest of redemption's day,
“ The pledge of Jesus' grace,
“ Within the heavenly garner stored,
“ The chosen of the Saviour Lord,
“ The sealed, anointed ones, are gone,
“ To rest before their Father's throne:—
“ —They were not *all* the ransoméd.—
“ They were not *all*, whom He
“ Hath called, as living from the dead,
“ To shine in robes of purity.
“ The day of joy is yet to come—
“ The sheaves must yet be borne,
“ With shouting songs of ‘ harvest-home,’
“ On heaven's appointed morn :
“ And they that have gone forth to weep,
“ Shall come rejoicing as they reap.
“ The gathered wheat shall all be stored
“ Within the garner of the Lord ;
“ Yet must it first be bruised sore
“ And beaten in the threshing-floor.

* Leviticus xxiii. 10.

" For when that midnight cry was heard,
 " 'The Bridegroom is at hand;' *
 " And wakened at the thrilling word,
 " Uprose the virgin-band;
 " Not all of those might enter in
 " Who sought the heavenly door;
 " But only they who oil within
 " Their lamps and vessels bore,
 " The foolish ones went back with shame,
 " To buy, but then the Bridegroom came.

" And they must linger here awhile,
 " And wait for morning's blessed smile;†
 " Passing through grief and doubt and dread,
 " Among the living and the dead—
 " The burning stake—the martyr's groan—
 " The witness in the world alone—
 " The hiding of their Father's face—
 " The darkening of His present grace—
 " The fierce oppression from within,
 " False threatenings of unpardoned sin—
 " And hell's dark hordes, th' accusing band,
 " Trampling them down like drifted sand;
 " But secret help is with them still,
 " And echoings from the Eastern hill;
 " And brethren-bands, in sorrow's hour,
 " O'er whom the dark ones have no power.

* Matthew 25.

† Revelations vii. 14.

" Many there are, whom holiest love
 " Hath drawn from rest and joy above,
 " To bless and comfort them—and me,
 " Unworthy brother though I be,
 " The Lord of love hath charged this day,
 " To help them for their future way."

We passed the busy ways of men,—
 The merchant still was there,
 Reckoning his gains with heart and pen,
 His spirit drowned in care ;
 The judge was on his civic throne ;
 The lawyer sat below,
 Exulting in his victim's groan,
 And rioting in woe :
 And none might plead the righteous cause,
 For " mischief then was framed by laws."
 And night by night, the glittering street
 Was trodden still by restless feet ;—
 Care written deep on every brow,
 All brooding o'er the fleeting now —
 The present joy, the moment's pleasure,
 Drunk deeply without thought or measure.
 On as we passed, the giddy crowd
 Rolled back on either side ;
 And parted, like a broken cloud,
 Before my mighty guide ;
 Falling like restless waves asunder,
 And melting from our way ;

I wot it was a path of wonder
 We trod, that dreadful day.
 The bloated drunkard reeled away,
 Muttering his oaths the while,
 'Then mingled in the maddening fray
 Of hate, and lust, and guile :
 The painted harlot's form was there,
 Still wantoning with dishevelled hair ;
 And murdering bands were lurking round
 Like wolves upon the peopled ground,
 And watching, like a locust-throng,
 The rushing crowds that poured along.

Ah ! 'twas a sickening sight the while—
 The dreary woes of earth—
 I saw the madman's ghastly smile,
 The spectral shade of mirth ;
 I heard the orphan's piercing cry
 Forsaken and alone ;
 While heartless man had one reply,
 A curse for every moan.

And soon, with pinnacles of light,
 A " golden city " rose in sight,*
 Where wealth and misery, side by side,
 Were rolling in a sea of pride ;
 And hate without and lust within
 Seemed ruling in unbridled sin—

* Isaiah xiv. 4.

Where anguish found a dwelling-place
 Mid heaps of wasted gold,
 And stared in hunger's ghastly face,
 Where vice was sick and old.
 All earth's extremes were mixed in this,
 Her rich and poor Metropolis,
 The centre of her costliest stores,
 The centre of her deepest woe,
 Where gold was piled before her doors,
 And wailing orphans pined below.

The sky was dark, and overhead
 The struggling light was dim and red—
 —Oh God! are these Thy chosen sons,
 Here hunted down like beasts of prey?
 Are these Thine own redeemed ones,
 Thus crushed on earth's unholy way?
 I saw the bands of evil men
 Like mountain-torrents streaming;
 And echoing cries rang round again,
 While fierce as from some demon-den,
 A roaring flame was gleaming,
 And tortured martyrs trembled there,
 Borne down beneath the tide:
 They meekly breathed their silent prayer,
 Then looked to Heaven and sighed.

And now the pillared wreath of fire
 Rose heavenward hotter still and higher;

And in the fearful glare I saw
 A holy church in flame ;
 What recked earth's madmen heavenly awe ?
 What recked they Jesu's Name ?
 The fretted roof—the carved pane—
 The threshold to the hallowed fane,
 Were sinking in that impious light,
 And men were mocking at the sight.

Alas ! the suffering ones had come
 In secret to this sacred home ;
 Where joyously, in former days,
 Were heard the hymns of Jesu's praise ;
 Where the dear symbols of His love,
 The " Bread and Wine " were seen above,
 Aye on His holy altar laid,
 Whene'er His " priestly nation " prayed ;
 And where the pealing organ rang,
 While saints on earth with angels sang,
 Ere to the feast of love they came,
 " Τρεῖς αἶγιοι " to His glorious Name.

Of all that once in christian lands,
 In Jesu's name, by holy hands,
 Were builded to the Lord,—alone
 Had sadly stood *that* altar-stone :
 For he who claimed the kingly crown
 Usurper o'er " God's acre " trod ;

And men had stained or broken down
The houses that were built for God.

The martyrs had been kneeling there,
To bring their sacrifice of prayer,
Yet buoyed by Hope, that upward still
Was gazing to th' eternal hill :
They trembling breathed the Saviour's name,
With contrite tears of grief and shame.
And verily His watching power
Had brought them thither at that hour,
Though mercy wore its darkest form,
And dimly looked through judgment's storm.
As thus they knelt, the terrors came—
The persecuting sword and flame—
And men were round with demon-breath,
The dreadful ones of "second death,"—
And they had watched that trembling band
Before the throne of mercy stand,
Till devils too among them stood,
And led them on to deeds of blood,
And on the suffering ones they trod,
Because they were the Sons of God.

And *one* I saw, above them stood,
A rock amid the stream,
A man who seemed, for bad or good,
Lit by some earthless gleam,

To giant deeds of wonder callen,
Most noble, and most deeply fallen.
He was a man of iron soul,
Of more than mortal power ;
Whose fellows owned his stern controul,
While devils seemed to cower.

I wot he lived a wondrous life,
Before he mingled in the strife !
They told strange legends of his birth
And whispered he was scarce of earth :
Yet was he born of woman—he
Was once a gentle child,
Had slept in peace—and trustfully
On his own mother smiled.—
By priestly hands had then been shed
The heavenly waters on his head ;
And later he had dared to kneel
Where Jesus gave the Spirit's seal,
And holy hands on him were laid
Before the altar's awful shade ;
It may be that he drew so near
With human pride, and not with fear.
But his spirit had dwelt in heavenly places,
He had seen the shadows of heavenly graces ;
And his lofty soul on the mount had trod,
Till it thought in its pride to talk with God.
No sordid or sensual man was he—
He was shrouded in visions of majesty !

In the fearful depths of lonely thought,
 For the hidden things of earth he sought,
 Or beneath the sun, or at dead of night,
 In the wondering moonbeam's watching light,
 He was thinking and doing night and day,
 And yet he could not and would not pray.

Unearthly man! yet earthly most,
 Like a worm to earth he fell,
 A soldier once in the heavenly host,
 Now working the works of hell!
 But not like other worms was he,
 Rearing ambition's tremendous tree,
 Alone, alone! oh, he joined not then
 In the lower vices of little men;
 Alone as he trod in the lofty ways,
 He saw God's works, but forgot His praise,
 Alone, in earnest scrutiny,
 Who so learned or deep as he?
 Digging alone in the mines of thought,
 With the ore of time's strange memories fraught,
 The deeds of men, and the course of things,
 Facts, freed from mortal imaginings—
 The star that gilded the evening sky
 He had watched it oft with his falcon eye,
 And the mystic ways of the shining host
 He had tracked along creation's coast—
 He had gazed on the comet's burning way,
 As it rushed to the "light that rules the day,"

He had learned earth's secrets, and learned
 them well ;
 And he sought for more, in heaven or hell ;
 Though the light were clear, or the light were
 dim,
 Was there ought to learn, 'twas enough for him.
 He would learn it all, and alone, alone,
 From the bowels of earth to his Maker's throne.
 And thus, in his pride, in God's creation
 Had he stood above common men,
 For he had bought his lordly station
 At a price unheard of then ;
 Had bought it with the dying out
 Of human passions, yet without
 The joys of Heaven, to take their place,
 And purge away each earthly trace.
 He was a man who *never wept* ;
 A man who *could not smile* ;
 Save when, in all his pride, he kept
 A scornful glance the while,
 A withering glance, that bade defiance
 E'en to the whisper of reliance,
 Save on his own human might,—
 'Twas a smile as black as night.
 And sorrow's peace he could not feel,
 When it awaits a comforter,
 The spirit-wounds again to heal,
 And all the springs of life to stir.

He would not care for mortal whim,
Nor mortal joys would prove ;
The harlot's smile was not for him,
The man that *could not love*.

Well he knew the human frame,
And he triumphed o'er its mould—
Should he glow with passion's flame !
Should it of his pride be told,
That he did what others did,
That his power was limited !
Long he dwelt, alone, alone,
Hard as rock and cold as stone,
In his great but icy heart
Dreaming, planning, all apart;
By the rocky piles, between
Fir-trees, like his own dark mien,
Black, yet tapering up aloft,
Where the eagle built her nest,
Passing by his covert oft,
Where he mused in dreadful rest,
Till she sunk and could not fly,
Cowed before his greater eye.
Or by taper-light he read
Records of the mighty dead,
For while angel-bands were keeping
Silent watch o'er mortals sleeping,
While the world was mute and still,
He was up—it was his will—

He was musing o'er the past ;
 Coming gleams were round him cast ;
 And his soul was black as night ;—
 What had he to do with light ?

But at length his days of action came,
 And forth he burst like the flashing flame,
 Swift as the eagle whose course is sped,
 When its chains are loosed and its pinions spread;
 Fierce as the lion in lonely might,
 Hunting for blood in the hours of night.
 And when the chosen of God departed,
 To dwell in the mount of rest,
 And none were left but the broken-hearted,
 Lone, waiting, and sore distressed ;
 He knew that his hour was come at last,
 That the time for planning and thought was past ;
 That "he who had let him was borne away," *
 And he rose to do in his dawning day.
 His spirit had looked on the inner world
 With its piercing glance, for he
 Had seen the banner of light unfurled,
 Had seen the warriors flee ;
 And while earth was sleeping, he entered in,
 With flattering words, on his path of sin :
 Then o'er the kingdoms his might be showed,
 As alone he grasped them, and overflowed.
 His eye the strongest of men might quell :
 Its glance was from heaven, its light from hell.

He had been so low, he had looked so high,
 He ruled the earth with that shining eye.
 And the kings of the nations, like winter-snows,
 They melted before his way ;
 And he cast them out, as the reaper mows
 The harvest at break of day.
 He crushed them to earth, and he took the spoil
 And shone like a living flame ;
 But he ruled without the anointing oil,
 In his own,—a mortal name.
 He took the kingdom, and stood with might
 In the lands of Another's eternal right,
 In the earth of the Saviour, where only He
 Hath the power, and the name to reign,
 He stood in his impious rivalry,
 And ruled with an earthly train :
 While in regal splendor he sat alone,
 Apostate one ! on his Master's throne.

And there, amid that maddening band,
 Alone, I saw him silent stand ;
 Their cries were loud, but he was still,
 He moved them by his voiceless will,
 He turned them like a senseless tool,
 And bent them to his iron rule ;
 Standing in lonely majesty,
 He held them by that shining eye ;
 And as among their ranks he trod,
 They crouched before him as a God.

Beneath his looks in armies driven,
To trample on the sons of heaven.

Was it for *this*, ye sons of earth,
Ye sold your everlasting birth ?
Was it for *this* ye turned from Him,
Whose ensign was the Dove ;
And would not own his diadem,
Who ruled His saints by love ?
For *this* ye scorned His mysteries,
His presence would not own,
And chose His open enemies
To sit beside the throne ?
And cast aside His holy things,
And put His priests to shame ;
And would not that your earthly kings
Should reign in Jesus' Name ?

The champions of the Lord are gone ;
And earthly might is on the throne.
Here is your king ! he hath not prayed
Before the holy place :
On him no priestly hands were laid,
He owns no heavenly grace ;
He came not to that royal station
With holy oil of consecration.
And hath he all your wishes wrought ?
Is this the liberty ye sought ?

The impious flames were mounting higher,
The holy church was wrapped in fire !
While earth's apostate sons were there
In madness round the place of prayer,
And drove the martyrs to the flame,
And bade them call on Jesu's Name.

But suddenly the flames were stayed,—
And like a spiral cone,
A canopy of light they made
Above the altar-stone.
And then I heard a spirit-sound
Whispering in soft and loving tone,
That floated soothingly around
The heart of each afflicted one :

“ For all thy grief and weariness
“ Thou shalt possess the double : *
“ And when He gives thee quietness,
“ Who then shall make thee trouble ?” †

Then forward trod my mighty guide,
Held up the cross and left my side.
A withering look around he cast,
As through the multitude he passed.
Then first they saw his glorious form :
Amid their ways he went,

* Isaiah lxi. 7.

† Job xxxiv. 29.

And like the ruler of the storm,
On them his glance was bent.
Fearless and firm I marked it fall
On *him* whose will had bound them all ;
And sudden terror seized the proud
Usurper, and *that* heart was cowed,
That spirit trembled, which had ne'er
Until that moment learned to fear,
Before the holy one, who trod
Resistless in the might of God,
The priest of Jesus ; while the throng
Rolled backward as he moved along.

He went before the altar's height,
And underneath that pillared light,
Though all was sad and ruined there,
And glory had departed,
He meekly knelt in silent prayer
For all the broken-hearted.
Then solemn stillness reigned around
Earth's sons in that mysterious hour
In awful calm, as they were bound
By some unseen, unearthly power.
E'en *he*, the mighty one, was still,
But his stillness' self was terrible ;
And round and round, his meteor eye
Was watching all revengefully.

O loving Saviour, dost Thou stand
Here watching round Thy sorrowing sons,

Unseen, unheard, yet close at hand
 To comfort Thine afflicted ones ?
 E'en here is hovering from above
 On balmy wings th' eternal Dove :
 E'en here the spirit-searching voice
 Is breathing like a cooling wind,
 To bid the penitent rejoice,
 Yet mourn for tempest clouds behind :
 For heavenly *strength* is yet on earth,
 But *joy* is in her land of birth ;
 And God His holy love doth shroud
 In sorrow's dark and dreary cloud.

Yea, verily the Lord was there ;
 The Lord had heard His children's prayer :
 " He knew their sorrows," and His heart
 In all had borne a brother's part.

Still turning toward the holy East,
 Before the Altar stood the priest ;
 Yet not a hand was raised—nor word
 Amid those mighty ranks was heard ;
 The seas of Babel far and near,
 Were hushed and stilled by " sudden fear."
 In reverence deep he stood, the while
 His face was lit with love's own smile,
 For now before him lay
 The symbols of a ransomed earth,

The pledges of its second birth,
Elected from created things,
An offering to the King of kings,
The Bread and Wine :—

But what are they,
My foolish heart was fain to say,
Among so many on this day ?
Oh faithless thought ! The King of kings
Is not restrained by earthly things.
It is not in the outward sign,
It is not in the bread and wine,
Nor in the water, poured on all
Whom God restoreth from the fall,
That help is found ; but in His grace
Whose Name is a strong tower,
Where all are safe, who seek His face,
And know His love and power.
For *Jesus* is our life alone,
His children—we are not our own :
And *Jesus* is our daily Bread,
By whom alone we can be fed,
When heavenly faith is present there,
In her white robe of holy prayer,
The handmaid of His saving love,
To call His blessing from above,
Through all the channels which of old
He filled with streams of grace,
Which on from age to age have rolled ;
Though soon alas ! the trace

Of their bright tide will fade away,
 Before "that great and dreadful day :"
 For they have ebb'd from year to year,
 Through unbelief and doubt and fear ;
 Though Christ is true, and present still
 With all who love His holy will.

Oh joy, methought, to help and bless
 These outcasts in the wilderness !
 To feed and succour those who wait
 Repentant at the holy gate,
 Where once their coming was too late.
 The priest of Jesus lifted up
 His holy hands to heaven :
 Then raised on high the bread and cup
 By Jesu's mercy given ;
 And spoke the words of consecration,
 The words he loved of old,
 Before the times of desolation
 O'er Christendom had rolled.
 And clear and mighty was the voice
 With which those gifts he blessed,
 Bidding the troubled hearts rejoice
 With promises of rest :
 While all the multitude around
 Stood motionless, as spirit-bound
 They listened too,—for nought was heard
 Save that unfearing, priestly word.

Then turning round, his loving gaze
 Upon his weary brethren's ways
 Seemed resting mournfully awhile,
 Though still it bore the heavenly smile;
 For memory sadly told of days,
 When, at that holy hour,
 The gathered church, with prayer and praise,
 Confessed the Saviour's power,
 Before the symbols of His grace
 Presented at the holy place
 By thankful hearts; and he had knelt
 Before his Master there,
 And with the saints His presence felt
 In Zion's courts of prayer;
 When intercession's voice arose,
 The voice which stayed the gathering foes,
 And like the dews of morn, that first
 Have mounted up to Heaven,
 Came down on weary ones, athirst
 For such refreshing,—given
 To all whose faith was firm and true,
 In those bright showers of heavenly dew.
 And many a troubled soul was lightened; [ed :
 And sorrowing hearts were cheered and brighten-
 They knew not how, they saw not where,
 The comfort had been given;
 But felt that Jesus answered prayer,
 And closer lived to Heaven.

Those days came o'er him—now no more
That holy voice ascended :
'Twas silence, where its tones of yore
With songs of joy were blended.

But quickly passed the cloud away,
And hope shed down her blessed ray ;
As his pure spirit looked before
On all the glorious joys in store,
In heaven's great morn of perfect light,
When sorrow's garments, pure and white,
In Jesu's love should yet be bright.
He knew the time was short, and soon,
In glory like a harvest moon,
The pure translated church in heaven
Should beam upon the world forgiven.
Then as in Jesu's Name he stood,
He set the tempests free,
And broke the chains which bound the flood
Of that tremendous sea ;
A priest of Christ, to him were given
The signet-ring, the word of Heaven,
The power to loose and bind !
Above the earth he seemed to stand,
As o'er them with uplifted hand
The holy cross he signed.

Like Ocean's waves that are rent asunder,
'Mid the lightning's flash and the rolling thunder;

When the billows heave on the broken shore,
 And the demon winds in their caverns roar ;
 So the torrent waters of earth were heard,
 By the gales of hell into fury stirred ;
 And blasphemy spread out her murky wings,
 And shook them aloft o'er the " holy things."
 But a rustling sound, like the breeze of even,
 Around *him* in music played,
 As his eyes were meekly turned to Heaven,
 And in spirit he deeply prayed.

Then through the raging hosts he trod
 The glorious messenger of God.
 And other shining ones were there,
 The work of love with him to share :
 They met him as he passed along,
 And e'en amid that fearful throng,
 I heard a gentle voice of song :
 " Let not your hearts be troubled now,
 " But by the cross upon your brow,
 " Dear brethren, in the thickest fight,
 " Be strong in *this* your Master's might :
 " He watches from the Eastern hill ;
 " And though He slay you, trust Him still."

And they bore the holy cross on high,
 As they passed through the multitude silently :
 'Mid the shadows of earth with that bannered
 sign
 Like the stars of heaven I saw them shine ;

While the wicked were round like the birds of
night,

In the fearful gleamings of evil light.

And mightily still their course they kept :—

They had a blessing for them that wept ;

And the life of God who shall raise the dead,

With the quickening strength of that holy Bread ;

And the mighty comfort of love divine,

With the blessed juice of the heavenly Vine ;

That the meek and the contrite might scorn to
yield,

But stand like men on the battle-field,

With the helmet of God and the holy shield ;

Girding their loins to wait the day,

When the anguish of waiting should pass away ;

And the King should come in the witness-cloud,

To crown the humble, to crush the proud,

When the worlds of heaven His name should own

And the nations worship around His throne,

And the crown of the Saviour be jewelled bright

With the lonely tears of contrition's night.

Their words dropped round them like dews of
morn

On the withering blades of the harvest corn :

And I saw a light on the troubled eye ;

And I knew that light was heavenly.

Oh blissful earnest of rest at hand !

Oh hallowed gleam from the promised land !

With the thrilling hopes of redemption's day,
When "the Father shall wipe all tears away."

* * * * *

A change came o'er my dream—no more
Those shining ones were there ;
Their gentle comforting was o'er,
And hushed the voice of prayer.
And sadder scenes and visions dim
Before me darkling rose ;
While still methought I gazed on *him*,
The leader of the foes.—
Who, when on earth his throne he set,
Had drawn the nations in his net :
Now "arms were standing on his part." *
And, bolder yet, his hardened heart
Was lifted up against the Lord,
The God of Gods, whose vengeful sword
Himself had been—his godless hand
Was stretched o'er all Immanuel's land ;†
For now the axe began to boast ‡
Against the hand of Him who hewed
In his own wrath therewith, and strewed
The forest-trees on every coast,
To burn for fuel on the day,
When earth itself should pass away.
And still was wrought the will of God
While, o'er the blasted land,

* Dan. xi. 31. † Psalm xvii. ‡ Isaiah viii. 8.

The serpent was become a rod,
Within the avenger's hand.

Yet deemed "that wicked" that *his* hand*
Had wrought alone the things he planned
In his own prudence—earthly wise,
The mists of sin before his eyes,
"He met with darkness in the day"
And thought the light was round his way.
But now the hour was near, when all
His strength should fail, his glories fall ;
And those proud hosts whose legions bore
His banner-staff from shore to shore,
And like a flood through earth had rolled,
Be poured out like water, †
As when Jehovah fought of old,
In "Midian's day of slaughter."

In Rome he reigned—for Rome was still
Earth's loveless, lawless queen—
Within her towers he wrought his will,
And in his pride was seen.
Apostate Rome ! where from of old
The wheels of Satan's chariot rolled,
The mighty Babylon, o'er whom
Hung the dark cloud of coming doom ;
Who long had proudly reigned o'er all
The kings of earth, with her to fall ;

* Isaiah x. 6, 7, 13.

† Isaiah ix. 4. x. 26.

Though God should give them to fulfil,
 Against themselves, His royal will,
 "To hate her, and to cast her down
 "To burn her flesh," and break her crown.
 No more "the idol shepherd" trod *
 O'er all the heritage of God,
 Who in the palace of the Lord
 Had slain his equals with the sword,
 And o'er its battlements unfurled
 The banners of the fallen world ;
 When in his pride he thought to claim
 The Lord's own power, and "in His name
 "Swore falsely," for the servant wore
 His Master's crown, and stood before
 His fellow servants, smiting all
 Who still obeyed their Master's call.
 As once of old in Edom's land
 Whose sons withstood Jehovah's hand
 "There was no king"—but lawless might
 Was lifted up against the right—
 "A deputy was king."—†
 A "vicar" thus, in Jesu's name,
 Usurper o'er His kingdom came,
 His own proud chains to fling!

But he had sunk—his withered hand
 Could waste no more the troubled land—
 His eye was darkened ;—and his hour
 Had passed away—with mightier power,

* Zechariah xi. 17.

† 1 Kings xxii. 47.

Another in *his own* dark name *
 Had cast that "vicar" down,
 Consuming, like Gehenna's flame,
 His fallen and stolen crown.
 And him the world received, and all
 Came round him at his feet to fall;
 For thus the ransomed nation now
 Denied the Saviour's name,
 His chosen sons forgot their vow;—
 They gloried in their shame,
 And compassed the Usurper's throne,
 Who signed and marked them for his own.

Then sunk the Church of God—her form
 Was blasted in that midnight storm.
 Her altars all in ruin lay,
 Her children perished, while they
 "Who of the portion of her meat †
 "Had fed" were at the sinner's feet.
 Her guiltiness had long before ‡
 Been reaching unto heaven;
 And, as "with whirlwinds from the floor
 "The worthless chaff is driven,"
 Her lying forms of truth were cast
 In vengeance on destruction's blast.
 Stripped of her gems, the harlot wore
 The bridal ornaments no more!

* John v. 43. † Daniel xi. 26. ‡ Revelation xviii. 5.

In Rome was set the throne of pride ;—
 The lying prophet stood beside ;
 The traitor, who, in former days,
 Was set to lead the songs of praise
 In Zion's temple, that his voice
 Might call her mourners to rejoice.—
 —And multitudes with him were there,
 Apostates from the house of prayer;
 In days gone by the way of sin
 Was bright at first, and to begin
 How easy seemed ! till bolder grown,
 They dared to call " their lips their own :"
 And Satan heard that impious boast,
 And came upon them with his host.
 The spirit-lights which God had given,
 To guide them in the path to heaven,
 Gleamed in the devil's hand ; for now
 The cross had vanished from their brow,
 To shine no more :—and when the man,
 Whose throne was wickedness, began
 To reign, they bowed beneath his sway,
 And " prophesied before his way,"
 Deceiving men, for Satan's might†
 Wrought wonders in the nations' sight,
 Whom God had blinded, and whose eye
 To " strong delusion " had been sealed,
 That when " that wicked was revealed,"
 They might " believe a lie."

† 2 Thess. xi. 8. Rev. xix. 20.

So, while that fallen prophet lied
Before him, with his arm of pride
The "Man of Sin" from day to day
"Did exploits" in his godless way,
And cast his yoke on every land,
While "Satan stood at his right hand."

They were not *one*, those fearful three;
For God alone is one :—awhile,
In counterfeit of unity,
Earth's madmen to beguile,
Upon their dark and deathful ways,
They *seemed as one* to dwell ;
And men beheld, in wild amaze,
That "trinity of Hell ;"
While he who all the world oppressed
By Satan was himself possessed ; *
A lofty soul, which human pride
Against itself had fortified,
Self-conquered, not by passion led,
"A temple swept and garnishèd."

And soon against the Lord of might
In open war he waged the fight,
Commanding in his pride that all
Before him as a God should fall. †
But *then* from rank to rank I heard ‡
Sound fearlessly a warning word ;

† Rev. xiii. 15. † Dan. xi. 36 2 Thess. ii. 4, † Rev. xi. 3, 6.

For bravely now the witness-band
Against him came on every hand :
Their words were from above—their might
Was quickened now—their armour bright—
The blessing of their King and Priest
Had healed them in the holy feast,
For in the breaking of that Bread
They knew Him, and their souls were fed.

Triumphant now I saw them stand,
Though weak they seemed, a fearful band ;—
And still they told of vengeance near,
And glories, shortly to appear :
While, even as they spoke, on high
Like iron was the hardened sky ;— *
All nature seemed to thirst for rain ;
And burning winds swept o'er the plain ;
But still above the blast arose
Their witness borne among the foes.
Though clothed in sackcloth and with shame
They uttered forth their Master's name,
Yet were their words like fire ; on all
Like thunderbolts they seemed to fall :
And the proud hearts began to fail,
And haughty ones were forced to quail,
Because " the end of days " was near ;—
No love had they to cast out fear,
And fear had torment ; as they heard,
Amid their armed hosts, the word,

* Revelation xi. 5, 6.

That told of that eternal wrath,
 •Whose shadows lowered upon their path ;
 For soon the whirlwinds of the north
 In all their terrors would come forth.

And he who sat upon the throne
 Was stayed by terrors not his own :
 His haughty spirit on that day
 Shrunk trembling from his impious way :
 He felt within his heart the sword
 Of Him, the brightness of whose light
 Would shroud him in eternal night,
 With vengeance near at hand :
 The living Spirit of the Lord
 Was in that witness band ;
 And well he knew " the time was short,"
 Though sorrowing "in the outer court "
 They now were forced to stand.*

But Satan urged him on—the hour
 Would soon be passed away :
 The nations were beneath his power
 Until the break of day :
 And who were these ? in other days
 Their voice had met him in his ways.
 And now his haughty heart again
 Was lifted up with pride :
 O'er them his arm in might should reign,

* Revelation xi 2.

And cast them down like earthly things ;
 —But they were borne on eagle's wings, *
 He might not touch them, for the arm
 Of God was round to shield
 His witnesses from hurt or harm,
 On this their battle-field,
 Until "their hour should come"—and still,
 Obedient to their Master's will,
 They prophesied aloud, and o'er
 The scattered kingdoms, in His name
 Who gave them power, to rule the flame,
 To smite the earth, or stay the flood,
 And turn its waters into blood,
 Their *two-fold* witness bore ;
 The witness of redeemed men,
 Restored and sanctified again,
 To whose pure hearts by God is given
 To speak on earth the truths of Heaven ;
 And, working in his chosen host,
 The witness of the Holy Ghost ;
 Confirming all their words of light,
 And sealing them with heavenly might,
 "The testimony borne by two"
 ('Twas written in the law) "is true."

Soon was that witness heard no more ;
 And vengeance rushed along
 On blood-red wing from shore to shore,
 To rouse the apostate throng :

* Revelation xii. 14.

For, marshalling his mighty men
 That earth-born leader rose again,
 And o'er the nations like a flame,
 With all his dreadful ones he came.
 His help was in the "God of forces ;"
 His hosts he gathered round ;
 I heard the snorting of the horses,
 I heard the trumpets sound.
 Rank above rank, from land to land,
 They poured along at his command ;
 The wheeling squadrons far and wide
 Were watching their tremendous guide :
 Their banners gleamed from East to West,
 Like breakers on a stormy sea ;
 While flashing sword and beaming crest
 Were fiercely glittering far and free.
 And as when dark on Ocean's shore
 The crested billows foam and roar,
 And surges murmur like the groan
 Of all the drowned dead,
 Whose ashes darkling and alone
 Beneath its depths are spread ;
 So marched those fearful hosts along ;
 So deadly from that armed throng,
 Harsh murmurings rose that sounded o'er
 The captive earth from shore to shore.*

The winter-tide of earth ! how cold
 It's blasts are gathering now ;

* Dan. xi. 36.—Rev. xi. 7.

For she is withered and grown old
 With wrinkles on her brow !
 Her trees beneath the feller's hand,
 Strew mournfully the gloomy land.
 The skies are starless : and the hail
 Is borne upon the tempest's gale,
 While fearful voices far and near
 Are rushing round o'er nature's bier.
 Ye faithful ones ! your strife is o'er !
 Your witness shall be heard no more.
 Though on the mountain-top ye stand,
 With earth's dark waves on every hand ;
 Though o'er the billows' surge ye raise
 Your banner, as in former days ;
 And bravely though your songs arise
 In this last hour of sacrifice,
 The waters have prevailed ; and ye
 Must sink beneath the raging sea !
 Oh trust ye in the Lord, and He
 Shall bear you through the strife ;
 Be faithful unto death, and ye
 Shall have your crowns of life !

I saw the great Destroyer stand
 To number all his chosen band ;*
 He laid his hand on each, and gave
 A spirit to each prostrate slave :
 And bent before his rod,
 Their souls were chainéd to his will,

* Rev. xiii. 15-17.

To follow him through every ill,
 Where fearlessly he trod.
 Not as the saints, who drank alone
 Into One Spirit and *were one* ;
 For *many* spirits dwelt within
 The bodies that were sold to sin,—
 To will and work with him—and he,
 The centre of those dreadful three,
 Stood in the rays of his own light,
 “ The man of earth,” in *manhood's* might,
 While body, soul, and spirit all
 Were lifted for a deeper fall.
 This was “ the number of his name,”—
 The man who thought all earth to claim,
 And made himself as God ;
 Who, perfected in human strength,
 In human weakness found at length
 The sand on which he trod.
 It was “ the number of *a man*,”—
 Without his Maker he began ;
 Against his Maker took the crown,
 Then stumbled, and was broken down.*

. I saw the horsemen there, who went
 Among the nations still,
 Before his blasting presence sent
 To crush them at his will ;
 And all the armies whom his power
 Had harnessed for the deadly hour,

* Rev. xiii. 18.

When he should touch the holy place,
 And meet his Maker face to face—*
 Together on his godless way,
 They followed round him night and day,
 As in his body, limb to limb,
 His fellow-workers, *one* with him,
 The captives of his pride, to prove
 The hatred that could mimic love.
 Nor carnal were their weapons now—
His seal was on each hand and brow;—
 No hope had they, and in the might
 Of earthly pride they dared to fight.
 Their swords were burnished in the breath
 Of wicked spirits; hell and death
 Trod in their ranks; and where
 The light of Heaven was set to shine,
 Their helmets bore destruction's sign,
 Their breastplates were despair!
His name was on them, as again
 They poured along, a deadly train,
 O'er the drear world—and when
 His eye fell on them, fierce and free,
 They stretched around from sea to sea,
 (I heard their numbers,) dark and dread
 Still rushing where his ensigns led,
 Two hundred million men!†

Then darkness fell o'er every land:
 And as in burial shrouds,

* Rev. xvi. 13-16. †Rev. ix. 16-21.

'The bannered mountains seemed to stand,
 All wrapt in deepening clouds :
 Sadly I drew myself away,
 And listened long that dreadful day ;
 While fiercer from the rush of men
 The angry clamours rose ;—
 Once the light beamed aloft, and then,
 Amid their ruthless foes,
 I saw again the martyrs praying,
 And heard a voice from heaven, saying,
 (As from their watching brethren) ; “ Bless'd *
 “ From henceforth are the dead, who die
 “ In Jesus Christ, for they shall rest
 “ From all their labours on His breast,
 “ Who wipeth tears from every eye.”

Methought the holy ones above
 Were waiting round in yearning love,
 Till Jesus, on the morn of light,
 Should rise in all the nations' sight,
 To crush th' oppressor in his power,
 And cast him down in judgment's hour.
 And thus upon my listening ear
 Their accents fell : “ the time is near—
 “ Soon shall he fall : the righteous King,
 “ Our Lawgiver, is near, to bring
 “ Destruction on the foes, and bear
 “ His blessed ones above,
 “ Up to the throne, where every prayer

*Rev. xiv, 13.

" Hath entered, winged by love.
 " The time is near,— by ransomed men
 " The Lord is crucified again,*
 " And put to shame in those whom He
 " Had set his witnesses to be.
 " Yet is it ' for a time appointed :'
 " And he who slays the Lord's anointed
 " Shall come unto his end, the beast
 " Whose strength is from beneath, the priest
 " Of Satan ; though the nations rush
 " Like waters of a troubled sea,
 " And the ' vile person ' come to crush
 " The saints of Jesus ; he shall flee
 " When God ariseth, cast away
 " As chaff before the dawn of day.
 " The Lord shall drive him forth like stubble
 " Before the wind ; ' his name shall rot :'
 " ' Behold at eventide is trouble,
 " And in the morning he is not !'
 " For the fair weather from the north†
 " In all its glory shall break forth.

" Soon shall the great Usurper hear
 " Th' Avenger's voice, and learn to fear.
 " Though Shinar's house, ' on her own base,‡
 " Be built ' aloft before his face,
 " Yet shall it crumble down ; and they
 " Who love the Lord and keep his way,
 " Shall rise in glory to possess

*Hebrews vi. 6. — Rev. xi. 8. †Dan. xi. 44.—Job xxxvii. 22 ‡Zech. v.

" The promised land, which God will bless :
 " For they are Jesu's house which He
 " Hath builded for eternity,
 " And raised upon the sure foundations,*
 " Himself the corner-stone,
 " That thither flowing, all the nations
 " May worship Him alone.

" Our God shall come, nor silence more
 " His voice shall keep, in light before,
 " The glorious hosts of Heaven shall shine
 " In robes of white, His banner'd sign ;
 " With those who like a fiery stream
 " Before the throne of mercy gleam,
 " Ten thousand times ten thousand, bright
 " In all the hues of perfect light,
 " Archangels, thrones, dominions, powers,
 " The heirarchies of joy and love,
 " Who watch the everlasting hours,
 " And wait till glory beams above.

" The Lord shall come ; His great white throne
 " Shall rest upon the *clouds*, for He
 " Shall bring ten thousand of His own,
 " The hosts He died to free.
 " His ' witness cloud '—the saints of old,†
 " Who fought the fight and waxed bold,
 " The fathers of the ancient days,
 " Who dimly watched His glory rays,
 " And faithful ones who sought alone

*Eph. ii. 20.

†Heb. xi. 1.

" His glory, and forgot their own,
 " Who for the brightness of that day,
 " From all earth's beauty turned away ;
 " All shall be there ;—on every hand
 " Each gathered to his fathers' band ;
 " The holy cross in light above,
 " And over them the heavenly Dove !

" These are earth's rulers, who shall come
 " To take in her their sacred home,
 " 'Kings of the East,'* a royal train,
 " With Christ a thousand years to reign :
 " While Israel's tribes from land to land
 " The Gospel of his grace shall bear,
 " That all the nations from their hand
 " The gifts of Jesu's love may share.
 " For yet in Abraham's chosen seed
 " Shall all the sons of earth be blessed ;
 " And yet shall Israel's children lead
 " All people to the mount of rest :
 " A priestly nation great and free,
 " To sound Creation's Jubilee,
 " To all ' proclaiming liberty.'†
 " Through them the knowledge of the Lord
 " Shall fill the earth—His living word
 " Shall rouse the world to praise :
 " And one pure song of joy and love
 " Shall burst from men, and ring above,
 " With gladness, many days.‡

*Rev. xvi. 12.—Dan. xi. 44. †Gén. xviii, 18.—Rom. xi. ‡ Rév. xx 1-6.

" But Satan must be loosed awhile,
 " Again the nations to beguile
 " In earth's four quarters, and to bring
 " His legions up against the King :
 " And multitudes shall rise, like sand
 " On the sea shore, a hellish band,
 " Encompassing the camp of light,
 (" Where saints shall reign in risen might,)
 " And Israel's citadel of love ;—
 " But fire devouring from above
 " From God's avenging hand shall fall
 " To blast and to consume them all.*
 " Then *all* the dead shall rise, to meet
 " Their Maker at His judgment seat :
 " And bless'd are they whose names shall be
 " The living on that day !
 " Their life is for eternity :
 " Their glory lasts for aye !†

" Eternal æon ! when the Lord
 " Shall look upon His works again,
 " Anew created by His word,
 " And meet for His eternal reign.
 " Cleansed in His own redeeming blood,
 " Behold they shall be ' very good.'
 " Then shall creation groan no more
 " In travail-pains, as when she wore
 " Her sackcloth robes, but wake and sing
 " Thanksgivings to ' the Lord the King !'‡

* Rev. xx. 7-10. † Rev. xx. 11-15. ‡ Rom. viii. 22, 23.—2 Pet. iii. 13.

" And ' things in heaven and things in earth
 " And under earth ' shall all rejoice,
 " Arising in their second birth,
 " And lifting up a glorious voice.
 " The chosen Church of Christ, *above*,
 " His cherished one ! His own !
 " Now in the bosom of His love,
 " The partner of His throne,
 " In gold and needlework, the Queen,
 " In all her glory shall be seen.*
 " While Israel *upon earth* shall reign,
 " Nor fall from heavenly grace again ;
 " And David on his royal throne
 " His holy Son and Lord shall own.†
 " And all the saved *nations*, bright
 " In the Eternal City's light,
 " Their glory and their honour bring
 " To her, and pray before the King,
 " The Lord of Hosts ; to worship there,
 " And all the gifts of heaven to share."‡
 So sang the heavenly watchers round ;
 While ravished at the blessed sound
 I listened long, so sweet the tone,
 Like music from th' eternal hill :—
 But now they ceased—I was alone—
 The clouds came on, and all was still.

* * * * *

" Thou shalt arise, O Lord, again :

*Psa. xlv.—Rev. xxi. 22-27. †Zech. viii. Ezek. xvi. 60-63.—xl.—xlviii.
 ‡ Rev. xxi. 24.—Isaiah xi. 9.

" In Zion yet Thy sons shall reign.
 " The time to favour her is come ;
 " Her children are returning home.
 " Thou shalt arise again, to build
 " The house which once Thy glory filled ;
 " For now, though ruined are her thrones,
 " Thy saints take pleasure in her stones.
 " Return, O Lord ! Thy glorious sign
 " Again is seen in heaven ;
 " Turn us, and cause thy face to shine,
 " And be Thy sons forgiven."*

I waked as from a trance again,
 So sadly joyous was the strain—
 The sun was o'er me, and the light
 Of heaven was deep and infinite
 O'er Zion's sons—for now no more
 Upon the willows as of yore
 Their harps were hung ; a holy breeze
 Was whispering through the olive trees.
 It was Jerusalem ! her song
 Was heard again, her sons were there,
 To build her ruined walls, where long
 The world had hushed the voice of pray'r,
 And other gods had reigned ; and blood
 Had rolled through all her ways,
 Where once the king of peace had stood,
 And once her paths were praise.
 The Lord had looked on Zion, He

*Psalm cii.

Was near at hand to set her free,
 To raise her up and to declare
 His name in her. Returning there
 Repentant to the house of prayer
 Stood the twelve tribes :* with mighty hand
 Their Lord had gathered them again,
 And led them to the promised land
 Where David yet, His King, should reign.

But through the fires again He brought
 His people, when His name they sought,
 As yet they did not know,
 That He of old their souls had bought,
 A man of want and woe—*
 From His refining hand they came,
 Like silver molten in the flame ;
 They saw His everlasting sign
 In Heaven, the great Shekinah, shine ;†
 But sorely were their hearts distressed,
 Or ere they saw his form,
 For all the tempests of the west
 Broke on them in a storm :
 The armies of the sons of pride
 Who gathered round, and had defied
 The sceptre of the Crucified.
 The wicked rulers of the world
 Were muster'd to the fight,
 Like arrows from the quiver, hurled
 Out of the paths of night :

* Zech. xii. 10.

† Matt. xxiv. 30.

While with them swifter than the wind,
 The Foe of Jesus came behind,
 In all his dreadful terrors there,
 To crush their hopes and stop their prayer.
 Had he not heard it, as he trod
 Within God's temple like a God,
 And thought to cast the mercy-seat,
 A broken footstool at his feet ?

On Zion broke the battle cry,
 And o'er it gleamed his vengeful eye !*
 For on the earth, he would not bear
 One song of praise, one voice of prayer.
 The walls fell down—like storm and thunder
 The rolling armies came ;
 The holy gates were burst asunder ;
 The bulwarks sunk in flame ;
 And *he* came on—the deeps were stirred,
 The clouds hung o'er him, and I heard
 The earthquakes muttering ; lightnings played
 Tremendous round his brow,
 But his proud heart was not afraid,
 All fear had vanish'd now.
 On to the temple gate he bore
 His impious step—he burst the door—
 And still the crown was on his head,
 As o'er the holy place he spread
 His banner-folds, then nearer pass'd
 And to the earth the censer cast.

* Zeeh. xiv. 1, 2.

Then rose a living voice on high,
 As of a priestly army nigh,
 The temple of the Lord to keep :
 "Thrust in thy sickle now, and reap
 "The clusters of the vine of earth,
 "Degenerate from its heavenly birth,
 "And cast it to the winepress, trod
 "By Him who brings the wrath of God.
 "Her grapes are fully ripe. Behold !
 "The hour hath struck ! the molten gold
 "Is ready for the King ! come down,
 "Oh Thou who wear'st the rightful crown."*

And Heaven was open'd, and behold,
 The Lord to battle came :†
 While round His shining pathway roll'd,
 In panoplies of flame,
 His living armies, robed in light,
 Clad in fine linen, clean and white.
 The glorious angels of the Lord
 Were gleaming like a fiery sword ;
 And all the church of the First-born
 Came in the beauties of the morn,
 To have dominion, and to smite
 The smiter with Jehovah's might.

Then fled the son of pride—a ray
 Of vengeance flash'd along his way—
 His banner fell before the wind—
 His scatter'd armies poured behind,

* Rev. xiv. 15-20. †Zech. xiv. 3-5—Rev. xix. 11-16.

On to the mountains ; there they stood
Each one against his fellow, there
They fought in terrible despair,
And Hinnom's vale was fill'd with blood.*

I heard the glory of the voice
Of Him who sat upon the cloud :
I heard the hosts of light rejoice,
Who came with Him to crush the proud.
And through His voice was beaten down
The lawless one ; his earthly crown
Was dashed to earth ; the living flame
Devouring on his spirit came.
On Israel's mountains, crushed and broken,
He perished, as the Lord had spoken ;
And all his hosts ran down like water,
On that tremendous day of slaughter.†

Then rung the battlements above,
Then loudly from the hosts of love,
From world to world in echoes rang
The song of triumph, as they came
Victorious on the path of flame,
And o'er the bands of evil sang ;

- “ How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son
of the morning ;
“ How art thou cut to the ground, O thou that didst
weaken the nations !
“ Thou that hast said in thy heart, my foot shall as-
cend into Heaven,

* Isaiah ix. 4.

† Dan. xi. 45.—Rev. xix. 17-21.

- “ Higher than God’s own stars, above the clouds
and the thunder,
- “ Up in the sides of the north, in the mount of the
congregation,*
- “ There will I sit as a king, and reign like the High-
est in glory.
- “ Yet shalt thou sink into hell, to the sides of the
pit of corruption :
- “ They that have seen thee of old shall now look
narrowly on thee,
- “ Saying, Is this the man that made the nations
to tremble ?
- “ He that destroyed the cities, and made the world
as a desert ?
- “ He that strengthened his bars, nor loosed his pri-
soners homewards ?
- “ All the kings of the nations, e’en all of them lie
in their glory
- “ Each in his father’s house ; but thou like a branch
that is rotten,
- “ Thou, as the raiment of those that are slain and
spoiled in battle,
- “ Now art cast out of thy grave, as a carcase trodden
by strangers.
- “ How hath the tyrant ceased ! the golden city
been broken !
- “ Ah ! for the Lord Himself hath broken the staff
of the wicked !

*Psalm xlviii, 2.

“ He that ruled the people in wrath and the nations
in anger

“ Now is cast down, and none can hinder the vial
of vengeance.

“ Even the earth is at rest and is quiet ; they break
into singing,

“ Yea the fir-trees rejoice and the cedars of Lebanon,
saying,

“ Thou art laid down, and now no feller shall come
up against us.

“ Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee now at
thy coming ;

“ Hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth
without measure ;

“ Darkly she stirreth the dead, even all the chiefs
of the people :

“ Yea she hath rais'd from their thrones the leaders
and kings of the nations :

“ E'en at the mouth of the grave shall they speak
and whisper against thee,

“ Art thou become like us ? Art thou too weakened
and broken ?

“ All thy pomp is brought down to the grave and
the noise of thy viols :

“ ‘Under thee creeps the worm, and worms are
round thee and in thee.’

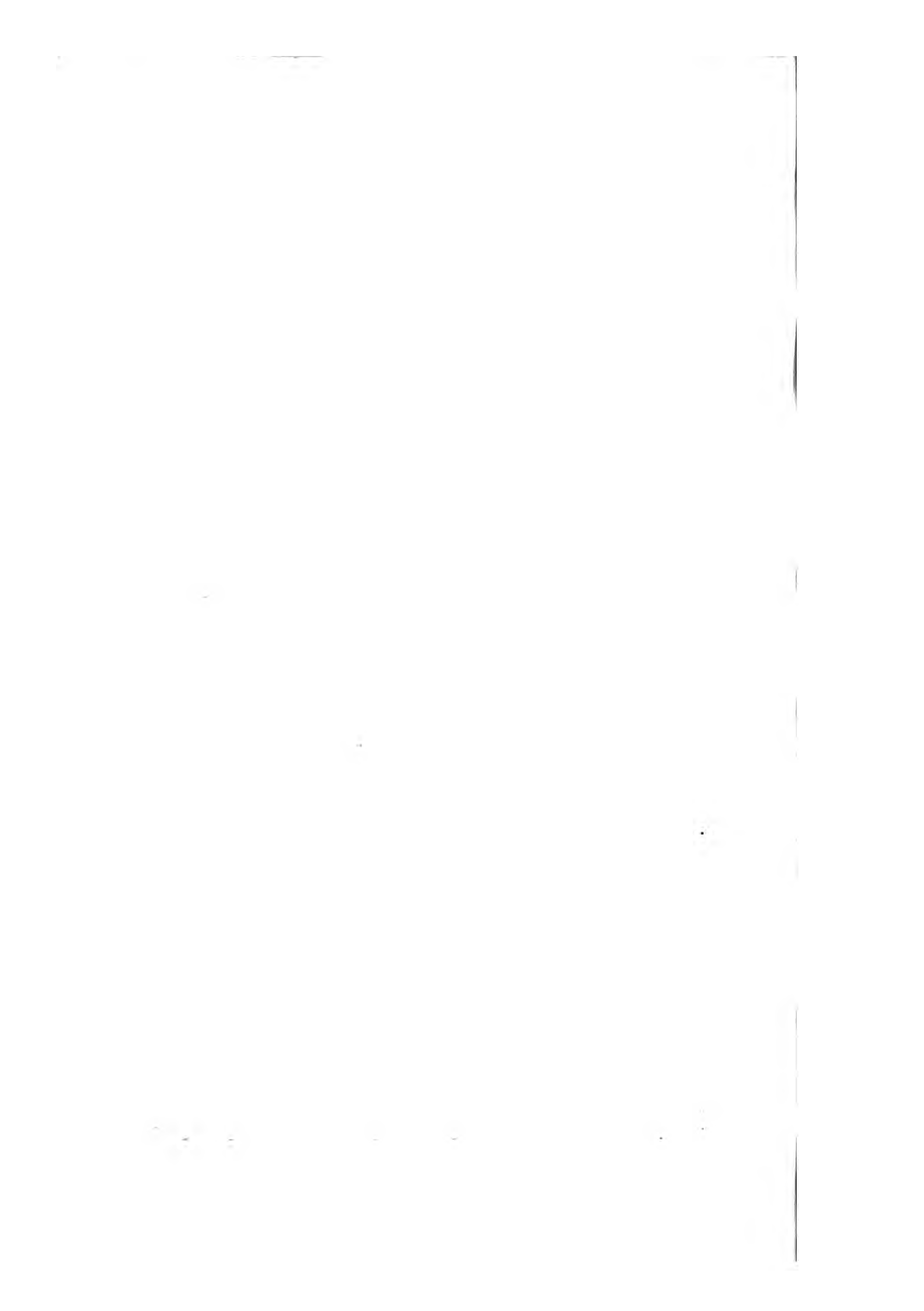
“ Thou wert the hammer of Judgment, the sword
of the Lord in the battle.

- “ Thou wert His weapon of war ; by thee He destroyed the kingdoms,
 “ Breaking in pieces the nations, the chariot the horse and his rider :
 “ Though thou hast said ‘ I am wise, by the strength of mine hand have I done it,
 “ ‘ I have removed the bounds of the people and robbed their treasures,’
 “ Yet art thou come to thine end : the virgin the daughter of Zion,
 “ She hath despis’d thee and laughed thee to scorn, for the Lord was around her.
 “ Whom hast thou there reproach’d and blasphem’d ? against whom hast exalted
 “ Proudly thy voice, and lifted thine eyes to the terrible heaven ?
 “ Even the Holy and True, thy Creator, the Keeper of Israel ;
 “ He hath defended the City—His Angel hath smitten and slain thee.”

———But “ a new song” came floating o’er,
 Like music from a distant shore,
 So wonderful, I heard no more.
 Heaven came *too near*—no mortal heart
 In such a song might take a part.
 Yet as I waked in morning’s ray
 A whisper o’er me seemed to say,
 “ And is it nothing but a dream ?

“ A wild vacuity of thought ?
“ A blank array of things that *seem*,
“ But where reality is nought ?
“ Are there not glimpses of the day,
“ And warnings of the night,
“ That we may watch and hope and pray,
“ As children of the light ?
“ Are there not signs in earth and sky,
“ And is not our redemption nigh ?
“ Hath not the Lord ‘ pronounced the word ?’
“ Hath not a voice on earth been heard,
“ ‘ Ask ye, enquire, return again ’ ?
“ And shall the watchman wake in vain ?—*

*Isaiah xxi. 11-12.



Part II.

Miscellaneous Poems.



Fig. 1. Dependence of $\lg R_p$ on $\lg [I]$.

“I will heal their backslidings. — I will love
them freely.”

WELCOME, dear wanderer, to thy Father's heart,
Ah ! why didst thou depart ?
Why hast thou left so long the home of grace,
And made the wilderness thy dwelling-place ?
Come to thy Father's arms, the herald Dove
Shall guide thee to the bosom of His love.

Take up the cross, He bore it long for thee
Who died to make thee free,
And oh ! when treacherous foes are pressing round
To tempt thy footsteps from the holy ground,
Telling the while thy former follies o'er,
“Name thou the name beloved,” and doubt no
more.

If sorely tried, thy steps should haply fail,
And sin thy faith assail,
Though thou shouldst stumble in the narrow way,
And drop thy staff, and to the desert stray,
Be not cast down too low, thy Saviour still
Can send refreshings from His holy hill.

He will be near to help thee—He will heal
 The wounds thy heart must feel.
 Trust but in Him—nor shrink the while to hear
 The accuser whispering in the pass of fear ;
 Cling to His cross, and thy Redeemer's word
 With bright absolving power, shall soon be heard.

Is He not nigh to lay His hand on those
 Who front the gathering foes ?
 Hath not His own right Hand the Banner reared,
 For all the freedmen that His Name have feared ?
 Stand in thy lot ! and meekly watch and pray
 That thou may'st never leave the blood-stained way.

Soon shall thy voice His loving-kindness boast
 With all the ransomed Host,
 Joining in all the songs that daily ring
 From tent to tent, before our Lord and King,
 Whose shining form itself shall soon appear
 To all His sons, who serve Him without fear.

" He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted."

Trust in the Lord.

Trust in the Lord, and wait for Him,
And He will make Thy darkness light,
Though earth be drear and hopes be dim,
And shadows deepen into night.

Trust in the Lord, and keep His way,
And He will set thee on the rock,
Which rises o'er the billowy spray,
Nor trembles in the tempest's shock.

Trust in the Lord, the raging blast
Is rushing round the Ocean's breast ;
But months and years are fleeting fast,
Thou soon shalt reach the land of rest.

Trust in the Lord a little while,
And all thy griefs shall pass away.
The rapture of thy Saviour's smile
Shall be thy sunshine all the day.

Infant Communion.

"THESE things I write to you, my little ones,
 For ye have known the Father—and your sins
 Are all forgiven you for Jesu's sake."
 So spake the loved Apostle,—he who leaned
 Upon *His* breast at supper, who, *was* love;
 When from His saving presence bearing forth
 The messages of love, in Jesus' name
 He breathed its fulness o'er the troubled world—
 "For ye have known the *Father*." Holy One,
 Long have we known Thee as our mighty King,
 Our Master, our Creator, for alone
 In Thee, we live and move and have our being.
 But we must be as little ones again,
 To know Thee "as Thou art"—the trusting child,
 Who hangs undoubting on his Father's word,
 Is closer (with his angel) to Thy throne,
 He knows Thee as a *Father*. Let us come,
 Dear Father, for "Thou knowest that we love Thee;"
 Oh! let us come as little children now,
 And feel Thy presence ere we see Thy face!

Oh! it is sweet to leave this withered world

And look on little children,—sweet to hear
 The gentle voice of guileless infancy,
 When gladly prattling at their parent's side,
 But lovelier still, when mingling in the songs
 “Of the great congregation”—like the flow
 Of some thin silver rivulet, that winds
 Along the open plain, and ripples on
 In softer tones, beside the mighty stream,
 With which it wanders, like a foster-child,
 To seek the parent Ocean :—unconstrained
 Are the dear strains of childhood's trusting love
 That reasons not, but does—with all its heart,
 Clinging to those who guide it on the way,—
 As grapes that grow luxuriant, never safe
 But when in clusters,—sweet to see them kneel
 Reverent, with clasped hands, and wondering eyes
 Before the Altar,—or to watch them smile,
 By sudden impulse, by the free-will burst
 Of gladness in the soul : they little see
 The hand of God in nature, who would stay
 The joyous smiles of childhood, or reprove
 Its buoyant spirit and unfettered joys,
 Though hushed in reverence deep, and silent awe,
 Within the house of God, their Father's house,
 Who loves to see them happy ;—yet in them,
 Grave, penetrative glances oft are seen
 That speak the thoughts that work within the breast,
 Unformed indeed, but real—shining thoughts

That flash like meteors in the infant's soul,
 That cast bright colours on the blooming tree,
 Float in the glistening stream, and seem to him
 So wonderful, as earth were full of heaven,
"For they have known the Father"—and the world
 With all its vanities, has not prevailed
 To shake their gentle and confiding faith
 In Him, who planted them, as tender plants
 To grow from strength to strength, beneath the
 That fall upon His garden morn and eve [showers
 From heaven. Dark and wintry is his heart
 Who loves not you, dear little ones, nor thinks,
 The while he sees your innocent joys, of days
 Long past and gone—his hours of childish love!

An April morn was smiling on the earth,
 And cheerily beneath an Easter sun
 The scenes of nature shone with holy life
 And vigour fresh from heaven! How wonderful
 This birth-day of our hopes—the very earth,
 As if she heard again the angel's voice,
 Telling—"He is not here," is lighted up,
 And seems to sing with more than earthly joy.
 We too, methinks, such welcome glad should bring,
 "The Lord is risen indeed," for such a morn
 Of joy and gratitude, and meet for Him
 Who made us free and raised us from the dead
 With Him, who "is alive for evermore."

I went into the house of God—this day,
 I cast aside, unbridling all my hopes,
 The thoughts and cares and weary ways of earth ;
 —Beneath the cross of promise, which is set
 Above the porch into the place of tombs,
 Where sorrowful yet smiling love has laid
 Her slumberers in their mother earth, redeemed
 By Him who slept within her,—and beneath
 The aged Yew that speaks of better days,
 When life shall blossom in eternal spring :—
 Wrapt in deep thought, and musing o'er the past,
 The sacred past, “ which now we celebrate,”
 I came before the holy place, and bowed
 In reverence low, to Him who dwelleth there.

Others were there before me, and like those
 “ Who wait for morning,” was a little group,
 That looked like Israel in their holy days,
 Before the bright Shekinah, bringing up
 The first-fruits of their treasures ; for they seemed
 Fond parents bringing up before the Lord
 Their little one, perchance their eldest born.—
 So came of old before the Loving One,
 Among the saints “ that call upon His name,”
 Samuel, the Lord's anointed.

Precious sight !
 Where free from human haughtiness and pomp,

I saw an infant "kneeling on his knees,"
 Meekly before the Altar, tremblingly,
 Yet full of happiness—perchance a smile,
 But half-repressed, is playing on his cheek,
 He knows not why, perchance the sudden gush
 Of child-like fear is trembling in his heart,
 He knows not why, but, doubting not, he sees
 Salvation's loving banner o'er his head,
 Washed in a Saviour's blood, and that he knows.

Unmoved, and full of unsuspecting faith,
 His gentle eye, reflecting as a glass
 Pure infant love, was hallowed in the stream
 Of holy veneration, and his heart,
 Pure as the wintry snow-drop, fostered thoughts
 Yet undeveloped, and without controul.
 Feelings too gentle, and too sweet for tears
 Rose in his heart—he had not tasted yet
 The tree of good and evil—but he knew
 He knelt before a Father : hope from heaven
 Hung down her golden anchor to the earth,
 And fear was quite cast out by perfect love !

Close by his side, his gentle mother stood—
 And there were strong emotions in her breast,
 That melted all her firmness, and she wept—
 Yet in the days to come, when thou shalt see
 Thy first-born, (led by thee in ways of peace,)

Upon his knees before th' eternal throne,
Beneath the smile of God, thou shalt not weep,
Fond mother—no ! thy heart shall bear its joy,
When tears are wiped away from every eye !

And there was one who seemed a Priest of God,
Clothed in the vestments of the house of God,
A minister of Jesus ; in His name
Ordained to offer worship to the Lord,
And bless His people.—And he spoke to them
High, holy, words of comfort, words that came,
Though born on human lips, from God Himself,
The sacrament of language—“ is there one,
Who can forbid this little one to come
Before his Father's table ?—let him speak ! ”—
And there was none that answered, none who could
Forbid the blessing of a little child,
Who, guided by his mother's hand, had come
In meekness to the Altar of his God.

“ Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

“ My Flesh is Meat indeed,
And My Blood is Drink indeed.”

THOU givest us the Bread of Life,
Without the strife,
The weariness of heart, the toil, the care,
With which our earthly tables we prepare.

The world is full of deep unrest :
But we are blest,
Who see our loving Father's table spread
E'en in the wilderness with daily bread.

Nor bread alone, but also wine—
The living Vine
Supplies us daily from His ample store,
That we may go in peace, and weep no more.

He loves us, so we need not fear
To draw so near,—
He longs His trusting weary ones to feed,
For He alone can satisfy their need.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by
My spirit, &c.”

'Tis not by sudden “power,” or magic “might,”
That life's still waters o'er the spirit flow,—
'Tis not by these that all the men of fight
Shall chase from Israel's homes the dreadful foe!
Blessed are they that go from strength to strength,
And drink the healing wells of Baca's vale, *
Till, o'er the thorny road, they reach at length
The home, where sins no more their faith assail.—
—In patient watching, and in daily prayer
Before the Altar, where incarnate love
Looks from between the Cherubim, to share
Their griefs, and lead them to the joys above.

* “Baca” signifies misery.

Infant Imaginings.

WHY is it that the blessed beams of nature's early
morn

Bring back the dreams of former days, when our
infant hopes were born,

While strangely pondering o'er the past, the still
unshackled soul

Forgets the little present in the vast mysterious
whole ?—

Thus is it now, when morning beams on the fresh
and opening flowers

Give back my days of infancy, with all their sinless
hours,—

And oh ! it is that moveless sky, that looks into my
heart,

Commanding present thoughts of earth and folly
to depart,

To lose itself a little while, recalling blissful days,
And haply rouse from them a song of fervent grate-
ful praise.

I love to muse upon those hours — to bring them
back again,

With their joys like morning sunshine, and their
griefs like morning rain ;

For I was then a merry one, when life was free and
 bright,
 And loved to watch the morning rise, and streak
 the East with light,
 And looked with reverence on the sun, and flower,
 and tree, and wood,
 For I knew they were my Father's work, and that
 all were very good.
 Then oft I looked upon the sky—the blue and
 open sky,
 And thought of glorious light beyond, in native
 purity,—
 Perhaps I thought that angels dwelt in the starry
 pearls of night,
 And blessed spirits freed from earth were floating
 in their light.
 It may be that the infant mind hath greater power,
 to trace
 The Hand of Him, who wrought on earth the
 transcript of His Face;
 For fresher from the blessed Font, it looks with
 trusting love
 On the emblems of eternal life, and knows them
 from above.
 To me at least they ever seemed together to rejoice,
 Full of their Maker's glorious Power, and all things
 had a voice ;—
 How near that hour seems now to me, as it were
 yester morn,

When long in yon churchyard I stood, in the fresh
 and early dawn,
 When dews were bright and glistening, and the
 joyous roses shed,
 Their earliest fragrance round me from their bloom
 of glorious red ;
 And countless insects murmured round, on every
 branch and flower,
 Like life's glad emblems, glancing o'er that peace-
 ful, holy hour ;
 Oh long I gazed, in silence wrapt, and struggled
 to look through
 The stretching firmament, that shone in everlast-
 ing blue.
 —But when I thought of Him who was, and no
 beginning knew,
 The Mighty self-existent One, unchanged, and
 ever true,—
 Before the thunder of whose Hand, all uncontroll-
 able,
 Time, like a nothing, shall be dropped within th'
 abyss of hell.
 And when I thought of ages, and still ages further
 back,
 I stood o'erwhelmed, and wondering, in my spirit's
 breathless track.
 Eternity before us, is as open as the sky—
 Far stretched on either hand around in bright in-
 finity,

And man perchance may *feel* it, tho' he may not
comprehend,
For he shall be eternal too, in life that cannot end.
But that behind has passed away, and shrinks be-
fore our look,
For its glance is bright and rapid that no mortal
eye may brook;
As the heaven behind us far beyond, that never
may be seen,
For earth and all its deepening clouds and dark-
ness roll between.

The Church Vane.

'Twas not for nought our fathers reared
Yon vane upon the spire,
That caught when first the sun appeared,
Its gleams of eastern fire ;

To rouse the ransomed ones to meet
Before their Saviour's face,
And e'en in morning hours to greet
Within that " holy place ;"

When morn by morn, with willing voice
And sorrow's holiest tear,
Before His Altar to rejoice
With love that banished fear,

They came to think of Him that died,
And pour their praises there,
With hearts that hope had purified
And kindled into prayer.

Blessed are they that wait for Him
As those who wait for morn,
And e'en while sight is faint and dim
'Mid sinners' faithless scorn,

Will yet endure unto the end,
Not doubting that their Lord
Himself, the morning light will send,
And keep His plighted word.

Blest are the souls that ever turn
Towards the holy East,
And aye with heavenly instincts burn,
To greet their coming Priest.

Blest are the purified in heart
Who watch the lights of heaven,
Who fix above the earth their part,
Where Christ His rest hath given.

On them the heavenly Sun shall rise—
The heavenly dews descend,
And crown them for the Victor's prize,
With joys that shall not end.

"My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that
watch for the morning."

My Mother's Birth-day.

A welcome to this joyous day,
A blessing greet its earliest ray,
And peace with all her joys be shed,
This morn, fond Mother, on thy head.

The chain of holy love hath found
A link upon a lovely ground,
And autumn's lingering beauties fall
On sunny field and ivied wall ;

And earth has tuned her willing voice,
And comes to help us to rejoice ;
While day by day the flowers are bright,
And all the stars are lit by night.

Morn tells of childhood's sunny bowers,
And evening of our coming hours,
But night's still wanderers glide along,
Past, present, future, in their song.

Like them, methinks, our path is cast,
Our hours but tell us of the past,

Our deeds with light reflected shine,
Our love reflecting only thine.

Which round those days of gentle care,
Shed its own sunbeams bright and fair,
Where memory's watcher loves to muse
On all their varied radiant hues ;

The loving welcome, day by day,
The gentle hand to guide the way,—
A Mother's blessing on our head,
A Mother's fondness round us shed.

Then were we ever at thy side,
And fearless with so sure a guide,
Each moment read thy looks, to see
Which way to go, in following thee.

A mother's heart alone could share
Our little joys, whate'er they were—
A mother's heart alone could feel
Our little griefs, alone could heal.

Our joys are not so bright as then,
And keener are the griefs of men,
We laugh not now at every joy,
We not weep for the broken toy.

Those little thoughtless days are o'er,
Their follies haunt our path no more.
—The daisy's star is not so fair,
And sunk our "castles in the air."

The morning breeze no more can tell
The wonders that it told so well,
The moonbeam shining through the tree,
It is not what it used to be.

Yet every earnest thought is still
Within the heart, and in the will,
Each deep reality of love,
Each echoing of the songs above !

God bless *thee* too, God make *thee* bright
With all His own unclouded light !
God make thy garment pure and glorious,
God make thy "latter days" victorious !

Year after year is hastening by,—
The coming of the Lord is nigh !
'The mortal days will soon be past,
Time's reckonings shall be closed at last.

"The Father of the Age to come"
Will guide us to a better Home,

When all things new shall seem as bright
As earth's *first* gleams to childhood's sight.

And shall we bless, as erst on earth,
The day that gave our Mother birth ?
And join her glorious songs of praise,
E'en gladlier with our thrilling lays ?

Methinks *one* birthday then alone
Shall bring us to *one* Father's throne,
The blessing there from Him to crave,
Which erst through mortal hands He gave.

God keep thee till that glorious day !
Another waits its earliest ray ;
Another heart is watching still
The light upon the eastern hill.

And he will meet us there, his hand
Will guide us to our native land,
Perhaps from him to us be given
Our welcome at the gates of heaven.

Strange gleams of hope around us fall,
But one is shining through them all,—
Our parents' blessing, then to prove
Reflected in their children's love.

To a Departed Christian Soldier.

Oh "knight undimmed by fear or shame,"
In whom thy Lord delighted,
To "praise" thy Master's royal name,
"Thy heart was aye united."
Now art thou resting low, and He
Delights in us to honour thee.

Thy glory was to seek His face,
And fall in battle, rather
Than once thy colours to disgrace,
And grieve Him, dearest Father !
The Lord be round us while we tread
In trembling hope where thou hast led !

The combat field is darkened now,
The path is lone and dreary—
But God be blessed ! the soldier vow,
Alike on strong and weary,
Shall brightly burn in every breast,
And steel our hearts from thought of rest.

Oh ye, who tremble at the fight,—
Oh ye, whose hearts are shrinking,
Gird ye, (for nearer comes the night,)
From founts of blessing drinking ;
For there shall fall a wind to freeze
The streams ye now may quaff with ease.

And watch around us, as we go
Ye armies of departed !
'Twere blest beside our paths to know
The great, the hero-hearted,
The valiant ones, who trode before,
And kept for us the promised shore.

Great sleeping ones, we soon shall meet
From duty's field victorious,
Beneath our Father's smile to greet
The ranks, where all are glorious !
While ye unseen, and we on earth,
Await Creation's second birth !

“ I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence cometh my help.”

Lord in the gloomy desert still
We take our weary way,
Shall not we see the holy hill
Before the break of day ?

Though darker still the dreadful night
Hath cast its shadows round,
Yet shall it quench the struggling light
That cheers the holy ground ?

The wintry gales they bleakly blow,
We hear the rattling hail,
And still like fiends that ride on woe,
The evil tempests wail.

We know that Thou wilt guide us on
To joy and songs of rest,
And give us peace for every groan,
Where sorrowing ones are blest.

But open *now* the heavy cloud—
Oh ! drive the tempest hence,
That we may know Thou dost enshroud
And guard Thy warriors' tents.

A weary, yet a faithful band,
We journey on to Thee,
And mightier still on every hand
Thy marshalled hosts we see :

All else is dark, and wan, and drear
Save when, with lurid light,
The evil ones their banners rear,
Then plunge into the night.

And fearful shapes are flickering round,
Amid the deepening gloom ;
Oh ! cast not o'er Thy holy ground,
A shadow of the tomb.

Oh ! yet a moment spare Thy hand,
And shew Thy love awhile :
Thy frown is hanging o'er the land,
Oh ! let us feel Thy smile.

Shed down on us Thy heavenly light ;
And, if it be Thy will,
Shew us from far, amid the night,
The Victor's royal Hill !

**Lines addressed to a brother Chorister on his
Ordination to Holy Orders.**

The hour is past ! and the sealer's hand
Hath been laid upon thy brow :
A leader in Jesu's chosen band
Accepted is thy vow !

The King of our armies, the Christ our God,
Hath marked out a road for thee,
Where the Captain before us of old hath trod,
And the royal paths are free.

God bless thee brother ! God make thee bright
In this holy course of thine ;
God comfort thee by day and night ;
God make thine armour shine.

He hath laid an awful charge on thee
With a message from above,
The " friend of God " and of man to be,
And a " minister " of love.

A little brotherhood we were,
(And thou wert our eldest brother ;)

Together we joined in the daily prayer
Of the holy Church our Mother.

Together we sang at the "Holy place ;"
For music hath power to bless,
When its chords are linked by Heavenly Grace,
In love's "bond of perfectness."

But *thy* foot hath reached the sacred Mount ;
And *thine* eye is gazing higher ;
Thou art treading nearer to Wisdom's fount
And the pillar of mystic fire !

Thou art gone before us to lead the way
To the heights of the royal hill ;
And when for thy weal as of old we pray,
Dear brother, we follow thee still.

Oh ! 'twas an awful hour to hear,
From before the holy Altar,
The words understood not by mortal ear,
From the lips that might not falter :

" In God's triunal hallowed name
" Receive thou the Holy Ghost,
" To shine and to burn in His living flame,
" True soldier in Jesu's Host.

“ The anointing oil of salvation
“ Is poured on thee this day,
“ Till the hour of consummation
“ Shall dawn on them that pray.

“ The powers of the days of Heaven,
“ And the sword of Jesu's might,
“ And a spotless robe is given :
—“ See that thou keep it white.”

But a *second* message hath come to *thee*,
When he bade thee kneel alone,
In the ranks of the Christian Chivalry,
In the midst of the Master's own.

And a *second* time His holy name
Of love to thee was given,
As thy footsteps are led o'er the path of shame,
To guide His lambs to Heaven.

And oh ! was it not an awful hour
Those hands *again* to feel,
In the shadowing presence of Jesu's power,
While his saints around thee kneel :

When he bade thee rise and take thy stand
As a *leader* in that host,

A captain of His elected band,
In the power of the Holy Ghost ?

God bless thee brother by night and day !
God give thee to speak with power,
As we tread in " our short but dreary way,"
And the clouds around us lower.

Thou knowest not whither thou may'st be bound,
What works of might and love
For thy heart and thy hand may yet be found,
Thy faith and thy zeal to prove :

Haply at His behest to stir
The sleeper with terror's dart,
Or to go in the name of the Comforter,
To bind up the broken heart ;

Perhaps he may give thee the " seeing eye "
To look on the inner world,
In the might of the heavenly panoply,
With thy banner-folds unfurled ;

Or what if He send thee from land to land
With Bible and Stole and Cross,
A herald of joy in the earth to stand,
Whose gains are to thee but loss ;

Where the children of darkness have never heard
Of the Friend who is more than brother ;
Or where heedless and prayerless ones have erred
From the Church the nursing Mother ;

Or to give to the poor and the fatherless
What thy Lord hath freely given,
With a heart to love, and a hand to bless,
And an eye to look to Heaven.

God shroud thee with His Almighty arm !
God keep thee from fear and sin,
From the treacherous foe, and the outward harm,
And the peril that lurks within !

Thy brethren's prayers shall go forth with thee,
They shall help thee on every side ;
They are with thee still on temptation's sea,
With the same Almighty guide.

Though our Lord may be silent and seem to sleep
He will help us whene'er we call,
He will rise and rebuke the rebel deep,
And great calm shall be round us all !

A Battle Song.

Oh ! for the men of lip and heart to rise
 And stand in legions on the tented way,
 To rear the blood-red standard to the skies
 And watch its hallowed folds by night and day.
 Where are the watchmen who with thrilling voice
 Should call the Hosts of Judah to rejoice ?
 Where are the leaders of the men of God,
 To guide the armies where the King hath trod ?
 Yes, ye shall see them with their Lord at length,
 Like jewels in the girdle of His strength :
 E'en now they rise—e'en now they take their stand,
 E'en now they rally round to fill their posts ;
 Have ye not heard that He is near at hand
 Who sends them forth to number all His hosts ?

Do not they rise ? Oh God lift up again
 Thy glorious hand as in the ancient days,
 When in the droppings of the latter rain
 The ransomed earth was wakened up to praise ;
 Lift up thine arm, that men indeed may know
 That Thou art come to gird us for the fight ;
 And e'er in deadlier streams the torrents flow,
 Be garmented in panoplies of light.

The hours are rushing by—the night is drear—
The evil hosts are thickening round our way ;
While mocking voices in the pass of fear
Are rising where Thy children watch and pray.
Oh ! for Thine own Name's sake, awake, arise,
And break the scales from off Thy people's eyes.

"Hear me," send me.

COOL breeze of evening ! let me hear thy voice
 Among the trees that woo thee : whisper on
 Thy noiseless thoughts of hope : for still I stand
 Amid the shadows of a fallen world :
 And when the angry stir is gathering round,
 And earth's loud tumults break upon mine ear,
 It may be that I long to be at rest !
 Yet are there those whom God will gather out,
 The heroes of the latter days, to look
 With withering eyes upon the wicked ones,
 Or go to sorrow's homes with power to free
 The prisoned sons of hope, and bid them feed
 In the rich pastures of the flock of God ?
 And may not *I* be of *them* ? Holiest One,
 Cleanse Thou the secret heart ; let every thought
 That cometh not from Thee be burned out.
 Oh ! let Thy children all be taught of Thee,
 Before the days of tribulation come.
 For yet Thy people in Thy promised land
 Shall pay Thee perfect worship, bringing Thee
 Unstained by sin, the offerings of a world
 Washed and restored to all its loveliness,
 And blooming everlastingly. The night

With all its dreary shades is wearing out.
 E'en now Thy Church is rising from the dust,
 To clothe herself with beauty ; she hath heard
 As from a heavenly voice the midnight cry,
 " Behold the Bridegroom cometh : " even now
 The streaks of light are rising from the east,
 And glorious men shall stand around her soon,
 Who, fearless of the world and all its ways,
 Shall plant her banner-staff above the earth,
 And chant in joyous strains, their warrior song.
 For soon our toils shall cease in glorious rest
 Around Thy throne in Heaven,—then the sound
 Of Alleluia from a thousand worlds,
 Shall wake the echoes of immensity.

Oh ! haste our restitution, Glorious One,
 And wipe our tears away : for humbled now
 We wait and pray before Thy mercy-seat.
 The rumbling of Thy chariot wheels is heard
 And nature trembles ; there are rushing sounds
 From land to land, o'er which the troubled sea
 Is heaving all its waters, casting up
 Its mire and dirt. But now ! the morning star
 Hath long looked forth on our captivity.
 Oh ! shake the earth again, and lift Thine arm
 " Desire of all," and make us wholly free.

“ The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the adaption, to wit, the redemption of the body.”

THE silver star of eve with mellowing light
Is looking on the earth, intensely fair,
Yet sorrowful withal, as if she saw
The fear and grief, and sin, and suffering there,
And nature's weeping. In a moment's calm
This giant world is slumbering ; silence comes,
The sweet enchantress that with hallowed charm
Lulls its harsh murmurings into soft repose.
Here, contemplation hovers o'er the night,
Its pensive guardian angel ; saintly prayer
Is lifting up her holy hands to heaven.
The mighty spirit of immortal man
Comes forth on the great scene : the highest link
In all Creation's everlasting chain.
Dear fellow spirits let us rest awhile
To meditate at eventide, to hear
The gentle eloquence of night, that speaks
In the low rustling of the passing breeze ;

To look upon our Father's works awhile,
 And muse upon His love. The livelong day
 Is spent in weary toil (the will of God,)
 But night is given for *rest*. Oh ! where is rest
 But in Creation's quiet sanctuary,
 And in our Father's House ? Oh might we read
 Aright fair nature's book, and learn to find
 Our richest treasures in the House of God !
 But nature cannot sing as she was wont
 Of old, her great Creator : sin hath come,
 Dark pride and selfishness, to mar her light,
 And desecrate her heaven-born loveliness.
 Sweet nature ! thou art stripped of half thy charms
 By cold, unmerciful, unthinking man,
 Who rudely thrusts away thy gentle form ;
 The pictured grandeur of *His* wondrous love
 Who planned and built thee by His mighty Word.

It is a little, hollow, selfish age,
 Bent, like a crooked dwarf with eyes athwart,
 Before the shrine of Mammon. Gold is still
 The refuge and the hope of fallen man !
 Are not the gold and silver buried *low*,
 In the dark depths of earth's mysterious womb,
 Amid the dust that forms them ? and *above*,
 The bright and lovely things which God hath made
 To cheer the broken-hearted, and to rouse
 His consecrated sons to thought and praise ?

The trees of God that branching fair and high,
Are full of sap—the sacred breath of heaven,
That with mysterious murmurs, freshens them :
Sweet as the music of an angel's lute,
Borne on the whispering breeze of morn and eve.

Poor weary nature ! with His precious blood,
Hath *He* not *also* purchased *thee*, who died
To stay the powers of wickedness, that thou
With His own image, Man, may'st rise again,
And take thy goodly heritage, and shine
In glories more than those of paradise ?
“ Oh ! Lord how manifold are all Thy works,
“ In wisdom hast Thou made them all.” On earth
E'en in the wreck of nature, Thou art love
And infinite perfection ; but in Heaven,
And in Thy new Creation, in Thy Church,
Thy Virgin Bride, in glory terrible,
And altogether lovely ! There Thy life
Poured into willing, pure, regenerate hearts,
Redeemed from sin, and ransomed from the fall,
Is shed on weary man like dew from heaven,
And all his glorious soul buds out again.
Thy children, feeding on the Bread of life
Fresh from Thy hand, are mighty in Thy Name ;
Taught to deny themselves, and worship Thee :
And nature too, presented at the foot
Of Thy high Altar, is accepted now

A sacrifice of praise : for on her, Lord,
Thou hast bestowed "imputed righteousness,"
That she may wake again her choicest songs,
And bring her offering to Thy courts again—
The visible expression of Thy praise.

The loveliness of earth, redeemed by Thee,
We bring it to Thee—flowers—(the freshest smiles
Of beautiful Creation,) which the hand
Of spring hath poured upon the blooming world,
Brought up by "holy women," the first-fruits
Of nature's resurrection.—Bread and Wine,
The strengthening of man's heart,—and hallowed
The streams that bless our desolated earth, [water
We bring before Thee, Father—by *that* name,
Children, we dedicate ourselves to Thee ;
Our bodies and our spirits which are Thine ;
Accept us, oh ! Almighty One, Thy grace
Can bind again creation into one,
And heal her sores—and Thou can'st heal *us* too
Thy desolated Church—Thy bruised vine.

Wake thy still harmonies, that silent come
Borne on the wing of purple-streaked eve ;
Wake, holy veneration ; full of thee
The very stillness of creation smiles
In deep attention ! on thy pensive face,
Love, unrestrained, is mingled with the look

Of deep, unuttered worship—when the cross
 Before the Altar of the Lord is dim
 In evening's gathering shades—it is a scene
 Where oft the sons of God delight to come
 To see the witness, of a ruined world
 Restored to mercy ! Everlasting love
 There dwells between the Cherubim, and smiles
 Upon His purchased ones who humbly kneel
 And wait His blessing at His Holy place ;
 Where now, forgetting all the things of earth,
 We gaze, as if in silent trance awhile ;
 As half expecting heavenly quires to break
 The stillness of the scene. There, above all,
 (Like some fair portal to the Gates of Heaven,)
 Its pedestal unseen,—as if the hands
 Of Angels dwelling in the Mount of God
 Held its pure form o'er earth,—the blessed cross
 Still clear in outline in the gathering gloom,
 Whispers of peace—a herald from on high
 Arrayed in promises : and there itself,
 The Altar of the Lord Messiah stands.
 Oh ! who may look upon a sight so fair,
 So full of Heaven on earth, that may not weep
 Rich tears of love ? for He Himself is there,
 He who was smitten for the sins of men,
 And hallowed groaning nature in Himself,
 He, ever present in His holy place
 Hears every prayer, and healeth every wound !

We have been guided by our Father's Hand
 To cross the threshold of His house. The hour
 When first in infant innocence we came,
 Borne on our mother's breasts, hath passed away,
 And He hath brought us in His love, to kneel
 Between the Font and Altar—born again,
 And made the sons of God. Behind us now,
 And hidden in the deepening shades of night,
 The holy Font is standing by the porch,
 Invisible, save when the star of eve
 Sheds humbly down her modest beams on earth,
 And lifts her silver veil, as with a light
 That pale and feeble as its lustre falls,
 Comes from a mighty source, a world of light,
 Though light reflected.—

Blessed Lord, in Thee
 Thy Virgin Church is pure and full of light,
 Though feeble now reflecting back *Thy* beams;
 And we, Thy little ones, were cleansed in her,
 When first beside that Font, the white robed Priest
 Laid on us holy hands, and poured on us
 The hallowed stream of new and heavenly life.
 It is the *Font of life*—where ever flows
 The water of the stream of God in Heaven,
 Seen but to *Faith* alone, the *patient one*
 Who struggles to be free, and doubt no more,
 Before His throne who bade her dwell on earth

To stem the passions and the fears of man.
 It is the *Altar* of the *Lord*—it is
 The *Throne* of *Jesus*,—*there* Thy *presence* is
Incarnate, Saviour,—and Thy blessing comes
 From thence through *man*, for *Thou* art *perfect man*
 And *perfect God*. “It is *reality*,
 “Unutterably real.”—*Thou art there!*
 There in Thy name, upon Thine Altar Lord
 The dear memorials of Thy dying love
 Are offered day by day—for those who sleep,
 And those who live to call upon Thy Name.
 There, for this suffering world, and fallen man
 And all Thy creatures, in Thy Holy Name
 Thy Priest—the intercessor—pleads. Beneath,
 Around the holy place, in robes of white,
 The messengers of Jesus, called of Him,
 Are standing in His presence, in His name :
 The “golden candlesticks,” which day by day
 He trims with heavenly oil—there, night by night
 They shine, in all their hallowed brilliancy,
 With light, that pouring from the Mount of God,
 Beams upward towards the throne : the freshening
 words
 Of noiseless thought, washed in the stream of life,
 And dropping (like a peaceful evening shower)
 Still, heavenly contemplation on the soul.
 This is the seven stringed lyre that poets sung,
 Yet knew not—here are heard the harps of God ;

Here, the Good Shepherd calls His sheep by name
 That He may bless them ; for they know His voice
 Who calls them, saying " Fear not little flock."—
 Father ! we will not fear ! the world hath long
 Forgotten Thee : Thy Church is desolate—
 Our holy and our beauteous house, wherein
 Our fathers praised Thee, hath long lain waste,
 And men have sought for happiness, and friends,
 And holiness, in other ways than Thine :
 Sought other pastures than where Thou art found
 To feed Thy children with the Bread of Heaven :
 But Thou hast risen again, to save us Lord,
 To heal our souls, to rouse us from the sleep
 Of ages past, and make us pure again,
 And we will yield—-we will be purified—
 'Though by the fire of tribulation here,
 And earthly grief. Oh ! Father save us all !

And Thou art coming speedily, to purge
 Thy temple of creation, and to cleanse
 Thy sons on earth, to wake us from our " death,"
 And make us pure indeed (no more to fall) —
 Thy Kings and Priests. Oh ! often as we look
 Upon the fountain opened in Thy Church
 For sin and for uncleanness, where it stands
Formed of the things of earth—the blessed font—
 And thence, where, dwelling in Thy holy place,
 Life and eternity are brought to earth

Amid the wreck of time and death,—we hear
 “ A still small voice,” that whispers to our souls,
 “ In holy Baptism ye died to sin,
 “ And now for ever live to righteousness.
 “ *Death* gives ye entrance to the *life* of God ;
 “ And ye shall die no more, for death hath now
 “ No more dominion o’er ye,” sons of God !
 “ Oh ! come Lord Jesus,” even now the voice
 Both of the Spirit and the Bride say, Come
 Restore the bodies of Thy chosen sons,
 And make them too, immortal ; for till then
 “ Creation groans,” and longs to give Thee praise,
 And waits for our deliverance and her own !—

“ *Night* ” is the time for thought—the mighty blast
 Of midnight gales, brings consecrated hours
 For meditation ; when the pilgrim’s path
 Is lost before him, and the ocean roars,
 Invisible in darkness. There is rest
 And comfort, from the tempests of the night,
 Where shine with gentle radiance night and day.
 The lights before the Altar ; there we watched,
 Brothers and friends, before the holy place,
 And knelt together, till our hearts were full
 And love was well-nigh melted into tears.
 The recollection of departed years
 And hours of guileless infancy, and hopes
 Of future peace before our Father’s throne,

Fell, like " the former and the latter rain,"
 Upon our freshened hearts. There all was pure :
 And sin seemed banished wholly for a time :
 And then we looked upon the peaceful night,
 Pure in its slumbers, for the moon was up
 And lending stillness to the gentle heavens
 Reflected in the ocean : scarce a star
 Was twinkling in her coronet of love !

And *still* in that mysterious place we saw
 The lights before the Altar—burning there
 With solemn, changeless hues ; as who would say
 " Go sons of God, forth to the world again,
 " And brighten nature with the light of Heaven ;
 " The light of nature hath no entrance here
 " Where spirits dwell,"—and to the world we went.
 Say ! Angel brethren, went we forth alone ?
 Were not ye with us on our pilgrimage
 Dear guardian angels on the dreary path ?
 Upon our spirits rests a mighty calm ;
 And since that hour, the world itself is full
 Of many a blessing for the sons of God :
 And brightened at His Altar, a new light
 Seems resting on the face of nature *now*.

"Thou renewest the face of the earth."

Good Friday.

T'WAS sorrow in our midst, O Lord,
 Hushed was our song, and soft the word
 And solemn, by Thy Priesthood spoken,
 In memory of Thy Body, broken,
 In memory of Thy precious Blood
 Which flowed this day, a healing flood.
 Lo ! at Thy feet we sorrowing lie,
 And feel the crucified one nigh,
 See Thy dear hands, and long to kiss
 Thy wounded side, our pledge of bliss,
 Our Home of rest, by suffering won
 By all Thy deeds of mercy done
 Oh ! Thou who cam'st from Heaven's light
 To hide Thee in earth's darkest night,
 Willing to bear the shame and loss
 Content to die upon the cross,
 That we may taste our Father's love,
 And ever dwell with Thee above.

" Life " on the Cross, with darkness round
 Tells us of peace in sorrow found ;
 For when the earth and heaven were rent
 Darkness and light together blent :

Heaven frowned upon the awful deed,—
 Earth mourned to see her Saviour bleed ;
 But in His agonizing sigh
 Heard that redemption's hour drew nigh.
 Then life and death together fought,
 A Saviour's blood the victory bought :
 Life triumphed, and the graves declare
 They could not hold their prisoners there ;
 For they who long had slept in death,
 Found life in His departing breath.
 Oh ! wondrous hour ! well may we choose
 Our very soul in grief to lose ;
 Well may our bitter tears flow fresh
 O'er all the stains of sin and flesh,
 Which still within our hearts abide,
 Sharp as the spear that pierced His side,
 Of that dark, dreadful deed, a part,
 Foul as the persecutor's heart.—

Sweet are the tears which softly steal
 From sorrowing eyes, the while we kneel
 And weep with Him, the Man of woe,
 Then rise with garments white as snow,
 Telling His love who made them so :
 But still they can avail us nought
 By Him *alone* our souls are bought,
 " One drop " of His redeeming blood
 Can wash us more than Jordan's flood :

One look towards our Saviour's cross,
Would turn them all to bitter loss,
Did they not mingle with that tide
Which flowed from out His blessed side ;
As on this day, a healing flood,
A stream of Water and of Blood :
Did they not shine throughout the night
As gems, *reflecting* rays of light,
The *joy* of a *redeemed* soul,
The *love* of penitence, made whole.

Easter Eve.

ANOTHER scene our thoughts employ,
It is not grief—it is not joy—

It is the silent tomb,—
There we must watch the livelong day,
We cannot roll the stone away,
Nor enter earth's dark womb !

The morning rose, so still her breath
In reverence to her Saviour's death,

Her Saviour's bitter woes.

The sun, it shone with chastened light,
As though it feared to break the night
Which saw His sorrows close.

But while His blessed body lay
Embosomed in the cold damp clay

Of earth's unkindly breast,
His spirit wandered to the cells,
Where many a mortal spirit dwells
Entombed in silent rest.

Now in the solemn hall of death
Is felt a strange, life-stirring breath,
Unfelt, unknown before :

To bless and watch where others rest
Behold a ministering guest
Enters the gloomy door.

Earth yielded Him no blooming flowers,
No joy to soothe His lonely hours,
Whatever ills betide—
Unknown, unloved, in earthly homes,
Behold ! the “ Man of Sorrows ” comes
Weeping and crucified.

His heart is full of yearning love,
Intense desires His spirit move,
Born to redeem mankind ;
He knows His victory not complete
Till death shall fall beneath His feet,
And lose his power to bind.

For this He longs, for this He waits,
For this e'en Hades' iron gates
Tremble at coming dawn.
Hark ! how the hideous yells resound !
For Satan's hosts forlorn are found
Where hell's dark caverns yawn.

For lo ! they see within the tomb
One who shall rend earth's prison dome
And burst the bands of death ;

A mystery complete—before
Whoe'er had passed that awful door
Resigned his living breath ;

But here is One who bursts His chains :
One moment yet of night remains !
Behold a Conqueror crowned !
Death owns in Him a Saviour's power,
And only waits th' appointed hour
To loose Him, all unbound.

It comes ! it comes ! night's shadows flee
And with them our captivity,
Our sin—our shame—our loss—
One moment ! and it will be dawn,
The sweetest rays of Easter morn
Will shine upon the cross.

Easter Day.

How shall I tell of Easter Day
 When all our sins are washed away ?
 How shall my soul meet tidings bring
 Of all the songs the angels sing,
 The blessed songs of joy and praise
 With which they greet this " day of days ? "
 When Heaven seems drawing near to earth
 To bid her *know* her second birth,
 That she may breathe her Saviour's name,
 And doff her robes of sin and shame :
 When nature hears her Saviour's voice
 Bidding her weary heart rejoice,
 And feels by every pulse within
 Disburdened of a weight of sin :
 As though some wonder working power
 Restored her first unblighted hour,
 And brought her free from grief and care,
 To the pure breath of heavenly air.

And man ! though fallen once so low
 The sorrowing child of sin and woe,
 Is risen now in Christ our Head,
 Who is the First-born from the dead,

The Mighty One ! who came to be
 Partaker of humanity,
 Loved it so well, and drew so nigh,
 That He might raise it upon high :
 Who stooped to earth, so lowly bowed,
 And wrapped Him in her burial shroud ;
 That all creation free from strife
 Might share His resurrection life,
 And rise, redeemed in His sight
 Shining as with a holier light,
 Reflecting now the glorious rays
 Which gild the everlasting ways,
 And emanate at once from Him
 Without whom all is dark and dim.
 It is the Church's birth-day morn,
 When all her highest hopes were born,
 It is the first celestial ray
 Of an eternal Easter Day ;
 The budding of a New Creation,
 The dawning light of man's salvation.

——“ Jesus Christ is risen to-day ”
 Sorrow and sin are washed away,
 Risen with Him let us rejoice,
 And listen to His comfort voice.
 By “ dawn of day ” let us be found
 As faithful watchers waiting round
 With holy works and spices sweet,
 Ready to lay before His feet

When He, our great reward, shall come
To bear His loved ones safely home ;
The hidden ones, who yet shall be
The first their Saviour's face to see,
The lowly ones who first shall stand
Rejoicing in the " promised land."

Oh ! all ye loving hearts and true
Behold the " hope " prepared for you ;
Come, all ye sons of royal birth
Arise, and leave the ways of earth.
Oh ! linger not, and look not back
Upon that wild uncertain track,
But choose the narrow ways which guide
To endless homes of heaven's spring-tide ;
With loyal zeal and purpose bold
The lowly cross of suffering hold,
That ye may walk in robes of white
And shining rays of holy light,
When He, who ever dwelleth near
In radiant glory shall appear.

Together let us ever stand
Watching towards the " Holy Land "
To catch the first faint streaks of light
Which gleam across the weary night,
And spreading o'er the Eastern sky
Proclaim the Sun of morning nigh,

To usher in a Sabbath day
Which never more shall pass away ;
When joyously the waiting Bride
Shall cast her burial clothes aside,
And rise triumphant in the air
To meet her Lord and Saviour there :
Victorious over death and sin
Rejoicing now to enter in
And keep with Him the marriage feast,
The while from out the glowing east
Myriads of hallowed tongues shall sing
In loud Hosannas to their King ;
And all the wondering worlds around
With " Hallelujahs " shall resound.

The Flowers in the Church,
Easter Day.

It is no empty dream to say
That earth is glad on Easter Day,
And e'en her rising sun is bright
With holier hopes and purer light.

Methinks her merry birds rejoice
In dewy vales, with happier voice,
And gayer bloom in all her bowers,
Her carpeting of radiant flowers.

One happy Easter morn I trod
The pathway to the house of God,
Where waved with pearly drops of dew
The branches of the guardian yew :

With deeper gaze, and slower pace,
I passed the holy "resting place," [bright
Where spring's young flowers were blooming
In all their early garments dight ;

As breathing of a second birth,
And winter banished from the earth :

A brighter morn when endless day
Shall shine upon the "holy way."—

Upon an infant's grassy bed
A snow-drop hung its lowly head ;
As who would say in gentle wise
"The whitest flowers shall earliest rise ;"

Beneath a willow's sheltering shade,
A much loved *father* too was laid,
Resting in hope, until at length,
"The weary shall renew their strength."

I passed beneath the lowly portal,
Where joys are true and hopes immortal,
Toward the Altar bowed my head
Then nearer went with reverent tread.

I saw a gentle virgin band
Before the lighted Altar stand ;
On such a day they might not fear
With modest step to come so near ;

Then gliding round with noiseless pace,
They garlanded the Holy place,
Hanging bright flowers around the cross,
Like hopes of Heaven 'mid earthly loss ;

The glad sun shone from pane to pane
On glittering boughs of "golden rain,"
Which hung in truth's own holy hue,
That all without might come and view.

The Font's carved canopy was bright
With clustering flowers of spotless white,
Where Jesus bids His waters flow
On other flowerets white as snow ;

And round its sacred column spread
The deathless ivy raised its head,
And clinging round, it seemed to say,
" The life of God shall last for aye ; "

'Mid the white flowers it blossomed fair—
A little child had twined it there,
A little child with eyes of blue
In heaven's own deep and earnest hue.

(God bless thee, sunny flower, so bright
In thine own dawn of morning light,
Methinks around thy gentle head
'The ivy leaves of Heaven are spread!)

And on he went his guileless way
Beneath that holy Easter ray,

Then stood before the " Place of prayer,"
And laid his fragrant treasures there.

And who can count their many charms
Held in those wide-extended arms,
Meet emblems of that bosom's store
Of joys too great, and running o'er ?

(Thou merry child ! no hand can bring
A dearer, richer offering,
With thy full arms and fuller heart,
And eyes that tell how glad thou art.)

Before the Altar soon they lay
As if they marked a royal way,
And breathed around that blessed Name
Which glorifies the path of shame ;

As if beneath His smile they shone,
To tell us of that altar stone
Where first in holy rest He lay,
Before the resurrection day ;

How, where our loved Redeemer died,
" The place where He was crucified
There was a *garden*," where they laid
His hallowed form in peaceful shade.

And where the chronicler of time
Tells out the holy hours in chime,
A grassy wreath aloft was hung,
And opening rosebuds round it clung.

There are who tell us years before,
That grass was plucked from nature's store ;
But he who plucked it slumbers now
Beneath that willow's sheltering bough ;

And here they brought his memory flowers
To whisper through the circling hours :
" Thy sleeping ones to Thee belong,
Return to us O Lord, how long ?

Bright flowers ! how oft through earthly years
Ye cheer us in the vale of tears
Whispering of childhood's laughing ray,
And opening on our future way :

What though we sorrow or rejoice,
Ye meet us still with answering voice,
Half tinging with her second birth
The lively parables of earth.

'Tis sweet indeed awhile to rest
Where thus the Holy place is drest,

In all the merry smiles of spring
Each in its varied blossoming ;

Then venture to the world again
Where daily death is daily gain,
And joys are linked to every loss
Like clustered flowers around the cross.

Strength and beauty are in His Sanctuary.

All Saints Day.

*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;
.....for they rest from their labours."—Rev. xiv. 13.*

THE living saints on earth, the saints that sleep,
Their holy day of love together keep;
Around the blessed Altar still they meet
In fond remembrance and communion sweet.
One Church, before the throne of God they bend,
And all their fervent hopes and longings blend,
Bowing beneath one banner's sacred fold
To plead His gracious promises of old.

One weary heart, one never silent cry,
"O Lord how long," or ere the hour be nigh,
When Thou from Heaven to earth again shalt come
To take Thy "Bride" to her eternal home?
For Thee O Lord we long: for Thee we wait;
Have mercy on us in our low estate,
Heal Thou our wanderings, lead us back to Thee,
And make us meet our Saviour's face to see.

Still as we count the ever lengthening chime
That daily telleth us the age of time,

So, one by one, some cherished form we miss,
Some tender greeting, and some loving kiss.
How precious in that hour to know we meet
In still communion at the mercy seat
To tell again God's love, and watchful care,
Companions ever in those pastures fair.

Do they not watch us while we kneel and pray,
Though oft the living deem them far away ?
Do they not love the Litany's soft tone,
And join their deep responses with our own ?
May we not think—with mute attentive awe,
Perhaps they nearer and still nearer draw ;
In ecstasy of peace the while is said,
The solemn requiem for the holy dead ?

Oh ! there is comfort in that place of rest,
For those who die in Christ are truly blest ;
And who may all the wondrous mercy tell
Which shields them in that world invisible ?
Do not the waters of forgiveness flow
And wash away the tears of sin and woe ?
Or who may limit God's redeeming love ?
Th' unworthiest may with Him accepted prove.

Does not the " balm of Gilead " flourish there ?
The stricken heart, weary with toil and care
And self-reproaching thoughts, and faint with woe,
Shall it not there some sweet refreshings know ?

Oh ! they are blesséd, for they weep no more,
Their night of struggles and their strife is o'er :
One with the living Body they shall grow,
And all the fulness of redemption know.

Those who have knelt together side by side
Where one eternal Fount their wants supplied,
Whose hearts are sealed with one eternal Name,
In these blest bonds eternal union claim. [Head,
One life-blood flows through all, from Christ the
The Saviour of the living and the dead,
And while the world with sin and death is rife,
He is the Resurrection and the Life.—

“All my Springs are in Thee.”

My Father ! guide those streams aright
Which have their springs in Thee ;
Shine on them with Thy glorious light,
And make them pure and free :
And ever as they onward flow
Through all the darkling scenes below
May they reflect that Heaven above,
Which looks on us in perfect love.

Sin ever would enchain the heart,
But Christ hath made us free,
And He would bid those fears depart
Which draw our souls from Thee.
Thou art our Father—Thou hast known
Our wayward thoughts—in Thee alone
Is all our fulness, and the joy
Which earth and time can ne'er alloy.

Thou knowest all our seasons too
Their ever varying tone :
Refresh us with the morning dew,
Nor let our night be lone.

At noon let showers of blessings fall
In answer to our suppliant call ;
Strengthen our hearts and hold us fast,
That we may praise Thee to the last.

Let Thy supporting arm be nigh,
Nor let one blossom fall :
One natural thought or feeling die,
But sanctify them all ;
That nature's voice in every tone
A Saviour's healing gift may own,
And all the powers of man combined
In Thy blest service fulness find.

That with no weary voice, our song
Still fresh from day to day,
Echoes of Heaven may prolong
Through all our earthly way.
Faint-hearted ones and weak, shall then
Be numbered with Thy mighty men,
And all the armed host shall stand
A valiant and victorious band.

To a Friend on the loss of his Wife.

CALL thyself happy now, afflicted one,
Call thyself blessed of God, for fear is o'er,
And hope alone remaineth. Richest store
Of joys await thee at thy Father's throne.
Doubt not the kindness of His tender love
Whose will it was to take thy pearl away,
So fair, He bade its beauties shine above
And left thee here awhile to weep and pray ;
Weep on ! The Holy One would bid thee weep
To sow in tears and hope in joy to reap :
On every tear He bids His mercy shine
And joy that springs from grief is all divine.
Oh ! ere thou meet Him on salvation's day
Give Him thyself, thine all, and He will give thee
thine.

“ I know their Sorrows.”

“ THOU knowest our sorrows ”—Thou art near
To bid us cheer ;
Thou who hast called us from the ways of earth
To know the strengthening of Thy heavenly birth,
We hear not chiding words from Thee,
Thou callest us rather
To bring with princely hearts and free
Our “ Abba Father.”

“ Thou knowest our sorrows,” and Thy heart
In all hath part,
The while Thou givest us each a daily cross
To bear, and love for Thee through care and loss ;
While round our path are earthly fear and woe
Their shadows casting ;
And deeper yet Thy searchless love we know
Through prayer and fasting.

“ Thou knowest our sorrows,” and Thine ark
Gleams through the dark
With healing lights, whose holy lustres shroud
Our earthly wanderings in the pillared cloud :

Why dost Thou find us loitering in the way ?

Our vain "*to morrows*"

Thou mournest for our sins *to-day*

Thou "Man of sorrows."—

On a withered Leaf.

THE worst is come ! sere warning,
Thy beauty's bloom is o'er :
For thee no sacred morning
Hath second life in store.

The cold bleak wind hath torn thee
From off thy parent bough,
And down to earth has borne thee
To die in silence now.

Thy veins where erst were flowing
Life's streams of mystery,
Are withered in their going,
By death's cold, chilling eye.

Laid low in dust and ashes,
How beauteous is thy smile,
As rife with struggling flashes,
Of latent life the while.

Yet oh ! how sad thy sorrow,
For death hath laid thee low :

And each returning morrow
Shall work thee greater woe.

Pale form ! I too had fallen
From off my Native Vine :
And e'en in birth was callen
To woes as deep as thine ;

I was as thou ! around me
Bleak blew the piercing gale,
And death himself had bound me
A captive wan and pale !

But light from Heaven is shining :
And falls a heavenly shower :
For *amaranth* leaves are twining
Around my *native* bower.

And thou ! sere leaf thatallest
Still rustling through the air ;
With solemn voice thou callest
Vain, thoughtless man, to prayer ;

So when my hair is hoary,
And old age comes on me,
Sad relic of past glory
May I thus think of thee.

A Song of Christian Chivalry.

WHAT though we be a handful
 A few, yea, very few ?
 Our works shall yet be manful,
 Our hearts shall yet be true.
 God cheer ye till your race be run,
 And morning greets the rising sun ;
 My brothers still in joy or shame
 Be blessed in our Father's name.

Our course is dark and dreary,
 We still must watch and pray :
 Yet oh ! be bright and cheery
 The Lord has trod the way.
 The cross, we yet must hold it fast,
 Our staff of comfort to the last :
 It may be e'en a Father's rod
 Which guides us in the ways of God.

Bind up the broken-hearted,
 Rouse up the feeble mind,
 The sins from which ye parted
 Oh ! leave them all behind :

Stand in the ranks ; the living Word
The scattered bones again hath stirred,
And they shall rise, a glorious host,
The soldiers of the Holy Ghost.

And hark ! where high and royal
The golden ensigns float,
Their voices bold and loyal
Who sound the herald note.
Upon the mountains to and fro'
With gallant steps I see them go,
With trumpet tones to summon all
The legions to their Master's call.

Come to the mighty mustering,
Nor come by haste or flight,
Where round their Lord are clustering
The armies for the fight !
Come—and the while ye march along
Together chaunt your battle song,
With mingling voice and single tread,
Thinking by Whom ye all are led.

Break off your chains of slumber,
And doff your robes of shame,
Your Lord has come to number
The hosts that bear His name.
Liegemen come forth ! nor stop nor fear,
The colours of the King ' are here.'

Where bravely marshalled day by day,
The Lord shall lead you on your way.

The Midian hosts are shaking
Through all their broken bands;
The word has come for "breaking
"The pitchers in our hands:"
And ye shall see the flashing light
Where Israel's shields are gleaming bright,
Hark! to the battle cry! "the sword,
"The sword of Gideon and the Lord."

And One unseen is standing,
Whose eye is o'er them bent,
In silent might commanding
The tribes around His tent.
Though Joshua's arm it be that leads,
Or Gideon do his wonder deeds:
Be yet your watchword bold and clear,
"The Captain of the hosts is here."

Written on Shakespeare's Cliff.

OH God ! Thy workings are in all the earth
 And none are like to Thee : the very air,
 The very sounds of nature cry aloud
 That Thou hast made them : and that glorious sea,
 These vast and dizzy heights,—yon azure sky,
 Are as the bulwarks of creation's hosts,
 On which she rears her banners. Trembling breeze,
 Thou tellest of Thy Maker's love, whose might
 Is wreathed in gentleness. There go the ships
 With their white sails, free, fearless as the birds
 That skim across the Ocean's breast, and fly
 With easy wing, midway beneath the brow
 Of these great steeps, that watch the boisterous
 waves.

Thy way is in the sea ; and Thy path in the great waters.

Morning.

THE peaceful morning dawns o'er mount and glade :
 While slowly fading in the west of heaven
 The " silver vested queen of night " withdraws
 Before the King of day. Most lovely hour !
 Pregnant with thought, when distant hopes and fears
 Hover o'er human hearts : affection twines
 Her band of silver round congenial souls,
 And blends them in communion : through the vale
 The village bells ring out a merry chime
 To greet the Sabbath morn : their sounds of joy
 Wake the full chord of nature's minstrelsy,
 And bid the world rejoice : and winding on
 The streamlet murmurs on its peaceful way,
 While o'er it breezes play melodiously.

But nature still is fallen ! and our eyes
 Are dim, we see not here our Maker's works
 As when He made them ; gloominess hath come
 To shroud our troubled earth : Creation then
 Sung unconstrained the praises of her Lord,
 For she was pure and beautiful : not yet
 The sin of man had wrought the fall of all.

Now, crowned with glory as he rides along,
 Majestic as a strong man armed, the sun
 Comes forth upon his mighty pilgrimage,
 And nature comforted beneath his light
 Is rising too, and wakes her sweetest songs.
 Oh man ! unthinking dreamer, art thou mute,
 While all around is joy ? Awake ! come forth !
 Shouldst thou not ever lead the matin song ?
 Rise in thy majesty, pour out thy soul
 In praise, unfettered, uncontrollable,
 A tribute, at thy great Creator's feet.

He heareth not ! his holier hopes are gone.
 Fallen ! ah ! fallen from his high estate
 Who now shall raise him up ? who now shall set
 The bow of mercy in his sight again ?
 Oh ! for an armed host sent forth from Heaven
 To sweep away thy treasure-house of lies,
 Unblessed age, and rouse unconscious man
 From his long slumbers in its sunless vaults.
 Friends of the friendless ! blessers of the poor !
 Ye gallant souls that emanate from Him
 Who wept and fasted in His solitude
 For sinful man : great giant-hearted ones
 Whose longings only for a while were hushed ;
 Up ;—for the tempest of the end is come,
 Men's hearts are failing them for fear : the sea
 And waves are roaring : o'er the western sky

Dark, ominous clouds are rising, and the powers
Of Heaven are shaken, while the troubled earth
Is reeling in the darkness to and fro!—
Say to the sons of God, lift up your heads,
And know that your redemption draweth nigh.
Oh! lion-hearted band, in mercy rise,
Breast the rough storm, and spread the eager sail,
And guide the life-boat o'er the murderous sea.

Evening.

THE blessed eve ! its deepest shade
Is gathering fast o'er mount and glade,
And the sinking glow of the setting sun
Shines brightly ere its course is run ;
While earth beneath its golden ray
Is like a mirror of the day.

The breeze in every vale and bower
Sheds incense on the favoured hour :
The river rolls its peaceful wave,
Still, as the confines of the grave,
Reflecting in unbroken rest
The stars that gaze upon its breast.

More peaceful still ! on holier ground,
A holier eve is gathering round,
When God shall send the " latter rain "
And joy shall smile on earth again.
Though tossed on Ocean's heaving breast ;
Or wanderers, outcast, and oppressed ;
Or in the dungeon's lonely gloom ;
Or sleeping in the silent tomb,
We still may hope.—The new Creation
Is free from sin and desolation :

And oft 'mid Babel's gathering stir
 We hear our inward Comforter,
 While ever in our path to Heaven
 An earnest of our rest is given.
 Where'er the pilgrim's feet have trod
 Peace waits him in the " House of God,"
 He wipes away the mourner's tear,
 And giveth hope for every fear.
 Our Father ! Thou art strong to save,
 A blessing at Thy hand we crave ;
 Here Thou hast told us Thou wilt meet
 Thy children at the " Mercy seat."
 " Spare us good Lord," in fear and sin,
 Oppressed without, accused within ;
 To Thee our songs of glory raise
 For Thou hast made us for Thy praise.

Dear Mother Church, I hear thee pray
 For this lost world by night and day.
 Thou knowest, tender as thou art
 The channel to the broken heart ;
 To thee, their blest, their holy home,
 The poor, the weak, the mourners come
 To seek a blessing at thy hand
 And pray towards the Holy land.
 Oh ! that the men of earth could see
 Thy children's glorious liberty,
 And come to thee, meek, noiseless one,
 To mourn the evils they have done.

Long has thy heavenly voice been dumb,
 But now thy days of glory come.
 Long hast thou lain in want and tears
 Encompassed round by griefs and fears :
 The robes of thy betrothal morn
 By wicked hands are stained and torn ;
 Disgraced, dishonoured among men
 Thy Lord will make thee pure again,
 For He is with thee still, and He
 Will break thy bonds and set thee free.

* * * * *

Great are the toils that clog our way
 As o'er the desert world we stray,
 Cold disappointment filling up
 The bitter draught of sorrow's cup :
 Oh ! who has hoped in anxious fear
 For ought that nature prizes dear,
 But found full oft the envious worm
 Beneath the rosebud's smiling germ,
 And felt too soon his longings crushed,
 And hope's enchanting promise hushed.
 Yet ! fellow mortals, God hath given
 This lot to pilgrims seeking heaven.
 He bids alone, the tempest blow,
 And arms the thunderbolt with woe ;
 Joy never can be perfect here
 Nor hope unchequered by a fear.

Then let us wait in trembling love,
 Our treasures are with Christ above,
 With him our hopes, our "life is hid,"
 And endless joys unlimited.
 Life's troublous sea will soon be still,
 And man shall love his Maker's will :
 Who now would safely breast the storm
 Must have a soul divinely warm ;
 The humble, thankful, "broken spirit"
 That shall eternal life inherit
 Still prays on earth, "Good Lord impart
 "The treasure of a broken heart :"
 In joy or woe, enthralled or free,
 Oh ! give us but to live to Thee,
 Content to offer, Holiest One,
 Our choicest gifts before Thy throne :
 But not *all* sad is mortal life,
 Not *all* affliction, tears, and strife :
 No earthly mist can e'er enshroud
 His form who dwelleth in the cloud,
 To cheer our sorrows when we fall,
 And say thy God is all in all,
 "He sees thy tears, He hears thee mourn ;
 "Though dark thy *night* yet *wait* for *dawn*,
 "For bright shall be the heavenly morn !"
 Oh ! glorious man, thou art not lost
 Though still on raging billows tossed :
 There are who e'en on earthly sod
 Have found it theirs to walk with God :

To see His light in earth and heaven
To know that all by Him is given ;
When earth is trembling, to rejoice
And in the thunder hear His voice.
Who can in all things hope and trust,
Confessing that the Lord is just.

The flowers of life are few but fair,
Still loveliest in the path of care,
When e'en from sorrow's fount they drink
Like lilies at the water brink.
He gives thee still, to bless thy ways,
And tune thy heart to thankful praise,
In darkest moments doubly tried
Thy loving help-meet at thy side,
Woman, thy watchful comforter,
To aid thee in the wearying stir :
And nature ! oh ! how sweet is she,
How mighty is the open sea,
How bright the stars as one by one
They shine on night's resplendent throne,
As if they looked with loving eyes
And pitied human miseries.
Methinks, yon lone, and moveless star
Is speaking warning from afar,
And whispering of the sacred light
That long hath beamed o'er Europe's night,
Lest we despise the " powers of heaven "
And burst the barriers God hath given,

Forgetting works in empty thought,
And earthly dreams with folly fraught,
Forgetting *men* in care of *things*,
Ceasing to reverence priests and kings,
And calling rule an empty form,
Should dream that man can guide the storm,
And with his puny arm set free
The rights of frail humanity.

“Thou compassest my path and my lying down,
“And art acquainted with all my ways.”

My Father, though afar I roam,
Still in Thy presence is my home,
So never can I lonely be,
In solitude, I am with Thee.
For day by day Thy watchful care
Does all my choicest joys prepare,
And e'en in sorrow's darkest while
Thou sendest forth Thy gracious smile,
And lightest earth's unkindly face
With Thine abundant heavenly grace.

When midnight's lonely hour comes round,
And darkness stills each busy sound,
When man is hushed in silence deep,
And evil spirits converse keep ;
Thy tones of love support the heart,
Bid fear and loneliness depart ;
Thy voice alone can e'er controul
The struggling passions of the soul,
Which, borne on swift and poisoned wing
Would blight our holiest, happiest spring,

Did not Thy presence guard us still
From every keen and dangerous ill.

Ambition, fear, and hate alike
Their many arrows fain would strike,
Would wound the heart and fill the breast,
With troublous thoughts of deep unrest,
Which would abide and rankle there,
Uncleansed, unhealed by earthly air,
Did not we see amid the storm
Our Saviour's wounded hallowed form :
Did not we hear that soothing voice
Which minds us of our better choice,
That deep, that strange, that wondrous tone,
Those whispers which are all our own.

A Mother's Prayer.

In many a devastating gale,
A storm with terrors passed,
And " fire was mingled with the hail,"
And thunder with the blast.

Deep, turbulent, unconquered sea
Thy giant waters flow,
Yet, storm-clad clouds ye cannot be
More dark than human woe.

Half shattered on the ocean's breast
A gallant ship was borne,
Her masts were broken and laid low,
And her streaming sails were torn.

Amid the storm, the mariners
Were helpless on the sea,
They cried, but there was none to save,
They *knew* not *where* to flee.

Alone, they saw the blackening night,
Alone they heard the blast ;

Bewildered was their dazzled sight,
Each moment seemed their last.

When, frantic at the hour of death,
They looked upon the sea,
And swore, with their departing breath
Oaths of mad revelry.

Oh! for a voice to stir them then,
A light to touch their eyes,
A word to rouse those reckless men,
And teach them to be wise.

Yet, toiling in the midst, unheard,
Unmurmuring, there was one
Who trembling, turned his thoughts to heaven,
And he was not *alone*.

He spoke not, for his heart was full ;
But many a silent tear
Was flowing down his conscious cheek—
Was it a sign of fear ?

Or were there gentle guardians round ?
Perhaps an angel's voice,
That whispered to the mourning one
And moved him to rejoice ?

Still there he stood—a humble man,
A spirit bowed with woe,
A broken and a contrite heart,
The holiest sight below.

One moment his beseeching hands
Were clasped upon his breast,
And deep unutterable prayer
Brought his troubled spirit rest.

That holy tear, that childlike prayer,
The harbingers of peace,
Were borne upon the rough wind *there*
Where misery finds release.

While yet again, unseen by men
Or seen with empty scorn,
Repentance poured its prayer and tear
Away, o'er the wild wave borne.

“ My mother ! could I once again
“ To thy anxious heart be given !
“ Thy lost one, weeping for his sins
“ Restored to thee from Heaven.”

“ My mother ”—and he spake no more—
For the raging tempest hurled
Its thunders on the shattered bark,
Like the breaking of a world.

Still toiling on, where duty called,
True to his master's will,
He sank in the dark wave's eddying tide—
But the tear was on him still.

The tear that sparkled as he sank,
With a light that came from heaven,—
A light, unseen by mortal eyes,
To immortal spirits given.

Not such a night on the peaceful shore—
The moon in her beauty shone,
Her silvery beams might almost tell
God's love to the weeping one.

And silence dwelt in the lovely scene,
How fragrant was the air!
While in yon peaceful cot was heard
The low, sweet sound, of prayer.

The sound of prayer—of a mother's voice—
To the throne of mercy gone—
Pure, and unmindful of herself,
She was pleading for a son.

A son, who heedless of her prayers,
And scornful of her tears,
Had left a parent's sacred roof,
Nor pitied a parent's fears.

In stillness there, that mother prayed,—
The light was faint and dim,
And the heart that rested on her Lord
Was turned for help to Him.

The Holy Sacrament of life,
The pledge of endless union
Was spread before the couch of death
For perfect, pure, communion.

For have not they who fall asleep
In such unearthly rest,
The earnest of eternal peace
In the union of the blest?

The Spirit of the Holy One—
His white-robed priest was there—
Oh ! hush thee and with reverence hear
A mother's dying prayer.—

Her hands were clasped and her faith was strong
She would not be denied,
Love bound her to the cherished ones
Who were weeping at her side.—

But *him*, her lost and wayward one
She gave *him* up to God ;
To guide him homeward with his Staff
Or lead him by His rod.

Her strength was gone—and the icy hand
Of the stern destroyer came,—
On her face were a loving smile and tear
On her lips his cherished name ;

His, for whose sake she had struggled long,
For whose wickedness had wept,
Had mightily wrestled in prayer by day :
Still weeping when she slept.

She hath wept, she hath prayed again for him,
She hath borne him to the last !
Now, gentle mother, thy grief is o'er,
And thy bitterness hath past.

Rise, holy priest, ere the spirit be gone
From this mourning, dreary scene,—
Oh man of God, let thy prayer attend
Her steps to the land unseen.—

There stand her children by her side
The bursts of grief repressing,
While he lays upon her holy hands,
And gives her a holy blessing.

“ He who loveth thee hath sought thee, go to
thy rest
“ Go in the name of Him who bought thee

“ Pure spirit, to thy father’s breast,
 “ For He hath blessed thee and thou shalt be
 blessed ! ”

Hark, for the tempest hath reached the shore,
 And the cries of the storm have come,
 And the birds have waked from their tree-built nest
 And the pilgrim is hastening home :

E’en now, perchance, on the couch of death
His spirit indeed is there,
 He hath come where his feet in childhood trod
 The path *with her* to share.

Her spirit hath fled : she hath met her son,
 E’en haply on earthly shore :
Together they seek *one* resting place—
 Fond mother, thy grief is o’er.

The pilgrims are gone to their Father’s home
 To weep and to fear no more,
 Thy hope, thy faith, thy prayers have won,
 Fond mother thy grief is o’er.

“ Oh Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all
 flesh come.”

“Thy Rod, and Thy Staff, they comfort me.”

WE love the Lord, whose name we bear,
Who guides us on with gentle care,
And aye through sorrow's troublous ways
Can turn our fears and griefs to praise.

We love Him: for His name is “*love*.”
The saving cross, the silver dove,
The guiding staff, the *brother's* hand,
The glimpses of the promised land ;

The whispers of His grace within,
The arm to guard through paths of sin
When fears are dark, and sight is dim—
All, turn our hearts to rest in Him.

And do we love the rod, and those
Whose loveless hearts have wrought our woes,
Whose hands perchance in hope's bright hours,
Would change for thorns our choicest flowers ;

Whose cold unkindness oft may seem
To cloud some fondly cherished dream ?
They are the “*Rod*” of Jesus,—they
Can be our “*comfort*” on our way !

And do we love the rod, and know
Such sorrows all from Jesus flow ?
The shafts of hatred may be sent—
By Jesu's hand the bow is bent.

In Jesu's hand they guide us on
Through holy ways to Jesu's throne :
By them He leads us to our God,
And loving them, we kiss the rod.

The rod, that in our Father's hand
Shall guide us to our Native land,
And check our wanderings when we stray
To pluck the flowers that light our way.

The " time is short "—and we must tread
With manly hearts, by Jesus led,
Through paths of hope, or grief, or fear,
His rod and staff alike are dear.

REST.

Oh ! rest ! how sweet a thing thou art ;
Thy very name is bliss,
There is no life, no joy of heart
Can be compared with this.

Of thee the weary wanderer thinks
When sickening 'neath his load,
His troubled heart within him sinks
Upon life's thorny road.

He looks upon the pale blue sky,
Then turns to his own breast,
Then to his work, to weep and sigh,
And woo that phantom, rest.

He longs that heavenly form to clasp,
He sees it ! then t'is gone !
One moment ! it eludes his grasp,
And leaves him all alone.

He thinks of all the joys above,
The mansions of the blest,

He thinks of all his Father's love,
And of his Home of rest.

* * * * *

Rest is not *all*: though rest is sweet,
For many beauteous labours greet
Our willing hearts, and promise joy
And peace in store in such employ
As holy mother Church prepares
For those set free from earthly cares,
That haply they their leisure hours may yield
To learn and labor in the Vineyard Field :
For not alone the priests of God are there :
To each is given his share
Of holy work, as He doth best ordain,
With whom our " times remain."

And shall our deeds of love be wrought
Of that which never cost us aught ?
Shall not our hearts be daily tried,
Shall not the gold be purified ?
How can we rest ? when day by day
We needs must purge the dross away ?
Labour itself is sweet in holy things,
For there the soul may spread abroad her wings
And soar amid bright worlds of glorious light
Unseen by mortal sight,
Revealed to those alone, who love to dwell
With Him who is invisible.

Yet weary pilgrim, thou *may'st* rest
 Upon thy heavenly Father's breast,
 Commit thy thoughts and ways to Him,
 When other lights are faint and dim :
 Thou shalt not know or grief or fear
 When thou canst feel thy Saviour near.
 The loving shadow of His wing shall hide thee
 Where ought of evil never may betide thee ;
 No hurtful vapours from the fields of care
 Shall ever reach thee there ;
 Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace,
 So shall thy sorrows cease.

And all is bright,
From west to east one thrilling ray,
Turning a wintry world to May.—*Keble.*

It does us good to count our joys,
When "all is bright" within our breast ;
For sorrow oft our peace destroys,
And few are earthly days of rest.

But when our joys more numerous seem
Than all the many ills of life,
When happiness is not a dream,
And all our thoughts are free from strife ;

Oh ! catch that moment while ye may !
Oh ! robe it with celestial light !
For ye shall see its distant ray
Beaming throughout the darkest night.

I speak not of that steady light,
That peace allied to tranquil thought,
By the sweet shade of summer night,
Or by the breath of morning brought.

I tell of all those overflowings,
Those gushings of the heart and soul,
That holy joy, whose wondrous goings
Nor man, nor angel, can controul.

"The Faithful and True Witness."

It is not yet the glory-day—
Not yet from land to land,
With pennons bright in morning's ray,
The hosts of Jesus stand.
Not yet the tribes, in robes of white,
Are numbered on the mount of light,
Following where'er His steps have trod,
To tune to Him "the harps of God."

It is not yet,—and hope alone
Can gild our dreary way ;
While with her meek and humble tone
She tells of coming day ;
For morning beams shall yet be bright,
'Turning our darkness into light ;
And morning's star, when night is past,
Its gentle ray o'er all shall cast.

It is not yet,—the paths of fear
Are still for us to tread,
With loving trust and contrite tear,
By Jesus onward led ;
Finding His footsteps as we go,
In every haunt of want and woe,

Who trod for us the ways of shame,
And sent us in His holy name ;

As He was sent of God, to bear
His witness bold and true,
The sorrows of His own to share,
And guide His faithful few :
So now on all the cross He lays,
And bids us bear it all our days ;
“ Ye are my witnesses, and ye
“ Must tread the thorny paths with me.”

“ Can ye not bear my grief to know,
“ Mid want, and fear, and scorn,
“ Content the power of *God* to show
“ In *human* weakness borne ? ”
Yea, blessed Lord, our ears have heard
Thy loving call, Thy saving word ;
And led by Thee we go, for Thou
Wilt own and bless the martyr-vow.

Thy name is “ True and Faithful,” Lord,
And what, though tarrying long,
Still resting in Thy blessed word,
We wait the glory-song,
Whose tones shall ring, when Thou shalt ride
Through open Heaven, our victor guide ;
We wait, dear Saviour, in Thy strength :—
The festal morn will shine at length.

Now bravely will we march with Thee,
Though earth be fair or dark ;
For in the ranks again we see
The priests who bear Thine ark !
The harvest-time is near, we know,
And Jordan's streams must overflow ;
Yet in them the twelve stones shall stand,
As pledges of the promised land.

No longer in the desert ways
Thy sealed hosts may stay,
From distant paths alone to gaze,
Or sleep from day to day.
Nay, for 'Thou callest us to rise—
The scales are falling from our eyes—
Oh guide us mightily, that we
May reach our *home*, and be with Thee.

We have a work to do ; and Thou
Alone our hands canst aid ;
Fulfil in each of us the vow,
Our fervent souls have made.
And while our hearts within us burn,
Teach us Thy patient ways to learn,
Following in Jesu's steps, and fed
By His own hand with " daily bread :"

As ever in the might of God,
And in their Master's name,

The "noble army" forth has trod,
 And loved the paths of shame ;
 Content, with earthly grief and loss,
 To march beneath the holy cross,
 And trample on the fallen world,
 Where'er that banner shone unfurled.

Are we not one with those that sleep
 Their glorious warfare o'er ?
Our's is it now the watch to keep,
 As those who went before ;
 And more perhaps—for *we* must fight
 Like heroes till the *end* of night,
 And grappling e'en on Canaan's sod,
 Win back the heritage of God.

Oh let us up, for bright and clear
 Our blessed standard shines ;
 And He who "died for all," is near,
 To guide our martial lines :
 And till *our* fight be won, must *they*
 Be waiting, "wishing for the day ;"
 Their works have followed them, and now
 They watch us for our plighted vow ;

A noble Host ! in holy trust
 In Jesu's arm they rest ;
 But Christ will raise them from the dust,
 In all His glory blest.

E'en now, methinks, their armies wait
Around the Resurrection-gate ;
While deeper sounds from them the song,
" Holy and True, oh Lord, how long ? "

'Tis *but a little while*, and He
Whose name we bear, shall come,
To set His hoping prisoners free,
And lead His children home.
E'en now the gleams of coming light
Are rising o'er the veil of night,
Like heralds in the holy East
Before our blessed King and Priest.

Yea, we have work to do, and ne'er
Had martyr-armies more—
The time is short—the end is near—
The promised land before.—
Oh waken up, ye sons of light,
And watch where o'er the skirts of night,
Upon the towers of Judah strung,
The banners of the Lord are hung.

And soon from all the tribes shall ring
The songs of joy and praise ;
As one before their *present* King
Creation's shout to raise :
—Oh Lord, in whom alone we trust,
Awake Thy sons, " who dwell in dust ; "

And send, ere midnight shadows close,
Thy healing showers on Sharon's rose.

For earth is threatening round our way,
And heaven is black with rain—
Oh may we watch till break of day,
And chant our warning strain—
For then Thy witnesses shall be
A bright Shekinah-cloud for Thee ;
And mustered round Thy throne of praise,
To Thee their songs of glory raise.

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.

“Couldst thou not watch one hour?”

THINE armour once was bright,
And thou wert girt for fight,
When erst on every hand
The hosts were called to stand;
Thou sought'st with us the victor's boon,
The battle crown—
We did not think the foe so soon
Would beat thee down.

When at thy gladdening voice,
We all could once rejoice,
To read in thy bright eye,
That thou wouldst win or die;
I thought we thus should to the end
Be side by side;
And loved thee as my choicest friend,
Almost my guide.

Oh brother, where is now
Thy zeal?—thy soldier-vow?
Where is the eye whose gaze
Was aye on hero-ways;

The soul that kindled at the thought
Of battles fought,
Where only shone the bannered cross
O'er earthly loss ?

Thine was a noble heart,
And meet to take its part,
With purpose firm and true,
In all our "derring do ;"
How oft we told of martyrs' might
In heaven's own light,
Until our hearts began to burn,
Their meed to earn !

We mused on ages past,
When others met the blast,
The liegemen stationed then,
To "quit themselves like men."—
We dreamed of other warrior days,
And them alone,
But glancing back on former ways,
Forgot our own.

We spoke of days of eld,
When evil foes were quelled ;
And saints, in glorious might,
"Waxed valiant in the fight."—
But oh ! my brother, to our shame,
We little thought

Of Him, who, ere we knew His name,
The captives bought.

And now thine eye is dim,
Because it sought not Him,
Because it could not trust,
But glanced upon the dust.
He leaves thee now awhile to see
Thine evil case ;
God grant it yet, and shed on thee
His saving grace.

Yea, and we have not sought
The treasured boon for nought :
I know we yet shall see
Thy footsteps firm and free ;
And with thee we shall join again
In Zion's strain ;
And in thy dear returning voice
Indeed rejoice !

When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Put on the whole Armour of God.

SOLDIER of Christ ! thy Captain's hand
Hath touched thy gallant brow ;
" His banner over thee is love ;"
—No shrinking for thee now !

Soldier of Christ ! no human voice
To thee such rank has given :
The word which callèd thee on earth
Was ratified in Heaven.

In Jesu's name upon thy brow
Was laid the priestly hand ;
And in the might He gave thee then,
He bids thee now to stand.

Stand fast in Him, for He has fought
And crushed the dreadful foe ;
And to the conflict in His might
The conqueror bids thee go.

Be valiant in His name, and gird
Thy Captain's armour on.
He gives thee weapons for the fight !
Go forth ! the field is won !

Such panoply of Heavenly proof
May Satan's might repel ;
No other armour may withstand
The fiery darts of hell.

Be strong in faith ! thou mayst not fear
To brave the battle field :
For He is Truth, and Truth shall be
Thy buckler and thy shield.

The Spirit's sword ! oh grasp it well,
Its heavenly temper try ;
For thou art chosen for a fight,
Where thou must " do or die."

" The word of God "—that holy name
Is His alone ; and He,
The leader of the royal hosts,
Thy spirit-sword shall be.

Salvation's glorious badge is borne
Emblazoned on thy crest ;
And breast-plate such as thine may ne'er
Encase a traitor's breast.

For " our Salvation is the Lord,"
The warring hosts confess ;
And bravely sounds the battle cry,
" The Lord our righteousness."

Time hastens on—and on the field
The foemen are in sight,
Their ranks are mustering fearfully !
Go forth in this thy might.

And fear not, though the conflict rage,
And though the strife be long,
For soon the red-cross chivalry
Shall raise their triumph-song.

And though no earthly ease be thine,
No resting for thee now ;
His hand, who signed thee with the cross,
Shall crown thy victor-brow !

“ He that overcometh shall inherit all things.”

The Christmas Tree.

THE lights are all shining : the garlands are hung :
 Soon shall welcome be rung :
Where the wreaths of silver around shall twine,
 And the gold-fruits shine.

For the Christmas-tree is glittering bright
 With its gems of light.
It shall soon beam upon you, that wonderful tree
 Oh how bright it will be !

And now come round till we hear the bell,—
 And a tale I'll tell,
Why year after year so bright and fair
 We have decked it there :

For it comes—as they sing in a foreign lay—
 From a land far away ;
And the place and the hour of its gentle birth,
 They are not of this earth !

When the dear Redeemer came of old,
 As the martyrs told,
And the Lord of glory stooped to be
 A little one, such as ye ;

When the shepherds were watching beneath the stars
In their orient cars ;
And joy was in Heaven that early morn,
For the Saviour born ;

There were two little children, who rested alone :
Yet with them was One,
The Lord of the angels that sang aloud
From the shining cloud.

And the moonlight shone o'er the hour of rest,
Like a spirit blest.—
What is it that whispers so soft and slow
Sweet tones below ?

It floats o'er the earth, and it floats around,
That pure heavenly sound—
So they rose up together to look on the night,
So mantled in light .

In a halo of beauty a child was there,
A child heavenly fair !
And a bright tree he held in his snowy hand
O'er the glowing land :

Silver and gold, and as white as snow
Were its fruits below ;
And in holy beam, oh ! how glorious shone
That fair little one !

'Tis a blessed tale : and whene'er I see
That lighted tree,
I think that it whispers of Eden bowers,
And of heavenly flowers.

And of that bright morn for which we long,
When the Angels' song
Shall tell again of good will to earth,
In our day of birth.

When again "the tree of life" shall bear
In its glory, there
The blessed fruits of the love of God
O'er the ransomed sod.

God grant you now in His light to shine
With power divine :
And to bring forth fruit all your earthly days
To your Saviour's praise :

For the Lord in His garden hath planted you,
And His holy dew
Still morn by morn with His grace will fall
Alike on all ;

And may you grow up from strength to strength,
And with Him at length,
As with gold and silver shine above
In His truth and love !

The lights are all shining, the tree is bright,
And it sparkles with light ;
Come let us look at that wonderful tree,
Little ones, come and see.

Though you meet not now that gentle child,
As of old he smiled,
Yet light is here with you—the garlands are hung,
And the welcome is rung !

The Last Day of the Year.

The year hath wandered on to Heaven—

It's end, it's end hath come !

Oh may it tell of sins forgiven,

To pilgrims, nearer home !

Forgive, dear Lord, the clouded past,

Forgive and make us free :

Remove the chains that hold us fast,

That we may live to Thee.

Thou know'st us all, for Thou art Man !

Can'st help us, Thou art God !

And every doubt and fear can'st scan ;

For Thou our paths hast trod.

Oh help us in Thy narrow way,

To seek Thy holy hill ;

And give us hearts in faith to pray,

And then in peace be still.

We cannot melt the stormy heart,

Nor bid the waters flow,

Nor heal the wounds that fest'ring smart,

Unseen by man below.

But Thou in silence workest on,
 Beneath the barren ground ;
Wat'ring with tears, till one by one
 Thy flow'rs are seen around.

The years of earth, how short are they !
 Their little griefs and joys ;
They pass like childhood's tears away,
 As frail as childhood's toys !

But in His days, " whose days are years,"
 When blooms eternal spring,
When love hath cast out all our fears,
 Before our Saviour-King ;

How bright shall every secret prayer,
 Each inward hope appear !
Each cloud shall shine in glory there,
 A rainbow light each tear !

Then let us on ! the Holy One
 Is present at our side :
We shall not miss the Father's throne,
 The Son Himself our guide !





